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HOME & SCHOOL.

VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

[No. 20.]

Hippopotamus.

If we were to visit Africa we should see along the waters large, clumsy-looking animals like these in the picture. The name Hippopotamus is taken from two Greek words, meaning horse and river. This animal has a great frame, and when on land is very clumsy, although it is quite active in water. Its immense stomach is large enough to hold five or six bushels of vegetable matter. It is usually about fourteen feet long from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail, although it has been known to be seventeen feet long. Its mouth is two feet wide and looks almost like a cave when its owner opens it at the command of its master. The ears seem to be almost out of proportion, as they are only three or four inches long. The young are born on land, but at once flee to water when frightened. While very young they cling to the necks of their mothers while in the water.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

VERY early in the history of the world people saw the use and beauty of gardens. As far back, indeed, as we have any trace of men, we find that they were in the habit of cultivating flowers and shrubs, and so decorating and arranging nature as to supply a pleasant spot whither they could retreat and enjoy bright colours, rich, shady foliage, and sweet perfumes.

In all the oldest nations of which we read—in Egypt and Assyria, in China, in India, in Greece—the art of gardening was carried to a high state of cultivation.

To natural beauties were added the graces of the painter, the sculptor, and the architect. Temples were built in the centre of the lovely gardens; frescoes adorned the walls of stone summer-houses and of lofty towers; nestled amid the shrubbery, rising from flower-beds, placed at the crossing of paths were to be seen statues of gods and heroes, of cupids, muses and graces.

Among the most famous of the ancient gardens, the ruins of which still remain to give an idea of their vastness and grandeur, were "the Hanging Gardens of Babylon." These have a

special interest for those who are familiar with the Bible, in which Babylon, the mighty city over which the warlike kings of Assyria ruled, is referred to.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were one of the seven wonders of the world; and truly, if we can judge anything by the remains of them which still exist, they well deserved a place among the marvels of the olden time.

The story of their origin is an interesting one. It is said that there once lived a great Assyrian king, of vast

luxury which money could bring, tired of the uninteresting views from her palace windows; and remembering the lovely scenes of her childhood, she pined for them, and begged the king to make for her a garden which should remind her of her native valley.

The king hastened to gratify her; and setting an army of labourers, some of whom he called from Persia, to work, in the course of time the wilderness about Babylon was converted into the magnificent Hanging Gardens.

They were constructed on the sides

vast square. From the bottom of the hills on which they rose, they were reached by broad flights of stone steps leading from terrace to terrace, the terraces rising one above another in a series. At the foot of the hills were noble archways, with paved roads, and sculptured figures of great size lining the walls on either side; and beneath these archways the Assyrians might pass with ease on the backs of their largest elephants.

At the end of each terrace, just before the next stairway, was either an arch, or a pavilion supported by massive pillars; while at the tops of the staircases were to be seen immense vases filled with flowers, and vines which hung down their sides, and carved figures of lions and tigers.

It was upon the broad terraces, which rested on gigantic columns, that the gardens were laid out with tasteful and lavish hand.

The Dusty Room.

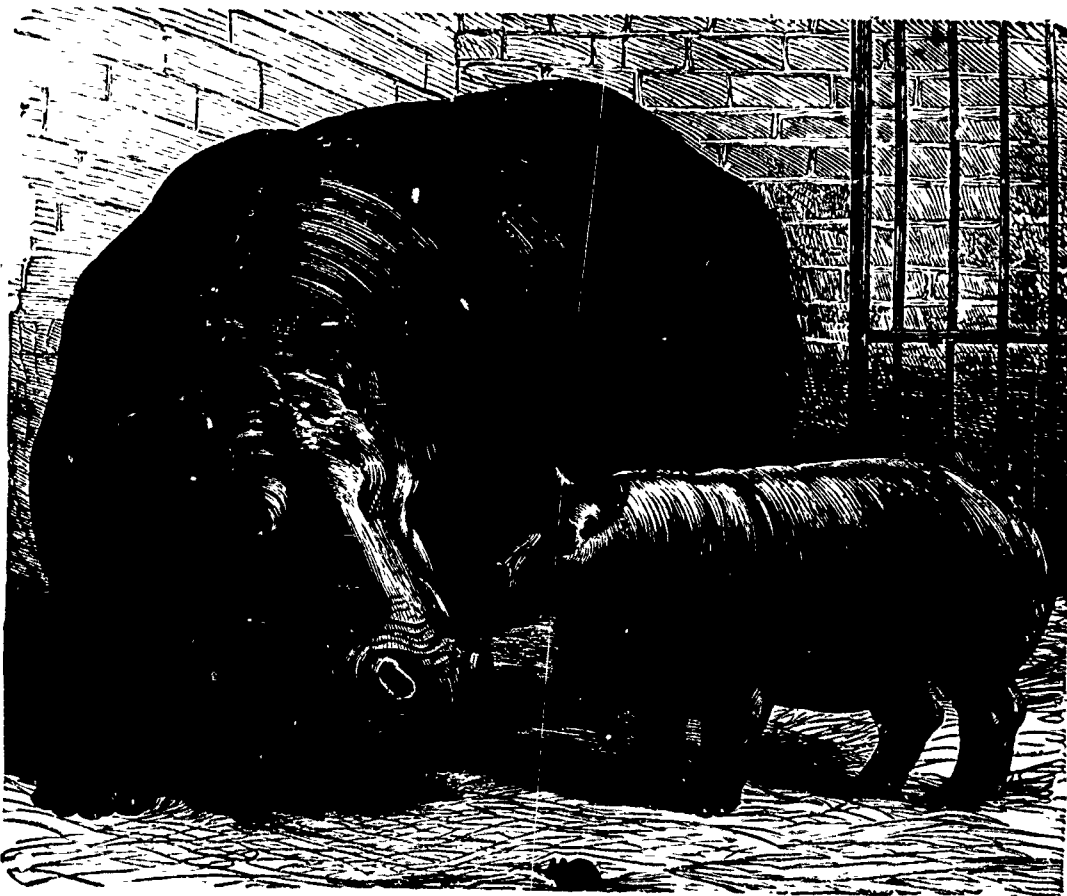
A YOUNG girl was sweeping a room one day, when she went to the window blind and drew it down. "It makes the room so dusty," she said, "to have the sunshine always coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden in the sunbeams were unseen in the dimmer light. The untaught girl imagined it was the sunlight which made the dust.

Now many people imagine themselves very good people. One poor old man, who lived all his life without a thought of love to God, said he was willing to die. He didn't owe any man a shilling.

If the Spirit of God should shine brightly into such a heart, how would it look? It would show him sins enough to crush him. The light of the Spirit is like the sunshine in the dusty room. When we begin to feel unhappy about our sins let us never try to put away the curtain and fancy there is no dust. It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts. He is showing us ourselves, and, better still, He will show us the true way to happiness.—*Presbyterian*

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON once said: "I can abstain, but I cannot be moderate."



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

wealth and power, who was devotedly attached to his wife. Everything that she asked of him he was wont to grant. The moment that she formed a wish, it was gratified.

Now this fair queen came from one of the most beautiful valleys of Persia, in which she was born and reared. She had been accustomed to live amid the most romantic scenery, to delight in avenues of trees and banks of flowers.

But Babylon was a dull place, and around it were nothing but bare fields and dreary heaths

So the queen, though she had every

of some sloping hills not far from the royal palace. Of course, as they were intended for the pleasure of the queen, they must be made on the most splendid scale. Vastness was the ancient idea of magnificence. Not long ago, the royal palace at Nineveh was explored, and found to cover a space larger than that covered by Boston Common and the Public Garden put together.

So the Hanging Gardens were made to cover a very large expanse. They were adorned with noble edifices and the most skilfully carved statues and pillars. In form, the gardens were a

Chautauqua.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

With college, hall, professor's chair
No faculty to rule,
Chautauqua meets us everywhere,
The nation is her school.

Her pupils throng the cities vast,
The hamlets far apart;
The mantle of her brow is cast
Around the nation's heart.

The sages breathe out from their shades
Sweet thought, at her command;
A classic atmosphere pervades
The households of the land.

High themes prevail where friendship meets
At rout or festive board;
A purer language to the streets
Chautauqua has restored.

She pours, amidst the coarse day's din,
Through open mental blinds,
A forty-minute sunburst in
Upon a million minds.

We may call ours a single rose,
Or measureless domains,
He owns the greater world who knows
The wealth the world contains.

To busy minds Chautauqua brings
This wealth in lavish stores,
Reveals the hidden heart of things,
The wonders at our doors.

Beneath her constant, cultured sway
Refinement grows refined;
She raises at a word each day
The altitude of mind.

The matron keeps, untouched by time,
Though cares her life may fill,
The freshness of her early prime—
She is a school girl still.

She finds the weary hour beguiled
With noble Socrates,
Or rocks the cradle of her child
With Homer on her knees.

To-day she hears the cries and groans
That filled great Caesar's wars,
To-morrow, in sweet undertones,
The story of the stars.

She sees the floods to oceans drift,
The mountains upward hurled,
And God, from out of chaos, lift
The fair face of the world.

Beside old Time's historic streams
With sages she may roam,
And dream the poet's wondrous dreams,
In a green mountain home.

The rocks tell out their stories grand;
The trees with leaves stir,
And all the flowers that deck the land,
Are known by name to her.

Her hair with silvered strands inwrought
Life's story may unfold,
Amidst the freshening power of thought
She never can grow old.

Her eye its early fire will keep
In spite of blinding tears,
Th' horizon of her mental sweep
Still widening with her years.

No nation may with ours compare,
Her fame the world may fill—
A cultured motherhood will rear
A nation grander still.

Chautauqua crowns her with a dower
More rich than precious stones,
For knowledge ever will be power,
And power climbs up to thrones.

The brush, the chisel, and the pen
Shall win the nation fame,
A race of purer, nobler men
Shall glorify her name.

A mightier arm shall wield her sword,
A clearer voice command,
Because Chautauqua spoke her word,
Blessing all the land.

A LITTLE six-year-old boy went into the country on a visit. About the first thing he had was a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips, "Yes, mamma; I was only wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

Iron Bridges.

A FAMILIAR illustration of the extent to which engineers have become able to dispense with matter and yet to secure the forces which alone they require, is furnished in the construction of modern railway bridges. In these structures the requirement is, that the heaviest trains moving at the most rapid speeds, and thus transferring their weight rapidly from one point of the structure to another, shall cross spans which often need to be of considerable length, and also that such trains, coming from opposite directions, and moving at these speeds, shall pass each other on these bridges, and that the stresses and shocks thus produced shall be repeated incessantly, and yet the bridges shall remain entirely safe. We glide over them, and they are so firm that the change in the reverberation from that which is heard when the train is moving over the solid ground is hardly observable, but when we look at the structures we see that, as compared with bridges of former times, which were intended to bear on'y insignificant weights in addition to their own, they seem almost like spiders' webs. In the construction of these bridges every stress that can come upon them is exactly known, and is met in the most advantageous, practicable direction, and with a resistance equal to several times its greatest possible intensity. That material only is employed in which the resisting force is known to be contained in the highest degree, and this material is so disposed that not a pound of it is wasted. Each member of the structure has its special function and is designed and proportioned in such a manner that the amount of resisting force residing in every part of it bears a uniform ratio to the amount of stress that can come upon such part.

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 instructions given, but she remained unmoved, excepting to regret that she could not become a Christian. At last, after three months of labour and anxiety, her pastor said, "I can do nothing with Sophia L—; she is perfectly unmanageable. I doubt if she will ever yield to the claims of the gospel."

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

"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 diseased and 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 one or that who "does nothing but read novels the whole day through," we think of Sophia L—, who is "perfectly unmanageable" on the points of truth and duty, and wonder if they too must be given over to mental and moral disease and death.

A Prayer.

BY STUART LIVINGSTON.

[We have pleasure in reproducing from the *Guardian*, the following admirable poem by a talented young Canadian writer.—Ed.]

O SAVIOUR, when the tide is outward flowing
That bears my spirit to a land unknown,
And storm winds wildly round my head are blowing,
And all the strand with shattered wrecks is strewn;

When tremblingly I feel death's mighty ocean
Roll up its formless billows at my feet,
O whisper to me mid the wild commotion,
A last prayer to repeat.

O Saviour, when upon my latest vision,
My life is shadowed forth a finished tale,
And I can see how oft the world's derision
Has made so utterly my purpose fail;
And I am covered over with affliction
To see so little through all the years,
Speak to my chastened soul a benediction,
And wipe away my tears.

O Saviour, when the shadows dark are falling,
And dying eyes gaze into nought but night,
While round me the deep densely appalling
Would lead my soul to shudder with affright;
When all my being's fire low is burning,
O wrap me round with thy all-saving grace,
And when my sightless eyes are upward turning,
O may they see thy face.

HAMILTON, MARCH 10th, 1886.

Enlisting for Life.

"GOING to meeting to-night Rob?" asked Ned Granger.

"I—don't know," replied Rob, hesitatingly.

"Well, I'll stop for you, any way. I think you will decide to go," said Ned, as he turned in at his own gate.

Rob went slowly and thoughtfully down the street.

Should he go to this meeting to-night? Something told him that his going or not going meant a great deal; it meant the decision of a question that had followed him night and day for over a week. If he went, it was decided in the affirmative, if he did not go—how could he ever again look up into those brave, loving eyes in the pictured face on the wall, for he would have determined not to "fight the good fight!"

Oh dear, why could he not let the matter drop for a while, and go on contentedly as he had done? He was good enough as it was. Of course sometimes he might be better, but then everybody got out of sorts once in a while; it was to be expected. He would try harder, perhaps, not to lose his temper as he had sometimes done, and— But no, that would not do; that was not fighting the good fight as papa had wanted him to. Was he ready now to enlist in that warfare for life?

That was the question that had been ringing in Rob's ears so persistently, and demanding an answer. In vain had he tried to forget it, to delay answering it now. There was time enough, he pleaded with himself, by and by. After a year or two of fun he would enlist, of course. But supposing he should not live that year or two more, something within suggested. But he should, probably. Still there was Will Snow drowned only last week. Had he enlisted, had he thought that there was plenty of time!

Mamma came to him in the library just before tea.

"Rob," she said gently, "cannot you decide this question now?"

"I—don't know how, and— cannot help it, mamma, but it seems to me it will spoil all my fun."

"I know, dear; but that is because you do not understand. Does your love for me make you any the less happy?"

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Rob. "But my son, you have often to give up pleasures to me; you deny yourself in many ways for my comfort and happiness."

"But I love you," replied Rob earnestly. "And so of course I am happier if I can do anything for you."

"Yes, dear, and when you love Christ, you will not only be willing, but happier for giving up some things for Him."

There was a long pause, and then Rob spoke again.

"But—I don't know how."

"Just tell Him you want to be His child, and ask Him to show you the way: He is ready and waiting to forgive and accept you if you will ask Him. You haven't a long way to go to find Him, Robbie. He is here waiting for you."

Rob went upstairs to his own room to think it over again. Of course he was happier for loving mamma. Oh, he would not give her up for anything in the world, he said to himself, with a queer little choke at the mere thought. But this was different; and yet God had given him his mother, and everything else and Christ had died for him. That did not seem real to him, but he knew it was so. Could he refuse to love and serve Him?

Suddenly Rob stood up. "I will be His child, if He will take and help," he said decidedly.

Then he knelt down by the bed-side, and sought help and forgiveness.

When Rob went down stairs the question was settled; he had enlisted for life. Mamma knew it directly she saw him. Beattie came shyly up to him as he sat by the open grate.

"I want to tell you Robbie, I've asked Jesus to help me to be truly his child, and fight as papa wanted us to, and I think he will."

"So have I," was Rob's whispered reply.

"Oh—oh, Robbie, I'm so glad, and we'll help each other won't we?" was Beattie's answer, as it had been so often before.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE does most of his work on railway trains, and the entire series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring" were composed on the cars on a week's trip last September. When he loses sleep he keeps an account of it and balances the account in summer time by sleeping right straight ahead.

A GOOD minister of the Gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day, in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told that there was a poor old woman there, that nobody seemed to know about. He went on climbing up until he found his way into that garret-room. As he entered the room he looked around; there was the bed, and a chair, and a table with a candle burning dimly on it; a very little fire on the hearth, and an old woman sitting by it, with a large Testament on her lap. The minister asked her what she was doing there. She said she was reading. "Don't you feel lonely here?" he asked. "No, na," was her reply. "What do you do here all these long winter nights?" "Oh," she said, "I just sit here, with my light and with my New Testament on my knees, talking with Jesus!"

The Children.

Come, romping children, come to me!
I'll fly your kites, I'll race with ye,
And up and down
Throughout the town
We'll hold a jolly jubilee!

You little lumps, I love you all,
Your happy ways and shout and bawl;
You give relief
From care and grief,
And from distraction sound the call.

Angels are ye, every one,
With souls as radiant as the sun,
And then your free
Heart's jollity
Is fountain of the world's best fun.

What solace to the wearied mind,
What rest from care in you we find;
What joy impart
You to the heart,
And loose affections catch and bind!

Life's purest pleasure comes from you;
You keep the ages fresh and new,
And in the bliss
Of baby's kiss
Are wavering hearts held firm and true.

Away with glory bought with blood,
And fame—a bubble on a flood—
Who wants them may
In plumes array,
And be a mark for envy's mud!

More glory to the true heart's ken;
More fame and greatness centre in
One child's pure love,
Fresh from above,
Than plaudits of ten million men!

Then come, ye romps of all the street,
There's music in your pattering feet;
And every shout
Puts pain to rout,
While pallid sickness beats retreat.

—P. S. Cassidy.

Gushing Girls.

The extravagant use made of adverbs and adjectives by a certain class of young ladies is very harrowing to the feelings of another class of persons, who are dignified and grave in their speech. A tendency to "gush" has made many an otherwise bright girl appear to great disadvantage in the eyes of sensible gentlemen and ladies. Don't gush, don't be foolishly and wildly extravagant in your use of qualifying words. Below is given a conversation heard in a street-car recently.

Two bright-looking and prettily-dressed young ladies met in the car.

"Is this really you, Sadie?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I've been dying to see you, and it's just too lovely for anything to think that I've met you right here; isn't it?"

"O perfectly splendid! Isn't it a perfectly lovely day?"

"Perfectly beautiful!"

"I'm going right out by your house."

"You are?"

"Indeed I am!"

"How perfectly lovely!"

"It's just grand to think I met you!"

"O perfectly splendid!"

"O did you go to the concert?"

"Go? I wouldn't have missed it for all the world!"

"Wasn't it grand?"

"Perfectly!"

"Splendid!"

"Mr. K.—'s singing was magnificent!"

"Perfectly glorious!"

"Perfectly so!"

"I was carried entirely away by it!"

"So was I."

"I'm wild to go again!"

"O how you read 'Silas Lapham'!"

"Read it! I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand worlds!"

"Isn't it perfectly splendid?"

"Perfectly!"

"I'm perfectly crazy to get the next chapter!"

"Crazy! I count every second until it comes out!"

"How sweet your new hat is!"

"O, do you think so?"

"Indeed it's the most perfectly lovely and beautiful one I've seen this year!"

"How lovely; you to say so!"

"Horribly hot; what is it?"

"Perfectly dreadful!"

"Perfectly so!"

"Smothering!"

"Perfectly——"

"I could not endure it any longer," said our disgusted informant, "and I went back and sat with the smokers rather than sit longer within hearing of the insane ramblings of those airy creatures."

Saved by Kindness.

We will call him Jim, for I do not remember his name. He had lost all respectability, and was a common gutter drunkard. His family had disowned him, and would not recognise him when they met him. Occasionally he would get a job at the stables where Dr. Davis kept his horses. One morning the Doctor laid his hand on his shoulder and said:

"Jim, I wish you would give up the drink."

There was something very like a quiver of the man's lips as he answered:

"If I thought you cared, I would, but there is a great gulf between you and me."

"Have I made any gulf, Jim? Think a moment before you answer."

"No—you—haven't."

"If you had been a millionaire could I have treated you more like a gentleman?"

"No, you couldn't."

"I do care, Jim."

"Say it again, won't you? There were tears in the man's eyes now.

"I do care, Jim," with a tender little emphasis on the Jim.

"Dr. Davis, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live. Here's my hand on it."

This was fifteen years ago, and "Jim" is to-day the respectable and respected Mr. ——. Saved by a kind word!

Will you make an effort this week to win some one by kindness?

Young Men.

You are wanted from the street corner, from the idlers' promenade, from the place where loafers gather. There is a prize offered you; why not seek it? There are crowns for every honourable head that will push through the opposition and conflict to success. Thousands of young men are idling away golden opportunities which if employed would bring success and position to themselves and honour to their relatives and friends.

Truth, virtue and a manly life calls for champions; and if you enlist in the ranks and push for the goal you will find unmeasured reward. The field for usefulness is wide and broad, and to be really useful in this life it is necessary for us to make the most of ourselves and the opportunities before us.

Up, then, young man, and gird yourself for the work of improvement, self-culture, advancement and a life of usefulness. You can offer no valid excuse for not making the effort. Your advancement and success do not depend upon wealth, birth or official position.

The thousands of unpaired cottages

that dot hill and vale of our land have sent forth the men who have shaped the destiny of our country. Look at our great men of to-day and look up their pedigree, and you will find that nine out of every ten were reared under humble circumstances. They come from the ranks of the poor, and this very fact was the great leverage that brought out and developed their superior qualities. Let no young man feel discouraged because he is poor. If you would trace the proudest achievements of our best men, just follow their life, look through its winding pathway, from their present positions of honour, and invariably it leads back to the modest, dim-lighted cottage of poverty. Had every want of these same men been gratified from their youth the world would never have heard of them.

We enjoy the blessings of life just in proportion to the effort necessary to secure them; and if we put forth great effort in the direction of securing these golden prizes, then the enjoyment of their possession will be great.

A Girl's Funeral in Milan.

THAT, in the strange old gilded hearse, With a mound of paper flowers on her breast, Her life being over, for better or worse, They bore her on to her final rest.

And the women followed her, two by two, And talked of how young she was to die, And the cold drops drenched them through and through,

As under the pitiless, frowning sky, On they marched, in the drizzling rain, To the little old church, in the Milan square,

Where the choir boys chanted with shrill refrain, And the toothless Padre muttered his prayer.

Then on to the waiting grave they went, And the rain rained on, and the wind was still;

Since, all her treasure of life being spent, It was time Death had of the girl his will, And they left her there with the wind and the rain,

Glad, I think, to have come to the end; For the grave holds close, and the sod is kind, And thus do the friendless find a friend.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

Drooping Shoulders.

This is a serious evil. It comprises both appearance and vitality. A stooping figure is not only a familiar expression of weakness or old age, but is, when caused by careless habits, a direct cause of contracted chest and defective breathing. Unless you rid yourself of this crook while at school, you will probably go bent over to your grave. There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder-braces will not help. One needs, not an artificial substitute, but some means to develop the muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect. I know of but one bull's eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheep-skin or other strong bag filled with twenty to eighty pounds of sand is a good weight. When engaged in your morning studies either before or after breakfast, put this bag of sand on your head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck, and walk slowly about the room, coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying the book as you walk. The muscles whose duty it is to hold your head and shoulders erect are hit, not with scattering shot, but with a rifle-ball. The bones of the spine and the intervertebral substance will soon accommodate themselves to the new attitude.

One year of daily practice with the bag, half an hour each morning and evening, will give you a noble carriage, without interfering a moment with your studies.

It would be very difficult to put into a paragraph more important instruction than this. Your respiration, voice and strength of spine, to say nothing of your appearance, will find a new departure in this cure of drooping shoulders.

"Her Chance."

ABOUT thirty years ago two girls were graduated from the same school in a quiet town in one of the Middle States. Each was clever, good tempered, and attractive, and the daughter of a farmer, who could give to his children a comfortable home, but no fortune.

The mother of one of these girls (we will call her Mary) declared that her girl should "have her chance." An outfit of silk, velvet, and evening dresses, Paris hats, and jewelry was provided by selling off part of the family acres; and her mother set out with her on a round of visits to the springs and other fashionable resorts.

The girl was shown off to every eligible young man, precisely as a horse would be exhibited to a buyer, but in vain. The effort was renewed summer after summer, until the mortification and shame which the girl had felt at first were worn away, and she became at heart a hard, vulgar adventurer, whose sole object was to make a brilliant match; in other words to sell herself for a good price.

Just as she was beginning to grow old and soured with disappointment, she succeeded in marrying a man of sixty with a large fortune. His habits were dissolute and his temper intolerable. Her two children, having grown up in an atmosphere of show and pretence, unwarmed by a spark of love, truth, or religious faith, naturally were indifferent to their mother. The son became a spendthrift and drunkard; the daughter an almost imbecile, fashionable woman. Mary has the stately house, the servants, the equipages, for which she planned and struggled so many years. But she has nothing more.

Her classmate, leaving school, entered at once into the work and life of her home. She was the friend and companion of father and mother, the teacher of her little sisters.

"She shall be fitted to become a wife and mother," her mother said, "if God sends her that great happiness. But she shall not go out in the world husband hunting. The bare should not chase the crown."

According to this homely philosophy, she remained at home, among her own friends and neighbours, and married a young man who had no wealth, but industry and honesty, whom she heartily loved. They live still in her native village. Their small income goes far there. They have comforts and luxuries; their children are healthy, intelligent, successful men and women, and all devoted lovers of their mother.

Mary sometimes sees her classmate in town, in her old-fashioned country carriage, with rosy cheeks beneath her gray hair, and pities her because she never "had her chance."

Girls, remember your chance in life is something higher and deeper than the chance of being sold as from an auction block to the highest bidder.—*Youth's Companion.*

In Sickness.

When the world is dark and sad,
And I do not care to play,
And the happy times I had,
Seem to melt and fade away,
And the merry sounds without,
Where the other children are,
Every laugh and call and shout
Falls on my ears with a heavy jar
On my wet head and hot cheek,
And I frightened am, and weak,—

Then the only thing that is
Comforting, and cool, and bright,
Is to lie and think of this.
As my mother said I might:—
That when children keep their beds,
Sick, and sorrowful, and dear,
With sick hearts and aching heads,
Then it is that God draws near;
Then it is as comes and stays
All the weary nights and days.

Friends and nurses may forget,
'So she says, or fall asleep,
But the great Lord never yet
Failed his loving watch to keep.
Close he holds my little hands,
Though I do not see him there,
Close beside my bed he stands
Listening to my every prayer.
All the night time dark and long
God is there, so kind and strong.

All my pains and aches he knows,
Every time I fret or cry,—
For the Lord's eyes never close;
Now he helps me silently,
Whispers thoughts to make me brave,
Soothes my terrors with a touch,
Tells me he is strong to save,
And he loves me—oh, so much!
And I think since this is true,
Should patient be; don't you?

—Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.

can cultivate that will be of incalculable use to them hereafter.

Frederick Robertson made it a rule, at ten years of age, to commit one or two verses of Scripture to memory, every morning while he was dressing, and kept it up all his life. It became the daily bread of life to him in his years of suffering.

Benjamin Franklin counted that day lost in which he had not mastered a sentence in a foreign tongue.

Certain families in Virginia have adhered for generations to the custom of putting beside each child's bed some little gift which would be a pleasant surprise in the morning. The gifts are of little or no value; a fruit or flower or picture cut from a paper. But the child awakens to the consciousness of a watchful, tender love, with its first sight of the day.

Delcamp, most cheerful of philosophers, prepared such pleasures for himself when he was a boy. "I always managed to have something pleasant to which I could look forward on waking, if it were only a walk or a page in a fairy story. Come what might, I was resolved to force happiness into life."

The German, with the same purpose in view, observe all birthdays and other anniversaries in the family, and crowd into the daily life as many cheap, simple pleasures as possible. If American young people would imitate these homely, cheerful customs, our households would be more happy, and we should hear of fewer deaths from overwork and nervous disease.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Family Missionary Box

BY H. K.

YEARS ago it was no uncommon thing to see the missionary box occupying a place of honour in the living-room of Methodist homes. In some houses it was customary every Sabbath morning to place it on the breakfast-table, side by side with the family Bible, where it evidently pleaded for the Saviour's work and for missionary friends far away. Many noble men and women, now doing the Master's work by princely gifts or princelier service, first tasted the luxury of giving, and were kindled into an enthusiasm of zeal, by means of the missionary box. To this day the memory of those Sabbath morning missionary breakfasts distils upon their hearts like rain upon the mown grass. In many homes it was the special privilege of the youngest-born to carry the box round for the halfpennies and pennies—mostly coming from father's pocket, but consecrated by children's hands. One by one, all the brothers and sisters succeeded to the office; and sometimes, as the years went by, children's children, coming for a while into the ancestral home, were initiated into the family custom, and by their question, "What mean ye by this?" revived the happy memories of other days. How lovingly, and even reverently, the work was done! What joy, as the blessed Sabbaths rolled round, to feel the box growing heavier and heavier! What whispered consultations among the children, after prayer, as to how much money the box contained, and as to whether, when mother paid her bills, there would be odd pence and even shillings "knocked off" which might find their way into the missionary box! What rejoicing when the stray visitor



WOMEN WEeping AT THE TOMB.

Women Weeping at the Tomb.

"It is the custom in Syria," says a recent writer, "during several weeks after a funeral, for the women of a bereaved house to go early in the morning to weep over the grave. Whether the sorrow be real or not still they must conform to custom, or they will be held in contempt by their friends. So, in cold weather or warm, in piercing wind and chilling rain, they assemble, fearing that if they remain at home the world will talk about them. Often the relatives of the dead do not care to do such an inconvenient thing, or are unwilling to expose themselves. Out of this difficulty there is always an easy way. There are many women who, if sufficiently paid, are anxious to give every evidence, by eye and voice, of the most overwhelming grief. It is not necessary that they should know the family at all; money is all that is needed to start their tears and tune their voices to the most doleful lamentations."

PERHAPS your Sunday-school is poor, and poorly provided. We know a school that struggled along in this way for a while, till the pastor preached a sermon showing the value of the Sunday-school to the church and to the town, and laying the responsibility of providing for its needs on the community. Then the people came forward and provided for it so liberally in one collection that there was no more complaint of poverty in the Sunday-school for a whole year.

I AM utterly unable to understand how it is possible for any man, with any sense of decency, or any apprehension of manhood, or any sentiment of honour, or any one having any hopes or aspirations for respectable social, or moral standing in the community, or having any regard for the confidence and respect of his fellow men, can reconcile himself to the idea of becoming a common vendor of intoxicating liquors.—*Judge John Martin, of Kansas.*

slipped in a silver coin! And what renewal of all the Sabbath joys of the year when, in the chapel vestry, just before the missionary meeting, the box was opened and its treasures poured out—a very bank of wealth!

Out of the dim past of my childhood comes the memory of a certain missionary meeting to which the lads brought their missionary boxes on a donkey's back—so many and so heavily-weighted were they. No doubt there was great shouting and laughter, and no small stir about so strange a way of bringing in the shaves. But some of us would gladly sacrifice not a few of the proprieties if only we could win back the romance and enthusiasm of those days of yore. We used to be a witty, picturesque, story-loving people, not less devout and earnest than now, but far more interested and therefore interesting. Missionary meetings were the most popular meetings of all the year—I had almost said,

The maddest, merriest days of all the glad new year.

At all events our mouth was filled with laughter and our tongue with singing when we gathered from far and near to hear, and very often to see, what great things God had done for our brothers among the heathen. I am sanguine enough to believe that it will all come back again, and that dull, uninteresting missionary anniversaries, about which no one outside the select few cares two straws, will become rare enough to be worth hunting out as specimens of what Methodism used to be in the agonized age of its history.

MODERATE drinking is the devil's recruiting-ground for the army of drunkards.

"WHAT an insignificant little thing you are!" said a puddle by the way-side to a rain-drop, as it splashed into it one morning. "Perhaps so," said the rain-drop; "but I reflect as much of the sky as I have room for, and the boom of the proudest lake can say no more!"

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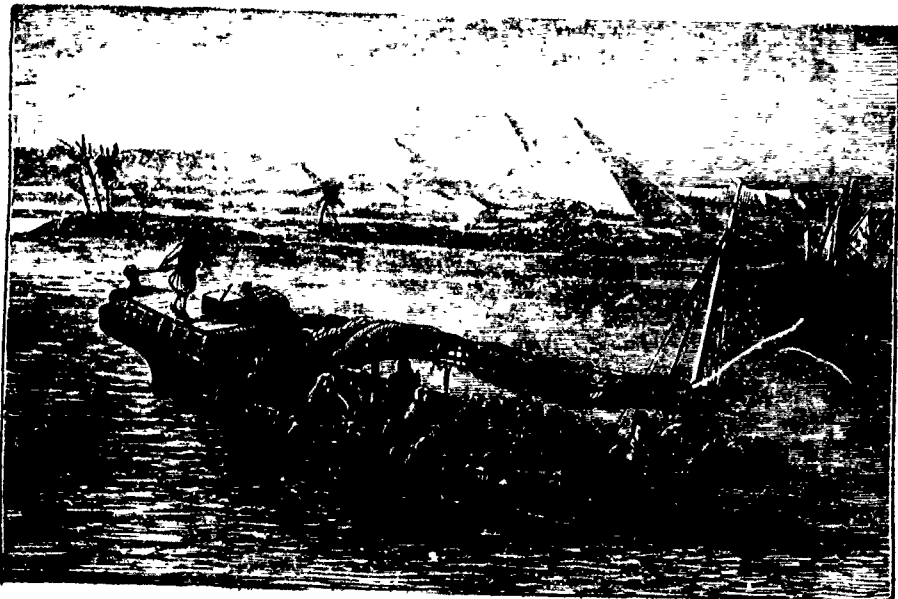
TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

Helps for the Future.

A WELL known journalist recently advised all boys and girls at once to begin a scrap-book in which they should set down descriptions of any noteworthy place or scene which comes in their way; also accounts of any remarkable person whom they met, with their photographs, or little personal details.

"In thirty years," he says, "such a book will be invaluable to the owner, especially if he be a journalist or literary man."

The most trifling details in such a book as Peppys' Diary or the Memoirs of Madame de Remusat, are read now with keen interest, as they make flesh and blood of historical characters who else would be but shadows to us. There are other habits which boys and girls



EGYPT.

Going! Going! Gone!

GOING! going! gone! Is this an auction here, Where nobody bids, and nobody buys, and there is no auctioneer? No hammer, no crowd, no noise, no push of women and men— And yet the chance that is passing now will never come back again!

Going! going! gone! Here is a morn of June— Dew, and fragrance, and colour, and light, and a million sounds a-tune.

Oh, look! Oh, listen! Be wise, and take this wonderful thing— A jewel such as you will not find in the treasury of a king!

Going! going! gone! What is next on the list?

An afternoon of purple and gold, fair as an amethyst, And large enough to hold all good things under the sun.

Bid it in now, and crowd it full with lessons, and work, and fun!

Going! going! gone! Here is a year to be had!

A whole magnificent year held out to every lass and lad! Days, and weeks, and months! Joys and labours, and pains!

Take it, spend it, buy with it, lend it, and presently count your gains.

Going! going! gone! The largest lot comes last!

Here, with its infinite unknown wealth, is offered a lifetime vast! Out of it may be wrought the deeds of hero and sage—

Come bid! Come bid! lest a brave bright youth fade out to a useless age!

—St. Nicholas.

Egypt.

This celebrated country owes its advantages and renown to the marvelous river which flows through its whole length. Without the Nile, Egypt would be a series of barren mountains or dreary deserts. But the river has, for countless ages, brought rich soil down from Abyssinia, and has spread it on either side of its channel in its yearly overflows. These flat, level tracts, are exceedingly fertile, now adorned "with a silver wave, now with a verdant emerald, now with the deep yellow of a golden harvest."

The most wonderful collection of ruins in the world is in Egypt. No other country can show anything equal to Thebes. Thebes fell long before most other famous cities began to rise. It was once the most highly civilized place upon this earth.

Native kings, who dwelt for the most part at Thebes, ruled Egypt from 2201 B.C. until 525 B.C., when the

country was conquered by Cambyses the Persian. Abrabam visited the country in 1920 B.C., Joseph was carried there in 1706 B.C., and Moses was born there in 1571 B.C.

Fifteen hundred years before Christ Egypt was enjoying her "golden age." Ramesses the Great, the most famous of her kings, was then living. And it was Ramesses who made Thebes so splendid a city.

Those marvels of the world, the Pyramids, stand near Cairo. They seem close to you when they are so far off. They seem smooth, but are in reality very rugged. The Great Pyramid covers eleven acres of land. It is 451 feet of perpendicular height to the top, and an Arab will be up in ten minutes.

Our Girls.

There is no more important work for us to do than to enlist the girls of our Church in the missionary cause. The girls need it for their spiritual life and growth.

"I met an old friend to-day, as I was going to my dear prisoners at Newgate," said Elizabeth Fry, "and she declared it was a mystery that I, who had known the rarest pleasures of the gay world—I, a daughter of the Gurneys,—should be content to spend my life among outcasts and thieves. But I told her that God had revealed to me so plainly what life is for, that I could no longer be deceived with the allurements of the world. I told her that I never new real happiness, until, in my Master's name, I learnt to go about doing good."

Here is a field where a like experience may come to our girls.

Last month bright intelligent Christian girls left our colleges and schools to go to their homes and some to fields of work for themselves. Have they taken an earnest missionary spirit with them? Some have, and, as sure as they have, it will spread and enkindle others. Some of our most efficient workers all over the Church are those who have been in the schools. Their regret is that this work did not come to them then. Shall we not see to it soon that the young ladies in our schools are organized, and that in every community where there are a sufficient number of girls there shall be a band? Where there are not enough, get them into your local societies and give them something to do. They will give new

life and interest to your meetings. We had a few girls in our home society, and after having them for a few months we could scarcely bear the thought of parting with them even to organize a society of their own. But the question was, shall we keep them and have a half dozen at most, or shall we let them go and organize a society of their own with twenty-five and more? We decided the latter was best.

In this same church is a Gleamers' Band of seventy children, boys and girls, a local society of us many members, and the Sunday-school contributing \$100 for a mission school. The church is not dead, either. One brother remarked, "Yes, everything is organized but the babies," which we consider a very high compliment.

You will not hinder the home work or lessen the spirituality of the girls.—*Woman's Evangel.*

She Noddit to Me.

BY A. DEWAR WILLOCK.

An old woman standing at her cottage door sees the royal train passing, and has the good fortune to obtain a bow and a smile for Her Majesty, hence the title, "She Noddit to Me."

I'm but an auld body
Living up in Deaside
In a two-roomed bit hoosie,
Wi' a tootie' beside;
Wi my coo an' my grumphy
I'm as happy's a bee,
But I'm far prooder noo
Since she noddit to me!

I'm nae see far past w't—
I'm gie trig an' hale.
Can plant twa-three tawties,
An' look after my kale;
An' when oor Queen passes
I rin oot to see,
Gin by luck she might notice
And nod oot to me!

But I've aye been unlucky,
And the blinds were aye doon,
Till last week the time
O' her vesits cam' reon.
I waved my bit apron
As brisk's I could see,
An' the Queen lauched fu' kindly,
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—
It's nae ease to freit—
An' yst when I think o't
I'm sair like to greet.
She may feel for my sorrow—
She's a mither, ye see,—
An' may be she kent o't
When she noddit to me!

Poor Dick's Contribution.

In all parts of the world missionary meetings are held and contributions made for such as are still in the darkness. Could you have been present on a certain occasion of this kind in one of the distant island stations it would have been a treat to have seen the bright, laughable expression animating the countenances of the people as their names were read out in the congregation. One of the last to come to pay his money was Dick, a little boy born a slave, but who, with his parents, had not very long before been made free. Dick being considered a good, honest lad, one who would not steal the eggs, had been duly appointed captain of the poultry-yard on a neighbouring estate.

Dick was a very modest boy, and hung down his head as he presented himself at the table before which the missionary sat. Taking a little bag

out of his pocket, he took out of it five dollars, (twenty shillings and ten pence English money) and laid it on the table.

"Where is your collecting paper, my boy?" asked the missionary.

"I don't got none, sir," replied Dick. "But how did you get these five dollars?" asked the missionary.

Dick looked much embarrassed as he said: "I bring 'em gie you myself, sir, for de mission cause."

"But how did you get so much?"

Dick burst into tears at this being interrogated, and, after considerable emotion, said: "Sir, I been work for 'em myself. I say, de Lord gie me free, an' de fust money I arn I gie to He. I put up all my money—bit, bi', (a bit being at that time fivepence), tampee, tampee, (one penny)—until he all come to five dollars. Den me been ask somebody to gie me big paper for me bring gie you, sir."

Noble, unselfish Dick! Doubtless the Lord honoured Dick's offering of his first fruits won by the labor of his hands as he cast it all into His treasury. May my, and give themselves unto the Lord, as, we doubt not, Dick did.

Five dollars would have bought Dick a fine suit of clothes, and a pair of boots to wear on Sundays; but Dick willingly went to the Sunday-school and to chapel in his blue striped shirt and Osnaburgh trousers, in order to give his first earnings to the cause of that Saviour who gave Himself a sin-offering for him and for us all.

A Telling Lecture.

Two coloured barbers, one an old man and the other a young one. The young one took off his apron and started for the door.

"Yo's gwan to git a drink, Jim?" asked the elder.

"Dat's what I'se gwan to do."

"Go and get yo drink. I need to do de same thing when I was young. When I was fus married dah was a gin mill next to de shop wha' I wacked, an' I spent in it fifty an' seventy cents a day outen de dollah an' half I eahned. Wa'l, one mawnin' I went into de butchah shop, an' who shood come in but de man wnat kep' de likker shop. "Gib me ten er twelbe pounds po'terhouse steak," he said.

"He got it an' went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had left.

"What do you want?" said the butchah.

"Gib me ten cents wuf of libber;" wuz my remark.

"It wuz all I could pay fur. Now yoo go an' git yo drink. You'll eat libber, but de man wha sells yo de stuff will hab his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de bar cats po'terhouse—de man in front cats libber. I ain't touched de stuff fo' thirty years and I am eatin' po'terhouse myself."—*Foxboro' Reporter.*

THE *Golden Era* pithily says:—"If intemperance should break out among horses and cattle there would be an extra session of Congress called in less than three weeks to stay the evil. But pahaw! it's only men that get drunk."

LADY DUFFERIN takes a personal interest in missions. She is now studying Hindustani with Miss Thoburn, an American Methodist missionary, and pays the expenses of several persons in America who are studying for future missionary work in India.

Evening Time.

BY REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A.

THE sun has set; his train of gold
Drops down the western sky;
A purple veil is on the world,
Stilling the curlew's cry.

The bat, like some old verger, stays
To lock the temple door;
Flapping about in crooked ways,
Glad that the day is o'er.

The busy clang, the noise, the whirl,
Die in a silence deep;
A hush is on the oak and fir,
The poplars are asleep.

Like monks, within the chancel dim,
The hooded shadows pass,
To sing a silent vesper hymn
Or say a silent mass.

And Venus swings her burning lamp,
And signals on to Mars,
Till the deep sky is one vast camp
Of red or golden stars.

I near the western bound of life;
Fast drops the setting sun;
Behind me lie the toils and strife,
My task is all but done.

My locks are white with almond bloom,
Sweet prophesy of spring;
My winter's past, beyond the tomb
The Easter angels sing.

These wrinkles on my face and hands—
It always seems to me—
Are the wave-ripples on the sands
Telling of "no more sea."

A hush is over mind and heart;
The calm one's spirit feels
Who turns aside from street or mart,
And by God's altar kneels.

Life's day is gone; the evening star
Is glowing in the sky;
And heaven is near that seemed afar,
So bright it is, so high!

The shadows gather; I am old,
My day dissolves in night;
But lo! the sky is streaked with gold,
At evening-time 'tis light.

MANCHESTER, ENG.

BARBARA HECKA STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XII.—THE RECRUIT.

A PAINFUL scene took place between Colonel Pemberton and his son as the result of the great awakening which accompanied Losee's preaching. The young man had become a zealous attendant at the Methodist meetings, and overcoming his natural reserve had thrown himself eagerly into Christian work, taking part in public prayer and exhorting earnestly at the inquiry meetings which from night to night were held in Paul Heck's house.

"Do you mean to set at defiance your father's authority and to cast in your lot with these fanatical Methodists?" demanded the Colonel, in a towering rage, one Monday morning, after Reginald had been particularly earnest at the meeting the night before.

"Father, I owe you all obedience in things temporal; but where my duty toward God is clear, I dare not disobey Him."

"And who is to be the judge of your duty, I'd like to know, unless your father!" demanded the choleric old gentleman.

"We must each give account of our own selves unto God, and I cannot violate my conscience even for the best of fathers."

"Way, this is flat rebellion, you ingrate," exclaimed the imperious Colonel, quite ignoring a plea which his own better judgment would have been constrained to admit.

"Nay, father," replied the youth respectfully, "not rebellion, but truest loyalty to the Supreme authority."

"Well, all I have to say is this," exclaimed the Colonel in an outburst of petulance, "if you join those fanatical Methodists, you are no longer a son of mine."

"Oh, don't say that, father—anything but that," cried Reginald with an agonized expression.

"I have said it, and I mean it, too. Your home shall be no more beneath this roof. Well, what is your choice?" asked the stern parent with a gesture of impatience.

"My choice is made," replied the boy, with a pale but resolute expression. "I have joined the Methodists, and I will not forsake them. It would be betraying my Master to turn back from following after Him."

"Well, as you have made your bed, you must lie in it. Go! Let me see your face no more," and the old gentleman turned angrily away.

"Oh father! do not spurn me from your door," cried Reginald, seizing his hand; "or let me see my mother once more before I go."

"No," exclaimed the testy sire, "you are breaking her heart with your ingratitude. It will only give her needless pain;" and he snatched his hand suddenly away, and strode out of the barn, where this interview had taken place.

Reginald threw himself on the wheat straw in an agony of sobs and tears. The world seemed to whirl around him. He seemed sunken in the darkest midnight of despair. The strongest earthly ties had snapped asunder. It seemed as if the solid earth itself were rocking beneath his feet. In this tempest of his soul there stole a thought—almost an audible voice, it seemed—of sweet and calm assurance, that tranquilized his spirit—"When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up," and in prayer to his Father in heaven his agitated feelings found repose.

He went forth an exile from his father's house, with nothing but the homespun clothes in which he stood. He wended his way to the Quaker Settlement to ask for work. The good Quaker, Jonas Whiteside, finding in his heroic spirit something akin to his own doctrine of passive resistance to persecution, which the history of his sect had so signally illustrated, gave him work and wages, which relieved him from present anxiety about earning a living. It was very galling, however, to the proud Colonel to have his son and heir working as a hired servant with his Quaker neighbour.

True as the sun to its appointed time, on the evening before the meeting announced by Elder Losee, that active itinerant cantered into the clearing of the Heck Settlement, very much bespattered with mud, and with garments somewhat frayed from contact with the tangled underbrush of the wilderness, but buoyant in heart and hope. In answer to minute inquiry after the welfare and progress of the recent converts, he soon learned the story of Reginald's persecution and religious fortitude. During the Sunday he called upon him to pray, to speak in class, and to exhort at the close of the afternoon meeting.

After supper he asked him to take a walk upon the river bank. In the mellow light of the setting sun they strolled along the lake-like margin of the broad St. Lawrence, Losee speaking

of the triumphs of the Gospel during his four weeks' ride of some six hundred miles, and Reginald modestly answering the questions which he asked him. At length Losee stopped short, and laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder, said abruptly—

"My brother, the Lord hath need of thee. You must come with me!"

"Come where?" asked Reginald in surprise.

"Wherever the Lord shall show the way. I believe you are called of God to preach the Gospel. You must not be disobedient to the heavenly call."

"When I gave myself to the Lord," said the young man, "I gave myself wholly, to do His will in any way that He should show me. I would not run before I am sent, but if He opens a way to preach His Word I would rejoice to go. I feel very unfit and ignorant; but I have a joy in my soul that I long to tell my fellow-men."

"Praise the Lord," exclaimed the pioneer preacher with old-fashioned Methodist zeal, "may it be as a fire in your bones that will not be suppressed. I forewarn you, you shall have hard toil and poor fare, and it may be hunger and cold and peril and want; but God calls you to the noblest work on earth, and to a crown of glory in the skies."

"My soul says, 'Here am I, Lord, send me, if it be Thy will, anywhere or to do any work,'" said the young man with solemn enthusiasm. "When I was quite a boy I followed the King's flag in more than one stormy fight, and suffered bonds and imprisonment for the good cause; and now I am not afraid to do as much for my Heavenly King."

"Have you a horse?" abruptly asked Losee.

"No, nor a bridle either; but I have a good pair of legs," said Reginald with a smile.

"You must have a horse," said the preacher, decidedly. "You might as well try to fly as walk the rounds you will have to go."

"That means that the Lord don't want me to go, then, till I can earn money to buy a horse."

"I am not so sure about that," replied Losee; "leave that to me;" and they walked back in the deepening twilight to the barn, where a large company were assembled, vaguely seen by the light of a few lanterns, the men grouped on the right and the women on the left.

"Can you lend young Pemberton a horse, to ride the circuit with me?" Losee asked Paul Heck that night as they walked from the barn.

"Ay, can I, as long as he likes," said the generous Irish heart; "and do you mean to take him with you now?"

"Ay. The lad has preaching timber in him, and I want to get him broken in a bit before I recommend him to Conference."

And so, next morning, Reginald, in his homespun clothes, rode away mounted on Paul Heck's sorrel colt. Saddle he had none, but in lieu thereof he rode upon a folded sheepskin girt upon the horse. In this manner were the early Methodist preachers sometimes summoned to their work, like David from the sheep cotes, or Elisha from the plough, or Amos from the herds, or Peter from his nets; and without staff or scrip, or money in their purse, they fared forth on their spiritual knight errantry for the conquest of the world.

Great was the surprise and chagrin of Colonel Pemberton when he heard that his son had not only cast in his lot with

the despised Methodists, but, worse than all, had gone off with a wandering Methodist preacher. But his mother received the tidings with a secret and tremulous joy, which was deepened by the message of filial love which Reginald found an opportunity to send her, which was a comfort and a support to her heart in many an hour of weary watching and prayer.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CAMP-MEETING.

THE Heck Settlement had become an important centre of religious life and activity. Here was organized the oldest and most flourishing of the Methodist societies of Canada and here was held the first of Canadian camp-meetings. Further arrivals of U. E. Loyalist refugees—Methodists, Quakers and Cavaliers—some of the latter accompanied by their domestic slaves—had increased the population of the settlement and its vicinity to quite a numerous community. The Rev. Durius Dunham, the Presiding Elder in charge of the Canadian work, made arrangements for the holding of a camp-meeting in this comparatively populous neighbourhood. The announcement created great excitement throughout the whole country-side. It was a meeting quite unknown to any of the settlers except a few from Virginia, where similar meetings had been held, chiefly among the slave population. Mammy Dinah and Aunt Chloe were greatly elated at the prospect of enjoying what they called "de ole time religion" for which their souls had been pining ever since they had come to this cold northern land. The old Colonel sniffed and "pshawed," but, out of regard to what he deemed the prejudices of his wife, did not oppose a service which he admitted might do very well for slaves. Upon the Methodists, of course, fell the chief burden of the preparation. A lovely grove of stately, clean-trunked beeches and maples was selected, overlooking the broad St. Lawrence, and the underbrush was carefully cleared away. A rough stand, sheltered by an awning of beechen boughs, was erected for the preachers, and rough booths for the temporary lodging of the worshippers. Great was the activity in the great Heck kitchen, where Dame Barbara, on hospitable thoughts intent, presided over the victualling of the camp as if to stand a siege. In this generous provision the good Quakers heartily assisted, and his old-time Virginia hospitality so far overcame the prejudices of Colonel Pemberton as to allow Dinah and Chloe, under the superintendence of their mistress, to exhaust their skill in the culinary art in the same behalf.

The first service was a prayer-meeting of remarkable spiritual power, held on Saturday night, as a preparation for the solemnities of the Sabbath. The Sunday was a high day. The number present, considering the sparsely settled state of the country, was very extraordinary. One would have wondered where all the people came from. But for thirty or forty miles up and down the river they came in batteaux or Durham boats, and not a few Indians came in their bark canoes to witness a service which they could not comprehend, but of which they felt the strange power. The interest culminated in the service of Sunday night. Elder Dunham—a tall, dark man, with hair of

riven blackness, so long that it flowed down upon his shoulders, and an eye of strangely magnetic power—preached a soul-shaking sermon from the text, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ: that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." With thrilling tones and vivid imagery he described the solemn assize; the great white throne and Him that sat thereon; and the august scenes of the final judgment, such as in solemn frescoes or austere mosaics have frowned down for centuries from cathedral apse or tribune on awe-struck generations of mediaeval worshippers. His rustic audience was an eminently impressive one. They had no doubts of the awful reality and strict literalness of the dreadful verities of the Judgment Day. As knowing the terrors of the Lord, the preacher endeavoured to persuade men to flee from the wrath to come and to lay hold on eternal life. Sobs and cries of emotion were heard as wave after wave of intense feeling swept over the audience.

None of them had ever heard of Thomas of Celano's wonderful "Dies Irae, Dies Illa," yet every heart responded to its sublime imagery:

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth.

Wondrous sound the trumpet ringeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking
To its Judge an answer making.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

Think, Lord Jesus, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary Thou has sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Guiltily, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!"

* The strange spell of this marvellous hymn is but inadequately felt in even the best translation. Never was the sonorous Latin tongue more grandly used. Dr. Johnson could never read the seventh of the following verses without weeping:

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Juaex est venturus,
Cuncta stridite discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulora regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quam resurget creatura
Judicanti responnura

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae
Ne me perdas illa die!

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus!

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus
Supplicanti parce, Deus!

The scene verged on the sublime. A sea of upturned faces were gazing with an awe-struck fascination on the earnest-souled preacher, who seemed inspired by the grandeur of his theme. Strong Rembrandt-like lights and shadows flitted over the congregation as the fires upon the raised platforms flared and flickered in the evening breeze, bringing into strong relief the intense expressions of hope or fear or anguish written on many a face. The foliage of the beeches and maples gleamed like burnished bronze in the bright light of the fires, blending into a silvery white where touched by the rays of the full moon riding in majesty in the heavens, and reflected in the broad reaches of the rushing river. And all around the dense darkness of the forest seemed to shut them in like a solid wall.

After the sermon, Dunham invited the "mourners" to come to the "penitent bench"—a rough slab of wood in front of the pulpit—and Losee and Reginald Pemberton, "exhorted" the agitated multitude, while several of the brethren prayed in turn, or, indeed, sometimes two or three at once. Amid the tumult of cries and sobs and prayers, at intervals Elder Dunham or some one gifted in song would raise a hymn, which soon absorbed in its resonant cadences all other sounds. One hymn suggested by the subject of the sermon, sung in a minor key to a wailing sort of tune, seemed to shake the hearts of the entire assembly. It ran thus, with its sad refrain:

Oh, there'll be mourning, mourning, mourn-
ing, mourning;
Oh, there'll be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ.

Then rang out the grand old hymn,

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
rising to an exulting psalm of triumph
and holy joy:

Yes, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis
Voca me cum benedictis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Quae resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce Deus!

Claim the kingdom as Thine own!
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

Uncles Pomp and Jule, Mammy Dinah, Aunt Chloe and others of the Virginia slaves sat in a group by themselves, and ever and anon took captive the entire audience by some weird strain of singular sweetness and pathos, which it seemed to have caught from the murmuring of the night winds through the Southern cypress groves. One of these ran—

I'll hear de trumpet sound
Right early in de morning;
Gwine to ride up in de chariot
Right early in de morning.

Another, which to us seems almost grotesque in its language, though it gave no such suggestion to its simple hearers, ran thus:

I'm a rolling, I'm a rolling, I'm a rolling
Through an unfriendly world;
I'm a rolling, I'm a rolling
Through an unfriendly world.
O brothers, won't you help me?
O brothers, won't you help me to pray?
O brothers, won't you help me to pray?
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord?

Of deep personal significance to many of those poor exiles and fugitives was the following:

When I was down in Egypt's land,
Close by the river,
I heard one tell of the Promised Land
Down by the river side.

Chorus—We'll end this strife
Down by the river;
We'll end this strife
Down by the river side.

I never shall forget the day,
Down by the river,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Down by the river side.
Cho.—We'll end, etc.

Shout, dear children, for you are free,
Down by the river side;
Christ has bought your liberty,
Down by the river side.
Cho.—We'll end, etc.

The words of one of the most beautiful of these Southern songs were as follows:

My Lord calls me, He calls me by the
thunder;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.

Cho.—Steal away, steal away, steal away
to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home;
I hain't got long to stay here.

The favourite of all these weird refrains, however, with which those Southern exiles in our Northern clime used to solace their souls, singing the Lord's song in a strange land, was one which ran thus:

Swing low, sweet chariot;
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot;
Coming for to carry me home.

Elder Dunham had himself lived in the South, and knew how to make these tender plantation melodies subservient to the interests of religion and deepen the impression of the preaching and the prayers. The result of the camp-meeting was a considerable accession to the Methodist Society, and also a deepening of the prejudice against their noisy services on the part of the quiet-loving Quakers, who at their meetings would sit silent for an hour communing with their own hearts, and then go away greatly edified. "They judged no man," they said, however. But Colonel Pemberton was less charitable. He strongly denounced the proceedings as a "perfect Bedlam," and sinned more than ever estranged from his son as a "fanatical Bedlamite."

ONCE a man killed his wife. He was so drunk he did not know anything about it. The police shut him up in prison. He was so drunk he did not know anything about that either. After awhile his drunken fit went off, and he looked about him, wondering where he was, the place looked so strange. He asked the jailer, "Where am I?" He answered, "In prison." "What for?" "For murder." "Does my wife know anything about it?" asked the terror-stricken man. "You have murdered her." Hearing this, the man became a maniac.

Whitefield's Preaching.

THE most memorable period of Mr. Whitefield's life was that of the holidays at Moorfields, in the year 1742. Whit Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, he commenced the work of that memorable day. At that early hour there were about ten thousand persons waiting, not for him, but for Satan's instruments to amuse them. He mounted his "field pulpit," and addressed them from the words: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the Son of man be lifted up," etc. They gazed, they listened they wept; all was hushed and solemn. At twelve o'clock he returned to the conflict, amid such a scene as, perhaps, never preacher encountered before. The worship of this world's god was at its zenith; drummers, trumpeters, merry-andrews, masters of puppet shows, exhibitors of wild beasts, players, and the whole hosts of the ministers of folly and of sin were mustered, marshalled and in full operation, among a multitude of twenty or thirty thousand human beings. At six o'clock in the evening he returned to the charge, when the numbers were vastly increased. On the opposite side of the fields Whitefield began to lift up his voice a third time. He says: "This Satan could not brook. One of his choicest servants was exhibiting, trumpeting on a large stage, but as soon as the people saw me in my black robes and my pulpit, I think all, to a man, left him and came to me. I think I continued in praying, preaching and singing (for the noise was too great at times to preach) about three hours." It appears from the facts just stated that Whitefield, on that eventful day, must have stood in Moorfields not less at the least, than seven hours, and it is highly probable that a large portion of his hearers listened throughout the whole period during each of the three services. It appears from the facts just stated that Whitefield, on that eventful day, must have stood in Moorfields not less at the least, than seven hours, and it is highly probable that a large portion of his hearers listened throughout the whole period during each of the three services. At the close, that is, a little after nine o'clock in the evening, he says: "We retired to the Tabernacle with my pockets full of notes from persons brought under concern, and read them amidst the praises and spiritual acclamations of thousands who joined with the holy angels in rejoicing that so many sinners were snatched in such an unexpected, unlikely place and manner, out of the very jaws of the devil. This was the beginning of the Tabernacle society. Three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received in one day, and I believe the number of notes exceeded one thousand."

THE older I grow—and now I stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and enjoy him forever"—Thomas Carlyle.

To make or sell ardent spirits for common use is as wicked as to make and sell poisons for the same purpose. The blood of murdered souls will be required at their hands.—Judge Dugget.

ONE charge against Cataline was that he corrupted the youth—such a charge could be maintained against every liquor dealer in our land.—S. K. Leavitt, Cincinnati.

STRONG drink is the greatest deceiver the world has ever known. People of all ranks and all ages are deluded by it, at the wedding-feast, and at all other times of social festivity.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me
And the good that I can do.

I live to hold communings
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
Twixt nature's heart and mine
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too,
For the wrongs that need resistance
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON I.** [Oct. 3.

JESUS BETRAYED.

John 18. 1-14. Commit vs. 4-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.—Mark 14. 41.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

To all come hours of conflict and darkness.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 18 1-14. Tu. John 18. 15-27.
W. Matt. 26. 36-75. Th. Mark 14 32-72.
F. Luke 22. 39-62. Sa. Psalm 1. 1-12.
Su. Psalm 46. 1-11.

TIME.—From midnight till three o'clock Friday morning, April 7, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—The garden of Gethsemane and the palace of Caiphas.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matt. 26. 36-66; Mark 14. 32-64; Luke 22. 39-55.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—After Jesus' prayer, they sang a hymn, thus closing their long and blessed meeting, and went out into the streets of Jerusalem, towards the Mount of Olives.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Brook Cedron*—Or Kidron, a ravine, a brook in the rainy season that ran between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives. 11 to 12 o'clock. *A garden*—Gethsemane, on the lower slope of the Mount of Olives. Here Jesus uttered his agonising prayer three times from 12 to 1 o'clock Friday morning. 3. *A band*—Of Roman soldiers from the tower of Antonia, about 1 o'clock. 4. *Jesus knowing*—He went willingly, conscious of all that was before him. Here is probably where Judas gave his kiss of betrayal. 9 *The saying*—Spoken in chap. 17. 12. This was one fulfilment. 10. *Peter smote . . . cut off right ear*—Peter was rash in his bravery. This act was likely to cause the disciples to be arrested as rebels, and to make Jesus himself to seem a rebel against Rome, and his kingdom a temporal kingdom. Jesus destroyed the evil effects by healing Malchus. 12. *Took Jesus*—Then all the disciples forsook Jesus and fled. 13. *Annas*—Formerly high priest, and now very influential. He sent him to Caiphas, the high priest, who first examined him, then called the Sanhedrim (2 to 3 o'clock), and they decided he must die. During this hour Peter three times denied his Master, who was in the hall opening into the court where Peter and John were around the fire.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The order of events.—The parallel accounts.—The agony in the garden.—The betrayal.—Peter's rash act.—The trials.—Peter's denials.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where were Jesus and his disciples the night before his crucifixion? What had they been doing? What were the two last acts in this upper room? (John 17. 1; Matt. 26. 30.)

SUBJECT: THE HOUR OF CONFLICT AND DARKNESS.

I. A GREAT BATTLE AND THE VICTORY (vs. 1, 2; Matt. 26. 36-46).—Where did

Jesus go from the upper room? Why did he go there? What was the name of the garden? Where did Jesus leave his disciples? What did Jesus do here? What was his prayer? How many times did he pray? What shows the intensity of his agony? (Luke 22. 44.) Why was he so sorrowful? How was his prayer answered? (Luke 22. 43; John 18. 11.) What were the disciples doing all this time? Was there any excuse for them? (Mark 14. 50.)

II. JESUS BETRAYED BY A FALSE DISCIPLE (vs. 3-9; Matt. 26. 47-50).—Who betrayed Jesus? Whom did he bring with him? How were they armed? About what hour of the night was this? Where did they find Jesus? What token had Judas given? Describe Jesus' voluntary giving of himself up to them. What in this hour did he do for his disciples?

III. FALSE ZEAL, and DESERTION BY TRUE DISCIPLES (vs. 10, 11; Matt. 26. 51-56).—How did Peter show his courage? What harm might this have done? What reasons did Jesus give against his act? How did Jesus remedy the evil? (Luke 22. 51) What did all the disciples now do? Where do we next find Peter? (Matt. 26. 58.) When and where did he deny Jesus? (Matt. 26. 59-75.)

IV. IN THE HANDS OF HIS ENEMIES (vs. 12-14).—Where was Jesus taken first? Where next? (Matt. 26. 58; John 18. 19-24.) Who were Annas and Caiphas? Who assembled to condemn Jesus? (Matt. 26. 57.) What time of the night was this? For whose sake did Jesus suffer all these things?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Every life has its Gethsemane of sorrow and conflict, and many have its victories.
2. In Gethsemane we are taught the nature of true prayer and its answer.
3. It is sad for the Church to be sleeping while Christ is suffering and praying.
4. Such sleep leads to desertion and denial.
5. Every one in Jesus is safe. He has never lost one.
6. There is a wrong as well as a right zeal, and the wrong brings harm where it would do good.
7. It is dangerous to follow Christ afar off. It leads into temptation, and away from the source of strength.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1 Where did Jesus go after the prayer in the upper room? **ANS.** To Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives. 2 What did he do there? **ANS.** He prayed in an agony for strength to endure what was before him. 3 Who betrayed him there? **ANS.** Judas Iscariot, with a kiss of friendship. 4. What did the other disciples do? **ANS.** They all forsook him and fled, and Peter soon after denied him. 6. What did his enemies do? **ANS.** They took him to the high priest to be tried and condemned.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON II.** [Oct. 10.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

John 18. 28-40. Commit vs. 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I find in him no fault at all.—John 18. 38.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Each person must decide what he will do with Jesus.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 18 28-40. Tu. Matt. 26. 57-75.
W. Mark 14. 35-72. Th. Luke 22 63-71.
F. Matt. 27. 1-27. Sa. Mark 15. 1-14.
Su. Luke 23. 1-24.

TIME.—From 5 to 6 o'clock, Friday morning, April 7, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—Pilate's palace. Either in Herod's palace in north-west angle of Zion, or castle Antonia, north of the temple.

PARALLEL HISTORY.—Matt. 26. 57 to 27. 26; Mark 14. 65 to 15. 15; Luke 22. 63 to 23 24.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(1) **MOCKERY BY THE SERVANTS.** In the court of Caiphas' palace, 3 to 5 o'clock Friday morning (Matt. 26. 57, 58; Mark 14. 65; Luke 22. 63-65). (2) **THE SANHEDRIM REASSEMBLED AT DAYBREAK TO CONDEMN JESUS.** Council chamber 5 o'clock (Matt. 27. 1); because their former meeting was irregular, and they could not pronounce sentence till daybreak. (3) **JESUS SENT TO PILATE.** Pilate's palace, 5 to 5:30 A.M. (v. 28). (4) **PILATE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE JEWS OUTSIDE THE PALACE** (vs. 28-32). 28. *Eat the Passover*—The festive meals of the

day. 31. *Judge him according to your law*—And of course inflict the punishments allowed,—excommunication, scourging, etc. 32. *The saying*—Chap. 17. 12. *What death*—Or what manner of death. The Roman mode of execution by crucifixion. (5) **PILATE EXAMINES JESUS** Inside the palace about 6 o'clock (see chap. 19. 14), vs. 33-38. 34. *Sayest thou of thyself*—If he made the charge, it would be that Jesus had set up a kingdom like Rome, and in rebellion against it. To this Jesus would answer no. If the Jews made the charge, it would be that he claimed to be the Messiah, who was really a spiritual king. To this he would say yes, as he did 37. *To this end*—To be a king. (6) **PILATE'S SECOND CONFERENCE WITH THE JEWISH LEADERS.** Outside his palace (v. 38; Matt. 27. 12-14). (7) **PILATE SENDS JESUS TO HEROD** Herod's palace, early Friday morning (Luke 23. 5-12). Here Jesus was mocked again. (8) **PILATE MAKES THE JEWS DECIDE** (vs. 39-40; Matt. 27. 15-28) 40. *Barabbas*—A kind of brigand, who had made an insurrection against the Roman power, and was hailed as a hero by the Jews.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The order of events.—The time.—The hatred of the Jews, and its cause.—Jesus as king; the mockeries, and their cause.—Barabbas.—The choice between Christ and the world.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give the leading events in the last lesson in their order. Have you read the parallel passages in other Gospels? Name time and place of this lesson.

SUBJECT: WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH JESUS THE CHRIST.

I. WHAT HIS ENEMIES WOULD DO (vs. 28-32).—After the first examination of Jesus before the Sanhedrim, what was done with him? (Matt. 26. 57, 58.) Why did they treat Jesus so? What is the evil of making sport of religious things? Where was Jesus next taken? (Matt. 27. 1.) Then where? (v. 28) To be judged by whom? Where did his accusers stay? Why could not the priests enter the palace? Was this a strange freak of conscientiousness considering what they were doing? Describe the interview with Pilate. Why would they not judge him? What scripture was fulfilled? (John 12. 32.) How? Are evil men attacking the Gospel still compelled to aid it?

II. WHAT AN UNJUST JUDGE DID (vs. 33-38).—What was Pilate's next move? Where was Jesus? What did Pilate ask him? Why did Jesus reply as he did? What did Jesus say about his Kingdom? Over whom is Jesus King? What was Pilate's report to the Jews outside? What did Pilate next do? (Luke 23 5-12) What was Herod's decision? (Luke 23 15.) How was Jesus treated at Herod's palace? Why?

III. THE CHOICE OF THE PEOPLE (vs. 39, 40).—What demand did the people now make? (Mark 15 8.) Who was Barabbas? How did Pilate attempt to escape a decision as to Jesus? Whom did the people choose? Why? What did Pilate then say? (Matt. 27. 22.) What choice like this must we all make? What will be the result of the choice? What was the result to the Jews of rejecting Jesus? (Matt. 23. 34-35.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. A bad conscience is shown by its fastidiousness as to ceremonies, but dulness as to wrongs.
2. The kindest men and causes are sometimes treated with contempt,—reforms, truths, rights.
3. They are ridiculed through misrepresentation and misunderstanding of their nature and aims.
4. Jesus Christ is not only your Saviour, but your King.
5. Sincere seekers after truth will find Jesus Christ.
6. To each one is presented the choice, Christ or the world.
7. To choose Christ is to choose righteousness, love, God, truth, happiness, heaven.
8. To choose the world is to choose pleasure, selfishness, sin, defeat, sorrow, eternal death.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

6. What took place after the examination before Caiphas and the leaders? **ANS.** Jesus was mocked and ridiculed. 7 What was done next? **ANS.** He was condemned to death by the Sanhedrim, early Friday morning. 8. Where was he then taken? **ANS.** To Pontius Pilate, the governor. 9. What did he do? **ANS.** He examined Jesus, and found him innocent. 10. What choice did the people make? **ANS.** "Not this man, but Barabbas."

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