



# WOMEN AND SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As ye would  
that they  
should  
do unto  
you.

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[No. 4.]



ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE. — (See next page.)

## The Lost Chord.

BY ADLAID A. PROCTOR.

SEATED one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys;  
I know not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.  
It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm;  
And it lay on my fever'd spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm,  
It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seem'd the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.  
It link'd all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loath to cease.  
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine;  
It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

## On Her Majesty's Service.

THE post system of Great Britain and its dependencies, and indeed of the civilized world, is one of the most wonderful things of modern times. To think that for a penny I can have a post-card sent to Japan, or China, or India, or Persia, or Russia, or almost any place on the globe, is one of the greatest marvels of the age. And the post-office is one of the most beneficent institutions as well. The time was, and not so long ago either, when letters from their friends were luxuries that poor people could not afford. I remember when a letter from Nova Scotia to Toronto cost three shillings and four pence. This was really a tax on the affections. When the poor left home, they could not afford to keep up the tender tie of love by writing—even if they did not leave their native land. And as for the poor emigrant to Canada, the parting was almost like death. Sir Rowland Hill, by giving the boon of penny postage to the poor in Great Britain, did an incalculable good, enabling them to keep up the family tie; and added immeasurably to the sum of human happiness, and of human virtue as well. For, badly-written, badly spelled as the letter might be, no poem, no eloquence was half so dear to a father's or a mother's heart as news from Tom or Mary, at service in a distant city; and in the loneliness of their little garret, while writing home or hearing from home, Tom and Mary have the spell of home influence—of a mother's prayers and a father's blessing thrown around them.

To our young readers I would say, wherever you are, write often home. While my own dear mother was living, for years and years I wrote to her every week. When at college, when on a circuit, when I had a home of my own, and many cares, I always wrote home at least once a week. Often I had no news and little to say, but I

knew that it gladdened my mother's heart to hear from her boy, and so, no matter how busy, I found time to write. And do you suppose that I regret it now that I can write to her no more? No, a thousand times, No! And when I am away travelling, I try to send, at least, a post-card home every day. It costs only a cent, and takes but a minute, but these little love-tokens are worth a great deal. And oh! how glad the traveller, far from home, is to get tidings from the loved ones, and how bitter the disappointment when he fails to get his letters where he expected them! Some of the brightest memories to the writer of Rome, Venice, Milan, and other foreign cities, are the letters from home. And the way letters will follow one from place to place is wonderful. Some of those which missed me were re-directed over and over again, and some even followed me back to Canada.

Her Majesty's servant in the mail cart is driving over a bleak and snowy road in some remote and lonely place, but he is bearing his message of joy or mayhap of sorrow, to many an anxious heart. I wind up this rambling talk with Cowper's lines to the post-boy in Book IV. of the Task:

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder bridge,  
That with its wearisome but needful length,  
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the Moon  
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—  
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and  
frozen locks;

News from all nations lumbering at his back,  
True to his charge, the close-packed load  
behind,

Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,  
And, having dropped the expected bags,  
pass on.

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,  
Cold, and yet cheerful: messenger of grief  
Perhaps to thousands, and joy to some;  
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.  
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks;  
Births, deaths, and marriages; epistles wet  
With tears that trickled down the writer's  
cheeks.

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent  
swains,

Or nymphs responsive—equally affect  
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.  
But O the important budget ushered in  
With such heart-shaking music, who can say  
What are its tidings? Have our troops  
awaked?

Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,  
Snore to the music of the Atlantic wave?  
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed  
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,  
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,  
The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;  
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,  
And give them voice and utterance once  
again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

In the Alps trees cease to grow at an elevation of about six thousand four hundred feet.

## When Days are Dark.

WHEN days are dark, remember  
The brightness that is passed;  
Call up the glad spring music  
To mingle with the blast:  
Think of the merry sunshine  
And hosts of scented flowers,  
Let memories of the summer  
Take gloom from off sad hours.

When days are dark, be cheerful;  
Because the leaves must fade,  
Thy hopes need not be cast away,  
Nor thy heart be dismayed.  
This is the time for laughter  
And happy household song,  
Hours that are filled with cheerfulness  
Are never sad and long.

When days are dark and trustful,  
The sun shines after rain;  
And joy goes not so far away  
But it returns again.  
Life is not ruled by sorrow,  
But blessings reign o'er all,  
And we can sing of mercy,  
In spite of pain and thrall.

When days are dark, be busy,  
For there is much to do,  
And the ministries are many  
Which kindly hands pursue!  
The need of love is always great,  
For grief is everywhere;  
O lighten thou some burden,  
And lessen thou some care!

When days are dark, be thankful,  
Light is not always best,  
And useful are the shadows,  
The silence and the rest.  
God gives what'er is good to come,  
The day and then the night,  
And those who find their joy in him  
Live always in the light.

—Christian World.

## Curious Trees.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M.

TREES are useful to man in many ways. They afford him wood for fuel and for building, they screen the earth from the hot rays of the sun, they furnish a dwelling to multitudes of feathered songsters, and many of them supply us with choice and healthful fruits.

One of the most useful and beautiful of trees is the palm, or date-tree, as it is sometimes called. It often rises, graceful and beautiful, to the height of one hundred feet. It is very common in Bible lands. David said, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree," and the multitude scattered palm branches in the pathway of Jesus upon his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem. The date is the fruit of one species of the palm-tree.

There are said to be three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, branches, leaves, fibres and fruit are applied by the natives. Many people in the East subsist almost entirely upon its fruit. The camels feed upon the date-stone; from the leaves they make couches, baskets, bags, mats, and brushes; from the branches, cages for poultry and fences for gardens, and from the fibres of the trunk are made thread, rope, and rigging.

Another very useful and curious tree is the bread-fruit tree. It grows upon the island of the Pacific Ocean and of the Indian Archipelago. Its

fruit is the principal food of the inhabitants of those islands, hence its name. The fruit is generally oval, and about the size of a child's head. It contains a somewhat fibrous pulp, which, when ripe, becomes juicy and yellow. At an earlier stage of its growth, and when the fruit is gathered for use, the pulp is white and mealy and of a consistence resembling that of new bread. It is to many thousands of our race the only sort of bread they use.

Another very curious and useful tree is the cow-tree. It grows in tropical countries, and is called the cow-tree because by piercing it the natives obtain a juice so much like milk that they use it instead of milk.

The banyan-tree is a native of India. It is remarkable for its vast rooting branches. They send shoots downward, which take root and become stems. The tree in that manner spreads over a great surface and lasts for ages. One has been described as having no fewer than 350 stems equal to large oaks, and more than 3,000 smaller ones, covering a space sufficient to contain 7,000 persons. The branches are usually covered with monkeys, birds, and enormous bats.

Many of my readers have seen growing in gardens and upon lawns the odd-appearing tree called the umbrella-tree, so named because in shape it very much resembles an umbrella. Some who read this article may have seen the gigantic trees of California, and I am sure that they can never forget the sight. How kind and good our heavenly Father has been to create so many useful and beautiful trees, giving us fruit, shade, and wood for fuel and for building. Even the coal we burn is the result of forests that flourished and died many ages ago. The psalmist represented the trees as praising God. What a beautiful idea! Certainly we can praise him, and if we do not the very trees will rebuke us.

## Truth.

TRUTH is beautiful as well as safe and mighty. In the incident related below a boy twelve years old, with only truth as a weapon, conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer who was fighting for a bad cause.

Walter was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony; but, if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.

## Precious Ointment.

Do not keep your box of ointment,  
 Break it o'er your friends to-day;  
 Do not keep it in the darkness,  
 Half forgotten, laid away.  
 Little deeds of love and kindness,  
 Don't forget to give them now;  
 Don't forget to smooth the pillow—  
 Don't forget to bathe the brow.

Send your flowers to the living,  
 Do not keep them for the grave—  
 They may comfort some poor mourner,  
 They may strengthen, help and save.  
 Send them in the fragrant beauty—  
 Show your friendship true and warm;  
 What would I care a rosewood casket?  
 What would care a lifeless form?

Hearts there are with burdens laden,  
 Bearing bravely, toil and care;  
 Ready to receive your kindness  
 Should you use your ointment there.  
 Don't forget the kindly counsel—  
 Don't forget the loving tone;  
 They will make the cross seem lighter  
 To some sorrow-laden one.

All along life's rugged pathway  
 Stretch your hand and lift your voice,  
 Bringing all your love and kindness,  
 Making every heart rejoice.  
 Keep your ointment ever ready—  
 Use it freely—there is room—  
 It will bring you richest blessings,  
 Smooth your passage to the tomb.

—Selected.

## Giants and Dwarfs of Plant Life.

In 1816, the inhabitants of the country in the vicinity of Lyons, France, awoke one morning to find that an unusual and remarkable visitation had appeared during the night.

The sun rose like a red ball, casting lurid rays aloft; the air seemed to be filled with a fine, impalpable dust; and as the day grew, the surface of the earth was seen to be covered with a fine, red powder. The roofs of houses, the grass, fences, animals, in fact everything was transformed in a single night.

At nearly the same time, vessels sailing one thousand miles from the coast of Africa had their decks, sails, and rigging covered in a similar way, causing the sailors to believe that some fearful disaster was at hand, as wherever water struck the decks the red powder or dust mixed with it—seemingly turning to blood. A large number of vessels experienced the same phenomenon, and from later computation it was estimated that the "blood rain" covered an area of more than a million square miles.

In the year 1755, a similar phenomenon appeared at Lake Maggiore, in Northern Italy. For over two hundred square leagues the surface presented a blood-red hue, while the snow upon the Alps assumed a similar colour, so that the majestic peaks seemed capped in vivid red.

The snow held this hue for a depth of nine feet, showing that the flakes had been coloured while in mid-air; while on the surface of the ground the colouring matter was about two inches deep, it being estimated that there was an amount equal to about two thousand seven hundred cubic feet for every English mile.

For many centuries the blood-rains were a source of terror, but finally a scientist collected some of the powder, and, aided by microscopic examination, found that it was made up of the remains of animals and plants—principally the latter, which are known as diatoms.

They were the dwarfs of plant life, caught up in inconceivable numbers by the wind, and borne away through the air to great heights miles above the earth, there remaining suspended, perhaps for months or years, finally being precipitated to the surface.

The red hue was owing to the presence of red oxide of iron. In one shower forty-nine different species of plants were found; in another, at Calabria, sixty-four; and it has been estimated that, during the shower at Lyons above-mentioned, over seven hundred thousand pounds of organic matter fell to the earth, of which ninety thousand were parts of these minute plants that, under the microscope, present a beautiful appearance, owing to the wonderful diversity and structure of their forms.

In the far north we find low, bush-like plants creeping near the rocks as if for shelter, which, upon examination, are found to be identical with the great trees farther south, here reduced in size by the rigours of the Arctic winter. The Japanese delight in attempting improvements upon both animals and plants; and in the latter they have produced some remarkable results, one of the most striking cases ever seen being an apple tree four inches high, covered with ripe apples, each about as large as a currant. Both leaves and fruit were perfect in shape, colour, and vigour, and only reduced in size.

Dwarfs are not always produced by extremes of cold. Near Cape Negro, in Africa, on a plateau about six miles wide and three hundred miles long, is found a curious tree, named after its discoverer, Dr. Welwitsch. The diameter of the stem is about four feet, but the entire tree is only one foot high, presenting a curious appearance, especially as it possesses only two woody leaves, that have to last during its life, as no others appear.

These dwarfs look like round tables scattered over the sandy plain, the two leaves, often six feet long, and broken up into ribbons, extending outward, and waving in the wind like signals of distress.

As unfavourable circumstances tend to produce diminutive plants, the reverse, in many cases, results in actual giants. In our common plants we have numerous examples, that, being familiar, do not attract our attention.

Bamboos are gigantic grasses, and attain wonderful growths. Entangled together, they form a solid mass from which sometimes one hundred spears arise a foot in diameter, and one hundred and twenty feet in height.

The rattan grows to a length of twelve hundred feet, and the short

period required for it to attain maturity is not the least interesting phase of its life. A hot-house bamboo has, by actual measurement, been seen to grow one foot in twenty-four hours; and in the Chinese jungles they grow twice or thrice as fast—or three feet in a day.

The palms brought to this country give but little idea of the beauty and grace of the largest of these forms. A single leaf of the South American palm *raphia* measures one hundred feet in length and fifty in diameter. In Ceylon the leaves of the talipot palm are used in building houses; two of them are sufficient for a hut capable of sheltering fifteen or twenty persons.

In South America, many vines are found that are almost as large as trees. They are called *lianes*, and hang like huge snakes from the limbs, binding the forests together in an almost interminable maze.

In the streams of this same country are found the giants of the pond-lilies—upon one leaf of which thousands of the blossoms of our common form could be placed. The leaf is buoyant enough to support several children, and they are used by the natives for various purposes.

It is, however, in the isolated continent of Australia that the most gigantic forms of plant life are seen. These are the famous gum trees (*eucalyptus colossa*), and an idea may be given of their extraordinary dimensions by imagining one standing by the side of the pyramid of Cheops.

The pyramid is four hundred and eighty feet high, and if surrounded by a group of the Australian giants, its top would be shaded by their branches, which would tower twenty feet above it, or five hundred feet from the ground.

A group of these monsters presents a most extraordinary spectacle. One of the first discovered was known as a *kani eucalyptus*, and was found in a glen of the Warren River. The discoverers came upon it in riding through the wood. It was a fallen monarch of untold age, and completely hollow; and, without dismounting, the entire party rode into the gigantic trunk until fifteen or twenty were within it.

In the deep, dark recesses of the forest about Dandenong, another party came upon an erect tree that was four hundred and twenty feet high. One on the Black Spur, near the town of Healesville, measures four hundred and eighty feet—forty-six feet higher than the loftiest spire of the Strasbourg Cathedral.

The wonderful giant trees, *sequoia*, of our own country, while they do not equal the giants of Australia in size, exceed them in bulk and the general majesty of their appearance.

The number of the *sequoia gigantea* that may be considered giants is about two hundred, and they are found in seven distinct groves. One of the largest measures four hundred and

fifty feet from the root to the top—this specimen being at the base ninety-four feet in circumference; and to show more clearly its majesty, at the great height of three hundred and fifty feet it is ten feet in diameter.

Yet all these mighty growths sprang from seeds so small that fifty thousand would not weigh a pound. The age of the largest is unknown. Eighteen hundred circles have been counted in some, but they are probably many thousands of years old.

Among the giants remarkable for their shape, the bottle trees of Australia claim our attention. At one locality nine were found resembling huge bottles from a distance. They were not over seventy feet in height; their energies tending to an increase in another direction, as at the height of a man's head from the ground they were thirty-five feet in circumference.

Equally interesting is the African Baobab, that seems to resemble in full growth some gigantic animal sprawling over the ground like some of the fabulous monsters of old, and certainly the tree has some of the tenacity of life that constituted their attributes, as when great fires devastate the country they are left seemingly unharmed, and even when cut down they continue to grow. One of these trees in Senegal is supposed to be four thousand years old.

In the same country is found the giant banyan—one tree alone, with its branches, encloses five acres of land, and has afforded protection from the sun to an army of fifteen hundred men. One at Ceylon measures a quarter of a mile around its branches.

Another, at Mer-Budda, measures a circuit of two thousand two hundred feet, possesses three hundred and fifty-four large separate trunks, and over three thousand five hundred smaller ones—all connected to the ground in the form of pillars. The branches of this giant have given protection to over seven thousand persons at one time.

The flowers of giant plants are not necessarily large, and the largest flower known has little or no plant to support it.

Dr. Beccari has discovered in Sumatra a giant of flowers, related to the little European *wake robin*. The tuber of this giant is five feet in circumference, and the central spadix six feet in height. The diameter of the spathe alone is three feet, bell-shaped, with a crumpled edge richly tinted a pale greenish colour, forming a strange contrast to the exterior, which is a bright, dark purple.

Almost as striking are the flowers of the climbing *aristolochia* of the South that are four feet across, the native children, in play, drawing them over their heads as caps.

If we should turn to the sea in search of giants we should find innumerable forms. The great *macrocyctis* has leaves two hundred feet in length, with stems thicker than the human body.

These cables are sometimes used by vessels, one end being hauled aboard—the vessel swinging to the plant. This species attains a length of seven hundred feet, and in other localities stems have been measured twelve hundred feet long—truly giants of the submarine world.—C. F. Holder.

### God Bless Our Cause.

God bless our sacred cause!  
We plead our righteous laws,  
Our homes to shield.  
Our land has suffered long  
From an accursed wrong,  
Whose roots are deep and strong,  
Nor do they yield.

Now let the people come,  
And vote for God and home  
And temperance laws!  
We'll be no more deceived;  
Our land *must* be retrieved,  
And from this curse relieved!  
God bless our cause.

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## Home and School

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

### Total Abstinence.

In the course of a recent sermon, the Rev. J. S. Ross, of Dundas, described the evils of drink. The ridiculous assertion made by some people that other things were as bad as drink, was ridiculed. No gaoler, warden, or other prison official was ever known to say that one-half or more of the prisoners under his charge came there by eating beefsteak or drinking tea or coffee. The waste of money on strong drink was something appalling. Last year the Methodist Church in all Canada made a strenuous effort to raise a quarter of a million dollars for missions and failed; and the entire amount raised by all denominations in the Dominion for missions was less than one million; yet it was a fact that twenty-seven million dollars were spent every year in Canada for drink. If this immense sum was spent for necessaries and comforts, what an impetus it would give to all other branches of trade, and what a vast amount of happiness would be the result!

The benefits of total abstinence were many. For one thing it prolonged life. Tests made by life insurance companies proved that out of a hundred expected deaths of moderate drinkers, ninety-nine did die; but of total abstainers, the number was only

seventy. Tests had been made showing that men engaged in hard work would do more work without alcoholic stimulants than with them; and it was beyond dispute that abstainers who had been on arctic exploration expeditions have withstood the disease of scurvy and the cold of the northern regions much better than those who drank moderately. The same could be said of those going to hot climates. Europeans going to India, who do not drink, stand the hot climate of that country far better than those who do. When the cholera visited Montreal it was found that excessive drinkers were swept off like flies before the cold of winter—not more than two out of a thousand who were attacked with the disease recovered, while the teetotallers who fell victims to the great scourge were few indeed. The value of alcohol as a medicine has been greatly overestimated. In a hospital in London the patients are treated without liquor; and although the founders of it were threatened that if their designs were carried out they would be tried for manslaughter, as their patients would perish in great numbers, yet it has been proved that the death-rate in this hospital was four-and-a-half per cent. less than any other hospital in all England treating the same class of patients.

In conclusion, the rev. gentleman warned all not to tamper with strong drink, thinking they could control their appetites, for some men of the grandest and strongest intellects ever created, had fallen victims to their appetites.

WITHIN the limits of papal Rome there are now 22 Protestant churches.



THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

### Great Sunday-School Gathering.

JANUARY 2nd was a red-letter day in the Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday-schools in Montreal. The twenty-ninth New-Year's gathering of Methodist children took place on Monday morning, in the St. James Street Church, when 3,500 children, representing eighteen schools, were present. Several addresses were delivered, and telegrams exchanged with schools in Brandon (Man.) and Toronto. The children of eighteen Presbyterian schools—2,500 in number—met in Erskine Church, when the Rev. A. B. McKay and others addressed them. Greetings were also exchanged between the two Sunday-school bodies, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested at each gathering.

### The Year of Jubilee.

ONCE in every fifty years was the year of jubilee. It began at sunset of the day of atonement. Suddenly, after all the sadness of the day, came the sound of trumpets all over the land. Then everybody rejoiced, for the year of jubilee had come.

On that year all people who had been slaves became free for the rest of their lives. Nobody planted any fields, nor raised any crops, nor gathered in any harvests; but all lived upon what grew of itself, and trusted in God, for he had promised to care for them.

If any one had sold his house and land in the country, it was given back to him, or to his children, if he had died before the jubilee came. No one could sell land for a longer time than to the next jubilee, for then it must be given back. This was to keep the people from want, by giving them homes; and to keep each tribe and

family in its own place, until Christ should come. It also taught them that God alone was the owner of the land, and that they were to keep it under his commands.

### What are Baboos?

BY REV. R. SPURGEON, OF BARISAL.

YOUNG people often hear missionaries from India, especially from Bengal, use this word, and sometimes it is seen in books. Some imagine it is a word that means nearly the same as baboon. This is a mistake. Baboons are monkeys; but baboos are men. Besides, the word is a respectful, and not a disrespectful, one. It is only used to native gentlemen of good position. The Bengali dictionary says it means a wealthy native, or one who lives at ease. So you see, dear young friends, that when we meet an educated, well dressed, and polite native, we do not speak in irony or ridicule as we say, "Good morning, baboo." It is as respectful as though we said to him, "Good morning, sir." There are baboos who are very learned as well as very rich. One of them was a great friend of mine, and he used to read the Bible very much. Every morning, I believe, he put on his table a picture of Jesus with a crown of thorns on his head, and then, opening his Bible, he read a few verses, and closed his eyes to think it over. "Why do you do so, baboo?" I asked him one day. "Because I want to be like Christ," he replied. It was an English Bible that he read. He was the head schoolmaster of a large school. There are hundreds of baboos now in Bengal who can speak English, and many of them do not worship idols at all. Pray for them, dear young reader, that they may learn to worship God.



GROUP OF RESCUED ONES.

### The Story of the Children's Home.

BY REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D.

#### II.

STILL, it is not always the cruelty of the parents which brings the children into such straits. Sometimes it is merely the incompetence of the parents, who—though in character respectable—have no capacity at all for understanding and governing their children. Why some persons should be allowed to have children at all, is one of the mysteries of Providence which will never be explained in this world. One of the earliest comers amongst our boys is an illustration of this. His father was a decent man, but quite incapable of ruling his boy. I am afraid, too, that the step-mother's influence did not help the difficulty. At all events, the poor lad had been a wanderer in London for many months.



BEFORE.

During that period his most comfortable time was when, for a fortnight, he had been an inmate in one of Her Majesty's gaols, to which he had been committed for breaking a street lamp. When he was released he had again to know hunger, and cold, and weariness, and when he came to us he was the very picture of misery; for, to all the rest, was added the pain of a festering wound, where a piece of glass had cut the naked foot, which then, for want of proper bandaging, the filth of the streets had polluted and inflamed. Yet he was a fine lad, needing only reasonable treatment and common-sense control. How glad we are we took him when we did! For Charley was our first child in heaven. He caught the small-pox; and though he made a good recovery from that fell disease, he speedily sank into consumption—probably a legacy from those months of misery and exposure. The Good Shepherd called him to himself, to take care of him forever; and now, for twelve years, dear Charley has been in the better land, surely welcoming thither our children as, one after another, they have gone from our care to the Children's Home above.

In truth, the children who have died are not to be pitied—no, not even those who have died without knowing the shelter and comfort of such an institution as ours. To most of them death is better than life. Their existence is, in many cases, merely slow starvation. They are forced to work whilst their limbs are still flexible, and their frames can be distorted. They have no proper hours of rest, and no decent place of rest. Their ears recognise curses before they have learned to know words of affection, and their lips often lisp in blasphemies and filthiness. Each year of their life, so long as they are left in

the company into which they were born, is but a lengthened education in misery and sin; and each year their rescue for God and society becomes more difficult and less hopeful. It makes one's heart sick to know how multitudes of children suffer.

Look at the scene in the following cut. It is a group of children selected out of a hundred scarcely less needy, who were gathered for us recently in Liverpool, by the agents of the *Liverpool Mission*. We were wishful to get down to the very bottom of the social deep, believing that genius might be found there fit for the Redeemer's crown. I have not room here to describe that gathering. It must suffice to say, that a more singular spectacle of wretchedness, vice mingled with shrewdness, and even frolic, was never seen. After long and patient effort, we managed to get the story of their lives from many of them, and selected fifteen of the neediest for reception into the Home. When one of these was asked, "Where did you sleep last night?" he said, "In a cellar, in — street." "Who was with you?" "Only the rats," was his reply, uttered in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone, as though to sleep on the filthy pavement of a damp cellar, whilst the rats from the sewers made a playground of it, was an every night experience of English Christians.

There were three children—two little boys and a girl—who slept night after night upon the floor in a miserable attic, their own father lying on the floor beside them, and next to him a girl of sixteen, who is no relation to any of them. And in this tangle of

misery and sin there were other and darker elements, at which I dare not hint.

When fact after fact of this kind comes to be known to us—and such facts have been stated to us almost every day for more than fourteen years—do you wonder, kind reader, that one's heart burns within one, and that one wonders at times at the supineness, or ignorance, or hardness, which, in the midst of its own comforts and elegancies, does so little to remove such as these? Even as I write, a letter is brought to me from a remote English county. It pleads for a little girl. The mother is a vile woman. The grandmother, in extreme poverty, has been caring for the little child. Last Sunday the grandmother, eighty-one years of age, died; and she was found lying on a table—her only bedding an empty sack, which had contained some straw; but the

daughter had taken the straw from under her aged mother, and got a penny for it, which she had spent straightway in drink!

(To be continued.)

EX-GOVERNOR MERRIEL said that as a business man of forty years' experience he had found the Sunday-school boys the safest.

AN infidel said: "There is one thing that mars all the pleasure of my life." "Indeed," replied his friend, "what is that?" He answered, "I am afraid the Bible is true. If I could know for certain that death is an eternal sleep, I should be happy; my joy would be complete. But here is the thorn that stings me, this is the sword that pierces me—if the Bible is true I am lost forever."



AFTER.

### In Dolore Animi.

Toronto Civic Elections, 1888.

[Mr. L. A. Morrison writes, "in grief of mind," a poem of which we have room for only the following verses]:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."  
We sang, with victory in our grasp,  
But one short, swift fled year ago;  
Now—fallen from our careless clasp—  
The Temperance Banner trails in dust,  
And all our points of vantage gained  
Are swept beyond our nerveless trust:  
Though by hard patient toil obtained.

Oh bear a Brother, while he sends  
A message from a heart that bleeds:—  
Our ultimate success depends  
On strong united words and deeds.  
'Tis principles—not men—that bind:  
Nor Clarke, nor Rogers, matters much—  
Let Truth shine out, and lights that blind  
Will vanish, at its magic touch.

We wait—and give but little heed—  
While our brave Leaders teach and toil;  
We listen—while they call and plead—  
But keep ourselves from out the moil;  
And then—when comes the eager fray—  
Some light side issue wins our praise  
And takes us from our friends, away  
As Judas went, in olden days.

Oh ye, who name the Name of Christ,  
And at his "Blood-bought" Altar kneel,  
How can ye dare with RUM make tryst,  
Or "strike your hand" 'gainst Virtue's  
weal?

Can ye not hear the children's cry  
From wasted homes; or see that "Drink"  
Is foe to all, that brings men nigh  
To God, or saves from Ruin's brink?

Up! up my Brethren! No defeat  
Can crush the Truth, or bind the Right;  
Before God's Heaven-throned Mercy Seat,  
United purpose—in his sight—  
Can fetter Wrong, and put down sin,  
Can mould opinions, and bring nigh  
That glorious day, when we shall win  
This battle for the Lord, Most High.  
Toronto, Jan. 6th, 1888.

### A Word to the Boys.

We don't know of any one thing more than another which is more essential for a young man or boy to learn than the art of politeness—the thousand and one little courtesies which go toward making up the sum of human happiness. If we were to speak of any but the most important we might fill a small book. The most important are generally considered to be those which extend throughout our surroundings in every-day life. We measure our acquaintances somewhat by their attention to these things. A well-bred child will notice many little deficiencies in breeding, where one that had been carelessly instructed will see nothing unusual. We cannot be too careful of our attention to these matters. A boy in the street, accompanied by lifting his hat—what is it? A simple mark of respect to a lady. Yet how very excellent and rude a man or boy would be deemed if he passed his friends with a nod. I know one young boy who once lifted his hat to his boyish friends. That was ten years ago. Do you think that he, as a rising young lawyer in Chicago, ever regretted so doing? That he enjoyed his play less? No, indeed. We are not so foolish as to think that. It is simply that the

majority who do not attend to these things do it from carelessness. They are by no means necessarily ill-bred. They know what is right, but fail to do it.

Take another of these self-same courtesies—introductions. Just watch, for some time, all the introductions that come under your notice. How many people do it in an easy way? Take your own experience. Have you ever failed to catch the name of the party introduced? The object in introducing one person to another is to make two people acquainted who were previously strangers. If the name of either person is unfamiliar to the other, there is a double reason why they should be made distinct. Yet in all the introductions through which I have been, in more than two-thirds of the cases it is well-nigh impossible to catch the name. The trouble lies mainly in the great hurry people seem to be in when they introduce one person to another. It is a point well worth our attention.

Many young people have an erroneous idea that politeness borders on affectation, or is effeminate. It is gratifying to know that they are able to see their mistake later in life, when they mingle with the world. We do not often hear the term now, "A gentleman of the olden school."

Let us see what they were. Careful of other people's feelings; ready to assist the weak; courteous to all; attentive to the wants of others—gentlemen in the highest, truest sense of the word. Is it, then, so nearly a forgotten accomplishment that persons possessing these traits are denominated "Gentlemen of the olden school?" Has our modern school of politeness left out these particular branches of learning? For we have polite men and women, boys and girls, but does their politeness spring from the heart? Above all, does the home find them as attentive to the wants of those around them as when they are abroad?—*Anon.*

### The Esquimaux.

THE Kinnepetoo Esquimaux are remarkable for their great powers of endurance. They seldom enjoy the luxury of a fire, even in the coldest winter weather, but sit around in their snow houses with only their undergarments on, the weather, inclement as it may be, being the last thing to check the pleasant flow of conversation. A Kinnepetoo has been known to take a reindeer hide that had been soaked in water to remove the hair, and put it, in its frozen condition, against his warm body, until thoroughly thawed and dry, suitable for use as a drum-head, which they have in their savage rites. Lieutenant Schwatka, the Arctic traveller, says he once saw a mother take her baby boy and stand him naked on the snow until she could find its reindeer-skin clothing, so that for a minute, at least, the sturdy little fellow was exposed to the cold and drifting

snow. A favourite sport for little ones in the fall is splashing in a pond of water, when the ice forms in the undisturbed places. But they seem to be jolly little creatures for all that, and they enjoy their snow huts, or igloos, as they are called, and frolic around with as much zeal as the warmest clad and housed American child, satisfied with anything for a toy, from a hatchet to a snow-stick. Two suits of reindeer skins comprise the wardrobe of an Esquimaux, the outer with the hair turned outward, and the inner with the hair turned to the body. Thus incased, their appearance is that of a grotesque animal; they can travel with ease, and enjoy a nap on the snow for half an hour without any discomfort.—*Anon.*

### An Affecting Scene.

THESE children are very impressible. A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder passed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"  
"Hush, don't tell anybody, please, sir."  
"What are you doing here?"  
"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a hiding."  
"What are you hiding for?"  
"Don't tell anybody, please, sir!"  
"Where's your mother?"  
"Please, sir, mother's dead."  
"Where's your father?"  
"Hush, don't tell him. But look here." He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw the boy's flesh was terribly bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"  
"Father did, sir."  
"What did he beat you for?"  
"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."  
"Did you ever steal?"  
"Yes, sir; I was a street-thief once."  
"And why won't you steal any more?"  
"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven and of Jesus, and they taught me, "Thou shalt not steal," and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But please don't tell him."  
"My boy, you musn't stay here. You'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."  
"Thank you, sir; but please, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"  
"Yes," was the answer, "I will hear you sing your little hymn."

The boy raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child,  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.

"Fain would I to thee be brought—  
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,  
In the kingdom of thy grace  
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-by."

The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and there was the little motherless boy, with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom—dead. Oh, I thank God that he who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," did not say "respectable children," or "well-educated children." No, he sends his angels into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness.—*J. B. Gough.*

FROM North and South, from East and West,  
East gathers the loyal band,  
Shoulder to shoulder, and breast to breast,  
For God and native land;  
Sons and daughters, and old and young,  
By a marvellous impulse met,  
"Together shall work for good," and bring  
New life to the old land yet.  
—*Lide Meriwether.*

### Name-Carving at Harrow School.

THE old school-house at Harrow is still standing. There is a room downstairs where all the boys in the early days had their classes. But now it is only used two or three times a week, when masters and scholars assemble in it for prayers. It is a long, narrow room, with high, old-fashioned windows. The walls are wainscoted, and all over the wainscoting, and on the benches and desks, on the masters' tables, and even on the head-master's chair, school-boys for the last three hundred years have carved their names. Some of these names are large and sprawly, others small and neat; and they are so close together that there is no space left for new ones to be added. On one side, in very large letters, Byron's name is cut in two different places; and near it is that of Peel, the great English statesman. The boys were really forbidden to do this; and every name, you may be sure, represents a good punishment. But the masters are now glad that the boys were disobedient; for many became famous in after-life, and their school-boy carvings are pointed out with pride. Harrovians, as Harrow boys are called, now have their names carved for them on new panels fastened to the wall for the purpose, and they think it quite an honour.—*St. Nicholas.*

## The Brink of the River.

BY HANS CORBET.

I have been to the brink of the river  
 That runs by the city of gold;  
 I have watched the flow and ebb of the tide  
 In the waters so deep and dark and wide,  
 So mysteriously dark and cold.

I have trodden there alone and silent,  
 On the bank of that unknown sea,  
 And I heard the song of the boatman pale,  
 I saw the gleam of the silver sail,  
 And knew it was coming for me.

You say, - did I shrink from his presence,  
 The boatman whom nothing can stay?  
 Did I cling to the good of this present life,  
 To its work and weariness and strife,  
 To my perishing idols of clay?

'Tis true that I trembled, beloved,  
 And shrank from the breath of the sea,  
 Whose current ran so swift and strong  
 As it bore the boat and the rower along  
 Which steered so straight for me.

That I thought of the days and moments,  
 So precious, I wasted here;  
 And all my life before me lay,  
 As 'twere a vision of yesterday,  
 While the boatman pale drew near.

But a wonderful love I remember,  
 A garden, a cross, and a grave,  
 A desert and fierce temptation there,  
 A judgment hall, and a dying prayer  
 Of One who is mighty to save.

So in death, as in life, will I trust him,  
 On whom all my burden was laid,  
 I take my place by the boatman's side,  
 And joyfully cross the rushing tide,  
 For O, I am not afraid.

And on the other side of the river  
 Lies the beautiful city of gold,  
 Already from over the crystal sea  
 Its wafted seraphic minstrelsey,  
 O the beauty, the glory untold!

## A London Missionary.

ON the northern verge of that labyrinth of squares lying between Oxford Street and the Euston Road, is the quiet little London street where the leader of the Forward Movement in Wesleyan Methodism has lately made his home.

Dull and possibly dreary it might be, but for the trees of Gordon Square and Endsleigh Gardens, which wave at either end. Yet the dullness may not be without its compensation, for it is quiet; and upstairs, in Mr. Hughes' dwelling, is a little room—quite silent for central London—where, surrounded by his books, and with an outlook on a little enclosure which does duty for a garden, he thinks out his work or transacts his business as director of that novel religious movement, the Wesleyan West-End Mission.

The position is characteristic. While by no means insensible to the charms of æstheticism, and of what may be called the hallowed romances and tender poetry which cling around many a minister's life and home, yet everything must be sacrificed for the successful prosecution of the work to which he has been called.

And what is that work? Briefly, it is the management of the new Evangelistic Movement which Wesleyans have recently begun in the West End of London. Further, he is one of the

leaders—if not the principal—of what he calls the "Forward Movement." This is a movement of which aggressive mission work is part and parcel, and which, as he himself expresses it, strives to show the people that Jesus Christ is the best Friend they ever had, and that his principles will do more for them than Socialism; that Christianity should influence all aspects of social life, and is not "played out," but that it has a message for men and women now—to-day—in this life as well as for the life that is to come.

He seems just the man for the new mission. Full of enthusiasm, earnestness, "go," he unites culture and learning with a popular style and a sympathetic voice. A somewhat tall, spare figure, dressed in ordinary clerical garb, with a fund of feeling and kindness in his calm eyes, which can yet flash out kindly on occasion, he is just the man to attract and control large audiences, without repelling the refined or sensitive. He is emphatically what our American cousins would call a "live man."

He is yet young, having been born in 1847, at Carmarthen, in South Wales, where his father is to-day a highly esteemed medical man, and, like himself, a staunch Wesleyan. His grandfather was a Wesleyan minister, and notable if only for this that he was the first Welshman ever elected a member of the Legal Hundred. After preaching in various towns, and for some time at Oxford, Mr. Hughes was removed to Brixton, in the south of London, and in the autumn of 1887 was relieved from the charge of a pastorate in order to devote himself to the special evangelistic work in the West End. And it is perhaps characteristic of the man that he then set to work to find a house, as he himself told us, within walking distance of St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, to avoid Sunday travelling.—*Quiver*.

## English Public-School Fashions.

THE boys at Harrow all wear white straw hats with very wide brims, which they call "straws." These have either blue or black ribbons around their crowns, and an elastic, such as little girls wear on their hats, which the boys pull down a little way over their hair at the back of their heads. It cannot be of much use; but then, I suppose, Harrovians have always worn it, and so they still keep it, just as the Blue-Coats keep their yellow stockings. The cricket "Eleven," who are looked up to as the most important beings in Harrow, if not in the world, are distinguished from the others by their white and black "straws." The boys wear these hats all the year round, in winter as well as summer, changing them on Sundays for tall silk hats. The younger boys wear black jackets; but the older ones have coats made like dress-coats, and with these they wear any waist-

coats and trousers they like, so that they always look as if they were in half-evening dress. These coats, in the school slang, are always known as "tails." A story is told about them. Once, on a very dark night, the headmaster saw about half-a-dozen boys coming out of the village inn, where they had been positively forbidden to go. He could not see their faces, and as they all ran as soon as he spoke to them, he only succeeded in seizing one of the number. Pulling out his knife, he cut off a tail from this boy's coat and let him go, saying, "Now, sir, you may go home. I will know you in class to-morrow morning by this." The next morning came, and the headmaster waited at his desk, ready to punish his victim with great severity; for the offence was considered a very serious one. But when the boys of his form came in and passed, one by one, by his desk, each had but a single tail to his coat. They all had ruined their "tails" to save their friend.—*St. Nicholas*.

## The Text.

ONE Sunday morning, during their summer vacation, a party of girls occupied a pew in a small country church. Their place of worship in their city home was a beautiful edifice. Its painted windows, subdued light, and grand organ-tones produced a religious feeling in the mind of the congregant.

Perhaps it was this change from these impressive outward forms of worship to a bare little building with unpainted walls, carpetless floor, and glaring light which wrought a corresponding change in the behaviour of the girls, for in place of the decorum which they were in the habit of observing in the house of God, they exhibited a levity of which I think they were scarcely conscious. They whispered, criticised the clothes of their country neighbours, and finally scribbled little notes, which were passed from one to another with much rustling of garments, jingling of bangles, and subdued giggling.

All the party did not, however, indulge in this irreverent behaviour. Belle Wheeler, a gentle-looking girl, who sat at the head of the pew, preserved a quiet demeanour, in keeping with the place and the occasion. At length a card, bearing these words: "What a poky place! Don't you wish we had stayed at home?" was laid on her lap by one of her companions.

Belle read the words, smiled, let the card remain where it was, and again turned her eyes to the minister. But the girls were not satisfied. They whispered among themselves, regained possession of the card, wrote again on it, and passed it back to her. This time it said: "What's the matter with you? You look as solemn as an owl."

Belle read it, looked at her companions, and gently shook her head. They continued to lean expectantly

forward, each beyond the other, and to motion to the card. At length Belle held out her hand for the pencil, which was eagerly passed to her. She hesitated a moment; then a firm look settled on her face, and she wrote a few words on the card.

The girls seized it, and crowded their heads together to read these words: "Dear girls, remember the text."

A hush fell upon the group. At first they were somewhat inclined to be provoked at this reprimand from one of their own number; but they all loved Belle, and in a moment recognized the justice of her reproof. During the remainder of the service they paid strict attention, for they were thoughtless rather than wilfully irreverent.

Now, do not think Belle was a "goody-goody" girl, who never laughed, and was always quoting Scriptures. Laugh she did, merrily and often, and no one could wish for a brighter companion than was found in her; but she realized that there is a time to laugh and a time to weep, a time to be merry and a time to be grave.

My dear girls, whether you find yourselves in a magnificent cathedral or in a lowly country church, remember that one is as much the house of God as the other; and bear in mind the text to which Belle referred:—

"The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him."—*Forward*.

## His Bible Saved His Life.

SAMUEL PROCTOR was a soldier in the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and took part in the terrible scenes of Waterloo. He had received religious impressions in early life, and these were deepened in after years, so that he became identified with the few pious men of the regiment who met for devotional purposes. He always carried his Bible in his trousers pocket on one side, and his hymn book on the other. In the evening of the 16th of June, his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a certain wood, from which they greatly annoyed the Allies. While so engaged, he was struck on one hip with such force that he was thrown some four or five yards. As he was not wounded, he was at a loss to explain the cause. But when he came to examine his Bible, he found that a musket ball had struck him just where the Bible rested in his pocket, penetrating nearly half through the sacred Book. All who saw the ball said that it must have killed him but for the Bible, which thus literally served as a shield. He was filled with gratitude to his Preserver, and ever kept the Bible in his house, as David laid up the sword of Goliath as a memorial. He used to say: "The Bible has twice saved me instrumentally, first from death in battle, and second from death eternal."



What Became of a Lie.

First, somebody told it, Then the room wouldn't hold it, So the busy tongues rolled it Till they got it outside, When the crowd came across it Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, sir, It grew deep and high, sir, Till it reached the sky, sir, And frightened the moon; For she hid her face, sir, At the dreadful disgrace, sir, That had happened at noon.

This lie brought forth others, Dark sisters and brothers, And fathers and mothers— A terrible crew; And while headlong they hurried, The people they flurried, And troubled and worried, As lies always do.

And so, evil-boded, This monstrous lie goaded, Till at last it exploded In smoke and in shame; While from mud and from mire The pieces flew higher, And hit the sad liar, And killed his good name.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30] LESSON X. [MARCH 4

CHRIST'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

Matt. 20. 17-29. Memory verses, 17-19

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Matt. 20. 28.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Self-denying Saviour. 2. The Self-seeking Disciples.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—On the journey from Perea to Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The time for the passover feast draws near. It must be spent in Jerusalem. The set hour of prophecy is at hand. With steadfast purpose Jesus began the journey. The lesson tells the story.

EXPLANATIONS.—Going up to Jerusalem—Jerusalem was very high above the valley of the Jordan. The traveller literally went up. Took the twelve apart—Into seclusion from the company. He gives them thus an opportunity to withdraw from his service if they would. Son of man—Jesus himself. Deliver to the Gentiles—That is, the Romans. scourge and crucify—Two parts of the Roman punishment for malefactors. Mother of Zebedee's children—Mother of James and John. Right hand and left hand—These were the posts of honour under a king. Baptized with the baptism—That is, undergo the ordeal through which I am to pass; this cannot be read, "immersed with the immersion that I am immersed with."

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Self-denying Saviour. What time have we reached in the life of Jesus? Why did he take the disciples apart and tell them of his coming death? How many previous announcements had he made of it? By what power was he to be executed? Of what were these powers then the representative? What great principle did he lay down concerning human life? 2. The Self-seeking Disciples. What evidence that the women who attended Jesus so often were at this time with him?

What was the name of the mother of James and John? What did this mother and the sons plainly expect was soon to come? What did this mother mean by this request? What reason could lead these sons to expect such an honour? What was the meaning of Christ's answer to the two? What was the meaning of the answer to the ten? How is the Roman Catholic dogma of Peter's primacy affected by this whole story?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The last journey. What a wonderful Saviour. Thoughtful for his own. vs. 17, 19. Attentive to their earthly prayer, v. 21. Loving in his rebuke, vs. 22, 23. Full of compassion for their weakness, v. 25. A sacrifice for the world, v. 28. The last journey. What weak and sinful followers. Two, selfish in the extreme. v. 21. Ashamed to make the request alone. v. 20. Forgetful of the sadness which was weighing on the Master. Ten, self-righteous and indignant. How like men of to-day and Jesus. He is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Trace the route of Jesus. 2. Learn the position of Jericho in reference to Jerusalem. 3. Find how many times James and John had been specially honoured with confidence by Jesus. 4. Find evidence in the lesson that Christ could foresee the future. 5. Write a list of all words that need explanation. See if they are explained in the Explanations given above. If not, take the list to your class, if you cannot find out about them before. 6. Be sure to commit to memory vs. 17-19.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus tell the twelve should befall him in Jerusalem? That he should be betrayed. 2. By whom would he be condemned? By the chief priests and scribes. 3. How would he meet death? He would be scourged and crucified. 4. What caused indignation among the disciples? The request of James and John. 5. What did they ask? To be first and second in his kingdom. 6. What did he say was the purpose of his own life? "The Son of man came not," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Redemption.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. What blessing does he pronounce on believers? To Peter he gave it thus: Matthew xvi. 17. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. John xx. 29.

A.D. 30] LESSON XI. [MARCH 11

CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

Matt. 21. 1-16. Memory verses, 9-11

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Psa. 118. 26.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Son of David. 2. The Temple of God.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACES.—Jerusalem and Bethany.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The last lesson closed with the entrance into Jericho of the company with Jesus on their way to the passover at Jerusalem. Here two memorable things had occurred. He had given sight to two blind men, and had dined at the house of Zaccheus, whose conversion is one of the most wonderful stories of the whole history. The journey continued, till, reaching Bethany, Jesus and the twelve paused for rest. Here on the Sabbath night, or the night after the Sabbath, as we should say, at a supper given in his honour, he was anointed by Mary, the sister of Lazarus, as he reclined at table. The next day the

advance to Jerusalem once more began, and the wonderful scenes of our lesson occurred.

EXPLANATIONS. Into the village over against you—The village just out of our route, Bethphage. Spoken by the prophet—This prophesy is in Zech. 9. 9; read it. Daughter of Sion—Jerusalem, or the people of Jerusalem; a poetic expression for all the Jews. Hosanna—A Hebrew word or phrase which means, "give thy salvation." Blessed is he that cometh—This phrase, from Psa. 118. 26, was the usual term of welcome to the pilgrims to the passover on their entrance to Jerusalem. Them that sold and bought—In the court of the Gentiles was the temple market where things needed for the service were sold, such as incense, oil, wine, doves, etc. The wonderful things—Rather, things that filled them with wonder that he should dare to do as he had.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Son of David. To what week in our Lord's life have we come? What day of the week was marked by the triumphal entry? What ceremonial was necessary to fulfil prophecy? What wonderful exhibition of faith do two disciples make in this scene? Was the triumphal procession like or unlike Oriental ceremonies connected with coronations? What similar scene in Esther is suggested? What was the probable expectation of the multitude? What did the cry of the throng in v. 9 mean? Had such a song ever been heard before in Jerusalem? Did the crying cease when he entered the city? What classes and ages of people took part in it? 2. The Temple of God. What was the effect of all this on the Jewish priesthood? Was it necessary that Christ should come in this way to his temple? What did he find in the temple? Why were people allowed to sell and buy in the temple? What would be a reason why this custom would be unholy? When he had driven out the traders, who took their places? What was the testimony that the multitude could give as to who he was?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is wonderful obedience. Jesus said to two disciples "Go—do." They went and did. Have you anything that the Lord needs, and will you give it when he calls? He needs you. He calls now. To the great multitude he was simply "Jesus the prophet." What is he to you? Is he "Jesus the Christ?" How many buy and sell to-day, as they sit in God's house, their hearts full of the world.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Search out the authority for saying that two days were occupied in this lesson. 2. Read Mark and Luke for their account. 3. Study out all that had happened since the last lesson. 4. Write ten questions whose answers will tell the whole story of the lesson. 5. Search out all the Scriptures that were fulfilled in this scene. 6. Read the story of Mordecai.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. At whose home in Bethany did Jesus spend his last Sabbath? In that of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. 2. What good example did two disciples set for us as they went on toward Jerusalem? They did as Jesus commanded. 3. What did the multitudes cry as they entered the city? "Hosanna to the Son of David." 4. What was the effect (upon his enemies) of the honour shown to Jesus? "They were sore displeased." 5. What ought to be the language of our hearts as Christ draws near to us to-day? "Blessed be he that cometh," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The coming of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

- 13. How does our Lord teach us his religion? By his word and by his Spirit. 14. What is his word? The Scriptures of the Old and the New Testaments, which are the sacred books of the Christian faith.

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