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Home AND School

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1890.

[No. 13.



JESUS HEALING THE SICK. - Luke ix. 10, 11.

A Spray of Apple Blossoms.

They lay on the broad low window ledge,
Where the hand of a little child
Had pinched them—dewy and fresh and sweet—
And the grandmother had smiled,
And softly stroked with her wrinkled hand
The curly trembled head,
And then the needles bright were still;
Unrolled the snowy thread;

For, borne on the breath of the apple bloom,
She lived in the golden past;
She saw an orchard where blossom snows
Were falling thick and fast—
Falling upon the fair, bent head
Of a maiden, in girlhood's prime,
Reading a letter worn and creased
From folding many a time.

"When the apple blossoms are here once more,
I shall come back, Allaire—
Shall come for my answer." The scented wind,
Which ruffled the maiden's hair,
Brought to her ears a well known voice,
She turned in a startled way—
"I have come for my answer, what is it, dear?"
What could she do but lay

Her hands in the eager, outstretched ones?
Ah, life is sweet in June,
When hearts keep time to the liquid flow
Of life and light and tune;
And when in her snowy, floating veil
She stood on her bridal morn,
She would have but the tinted apple bloom
Her white robe to adorn.

Through the open window the western wind
Blew soft on the wrinkled face,
When a smile shone, sweet as that could be
Which had let her girlhood grace.
A little voice called her truant thoughts;
"Grandpapa sent me to see
If you know that the clock has been striking six?
And he wants you to pour his tea!"

Corner-Work.

BY MRS. MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"I get so much more out of my farm because I don't slight the corners. Folks lose a lot, neglecting out-of-sight places."

Uncle Rufus had said this to Ethel the last time she visited the country.

"Yes," said Aunt Susan, "and it's the same in the Master's work. Ethel, don't hanker after Japan or some big, showy place, but look around for corner-work. Neglected old folks, discouraged people, and those who are not very smart or well-off, and little children."

"It may turn out like my prize squash," said Uncle Rufus. "Neighbour Dobbins told all around he'd take the prize, 'cause Uncle Rufus wasn't raising squash. I kept mum; but all the time, in a fence corner, where I didn't let a weed lift its head, a squash was nearly busting itself getting fat and yellow to take the prize at two shows."

This all came back to Ethel, as she sat in the League meeting in a fashionable down-town church. Much had been said about "consecration," "courses of study," "getting new members," and the like, but Ethel did not see a field of work for her. She must look for some neglected corner. She happened to be late, so sat where she could see the back seat. She knew the delicate-looking girl near her was a teacher; that the pretty little brown-eyed girl next, clerked in a fancy store; and that the young woman with the rosy cheeks was somebody's hired-girl. But there her knowledge ended. As for the homely girl near the door, she had spoken to her once, but she had not answered; so she did not try to find out who she was. Ethel knew these girls were lonely, neglected strangers, and decided she had found her corner.

As soon as "Blest be the tie" was sung, Ethel

turned to the faced-looking girl near her, and said, holding out her hand

"We have never been introduced, but we belong to the same society and the same Bible class, and we ought to be friends. I am Ethel Brown."

"My name is Miss Adams," replied that young lady, stilly.

"My little sister's teacher has the same name," said Ethel.

"Pansy is one of my dearest pupils," answered the girl, in a softened tone.

"How stupid I was not to think of that. I assure you the child loves you. We live around the corner from the school. Do come and see me. Where can I call on you?"

Ethel said this with such a winning smile, Mary Adams could not resist her.

"I fear I answered you in a queer way at first. I am foolish to come here to church, but I boarded near here when I went to school, so joined then. I don't feel at home, for I don't know any one. It makes me a little bitter to have no friends."

"Well, you have now; and look for me the first Saturday I can get there. Where shall I come?"

Mary gave the number, and slipped away—but not until Edith had introduced her to several of her friends. Ethel was able to reach the door before the little clerk and her companion were out of sight, and sent them home with hearts warmed by her kind words. The next she happened to see the homely girl at the house of a friend.

"That is Ellen Smith, Ethel," the lady replied to her question. "Yes, as you say, she is the homeliest girl I ever saw; but her scarred face has a beautiful history, for it was made so while she was carrying her little brother out of a burning building. The intense heat she passed through may have made her hard of hearing."

"You make me ashamed of myself, to think I have laughed at her queer looks and actions. I will make it up to her in every way I can," was Ethel's answer.

Before she left the house she had engaged Ellen to come and make a dress for her, thinking then to find out best how to help her. That afternoon she walked several squares out of her way to buy some ribbon of the girl who attended the League meetings.

"You are very kind," said the young woman, as she handed Ethel the change. "We get paid here according to our sales, so it is a great favour when my friends trade with me, for I am just beginning to earn my own living. My husband died last winter. We were only married three months, so he could not provide for me."

"Just think, mamma, she can't be any older than I! I found she boarded in a miserable boarding-house. If you don't care, I'll bring her home to dinner on Sunday, and give her a little happiness," Ethel said that night, as she talked the day over with her mother. "I knew these girls all belonged to our church, so I went first to Dr. Clark, but he did not even know their names. Nor mine either for that matter, till I told him my father's name. He says a city preacher can't be expected to know his people. For my part I would do without a few of his adjectives for the sake of giving him time to hunt up neglected people."

"I thought it was her work, not other people's, my daughter was trying to find," was the answer. "I've found to-day your girl from the country has a very hard place, where she has to sleep in an unfinished attic, and is a perfect drudge. She is trying to help a brother through college. I believe you can find her a good home, where she will be treated well, and have some opportunity to make something of herself."

"Oh, mamma, I'll go and see Aunt Mary to-day. Perhaps she will take her."

So, through Ethel's exertions, Anne Burton found a home that changed the whole of her after life.

It was several weeks before Ethel was able to visit Mary Adams, but Pansy took fruit and flowers to her teacher, and Ethel sent many kind messages. When she did reach the poor little house Mary called "home," she found Mrs. Adams very sick.

"I cannot afford a substitute, so she has to lie and suffer while I am gone," said Mary, sadly.

"Mamma," Ethel said, when she told her how she had found things, "I can't teach for Mary, nor nurse her mother, but our Hannah is such a splendid nurse. I believe I could get her to go there if you would let me do her work. I can hire a wash-woman, and do the rest."

"Hannah has a good deal to do. You would have no time for your painting," was the answer.

"I've thought of that; but if I paint health in Mrs. Adams' face, and hope in Mary's, it will be even better than the roses I expected to paint on these china plates."

The next day Hannah took possession of the little house, and Mary soon saw she could leave her mother in better hands than her own. By the time Mary's vacation began, her mother was well again, and Hannah went back to her kitchen, which, she declared, to get as she left it would take the rest of the summer, though Ethel had put a day in getting it ready for Hannah's sharp eyes. It had been a hard time for Ethel, as she had had little experience in housework, and an aching head and back were often the price she paid for the work Hannah did so easily. She felt, however, as she washed dishes and swept, that it was as much work for God as if she had been preaching, if speaking in public had been one of her gifts.

Someway, Uncle Rufus heard of it, and he sent for Mary and her mother to spend a month on the farm, which brought—sure enough—roses to their faces.

"Mary told me you were the friend of the poor girls in your society, and that now everyone was friendly," Uncle Rufus said to Ethel, when she went out to visit the farm. "You've found your corner; keep it cared for well, and you'll see a rich harvest by-and-by."

Bringing Another.

In the great city of Paris there are not many Protestant churches, and most of them have a hard struggle for existence. A member of one of these churches said to a friend, "It is a rule of our church that when one brother is converted he must go and bring another brother, and when a sister is converted she must go and bring another sister. In this way about one hundred and fifty have been added to our number." Now here is an instructive example for boys and girls and older people in the Sunday-school. There are always some left who are not in the school. Many of these may be brought in through personal effort. There is nothing so efficient for this as direct invitation. Occasionally an invitation may be treated with disrespect; but this will happen very rarely if tact is employed in giving it. And then the example holds good, too, in leading others to conversion. Everywhere around you are those who are not converted. You may be able to lead them to Christ. Just this is what Andrew did when he first became acquainted with Jesus. He was so delighted that he wanted his brother to know him too; so he started and soon found him and brought him. And so Simon, that is Peter, and Andrew became disciples of Jesus.

Alone With Thee.

ALONE with thee, my Father,
The daylight softly dies,
And in the bounding silence
The hushed earth calmly lies.

The fragrance of the roses
Is floating on the air,
Her wealth of bloom and beauty
Abounding everywhere.

Her carnival of flowers,
With heraldry of green,
Blue skies, and sweet bird music,
And waves in flashing shoen.

Earth wears her crown of glory
As grandly as of yore,
Unheeding human sorrow
For joys that are no more.

The children's rippling laughter,
And youth's up-swelling song,
And life's high tide of triumph
To these June days belong.

Alone with thee, my Father,
The silent tears must fall;
For thou, so true and tender,
Dost see and know it all.

How one dear face is mirrored
In cloud, and wave, and sky,
And one dear name is murmured
In every breeze's sigh;

And yet to all our yearning
The banished voice and form
Come not in words of comfort,
Or touches soft and warm.

The viewless lands beyond me
Their gathered treasures keep,
And brightly o'er a lowly mound
The stars their watches keep.

Alone with thee, my Father,
'Tis sweet and safe to stay,
And down before thy pitying eye
The grief and pain to lay.

The Princess of Wales.

WHEN it was considered proper to marry off the Prince of Wales, a rapid *résumé* of the possible Protestant princesses whom he could marry, narrowed the chance down to three, of whom Alexandra of Denmark pleased him best.

On the 7th of March, 1863, the Princess landed at Gravesend, with her parents, then Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark—for the King was still alive, and paid for the *trousseau* of the youthful Alexandra, her father being too poor. She was met there by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. A magnificent pageant preceded and accompanied her through the city of London—by the Mansion-House, Cheapside, St. Paul's, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, and the Strand. In Hyde Park, 17,000 London volunteers stood under arms to guard her progress.

She was received at Windsor Castle by the recently-widowed Queen; and on the subsequent Tuesday—the 10th of March—she was married to her illustrious bridegroom, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. She was surrounded by her family—her father and mother, her sister Thyra, and her little brother Waldemar. Her eight bridesmaids were chosen from the noblest maidens of Great Britain. The religious service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Dean of Windsor. The Crown Prince of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and other royal personages, assisted at the ceremonial.

The scene in St. George's Chapel was noble and grand, especially as the Knights of the Garter, in their splendid robes, were there in full force. The

royal coat of arms of Denmark was "then and there enthroned as queen of hearts." Pennyson greeted her as "The Sea-King's Daughter from over the Sea!" Her ancestors were called "Vikings," and all the northern mythology was invoked to find parallels for her blushing charms, for her grace and dignity, and for an attraction she has never lost—thorough unconsciousness of self. The house of Oldenburg became a central pivot of European politics, and Christian of Denmark was universally sought for as a "father-in-law."

An English paper says of this quietly-reared royal girl of Denmark: "The English people know little more of her than the unconscious goodness and sweetness of her disposition; her unostentatious virtues as a wife, a daughter, a sister, a mother; and the womanly charm of her presence felt as a blessing wherever she goes—worshipped, as true womanhood should be, with the silent homage of the heart. Of her personal sentiments—of any special accomplishments of learning or taste—no public testimony has been given or required. The Princess of Wales is a true lady, and we all believe her to be good—that is enough for us all. The royal family of Denmark is German; The English hail the Danes as their national kindred. The Scandinavian race is worthy of the highest esteem. She came to England in good time to disperse the cloud of sorrow that had hung over the court and kingdom during the sad retirement of the widowed Queen into private life since the death of the Prince Consort."

From that time to this she has indeed been one of the most universally beloved and admired princesses in the world; and has, by her admirable prudence, ensured for the Prince of Wales a place in the estimation of all England, which, with a different wife, he might have lost.

After twenty-two years of married life, she is the toast of London society. She has preserved a remarkably youthful appearance; is in the highest degree ladylike and gracious. No one ever speaks ill of her. In manner she is still as sweet and as simple as she was when she arrived in England, although she holds, perhaps, the most enviable place in all the world, as the most powerful and gracious wife of the future sovereign—as a beautiful woman—as the person to whom all hats are taken off—as the most admired, courted, and noble lady in the land; for she is, after the Queen, the most potent personage in England.

She and her sister—the Empress of Russia—often meet at Copenhagen, and both shake hands with the old coachman, who drove their carriage when they were girls. This always excites enthusiasm in Copenhagen. In their benefactions they do not forget the plain, private school, in which they first learned their "A, B, abs" and multiplication table. They are very dear and kind sisters to each other, and truly benevolent. The Empress of Russia used to be spoken of as the most generous, until it was ascertained that the Princess of Wales had not so profuse a private purse as her imperial sister. The Empress is, of course, the possessor of the purse of *Fortunatus*. She has but to dip her hand in, and the gold comes. When she heard that this criticism was being made, she delicately said: "That hereafter the Princess of Wales would decide on all questions of benevolence, and that she—the Empress—would give only what her sister thought best."

It is said that Queen Victoria found her royal girl of Denmark at first wanting in these hereditary ideas of grandeur which should mark "royal blood." She reminded her more than once that she must not help herself; must *not* put on an apron "to save her gown;" that she thought "Albert Edward would be able to buy her a new

one when that one was worn out." So the Queen told her to read Andersen's fairy story of the "Real Princess, who felt the Pea through Seven Feather Beds." Victoria, born and bred a haughty Queen, was confident that she should have detected the pea. She told her the story of the Empress Eugenie, who, having not been born a queen, effused and froze at the wrong moments; too dignified one minute—*too free* another. She thought her daughter-in-law confessed to a plebeian education when she essayed to open the piano for herself, as she was about to play at a private drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. No princess, since the days of Berengaria, had ever opened her own piano, and evidently *she* had no piano to open!

The Princess is said to have on this occasion vindicated her title to being the daughter of a Viking; and, sitting down to the instrument, she played so brilliantly that the Queen herself applauded. "Ask mamma if I play too well for a princess," she whispered to the Prince. But the Queen could not but see that this daughter-in-law, so plainly and so unpretendingly brought up, was a real queen at heart.

For ten years she went on, gaining every day in public favour, the best of wives to a gay young Prince; the happy mother of many children; and then the fabric of her love and greatness seemed to totter to its base. The Prince, her husband-lover—as dear to her as at first—fell ill of a fever at Sandringham, and lay trembling between life and death for weeks. There was sympathy for the Queen, sympathy for the Princess, sympathy for England, expressed all over the world. There was such danger for England—should he die—in a long regency. Both England and France had felt that before. The hideous spectre of communism rose on the horizon. There had been angry meetings in Hyde Park. The recent explosions in Paris of the mobocracy frightened well behaving as well as ill-behaving Englishmen.

The young wife watched by her husband's bedside, a perfect angel of tenderness and love. Everyone rejoiced when the tide turned in his favour; and prayers went up from Bombay to San Francisco, that Albert Edward might be spared. And the Danish Princess—what did she do? When the fever left him, and the physician said "Hope!" she took one of her little girls by the hand, and walked through the fields to the parish church near Sandringham, and there—attended by only one lady—she knelt, and, with grateful tears, gave thanks that her husband was spared to her—as any young wife would have done. No procession of lackeys, no outriders, no carriages, no grand going in "State" to thank the King of kings that he had spared England's king. No! the clergyman of the parish did not know she was in church until he looked up from the reading-desk, and saw her "devoutly kneeling."—*Wife Awake*.

The Body Only a House.

THEY say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as before. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house I live in. But I am young—*younger* than I ever was before.—*Guthrie*.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Johnny was playing on the sidewalk with his little brother. Presently he came in, and said in an indignant tone, "Mamma, a lady asked if we was trins, and I said, 'No, we isn't trins; we's boys.'"

The Exile's Farewell to Canada.

BY MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER.

FAREWELL to fair Canada, distant, still dear,
And the lakes of Ontario, sparkling and clear;
Thrice lovely in fancy St. Lawrence may shine,
But the Neckar's enchanting, the Rhine is divine;
Farewell thou grand Canada, land of the west,
The proud home of freedom, by nature so blest;
Far distant I wander by mountain and sea,
And the cuckoo and nightingale sing me of thee.

Farewell to thy forest, in Autumn so grand,
The Indian's legacy, nobly they stand;
Farewell to the lakes which in majesty roll,
Oh! lonely the dinge that they moan to my soul.
These skies may be bright, but my heart is not here,
Niagara's roaring still rings in my ear,
Yet farewell, I wander by mountain and sea,
And the cuckoo and nightingale sing me of thee.

Farewell "Akkanata," sweet land of the west,
Though the Rhine is divine, thou art dearest and best;
In the years yet to come thy great honour shall be
To rank with proud nations on land and by sea;
Thy wide arms outspreading, the stranger to cheer,
Shall give him a home without tyrant to fear;
And ever though lonely o'er mountain and sea
I may wander, the cuckoo shall sing me of thee.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1890.

How to Love God.

A WOMAN once said to her pastor: "I do love God very much, but want to love him more. How can I?" "You must become better acquainted with him," was his reply. "We love those who are worthy of our love in proportion as we become acquainted with them."

"How can I get better acquainted?" she asked. "Study the Bible more," he said. "God speaks to you and reveals himself to you in the Bible. Read in the New Testament the life of Jesus, and imagine you had been with him as John and Peter and Mary were, and pray more. Tell him all your joys and troubles and needs. He will answer you, and every answer will draw you closer and closer to him. Then try to please him in everything you do and say. We always love those whom we try to please. Love makes us wish to please the Lord, and love rewards us when we have done it."

The woman followed these rules, simple as they were, and her love to God grew and spread all through her heart.

It made her very happy, so that all who knew



QUEEN VICTORIA.

her said: "What a bright, cheerful person she is! I don't believe she ever has any trouble" And yet she did have a great deal of trouble; but the love of God so filled her heart that it seemed like wings to lift her above it all. If she had been asked if she had any trouble, she would have smiled, and said: "I don't believe I have. The minute it comes Jesus takes it all away."

"Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him."

The very essence of our religion is love. The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost brightens life and prepares for death. Love is the atmosphere of heaven, and none can be admitted there who have not first learned to love.

"Teach us, Lord, at length to love."—Selected.

The W. C. T. U. Pledge.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union are seeking to enlist the co-operation of all Sabbath-school workers in getting the young people of all the Sunday-schools in the country to sign a temperance pledge. Most of our Methodist schools have a pledge not only against intoxicating liquor, but also against tobacco, profane language, and bad books. We prefer the stronger and more comprehensive pledge. The W. C. T. U. pledge is handsomely printed in black and silver. For information on the subject write to Mrs. C. Robertson, Eglinton. The pledge is as follows:

OUR PLEDGE.

I hereby promise, God helping me, to abstain from the use of all Distilled, Fermented, and Malt Liquors, including Wine, Beer and Cider, as a Beverage, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of and traffic in the same.

Signature,

Address,

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—1 P'v. iv. 13.

On the back of the Temperance pledge cards are printed these verses, which Canon Wilberforce says he repeats every morning before leaving his room to enter upon the duties of the day:—

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
Keep me from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And daily pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

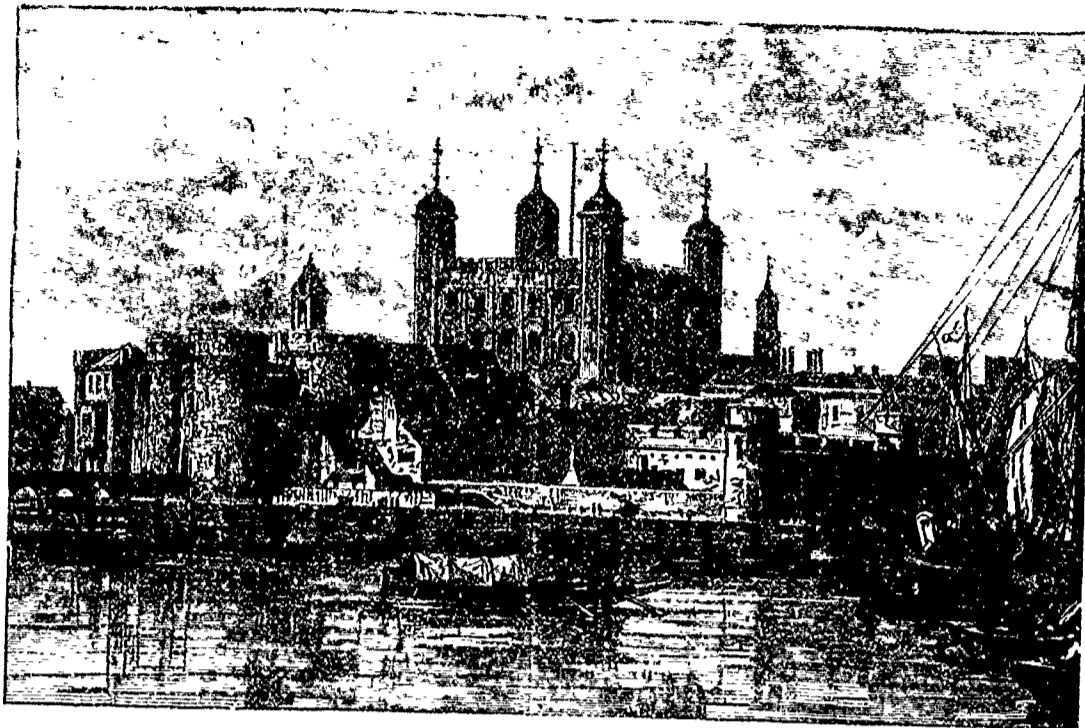
Let me be slow to do my will—
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

In Christ.

EVERY Christian is in Christ. All Christians are in Christ. It is not blasphemy, it is not irreverence, it is not thoughtlessness, to say this. We have authority for it. We cannot explain it, but we can assert it. Paul says: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Jesus Christ." And again: "That I may win Christ, and be found in him." And again: "Who also were in Christ before me." And Jesus says: "I am in my Father, and ye in me." "Abide in me." "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can we except ye abide in me." It is a great mystery, but it is also a great revelation. Christ is in the Christian, and the Christian is in Christ. The fire of the forge is in the bar of steel, and the bar of steel is in the fire of the forge. The bar can get fire into it only by getting into the fire. The Christian can get Christ in him only by getting in Christ. It is very wonderful, but very glorious.—Selected.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

London's Tragic Tower.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

It was on a bright, warm day in August last that we found our way to the Tower of London, and as we passed inside the gray walls of this wonderfully historic and famous pile of buildings, we could not but think of the many marvellous changes which have transpired since this gloomy old fortress, palace, and prison lifted its massive and defiant form on the banks of the Thames, eight hundred years ago. It was erected in 1079-80 by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, by command of William the Conqueror, and is regarded as a magnificent specimen of the Norman architecture which largely prevailed in those far-off and rugged times. It is doubtful if this hoary structure, for thrilling incident and chronicles of pathetic and dramatic story, can be equalled by any other place in the world. Through those very gateways which admit the curious and pleasure-seeking multitudes of today, have passed processions of earthly, kingly splendour which would bankrupt the most opulent phrase to describe, and almost within sight of these trailing glories of state, throngs of illustrious prisoners have been marched along to dungeon, to suffering, and to cruel death.

Again and again, royalty and grandeur have passed beneath those ominous portals to exchange the dreams of honour and glory and the festive brilliancy of courts, for the prison, the torture-room and the fatal block and axe. Within that space of some thirteen acres, which includes the principal and oldest tower, and the eighteen smaller and more recent towers, what sights and sounds have been seen and heard for nearly eight long centuries! Here the kings of England found a refuge in the stormiest times, and though this ancient pile has felt the shock of all the most violent internal convulsions which have agitated the nation, and has had to bear the horrors of war as they have raged around its massive battlements and walls, it still holds its own, and remains like some old unbeaten warrior to tell of deeds of mighty daring, of fallen heroes, of perished splendour, and of scenes of furious passion and of darkness and of death. And what strange contrasts are crowded upon your vision as you walk around this grim old fabric of eight hundred years! Here are crowns of priceless value, flashing with costliest diamonds and famous stones; and just a minute's walk and

you look upon the executioner's block, with the headsman's axe and mask, the thumb-screws, the collar, the bilboes and chains.

Here are rooms once filled with England's beauty, pride and glory, where revelry and mirth held high festival from age to age, and there are the gloomy cells where distinguished prisoners pined in misery, in hunger and rags, and where sufferings too terrible to relate were endured before the fatal hour arrived. Shouts of pleasure in her wild delirium of delight rang through those spacious halls, and cries of deadliest pain and muffled moans of broken bleeding hearts crept slowly up from the gloom of the prison-cell below.

In one part of this historic tower, eyes long ago, flashed until they were ablaze with some passing victory, and faces crimsoned until they were red with momentary glory, but alas! other eyes beneath the same roof were filled with scalding tears of bitterest woes, and other countenances which only a little while before basked in the sunshine of royal smile and favour now grew pale with increasing terrors and the swift approach of some cruel and tragic end!

The inscriptions carved or scratched by the doomed prisoners on the walls of their cells, "rudely written, but each letter full of hope, and yet of heart-break" still remain to tell a story laden with pathetic tenderness and with a sorrow too deep for words.

But the spot in all this space where pomp and tragedy have so often met, and which most can move and thrill the soul, is the little chapel of St. Peter. The deep interest attaching to this sanctuary arises not so much from its antiquity, as from the fact that within its walls lie moulding the remains of an illustrious company who fell from the lofty pinnacles of worldly power and wide-spread fame to fates, full of ghastly suffering and cruel wrong.

"There is no sadder spot on earth" say Macaulay, "than this little cemetery. Hither have been carried through successive ages by the rude hands of goalers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who have been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates and the ornaments of courts."

The memorial tablet at the entrance contains the names of thirty-four persons of historical note who after life's fitful stormy day were laid to rest in this chapel. Nearly the whole of this long list of dis-

tinguished individuals, including the two queens, Annie Boleyn and Katherine Howard with Lady Jane Grey perished by the headsman's axe.

Time, however, has wrought wonders, great and strange, and the fair angel of peace has flung her welcome banner over all those scenes of conflict we have been reviewing. The noise and tumult of all that terrible strife has long since died away, and the wild agitations which shook the nation of those distant days are only memories to us.

This old tower, like some huge whispering gallery echoes to us the stirring chapters of that dark tempestuous morning, out of which the bright, broadening England of to-day was yet to come. The march of the right and true has converted many of those ancient implements of torture into uses which wins one's admiration, and as we gaze upon those melancholy symbols of departed darker days, we are glad a thousand times that our lot has fallen on more favoured years.

The very place where stood the grim wooden scaffold on Tower Hill, where so many eminent persons were beheaded is now a garden, and nature from year to year, kindly throws her flowery coverlet over the once crimson and terrible spot. It is well to keep before the rising generation the fact that the freedom which blesses us to-day, has not been achieved without a thousand conflicts with lawless forces, that British history has been swept again and again with fierce hurricanes of malignant passions, and upon the fields of the past has fallen the rain of tears and great baptisms of blood; but out of all the confusion and struggle of centuries there has arisen a temple of liberty and civilization, fair and beautiful, and an empire which for extent and character, stands without an equal in all the annals of time. Hallam in his "Constitutional History of England," says,—"speaking of London's far-famed Tower, "The dark and gloomy fabric seems to stand in these modern days like a captive tyrant reserved to grace the triumphs of a victorious republic, and should teach us to reflect in thankfulness, how highly we have been elevated in virtue and happiness above our forefathers."—*The Wesleyan*.

Glum Religion.

THE religion of Jesus has in it no elements to render its possessor morose, sullen, unattractive, glum. It is essentially cheery, pleasant, joyous. It removes all that terrifies and darkens, and substitutes whatever tends to lighten, beautify, sweeten, and make the heart leap for joy. The curse of sin is removed because it has been borne by Christ; the wrath of God toward the sinner has been quenched in the blood that quenches from all sin; the sin that separated the soul from God has been removed; the peace of God that passeth all understanding keeps the mind and heart; the spirit of love takes possession of the whole man; "the mountains and the hills break forth unto him into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands."

"There is now no condemnation to him;" "Christ dwells in his heart by faith;" "It is formed in him the hope of glory;" and "All things are his because he is Christ's." Ho has the promise of God for everything that he needs on earth—safe conduct through the vale of death, and an eternal home with God and all blessed ones beyond.

What a falsifier of the Saviour; what a caricature of his Master; what a stumbling-block to others in the way to heaven; and what an offence to "the little ones" in Christ's fold is the professor who has nothing to exhibit but a glum religion!—*Selected*.

Barbara Huck's German Bible.

BY W. F. MALLALIEU.

I held within my hand the dim worn book
 When by the brave-souled woman oft had read
 The oracles divine, and raptely led
 Her soul with thoughts of God, and took
 Deep drafts of heavenly wisdom, and forsook
 All lesser learning for what God hath said,
 And by his guiding hand was gently led
 Into the land of rest for which we look.
 Within her hand she held this book, when came
 The sudden call to join the white-robed throng.
 Her name shall live on earth in endless fame,
 Her high-souled faith be theme of endless song.
 O Book Divine, that fed that lofty faith,
 Engrave, like hers, our souls in hour of death.
 Toronto, October 30, 1894.



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John W. Jay.

TOPICS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

SECOND QUARTER, 1890.

June 29. *Temperance prayer-meeting.* Dan. 1. 8; Exod. 23. 20, 21; 23. 29, 30; 23. 31, 32; Isa. 5. 11; 5. 22; 28. 3; 28. 7; Prov. 20. 1; Hab. 2. 15; 1 Cor. 5. 11; 1 Cor. 6. 10; Gal. 5. 21; Eph. 5. 18.

Methodist Bishops and the League.

(Abridged from the Epworth Herald.)

The Epworth League will meet, I think, a great want in our Church. It will furnish moral and intellectual entertainment and instruction for our young people, and thereby add greatly to their happiness and usefulness in after life.

THOS. BOWMAN.

The League is a living movement. It is fitting that the Methodist Church, within whose pale this great movement has its welcome place and promising field, ever prompt to meet every demand for Methodist literature, should now hasten to furnish the host of her young people a paper that will efficiently serve their most hopeful work.

J. M. WALDEN.

Our young people stay with us when they really understand us and have given them the happy tasks necessary for the growth and satisfaction of their young hearts. The League seems to me to be a great fact, present and prophetic.

D. A. GOODSELL.

To stimulate, inspire, and rightly direct the opening life, the youth, of our great Church is a task which may well employ your best powers. If wisely administered, the Epworth League ought to bring into the service of the Master and of the age an army of great and growing power. As the present youth of the Church is the product of the labours of the fathers who are rapidly passing away, with the great vantage ground which they occupy they ought to be instrumental in creating a still more powerful array of equipped and trained men, ready for valiant service in the generation to come.

R. S. FOSTER.

I suppose we have three or four millions of young people and children in some way identified with our Church. It is a glorious army. It is the advance guard of the mighty host that in the next century is to bring this world into subjection to the Lord Jesus Christ. Everything in the future depends upon the right training of the youth of this generation.

W. F. MALLALIEU.

Epworth League Notes.

(From the Epworth Herald.)

- Rally all the young people.
- Organization gives system. System gives power.
- Plan League work carefully. Then work your plan.
- The elements of Epworth success—Snap, tact, pluck.
- Organize around the prayer service. Make that the core.
- A little hard sense goes well with a good deal of genuine religion.
- Love of the theatre and love of the prayer-meeting—well, the two loves don't get along well together.
- Focus the speech, prayer, and song of your social meeting. Take aim.
- Push the work of organization. Push hard. The iron is hot now. Strike.
- Which side of the theatre question do you take? The outside, we hope.
- Give us a little more of the "rejoice evermore" sort of religion. It's a tonic.
- The Epworth League is not a young people's church. Put a peg in there.
- What social centre are you offering the young men of your town in lieu of the saloon? Think that over.
- If our movement did no more than teach the young people to cultivate the reading habit it would not be in vain.
- That is right. Every district convention programme we have seen provides for one or more consecration services.
- The Christian who has read this year's revival news without becoming happy should be prayed for right away.
- The young people of the churches are getting their strong shoulders under Church burdens. They lift splendidly. Wonder we didn't think of it long ago.
- A hint to the leader: Instead of having the young people tell how they feel each week, suppose you vary it a little, and get them to tell what they are doing.
- In this blessed young folk's campaign give the confirmed pessimist a back seat. He is no good. The disciple who does something is he who believes something is going to be done.

Chinese Ancestor Worship.

BY TOM CHUE.*

THIS story was written in the Chinese Calendar Book. It tells of the practice of ancestor worship in China. Wong Quong Chock was a very bad man. He was unkind to his parents, and ill-treated his mother without cause. One day Wong Quong Chock went out into a field to plough. He saw a little calf, about two months old. The poor calf was hungry, and crying for its mother. The mother-cow saw its calf was crying. She ran to it; she gave the little calf a drink of milk. Wong Quong Chock saw the tenderness of the animals. It touched his feelings. He saw the wickedness of his heart. He cried out: "Oh, what a loving mother it is!" He said: "No doubt my mother loves me as much as a cow loves its little calf."

Wong Quong Chock's mother carried out his lunch into the field. Chock saw the mother had a heavy load coming in the distance. He thought he

* The writer of this is a converted Chinaman, with an imperfect knowledge of English. He is attending school in Toronto, with the intention of becoming a missionary to his countrymen.

could run there to help her. The poor woman got frightened. She saw the son from a distance running toward her. She thought the son might come to kill her. Then she put down that heavy load. She ran backward. The son came closer to her, and asked her what was the matter. So he got excited, and she ran down to the lake and got drowned. Poor woman! She always bore a heavy burden for her son.

Now, this poor miserable sinner lost his mother. He wept very bitterly, because he lost all opportunity to tell his mother that he had got converted. Then Wong Quong Chock began to worship her dead body, and make all kind of sacrifice to his parent. Whenever he eat his meals, he filled a bowl full of rice for his mother before he ate, and wept a short time. He did this in memory of his mother.

This worship of ancestors continued from generation to generation for twenty-nine hundred years ago. After the death of Chock's mother, he went out to preach to his neighbours to love their parents and worship their ancestors.

Collect for Dominion Day.

FATHER of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
 Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
 Stay and destroyer, at whose just command
 Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
 Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
 And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
 Of our scant people mold a mighty state,
 To the strong, stern,—to thee in meekness bowed!
 Father of unity, make this people one!
 Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
 Whose forging on Taine anvil was begun
 In blood late shed to purge the common shame;
 That so our hearts, the lever of faction done,
 Banish old feud in our young nation's name.

They Found the Darning-Needle.

It is difficult for us of the present generation to realize the privations of the pioneers who first came into the country where we now comfortably reside, the straits to which they were at times reduced from lack of articles now as common as water and air with us, and the preposterous value they often set upon them.

An aged resident of Fitzroy, Ontario, recently told me, says a correspondent, that he well remembered the time when there was but one darning-needle in that country, and the only grist mill was a day's journey distant.

One day a Mrs. Dickson, who chanced to have temporary possession of the darning-needle, and had it carefully stuck in a holder attached to her apron, set off to go to mill with a bag of grain laid on the back of a horse. The good lady encountered certain rough vicissitudes by the way, and, unfortunately, lost the darning-needle.

This was really a public calamity in Fitzroy. Nearly twenty housewives depended upon that darning-needle for repairing socks, and for other course mending. It passed from one log house to another, by special messenger, and every woman had the use of it one day in three weeks. Another darning-needle could not then be procured nearer than Perth, fifty miles distant.

Tidings of the disaster which had befallen Mrs. Dickson soon spread, and on the following morning a dozen women, some of them accompanied by their children, and some by their husbands, turned out to search three miles of forest path.

It seemed to be a well-nigh hopeless task, but keen eyes were bent upon every portion of the highway, and at length one little girl espied it.

A great shout was raised, and the good news was carried along the line of searchers. The party re-collected, and the rejoicings in newly settled Fitzroy that day were great.

Farmer John.

Down from his journey, Farmer John
 Arrived this morning, and found;
 His black coat off, and his old cloth on,
 "Now I'm myself," said Farmer John;
 And he thinks, "I'll look round."
 Up leaps the dog. "Get down, you pup!
 Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
 The old cow lows at the gate, to greet him;
 The horses perk up their ears, to meet him.
 "Well, well, old Bay!
 Ha, ha, old Gray!
 Do you get good feed when I'm away?"
 "You haven't a rib," says Farmer John;
 "The cattle are looking round and sleek;
 The colt is going to be a roan,
 And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
 We'll wear the calf in a week."
 Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
 To call you again about the trough,
 And watch and pet you while you drink,
 Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
 And he pats old Bay,
 And he slaps old Gray;
 "Ah! this is the comfort of going away."
 "For, after all," says Farmer John,
 "The best of a journey is getting home;
 I've seen great sights, but I would not give
 This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
 For all their Paris and Rome;
 These hills for the city's stifled air,
 And big hotels, and bustle and glare;
 Land all houses and roads all stones,
 That deafen your ears and batter your bones!
 Would you, old Bay?
 Would you, old Gray?
 That's what one gets by going away."
 "There Money is king," says Farmer John,
 "And Fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
 To see how sometimes, while the man
 Is raking and scraping all he can,
 The wife spends, every year,
 Enough, you would think for a score of wives,
 To keep them in luxury all their lives!
 The town is a perfect Babylon
 To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
 "You see, old Bay,
 You see, old Gray,
 I'm wiser than when I went away."
 "I've found out this," says Farmer John,
 "That happiness is not bought and sold,
 And eluded in a life of waste and hurry,
 In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
 And wealth isn't all in gold,
 Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent.,
 But in simple ways and sweet content,
 Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
 Some land to till, and a few good friends,
 Like you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,—
 That's what I've learned by going away."
 And a happy man is Farmer John,—
 O, a rich and happy man is he!
 He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
 The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
 And fruit on vine and tree;
 The large, kind oxen look their thanks,
 As he rubs their foreheads, and strokes their flanks;
 The doves light round him, and strut and coo:
 Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,—
 And you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,
 Next time I travel so far away."

A Magnificent Province.

ONTARIO is a great country. Imperial in extent, with a good climate, a fruitful soil, and vast and varied resources, its natural advantages are second to those of no country in the world. An enterprising and progressive population, and many years of able and upright government, have given it a foremost place among the self-governing communities of the Continent. With the settlement of the boundary question, the prestige of the Province was vastly increased. In the great new territory are almost inexhaustible stores of timber and mineral wealth.

It is only in recent years that the people of other countries have commenced to understand the greatness—actual and potential—of Ontario. Many of the inhabitants of the Province have hardly come to realize it. Let us refresh our memories with a few facts and figures:—

Ontario spreads over ten degrees of latitude and twenty degrees of longitude. From Lake Erie on the south to Hudson Bay on the north it has a breadth of 700 miles; and from the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers on the east to the English and Winnipeg on the west, it has a length of 1,000 miles. The area of Ontario—exclusive of its vast waters—is about 200,000 square miles. It is larger than any State of the Union, except Texas. It is larger than the six New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, by 25,000 square miles. It is about as large as France, and larger than any other single European country except Russia and Austria. It could contain Great Britain twice, and then have room for the best part of Ireland. It is an empire in itself.

On the soil and climate of Ontario it is needless to enlarge. The portion of the Province south of Lake Nipissing—which is the best settled and best known—is unequalled by any other portion of the same area on the Continent. The portion lying north and west of that lake has a much lower percentage of good land than the southern districts, but it is safe to affirm that this section is not inferior to the New England States. South of the watershed between the great lakes and Hudson Bay—from Lake Nipissing to River St. Mary—the agricultural land is at least fifty per cent. of the whole; and where settlement has been made, the soil has been found to be rich and productive. The Laurentian and Huronian rocks, which form the watershed, contain vast mineral wealth.

The region beyond—in the wide basin of the Moose River and its tributaries—is not yet well known to us, but there is reason to believe that it contains a large area of good agricultural land.

In the far Northwest of the Province, between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods, there are—after making all allowance for waste and barren districts—hundreds of thousands of acres of good land, which may yet afford homes for a large agricultural population.

The primeval forests of this district contain an almost inexhaustible supply of timber. Its mineral wealth is great. Silver, gold, and iron mines are rich, perhaps, as any in the world, having been discovered there. These mines are part of the mineral belt that runs right through the Province, extending from the Quebec district to the Lake of the Woods. In the Sudbury district there is probably as great a variety of metals as can anywhere be found in one locality. Platinum exists there in almost fabulous quantities; and copper and nickel in great abundance.

The great resources of old Ontario are too well known to need recounting. The mineral wealth in the eastern counties, the fruit-bearing district of Niagara, the gypsum and marble quarries, the oil springs, the salt wells, and the natural gas reservoirs, are only some of its varied resources.

The farm lands, the forests, the mines, the fisheries, the navigable waters, the innumerable water-powers of the Province—all these furnish conditions under which steady and substantial expansion is not only possible, but under which it is only to be escaped by the grossest folly or stupidity on the part of the people.—*Globe*.

Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man.

Circumstantial Evidence.

The force of circumstantial evidence does not point necessarily to the truth. From "Our Dumb Animals" we have this story. Listen all ye who are fond of saying, "I'm perfectly sure; it couldn't have been any other way:"

"An account is sent to us of a gentleman who was reading in his second-story parlor while the chamber-maid was putting his chamber in order, in which he had left a valuable diamond ring on the table. After the chamber maid left he heard a slight noise in the chamber, and looking in saw a long cord reaching from the window under his bed. Much surprised, he found a monkey's paw attached to the cord, and in the monkey's paw his diamond ring. The monkey dropped the ring and sprang for the window, and jumped onto his master's shoulder, who stood waiting on the sidewalk below, but who quickly made off. The monkey had probably been taught to steal such articles, and if he had not been discovered the innocent chamber maid would probably have been tried and convicted and sentenced, as no other person had entered the chamber."

Bits of Fun.

—A correspondent writes: My little sister, Adeline, aged five, hurt her elbow, and, pointing to it, said, "My knee hurts right here."

—"I aim to tell the truth."

"Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "but you are a very bad shot."

—Old gentleman (putting a few questions):

"Now, boys—ah—can you tell what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?"

Small scholar (like a shot): "Please, sis, he warn't no commandments then, sis."

—Learning English.—A Frenchman, having received the photograph of a lady, asked a friend what was customary under the circumstances.

"Compliment it," replied the friend. "Tell her its beauty is very rare."

"I beg to make zee acknowledgong, madam," he said to her at the next meeting, zee beauty of madam is vair scarce."

—"What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman.

"The horses are running away, sir."

"Can't you pull them up?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Then," said the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run them into something cheap."

—"Now, children, turn your feet out in the aisles so I can see how many have won the extra marks for nicely-polished shoes."

Teacher makes a satisfactory inspection until she comes to a pair of rough cowhide boots that display a singular ruddy glare.

"Why, Johnny, what have you put on your boots this morning?"

"Well, you see, teacher, there was no 'blacknin' in the house, so I just took some of my sister's bronze polish."

—"Tommy, where is your primer?" asked a teacher of her down-east, sheepish-looking pupil. "Did you lose it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did it fall into the fire and burn up?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did the baby tear it to pieces?"

"No, ma'am."

"Thomas, I fear you are telling me a falsehood. Speak the truth now, like a little man, and you shall not be punished. Tommy, what has become of your book?"

"The goat ate it up, but I'll never let him do it again," cries Tommy, bursting into a flood of tears.

The Quiet Hour.

A LITTLE rest in the twilight,
After my work is done,
A little time with my Master
At the setting of the sun.

The day has been one of trial,
Of failures oft and tears;
But Jesus knows all my weakness—
He knows my doubts and fears.

All sordid thoughts I can banish,
And let my spirit fly
Above the earth and its sorrows
To God's white throne on high.

The door of a place of refuge,
A place of quiet rest
Is near, and my soul is longing
To find the portal blest.

I come with my heavy burden,
I come with all my sin;
I knock, and the door swings open
And Jesus lets me in.

My sin departs, and my trouble
Is lost in the blissful calm;
This quiet hour with my Saviour
Has soothed my heart like balm.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A. D. 29] LESSON I. [July 6

LAWFUL WORK ON THE SABBATH.

Luke 13. 10-17. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days.—Matt. 12. 12.

TIME.—Possibly 29 A. D.

PLACE.—Some town in Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Jesus had now entered on the later stage of his ministry, when the bitter enmity of the rulers was beginning to have its effect on the masses. He seems to have been already excluded from many of the synagogues of Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.

Spirit of infirmity—The seat of her powerlessness was in her soul, or mind. *Thou art loved*—This was the test of her faith. *Laid his hands on her*—To help her faith. *Ruler of the synagogue*—A leading official, something like the ruling elder in old Presbyterian churches. *With indignation*—Jewish physicians might only attend to sudden illness on the Sabbath day, not to chronic diseases. *Answered*—This ruler is covert and cowardly. He speaks not to Jesus or to the woman, but insinuates to the multitude. *Thou hypocrite*—This was not calling a name, but making a judicial decision. *Doth not each one of you*—We all care for dumb brutes, and should we not be as kind to human beings? *A daughter of Abraham*—Jesus appeals to the nation's feeling that the ruler shared. *Satan hath bound*—Most of our troubles come from this source. *Ashamed*—Stultified. *All the people rejoiced*—Jesus was ever a favourite with the populace.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Infirm Healed*, vers. 10-13.
Where was Jesus engaged in teaching?
On what day of our week?
What great sufferer was present in the synagogue?
How long had she been afflicted?
What did Jesus say to her?
What act did he perform?
What great blessing came to the woman?
How did she express her gratitude?
By what act could she glorify God? See Psa. 50. 23.
- The Fault-finder Rebuked*, vers. 14-16.
Who began to find fault with Jesus?
Why was he offended?
What did he say, and to whom?
To what commandment did his words refer? See Exod. 20. 9, 10.
By what title did the Lord address him?
What question did he ask about cattle?
To what nation did the woman belong?
By whom had she been afflicted?
What question did Jesus ask about her?

What is his question about doing good on the Sabbath? (Golden Text)

- The People Rejoicing*, ver. 17.
What effect had Jesus' words on the fault-finders?
Over what did the people rejoice?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Jesus heal in the synagogue? "A crippled woman." 2. Why did the ruler of the synagogue complain? "Because it was the Sabbath." 3. What did Jesus say he was? "A hypocrite." 4. How do we treat our beasts of burden? "We care for them on the Sabbath." 5. What is the best rule for Sundays? Golden Text.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Sabbath.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

1. What is faith, in general?
Faith, in general, is a conviction of the truth and reality of those things which God has revealed in the Bible.

2 Cor. 4. 18; 5. 7. Heb. 11. 1, 6.

A. D. 29] LESSON II. [July 13

THE GREAT SUPPER.

Luke 14. 15-24. Memory verses, 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.—Luke 14. 15.

TIME.—Same as last lesson. Possibly 29 A. D.

PLACE.—Same as last lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This lesson reads on in closest connection with the last.

EXPLANATIONS.

The kingdom of God—This phrase had a thoroughly secular meaning in the mouth of the average Jew in Christ's day. *A great supper*—In the East, rich men frequently made feasts for their own glorification. *Bade many*—His friends first. But guests were not always limited to family friends. *Sent his servant*—This custom of announcing when the feast was ready is still preserved in the Orient. *Began to make excuse*—Excuses under such circumstances were highly insulting. *Piece of ground*—A farm. *Five yoke of oxen*—Most peasant farmers had as many as this. *Married a wife*—Marriage was a ground for exemption from military service. *Have me excused*—The sin of all these invited guests was not only that their apologies were frivolous, but that they treated this generous invitation as though it were as burdensome as a military conscription. *Streets and lanes*—The creditable and discreditable portions of the city. *The poor*—These words fairly characterize most of the congregations that Jesus preached to. *Yet there is room*—The dogs of the city had been gathered, and the hospitality of the host was as yet unexhausted. *Highways and hedges*—The reputable and disreputable parts of the country. *Compel them to come in*—Use urgency if necessary. *None . . . which were bidden shall taste*—God tolerates the contempt of the self-righteous.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Feast*, vers. 15, 16.
What blessing was spoken by a guest at a feast? (Golden Text.)
To whom were the words spoken?
What did Jesus say in reply?
What was the occasion of the supper?
Matt. 22. 2.
What says John about a guest at a feast?
Rev. 19. 9.
- The Invitation*, vers. 17-20.
What invitation was sent out?
To whom was this message sent?
How was the invitation received?
What excuse was first offered?
What was the excuse of the second?
Why could not another come?
What invitation does Wisdom send out?
Prov. 9. 4, 5.
- The Guests*, vers. 21-24.
How did the man feel when he heard these excuses?
What guests did he bid his servant to find?
What did the servant soon report?
What command was given to him?
What is said of the guests first invited?
Why were they thus shut out? Matt. 22. 8.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What message did the master of the house send to those he had invited? "All things are now ready." 2. What did they

do? "Made silly excuses." 3. Where did the master send his servant? "He sent him into the streets and lanes." 4. Whom did he gather to his supper? "The poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind." 5. What did the servant report? "Yet there is room." 6. Where was he then sent? "To the highways and hedges." 7. What reason was given? "That my house may be full."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The freedom of the will.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

2. What is faith in Jesus Christ?
Faith in Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive him, trust in him, and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the Gospel.

As many as received him, to them gave he the right to become the children of God, even to them that believe on his name.—John 1. 12.

Be Courteous Boys.

"I TREAT him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

"I often go in there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"O, I don't mind! I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me, and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke:

"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added: "Remember this, my boy: You lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self and no boy can drag you down."

They Got Their Share.

DURING the revolutionary times of 1848, two stalwart leaders of the people entered the Rothschilds' bank in Frankfort and thus addressed the baron:

"You have millions on millions and we have nothing. You must divide with us."

"Very well, gentlemen," calmly replied the baron. "What do you suppose, now, the firm of Rothschild is worth?"

"About forty millions of florins."

"Forty millions of florins, you think, eh? Well, there are just forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here are yours. Now, of course, you are satisfied. Good morning."

The advocates of equality were bowed out.



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