

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.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/
Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/
Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 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 | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 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. | Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient: |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | <input type="checkbox"/> Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> 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.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
											✓

HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1884.

[No. 10.]

Inside the Gate.

I sat inside the gate,
No more a wandering child;
No more the loathsome weight
Of sin my heart defiled:
Sweet peace was in my soul,
Love in the place of hate;
And yet I trembled oft,
Praying inside the gate.

"Saviour!" I loudly cried,
"Give others rest from sin."
"Go, then," His voice replied,
"Bring them the gate within,
Show them the narrow way,
Lead them the cross beside.
I'll meet them at the gate,
It shall be opened wide.

"I go, my Lord," said I,
"I would not idly rest,
But I would perform the work
For Thy own glory best;
Help me that work to do
Before it is too late;
Help me some soul to bring
To Thee inside the gate."

And now inside the gate
I kneel in joyful prayer,
For Jesus helped me lead.
Another pilgrim there.
Together now we call
To all oppressed with sin,
"Come, knock at mercy's gate,
Jesus will let you in."

—Sunday School Times.

Sowing Time.

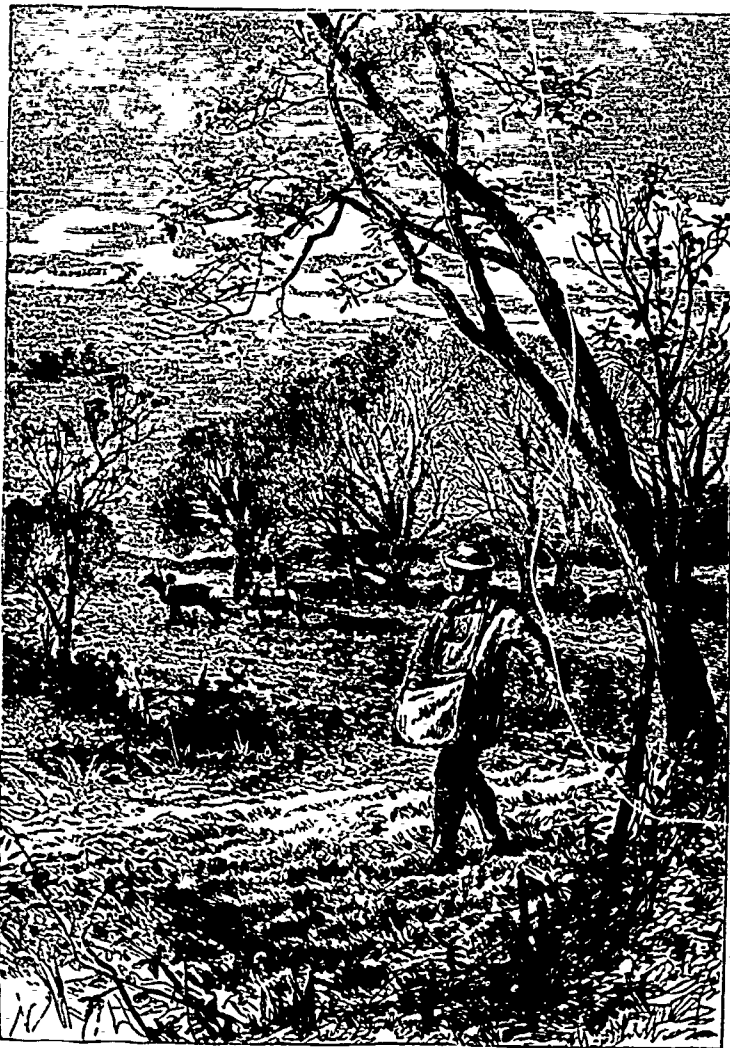
ONE of the most instructive parables of our Lord is that of the Sower. It shows how necessary for even good seed is good ground. The seed of God's truth must be received into honest and faithful hearts before it can bring forth fruit unto eternal life. Youth is especially the time for sowing this good seed. Unless the garden of the soul be diligently cultured and guarded, Satan will sow tares, and evil weeds of sin shall rankly grow and choke every "herb of grace," and flower of promise, and fruit of holiness.

How marvellously seeds reproduce themselves! The botanist Ray tells us that he counted 2,000 grains of maize on a single plant of maize sprung from one seed, 4,000 seeds on one plant of sunflower, 32,000 seeds on a single poppy plant, and 36,000 seeds on one plant of tobacco. Pliny tells us that a Roman governor in Africa sent to the Emperor Augustus a single plant of corn with 340 stems, bearing 340 ears, that is to say, at least 60,000 grains of corn had been produced from a single seed. If good or evil thus propagate their kind, how careful should we be what seed we sow! How appropriate the words of the hymn—

Sowing their seed by the dawnlight fair,
Sowing their seed in the noontide glare,
Sowing their seed in the fading light,
Sowing their seed in the solemn night,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

Sowing their seed in the fertile soil,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
They're sowing the seed of word and deed,
The proud know not, nor the careless heed;
The gentle word and the kindest deed
Have blest sad hearts in their sorest need,
Oh, sweet will the harvest be?



SOWING TIME.

Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah sure, will the harvest be.

Sowing their seed by the wayside high,
Sowing their seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing their seed where the thorns will
spoil,

The Little Outcast.

"MAYN'T I stay, ma'am? I'll do any-
thing you ask me; cut wood, go for
water, and all your errands."
The troubled eyes of the speaker
were filled with tears. It was a lad

that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage stood by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering into the narrow door-way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's numb hands.

The woman was loth to grant the boy's request and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome, grey eyes.

"Come at any rate, till the good man comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold; and she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner;" then suspiciously glancing at the child from the corner of her eyes, she continued setting table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the "good man" of the house presented himself wearied with labour.

A look of intelligence between his wife and himself he, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and they enjoyed the zest with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow," so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was so docile, and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day in the middle of winter, a peddler, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood I see," he said, pointing to the yard

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler, evasively.

"Where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail-bird," and the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy young as he looks, I saw him in court myself, and heard his sentence, 'Ten months.' He's a hard one. You'd do well to look carefully after him."

O! there was something so horrible in the word "jail," the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in and assured him that she knew that part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the child hung down his head, his cheeks seemed bursting with hot blood, his lips quivered and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the words were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once; there is no use in my trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me, nobody cares about me. I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight, if that should be necessary, how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother?"

"O!" exclaimed the youth with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold. "I hain't no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing more vehement, and the tears gushed out from his strange-looking grey eyes, "I wouldn't ha' been kicked and cuffed and laid on with whips, I wouldn't ha' been saucy, and got knocked down and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. O! I hain't got no mother, I hain't got no mother, I haven't got no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy and he sank on his knees sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail bird?

No, no; she had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still. She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head, to tell him to look up and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes she even put her hands about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child, she poured from her mother's heart sweet womanly words of council and tenderness.

O! how sweet was her sleep that night, how soft her pillow! She had linked a poor orphan heart to hers by the most silken, the strongest band of love, she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning, but striving mortal.

Did that boy leave her?

Never! He is with her still, a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The unfavorable cast has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead, his good foster-mother aged and sickly—but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependance, and nobly does he repay the trust.

ALL who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.

The Little Messenger of Love.

'Twas a little sermon preached to me
By a sweet, unconscious child,
A baby girl, scarce four years old,
With blue eyes soft and mild.

It happened on a rainy day;
I, seated in a car,
Was thinking, as I neared my home,
Of the continual jar
And discord that pervade the air
Of busy city life,
Each caring but for "number one,
Self gain provoking strife,
The gloomy weather seemed to cast
On every face a shade,
But on one countenance were lines
By sorrow deeply laid
With low bowed head and hands clasped
She sat, so poor and old,
Nor seemed to heed the scornful glance
From eyes unkind and cold
I looked again—Oh, sweet indeed,
The sight that met my eyes!
Sitting upon her mother's lap,
With baby face so wise,
Was a wee child with sunny curls,
Blue eyes, and dimpled chin,
And a young, pure and loving heart
Unstained as yet by sin.
Upon the woman poor and sad
Her eyes in wonder fell,
Lill wonder changed to pitying love,
Her thoughts, oh, who could tell?
Her tiny hands four roses held,
She looked them o'er and o'er,
Then choosing out the largest one,
She struggled to the floor.
Across the swaying car she went
Straight to the woman's side,
And putting in the wrinkled hand
The rose, she ran to hide
Her little face in mother's lap.
Fearing she had done wrong,
Not knowing, baby as she was,
That she had helped along
The up hill road of life a soul
Cast down, discouraged quite,
As on the woman's face there broke
A flood of joyous light.

Dear little child! she was indeed
A messenger of love
Sent to that woman's lonely heart
From the great Heart above.
This world would be a different place
Were each to give to those
Whose hearts are sad, as much of love
As went with baby's rose.

—Harper's Young People.

The War in the Soudan.

BY MISS EVA HOLT.

THE SOUDAN is a vast region of undefined limits in Central Africa, peopled by wild and warlike tribes. The three causes of the war are, first, the outrageous oppressions and exactions of the Khedives, second, the uprising of the slave-traders, third, the fanaticism of Islamism.

El Mahdi's revolt dates back as far as July, 1881, when he commenced his operations against the Egyptians. He claims he is the long-looked-for Messiah of the Mohammedans, and from this he has been nicknamed the "False Prophet."

But this is not the cause of the war, it is more of a political than a religious war, and the direct cause is the suppression of the slave-trade by Egypt.

In June, 1882, a riot occurred at Alexandria in Egypt, and during the same month El Mahdi massacred a force of six thousand Egyptians. In January, 1883, he renewed his operations and captured both Bara and El Obeid, making the latter place his residence and base of operations. On the 4th of March Gen. Hicks arrived at Khartoum, and in the service of the Khedive, took command. In April he defeated a rebel force of five thousand men; in May, El Mahdi was defeated near Khartoum, and was forced to flee. In August a rebel attack on Sinkat was repulsed. On the 8th of September Gen. Hicks marched from Khartoum with an Egyptian force of seven thou-

sand men, commanded partly by Egyptian and partly by English officers. On the 3rd of November, not far from El Obeid, this force was met by El Mahdi's, and completely destroyed.

At this time the English and Europeans began to take an interest in the war. Mr. Gladstone was preparing to withdraw the English troops from Egypt, and let that country try the experiment of a semi-constitutional government. Orders had been given for the withdrawal of the troops, when the massacre of Gen. Hicks' army occurred. The withdrawal was countermanded, but Mr. Gladstone's constitutional aversion to any policy savouring of conquest, restrained him from active assistance, until he was forced into it by the condition of Khartoum, Sinkat, and Tokar. Mr. Gladstone's opinion has always been that Egypt would be stronger if she abandoned Soudan, and if his policy had been carried out, the present condition of affairs would never have been brought about. The representative of England at Cairo was instructed not to interfere with the Egyptian Government in its course in Soudan, and the declaration was made that England had nothing to do with the Soudan, and Egypt must act on her own responsibility. The Khedive had just enough power to get into trouble, and not enough to get out.

Khartoum, an important city at the junction of the Blue and White Nile, was in danger. Egyptian garrisons at different points were surrounded by hostile tribes, and were in danger of massacre, and no limit could be placed to the contagion of revolt which was spreading throughout the Soudan. The helplessness of Egypt became apparent, and the cry arose for English troops to "vindicate" English honour; but to send out troops to conquer El Mahdi would be to commit England to a policy of conquest and annexation, and to surrender the convictions of the English Government that the Soudan should be left to the Soudanese. Mr. Gladstone stood firm, and still advised, and afterwards commanded, the Khedive to abandon Soudan.

A revolt now broke out in Eastern Soudan, headed by a courageous chief, Osman Digna, who, collecting an army of eighteen or twenty thousand men, laid close siege to the garrison at Sinkat and Tokar, and even threatened Suakim, an important port on the Red Sea. The same motive which led England into the struggle now became influential. The route to India was threatened by an insurrection on the Red Sea, and to protect that route and Suakim an Egyptian army of four thousand was collected and marched to the relief of Tokar, which was under the command of Gen. Baker.

While on the way there, they were attacked by Osman Digna and completely routed, one-half of their number being killed. At Sinkat, soon after, the news of a massacre of the garrison spread through that town, and was found to be true, and the soldiers, being on the verge of starvation, were all killed.

This aroused England, and troops were hastily despatched to Suakim, and Tokar was to be relieved by English soldiers, but before this could be done, news reached Gen. Graham's relief force, that that garrison had been persuaded to surrender.

Notwithstanding this, Gen. Graham set out and encountered Osman Digna and defeated him.

To relieve Khartoum, Gen. Gordon, known as "Chinese Gordon" from his military success in China, was appointed nominally in the employ of the Khedive, but really under pressure from England. Leaving the Nile, Gen. Gordon with his lieutenant struck across the desert, and after an eight day's march reached Berber, and then Khartoum, without mishap. On his way, and upon his arrival, he won faltering tribes over to his side by bribes and threats, and promised relief to the people from their oppressions.

Gen. Gordon's policy is a postponement of the slave question until the existing complications are solved. In accordance with this policy, he sent a commission to El Mahdi proclaiming him as Sultan of Kordofan, of which El Obeid is the capital. El Mahdi is said to have received this with an ecstasy of delight.

Gen. Gordon proposes that Egypt should extricate all the imperiled garrisons, hand over the Western Soudan to the native chiefs, and retain for Egypt the provinces lying east of the White Nile and north of Sennaar. It is not yet decided whether England likes the retention of Eastern Soudan, but recent events have strengthened his position. A part of the garrison at Khartoum has been removed to Berber, but five or six thousand still remain.

March 10, 1884, the situation was critical and needed immediate attention. The next day the situation approached a crisis. March 12 a great battle was imminent, and it took place the next day, resulting in a victory for the British, who completely routed Osman Digna's army. Over seventy British were killed and about one hundred wounded. Gen. Graham fought another battle the next day, and defeated the Soudan soldiers. After this battle Osman Digna's camp and three villages were burned.

The result of this war is yet to be determined, but it probably will end in victory for the Egyptians, who have the assistance of the English.

Oriental Bowing.

THE people of the East have, from ancient times, shown their respect by bowing in the presence of those whom they wish to honour, sometimes prostrating themselves at full length upon the ground. This seems very strange to us, because it is not our habit. We simply bow the head and the upper part of the body. We never think of stretching ourselves upon the ground in the presence of any one.

As far back as the time of Abraham this custom was practiced. When the three strangers came to see him, "he ran to meet them from the tent-door, and bowed himself toward the ground." So Jacob bowed himself to the ground seven times when he was coming into the presence of his brother Esau. The brethren of Joseph bowed themselves to him in Egypt as the governor of the land, thus fulfilling his youthful dream in which he saw in the harvest-field their sheaves bowing down to his.

If the reported numbers in the school census of England and Wales are correct they make an unusually favourable showing of the Sunday school work in those countries. The day schools are reported to have 4,273,500 pupils, and the scholars in the Sunday schools are given at upwards of 4,000,000.

Voices of the Night!

BY ROBERT AWDE.

I HEARD a voice from mansion fair,
Twas anguish'd with a wail despair—
"Drink has its victims here."

From villa, ornate, homelike, sweet,
A cry with bitter grief replete—
"Drink has its victims here."

From highest legislative hall
I heard distinct a trumpet call—
"Drink has its victims here."

From sacred desk and cloistered cell,
A fiend like cry, with laugh of hell—
"Drink has its victims here."

And from the stately courts of law
Justice, tho' blind, admits the flaw—
"Drink has its victims here."

From colleges and schools the cry
Falls harshly on the passer-by—
"Drink has its victims here."

From hospital and prison cell
The cry rings out like funeral knell—
"Most are Drink's victims here."

From tavern bars the cry resounds
These are Drink's favourite training grounds,
"We drill its victims here."

What from the licensed Grocers' shops,
Where fupers get their morning drops?
A cry—"We nurse them here."

"Here children come with jug in hand,
When round the corner, see them stand—
To taste what they get here."

"Sometimes they get a pint of Rye,
'Tis entered *au bar*—What care I?
Can't be particular here."

"We're men of business! don't you see,
Must be obliging, else, dear me,
We lose them, that is clear!"

"I pay my license, and I sell,
'But see the evils, friend!—'Ah, well,
That don't belong to me!"

Hark! from the poor hard-worker's home
A cry—"Come to my rescue, come,
Strike now for victory."

Toronto Citizen.

A Missionary Revival.

BY REV. ALEN. BURNS, D.D., LL.D.,

President of the Wesleyan Ladies' College,
Hamilton.

II.

THE highest compliment ever paid to Methodism was uttered by the man who spoke of her as "Christianity in earnest." Her early efforts for the conversion of souls fully justified the praise. Where the whole Church of Christ to labour for the conversion of the heathen as Wesley and his coadjutors struggled to spread Scriptural holiness through England, a decade would suffice to give the Gospel to every creature. Earth has not witnessed a purer, nobler heroism than that which is read in the earlier pages of our history.

Oh! for a Peter the Hermit, to rouse the slumbering host of Christ to immediate action, not to retako from fleeing Moslem the stolen cradle of Christianity, but to burn into the heart of Christendom the "Go ye into all the world" of the Master, and the starving condition of the uncounted millions unroached by the Bread of Life. Here is a crusade worthy of the Cross. We want an apostle for this Holy War who shall so rouse the Church to earnestness that not only from Christian councils, but from rank and file shall arise the cry, "It is the will of God."

Let the watchword be, "The world for Christ in this century." For such a project men will be forthcoming. No

draft will be needed. Volunteers will flock to this standard. Protestant America has over seventy thousand evangelical ministers. A high authority gives to the United States alone 69,870 for the year 1880. It were a moderate estimate to say that this should represent a force of at least ten thousand men on the foreign field—every seven churches at home supporting one abroad.

With the great commission before us, "Go ye"—with the burning words of the Master and His apostolic followers, as well as their divinely heroic life, self-abnegation and death, how can a man with apostolic fire in his soul rest satisfied with our present efforts?

Let a Missionary afflatus come on the Church and we would find little trouble in raising our share.

Think of the effect of such a movement on the Church at home. It would be as life from the dead. Missionary zeal is among the holiest of impulses. It is the natural outgrowth, essential concomitant of love to Christ. Then, what an interest would be created in Missionary affairs! Eagerly would we watch every movement of our Missionaries, from their departure to their landing, and then follow them in their victorious and onward movements.

If the Methodists of America would consecrate ONE CENT A DAY for the conversion of the world it would produce over-thirteen millions and a half per annum. When it is remembered that the united Protestantism of America supports only about eighteen hundred ordained Missionaries, counting both native and foreign, and that a cent a day from two branches of Methodism, containing only a little more than half the Methodists of America, would give a thousand dollars a year to seven thousand men, it will be painfully apparent how little the cause of Missions has affected the heart of the Church. A cent a day from these two branches will give a thousand a year to a Missionary army greater than that furnished by all Protestant Christendom. Were the Methodists of America to give a cent a day they would more than double all the Missionary force of the Protestant world. Were the Methodist Church of Canada to give a cent a day they could send an army five hundred strong to the foreign field. We could establish one hundred different Mission stations, leaving five men at each station.

I lately visited a charge not remarkable for anything but this, that its pastor was all aglow with Missionary zeal. Its register contained not the name of a rich man. Yet its membership averaged about five dollars, or almost ten cents a week for Missions. Were this project fairly launched by the leaders of our Israel, in the spirit of faith and hope, I doubt not that every charge in our Zion would promptly respond with an offering commensurate with the faith of our leaders.

The only possible objection to the amount I have named is, that it is too low. It is hardly enough to create the impression that we are in earnest for the conversion of the world.

How shall we begin? I dare not trust myself with details. All I know is, that Christ commands us, and that we have both men and means in abundance. We must have a Missionary revival. We must sound all along the line, "The world for Christ

in the nineteenth century." We must put it on our banners. We must proclaim it, preach it, sing it, pray for and expect it. Above all, labour for it, till our very being is possessed by it. Then may our eyes behold its realization and we may join the exultant song, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." The two grandest auxiliaries, the press and the pulpit, should strike the keynote simultaneously. In our revivals, it is that the Missionary spirit is born. It is there that we first learn to sing—

"O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

You ask again, How can this plan be realized? I answer. Agitate, agitate, agitate! When? Now and on every appropriate occasion. How? By tongue and pen, by preparing for the work, and volunteering when prepared. By consecrating yourself to this grandest of callings, and by praying the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers unto His harvest.

All other questions of the day sink into insignificance compared with the Missionary theme.

It has special significance to the young men of the Church. It should awake their sympathy and secure their co-operation.

To these young men I would say—choose apostolic ground. Be the first bearer of the "good news and glad tidings" to some precious souls.

We have too many ministers at home, considering the condition of the world. We are constantly crossing each other's paths and getting in each other's way. Hence there is a keenness of competition that might shock profane callings. If half of us were breaking the Bread of Life to the heathen the Word of God would be more precious at home.

If there be a Church that can afford to adopt this policy, it is ours. Our very organic structure provides for such an enterprise. We have our local preachers that in most cases are degenerating through inactivity. We could spare a heavy detachment of regulars more easily than any other Church, and every man in our ranks accustomed to march in obedience to orders. But let the Missionary spirit seize Methodism, and soon every other branch of the Church would be pervaded by it. Here is a field for a genuine Christian emulation, not in crossing each other's path but in vieing with each other for priority in shedding light on those "in the region and shadow of death." Imagine if you can, the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal and Methodist Churches moving in their utmost might to the relief of those Oriental millions, actuated by one spirit, ignoring every name but Christ's. Shall our eyes ever behold the sight? and if not, must we still believe that Christ's is the name above every name to these bodies?

The indications of Providence would urge immediate action. While we are trifling with the matter at home, the various forms of infidelity are pre-occupying the ground with a vicious and vitiating philosophy and with "the oppositions of science falsely so called." It is easier to reach the non-Christian heart to-day than it will ever be in the future.

The condition of eight hundred millions of the human family cries unwearily for the adoption of prompt measures. The Church at home demands it for her own sake. Volunteers will flock to this standard at first tap of drum.

To those who aspire after ambitious laurels I offer the sure word, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

It is an open question whether the Church fully recognizes the greatness of her heritage in her great men. Next to the personal example of Christ Himself and the abiding influence of the Holy Spirit, the greatest stimulus to the religious life comes from the recorded words and deeds of those whom Christian men everywhere delight to honour. There is nothing which so arouses and sustains the spirit of heroic being in boys as the reading of books of heroic adventuring; nor is there any process of education by which children may be better trained in the habit of Christian chivalry than by that process in which the knowledge of the life-stories of the heroes of the faith has its due place. There is in this no treason to the Christian ideal. To recognize and own the Spirit of Christ as reflected variously by those who have been most faithful to Christ, detracts in no respect from the pre-eminent honour which belongs to the Lord Himself, but rather leads to a noble emulation of the deeds of those who, wholly human like ourselves, have breathed in so much of the better life. Whoever has the training of young people in charge, deprives them of a large part of their inheritance as Christians, if he fails to guide them to a knowledge of the lives which Christianity has ennobled. And the thought of those who have already fought the fight and won the victory, should not only encourage each of us in his own battle with evil, but should prompt a song of thanksgiving to Him whose arm sustained them as it sustains us:

"For all the saints who from their labours rest
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest!
Alleluia!"

—S. S. Times.

The Omnipresent Scotchman.

"Go where you will," said the Marquis of Lorne recently, "it is very difficult to get away from Scotchmen. I was on the coast of Labrador, visiting an encampment of Indians, and being then young in Canadian service, I wanted to see a pure-blooded Indian. I said to the friend who was with me, 'Make the man of purest blood among them come here, upon which he shouted out in French, 'Come here, McDonald.' Very near the Rocky Mountains, I saw, in a fine Indian lodge, a beautiful baby, and I asked to whom the baby belonged.—Was it an Indian baby? 'Part Injun,' was the reply; and it turned out that it was partly the product of a Scotch engineer. In Nova Scotia I found a Highland woman, who could talk nothing but Gaelic, cultivating a very successful farm, while her husband could speak nothing but Italian. I have no doubt that the successful management was due to the fact, that they had the ordinary Canadian family of about twenty children, who no doubt were able to act as interpreters."

No More Sea.

There shall be no more sea, no wild winds
 bringing
 Their stormy tidings to the rocky strand,
 With its scant grasses, and pale sea flowers
 springing
 From out the barren sand
 No angry wave, from cliff and cavern hoary
 To hearts that tremble at its mournful lore,
 Bearing on shattered sail and spout the story
 Of one who comes no more
 The loved and lost, whose steps no more
 may wander
 Where wild gorse sheds its blooms of
 living gold,
 Not shake his thirst where mountain rills
 meander
 Along the heathy wold.
 Never again through flowery dingles wending,
 In the hushed stillness of the sacred morn,
 By shady woodpaths, where tall poppies
 bending,
 Redden the ripening corn.
 'Neath whispering leaves, his rosy children
 gather
 In the gray hamlet's simple place of graves,
 Round the low tomb where sleeps his white-
 haired father,
 Far from the noise of ways
 There shall be no more sea! No surges
 sweeping
 O'er love and youth and childhood's
 sunny hair;
 Naught of decay and change, nor voice of
 weeping
 Ruffles the fragrant air
 Of that fair land within whose pearly portal
 The golden light falls soft on fount and
 tree
 Veiled by no tempest, stretch those shores
 immortal.
 Where there is no more sea

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp. 8c., monthly	
Under 6 copies, 66c., over 6 copies	0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly	0 08
Quarterly Review Service By the year, 24c. a	
dozen, \$2 per 100, per quarter, 6c. a dozen,	
50c. per hundred	
Home & School, 8 pp. 4to, semi-monthly, single	0 30
copies	
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 25
Over 500 copies	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, semi monthly, single	0 20
copies	
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 25
Over 500 copies	0 20
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month.	5 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20	
copies	0 15
Address	WILLIAM BRIGGS,
	Methodist Book and Publishing House,
	75 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.
C. W. COATES,	S. F. GUESTIS,
3 Bleury Street,	Methodist Book Room,
Montreal.	Halifax.

Home & School:
 Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. - Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1884

Coming Out of Winter Quarters.

As the sunny warmth of spring approaches, the bears and other hibernating animals which have been sleeping through the months of winter crawl forth from their caves, gaunt and hungry and emaciated. So the hibernating schools, which have suspended animation during the winter, are awakening again to life with the long days of the spring, and are at first equally starved looking and emaciated. Now, we are free to admit that there may be circumstances under which it is difficult or even impossible to have the school open all winter long. There have been times and places during this last winter when storms, snow-drifts, and severe weather made it necessary to close for a time even the public day-

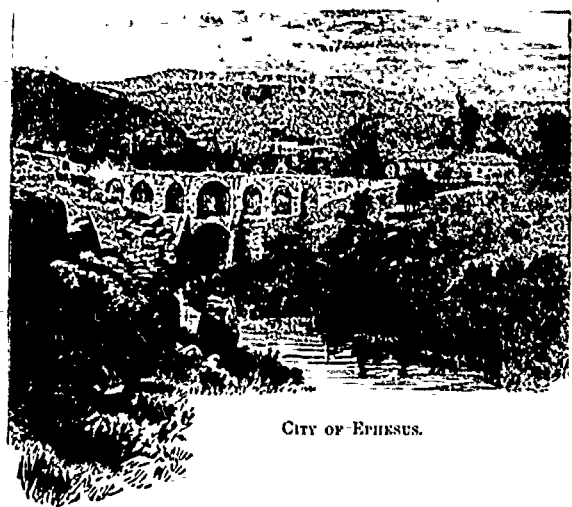
schools. But we have not heard of any place where the day-schools were closed from November till April, as was the case with too many Sunday-schools. Now we think that where a day-school can be kept open—when the children can trudge through snow-drifts five days in the week, and remain five or six hours a day—they can walk once a week on Sunday, to remain a couple of hours.

Let the aim be that at every place throughout our Church where there is preaching, there may also be a Sunday-school. We ask the cordial co-operation of every minister and every earnest-hearted layman to accomplish this desired result. Wherever a dozen children can be gathered in a farm kitchen or a country school-house, will not some friend of the little ones get them together to teach them the Word of God and the way of Life? Will not the ministers at every appointment where there is no school, ask some one to do this? The schools will be in the future the best nursery of the Church. From these, as the result of regular religious instruction, the Church will be more largely recruited than from any other source. Let us gather in the children of our own households and train them up for God. It is well to seek out the adults and to preach to them; but don't neglect the children. They are more hopeful subjects for conversion, and will make, if properly trained, better and more intelligent Christians than those converted later in life. Let us remember especially the Saviour's last command to feed the lambs of the flock.

In starting new schools and helping poor ones, the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund will to the utmost extent of its ability co-operate and help. All that is necessary is to write to the Editor of HOME AND SCHOOL, and forms of application will be forwarded, on filling up which with a statement of the necessities of the case, S. S. papers will be furnished so far as the resources of the Aid and Extension Fund will permit, and these resources can be indefinitely increased through the liberality of the larger and stronger schools. We covet for the Sunday-school wing of the army of our Church that cordial support which will enable us to win greater victories for the cause of God than any other department of our Church work.

Methodist Union—Its Approaching Consummation.

The first of June is the day on which, in accordance with the recent legislation on the subject, the union of the several Methodist bodies in Canada takes effect. This movement has been carried to success with a facility that, we think, has surprised even its most ardent promoters. Although resolutions favouring Union had been passed by several of the Conferences of 1882, it was not till September of that year that a joint Committee of the negotiating bodies met for the discussion of the subject. In November of the same year a large representative committee of the several churches met in this city for the formulation of a Basis of Union. This basis was sent down to the Quarterly Meetings for the verdict of the laity. It received their approval by an overwhelming majority. The next step was its acceptance by the several Annual Conferences of 1883, and by the adjourned General Con-



CITY OF EPHESUS.

ference of the Methodist Church of Canada, at Belleville, last September. A general conference of delegates from all the bodies concerned then met in the same place to arrange the details for the consummation of the union. The only serious impediment which seemed to be in the way was the refusal of the Bible Christian Conference in England to sanction the participation in the movement of the Canadian Conference of that body. These objections, however, have been happily waived, and the union takes effect with the kind accord of all the Conferences concerned. There was indeed a minority in all the bodies that was not in favour of union; but when the question was once constitutionally decided, these, with very few exceptions, accepted the situation and fell heartily into line with the promoters of the movement to make the union one in spirit and essence as well as in name.

The whole movement is a remarkable illustration of the supersession of the centrifugal forces which keep religious bodies apart by the centripetal and integrating tendencies which bring them together. It was a great triumph of Christian principle that men who cherished strong personal sympathies, and preferences, and prejudices should overcome them all for the greater common good. The United Church enters upon its new career with a membership (i. e. communicants) of about 162,000, and about three-quarters of a million of adherents; with about 1,700 ministers; with ten institutions of higher education, having 93 professors, 1,800 students, and nearly 2,000 graduates. It has 394 missions and 461 missionaries and paid agents carrying on domestic, Indian, French, and foreign missions—the latter in Japan, Bermuda, Newfoundland, and Labrador.

The newly organized church, through the economy of men and means which will result from this union, will be able to carry on its evangelistic work much more efficiently, especially in the sparsely settled regions of the great North-West. Its wide field of operations, extending from Bermuda to Japan, will be divided into ten conferences. These will soon meet for the consolidation of circuits, rearrangement of work, and appointment of ministers to their several charges. During the winter, committees have been at work arranging for the consolidation of funds and the like; and it very many places throughout the country union religious

services have been held with the happiest results—an augury of the still more beneficial results which may be anticipated from the full consummation of union.—*The Globe*.

Ephesus.

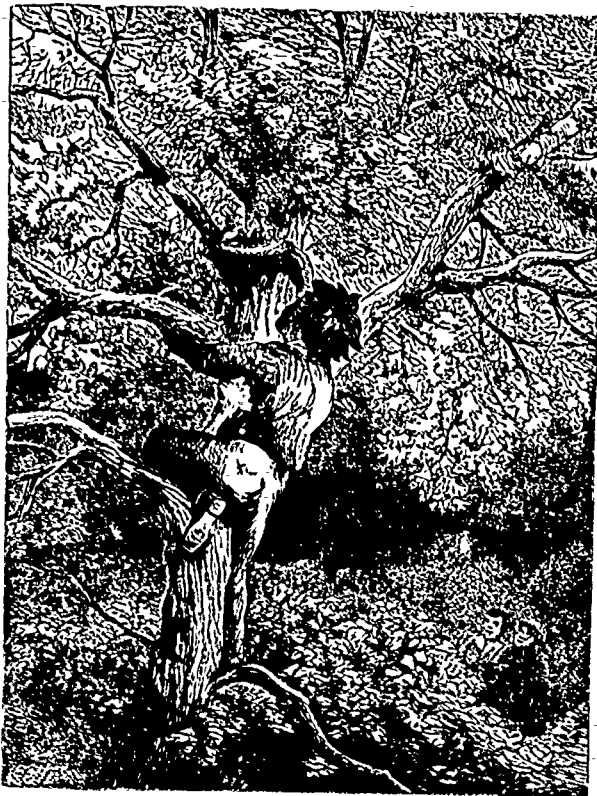
THIS is the famous city of Asia Minor referred to in the S. S. Lessons for April 6th and 13th and May 18th. Under the Romans it became capital of the whole of Asia Minor; and in Christian times it became the seat of a great Christian Church and episcopate. According to tradition, here St. John, the divine, was buried, together with Mary, the mother of our Lord.

In heathen times its chief fame arose from the great temple of Diana—one of the most magnificent in the world. It is said to have been 425 feet long by 220 feet broad, with 127 columns, 60 feet high, each the gift of a king. Of all this splendour some shattered walls and pillars, the ruins of a theatre, supposed to be the one in which Paul preached, a circus or hippodrome, and an old Roman aqueduct, shown in our picture, are all that remain of one of the great seats of pagan power and worship, and afterwards of a great Christian Church. Truly has the candlestick been removed out of its place, as was foretold in Rev. 2. 5.

In response to a request, we give with our Lesson Notes the Home Readings as well. We are glad to know that these notes are highly prized, and carefully studied by many teachers and scholars.

THE Divine Spirit seems to be spreading all over the world. At the time when the United General Conference was in session at Belleville, tidings came of the adoption of a Union Basis by the Methodist Churches of New Zealand; and now the news comes that the Methodists of Japan are moving in the same direction. Meetings have been held by the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal and Canadian Churches, and the desire seems to be strong for one Methodist Church for Japan. It would be premature to speak more fully on this matter at present. Should a definite proposal be made, it will, no doubt, be carefully considered by the authorities of the Churches concerned.—*Outlook*.

THERE are more false facts current in the world than false theories.



BIRD-NESTING.

The Fallen Hero—Wendell Phillips.

BY M. L. WINSLOW.

Dead on his shield lies the hero
That shield, which for threescore years
Untarnished he bore in the conflict,
Is sullied to day with tears.
No more the warm heart's beating
Gives hope to the poor and oppressed,
And token of righteous purpose
That evil shall be redressed.

Quenched is the pillar of fire
Where lightnings of old played down;
Hushed are the echoes of thunder
That led God's armies on.
Mute are the pale lips' warnings,
Close are the eyes of the seer;
Silent the accents of warning
That tyranny quailed to hear.

From voices of righted millions,
From sufferers clothed and fed,
Come up the sounds of wailing
As incense around the dead;
And peace and truth and justice,
Fast bedded in righteous law,
Their tribute bring to the prophetic
Who, in the darkness, sat!

Come, all ye people, and mourn him!
O nation, surround his bier!
Great city, that once did scorn him,
Drop here a repentant tear.
Age, with its seventy winters,
Already crowns his head,
Ye poets, sages, and thinkers,
Weave ye your crowns for the dead!

Yet deem not he heeds your plaudits
Afar in that golden street, [worker!]
Where "Well done, thou faithful
To-day is exceeding sweet,
As he clasps in the hands of heroes
Who toiled with him long below,
Hands that from stains of placc or pelf
Are pure as the driven snow.

O God! we all are passing
Where the many inansions be,
Peopled with souls unnumbered
As the waves of yonder sea;
Grant us in right's fierce battles,
Whose fields are round us spread,
To sell our lives as dearly
As did our light-crowned dead!

Boston, Feb. 4.

Book Notices.

My Musical Memories. By H. R. Hawis. A book for all who love music, or would cultivate a taste for it. In fact, for a popular work on music, it would be difficult to name a book equal to this. The writer's critical tastes are supplemented by an infallible instinct as to what points are of interest to the greatest number of readers, and by an easy conversational style which engrosses one's attention before he is aware of it. The author is full of his subject, and his writing is evidently a work of love. Published in Funk & Wagnalls' (10 & 12 Dey St., N. Y.) Standard Library, No. 111. Paper, 25 cents. William Briggs, Toronto, sole agent for Canada.

Messrs. FUNK & WAGNALLS, the famous publishers of high-class books at a cheap rate, announce the following as forthcoming issues:

The Clew of the Maze. By Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. Modern skepticism, and the way to meet it. This book is printed by us from advanced sheets sent by Mr. Spurgeon.

Memoirs of David Brainerd, missionary to the Indians, based on Jonathan Edwards and Sereno E. Dwight's *Memoirs of Brainerd*; with Essays on "The Spirit of Missions," and on "The Life and Character of Brainerd" Edited by J. M. Sherwood, D. D.

The Little Christian is a very beautiful four-page child's paper. Published by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. Twice a month. 25 cents a year, six for \$1.00. The paper, press-work, and engraving are first class. It is issued in the hope of displacing some of the dime novel and "blood and thunder" trash of the present day. We wish it success, and cordially agree with the following opinion of the Rev.

T. L. Cuyler, D. D., Brooklyn: "Preaching to children and making books and papers for children is not so easy as many people imagine. It is a peculiar gift, and it seems to me, after looking over the *Little Christian*, that you have the gift to interest and instruct the little folk at the same time. The spirit of the paper is admirable. God bless and prosper it!"

Tales of Child Life.

We have received from the well-known London House of Frederick Warno & Co., the following series of admirable Sunday-school library books. They are all from the pen of the Rev. Silas K. Hocking, a faithful English pastor of much experience among the poor in Liverpool, Manchester, and other great centres. Some idea of the merits of these books may be inferred from the fact that during the last five years no less than 150,000 copies of them have been sold. They are mostly stories of the little waifs and strays of society. They are drawn from the life, and have a power and pathos that mere fiction cannot attain. They are handsomely printed and copiously illustrated. Some have over a score of engravings. They are elegantly bound in gilt and stamped cloth, and gilt-edged.

His Father, or, A Mother's Legacy. Pp. 346, with 26 illustrations. This is a touching story of a boy's devotion to a drunken father. The author says, "My aim has been to do good; to point out dangers and incite to goodness; to write a story that could be safely placed in the hands of any boy or girl, or in the library of any Sunday-school."

Ivy: A Tale of Cottage Life. Pp. 282. This is the story of a brave, strong, patient, true-hearted girl—a fisherman's motherless daughter. Her care of her little brother when her father's death leaves her alone in the world, and her heroic struggle with adversity, are well portrayed.

Her Benny. 16mo, illustrated, pp. 272. Benny and Nelly—the hero and heroine of this book—are poor children earning a living by selling matches. Being beaten one day by a cruel father, they run away from home. They are often near starvation, and Benny is once tempted to steal to get bread for his sister. Though Benny's heart is most broken by poor Nellie's death, he lives to be a good and successful man. It is a sound and wholesome story.

Sea-Waif. This story of the Cornish coast opens with a shipwreck, in which only one life, a little child, is saved. He falls to the tender care of a good woman, whose husband is a smuggler and wrecker. He has many adventures, and finally discovers he is the nephew of a rich gentleman living in Melbourne.

Dick's Fairy, and other Stories. Like all Mr. Hocking's previous stories, "Dick's Fairy," and the three briefer ones which follow it, are to be highly commended. They are based on facts illustrative of street life, and they show the elevating power of Christian principle and practice. "Dick's Fairy" is most thrilling, and gives a grand meaning to the promise, "A little child shall lead them." "That this book," says the author, "may contribute something towards the spread of that kingdom which is righteousness and peace is my chief desire."

Alec Green is another story of Cornish and sea-faring life—of peril and wreck—of adventure and incident. Will be a favourite with all boy-readers.

Clips: A Story of Manchester Life. And Poor Mike: The Story of a Waif, are two smaller books, pp. 87 and 83. They give touching sketches of life among the lowly, which cannot fail to enlarge the sympathies of youthful readers, and teach lessons of gentleness and truth.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds.

BY M. M.

WHEN Fred Evans was a boy he lived in the country. I had almost said in the woods. Newspapers were not so common then as now, and I suppose he never even heard Mr. Bergh's name mentioned, so his "society" was an entirely original idea.

Fred had five brothers, some older, some younger than himself, and there was quite a number of small boys in the neighborhood besides. Such good times as they had in the woods and fields! Bird-nesting, squirrel-hunting, nutting—the year was full of delightful diversions.

Fred loved the woods and everything in them with all his heart, and the cruelty that was often shown the dear patient little birds hurt him more than he could say. He has often wished he could do something to prevent it, and one day as Spring was coming on, meditating and whittling, he thought it all out.

There was no use "preaching" to the youngsters, they would only laugh and go their own way; so Fred was wise in his generation, and caught them with guile. Some square pieces of white paste-board were procured, and neatly prepared for cards of invitation. They were printed in a round, boyish hand, and cost Fred a great deal of trouble:

"You are invited to come to a meeting to form a society, Saturday afternoon, at one o'clock. Be sure and come early."

Saturday came; so did all the boys in the neighbourhood, full of curiosity to learn the object of the "meeting." Fred had kept it a profound secret, even from his brothers.

Very properly, the exercises were opened with a speech. Fred was the speaker.

"I say, boys, we ought to have a society—a regular society, you know, with a president and all them things."

It wasn't a very long speech you will perceive, but Fred knew his audience better than some older orators do.

"Hurrah!" "Jolly!" "Good for you!" "Just the thing!" were some of the exclamations which showed Fred that he had the public ear.

"What's it to be called?" "What's it for?" were questions that speedily followed. Encouraged by the interest displayed, Fred plunged at once into the middle of things. "Well, boys, I go for the birds, and I don't care who knows it; and what's more, I don't believe there's a feller here mean enough to want to hurt one of the pretty little things if he only stops to think. They don't never do any body any harm, and I think the woods wouldn't be much 'count without 'em."

Joe Wilkins gave a prolonged whistle, but nobody minded him.

"Now I say, let's have a regular society for taking care of the birds. We'll elect a president, and have a meeting every week, and then every boy'll tell how many birds' nests he's found, and where they are, and whether they're all right or not. The president'll keep an account in a book of the number of nests that each boy has the care of, and when the summer's over, the boy that's had the most nests'll be the best fellow, and we'll elect him for our next president. What do you say? Let's take a vote."

Fred was a leader among the boys, and the vote was unanimous in favour of his plan. He was duly elected president, and the society entered at once upon its humane and civilizing work. Meetings were regularly held during the summer; birds' rights were carefully considered, and nothing was allowed to interfere with their life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness so far as could be prevented by the society, and any fair-minded person will acknowledge that such a society has a good deal of power.

Fred's hopes were more than realized in the success of his plan, and I am sure that he grew into a nobler and better man for putting his kind impulses into deeds. When I last saw him he was an earnest, influential minister of the Gospel, and had sixteen birds of different species in the parsonage. Listen to the bird's petition

With all my might I make request,
Dear boy, harm not my little nest;
O, do not try to peep therein,
Where he my little children
They'll scream with terror and surprise
If thou show'st them thy large brown-eyes.
The boy much longed the birds to see,
Yet slipping down, far off went he.
In peace the poor bird reached her nest,
And warmed her young with down, breast,
Then warbled forth her song of joy
To the kind-hearted, generous boy.

A Whaler at Kusai.

CAPTAIN J. WILLIS, of New Bedford, commander of the whaler *Bartholomew Gosnord*, in 1875 put into the harbour of Kusai, in distress. A wide leak below the water's edge made it necessary to beach the ship and "heel" her over, in order to get at the place and repair it. In earlier years, he would not have dared to enter the harbour at all. No less than three ships had been seized here by the natives, the crews massacred, and the vessels burnt. But the missionaries had been here. It had become a Christian island. "If they had been my own brothers," said the Captain, "they could not have treated me more kindly." The chief gave him the use of a large canoe-house. His people joined with the sailors in removing the goods, which lay exposed for several days, and then assisted in carrying them back, and stowing them in the hold. "Not a shoe-string was missing," said the grateful Captain, and on his return, he told his employers that the kindness of the natives had saved them \$10,000. And this was done without the offer of a cent of compensation. The owners declined to make any return, regarding it, doubtless, as a "streak of good luck." But the Captain, out of pure shame, sent them back a box of calicoes and cottons. Missions do pay, even if those who receive the benefit are not always the ones who support them.

FLIES spy out the wounds, bees the flowers, good men the merits, common men the faults.—*Hindoo*.

Smiting the Rock.

The stern old judge, in relentless mood,
Glanced at the two who before him stood—
She was bowed and haggard and old,
He was young and debent and bold—
Mother and son, and to gaze at the pair,
Their different attitudes, look and air,
One would believe, ere the truth were won
The mother convinced, and not the son.

There was the mother; the boy stood nigh
With a shameless look, and his head held high.
Age had come over her, sorrow and care;
These mattered but little so he was there,
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,
And prize as only a mother can prize;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on a sentence day?

Her husband had died in his shame and sin;
And she a widow, her living to win,
Had toiled and struggled from morn till night,
Making with want a wearisome fight.
Bent over her work with resolute zeal,
Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim,
But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.

And he—he stood in the criminal dock,
With a heart as hard as a lumpy rock,
An impudent glance and a reckless air,
Braving the scorn of the gazers there,
Dipped in crime and encompassed round
With proof of his guilt by captors found,
Ready to stand, as he passed it, game,
Holding not crime, but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek
The moaning prayers where the tongue
was weak,
And she sobbed through the mist of those
bitter tears
Only the child in his innocent years;
She remembered him pure as a child might
be,
The guilt of the present she could not see,
And for mercy her wistful looks made
prayer
To the stern old judge in his cushioned
chair.

"Woman," the old judge crabbedly said—
"Your boy is the neighbourhood's plague
and dread;
Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief,
An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief,
The jury did right, for the facts were plain;
Denial is idle, excuses are vain.
The sentence the court imposes is one'
—"Your honour," she cried, "he's my only
son."

The tipstave grinned at the words she
spoke,
And a ripple of fun through the court-room
broke;
But over the face of the culprit came
An angry look and a shadow of shame.
"Don't laugh at my mother!" loud cries
he;
"You've got me fast, and can deal with me;
But she's too good for your coward peers,
And I'll—" then his utterance choked with
tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,
And looked at him keenly, and then he
said
"We suspend the sentence—the boy can
go."
And the words were tremulous, forced and
low,
"But say—" and he raised his finger then—
"Don't let them bring you hither again.
There is something good in you yet, I
know;
I'll give you a chance—make the most of
it—Go!"

The twain went forth, and the old judge
said
"I meant to have given him a year instead.
And perhaps 'tis a difficult thing to tell
if clemency here be ill or well.
But a rock was struck in that callous
heart,
From which a fountain of good may start;
For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,
Who loves his mother, is not quite lost."

"WHAT are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his morning paper. "Something I saw here," he replied, "but it's hardly funny enough for two."

Rev. Dr. Sutherland on Methodist Missions.

FROM the Sherbrooke *Gazette* we condense the following account of Dr. Sutherland's missionary address in that town:—

"There are often mighty results from small beginnings. St. Paul, being forbidden by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel in Asia, carried it to Macedonia. Read in the light of subsequent history, the ship that carried him was freighted also with the whole civilization, the culture, the light of Western Europe. There was something analogous to this in the history of their own Missionary Society. At its foundation in 1824 it had only two or three members—it now has four hundred and sixty employed in missionary work. Their field of operations comprised the Dominion of Canada, the Bermuda Islands, and the coast of the great Pacific. They had also established a mission in Japan. They were not alone, however; the other great Churches were each doing a noble work; but the territory was so vast that if they were to lay the foundations of Christianity broad and deep it would tax the energies of all. Besides their domestic missions, among the French and Indians, they had their foreign missions—to Bermuda and to Japan. And these would tax their energies to the utmost. They cost a good deal. The expenditure last year was \$160,000. Yet the average income of the domestic missionary was only \$500—sometimes only \$400.

The question sometimes came up, Did it (missionary effort) pay? Yes, it paid in various ways. *Missionary enterprise paid in its financial results better than any other enterprise in which men engaged.* And in proof of this he would state two or three facts. New Zealand was colonized a few years ago; and the Maori war there cost the British nation twenty-five millions sterling. Much more recently the Fiji Islands were presented to Great Britain and they cost—not a single shilling. She got that magnificent colony without the expenditure of a dollar. And whence the difference? Because to New Zealand she sent her soldiers first—to Fiji, her missionaries. It was a significant remark of a merchant who, when asked to establish a branch of his business in a heathen land, replied.—"Not yet; the missionaries have not been there long enough." Missionaries serve in a remarkable degree to develop the resources of a country. When Geo. Macdougall, visiting New York, told an American General that Canada never had a conflict with her Indians, the latter replied:—"Mr. Macdougall, you are on the right line. It has cost the American nation \$100,000 for every Indian that the American troops have shot down—the Indians altogether have cost the American nation five hundred millions of dollars." "And ours," Mr. Macdougall could reply, "have cost my government nothing." Yes, in our North-West the missionaries went first. It was part of the fixed policy of the H. B. Co. that in their dealings with Indians, violence should never be used; and wherever the missionaries went they told the Indians about the Queen—about English life, English soldiers; and thus it happened that when the soldiers went they were received kindly. We owe it largely to the efforts of the missionaries—as well of the Church of England, the Church of Rome, and the

Methodist Church—that we have now peaceable possession of that magnificent country. Within the past few days they had heard rumors of some difficulty with the Indians in the North-West; but they might rely upon it that if the treaties were carried out fairly there would be no trouble. The Indian had sterling qualities. The speaker here related an incident where an Indian in the North-West, although 300 miles from home, preferred to be discharged rather than work on Sunday. Would many white men risk the chance of being dismissed under such circumstances? There is something in the Indian worth looking after—worth saving. Christian Indians always carry their Bible with them when out hunting;—how many Christian white men do the like? The speaker here told of a chief whose son had been murdered by a companion. The murderer fled, but afterwards, at the intercession of friends, he was allowed by the chief to go back to the camp, but was warned to keep out of the chief's sight. The chief, returning to the camp one night, was overtaken by darkness, and while bivouacking, the account of our Lord's crucifixion was read, and His forgiveness of His enemies was commented on by the missionary present. On returning to the camp next morning they found it, according to previous arrangement, about to be removed, and one of the first persons the chief's eyes lighted on was the murderer of his son. He rode forward, and while the missionary was doubting—*anxious about the result of the meeting, the chief extended his hand to his enemy, with the words—*"You are forgiven. But had I met you last night your bones would have whitened the plain." A gospel that could transform a man like that was worth spreading throughout the world.

There was a great deal yet to be done. Some complained of the little doing; here, for instance, was a man who had been giving a dollar a year for the last five years, and yet the world was not half converted!—Perhaps he was only half converted himself. As the seeds of the banyan tree, blown into the crevices between the stones of some ancient temple, strike root, and, growing wherever they can find a little dust, burst stone from stone asunder, and in a few years crumble to ruin a building that has defied the ravages of centuries, so does the life of Christianity burst asunder the edifice of heathenism. Christianity was everywhere. Lady Brassey in a late book had said of Japan—"Those who want to see the last vestiges of heathenism here had better come soon." But, in truth, they were only playing at missions. They ought to extend their missions in the North-West and Japan. If every member of the Methodist Church were to give one cent a day to the mission fund, they could send a missionary to every band of Indians and to Japan;—Japan would be made Christian before the end of the century; and then there would be still as much left in the treasury as was now contributed to it. There was a light-house on the coast of England which bore the inscription—"To Give Light and to Save Life."—What a good motto for the Missionary Society! May God help it in its work.

To feel one's subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear, are the only rules of eloquence.—*Goldsmith*.

Against the Cold.

"And Peter stood and warmed himself."
 THE very Christ of whom he bore
 Such bold, brave witness but a few
 Sad days ago, the Christ he knew
 Had raised from death, one week before,
 Lazarus of Bethany—he saw
 Now in the clutch of Roman law,
 Dragged midst o'er the pavement stone,
 Pound, mocked, forsaken of His own,
 And—"stood and warmed himself."

He watched the soldiers rudely strip
 Away the robe the Marv's made,
 And pluck the inner garment frayed
 By brutal wrenchings—marked the lip
 Sliver, as o'er the flesh laid bare,
 Blew gusts of chilling midnight air;
 Yet by the sight not smitten dead,
 Above the brazen flame he spread
 His hands, "and warmed himself."

He heard a maid say: "Here, behold
 One of this Man's disciples; he
 Speaks with the speech of Galilee."
 Ah, then—ah, there, his blood ran cold,
 And as the leaping blaze rose higher,
 Among the crowd that girt the fire,
 With sharp, reiterate, angry "Nay,"
 He thrust his arms and pressed his way,
 And crouched, "and warmed himself."

"Yea, thou art one of them!" he heard
 The charge come back and back again,
 Tossed from the mouths of jeering men;
 And as with oaths he flung the word
 Straight in their teeth, he sudden turned,
 And ah, that look—it burned and burned
 As if Gehenna's hottest coal
 Had down into his deepest soul
 Dropped, while "he warmed himself."

His hands he could no more uphold;
 Remorse, despair, self-loathing, woe,
 Tore at his heart—he did not know
 If it were night—if it were cold—
 He neither looked behind, before,
 Nor cared though she who kept the door
 Said: "Surely this was he who drew
 The sword on Malchus;" Malchus knew
 Him as "he warmed himself."

But prone upon the ground he lay,
 Abject thro' horror, racked with shame,
 Too stricken to name the Master's name,
 Remembering, till the dawn of day,
 How thro' his mystic anguish he
 Had mingled with that company
 Of mockers in the high-priest's hall,
 As one of them, and watched it all,
 And—"stood and warmed himself."

So is it still—we skulk afar
 With scarce the scoffed at Christ in sight,
 Nor do the wrong, nor dare the right,
 Poor trembling evens that we are!
 And while our Lord is being betrayed
 We lurk among His foes, afraid
 To own Him; yet, like him of old,
 We comfort us against the cold,
 And—"stand and warm ourselves."

Good English.

Few subjects will better repay minute and careful study than our wonderful English speech. From words can be reconstructed much of the history of the race, as from a few fossil bones a paleontologist can reconstruct an extinct creation; or, rather, words are living things, instinct with the spirit and activity of the age. Mr. Richard Grant White is, we judge, the foremost American philologist—not in the sense of being a dull, pedantic grammarian, but in his shrewd observation of the use and abuse of words in common speech and writing. There are few who cannot learn much from his keen criticisms, whether they may at all times agree with them or not.

The success of these books below mentioned* may be judged from the fact that the first of them has already reached a seventh edition. The range

*Words and their Uses, Past and Present: A Study of the English Language. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Cr. 8vo., pp. 467. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.25. *Every-day English*. A Sequel to "Words and their Uses." Same author and publishers. Cr. 8vo., pp. 512. Price \$2.25.

of topics is indicated in the titles of some of the chapters, as: Newspaper English, Big Words for Small Thoughts, Misused Words, Words that are not Words, The Grammarless Tongue, British English and American English, Shall and Will, Reformed Spelling, Common Misusages, The Use of Cant, Slang, etc. It requires the utmost vigilance on the part of cultured critics like Mr. White to prevent our language becoming utterly corrupted by the slipshod English of penny-a-liners and interviewers, and through the slashing, dashing newspaper writing of the day. We cannot—especially young people, and teachers and writers cannot—set too careful a watch upon the lips or the pen, that they sin not against the laws of good English. These books will greatly help them by their sharp criticism and illustration of popular errors. They are also very amusing reading, and will often barb the criticism by the laugh it raises.

Members of Parliament.

THE members of the English House of Commons receive no payment for their public services. On the other hand, many of them spend large sums of money in order to be chosen. In past times, so large a sum as two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been paid by a candidate to secure his election to the House, but now that the law severely punishes bribery, such enormous sums are rarely spent.

The result of there being no salary attached to the office of Member of Parliament is, that the House of Commons is almost entirely composed of wealthy men. Very many members are the sons of peers. There are numerous baronets and great landed proprietors in the House; and on its benches you may also find a large number of rich manufacturers, merchants, and bankers.

The members of the British Cabinet must always sit either in the House of Commons or the House of Lords. If, when a man is appointed to a Cabinet Office, he is sitting in the House of Commons, he thereby vacates his seat. A new election is held in the borough or county which he has been representing, in which election he is a candidate; and if he is again chosen, he enters the Cabinet.

The reason of this rule is, that when his constituents first elected him, they did not know that he would become a Cabinet officer. They chose him to serve them; not to serve the Crown. Therefore he again submits to the test of election, that his constituents may approve or disapprove of their member sitting in the Cabinet.

It is a theory of the English Constitution, that no member of the House of Commons can resign his seat, unless he has accepted office. But a way by which a member can retire has been ingeniously devised. A fictitious office, called the "Stewardship of the Children Hundreds," was created; and now when a member wishes to leave the House, he applies for and is appointed to this office, and so becomes incapable of sitting as a member.

In the House of Commons the members sit according to their party relations. Long rows of benches run on either side of the great table which stands in the centre of the apartment. The members belonging to the party in power sit on the benches at the Speaker's right, and the opposition on those at his left.

On the front bench on the right, sit the members of the Ministry, the Prime Minister being usually in the centre. The opposition leaders sit facing the Ministers, on the corresponding bench opposite.

The members of the Commons, from ancient times, have always been used to wearing their hats during the sessions of the House; and this is still the general custom. When a member rises to speak, he takes off his hat and holds it in his hand. As soon as he has finished, he claps it on his head again and sits down.

The method of voting in the House of Commons is one that seems peculiar to us. When a vote is taken, it is called a "division" of the House. A member who calls for a vote is said to "divide" the House. Then a scene of bustle and confusion takes place.

The members huddle out into two opposite lobbies, passing between two "tellers." These tellers are chosen from among the partisans and the opponents of the measure which is being voted upon, two on each side.

When the "division" is ended, the tellers advance to the table in front of the Speaker, and one of them holds a paper in his hand, from which he reads the result. This is always done by one of the tellers of the side which has got the majority; so that when headvances, the House always knows whether the vote is in the affirmative or negative.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

97.—1.—HURST
 UNITE
 RIGOR
 STORM
 TERMS

2.—STORM
 THREE
 ORRIS
 REIGN
 MENSE

98.—Oscar, scar, car. Don, on, n.
 Grace, race, ace.

99.—V
 BOG
 BELLE
 VOLCANO
 GLAND
 END
 O

NEW PUZZLES.

100.—CHARADES.

1. A conjunction; a peg; a letter; the whole, a city.
2. A preposition; congenial; a relative. An English traveller.
3. A utensil; a verb. Open.
4. An animal, a vowel; a support. An insect.

101.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. A dot; a girl's name; is used in summer.
2. To discover; a notion; close, obscure.

102.—ENIGMA.

- 2, 3, 4 a tree; 8, 9, 10, a weight; 1, 5, 6, 7, part of a bird's body. A city in the United States.

A REPORTER who attended a banquet concluded his description with the candid statement that "it is not distinctly remembered by anybody present who made the last speech."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 57] LESSON VII. [May 18.

THE UPROAR AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 23-41, c. 20. 1, 2. Commit to mem. vs. 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?—Psa. 2. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The conflict between the Gospel and the world.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 19, 23-41. Th. Eph. 3. 1-21.
 P. Eph. 1. 1-23. F. 1. ph. 4. 1-32.
 W. Eph. 2. 1-22. Sa. 1. ph. 5. 1-33.
 Su. Eph. 6. 1-4.

TIME.—May, A.D. 57. At the time of the celebration of the famous Ephesian games, which lasted the whole month of May, and were something like a modern fair.

PLACE.—Ephesus, the chief city of Asia Minor.

RULERS, etc.—Nero, emperor of Rome (3). Josephus, at Jerusalem, nineteen years old, becomes a Pharisee. Passover, this year, April 7. Pentecost, May 25. Tabernacles, October 2.

PAUL.—Aged 55. On his third missionary journey.

INTRODUCTION.—We now return to the course of the history which we left at Lesson II. Paul, after writing 1st Cor., remained some time longer in Ephesus, as there seemed to be a special opportunity for proclaiming the Gospel, at the great Ephesian games in May.

HEPLUS OVER HARD PLACES.—23. *The same time*—While he was remaining in Asia, waiting to hear from Timothy, whom he had sent into Macedonia (v. 22.) *About that way*—The Gospel, as a way of living and thinking, and of salvation. 24. *Silver shrines*—Small models of the temple of Diana and the image of the goddess within it. 25. *By this craft we have our wealth*—These shrines were sold all over that region of country; and many other people made a living by supplies for the temple and the trade of the multitudes who came to Ephesus to worship there. 27. *Diana*... *respected*—Under cover of care for religion he aroused those who did not care for his gains. 29. *Gains, etc.*—These were probably living with Paul at the house of Priscilla. *Theatre*—The great amphitheatre which would hold twenty to fifty thousand people, and where there courts and assemblies were held. 31. *Chief of Asia*—The Asiarchs, or ten men chosen to take care of the games at their own expense. 33. *Alexander made his defence*—Probably intending to show that the Jews were not the same as the Christians, and so should escape. 35. *Town-clerk*—Or recorder. The leading man of influence in the city. He urges four arguments. (1) v. 36. So great an institution was safe against a few foreigners. (2) The Christians had done no harm (v. 37). See how careful Paul was in speaking even of idolatry. (3) There was a better way (vs. 38, 39). (4) Their riotous proceedings were dangerous to themselves. Rome forbade riots on pain of death.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Ephesian games.—Shrines of Diana.—Demetrius testimony to the spread of the Gospel.—Bad business and false religion as opposed to the Gospel.—The Asiarch, town-clerk.—The town-clerk's address.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul when he wrote the first Epistle to the Corinthians? In what lesson did we study his labours at Ephesus? What was his success? At what great festival did the events of today's lesson take place? In what year A.D.?

SUBJECT: THE GOSPEL IN CONFLICT WITH THE EVIL OF THE WORLD.

1. THE CONFLICT (vs. 23-37)—Why is the Gospel called "that way"? With whose business did the Gospel interfere? What were these silver shrines? How did they bring gain to the workmen? How did the progress of the Gospel lessen their gains? What is Demetrius' testimony to the success of the Gospel? With what kinds of business is the Gospel in conflict? Is this one reason why bad men hate it? Does the Gospel interfere with any good business? With

what also was the Gospel in conflict? Why? Is the Gospel opposed to all false religions? Why did Demetrius appeal to this religious motive?

II. THE FIRST RESULT.—COSMOTION (vs. 28-34). How did Demetrius' speech affect Ephesus? What does Jesus say about such an effect of the Gospel? (Matt. 10, 41-36.) Is this true to this day? What two men did the mob seize? Where did they take them? Why to the theatre? What did Paul try to do? For what purpose? Who prevented him? Who next tried to quiet the mob? With what success? What are the evils of righting wrongs by means of a mob?

III. THE TEMPLE QUELLED (vs. 35-41).—Who was able to appease the people? What was his office? (1) What was his first argument? What do you know about this image? Was it likely that a few foreigners could overthrow such a temple with so many worshippers? What are the facts to-day as to the temple of Diana and the Gospel? If we believe heartily in the Bible do we need to be excited over the attacks upon it? (2) What was his second argument? (vs. 37.) What does this teach us as to the way we should speak of opponents even when bad? (Jude 1, 9.) (3) What was his third argument? (vs. 38, 39) What does this teach us as to settling vexed questions and overcoming bad institutions? (4) What was his fourth argument? What was the final result? Will the Gospel always conquer in the end? Where did Paul go when he left Ephesus?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. The Gospel is sure to come in conflict with the evil of the world.
2. When this conflict arises there will arise commotions and troubles.
3. Bad men hate the Gospel because it interferes with them.
4. But they will oppose it in the name of religion and the good of the people.
5. Those who believe the Bible is God's Word can afford to be calm even when it is attacked.
6. The Gospel endures, the things it opposes fail.
7. When we cannot labour for Christ in one field, let us go to another

REVIEW EXERCISE.—(For the whole School in concert.)

12. With what did the Gospel come in conflict in Ephesus? Ans. With bad business and false religion. 13. What did it do? Ans. It lessened the sale of silver shrines and the worship of Diana. 14. What was the result? Ans. A great commotion and an angry mob. 15. How was it quelled? Ans. God raised up friends among the rulers. 16. What did Paul do when it was over? Ans. He left Ephesus, and went into Macedonia.

A.D. 57.] LESSON VIII. [May 25.

LIBERAL GIVING.

2. Cor. 9. 1-15. Commit to memory vs. 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The blessing of God—and of man rests upon the liberal soul.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Cor. 8. 1-24. Th. Prov. 11. 24-31. T. 2 Cor. 9. 1-15. F. Matt. 25. 31-46. W. Ps. 112. 1-10. Sa. 2 Cor. 1. 1-24. Su. 2 Cor. 2. 1-17.

TIME.—This Epistle was written in autumn of A.D. 57, a few months after the first Epistle, and not very long after Paul's escape from the uproar at Ephesus.

PLACE.—It was written in Macedonia, either at Philippi or Thessalonica.

IT WAS SENT BY Titus and two companions (2 Cor. 8. 16, 22).

AUTHOR.—Paul, aged 55, on his third missionary journey.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—After the uproar at Ephesus, Paul went to Troas, 150 miles to the north-west, hoping to see Titus with news from the church at Corinth. Titus was not there, hence he left and went on to Macedonia, in order to meet Titus. Here Titus came to him with the desired news, which led him to write the second Epistle.

INTRODUCTION.—One subject he had to write about was the contribution for the poor Christians in Judea, which had been promised (Gal. 2. 10), and which had been begun a year before this at Corinth (2 Cor. 9. 2), but was not completed. This subject is discussed in the eight and ninth chapters. To day's lesson consists of a series of reasons for liberal giving.

HELS OVER HIS HARD PLACES.—1. Ministering to the saints.—By giving money to their poor. 2. Your zeal hath provoked many.—Has incited, stirred up their feelings to do good. 3. I sent the brethren.—Titus and two companions (ch. 8. 16, 22), who carried this letter with them. Ye may be ready.—By means of weekly offerings (1 Cor. 16. 1-4). 4. Let us . . . should be ashamed.—By their not having done as well as he had said they would. 5. As a matter of bounty.—From a free, loving heart, and not compelled what they did not wish to. 6. God is able, etc. God will reward them by his Grace, i.e., favour, both temporal and spiritual. God would prosper the liberal giver, in giving him plenty for himself and to give to others. 9. As it is written (Ps. 112. 9). His righteousness—As manifested in liberal giving. Remuneration for our . . . He shall always have (1) the liberal spirit, (2) the means of giving. 11. benevolence.—In large-heartedness and wealth. Which can it . . . thanksgiving.—On the part of those who are aided. 13. While by the experience.—The experience, the proof that they are the children of God on account of this liberality. Your professional subject on.—Your profession of religion is real, a true subjection of the soul to God. 15. Unspeakable gift.—Of His Son Jesus Christ.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—2nd Corinthians.—The needs of the poor saints at Jerusalem.—The weekly offering (1 Cor. 16. 1-4).—What is true liberality. God's temporal blessings upon the liberal.—His spiritual blessings.—The reasons for being liberal. God's unspeakable gift.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When was the second Epistle to the Corinthians written? By whom? At what place? Where did Paul go after the uproar at Ephesus? Whom did he meet from Corinth? (2 Cor. 2. 12, 13).

SUBJECT: REASONS FOR LIBERAL GIVING.

FIRST REASON.—THE NEED OF THE POOR (v. 1).—What ministering to the saints is here referred to? Why are Christians called "saints"? What had Paul promised the Jewish Christians? (Gal. 2. 10.) Why were they poorer than other Christians? How was this contribution to be taken up? (1 Cor. 16. 1-4) How long ago had it been begun? (v. 2.) Can any one be a Christian and not be liberal to the poor? Do those without the Gospel also need our aid as much as the poor around us?

SECOND REASON.—THE HEART TO GIVE (v. 2).—What does Paul say of the readiness of the Corinthians to give? Is our benevolence measured by the amount we give, or by the heart to give? (Matt. 12. 41-44.) How is this a comfort to the poor?

THIRD REASON.—OUR EXAMPLE (v. 2).—What was the effect of their liberality upon others? Meaning of "provoked" here.

FOURTH REASON.—OUR BAD INFLUENCE IN CASE WE FAIL (vs. 3, 4).—Whom did Paul send to Corinth? (2 Cor. 8. 16, 22.) For what purpose? Why would he be ashamed if they failed? How long since they began to make the collection? Was this a reason for fear of failure?

CHARACTERISTICS OF TRUE GIVING (v. 5).—How was the collection made? (1 Cor. 16. 1-4) Why was this planning before hand a good way? Should we adopt a systematic plan of giving? Should we adopt the weekly offering? What other characteristics did he want their giving to have? Will a free-hearted gift always be a liberal gift?

FIFTH REASON.—BECAUSE THE FRUITS ARE IN PROPORTION TO THE SEED SOWN (vs. 6, 7).—What is the law of giving laid down in this verse? Give examples in nature? What is the seed to be sown? What is the harvest we are to expect from our giving?

SIXTH REASON.—THE TEMPORAL REWARDS OF LIBERALITY (vs. 8-11).—How does God reward the liberal? (Ps. 112. 1-3; Prov. 11. 24-26.) What is meant by God's "grace" here? Where else are verses 9 and 10 written? Does God always give riches to the liberal? Do not the selfish sometimes grow rich? How is the promise

fulfilled? Will not this expectation make men generous from selfish motives?

SEVENTH REASON.—THE SPIRITUAL REWARDS OF LIBERALITY (vs. 8-11).—Why does God bless the liberal? (See last clause of vs. 8, 9, and 10.) How does liberality enrich the soul? Does any other use of money make us happier? How does it make us like God? (James 1. 5.)

EIGHTH REASON.—IT GLORIFIES GOD (vs. 11-13).—How does the liberality of Christians inspire thankfulness to God? How does it honour God? How would it prove that they were real Christians? Read v. 13 in the Revised Version.

NINTH REASON.—THE PRAYERS AND LOVE OF THOSE AIDED (v. 14). Whom would their liberality lead to pray for them? What blessing in this? How would it tend to make them love them? What blessing in this?

TENTH REASON.—GRATITUDE TO GOD (v. 15).—What is God's unspeakable gift to us? Why is it called unspeakable? How does this lead us to be generous to others? (Matt. 10. 8.)

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in Concert.)

17. Whom did Paul meet in Macedonia? Ans. Titus with news from the church at Corinth. 18. What did Paul then do? Ans. He wrote a second letter to the Corinthians. What was one of the things he wrote about? Ans. A collection they were making for the poor Christians in Judea. 20. What ten reasons did he give for being liberal? (Repeat the ten given in the question headings.) 21. Repeat the Golden Text and Central Truth.

Methodist Centennial AND Methodist Union.

June 1st will be the Union Day of the Methodist Churches of Canada. This year is also the Centennial Anniversary of the organization of Methodism on this continent. In commemoration of these two events.

A SPECIAL MEMORIAL NUMBER OF "PLEASANT HOURS"

will be issued for May 31st. It will contain a full account of the BEGINNINGS OF METHODISM in both the UNITED STATES and CANADA. It will have also the following illustrations:

EMBURY HOUSE, New York, where the first Methodist Service was held.

THE OLD RIGGING LOFT, where Captain Webb preached.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

BARBARA HECK, Mother of American and Canadian Methodism.

FIRST METHODIST PREACHING IN BALTIMORE.

CAPTAIN WEBB; BISHOP ASBURY, and other Fathers and Founders of Methodism in the New World.

CENTENNIAL POEMS, etc.

Every child in every Methodist School should have a copy of this MEMORIAL NUMBER OF "PLEASANT HOURS."

Price, post-free, \$1 per 100.

Schools not yet taking PLEASANT HOURS, and schools wanting an extra quantity of this number, will please send in their orders at once, that we may know how many to print, or we may be unable to supply the demand. Address—

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Authorized Copyright Edition. JUST PUBLISHED.

LIFE OF 'CHINESE' GORDON.

M.F.C.M.

With a Portrait on the Title-page.

—BY—

CHARLES H. ALLEN, F.R.G.S., Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

Price, post-free, Five Cents.

Over 300,000 copies of this life of "Chinese" Gordon, by Mr. Allen, were sold in England in a very short time.

The English publishers have authorized us to publish a Canadian Copyright Edition, which we have done, at a price so low that many thousands of the Canadian public can easily procure it, and thereby have interesting and instructive reading concerning this wonderful man.

"He got the nickname of 'Chinese' Gordon from his splendid victories in China, in what is called the great Taiping rebellion. Occasionally, when the Chinese officers flinched, he would take one quietly by the arm, and lead him into the thickest of the enemy's fire, as coolly as though he were taking him in to dinner. He was the means of saving thousands of lives, but he left China without taking a penny of reward."

FIRST CLASS BOOKS For Mind and Heart.

The Young Man's Friend.

Containing Admonitions to the Young; Counsels for the Tempted; Encouragement for the Desponding; and Hope for the Fallen. By Daniel F. Eddy, D.D. 12mo, cloth. Price 50 cents.

The Bible in the Counting-House.

By Rev. H. A. Boardman, D.D. Cloth. Price 50 cents.

Choice Sermons.

By "Billy" Dawson of Barnbow. With a Sketch of the Author, by R. A. West. Cloth. Price 50 cents.

True Tales for my Grandsons.

By Sir Samuel Baker, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S. With numerous illustrations. 12mo, cloth, 435 pp. Price \$1.75.

Religious Duty.

By Frances Power Cobbe. Cloth, 12mo. Price \$1.25.

Homely Talks.

By Mark Guy Pearse. Cloth, extra gilt edges. Price 80 cents.

The Choice of Books.

By Chas. F. Richardson. Cloth, 16mo. 208 pp. Price 45 cents.

What Shall I Read?

A Confidential Chat on Books. Cloth. Price 75 cents.

The World's Foundations;

Or, Geology for Beginners. By Ag. Gibbons. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth. Price \$1.50.

Sun, Moon, and Stars.

A Book for Beginners. By Agnes Gibbons. With a preface by the Rev. C. Pritchard M.A., F.R.S. 12mo, cloth, illustrated. Price \$1.50.

The Fairy-Land of Science.

By Arabella B. Buckley. Illustrated. cloth, 244 pp. Price \$1.75.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.