

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

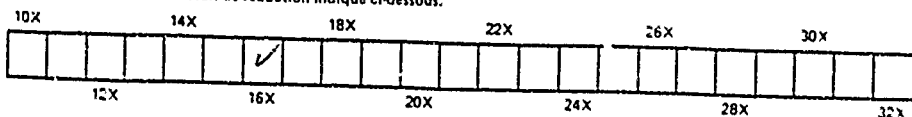
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue Bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.



HOME AND SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1886.

[No. 12.]



A SUMMER SCENE.

The End of the Way.

The following beautiful lines were written by a girl in Nova Scotia, an invalid for many years:

My life is a wearisome journey;
I'm sick of the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet.
But the city to which I am journeying
Will more than my trials repay;
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest,
But He who appoints me the pathway
Knows what is needed and best.
I know in His word He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me a trial too much;
All His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see Him and praise Him,
In the city of unending day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble steps have been taken,
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and clear as the day—
Yes the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am feeble and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home;
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Saviour Himself has said "Come."
So, when I am weary in body,
And sinking in spirit I say,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty,
There are cordials for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint.
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Two Kinds of Courage.

Nor many years since the good ship *Ponto* sailed from Boston, bound to Sumatra. She was commanded by Capt. Isaac Jacobs, a good seaman, and a naturally good-hearted man, but in his long career beneath the trident of Neptune he had imbibed many of the false ideas prevalent among his seamen, and he had come to look upon the sailor's life as one which necessarily did away with those fine and warmer traits of character that mark the humane and generous landman. In this wise Isaac Jacobs sometimes lost sight of true merit where it actually existed.

Among the crew of the *Ponto*, on her present voyage, was a young man named Caleb Baker. He had shipped only three days before the ship sailed. He was a slender-framed man, with a fair, prepossessing countenance, light blue eyes, and light brown hair. Though slight in his build, he was yet well-stocked with muscle, and his motions were quick and energetic. His appearance was calculated to predispose beholders in his favour.

One day, shortly after the ship had left port, as Baker was busy about some matters of his own in one of the gangways, one of the men, a rough, uncouth fellow, by the name of Bunkton, came along and gave the clothes-bag of Baker a kick out of his way, thereby scattering a number of things about the deck.

"I wish you'd be careful," said Baker, as he moved to gather up his things.

"Then keep your things out o' my way," gruffly returned Bunkton.

"They were not in your way."

"Do you mean to tell me I lie?"

"I said the things were not in your way."

"And I say they were. Now, don't dispute me again."

"Very well, have it your own way," calmly returned Baker, as he drew his bag closer in toward the bulwarks.

"And don't you be impudent, neither," provokingly added Bunkton.

"Look ye, Bunkton, if you've any business of your own, you'd better mind it."

"Eh, lubber! I'll show you my business. Take that!"

As Bunkton spoke, he struck the young man upon the face. The crew had most of them gathered about the place, and arrangements were quickly made for a fight.

"Just come forward—come forward, and I'll show ye my business!" cried Bunkton, bristling about with his fists doubled up.

"A fight! a fight!" cried half a dozen of the men. "Don't stand that, Baker."

The young man's eyes had flashed as he received the blow, and there was a quick quivering of the muscles of his hands, but he made no motion to strike.

"Ain't you going to take it up?" asked Bunkton.

"No. I want nothing to do with you," returned Caleb.

"Then you're a coward!" uttered Bunkton, with a contemptuous tone and look.

Young Baker calmly replied to the taunt, and Bunkton became still more savage. Those who know anything about ocean life will understand the sentiment of the rough crew upon such matters as the present. They could comprehend but one kind of courage, and the moment that Baker refused to fight, they set him down as an arrant coward. At first they had been prepossessed in his favour, for Bunkton was a quarrelsome fellow, and they hoped Caleb would flog him; but when they saw him quietly turn away and resume his work, they began to taunt him too.

"What's all this?" asked Capt. Jacobs, who was attracted to the spot.

The matter was explained to him.

"Didn't resent it?" uttered the captain, looking with mingled surprise and contempt upon Caleb. "Why didn't you knock him down, Baker?"

"Because I don't want to fight with any man, sir."

"And you will allow yourself to be struck, and not resent it?"

"I will defend myself in case of danger, but I will not so abuse myself as to engage in a brutal fight when it can possibly be avoided. I have as yet done wrong to no man; but were I to fight one of my shipmates I should wrong him and myself both."

"Then you will have yourself looked upon as one who may be struck with impunity."

A quick flush passed over the young man's face as the captain thus spoke, but he was soon calm.

"I mean, sir," he returned, "to give no one occasion to strike me; yet Bunkton struck me, but you can see that he already suffers more than I do."

From that time Caleb Baker was looked upon by the crew as a coward. At first they taunted him, but his uniform kindness soon put a stop to these outward manifestations, and the feelings of the crew were expressed by

their looks. Bunkton took every occasion to annoy the young man, for he had taken his oath he would "have a fight out of the coward yet." The rest of the crew might have let the matter pass had not Bunkton's continued behaviour kept alive the idea of Baker's cowardice.

None but himself know the great struggles that went on in the young man's bosom; but he had resolved he would not fight, except in actual and necessary self-defence, and he adhered to his principle. He performed his duties faithfully, and Capt. Jacobs was forced to admit that though Baker was a coward he was yet a good sailor.

Thus matters passed until the ship had doubled the Cape of Good Hope and entered the Indian Ocean. It was toward the close of a day that had been sultry and oppressive, that a fitful breeze sprung up from the southward. It came in quick, cool gusts, and the broad canvas only flapped before it.

"We are likely to have a blow soon," remarked the mate.

"Not much, I think," returned the captain, as he took a survey of the horizon. "This spitting will soon die away, and I think the wind will then come out from the west'r'd. However, it may be well to shorten sail. You may take in 'gallants' and close-reef the tops'ls."

This order was quickly obeyed, and, as the captain had predicted, the spitting gusts died away, but there was no wind came out from the west'r'd. It grew dark, but no wind had come. About ten o'clock those who were on deck were startled by a sudden darkening of the stars, and they saw a great black cloud rolling up from the southward. It soon hung over the ship like a black pall, and the men began to be frightened. The captain was called, but before he came on deck there came a crash as though the very heavens had been rent asunder. The old ship trembled in every joint, and a huge ball of fire rolled down the mainmast. Another, and another crashing of the lightning came, and at length the electric light began to play about the ship in wild, fantastic streams.

"The foremast is struck!" shouted one of the men. "See where its head is shivered."

All eyes were turned to the spot, but by the next wild flash the men could see that a dangerous havoc had been made with the mainmast. The cap was shivered, the starboard cheek was nearly stripped off, and the trestle-trees were quivering. Of course the heavy topmast was only held in its place by the dubious trestle-trees, and the maintop threatened every instant to come crashing upon the deck, with the long topmast and the topgallant-mast in its company. Such a catastrophe would surely prove fatal to the ship, and all knew it.

But while all hands were gazing at this, another danger arose. The low, rumbling sound that had been growing in the southward had escaped the notice of the crew, and ere they knew it the rushing, howling wind was upon them. The ship leaped like a frightened stag before the gale. The mate cut the maintop sheets, and the sail was snapped into ribbons. The fore-top-sail was clewed up, and the ship was got before the wind.

The lightning-cloud was swept away, and it was dark as Erebus. The wind howled fearfully, but there was one

sound more fearful than that—the creaking of the shattered trestle-trees as the topmast bore down upon them.

"O God!" ejaculated Capt. Jacobs. "If the trestle-trees give way we are lost! Hark! hear that labour!"

Away up aloft, in the impenetrable darkness, stood the giant topmast, and all felt it could not stand there long. The men crowded aft, and with painfully beating hearts they heard the mast labour.

"If we could bring the ship broad side to," said the mate, "the weather-rigging might be cut, and the mast might go overboard."

"True—true," replied the captain, "but who shall go aloft and do the job? There would be no foothold on the top; for that will go with a crash. The trestle-trees are already shattered."

"If you will port the helm, I will make the trial," cried a clear, strong voice, which was at once recognized as Caleb Baker's.

"It will be sure death," said the captain.

"Then let it be so," returned Caleb. "Port the helm, and I will go."

Caleb took the axe from the mizzen-mast, and soon his form was lost in the darkness, as he moved toward the starboard rigging. The helm was put a-port, and the ship gradually gave her starboard side to the gale. Soon the blow of an axe was heard—then another—and another. The ship heaved heavily over—then creaking—and then came the crash. The heavy topmast had gone clear over the side. Fragments of the trestle and cross-trees came rattling upon the deck, but all eyes were strained painfully toward the main-head. The dim outline of the heroic man could be seen safely hanging by the mizzen-topmast stay.

The ship was once more got before the wind, and ere long Baker came safely to the deck. He staggered aft to the binnacle, and there he sank, fainting and bruised, upon the deck. But he was quickly conveyed to the cabin, where his wants were all met.

Caleb's bruises were none of them bad, and in a few days he was again at his duty. The men eyed him anxiously, and they seemed uneasy as they met his smiles. The captain, too, changed colour when he met the kind, noble look of the young man, but he soon overcame the false pride that actuated him, and stepping to the noble fellow's side, he took him by the hand.

"Caleb," he said, "if I have done you wrong, I freely ask you to forgive me. I have called you a coward, but I did not know you."

"Think no more of it," said Caleb, with a beaming eye. "I once promised to one whom I loved better than life—my mother—that I would never do a deed of which I might afterward be ashamed."

Bunkton pressed forward. "Caleb," he said, seizing the hand of the young man in his hard fist, "you must forgive me for what's passed. We'll be friends after this."

"Bless you, Bunkton, and friends we will be," returned Caleb.

"Yes," added Bunkton, "an' if you won't fight for yourself, I'll fight for you, if you ever stand in need of it."

"I'll tell you, my men," said the captain, "there's certainly two kinds of courage; and, after all, I don't know but that Caleb Baker's kind is the best. It takes a stronger and bigger heart to hold it, at all events."

The Exile of Patmos.

PAALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Boothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm me in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name;

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving untroubled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

Gough's Boyhood.

The early life of Gough had been a peculiarly bitter one. Born in a very humble home at Sendgate, on the English coast, gleaning with his mother and sister after the reapers that they might have bread to eat, or cleaning knives and shoes in the gentleman's house where his father was a servant, there was little to make a boy's life bright. When he was twelve a family offered to bring him to America if his parents would pay fifty dollars for his passage. It was difficult to earn this; but his mother thought, after the manner of mothers, "Perhaps in the New World our John will be somebody." So, with tears, she packed his scanty clothing, putting in a little Bible, and pinning these lines on a shirt:

Forget me not when death shall close
These eyelids in their last repose;
And when the murmuring breezes wave
The grass upon your mother's grave,
Oh, then whate'er thy age or lot
May be, my child, forget me not.

JANE GOUGH.

Then again and again she pressed her only boy to her heart, then stood out behind the garden-wall, that, unobserved, she might cast a last look at the stage which carried him to London.

The voyage was a long one of nearly two months. The little lad often cried in his cabin; and he wrote back, "I wish mother could wash me to-night," showing what a tender "mother's boy" he was. When New York harbour was entered, and he was eager to see his adopted country, he was sent below to black boots and shoes for the family.

His school-days were now over. After two years of hard work in the country, he sold his knife to buy a postage-stamp, and wrote to his father asking his permission to go to New York and learn a trade. Consent was given, and in the middle of the winter our English lad of fourteen reached the great city, with no friends, and with only fifty cents in his pocket. Hundreds passed by as he stood on the dock, holding his little trunk in his hands, but no one spoke to him. But at last, by dint of earnestness, he found a place to enter as errand-boy and learn

book-binding, receiving \$2.25 a week and paying \$2.00 out of this for his board. How his employer thought he could live on one dollar a month for clothes and washing has never appeared.

The first night he was placed by his boarding-mistress in an attic with an Irishman who was deadly ill. The second night the man died, and the horror-stricken young boy staid alone with the dead until morning.

Nearly two more painful years went by. Finally, though he earned but three dollars a week, he sent to England for his mother and sister. When they arrived two rooms were rented. The girl found work in a straw-bonnet factory; and, poor though they were, they were very happy. John was now sixteen, devoted to his mother, and still a noble, unselfish, persevering boy.

At the end of three months, through dulness of business, both children lost their places. And now began the struggles which the poor know so well in our large cities.

They left their two decent rooms and moved into a garret. Winter came on, and they had neither fuel nor food. John walked miles out into the country and dragged home old sticks which lay by the roadside. He pawned his coat that his mother, who had now become ill, might have some mutton-broth.

One day he left her in tears, and went sobbing down the street.

"What is the matter?" asked a stranger.

"I'm hungry, and so is my mother," the boy answered.

"Well, I can't do much, but I'll help you a little;" and the man gave John a three cent loaf of bread.

When the boy reached home the good woman put the Bible on the rickety pine table, read from it, and then knelt and thanked God for the precious loaf.

In the spring he obtained employment at four dollars and a half a week. But poverty and privation had fallen too heavily and rested too long upon the mother. One day while preparing John's simple supper of rice and milk she fell dead. All night long the desolate boy held her cold hand in his; then, in that Christian city, she was put in a pine-box, and, without shroud or prayers, carried in a cart, her two children walking behind it, and was buried in potter's field.

For three days afterward John and his sister never tasted food. Probably the world said, "Poor things!" but it is certain no one offered to help them. —Sarah K. Bolton, in *Home Gazette*.

The Labour of Authorship.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE said: "Those who have never carried a book through the press can form no idea of the amount of toil it involves. The process has increased my respect for authors a thousand-fold. I think I would rather cross the African continent again, than undertake to write another book."

"For the statistics of the Negro population of South America alone," says Robert Dale Owen, "I examined more than a hundred and fifty volumes."

Another author tells us that he wrote paragraphs and whole pages of his book as many as fifty times.

It is said of one of Longfellow's poems that it was written in four weeks; but that he spent six months

in correcting and cutting it down. Bulwer declared that he had re-written some of his briefer productions as many as eight or nine times before their publication. One of Tennyson's pieces was re-written fifty times. John Owen was twenty years on his "Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews;" Gibbon on his "Decline and Fall," twenty years; and Adam Clark, on his "Commentary," twenty-six years. Carlyle spent fifteen years on his "Frederick the Great."

A great deal of time is consumed in reading before some books are prepared. George Eliot read one thousand books before she wrote "Daniel Deronda." Allison read two thousand before he completed his history. It is said of another that he read twenty thousand, and wrote only two books.

Are all the Children In?

THE darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky,
The storm will soon begin;
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
I hear the great, round rain-drops dash—
Are all the children in?

They're coming softly to my side;
Their forms within my arms they hide—
No other arms so sure;
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
With mother feels secure.

But future days are near—
They'll go from this warm shelter here
Out in the world's wide din;
The rain will fall, the fierce winds blow;
I'll sit alone and long to know;
Are all the children in?

Will they have shelter then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
And love is true when tried?
Or will they find a broken reed,
When strength of heart they so much need
To help them brave the tide?

He knows it all—His will is best,
To yield them now and yield them rest
In His most righteous hand,
Sometimes souls He loves are riven
By tempest wild and thus are driven
Nearer the better land.

If He should call us on before
The children go on that blessed shore,
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait
Till He, the keeper of the gate,
Lets all the children in.

Taught by a Flower.

I ONCE knew a gentleman who was turned from infidelity by a flower. He was walking in the woods, and reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the great writer uses the phrase, "God geometrizes." He thought to himself, "If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little Texas star at his feet. He picked it up, and then thoughtfully began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens; there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower: there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives, to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that very strange. He examined another, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself, to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around

him were multitudes of these little flowers, and they had been blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, picked up the little flower, kissed it, and exclaimed: "Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds! you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me."

Amusements.

THE grounds on which the permission of some amusements and the prohibition of others have been rested have often been inconsistent and irrational; and the following general principles in regard to them may be recommended:

1. Amusement is not an end, but a means—a means of replenishing the mind and body. When it begins to be the principal thing for which one lives, or when pursuing it the mental powers are enfeebled and the bodily health impaired, it falls under just condemnation.

2. Amusements that consume the hours which ought to be sacred to sleep are, therefore, censurable.

3. Amusements that call away from work which we are bound to do are pernicious just to the extent to which they cause to be neglected or unfaithful.

4. Amusements that arouse or stimulate morbid appetite or unlawful passions, or that cause us to be restless or discontented, are always to be avoided.

5. Any indulgence in amusements which has a tendency to weaken our respect for the great interests of character, or to loosen our hold on the eternal verities of the spiritual realm, is, so far forth a damage to us.

"Home, Sweet Home."

IN the spring of 1863, two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue, the other in gray. As twilight fell the bands of the Union side began to play "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Rally Round the Flag;" and the challenge of music was taken by those upon the other side and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music to begin a sweeter and more tender air, and slowly as he played there joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army "Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that farther shore had taken up the lovely air, so attuned to all that is holiest, dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God; and when they had finished, from the boys in gray came a challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went resounding through the skies from both sides of the river, "something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder."

THE British and Foreign Bible Society during the past year published a Penny Testament, in neat form and legible print, immense numbers of which have been sold. Statistics from colporteurs show that there never was a time when in Great Britain so many of the poor and the labouring classes were seeking admission to Bible classes and were buying Bibles and Testaments.

The Lilies.

BY C. J. MONROE.

THE beautiful, beautiful lilies,
So lovely, so fragile and fair,
Are breathing their pure, rich fragrance
Out on the summer air.

I stand by my window at morning,
And watch their petals unfold,
Sparkling in pearly dewdrops,
Like vases of crystal and gold;

And I fancy they whisper a message
Which I ponder the long day thro';
It is this: "If God so clothe the lilies,
Shall He not much more clothe you?"

With the thought that he loveth and careth
Like the touch of a cooling balm
There falls on my fevered spirit
The hush of an infinite calm;

And I pray that my life, like the lilies
May exhale rich perfume abroad,
Unfolding in snow-white petals,
In the light of a loving God.

Breathe down Thy fragrance, O Spirit of God,
Into these hearts of ours;
Fill the frail chalice—we only look up,
Like the tender summer flowers.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together..	7 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	3 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.....	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doc.; 50c. per 100.	

Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 3pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month..	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

O. W. COATES, 8 Bleury Street, Montreal.
S. F. HUMPHREYS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Home & School.

Rev. W. H. WTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1886.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

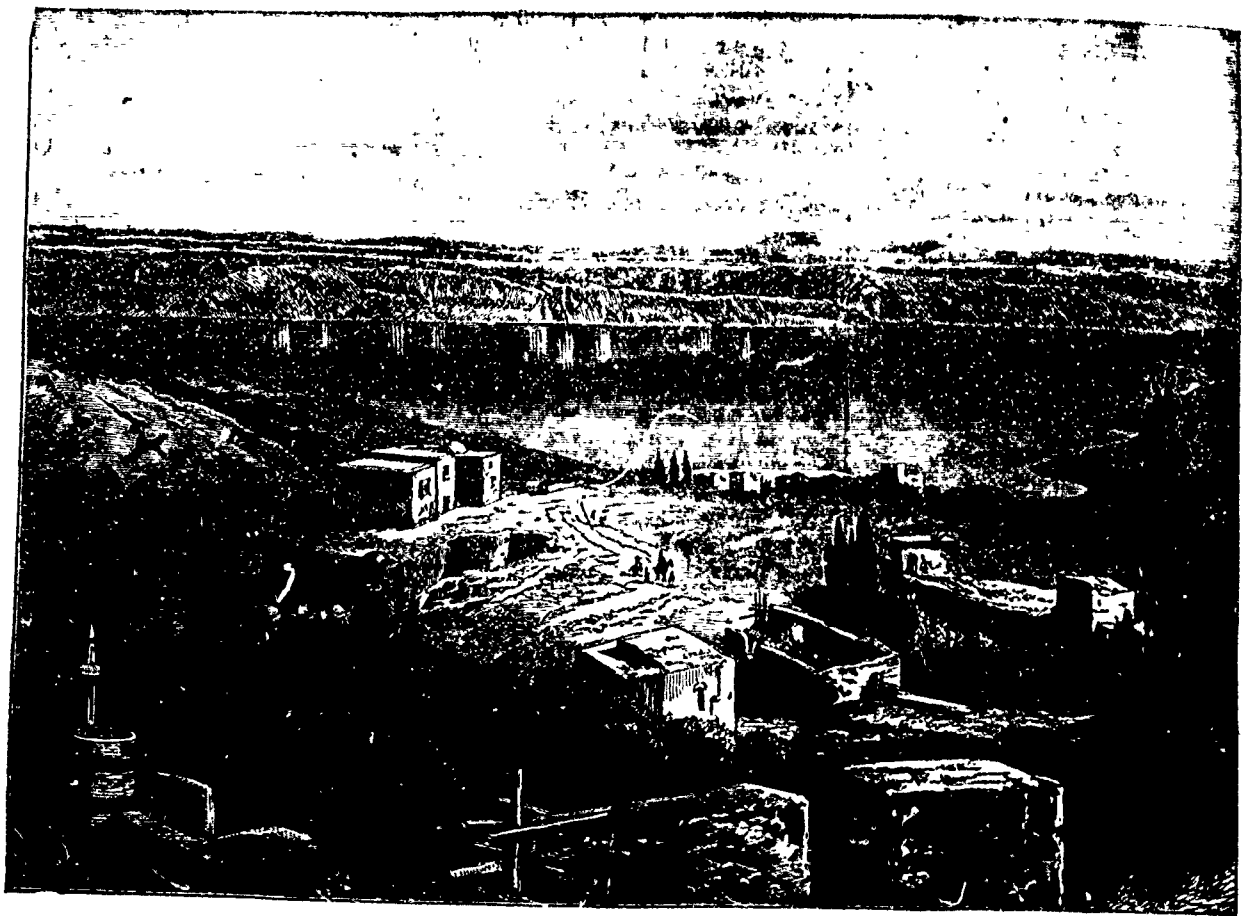
Six Reasons for Going to a Sabbath School.

I. BECAUSE I wish to read the Holy Scriptures, and to know more of their meaning, and to search out what they say of Jesus Christ, and of eternal life through Him.

II. Because God's sacred day should be kept holy, and be spent in attending His house of prayer, worshipping Him, and learning His will.

III. Because youth is the best time to gain knowledge and to seek the mercy of Christ, who says, "I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me."

IV. Because the teachers wish to do good to the souls of their scholars, and to lead them to Jesus Christ the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.



TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

V. Because, though young, I have lived too long in folly and sin, and "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

VI. Because I have a soul that will be happy for ever in heaven, or miserable for ever in hell; and I wish to hear of Jesus Christ, who alone can save me from the wrath to come, and bestow upon me everlasting life. He has said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Luke 18:16.

Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee.

THIS sea, on whose shores took place the events of next Sunday's lesson, was called also the Sea of Chinnereth, Chinneroth, or Cinneroth, probably from a town of that name on the shore; the Lake of Gennesaret, from the plain on its north-western side and the Sea of Tiberias, from the celebrated city of that name. Its present name is *Bahr Tabariyeh*. According to Wilson, its length is 12½ miles, and its breadth from 4 to 7½ miles. It is from 600 to 700 feet below the Mediterranean, and its depth is put at 160 feet. Fish abound in the lake. Tristram says: "The shoals were marvelous black masses of many hundred yards long, with the black fins projecting out of the water as thickly as they could pack. No wonder that any net should break which enclosed such a shoal." The lake lies embosomed among the hills, and, on account of its great depression, is liable to sudden and violent storms.

Jesus and the disciples were probably somewhere near the city of Tiberias, on the west shore of the Sea of Galilee. A large share of our Lord's public life was spent about this sea which was also called the Lake, or Sea, of Gennesareth. Mark, in relating the history of this miracle, tells us that Jesus was weary, and He and the disciples took a boat, hoping to steal away

from the multitude to some place "apart," where they could find quiet and rest, but the people saw them and followed along the shore, and finally found where they landed. Then when Jesus came down from the mountain and saw them, He had no heart to send them away, and so "began to teach them many things," and when He knew they were tired and hungry He asked the disciples about food for them. He wanted to prove Philip and the others and see whether they would think He could work a miracle to help them, but they seemed not to have thought of such a thing. Though they had been so long with Jesus they knew Him only partially. But Jesus "knew what He would do," and in His infinite love and power He fed the whole multitude—"five thousand men." Matthew adds: "Besides women and children."

It was hardly strange that they wanted to make Him "king" after this; but He who was King of kings wished for no such earthly honours. He only wanted to win the world back to God.

His Spot of Sunshine.

THEY tell in Europe the story of a poor man who was confined for many years in a cold, dark dungeon. There was but one aperture in the wall, and through that the sunbeams came for but a few minutes daily, making a bright spot on the opposite side of the cell. Often and often the lonely man looked upon that little patch of sunshine, and at length a purpose to improve it grew within his soul. Groping on the floor of his cell, he found a nail and a stone, and with these rude implements he set to work on the white portion of the wall for a few minutes of every day during which it was illuminated, until at length he succeeded in bringing out upon it a rude sculpture of Christ upon the cross. Let me imitate that prisoner. Circumscribed may be our lot, yet if we love

the Lord and pray to Him, and look for His direction, we shall soon discover some tiny chink through which the sunshine of His guiding providence shall come. On the spot where its directing light shall fall, let us, with such means as we can command, hew out, not in cold stone, but in living love, the sacrifice of Christ. So shall we find our special sphere, and fill it to the commendation of the Master. —*Christian Standard*.

DURING a revival season, says Mr. Schauffler, a young man came to me in the inquiry room, and showed me a card like the following:

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD,
THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT
.....
BELIEVING ON HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.

In the blank space, the young man had written his own name in full. Said he: "My superintendent gave me this card on condition that I would write my name in the blank space. If I had known what it was, I never would have promised; for I have had no peace since that day." That night, on his knees, he found peace. Let the teacher prepare such cards, and try the plan. I have tried it with powerful effect. It makes this seem personal, and puts "me" in the place of "whosoever."

It was said by the late excellent Earl of Shaftesbury that, if London did not have its four hundred missionaries it would require forty thousand more police. If it were not for our hundreds of thousands of Sunday-school teachers, how many policemen would be required for our great cities, and how many jails for those whom they arrested?

The
Each
And c
Behin
They
Venu
Satur
Or Ju
Each
Not s
From
Which
As if
Have
There
Sun-b
The st
But w
And h
And c
And h
Into it
Steal f
We sa
There
Climbi
The an
And sc
For th
Nor w
But we
And d
I wond
Of oth
As litt
As thi
Do ang
And m
Do wh
On hea
While
How n
If so,
Into th
Sweet f
Dear e
Dear h
And de
THE
manic
gale sh
Ireland
April
Had sh
would
again.
lowing
was so
could n
the wa
as the
in the
more th



OLD RIGGING LOFT, NEW YORK.

The Stars are in the Sky all Day.

THE stars are in the sky all day,
Each linked coil of Milky Way,
And every planet that we know,
Behind the sun are circling slow;
They sweep, they climb with stately tread,
Venus the fair and Mars the red;
Saturn engirdled with clear light,
Or Jupiter with moons of white,
Each knows his path and keeps due tryst,
Not even the smallest star is missed
From those wide fields of deeper sky
Which glisten and flash mysteriously,
As if God's outstretched fingers must
Have sown them thick with diamond dust;
There are they all day long, but we,
Sun-blinded, have no eyes to see.

The stars are in the sky all day,
But when the sun has gone away,
And hovering shadows cool the west,
And call the sleepy birds to rest,
And heaven grows softly dim and dun—
Into its darkness one by one
Steal forth those starry shapes all fair—
We say steal forth, but they were there!
There all day long, unseen, unguessed,
Climbing the sky from east to west
The angels saw them where they hid,
And so perhaps, the eagles did,
For they can face the sharp sun-ray,
Nor wink, nor need to look away,
But we, blind mortals, gazed from far,
And did not see a single star.

I wonder if the world is full
Of other secrets beautiful,
As little guessed, as hard to see
As this sweet starry mystery?
Do angels veil themselves in space,
And make the sun their hiding-place?
Do white wings flash as spirits go
On heavenly errands to and fro,
While we, down-looking, never guess
How near our lives they crowd and press?
If so, at life's set we may see
Into the dusk steal noiselessly
Sweet faces that we need to know,
Dear eyes like stars that softly glow,
Dear hands stretched out to point the way—
And deem the night more fair than day.

—Congregationalist.

A Huge Wave.

THE White Starline steamer *Germanic* encountered a terrific wave in a gale about 500 miles from the coast of Ireland on her way to New York, April 5, and was obliged to put back. Had she not been a staunch vessel she would never have been heard from again. Capt. Kennedy gives the following thrilling account: "The air was so filled with flying spray that I could not see a hundred yards. When the water appeared like a wall as high as the tops of our smoke-stacks, right in the course of the ship, it was not more than a hundred feet away. We

pointed right into it, and the boat was buried from stem to stern. The winch for hoisting was wrenched out and dashed down through the deck. It weighs a ton, and stove a big hole in the deck. A sailor was washed overboard. The life-boats were swept away, and the iron railing around the deck was torn up and twisted like twine. I was in the wheel-house when it was stove in, and was unconscious for a minute or so. The vessel was trembling all over when I recovered, but was riding the sea well; but my compasses were gone, and the ship was stripped. Heavy seas were still running, and it took three hours to get turned round and pointed to the shore. The cabin was full of water, waist deep, and many passengers and sailors were hurt. If the bulwarks had been solid instead of railings which let the water off more rapidly, we should have been swamped.

"Good Enough for Home."

"LYDIA, why do you put on that old forlorn dress!" asked Emily Manners of her cousin, one morning, after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was spotted, faded, old, summer sick, which only looked more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and frayed.

"O, anything is good enough for home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar; and twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"O, never mind; it's good enough for home," said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning-dresses, and with neat hair and dainty collars and cuffs; but now that she was back home again, she seemed to think that anything would answer, and went about untidy and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress. She seemed to think that courtly and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything would do for home.

I HAVE found it an interesting thing to stand on the edge of a noble, rolling river, and to think that, although it has been flowing on for six thousand years, watering the fields and slaking the thirst of a hundred generations, it shows no signs of waste or want. And when I have watched the rise of the sun as he shot above the crest of the mountain, or, in a sky draped with golden curtains, sprang up from his ocean bed, I have wondered to think that he has melted the snow of so many winters, and renewed the verdure of so many springs, and painted the flowers of so many summers, and ripened the harvests of so many autumns, and yet shines as brilliantly as ever, his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated, nor his flood of light less full, for centuries of boundless profusion. Yet what are these but images of the fulness that is in Christ? Let that feed your hopes, and cheer

your hearts! For when judgment-flames have licked up that flowing stream, and the light of that glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness, the fulness of Christ shall flow on through eternity in the bliss of the redeemed. Blessed Saviour, Image of God, Divine Redeemer! in Thy presence is fulness of joy, at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.—*Guthrie*.

BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.—OLD COLONY DAYS.

CAPTAIN WEBB was serving as bar-rack-master at the quaint old town of Albany, where there was a considerable body of British troops, when he first heard of the little band of Methodists at New York. He sought an early opportunity of aiding, by his presence and influence, the struggling religious community upon which the more aristocratic portion of society looked down with a haughty disdain. In his scarlet coat and sash and gold epaulettes, he often stood behind the little wooden desk that served as a pulpit, and laying his sword across the open page of the Bible, preached with an energy and an eloquence that soon crowded the house.

So greatly did the congregations increase, that it shortly became necessary to seek a larger room. An old rigging loft in William Street was therefore engaged and roughly fitted up for worship. The naked rafters of the roof still remained uncovered. A somewhat tarry smell clung to the walls. An old ship's figurehead—a "gypsy king" with gilded crown, supposed to represent one of the Eastern Magi—supported the pulpit and formed an excellent reading desk. When Captain Webb stood behind it in full regimentals, he looked not unlike an admiral standing in the bow of his ship, or a warrior riding in a triumphal car. This unwonted state of affairs was the occasion of no small comment in the gossiping old town.

"They do say," said Squire Blake, the rather pompous Custom House officer of the port of New York, to Captain Ireton, a Boston skipper, for whom he was writing out the clearance papers of the good ship "Betsey Jane," bound for Barbadoes—"They do say that an officer of the King's army preaches for those Methody people up there at the Rigging Loft. Well! well! Wonders will never cease. I must go and hear for myself; though I would hardly like to be seen encouraging such schism if it were not that the presence of an officer of Captain Webb's well-known loyalty really makes it quite respectable."

"Well, neighbour," replied the gallant skipper, who had imbibed the democratic notions which were even then floating in the atmosphere of Bunker Hill, "if the thing is not respectable in itself, all the King's horses and all the King's men won't make it so."

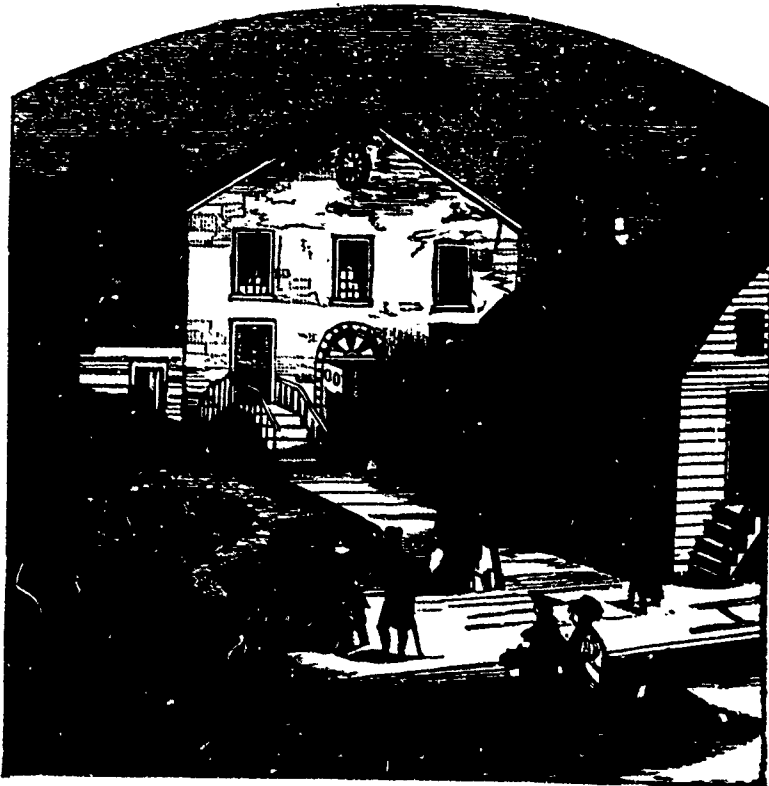
"Perhaps not, in the abstract; but for all that it makes a good deal of difference to loyal subjects whether this new-fangled religion is prosecuted by the bailiffs or patronized by gentlemen in the King's livery;" and here the worthy Custom House officer smiled somewhat grimly, as if the skipper's speech were half treason.

"The King may want some more active service than that from his officers before long, if all I hear in the port of Boston is true," replied the skipper, picking up his papers.

"They always were a stiff-necked set of rebels in Massachusetts colony, I will say to your face, even if you do hail from there. I hope this is no new treason they are hatching."

"Oh, I'm not in any of their secrets," said the honest captain; "but you know that these absurd Navigation Laws hamper trade sadly, and there are loud murmurs at all the sea ports about them. I'll venture to say that unless our ships get a better chance to compete for the West Injy trade, there'll be flat rebellion or wholesale smuggling before long."

"Have a care, Skipper Ireton," answered the Tory officer, shaking his head with an air of menace. "The

OLD JOHN STREET METHODIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.
First Methodist Church in America.

King's troops well know how to deal with the first, and his Customs' officers will do their best to prevent the second."

Notwithstanding these efforts, however, these same officers did not always succeed in their virtuous endeavours. The unjust discrimination in favour of British-built shipping was felt by the colonists to be an intolerable grievance.

The incidents above mentioned are introduced simply to indicate the general temper of the times. It is not the purpose of this story to recount the political events of the American Revolution, but to trace the development of Methodism in the New World.

The old rigging loft soon became too small to hold the congregation which thronged its meagre space. Many, doubtless, were attracted, like our good friend Squire Blake, at first by curiosity to hear an officer in scarlet coat, with sword and epaulettes, preach from his place behind the carved figurehead. Sometimes, however, they were disappointed by the appearance in the pulpit of the plain and simple Philip Embury, whom any day in the week they might see plying his avocation of carpenter.

"It is bad enough," exclaimed Squire Blake, after one of these occasions, "to see an officer, who is both a scholar and a gentleman, usurping the place of an ordained clergyman in this manner; but to see a mere mechanic stand up to preach to his betters, it is intolerable. It is subversive of all social order. What's the world coming to, I wonder? It will end in flat rebellion, I see plain enough."

"Well, your worship," remarked John Stubbins, a rather grimy-looking cordwainer, who was one of the group to whom these remarks were made; "it suits simple folk like us better than the learned talk of Dr. Whiteband down at Old Trinity. I went there t'other Sunday, and it was all about the Manichees and the Appollinarian heresy, that happened a thousand years ago; and a lot of things I never heard of before, an' didn't know anything about after I had heard 'em. Now, Master Embury tells us about our plain every-day duties—that men in my trade mustn't scamp their work nor put in bad leather; and the grocer must give good weight and measure, and not sand his sugar, nor mix peas with his coffee. And we know that he does honest work for fair wage hisself. When he makes a table or a chest of drawers, it's sure to be seasoned stuff and well put together. His preachin' and practice agree, you see, and one helps to clinch the other."

"That sort of talk may do for the lower classes, I suppose," said the Squire, taking snuff pompously. "It don't need a Doctor of Divinity to preach like that. I could do it myself if I had a mind to."

"Oh, I dare say," replied the honest cobbler, with a twinkle in his eye and a wink to his neighbours who were standing around—he was of rather a democratic turn of mind and a despiser of dignities, like many of his craft—"I suppose you could, if only you had the mind to; that's all that's wanting."

The rather thick-witted Squire didn't see the point of the somewhat derisive laugh that ran around the circle, as he strutted away, swaggering his goggle-headed cane and dusting the snuff off

the frills and ruffles of his shirt front. He knew that he was not popular, but he didn't see that he had done or said anything to be laughed at.

The great majority of the worshippers at the humble rigging loft, however, were drawn there by sincere religious feeling. There was an honest heartiness about the simple services that came home to their every-day needs—'o every man's business and bosom. The warm-hearted love-feasts and class-meetings, and the hearty singing, were greatly prized by the toil-worn men from workshop or anvil, from dock or loom; and by housewives and mothers, weary with their household cares.

"Ah! but it do seem just like the Metheddy preachin' and singin' I heard at dear old Gwenap and Penzance, years ago," said Mrs. Penwinnen, an honest Cornish woman, to her next-door neighbour. "Many's the time I've heard Mr. Wesley preachin' of an early mornin' at the mine's mouth, afore the men went down, or at eventide, when they came up to grass again."

"Eh, did ye now?" replied good Dame Durbin, as she stood with her door-key in her hand. "I never heard un; but I've often heard honest John Nelson on Barnsley Woald, in old Yorkshire. Ay, an' I've seen un pelted through the town wi' rotten eggs, an' help'd to do it mysen, God forgive me, afore I know'd what a mon o' God he wor. He wor just a common sojer, ye wot, and the parson hissen headed the mob agen him."

Here came up stout Frau Stuyvesant, still wearing the quaint gold headband of her native Holland, who had also been attracted by the hearty Methodist singing of the service.

"Mynheer ist goot prediger," she said, in her broken English. "Men say his preachment ist same as myn countreman, Arminius of Oudewater, in Utrecht. He speak goot worts."

Like flotsam and jetsam of the sea, these three creatures of diverse nationalities had been blown across the broad Atlantic, and drifted like sea-weed into the quiet eddy of the old rigging loft of William Street, and there had found that rest and food for their souls for which their whole moral nature yearned. And this was but a type of the mission of Methodism in America and throughout the world—to supply the deep soul-needs of humanity of many tribes and in many climes. The miracle of Pentecost was repeated, and by her missionary agencies these strangers and foreigners—Swedes, Germans, Norwegians, Slav and Turk, Hindu and Chinese—each has heard in his own mother tongue the wonderful works of God.

The old rigging loft which held the germ of this mighty growth, like a flower-pot in which an oak was planted, became, we have said, too small for such rapid expansion. "It could not," says a contemporary writer, "contain half the people who desired to hear the word of the Lord." The necessity for a larger place of worship became imperative; but where could this humble congregation obtain the means for its erection? Barbara Heck, full of faith, made it a subject of prayer, and received in her soul, with inexpressible assurance, the answer, "I, the Lord, will do it." She proposed an economical plan for the erection of the church, which she believed to be a suggestion from God. It was adopted by the

society, and "the first structure of the denomination in the western hemisphere," says Dr. Stevens, "was a monumental image of the humble thought of this devoted woman." Captain Webb entered heartily into the undertaking. It would probably not have been attempted without his aid. He subscribed thirty pounds towards it, the largest sum, by one-third, given by one person." They appealed to the public for assistance, and the subscription list is still preserved, representing all classes, from the Mayor of the city down to African female servants, designated only by their Christian names.

A site on John Street, now in the very heart of the business portion of the city, surrounded by the banks of Wall Street and the palaces of Broadway, was procured, and a chapel of stone, faced with blue plaster, was in course of time erected. As Dissenters were not allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city, in order to avoid the penalties of the law it was provided with a fireplace and chimney. Its interior, though long unfinished, was described as "very neat and clean, and the floor sprinkled over with sand as white as snow." Embury, being a skilful carpenter, wrought diligently upon its structure; and Barbara Heck, rejoicing in the work of her hands, helped to whitewash its walls. There were at first no stairs or breastwork to the gallery; it was reached by a rude ladder. The seats on the ground floor were plain benches without backs. Embury constructed with his own hands its pulpit; and on the memorable 30th of October, 1768, mounted the desk he had made, and dedicated the humble temple to the worship of God. It received the name of 'Wesley Chapel,' and was the first in the world to receive that honoured name.

Within two years we hear of at least a thousand hearers crowding the chapel and the space in front. It has been more than once reconstructed since then, but a portion of the first building is still visible. We had the pleasure of worshipping there a few months ago, and saw an engraving of the original structure. A wooden clock, brought from Ireland by Philip Embury, still marks the hours of worship. Marble tablets on the walls commemorate the names and virtues of Barbara Heck and Embury, and of Asbury and Summerfield, faithful pastors whose memory is still fragrant throughout the continent. This mother-church of American Methodism will long continue to attract the footsteps of many a devout pilgrim to the birth-place of the Church of his fathers and of his own religious fellowship. He will discern what potency God can give to even a feeble instrumentality; that with Him there is neither great nor small; that He can make one to chase a thousand and two to put ten thousand to flight.

Sunday Whaling.

I NEVER encountered more than one whaling-captain who scrupled to follow his vocation on the Sabbath. This was a Scotchman named Graham, master of the ship *Leonidas*, of Greenock. We met him in the South Pacific.

At the time of our first dropping in company with the *Leonidas*, she wanted sixteen hundred barrels to complete her cargo, while our own ship—the *Roger Williams*—which had been out

half a year longer than the other required but twelve hundred.

Six months passed away, during which time we occasionally fell in with ships of the great fleet of Pacific whalers, but with the *Leonidas* officer more than any other. And after all our contemptuous remarks upon its captain, it was with some mortification that, from time to time, we were obliged to admit the general success of the Sabbath-observing Scotchman to be greater than our own.

During all the secular days of some given week he might cruise in vain, taking not a drop of oil or even seeing a whale, but this would make no difference in his conduct on the succeeding sacred day, when, perhaps, the monsters would send up in the sunlight their clear spouts all about him, and the boats of other ships would be sweeping down upon the prey. In the presence of these Sabbath temptations he could bide his time, letting no recurrence of unfruitful weeks or even months shake his devotion to principle. And certain it was that, in spite of occasional disappointments incident to the business, he was, upon the whole, more fortunate than most of his brother whalers. He now wanted but little more oil than ourselves.

Again we lost sight of the Scotchman, and two months passed away, when early one Sunday morning our lookouts raised a very large school. Such incidents with us were more apt to happen, as it seemed, on the Sabbath than at other times, just as great battles, it is said, occur more frequently than on week-days.

All was excitement, and away we pulled in the boats, hoping from this school to make a full ship. One works with a strong heart in chase of his last whale. But the game proved wild, and all day long we followed the shy creatures in vain, until the boats became scattered miles apart.

I was with the captain, and the order which he gave at sunset to pull for the ship was a most welcome one. But he had scarcely spoken when an immense whale, apparently an outsider, not belonging to the school, came up within a furlong of us, sending his spout aloft and lying temptingly quiet, with his long, dark back above the waves. So wearied as to be rendered half indifferent, we exercised less caution than usual, pulling in such a manner that at the moment the harpoon was launched the bow of the boat went directly upon the whale. His broad tail was partially under us. He moved it a little aside, then like lightning brought it over our heads and struck a downward blow. Quick as was the stroke, three of us avoided it by plunging overboard; but Captain May and two others were killed on the spot. The boat was demolished—beat flat to the ocean's surface—and across the wreck lay the body of the captain, while the two men sunk, looking ghastly as they settled slowly beneath us.

All the succeeding night we three who were left remained clinging to the light cedar-boards and timbers, with the corpse of Captain May lying in the midst of us, the ship being twelve miles off, and the crew ignorant of our position. Floating there with the dead captain, we passed a dreadfully trying night, and morning seemed hardly to improve our condition; for it did not reveal the *Roger Williams* or any of its boats. It had last been observed to leeward, and in looking for us would

have to beat slowly up against a light wind in a somewhat hazy atmosphere.

A little after sunrise, however, we were gladdened by the sight of a ship to windward coming down in our direction, and presently observed between it and ourselves the spout of a whale. The ship hove to and lowered its boats in chase, but the monster turned flukes and went down, leaving his pursuers to pull leisurely along for a few minutes and then lie still, waiting for his reappearance.

Up he came, breaching high as he shot out of the water so close to us that we could see him very distinctly; and once more the four boats of the ship were pulled rapidly toward him, but with such dexterity and silence that we could hear no sound; for now the men had shipped their oars and taken their paddles.

While the pursuers had lain waiting and keenly looking out for the whale they had evidently discovered us, for we had seen them wave their little "wafts" to assure us of it; and, therefore, we could now watch the chase relieved of any anxiety for ourselves. The animal slowly moved ahead.

With what energy the paddles were now plied, but how noiselessly! Then a stout, square fellow at the bow of the leading boat ceased his work, braced himself carefully, and we saw the gleam of his harpoon. In another moment it rushed through the air like an arrow, striking the whale just as he humped his back to go down. As the monster disappeared the three other boats were pulled rapidly up to the scene, to be of service should he bid fair, before rising, to take out a greater length of line than the first boat had on board. He went immensely deep. The second line of the boat which had struck him was added to the first, but this did not make enough, and then the two lines of another were successively bent on. At last he came up, after having exhausted three lines and a half, and was killed after a short run. We were now taken up by one of the boats, and found that our rescuers, who had accomplished so much more on Monday morning than we on the Sabbath, were the good Scotchmen of the *Leonidas*.

The body of Captain May was reverently taken up, and as the *Roger Williams* could now be made out to leeward, the boat which took us from the forlorn boards was ordered to convey both the corpse and ourselves to our own ship. Our mate and crew were thrown into consternation at the catastrophe which had happened, and the former insisted upon getting Captain Graham on board to perform the burial service. The body was accordingly kept until next day, when, the *Roger Williams* and the *Leonidas* both lying hove to, the Greenock shipmaster came on board of us, and standing upon our quarter-deck, read the impressive words for the occasion, while the British and American flags drooped at half-mast on board the respective ships.

Fast in the back of the captured whale the Scottish crew found a harpoon marked "*Roger Williams*," and hence knew that the leviathan they had taken was the very animal which had given Captain May his death. As the creature yielded one hundred and fifty barrels, and the *Leonidas* only wanted one-third of this amount, the remainder was taken by our mate, who had now become captain, and it proved fully sufficient to give us the quantity we required.

A week later both ships, completely full, rode at anchor in the Bay of Islands—the Scotchman stowing a thousand barrels more than ourselves, although his voyage had been six months shorter than ours. And, considering all the circumstances, there could be little doubt that Captain Graham's Sabbath-days had been more profitably spent in reading the Bible than had been ours chasing whales.—*G. H. Coomer*.

A Lark's Flight.

OUR in the country the bells were ringing,
Out in the fields was a child at play,
And up to heaven a lark went singing
Blithe and free on that morn of May,
And the child looked up as she heard the singing,
Watching the lark as it soared away;
"O sweet lark, tell me, heav'nward winging,
Shall I go also to heaven one day?"

Deep in the shade of a mighty city,
Tolled a woman for dally bread,
Only the lark to see her and pity,
Singing all day in a cage o'erhead.
And there they dwelt in the gloom together,
Prisoned and pent in the narrow street,
But the bird still sang of the golden weather,
And the woman dreamt of her childhood sweet.

Still in her dreams the bells were ringing,
Still a child in the fields was she;
And she opened the cage as the lark was singing,
Kissed him gently and set him free.
And up and on as the bird went singing,
Down came a voice that seemed to say,
"H'en as the lark that is heav'nward winging,
Thou shalt go also to heav'n one day!"

—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

The Walrus.

AWAY up north among the cold icebergs seems a very uncomfortable place to live in; and so it would be for you and me; but for Baby Walrus, who is born there, and is suited to such a cold place, it is perfectly delightful. There is nothing the chubby little fellow likes as well as taking a nap on a great cake of clear ice, or diving into the cold water. Though born on land or on ice, the walrus is most at home in the water; and well it may be, for as it has only flippers instead of feet and legs, it cannot do anything but flop on the land, while in water it can swim like a fish. It can even dive down and not come up again for a whole hour. The full-grown walrus is a terrible fellow, almost as big as an elephant, with two great tusks in his upper jaw, and a mouth covered with a beard as coarse as so many knitting-needles. The baby, however, has no such tusks, and for two years its mother and father have to take care of it just like any little human baby. And how its mother does love it! and its father too, for that matter; but it is the mother that takes the greatest care of it. She is usually as gentle as anybody could wish; but touch her baby, and you will see a fearful creature. She has tusks and whiskers as well as Papa Walrus, and when she opens her mouth to roar, she looks as savage as any animal can. The walrus has several enemies, and the worst, I am sorry to say, are men who hunt it for tusks and oil; but the great polar bear is almost as bad as men, and delights in a little baby walrus for dinner above all other things. When Mamma Walrus sees any powerful enemy trying to catch her baby, she rushes to it, takes it under her flipper, and scuds away through the water as fast as she can. If she is overtaken, she calls all of her friends about her, and then war betide the pursuer; for the angry animals can use their tusks with terrible effect.

They have often attacked a boat full of men, and not ceased to fight until the boat was destroyed, and the men all drowned. The reason the walrus does not mind the cold water and the ice is that it has a thick coating of oily fat under its thick hide, and that keeps it warmer than the warmest furs could keep you or me.

An English writer says:

Few things are as interesting as an encounter between a walrus and Esquimau. When a walrus reaches an ice-floe, he usually stops at the edge until his companion behind butts him up on to the ice and takes his place. Hence the occupation of a floe by walrus is a very slow and clumsy manoeuvre, particularly when the herd is a large one—a large one numbering say seven thousand. In a case like this the walrus in some way has to be cut off from his companions. But often the horses, as the walrus are so called, are met with in detached families, and the peculiar song—half a cow's moo, half a mastiff's bay—directs the Esquimau to his prey. The chase is a long one; once the sea-shore is sighted, the advance can be made only while he is under water. Each time he comes up to breathe his pursuer stoops down to hide. At last the hunter gets near enough to strike him as he rises at the side of the floe. The phlegmatic harpooner then becomes excited. His coil of walrus-hide, a well-trimmed line of many fathoms' length, lies at his feet. He ties one end to an iron barb, and this he fastens loosely by a socket to a shaft of horn; the other end is already loose. He grasps the harpoon; the water eddies and whirls; puffing and panting, up comes the unwieldy sea-horse. The Esquimau rises slowly, his right arm thrown back, his left hanging close to his side. The walrus looks about him and throws the water off his crest; the Esquimau launches the fatal weapon, and it sinks deep into the animal's side. Down goes the wounded *awak*, but the Esquimau is already speeding with winged feet from the scene of combat, letting his coil run out freely, but clutching the final loop with a desperate grip. As he runs he seizes a small stick of bone roughly pointed with iron, and by a swift, strong movement thrusts it into the ice, twists the line around it, and prepares for a struggle. The wounded walrus plunges desperately, and churns the ice pool into foam. Meantime the line is hauled tight at one moment, and loosened the next, for the hunter has kept his station. But the ice crashes, and a couple of walrus rear up through it not many yards from where he stands. One of them, a male, is excited, angry, and partly alarmed; the other, a female, looks calm, but bent on revenge. Down, after a rapid survey of the field, they go again into the ocean depths; and immediately the harpooner has changed his position, carrying with him his coil and fixing it anew. Scarcely is the manoeuvre accomplished before the pair have once more risen, breaking up an area of ten feet in diameter about the very spot he had left. They sink for a second time, and a second time he changes his place. And thus continues the battle, until the exhausted beast receives a second wound, and is finally secured.

GOD saves his children either from trouble or in trouble. He delivers them out of it, or makes it minister to their good and the good of their cause.

Trusting in God.

I WAS sleeping in the room up stairs. The wind blew fearfully. How it did roar in the trees! The house shook and started with the gusts. Then I thought, What if the house should blow down! What would become of me! Then I thought of the way the house was made. I knew there were great beams over head, and great beams underneath, and great posts in the corners. How could it blow down!

Then in that storm came the thought that God was near. No matter now about the timbers. Let the wind howl if it wants to; God is better than all the strong timbers. He is mightier than the whirlwind. Then I curled down into the care of the loving Father who watches in the heavens. His ear is always open, waiting to hear the cry of some little child. Great limbs blew off from the trees; and all the way from our house to the harbor the road, next morning, was full of great branches. But we were all safe. It is good to trust in God.

Even-Tide.

THE day is past,
And now at last
The sunset gilds the sky:
I feel at rest
Within my breast,
For Thou, dear Lord, art nigh.

With bended knee
I come to Thee,
The day's misdeeds deplore;
Although the sin
My heart within
Thou knowest all before.

The sunset dies,
And cloudy skies
Obscure the moon's bright ray;
In still night hour
Thou giv'st the power
To lift the heart and pray.

And now I rest
Upon Thy breast;
Repose in Thee is sweet;
Care hath no part
Within my heart—
I cast it at Thy feet.

—*Marian Isabel Hurrell*.

Don't Jest with the Bible.

A GENTLEMAN of keen wit used often to point his remarks with some apt quotation from the Bible. A friend who greatly admired him was present in his last hours, and asked with deep sympathy what was the future outlook.

"Very gloomy, indeed," was his response. Surprised and deeply pained he hastened to quote some precious promises suited to the solemn hour.

"I have spoiled them all for myself," was his answer. "There is not one but is associated with some jest."

His light went out in darkness, though his name was on the church roll. What a lesson is here for all who are willing to be taught by it! Lay it to heart.—*The Life Boat*.

A GOOD book is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no cleared vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.

Your place will be empty by-and-by. How much will you be missed! Are you living so that the world will be poorer when you are gone! Will the poor miss you! Will the troubled and sorrowing miss you! Will the Church miss you!

Begin with God.

Begin the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.

Sing thy first song to God!
Not to thy fellow-man;
Not to the creatures of His hand,
But to the glorious One.

Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heavenly food!
Feed with Him, on Him! He with thee
Will feast, in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God!
Let Him go forth with thee;
By stream, or sea, or mountain path,
Seek still His company.

Thy first transaction be
With God Himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all thy days be love.

—Horatius Bonar.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 29.] **LESSON XI.** [June 13.

JESUS THE CHRIST.

John 7. 37-52. Commit vs. 43-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The words, and the works of Jesus show him to be the Messiah.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 7. 1-13. T. John 7. 14-34. W. John 7. 35-52. Th. Lev. 23. 33-44. F. Num. 20. 1-13. Sa. Isa. 44. 3; 55. 1; 58. 11. Su. Joel 2. 28, 29; 3. 18.

TIME.—Oct 17, A.D. 29. Six months after our last lesson, at the feast of Tabernacles.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the court of the temple.

JESUS.—Nearly 33 years old, six months before his crucifixion.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Matt. chaps. 15-18; Mark, chaps. 7-9; Luke 9. 18-50, record the events between the last lesson and this.

INTRODUCTORY.—Jesus after spending a year and a half in Galilee goes to Jerusalem to the feast of the Tabernacles. He suddenly appears in the temple during the feast, and teaches the multitudes.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—*The feast of Tabernacles*—Was a thanksgiving feast, and also commemorated the 40 years' wanderings in the wilderness (Lev. 23. 33-44; Ex. 23. 16). It was the most joyous of the feasts. 37. *In the last day*—The seventh. One of the ceremonies at this feast was the drawing water in a golden pitcher from the pool of Siloam, and pouring it on the altar. It was done with a great procession. It was just after this, in a pause of the ceremonies, that Jesus probably spoke. *Thirst*—In his soul. Men thirst for God, for life, for pardon, for goodness, for comfort, for a better life, for a noble object of living, for love, for friendship, for eternal life. *Come unto me*—All these thirsts are satisfied in Jesus. 38. *Out of his belly*—His heart. *Shall flow*—The good is for others and not self alone. *Rivers*—Denoting abundance. 39. *Holy Ghost not given*—In the abundance of which characterized the new dispensation. See day of Pentecost. *Jesus glorified*—By his atonement, resurrection, and ascension on the right hand of God. 40. *The prophet*—Deut. 18. 15. 41. *The Christ*—The Anointed, the Messiah. 52. *Out of Galilee no prophet*—Not true; Jonah was from Galilee (2 Kings 14. 25), probably Elijah (1 Kings 17. 1), and Nahum (1. 1).

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening history.—Feast of the Tabernacles.—Ceremony of pouring out the water.—Thirst of the soul.—How Christ satisfies them.—The outgiving nature of true religion.—The Holy Spirit like living water.—Never man spake like this man.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time intervenes between this lesson and the last? Where did Jesus spend this time? What

were some of the chief events? Where are they recorded?

SUBJECT: JESUS SHOWN TO BE THE MESSIAH.

I. THE SCENE AT THE FEAST OF THE TABERNACLES.—To what feast did Jesus go? (John 7. 2, 10) Where was it celebrated? Give some account of this feast. (Lev. 23. 33-44.) Describe the ceremony of bringing water from the pool of Siloam.

II. JESUS SHOWN TO BE THE MESSIAH BECAUSE HE ALONE GIVES THE LIVING WATER (vs. 37-39).—Where was Jesus on the last day of the feast? (John 7. 14.) What ceremony had he probably just witnessed? Of what was it a symbol? (Num. 20. 4-12. 1 Cor. 10. 4) What did Jesus proclaim to the people? Could any mere man say this with truth? What is meant by thirst here? For what do people thirst? Can anything in this world satisfy the thirsts of the soul? How does Jesus satisfy them?

What is it to come to Jesus? What promise did he make to those who believed on him? What is meant by living water? How does it flow from Christians? Why is it spoken of as "rivers?" In what respects is the gift of the Holy Spirit like living water? Where was this fulfilled? (Acts 2. 1-18.)

III. BY THE VER' OBJECTIONS BROUGHT AGAINST HIM (vs. 40-44).—What discussion arose among the people? Why did some think he was the Messiah? What objection did some make? Did Jesus fulfil these scriptures? (Matt. 2. 1-8. Acts 2. 22-32.)

IV. BY HIS MESSAGE TO MEN (vs. 45-52).—Who had been sent to arrest Jesus? (John 7. 32.) Did they succeed? Why not? What was their report of Jesus? In what respects did Jesus speak differently from other men? How did Nicodemus defend Jesus? What have you read of Nicodemus before?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. All have thirsts of the soul which this world cannot satisfy.
2. Among these thirsts are the longing for life, love, comfort, pardon, goodness, a life worth living, happiness, heaven, God.
3. Jesus Christ alone can satisfy these thirsts.
4. The living water is pure, refreshing, abundant, life-giving, cleansing, free, abiding, flowing to others.
5. Those who have this living water love to impart it to others.
6. Jesus speaks as never man spoke, (1) as to truth, (2) with the authority of one who knows, (3) in the best manner (4) accompanied by the Holy Spirit.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

12. To what feast did Jesus go? **ANS.** The feast of Tabernacles, in October.
13. What was one of the ceremonies? **ANS.** A great procession bringing water from the pool of Siloam.
14. What did Jesus do during the feast? (Repeat v. 37.)
15. To what did the living water refer? **ANS.** The gift of the Holy Spirit.
16. What did some officers say of Jesus? **ANS.** "Never man spake like this man."

A.D. 29.] **LESSON XII.** [June 20.

JESUS AND ABRAHAM.

John 8. 31-58; 44-59. Commit vs. 52-53.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad.—John 8. 56.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus gives true freedom to his disciples.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 8. 1-30. Tu. John 8. 31-46. W. John 8. 47-59. Th. Gal. 4. 1-31. F. Gal. 5. 1-28. Sa. Rom. 8. 1-21. Su. 1 John 2. 1-17.

TIME.—The next day after our last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in one of the temple courts.

INTRODUCTION.—Jesus returned to the temple the next day after our last lesson (8. 2), where crowds still assembled, and taught first in the court of the women where the treasury chests were placed (8. 20), and afterwards in one of the porches around the court of the Gentiles. Here his words convinced many, and they believed on him. To some of these he spoke the opening words of the lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—31. *Disciples*—Learners, those who go to school to Christ, taking him for their teacher, and learning to be good like Jesus. 32. *Make you free*—From sin from prejudice, from bad habits, from fear of punishment, free to do right. 33. *Not in bondage*—Personally. They were never slaves, though subject to the Roman government. 34. *Servant*—Slave. *Of Sin*—because a sinful heart and sinful habits would not let them do as they wished; as people are sometimes slaves of intemperance. They also had to suffer against their wills. 37. *Seek to kill me*—Chap. 7. 32, 44. 38. *Seen with*—In heaven. 44. *A murderer from the beginning*—By tempting the human race in Eden he brought death into the world, and so all men die. 48. *A Samaritan*—An enemy of the Jews, who would misjudge them. 51. *Never see death*—His existence will never cease. Death to him is but a change from life here to life in heaven. 56. *Abraham rejoiced to see my day*—In promise, by faith (Gen. 15. 4-6; 22. 16-18). My day refers to the times of the Messiah, the Gospel dispensation. *He saw it*—In heaven he saw Christ come on earth, as we know Moses and Elijah did (Luke 9. 30-31). 58. *I am*—Because he always existed (John 1. 1-3).

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Continuing in Christ's word.—Disciples.—The glorious liberty of the children of God.—Slavery of sin.—The children of that whose likeness we bear.—v. 51.—v. 58.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jesus go after the last lesson? (Chap. 8. 1.) When did he return to the temple? (8. 2.) Where in the temple did he teach? (8. 20.) What was the result of his teaching? (8. 30.)

SUBJECT: THE GLORIOUS LIBERTY OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

I. THE CHILDREN OF GOD (v. 31).—What did Jesus say to those who believed him? What is it to continue in his word? Why are none else his disciples? What is a disciple? What qualifications has Jesus as a teacher? What are the lessons to be learned in the school of Christ? (v. 32. Gal. 5. 22, 23. Eph. 4. 13.) Out of what books does he teach them? (Ps. 119. 9, 71; 19. 1, 7.)

II. THEIR GLORIOUS LIBERTY (vs. 32-37).—What would knowing the truth do for them? What is the freedom here spoken of? What does Paul say of it? (Rom. 8. 15, 21. Gal. 5. 1.) How does the Son make us free? Who does Christ say are slaves? Can you show how this is true?

III. CHILDREN AND HEIRS (vs. 38, 44-50). Who was the father of Jesus? What had he seen with him? How did he prove that God was his father? Who did he say was the father of wicked men? How did they prove it? How may we know whether we belong to God? How did the Jews argue against Jesus?

IV. THEIR TEACHER (vs. 51-58).—What is said of his sinfulness? (v. 46.) What promise did Jesus make to those who believed him? How did this show his power? How is it true that Christians never die? What did the Jews say to this? How did Jesus show that he was greater than Abraham? What did Christ mean by "my day"? (Gen. 15. 4-6; 22. 16-18.) What comfort do you obtain from the greatness of Jesus? How does it give confidence in his teaching?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. We prove ourselves true disciples by continuing to study and obey Christ's word.
2. Jesus Christ is a wise, loving teacher, knowing all things.
3. We are to learn in Christ's school to be like him, holy, true, righteous, loving, and hence fitted to dwell with the saints in heaven.
4. Christ teaches us out of his word, by his works, his example, the discipline and duties of life.
5. Becoming Christ's disciples gives us true freedom.
6. This liberty is freedom of Christian action, freedom from sin, from bad habits, from fears, from over-burdening cares.
7. We know whose children we are by the family likeness in our characters and action.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

16. What did Jesus say to his disciples the next day in the temple? (Repeat v. 31.)
17. What promise did he make to them? (Repeat v. 32.)
18. Who are bond servants? (Repeat v. 34.)
19. What further promise did he make to his disciples? (Repeat v. 51.)

LYCEUM LIBRARY

Fifty Books, Octavo Page, Manilla Covers.

The Youth's Series is composed of volumes, mostly historical. The entire Series comprises fifty volumes, and is made up of intensely interesting, healthy, and instructive histories and stories. Though sold at twelve cents net, each number contains matter which would sell at from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half, in the ordinary book form. The strong manilla card-board binding will prove very durable with ordinary care.

The following titles will show the character of the books:

YOUTH'S SERIES:

1. The Two Kings. The White Rose of England. Five stages in the Life of a Great Man. A Queen who was Not a Queen.
2. The Kaiserburg Doctor and Little Mat. The Old St. Stephen's Tower at Mulhausen.
3. The Eve-Doctor. The Talking Fire Irons. The Man Who Kept Himself in Repair. The Two "Co-ops."
4. The Fur Coat, Spitzel. Master Nicholas. The Forest House.
5. Knights of Industry.—Selections from "Self-Help." By Samuel Smiles.
6. Part I. The Treasures of the Earth, or, Mines, Minerals, and Metals.
7. Part II. The Treasures of the Earth; or, Mines, Minerals, and Metals.
8. "Good-Will." A Collection of Christmas Stories.
9. The Use of a Child. The Ill-Used Post man. This Day Month. Joseph John Pounds and His Good Name. By Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.
10. Getting Along. Selections from "Thrift." By Samuel Smiles.
11. The Stony Road. A Tale of Humble Life.
12. The History of the Tea Cup. By Rev. G. R. Wedgwood. The Railway Pioneers. By H. C. Knight.
13. "I'll Try," or, How the Farmer's Son became a Captain. Lessons from Noble Lives.
14. Pierre and his Family.
15. Popular Delusions. I. The Crusades. II. The Tulip Mania. III. Mississippi Scheme. IV. The South Sea Bubble.
16. The Alchemist; or, Searchers for the Philosopher's Stone and the Water of Life.
17. Men of Iron. Three Great Potters.
18. The Wreck of the Golden Mary. Three Great Sea Fights: I. The Battle of the Nile. II. The Battle of Copenhagen. III. The Battle of Trafalgar.
19. In the Tropics; or, Scenes and Incidents in West Indian Life.
20. Crabtree Fold. A Tale of the Lanca-shire Moors.
21. Granada; or, The Expulsion of the Moors from Spain.
22. Columbus; or, The Discovery of America.
23. Pizarro; or, The Discovery and Conquest of Peru.
24. Cortez; or, The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico.
25. Three Indian Heroes. The Missionary—Carey. The Statesman—Law. The Soldier—Havelock.
26. David Livingstone—Missionary and Discoverer.
27. The Hill-side Farm.
28. Short Stories and other Papers.
29. Getting the Better of it.
30. Jem, the Cobbler; or, A New Year's Welcome.

Any of the above Books mailed free on receipt of price.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N. S.