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# COME AND SCHOOL

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

ROPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO

Vol. VI.] TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1888. [No. 11.

### Parting.

FAREWELL! that word has broken hearts  
And blinded eyes with tears;  
Farewell! one stays, and one de-  
parts;  
Between them roll the years.

No wonder why who say it think—  
Farewell! he may fare ill;  
No wonder that their spirits sink  
And all their hopes grow chill.

Good bye! that word makes faces  
pale  
And fills the soul with fears;  
Good bye! two souls that wring a  
wail  
Which flutters down the years.

No wonder they who say it feel  
Such pangs for those who go;  
Good bye! they wish the parted  
weal;  
But, ah! they may meet woe.

Adieu! such is the word for us,  
'Tis more than word—'tis prayer;  
They do not part, who do part thus,  
For God is everywhere.

### Without the Wedding Garment.

WELL may this man, to whom the king is speaking, look both ashamed and afraid. There is no excuse at all for him. The king wished everyone to wear a certain dress, to show that the wearer had a right to enter. He freely gave this dress to everyone. There were enough dresses for all. Yet this man had chosen to keep on his own ragged, soiled clothing, and refused to honour the king by simply taking the garment he offered.

A greater than the king in this parable has sent each of us an invitation to come to a feast that will last forever. Jesus, the King's own Son, has made all things ready. He has provided "garments of salvation," and waits to cover our sins with "the robe of his righteousness." What sorrow there is for those who try to come before him with the dirty rags of their sins!



WITHOUT THE WEDDING GARMENT.

### Winsome People.

THEY are the people who love to diffuse happiness. They are happy themselves because they have made others so. They are thoughtful, considerate, and courteous, ever seeking to provide joy and peace for others—ever striving to avoid and remove anything and everything that wounds

unnecessarily. It is an unspeakable delight to be near such people. We sometimes hear the remark, "I would be willing to do so and so, if she or he or somebody else were so and so," or something to that effect, as an excuse for their own shortcomings. But I beg of you not to believe a word of it; agree rather with Josh Billings, who says: "I hev often

noticed that the man who would have done such wonderful things of he had bin there, never gits there."

"Why are you always thinking of others?" asked a friend of a winsome lady beloved by everybody. "I would not wear my life out bearing other people's burdens."

"Wouldn't you?" came the questioning answer, with a sweet but reproving smile. "I could not wear it out doing better work than helping the weary and heavy laden."

"To do God's will—that's all that need concern us; not to carp or ask the meaning of it, but to ply our task whatever may befall; Accepting good or ill as he shall send, And wait until the end."

It is a great mistake to think any kindly act too insignificant to be noticed by our Father in heaven. Faber says: "Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these three never converted any one unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries.—*Christian at Work.*"

OPEN rebuke is better than secret love.

THE well-to-do Methodist who this year pays less than one dollar for the conversion of the heathen world to Christ has a singular conception of the responsibility imposed upon him by the Gospel, and is far below the plane of New Testament beneficence.

CHRIST seeks your help; give him your hand.

## Fort Toronto.

[The following lines are from the pen of Mrs. S. A. Curzon, author of "Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812:"]

This is our Gilgal. Here we set our stones—  
Stones of memorial of the grace of God.  
Here, when our sons shall say, "What means  
that pile?"

Ours the reply, "Here civil commerce dwelt;  
Here the dusk remnants of an antique age,  
Of the first emigrants from Old World shores,  
Indians, met of their ancient blood again—  
Blood strained and fused through many an  
era's sieve

Till brotherhood was lost. And yet 'twas  
there;

But not to bless: to trade, merely to trade.  
Here when the Hand that guides the way o'  
the world

Had, by hard stress driven to an unknown  
shore  
Champlain the wise, La Salle the brave and  
bold,

And the white banner, illy-strown of France,  
Flow o'er Quebec, a promise and a power;  
Her sons, light-hearted as the morning gale.  
Struck friendly hands with Indians of the  
West,

And taught them commerce of another kind  
Than their old simple rule of need and gift.  
Here, when the treasures of the forests vast,  
Of meadows, streams and pools met their  
wide gaze,

The Frenchman built a post that here might  
come

Those wily craftsmen that could circumvent  
The laws of Nature, and beguile her wealth  
Into their packs; and here might trade.  
Trade ermine, that should deck the royal  
robe,

For gew-gaws; give beaver for a bead;  
Offer for cloth; the silver fox, of sheen  
So wonderful that great Richelieu admired,  
For a bright bit of red; and anything,  
Even their loves and wives, for *eau-de-vie*.

And here they came—to Rouville, through the  
vales

That skirt yon river with rich woods and  
deep

From source to sea. 'How richer then than  
now!'

From lake to lake they came, by many a  
stream,  
Brilliant with finny life, where otters played,  
And beavers built their dams, and ospreys  
perched.

Past lovely bays they brought their long  
canoes,

Where roseate water lilies, delicate  
And spotless white, queened all the emerald  
plain.

Past clear, cool depths, where the ranunculus  
Netted the surface with its tiny cups;  
And the shy bass lurked all a summer's day,  
Past pebbly beaches, where the water glowed  
And the deer bent to count his forty tines;  
O'er portages, all mossed with silken loops,  
Fragrant with ferns and skirted with morasses  
Where many a soft, sweet fruit hid luscious  
gifts

To cheer the weary way 'neath tall trees  
The like in stateliness we ne'er may see,  
For they were darlings of the centuries.

From populous towns they came, an able  
race,

Dwelling in greenwood bowers in kind estate,  
With busy arts that make a people rich.  
They knew to grow and store the golden corn,  
To twine the hemp that made their nets and  
lines,

And from the seed express the unctuous  
drops.

Fair Simcoe saw their bowers; and Mackin-  
naw,

And Mississague that to Huron glided.  
A nation great, and rich, and flourishing—  
Their bowers were homes, where winter's  
bitter winds

Pierced not their children, wrapped in furs,  
and full

Of rich, warm blood, fed from the net and  
chase;

Their women toyed with wampum, and their  
men

Lorded it royally at council fires.

And when the Iroquois swept fiercely o'er  
The wealthy region, like a prairie fire,  
And left but blackness and despair and  
death,

He found rich spoil that filled his heart with  
joy;

For he had learned to trade, and here he came  
To the old gathering place; brought peltry  
rich

To change for silver toys, for raiment strange,  
And muskets, dear to the fierce warrior heart.  
The English trader loved to see him come,  
And lured him with more prize than French-  
men gave,

And flattered him—the powerful Iroquois—  
The Iroquois, Old England's proud ally,  
Who helped her hold her own and grasp the  
West;

And for his pains got root in this rich soil  
And flourishes, the maple with the oak,  
A people e'en to-day.

Thus came the heritage in which we boast.  
These were the men, and those the daring  
times

That, by potentiality of things

They saw but faintly, built our fortunes up  
And poured into our coffers untold wealth—  
Wealth not all sordid, wealth of virtue's  
strain

That finds its best return in widening

The avenues of Nature; looks far on

And sees humanity a unit, one—

Spending itself to prove the brotherhood.

And shall not we, as loyal men and true—

Nor surfeited with glut of sordid gain

That dulls the head and palsies the strong

heart—

Enshrine forever these rich memories?

Theirs ours Toronto, theirs ours gathering

place—

How greatly greater than they e'er might

dream!

To this proud memory of brave old times—

Times that their lesson gave, we raise this

pile,

Stones of memorial of the grace of God."

## Local Government in England.

FROM one of our exchanges we  
abridge the following account of im-  
portant projected legislation in Eng-  
land:—

For a long time the English House  
of Commons has been burdened with  
a mass of work which it has been en-  
tirely unable to perform. This mass  
of work has grown larger from year to  
year, as the needs of the people who  
desire legislation have constantly been  
increasing.

The time of the House has been, to  
a large degree, absorbed by political  
questions. Ireland has demanded and  
received a very large proportion of its  
sessions for several years, while many  
of its hours must be occupied, from  
year to year, with the bills necessary  
to carry on the machinery of the  
government.

But, under the constitution, Parli-  
ament is accustomed also to look after  
the details of many merely local affairs  
—to provide necessities for cities and  
boroughs—and even to legislate, on  
many subjects, on behalf of private  
persons.

An attempt has been made, in re-  
cent years, to relieve Parliament of  
a part of the burden resting upon  
it, by the creation of two "Grand  
Committees." To one of these com-  
mittees are referred, for examination,

all measures relating to law; to the  
other, all matters concerning trade  
and manufactures. But this transfer  
of work from the House itself to  
committees, has failed to relieve the  
House from a mass of subjects which  
press upon it for settlement.

On the 19th of March an important  
measure was introduced into the House  
by Mr. Ritchie, representing the Min-  
istry, which is intended to deal with  
this difficulty. It is called the "Local  
Government Bill," and its purpose is  
to create—throughout England—local  
boards, which shall deal with the local  
wants of the communities in which  
they are placed.

These local boards are called "Coun-  
ty Councils." They are to be chosen  
by those residents of the counties who  
pay poor rates, and are, to a large ex-  
tent, to replace the present parish or  
local authorities.

They are to have control of the  
police force of the county, to have the  
management of gas and water works,  
to regulate the sale of food and drugs,  
to look after the health of the county,  
to see to the dwellings of artisans, and  
to make advances in aid of emigration.

Among further powers, the County  
Council will have supervision over  
lunatic asylums, workhouses, reform-  
atories, and industrial schools; and  
upon them is to be conferred the  
power to grant or withhold licenses for  
the sale of intoxicating liquors. Thus  
a good deal of work and a good deal  
of authority will be transferred to  
them, both from Parliament itself and  
from the present local bodies.

Certain judicial powers are also to  
be wielded by the Councils, although  
the present system of unpaid magis-  
trates in the counties, and of paid or  
"stipendiary" magistrates in the large  
centres, is retained.

The new measure, moreover, divides  
up the whole kingdom of England,  
for local purposes, into new rural and  
urban districts.

London—which is now partly in  
Middlesex, Surrey, Essex, and Kent  
counties—is to be made a county by  
itself; and its Metropolitan Board of  
Works will be transmuted into a  
County Council. London has always  
been divided up into a number of  
separate and different forms of govern-  
ment. It will, under this bill, now be  
consolidated virtually into one.

The great English towns—Liver-  
pool, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester,  
Sheffield, Bristol, Bradford, Notting-  
ham, Hull, and Newcastle—will, in  
like manner, be set apart as counties  
by themselves, each having its separate  
County Council, endowed with the  
powers already mentioned.

It is worth while to note that this  
measure is confined to England and  
Wales, and is not to be applied to  
either Scotland or Ireland. No doubt,  
if it becomes a law, other bills will be  
proposed, providing for some sort of  
local government in the other two  
kingdoms.

Such a measure, if passed, will in-

roduce a great, though necessary,  
change in the methods of English  
government; and one most striking  
feature of it is, that women, who pay  
rates, are to be given the right of  
voting, equally with men, for the  
members of the County Council.

## How a Seed Became a Tree.

OVER fifteen years ago Lord Rad-  
stock held a series of meetings in a  
Protestant church in Paris. There he  
met many Russians, and becoming  
greatly interested in them, determined  
to go to Russia on an evangelistic  
tour. Among his congregation one  
evening in St. Petersburg was the  
Countess Bobrinsky. Wishing to hear  
more, she invited Lord Radstock to  
pass an evening at her house. When  
she told her husband of the invitation  
she had extended, he said he was very  
sorry any such engagement had been  
made, for he was not at all anxious to  
meet any such man. But as he did  
not feel at liberty to do violence to  
the laws of hospitality and politeness,  
he consented to remain in the room,  
intending to excuse himself after a  
short time.

When the evening came, however,  
he felt the same attraction that had  
won his wife, for he remained all the  
evening, listening attentively to his  
guest. He determined to write a  
pamphlet refuting the doctrines and  
theories advanced by Lord Radstock.  
He applied himself with such honesty  
to the study of these doctrines that  
by the time his pamphlet was com-  
pleted he was a converted man.

Since then Count Bobrinsky has  
made many journeys, holding evangel-  
istic meetings. About four months  
after, he arrived in the harbour of  
Honnleur. Going into the town, he  
invited all who liked to attend re-  
ligious services the next night on  
board his yacht. The people came in  
such numbers, and seemed so eager to  
hear the word, that he determined to  
hire a hall where services could be  
held regularly. Meetings of one hun-  
dred and fifty to two hundred people  
were held every night for three  
months. In that time over sixty  
people were converted, twenty-four of  
the number being sailors.

A Norwegian vessel arrived in port  
one day, and as usual, the captain and  
crew spent the first night on shore at  
the café. There they happened to  
hear of Count Bobrinsky's meetings,  
and resolved to attend the following  
evening. Their attendance resulted  
in the conversion of the captain, mate,  
and every sailor.

We speak of the snow as an image  
of death. It may be this, but it hides  
the everlasting life under its robes—  
the life to be revealed in due time,  
when all cold shadows shall melt away  
before the ascending Sun, and shall be  
not unclothed, but clothed upon, and  
mortality shall be swallowed up of life.

—Robert Collyer.

## The Mother's Message.

ISAAC, a mother of noble birth,  
 "What would you tell to your darling son  
 If time were measured for you on earth,  
 And the sands of the hour-glass nearly  
 run  
 A shadow darkened the sunny face  
 As she mused on the parting sure to come;  
 The smile with its witching and tender grace  
 Did not, and the soft, sweet voice grew  
 dumb.  
 And then, as she thought on a thousand  
 things  
 That were left for speech in the dying hour—  
 When we long to hear as on angels' wings  
 The one of our life, the richest dower  
 God gave to woman—she slowly said,  
 "My words would be simple and plain and  
 few:  
 'Remember, my boy, when I am dead,  
 To keep your faith that the world is true.'  
 "I would have him believe in his fellow-men,  
 For trust is the sweetest of human needs;  
 And hope like the star of Bethlehem;  
 And 'Love one another' the best of creeds;  
 "I would have him honest and brave and  
 pure—  
 Living a life that he would not rue;  
 But, whether in sorrow or joy, be sure  
 To show his faith that the world is true."

## A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Story of Boy Life in England.

## CHAPTER I.

BY THE BROOK AT CRICKLEFORD.

It was a warm summer evening among the Derbyshire hills. Not a cloud flecked the sky, which in the west was glowing with the ruddy light of the sunset. The shadows were lengthening behind the row of pollard willows which showed the path of the brook through the meadows down to the river two miles away. So still it was that the farm-labourer crossing the field yonder could be heard distinctly saying "good-night" to someone on the other side of the hedge, and the click-click of the white gate as he passed into the road disturbed the rooks in the spunney close by, sending them in evening flights, with a chorus of caws, above the trees. Insects in myriads hummed and sailed in the slanting rays of rosy light, and, down among the reeds and forget-me-nots, a splash set the water-lilies dancing, where a rat had started for the opposite bank.

All this and much more was filling the eyes and ears of a boy sitting under a hawthorn tree by the little bridge which crossed the brook. He had laid down his little fishing-rod, careless of the bobbing float among the minnows, for the quiet beauty of the hour had stolen his thoughts as he gazed at the trees and sky. To his young heart, softened and impressed, all this spoke of God and heaven.

His cap was pushed back, and the dark brown hair fell upon the collar of the rather thread-bare velvet jacket which he was wearing. A bright intelligent face, a trifle older than his years perhaps, and a touch of sadness

in the hazel eyes, bright because his heart was happy, shaded a little by the fact that he was a fatherless boy.

"I wonder how people can live in towns, no fields, no trees, only bits of sky like ribbon-strips over the streets. How I love the country! I hope, please God, that I shall not leave it, at any rate until I am a grown man." He was talking aloud, and so full of his musings that he had not heard a step on the footpath near.

"You love the country, my boy? So do I!"

So addressed, he looked round hastily and caught the glance of a gentleman who had been walking in the distant fields, and was now returning, his walking-stick in hand.

"What is your name, laddie?"

"Frank, sir."

And the boy, so speaking, rose from the ground.

"A good name, and one which ought never to be borne where there is not a strong heart and an open countenance."

Then they fell to chatting about fish, and where the pike were reputed to lie in the deep bottoms of the brook, also where Frank had gathered the bunch of forget-me-nots, in search of which he had driven the minnows away, what ferns he held in his hand, and the prospect of a fine day on the morrow. During this conversation, the stranger parted up his rod, and told Frank that he would bear him company as far as Crickleford, the village where the boy lived. Trudging along together on the country road, Frank soon became quite at home with his new friend.

"And what is your father, Frank? I quite forgot to ask after him."

"My father has been dead several years, sir; he was a solicitor in Middleport."

"Rather a grimy place for a little poet like you to be born in, Frank."

"I don't remember much about it, sir, I was very little; and, after father's death, it was found that there was just enough for mother to take that white cottage which you can see among the trees, under the high hill yonder."

"Then I daresay you find sometimes it needs care to make ends meet, my boy."

"Yes, it is rather a struggle for us sometimes; but we are very happy together; and never forget father's favourite expression: 'Love lightens labour.'"

"Quite right, Frank; and better still, we read in the Bible that God promises to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. So be brave, Frank, and trust in him, come what may."

"So I will, sir; and, if I am spared to be a man, I hope to make something out, and get mother some comforts."

"What would you like to be?"

Frank was silent for a few moments, at a loss to express the height of his boyish ambition, it seemed so very unlikely to ever come to pass.

"I should like most of all to be able

to write a book, but I am afraid that you will think that a very foolish idea."

"No, not at all, Frank: there are plenty of books in the world, but there is always room for one that can speak a good and useful word."

"Then you think, sir, that after all it is not impossible?"

"By no means: but, in the meantime, you have a book to write which you can begin at once."

"At once! what is that, sir?"

"The book of which the Apostle speaks when he exhorts us to be an epistle known and read of all men."

"You mean the book of my life, then?"

"That's it, Frank. By the grace of God write all these pages well,—a character of purity, piety, patience, and peace, which in large and unmistakable letters will catch the eye of those about you."

Thus talking, they drew near to the village. Crickleford lay embosomed between two high hills, and the pretty little house where Frank lived stood on a shelving ledge of rock, half-hidden by the lilac bushes and golden-tressed laburnum.

"No, thank you, my boy, I must not come in, for I have some distance yet to walk. But let me leave you two thoughts in your mind, which I have faith, Frank, you will not willingly forget. First of all, be faithful to God at any cost, knowing that he who fights on that side is bound, in the long run, to win. 'Greater is he that is for us than all that can be against us.' Then try rather to be good than great, do your duty to your mother, forgive your enemies; and, whenever you want a friend, here is my card, write or come to me. Good-bye; God bless you, my boy."

Frank hurried homeward, and that night had much to tell his mother over their frugal supper about the kind friend with his wise counsels, and the future with its hopes and fears.

(To be continued.)

## Immigrants.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

DURING a recent visit to New York we visited Castle Garden—a place which, when once seen, lives in one's memory for ever. Going down the pleasant walks on our left hand, we see many delightful scenes. Here are the "free swimming-baths." What a luxury they are to the poor and weary toilers of the great city! What a refreshing scene of happiness to God's "little ones," who avail themselves of the blessed privilege extended to them! Battered and soiled, they rush on to this fount of purification, to emerge from it soothed and cleansed, and possibly a little nearer their God. After their baths they can stand upon the shore of the great ocean, some of them faintly realizing that God's love to them is deeper and broader than are the mighty waters swelling to their feet.

But there is a sad side to Castle Garden. Turning to the right, we walked down the broad ocean pathway until we reached the landing-place for immigrants. Fortunately, we were allowed entrance. Going a few steps, we met a young German boy all alone. He was a clean, respectable looking boy, but his sad, pleading face haunted me still. He carried a satchel and bundles, and a card—sewed upon his hat-band—told us that he was directed to some far-away street of the teeming city. My heart ached for him as the thought came surging into my mind, "Will any one meet him in this new, strange land, so far from Fatherland? Will he find a home and friends?" But he was only one of a multitude. Choking back my tears as best I could, I walked on. At my right I saw one happy family, mother and little ones smiling, and even laughing aloud. Then afterward I saw several stout German girls, apparently happy and contented. But these two were all the pleasant scenes; the rest are painfully pathetic.

Huddled together, upon the ground or upon their baskets and bundles, woe-begone families are seated. Some of the older ones have a stolid look; but most of them glance up so appealingly that none but a hard-hearted looker-on could possibly withhold sympathy. Most of the children are bare-headed, although many of them have their heads covered with calico handkerchiefs. Some of them look quaint and interesting in their short-waisted, long-skirted dark flannels, reaching to their bare, dirty feet. There goes a weary-faced, bent old man. I wonder if his tottering feet have found a resting-place on the Rock? There walks along a trembling, pale old woman; timid and tired, she looks as if this world to her was only a desert drear. "Dear Father," we pray, "lead her to the covert from the storms of life."

Ah, these poor immigrants! We pity them deeply while we pray for them. We, too, are immigrants seeking to find our home in the New Jerusalem; but there is one important point in which we differ from these of Castle Garden: they bring their possessions with them—we must send our treasures on ahead of us.

Questions to startle us are these: Are we sending on to our future home all the treasures that we possibly can? Do we wipe all the tears that we can away from sad faces? Do we comfort all the burdened hearts that are near us? Do we give as many "cups of cold water" as we might? Do we visit as many of the sick as we ought? Do we clothe as many of the naked? Do we feed as many of the hungry? Do we lift as many of the fallen as our Father wishes us to lift? If so, then great will be our reward when at last we reach our Father's house.

Do right and leave results with God

## Prohibition.

A WIT spider's net was spread  
With the remains of hapless flies;  
No valiant arm avenged the dead,  
Where duty watched with sleepless eyes—  
The matron, chancing there one day,  
Beheld the tyrant in her room,  
Darting upon his struggling prey;  
She swept him with her legal broom!

A gaunt and hungry wolf whose lair  
Was littered o'er with whitened bones,  
Grew fat upon his dainty fare;  
He heeded not the victims' moans.  
What's death to lambs, to wolves is fun;  
High living made the wild beast bold;  
But Justice shot him with his gun  
To save from death the harmless fold.

A vulture, flying from its nest  
Upon the mountain's cloud-capped height,  
Went forth a-foraging in quest  
Of doves that ventured in their flight  
From the protection of their cote.  
A marksman with unerring aim  
Fired well a prohibition shot  
And brought to terms the fluttering game.

A dog was foaming at the mouth,  
Dragging along a broken chain;  
He hated water, though a drought  
Scorched his hot, open jaws with pain.  
He was a dangerous beast; would bite  
With fatal fangs mankind or brute:  
But he fell in his tracks despite  
His barking at the men who shoot.  
—Herald.

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## Home and School

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

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1888.

## The Canadian Chautauqua.

A CANADIAN branch of the famous Chautauqua Assembly has been established at Niagara. A hundred acres of land on the lake shore, a little west of the town, has been purchased and laid out as a beautiful summer resort, under religious and educational auspices. A first class hotel and a number of elegant cottages have been erected, and an amphitheatre capable of accommodating an audience of 4,000 has been constructed. This place is designed to be a rallying place for Canadian Chautauquans, and to furnish an annual programme of high-class lectures and artistic and musical entertainments by some of the ablest talent on the continent. Special prominence is given

to Sunday-school, Normal class, and Chautauqua work. Dr. Vincent, the originator of the now world wide Chautauqua movement, successfully inaugurated this Canadian Assembly last season, and is to deliver the commencement oration and lecture during the coming summer.

Among the other distinguished participants in the programme will be the Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Boston; Dr. Orniston, of New York; Chancellor Sims, of Syracuse University; the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane; Rev. Drs. Carman, Dewart, Sutherland, Wild, W. J. Hunter, B. D. Thomas, Rev. J. S. Ostrander, the Oriental lecturer, and many others.

For two weeks, from July 21st, there will be a full programme of daily lectures, etc.; and from July 1st there will be a less frequent series of entertainments. An International Missionary Conference and special gatherings in the interest of the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., and other departments of temperance work will also be held. The design is to furnish a pleasant summer home, surrounded by religious safeguards and under highly educative and moral influences. The success which has already attended the enterprise is an indication that it meets a want that is felt by a large portion of the community.

This Assembly enjoys unusual advantages of access, being situated on the through line of travel with the fine steel steamers *Cibola* and *Chicora* daily from Toronto, and with direct connections for all parts of the east and west by the Michigan Central Railway system.

This is expected to be the great rallying place for Sunday-school, Temperance, Y. M. C. A., and other moral and religious gatherings in Canada. Correspondence for particulars should be addressed to L. C. Peake, P. O. Box 503, Toronto.

## Hath Laid on Him the Iniquity of Us All.

"AND the Levites shall lay their hands on the heads of the bullocks; and thou shalt offer one for a sin-offering, and the other for a burnt-offering."

This was Charley's verse to read one morning at family worship. After reading, his father always gave a chance to ask questions about what they had read.

"In the 12th verse which I read," said Charley, "what did the laying their hands on the head of the bullock mean?"

"It meant that their sins were laid upon the heads of the bullocks which were about to be slain and offered as a sacrifice. One of them was to be offered as a sin-offering—and this



"HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL."

meant that Jesus would atone for sins by his death; the other was offered as a burnt-offering, every bit of it to be consumed—and this meant that the Levites were to devote every bit of their lives to the service of God."

## Peculiar Singing.

MUSIC is a power for good, and it is sweet to hear the voices of children attuned in praise. In the month of June, each year, the children of the charity schools of London gather by thousands under the spacious dome of St. Paul's, and sing in chorus, and the effect is grand beyond description.

Handel, whose oratorio of the Messiah is one of the greatest works of genius and devotion, heard them once and expressed his wonder and delight. But then the children must have been trained by a skilful and competent leader, or there would have been noise and discord.

One day we strayed into a village Sunday-school. It was expected that we should make a few feeble remarks, and we complied. In his desire to reward us, the smiling chorister advanced and said:

"Would you like to hear the children sing?"

We said we would, and certainly thought we would when we said so, but to err is human.

The chorister's opportunity had come, and he beamed and expanded like a sunflower.

"Now, children, open your books at the page which has the hymn, 'Oh, how I love the Sunday-school! Ready, ready—now then, one—two—three—sing!'"

And off they started at a rapid pace, mouths wide open and tones that were screaming, piercing, ear-splitting, and made the walls ring.

The chorister was not satisfied.

"Children, you can do better than that. Open your mouths, sing faster, louder, and throw more spirit into the hymn."

With that he gave the signal, aided with his own trumpet voice, and waved his arms up and down, quick and fast, as an eagle's wings.

The children got excited, and sang as they had never done before, and ought never to do again. They scaled the topmost peaks of song, and when the last scream died away the chorister sat down panting, but his face rosy with joy.

Oh, ye choristers! thanks to all for your labour of love, but a word of caution to him who needs it. Teach the children to sing in time, to avoid screaming, to modulate their voices, and now and then to strike the lower, softer notes!

## If I Were a Man.

If I were a man, do you s'pose I'd dare  
In the face of my Maker to curse and swear?  
No. I never would give to good people pain,  
By a habit that brings neither pleasure nor gain.

If I were a man, do you s'pose I'd think  
For a moment of tasting the druggard's drink?

No. It only brings a man trouble and woe,  
And I'll be a temperance man wherever I go.

It seems that the nearest fixed star is twenty millions of millions of miles from the earth. This is quite a tidy little distance; and Sir Robert Bale, the present Astronomer Royal of Ireland, lately tried to give a juvenile audience, to whom he was lecturing, an idea of how long it really was. He said, that supposing a railway ran all the way from the earth to that star, and the fare was no more than a penny for every hundred miles—a rate that would take a person, say from Toronto to Montreal for less than eight cents—and reckoning the national debt of Britain at seven hundred millions of pounds sterling, then a person going to the booking-office with all that sum in gold, in five thousand waggons, would find that, after the clerk had taken about a thousand years to count that money, there would be about one hundred millions of pounds short of the price of that one ticket. Come, now, what do sceptics about distances say to that? And mind, always, that is the nearest. The rest are so far off that there is no way to calculate their distance. The earth really is pretty small.—*Truth*.



JAPANESE IDOL-MAKERS.

**Be Kind.**

THANK God that in life's little day,  
Between its dawn and setting,  
We have kind deeds to give away,  
Sad hearts for which our own may pray,  
And strength, when we are wronged, to stay,  
Forgiving and forgetting.

We are all travellers, who throng,  
A thorny road together;  
And if some pilgrim, not so strong  
As I, but footsore, does me wrong,  
I'll make excuse—the road is long,  
And stormy is the weather.

What comfort will it yield the day  
Whose light shall find us dying,  
To know that once we had our way,  
Against a child of weaker clay,  
And bought one triumph in the fray  
With purchase of his sighing?

**Japanese Idol-Makers.**

This picture reminds us of the account of idol-making given by Isaiah 2,600 years ago:—

"The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass, and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man; that it may remain in the house. He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest: he planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it. Then shall it be for a man to burn: for he will take thereof, and warm himself; yea, he kindleth it, and baketh bread; yea, he maketh a god, and worshippeth it; he maketh a graven image, and falleth down thereto. He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: And the residue thereof he maketh a god,

even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god."—Is. xliv. 13-17.

Yet the Japanese do the very same thing to-day.

**Something About Needles.**

BY MRS. W. P. SHEPARD.

THE common sewing-needle is made of fine steel about the thickness of an ordinary bristle. Many operations are necessary before the perfect needle is formed from the wire.

In the first place, the wire is wound in large coils, sixteen feet in circumference. These coils are cut in two, exactly in the middle, and the wire is so arranged that there are one hundred pieces in each half. These halves are then cut in lengths sufficient for two needles, straightened, and taken to the grinder, who holds about twenty-five wires in his hand, and, with great skill, presses them against a grindstone, turning them until each wire is sharpened at one end. The other ends of the wires are treated in the same manner.

They are then placed in a machine, which, with a heavy weight, flattens them precisely in the middle. Two holes are punched in the flattened portion of each, and the wire broken in two, forming two unfinished needles. Several of these are strung on a wire and placed in a vise, while a workman files the top and sides of the heads.

The needles are then rendered brittle by heating them, coating with oil, and then burning the oil off. After this, they are placed on a square of canvas, in lots of five hundred thousand, emery powder and sand mixed with them, and all tied securely in the

canvas, and placed in a machine which works the needle, sand, etc., together for several hours. This is done to give the needles a polished appearance.

After being taken out and mixed with putty-powder and oil, they are again placed in the polishing-machine for four hours longer, then taken out, and washed with softsoap and water, dried, and sorted. Now comes the last important operation, which consists of drilling and polishing the oval holes, or "eyes" of the needles, rendering them perfectly smooth.

The wire from which the needles are made is so thin that five and one-half pounds will make seventy-four thousand needles.

**The Children and Missions.**

THE object of Sunday-school instruction is to educate the children not only in the knowledge of God's word, but to train them for usefulness in the Church and the world. That is, therefore, a narrow and imperfect method of Sunday-school work that limits it to the lessons and a literary culture incident to a study of the scripture text.

The children should be taught that they are being prepared for their future life-work, and that what they learn in the school has an intimate connection with the place they are to fill, and the work they are to do, when they become men and women. In this way the Sunday-school becomes a practical aid to the home-training, and fits the children to enter the Church as active and useful members.

It is wise, therefore, to carry the benevolent enterprises of the Church into the Sunday-school. The children should be trained to give to the poor, to missions, and to every worthy ob-

ject. Our General Conference has re-organized this principle, and provided for the organization of juvenile missionary societies in all our Sunday-schools. It is the duty of pastors, therefore, to see that such societies be formed wherever practicable, not merely as a means of increasing the missionary collections, but that the children may be trained in systematic methods of benevolence, and thus prepared for the great work which lies before them.

If the present adult generation had been properly educated in their duty to give to the cause of Christ, we should not now be so far behind in our home and foreign missionary work. But they were left without any systematic training, and without proper instruction as to their duty to the world. "Little was sown and little has been gathered."

All rational and permanent benevolence rests upon an intelligent appreciation of personal obligation, and this depends upon a knowledge of the condition and wants of those who are presented as objects of our charity. If we are ever moved to give, or do anything for the heathen, we must be able to appreciate their wants. To give simply because we are asked to give, has nothing higher in it than a feeling of kindness, or the impulse of a generous disposition. It is not a moral action, except in a very low sense, much less a religious act. In order to discharge our duty in the sphere of benevolence, we must understand our personal obligation, and act in view of our personal ability.

We must furnish the children under our care with information in regard to their duty. It will not suffice to tell them that they ought to give to the missionary cause. We must give them the reasons upon which the duty rests. We must inform them as to the moral condition of the heathen world, and also as to what God has commanded us to do for them. Much information may be given incidentally on the subject in the course of regular teaching in the Sunday-school; but it is better to have juvenile missionary societies, where such information is made a specialty, and where it may be illustrated and emphasized as it cannot be in class instruction.

The time has come, we think, when the interests of our missionary work demand a more thorough and efficient organization of all our forces, and when our people must be better informed as to their duty to the heathen world. If the Church does not do more abroad for the salvation of the world, it will do less at home. The measure of our prosperity at home depends upon what we do abroad. The Church has reached a crisis on this subject, and unless we meet it in the spirit of the gospel, decline is inevitable. Unless our light shine out upon the nations that sit in darkness, God will remove our "candlestick out of his place."—*S.S. Magazine.*

### The Fool's Prayer.

THE Royal feast was done; the King  
Sought some new sport to be nish care,  
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,  
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before;  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool;  
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say—  
Who knows how grandly it had rung.

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
The chastening stripes must cleanse them  
all;  
But for our blunders—oh! in shame  
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;  
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool  
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
The King, and sought his gardens cool,  
And walked apart, and murmured low,  
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

### Deep-Sea Wonders.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

YOUR dainty canary, hanging up in the sunshine, and singing until his little throat seems ready to burst, so full is it of music, may have fresh water and seeds every morning, and even his lump of sugar and sprig of green, but will not be able to keep house comfortably without that white blade-shaped bone that hangs from the side of his cage. But could Mr. Canary see the animal from which this bone comes he would hide his little yellow head in fright; for it is an ugly monster, this cuttle-fish that makes the bone. His body is like a spider's body—his beak like that of a parrot. Eight long legs has the cuttle-fish, besides two that are much longer than the others. And he has eyes—two great eyes—something like those of a man, that stare out at one in a frightful manner. In a certain part of his body, called the mantle, he makes this chalky bone out of the sea-water. True, it is not really a bone, but more like a shell; still, as there is nothing else the least like a bone in his whole body, most people call it by that name.

This cuttle-fish family is a large family. There is the octopus, so large that his legs are sometimes nine feet long. I wonder what some of the little girls who make such a fuss when

a spider gets on them, would say could they see one of those great fellows—taller than a man—crawling over the bottom of the ocean toward them? They might well be frightened then, for the octopus has a way of throwing his long arms or legs about people, and either hugging them to death or dragging them down into the water, where they are drowned. It is said that the Indians, when out in their canoes, always carry an axe, so that if an octopus throws an arm into the canoe they can cut it off, and thus save themselves from being over turned. But the octopus does not mind the loss of an arm now and then, for it will grow on again in a short time. And what curious arms these are! Did you ever take a little bottle and draw all the air out with your mouth, and then see how tight it would cling to your tongue or lips? If not, try it, and you can better understand about these queer arms. On every one there are about a hundred little cups. When he draws all the air from these, just as the bottle did, they stick fast to whatever they touch, and the only way of escape is by cutting off the arm. As has been said, he looks very like a great ugly spider, especially when he has woven a net and stands ready to catch something in it.

The octopus is a good, faithful mother, and takes the greatest care of her eggs. These she bunches up and fastens together, till they look like one of those tassels that come out on the pussy willows in the spring time. Over this cluster Mrs. Octopus carefully watches, and sees that no harm comes to them. Neither does she hang about idly watching them, for she takes care of them besides. If they are not washed off once in a while, they will be so covered with something from the water that the little animals cannot make their way out of them. The mother knows this, and with some sort of a machine that she has in her body she squirts water upon them, and so keeps them clean. By and by one after another bursts open, till the water is just swarming with the little fellows. Each baby is not bigger than a flea, and yet he is a perfect octopus, as much so as his parents are. The skin of the octopus is transparent, so you can see through it, and it is said that under it are cells of different colours—red, blue, yellow, and brown; so he is a changeable animal, being sometimes one colour and sometimes another. Now, if you were carefully watching a red one, and trying to find out where he was going and what he meant to do when he reached there, you would be a little surprised, would you not, to lose sight of the one that you were looking at, and to find one of another colour, say a bluish one, in its place?

Now let us see how our friend moves about. Although he is not the least bit like a fish, yet he has gills through which he takes water into his

body, and a short funnel for throwing it out again. When he wants to make a journey, he sticks his legs out straight behind, and shoots the water out of this funnel with force enough to carry him right along—and pretty fast too. Besides, he has those long legs of his to walk on, so you see he can travel as much as he pleases.

Sometimes the octopus is afraid of being taken and killed, and sometimes he wants to do something that he does not wish any thing else in the ocean to know a word about. Now how do you suppose he manages at these times? Well, he always carries with him a bag of ink, and by throwing some of this into the water, it becomes so black that he can escape unseen. Some say that he uses this as a weapon, and takes aim and shoots it out at whatever he wishes to capture.

But there is another of this family that is not quite so ugly as the octopus. It is the argonaut. People used to think that this animal was supplied with a little shell for floating on the water, and that it hoisted a sail, and sailed away looking like a fairy-boat. But they have since found out that this is a cradle which the mother makes for her eggs. She keeps it covered with her long arms, and carries it about all the time, and thus is sure that her eggs are safe.

The paper-nautilus is another member of this family. This too has a shell, but this is for his own use. It is for him to go into and hide when he wants to. It is very thin and transparent, and as the nautilus—like the octopus—carries bags or cells of colour, this shell looks very bright and pretty. When alive it will bear the washing of the waves, but when the animal dies it becomes very brittle, and soon breaks. This animal is not at all dangerous, but seems to be afraid of people, for he is seldom seen near the shore.

### How Women Work in Germany.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago *Tribune* says: "We took an early drive through Munich before the city had awakened. Early as was the hour, women were astir everywhere. They were collecting the offal and refuse from houses and stores; sweeping yesterday's dirt from the street into piles, which other women shovelled into hand-carts; cleaning the tracks of the tram cars from obstructions; harnessed into bakers' carts and milk-carts, and distributing their supplies to their customers; scrubbing the floors of shops; moving in all directions to prepare for the business of the day, that the men might not only find their breakfasts ready on rising, but the streets and shops in tidiness and order.

"Wandering among the architectural wonders of Vienna, we halted beside a magnificent building in process of construction, to study its design. Immediately we came upon

women mixing mortar, and for those we saw other women climbing ladders, bearing on their heads and shoulders loads of brick, stone, and mortar for the use of the masons.

"We spent a day in the picture gallery at Dresden. I stepped out on the street and found myself launched in a stream of women all heading under the loads of the baskets strapped to their backs, each of which baskets is made to carry sixty pounds. Some were young, but many were past middle age, and some were white-haired and tottering under their load, their sad eyes looking into mine hopelessly.

"In short, there is no sort of manual work that is not done by German women. I have seen them sawing and splitting wood on the streets, and then carrying it on their backs up several stories into houses. I have seen them moulding brick, unloading freight cars at depots, building the road-beds of railroads, getting stone out of quarries; yoked with dogs, cows, and oxen, pulling heavy loads along the highways; making and mending the roads, repairing the embankments of canals, dredging rivers and small streams for the sake of fertilizing mud—doing any drudgery men are glad to be rid of.

"Four-fifths of the agricultural labourers were women. They were hoeing the immense sugar-beet fields, or, on their hands and knees, were weeding where a hoe could not be safely used. Staggering under heavy loads of manure, which they brought from a distant place of deposit, they distributed it as it was needed.

"If there was extra hard work to be done, loaded carts to be hauled away, or heavy wheelbarrow-loads removed, the work was assigned to women, who bent themselves to the task with patient and persistent energy, while the men looked on, smoking their eternal pipes, without so much as lifting a finger to help.

"Scantly dressed, generally bare-headed in the blazing sun, quite as often barefooted and barelegged, they were bronzed in complexion, thin of flesh, bent and inelastic in figure, without joy in their work or hope in their faces."—*Forward*.

At one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts on the C. P. R., is a band of Indians numbering 72, who were converted from paganism at Michipicoten, over 20 years ago, under the late Rev. Geo. McDougall. They claim to be Methodists, and through all these years they have kept their faith and maintained their religious worship, although separated from the body of the tribe and without a missionary. One of the Company's officers said: "These Indians are a godly people. I often attend their services and find their prayers and addresses fervent and intelligent. They have not been corrupted by the vices of the white men."

### "I Cannot Turn the Key and My Bairn Outside."

Worse than bitter grief,  
The tears will come no more;  
Why should we longer watch and wait?  
Turn the key in the door.  
From weary days and lonely nights  
The light of hope has fled;  
I see the ship is lost, good wife,  
And our bairn is dead."

"He bairn, the last words that I spoko  
Just as he left the shore,  
Woe come thou early, come thou late,  
Thou had an open door;  
Open thy mother's heart and hand,  
Whoever else betide,  
And so I cannot turn the key,  
And my bairn outside."

Seven years is naught to mother love,  
And twenty times the seven;  
Another is a mother still,  
The faith or in God's heaven.  
I'll wait for him, I'll pray for him—  
Prover, as the world, is wide—  
But O! I cannot turn the key,  
And leave my bairn outside."

When winds were loud and snow lay white,  
And storm-clouds drifted black,  
I've heard his step—for hearts can hear;  
I know he's coming back.  
When it he came this very night,  
And he the house-door tried,  
And found that we had turned the key,  
And our bairn outside!"

The good man trimmed the candle light,  
Threw on another log,  
Then suddenly he said, "Good wife,  
What ails—what ails the dog?  
And what ails you? What do you hear?"  
She raised her eyes and cried,  
"Wide open fling the house-door now,  
For my bairn's outside!"

Scarce said the words, when a glad hand  
Flung wide the household door:  
"Dear mother! Father! I am come!  
I need not leave you more!"

That night the first in seven long years,  
The happy mother sighed;  
"Father, now you may turn the key,  
For our bairn's inside."

### 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 the 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 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 likely, but how could he resist the temptation of making sure about these shoes? The more he thought of them the more he

couldn't. He sprang up and hunted around until he found a good-sized brickbat, 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 chaps wear 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 the 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 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. "Oh, 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."—*N. Y. Observer.*

### Christian Character.

I do most earnestly desire that you should be a living Christian, and not one in name only, and am sure the same is your wish. God requires us to make of ourselves the most and best possible. The work of building up a Christian character you, as a Christian, are bound to undertake faithfully and carry on earnestly through life.

I would mention three essential elements to cultivate. The first of these is Unselfishness. The Christian does not live for self. He tries to forget self, and give himself up for the good of others. His constant thought should be how he can be of the most service in the world, and what he can do to make others happier and better. The life of service is the noblest possible. It was Christ's life; for He came to minister, not to be ministered unto; it should be ours. This is the grand life you are now entering. I would have you develop such an interest in others, that constantly, in every reasonable way, you should be trying to benefit them—your loving and generous kindness in the home, at the Sabbath school, in the church, among your friends wherever you are, is indispensable to the shapely development of your character. I am anxious to see the grace of unselfishness so completely developed in you that your life shall be like a river, carrying blessings of health, activity, wherever it flows. In this way you will become Christ-like, do unbounded good while you live, make all around you happy, be loved by all, and be constantly happy yourself.

The second element of character which I would mention is Amiability. You want to become, by God's help, even tempered; not sweet to-day and cross to-morrow, but sunny, gentle and loving all the time. We are all tempted to moods, and I suppose cannot always prevent the shadows from drifting across our sky, but we certainly should not give others cause to say or feel that we are cross. No one has a more winning way than you when you feel right. Will you not strive to feel right all the time, and, for the sake of your influence, for the sake of your own happiness, for the sake of your dear Saviour whom you serve by displaying a lovable disposition, be invariably sweet and tender and kind?

The third excellence of character which I would commend for cultivation is Spirituality. We are apt to be absorbed in this world, thinking only of the things immediately about us that end with to-day. We need to get a broadened view of life, such as Moses had of Palestine, when he stood on Mount Pisgah and looked over into the Promised Land; such as one has on his death-bed, when the earth is slipping from under him. This is why we are warned by the apostle against "minding earthly things," and recommended to have our conversation in heaven. I do not mean that you are

to neglect the ordinary duties of life, or to lose interest in them, but I do want you to be so happy in your religion, and so full of it, that prayer will be your constant resource for strength and comfort; that the Bible—familiar to you and prized by you as is no other book—shall kindle a glow in your heart, and spring unconsciously to your lips; that you shall have a constant and vivid consciousness of the Saviour's loving presence, and that you will be constantly on the watch to save every soul you can; in other words, I want you to be "filled with the Spirit."

### Novel-Killed.

SOME years ago a young lady began to visit her pastor's study as a religious inquirer. Prayer was offered for her, and the plainest instruction given, but she remained unmoved, excepting to regret that she could not become a Christian. At last, after three months of labor and anxiety, her pastor said:—

"I can do nothing with Sophie L.—; she is perfectly unmanageable. I doubt if she will ever yield to the claims of the gospel."

"What is the trouble? Can you not discover the obstacle in her way?" was asked.

"I find that she is an inveterate novel-reader, and I have come to the conclusion that this will keep her out of the kingdom."

"Can she not be persuaded to give up her novels?"

"That is not the point entirely. She has wasted her sensibilities over unreal subjects so long—so continually reversed right and wrong, looking at vice in the garb of virtue, and of virtue in that of unworthiness and injustice—that she has destroyed her moral sense. She assents to truth, but seems to have no power to grasp it; she knows what is right, but has no energy of will to do it. Her mind is enervated, and I fear hopelessly so."

When we look at the young people daily flocking to the public libraries for the latest novels, or see them lounging away their best hours over the story papers and the magazines; when we hear of this or that one, who "does nothing but read novels the whole day through;" we think of Sophie L.—, who is "perfectly unmanageable" to the points of truth and duty, and wonder if they too must be given over to mental and moral disease and death.  
—*Selected.*

A BOY wished to sign the pledge, but his father would not allow him, and told him to take drink moderately. He did so, and became fond of it; visited the drink-shop—formed bad companionships—became a drunkard. He is now hid in the cemetery. Dear little people, if your fathers and mothers object to your joining the Band of Hope, ask them to read this, and allow you to sign, and attend the meetings.



**Conscience—Eternity.**

I SAT alone with my conscience,  
In a place where time had ceased;  
And we talked of my former living  
In the land where the years increased;  
And I felt I should have to answer  
The questions it put to me,  
And to face the answer and question  
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions  
Came floating before my sight,  
And things that I thought were dead things  
Were alive with a terrible might;  
And visions of all my past life  
Was an awful thing to face,  
Alone with my conscience sitting  
In that solemnly silent place.

And so I have learned a lesson,  
Which I ought to have learned before,  
And which, though I learned in dreaming,  
I hope to forget no more.  
So I sit alone with my conscience,  
In the place where the years increase,  
And I try to remember the future,  
In the land where time will cease.

And I know of the future judgment,  
How dreadful so'er it be,  
That to sit alone with my conscience  
Will be judgment enough for me.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

A.D. 30] **LESSON XI.** [JUNE 10  
**JESUS RISEN.**

Matt. 28. 1-15. Memory verses, 5-7  
**GOLDEN TEXT.**

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. 15. 20.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Empty Tomb.
2. The Risen Lord.

**TIME.**—30 A.D. The first day of the following week.

**PLACE.**—Jerusalem, or near the city.

**RULERS.**—Same as before.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**—At the close of that sad Friday, and before the Sabbath eve began, Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and the faithful women had buried the body of their loved one in Joseph's new tomb. But the hour was late and the work was hurried, and they planned to finish the embalming after the Sabbath. Early in the morning of the first day of the week they started for this purpose, and our lesson tells the rest of the story.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*In the end of the Sabbath*—This means very clearly after the Sabbath had ended and the night had almost passed to the dawn of the first day. *A great earthquake*—An earthquake marked his death, and an earthquake marked his return to life. *Countenance like lightning*—The appearance which Jesus had when transfigured. *Became as dead men*—Fell into a swoon, or fainted away. *Some of the watch*—Some of the soldiers whom Pilate had given to the chief priests to watch the sepulchre. *Gave large money*—That is, a large sum of money. *To the governor's ears*—That is, to the knowledge of Pilate. *Until this day*—This is, to the time when Matthew wrote.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *The Empty Tomb.*  
When was the empty tomb of Jesus discovered? Mark 16. 1.  
By whom was it discovered?  
Why did these women visit the sepulchre again so early? Luke 23. 50-56 and 24. 1.  
What had preceded the opening of the tomb?  
What had Jesus publicly proclaimed concerning himself before his death? Matt. 27. 63.  
What precautions had been taken to prevent such a thing being said? Matt. 27. 64, 65.  
What happened to these soldiers when the earthquake came?

What word of cheer did the women receive? Which one of them did not hear this message?  
What had she done which prevented her hearing? John 20. 2.

2. *The Risen Lord.*

Who first saw the Lord after he had risen? ver. 9.  
Who next saw him? John 20. 11, 14.  
While these things were occurring what was happening in the city?  
What official recognition, all unintended, was given to the fact of the resurrection?  
What was the effect of this action upon common belief?  
How many appearances after his resurrection does Paul enumerate? 1 Cor. 15. 5-8.  
How many persons saw him during this first day? Luke 24. 13, 34; ver. 9; John 20. 14.  
Of what is his resurrection a sure proof?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

How often we spend our best energies upon the dead past, and fail to comprehend the living issues about us  
These loving women found only an empty tomb.  
There is danger that we may expend our worship in forms only. How many prayers are empty tombs; readings of God's word, empty tombs.  
Yet, performing duty, they met the risen Lord.  
Many a soul that walks according to the best light it has meets the Lord in the way.  
The Angel of God was a terror to the watch, a messenger of joy to the women. Why?  
Note the crimes of the scribes and priests: false accusation, malice, murder, falsehood, bribery. What a picture of a debased religion!  
But are you any better than they? Have you received him?  
Here is a prophecy of the swift-coming future: death swallowed up in victory.

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Compare the four Gospels as to the time when Christ rose.
2. Compare them to see just how events occurred that day.
3. Be sure to read all of John 20. 19-20.
4. Find how many persons went to the sepulchre.
5. Find the different testimonies made that day that he had risen.

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. When was it learned that Jesus had risen from the dead? "In the end of the Sabbath." 2. By whom was he first seen? By two loving women. 3. What message did he send to his disciples? To go into Galilee. 4. What report did the scribes and priests send abroad? That his body had been stolen. 5. What did his disciples from that time believe? "But now is Christ risen," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The risen Lord.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

31. What do you call this mystery? The mystery of the Holy Trinity.
32. What do you mean by mystery? A truth which man's reason could not discover, and which God by degrees makes known.

A.D. 30] **LESSON XII.** [JUNE 17  
**THE GREAT COMMISSION.**

Matt. 28. 16-20. Memory verses, 18-20  
**GOLDEN TEXT.**

The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it. Psa. 68. 11.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Company.
2. The Word.

**TIME.**—30 A.D.  
**PL. CE.**—Galilee.  
**RULERS.**—Same as before.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**—There have been several meetings of Jesus and the eleven, and perhaps that meeting by the Sea of Galilee of Jesus and the seven had also occurred. Some weeks have passed, and Jesus now meets, probably for the last time, a large company of believers. Paul says there were over five hundred.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*The eleven disciples*—Judah had hanged himself and gone to his own place. *Where Jesus had appointed them*—When he had is never told us, but he had met the eleven several times and had, probably, told them to communicate the appointment to the believers. *Some doubted*—Not some of the eleven, but some of the gathered company.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *The Company.*  
How soon, probably, after the events of last lesson was the meeting in Galilee?  
What were the chief mountains of Galilee?  
How many days did Jesus remain upon the earth after his crucifixion? Acts 1. 3.  
In Paul's account, 1 Cor. 15. 6, what does he mean by saying he was seen of the twelve?  
Which of Paul's meetings probably corresponds to this of Matthew?  
What shows, in ver. 17 of the lesson, that there must have been more than the eleven?  
What was the purpose of the continued stay of the Saviour upon the earth? Acts 1. 3.
2. *The Word.*  
What word in which the whole Gospel centres is given in ver. 18?  
What word which fixes the duty of the believers in Christ is given in ver. 19?  
What word which is sufficient to support any Christian in any hour is given in ver. 20?  
What wonderful scene that John depicts is omitted by Matthew?  
What command did Jesus give, as told by Luke, that Matthew omits?  
What fact concerning the eternal abode of Christ is told by Mark? chap. 16. 19.  
How does Mark also suggest the words of our GOLDEN TEXT? Mark 16. 20.  
What is the GOLDEN TEXT?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

When these disciples came from Galilee there were twelve; only eleven returned; one was lost. Would I have been that one? "My soul, be on thy guard."  
Some worshipped, some doubted. It is the same to-day, in every society, in many homes, in every congregation "My soul, be on thy guard."  
"With you always." What a promise! But does that thought please you? Do you want him with you always—wherever you go, whatever you do, whatever you say?

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Study all between the last lesson and this. It cannot be found in Matthew, but in Luke and John and Mark.
2. Commit the whole lesson carefully to memory.
3. Read the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians.
4. Think over what these phrases must mean, "some doubted," "all power," "all nations," "all things I have commanded."
5. Write an answer to every question on this lesson.

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Whither had Jesus bid the disciples go? Before him into Galilee. 2. How large a company does Paul say had assembled? More than five hundred brethren. 3. What was the message of Jesus to this company? That he was omnipotent and eternal. 4. What command did he give to them? To baptize and teach all nations. 5. What has been the history of the obedience of the Church to this command? "The Lord gave the word," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The power of Christ.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

33. What do you mean by the attributes of God?  
All the perfections of his nature.
34. What do the Scriptures teach concerning God's attributes?  
That he is omnipresent and almighty, that he is omniscient and all-wise
35. What more do we learn concerning God?  
That he is holy and righteous, faithful and true, gracious and merciful.

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