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HOME AND SCHOOL

[Vol. I.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1883.

[No. 3.]

Jerusalem the Golden.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion,
 O Paradise of joy,
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 The Lamb is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise

As jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emerald blaze;
 As sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;
 The ageless walls are bounded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 Thy saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner stone is Christ.

O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect
 In mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 O art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.
 Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by
 J. M. Neale.

A Visit to the Pyramids.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.
 Pastor Metropolitan Church,
 Toronto

A MEMORABLE excursion is that to the world-renowned Pyramids of Ghizeh. We cross the Nile by a magnificent bridge, and for some distance the road, shaded by acacias and tall palms, lies along the banks of that all-fertilizing river.

Along the old Nile stream we journey until we reach the mud village of Ghizeh, where the road runs straight from the river to the colossal Pyramids. There upon a rocky plateau, on the margin of the great ocean of desert land, stand these venerable monuments of antiquity. There they stand, with the solitude and silence of the desert brooding over them, their vastness and grandeur incomprehensible, their very immensity seeming to overwhelm us. And now for the ascent. I had an

idea that the Pyramids were great mountains of smooth, polished stones, and that by some artificial stairs we reached the summit. But the outer polished stones have been taken away to furnish materials for the edifices of a later epoch; and so the great corrugated sides run up for 750 feet, and up this formidable staircase of huge blocks of masonry, each block rising to your breast, you must mount.

The Sheik of the Pyramids must be paid a dollar for the privilege of ascending to the top and of entering the subterranean chambers. Then you are furnished with an Arab on each side to

pull, one behind to push, and a water-carrier. The toilsome work begins, and the merry good-humoured scoundrels drag upward with a will. As you rise, the view becomes more and more grand. At every pause to rest, the Arabs squat at your feet, and begin their everlasting clatter for backsheesh. But I bought their silence. I said, "I don't want you to talk; I don't want to be disturbed. If you will take me up carefully, and not say 'backsheesh' to me anywhere, nor allow any others to speak to me till we get down, I will pay you well; if not, I'll not pay you

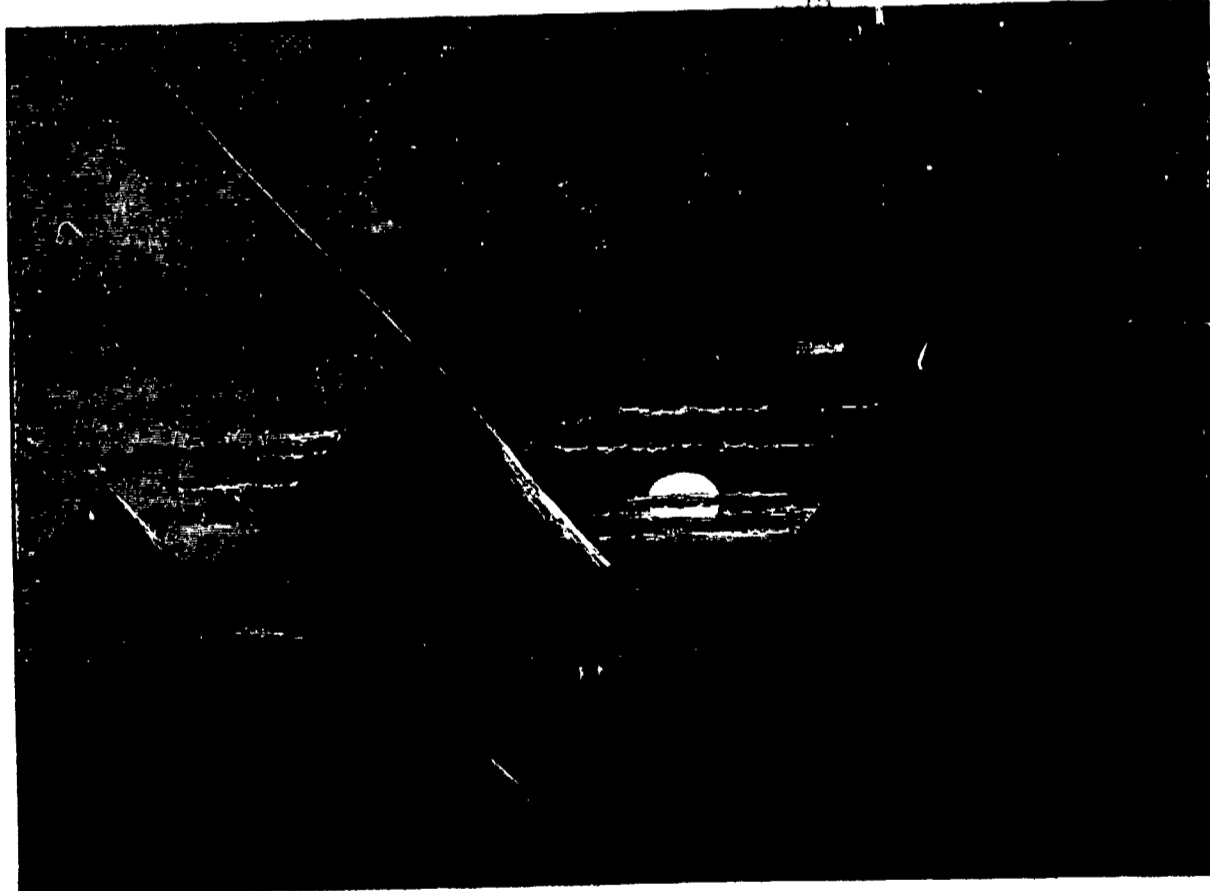
a cent." "All right!" they said; and they kept their pledge. For, if there was the slightest allusion, I reminded them of the promise and of my vow. At length we reached the summit, and then how unrivalled the panorama which unrolled itself. The day was glorious, and I drank in to the full the amazing prospect. On one side was the great desert—wild, weird, solitary, a vast domain of desolation and death stretching away and away; eastward the Nile valley, green as an emerald, a rich Oriental landscape; in the distance Cairo, its minarets rising into the air like the ten thousand turrets

still telling its story of fifty centuries ago.

The base line of the Great Pyramid is, at present, after the waste and wear and vandalism of 4,000 years, 732 feet; the perpendicular height is about 480 feet. The gigantic structure consists of 206 layers of vast blocks of stone, rising above each other in the form of steps, and Herodotus tells us that after ten years had been spent in quarrying the stones and getting them to the place, it took 100,000 men twenty years to construct it. Its base covers over thirteen square acres, and the four sides face exactly the four cardinal points of the heavens. The cubic contents of this huge fabric are more than eighty millions of cubic feet, and the estimated weight six millions of tons.

Here it has stood in its stately grandeur while the great empires of the world have risen, and flourished, and fallen. It stood when Abram and Lot came "to sojourn in the land;" it saw the young Joseph brought a slave into Egypt. It saw the down-trodden Israelites rise up to go out of the land, and heard the rattle of the war chariots of Pharaoh in pursuit. It beheld the invading armies of Shishak and Pharaoh-Necho marching into the land of Israel. It saw the fugitives, Jeroboam and Urijah, seeking refuge in Egypt, and the infant Saviour escaping from the wrath of "Herod the King." It heard the tramp of the conquering hosts of Cambyses, Alexander, Caesar, Amrou, and Omar, and the roar of the cannon of Napoleon. As long as the earth endures it will be the wonder of the world; and long generations coming after us will gaze upon it as the most marvellous work of man.

I was roused from my reverie by an old Arab proposing to descend, and climb the adjacent pyramid, which is smooth and polished to the apex, and return in ten minutes for two shillings. I said I did not want him to go. But, said he, "That is my business." I



THE PYRAMIDS.

of some immense Gothic edifice, crowned with the towers and white battlements of the Citadel. Yonder sweeps the broad and glittering river. In the far distance, behind old Cairo, is the site of Heliopolis, "City of the Sun"—called On in Genesis, where Joseph married the beautiful Asenath, daughter of the Priest of the Temple of the Sun—its celebrated obelisk, old when Abraham came down with Sarai into Egypt—seen, no doubt, by Isaac and Joseph and the weary bondmen as they lifted their eyes from their grinding toil—the scarred veteran—

ander, Caesar, Amrou, and Omar, and the roar of the cannon of Napoleon. As long as the earth endures it will be the wonder of the world; and long generations coming after us will gaze upon it as the most marvellous work of man.

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said, "It is a very dangerous business. I could not do it myself." He laughed, and proposed to go. "No," said I; "I am afraid you will fall and break your neck, and then I will be to blame for your death." "Ah," he replied, with ready wit, "you are afraid to break your two shillings."

After remaining for some time on the summit, a level platform of fifteen or sixteen feet square, loth to quit the spot, and drinking in for the last time the sublime view, it became necessary to descend. As I approached the edge of the platform and looked down the steep rugged side of the pyramid, it was indeed dizzy and fearful, and the Arabs below seemed like dwarfs. But the guides had the agility of the chamois, the stories at the top were comparatively easy to begin the descent, for while the lower layers are nearly five feet in thickness, the upper ones are only about a foot and a half; so that while it is hard upon the muscles to get down as it is to get up, we reached the bottom in perfect safety, and in less than one tenth of the time it had taken to ascend.

Now we prepare to enter the interior. How the pantaloons have to suffer, and how the lungs labour to inhale pent-up air, and darkness since the days of Pharaoh. The entrance is in the northern face, about fifty feet above the base, and about twenty-five feet east of the centre of the pyramid. The passage dips at an angle of 26°, and is cased with finely polished slabs of oriental porphyry, but the guides with lighted tapers creep down the slippery passage like cats, and you are safe in their hands. This passage continues downward from its intersection with the ascending passage, some 200 feet to a subterranean chamber, about 90 feet below the base of the pyramid. This chamber is the largest in the pyramid and measures 46 feet long, by 27 wide, and 11 in height. The ascending passage rises at an angle of 26°, and has notches in the floor to assist in climbing, and after following it for 125 feet we reach what is called the Grand Gallery. In this front is the opening to what is called the Well, nearly 200 feet deep, which was in all probability an outlet for the masons after they had barred the sloping ascent with granite on the inside. Here also commences the horizontal floor of the passage leading to the Queen's Chamber. This apartment is about 18 feet square, by 20 high. Groping along the narrow, smooth, ascending corridor, we at length reach the chief chamber of the pyramid—the King's Chamber. This royal room is magnificently finished, the granite polish being equal to that of fine jewelry, and measures 34 feet by 17, and 19 in height. In the centre, with its head turned to the north, stands the mysterious sarcophagus, lidless, and of red granite. Was this empty coffin ever occupied? If this pyramid was built simply to guard the mummy body of King Cheops, it has proved a magnificent failure, for the body is not there. Prof. Piazza Smith and others maintain that the so-called sarcophagus is really a coffer of exactly similar cubical capacity with the Ark of the Covenant; that it is designed to perpetuate a standard measure of capacity, and has been placed in the heart of the pyramid and built in so as never to be removed. The heat of the interior is very great, the beaded drops of perspiration rolled from our faces and we were glad to emerge again into

the open air. What endless speculations concerning this remarkable structure! Those long, dark, sloping passages, have been most accurately measured, and every wall and line and over-lapping has been made to symbolize some important event. According to the theories of recent students of this ancient and memorial structure, the veil of mystery has been lifted and the innermost secrets of this grand pillar explored. They maintain that the venerable structure tells its own date of birth and foundation:—It was erected under the eye of Melchizedek, according to a design furnished by Divine inspiration. It teaches the nature of the orbit of the earth around the sun; the exact proportion of the period of that revolution to the rotation of the earth on its axis; it is a standard of weights and measures on which is founded not only the sacred Hebrew, but the hereditary weights and measures of modern European nations of Saxon and Gothic origin; it is a linear standard, a time standard; it links together science and revelation, and, being a Hebrew-devised structure, it is of Messianic character. The measured height of the Grand Gallery over the other passages representing the Christian dispensation; the pyramid inches symbolize the thirty-three years of the Saviour's earthly life; bringing us right over against the mouth of the well, type of His death and descent into Hades; while the long lofty gallery shows the sway of His blessed religion over the world; the mounting of the steps indicates the manifold conquests of the powers of nature, and the termination of the Grand Gallery at the 1881-2, southern end represents the close of the Gospel age, and the coming of Christ for His saints. These and other vagaries are attached to what sober-thinking people simply regard as only the burying-place of mighty kings.

The Second Pyramid stands a few hundred feet south-west of the first. It is smaller and of inferior workmanship, but the ancient polished casing still exists towards the top, so that it is difficult of ascent. It is assigned by Herodotus to Chephren, the brother of Cheops, and called "Shafra, the Great of the Pyramid."

The Third, or Red Pyramid, is very beautiful and regular of construction, but it is only a little over 200 feet in height, and is of no special interest. Near by is the Temple of the Sphinx with subterranean galleries of polished marble, and other deep tombs partially choked with sand. Down one of these an Arab descended at least 60 feet, and after brushing away the sand, out came a massive Egyptian face carved in the solid rock. The face was directed upward. I shall never forget the impression as I looked down upon it. Sun, moon, and stars may shine upon it, storms beat upon it, but those eyes are directed upward as if gazing ever upon the unseen and eternal. Emblem of what our faith should be, and of that constant "looking unto Jesus," which shall bear us bravely onward through every changing scene.

The last object I gazed upon was that colossal mystery, the Sphinx:

"Staring right on with calm, eternal eyes."

The mighty head is fifteen feet across and thirty feet from brow to chin. The kingly crown is taken off, the features time-worn and mutilated, the lips thick and heavy, but there it is; emblem of intelligence combined with sovereign

power. The fabulous monster remains unchanged in the midst of change. Its stony eyes have looked upon ancient dynasties, upon Persian, Macedonia, Roman, Ottoman conquerors; upon the oldest Egyptian race: upon the sons of Jacob who pastured their flocks in Goshen; upon the present toiling and down-trodden fellahs—and we and all that now dwell upon the earth shall pass away, while it shall still look out with sad and stony eyes upon the incoming floods of humanity. I returned weary enough to the New Hotel; and every muscle of my legs and arms was so sore with the tugging, pulling, and straining, that for three or four days I could scarcely lift hand or foot without pain.

Between the Leaves.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I TOOK a volume, old and worn,
From off the library shelf one day;
The covers were defaced and torn,
And many a leaf had gone astray.
I turned the pages slowly o'er
In search of some forgotten truth,
Familiar in the days of yore
As were the school-books of my youth.

The mildewed leaves, the fading print,
Seemed quite inanimate and cold,
As if they ne'er had been the mint
From which I garnered precious gold.
So dull and colourless the page,
I turned and turned, in hopes to find
Something that would restore to age
The freshness of the youthful mind.

As well, indeed, might I essay
Hope's early visions to renew,
Or give unto a dead bouquet
Its former fragrance and its dew,
I closed the volume with a sigh,
As if it were joy's entrance door—
A bit of colour caught my eye
Just as it fluttered to the floor.

'Twas but a maple leaf, all blotched
With gold or crimson, green and brown,
The edges delicately notched,
And perfect still from stem to crown;
And when I took it in my hand,
This little leaf from maple tree,
As if it were a magic wand,
Brought back a vanished youth to me.

I lived again those joyful days,
The old, familiar songs I sung,
And walked again with sweet delays,
The paths I loved when I was young.
E'en as the hues upon the leaf,
Each scene appears so freshly bright,
That all remembrances of grief
Were lost and faded out of sight.

Self-Control.

In some persons, passion and emotion are never checked, but allowed to burst out in a blaze whenever they come surging through the blood like a torrent of fire. Others are able to restrain their passion by strong exertion of will, and to maintain a perfectly composed exterior, even when their blood rages at fever heat.

By long-continued exertion and education, the will can be made to control the passions and emotions, so that the roaring torrent of temper and excitement can be made as quiet as the dried up bed of a rapid river.

One of the most excellent means of controlling emotion is by persistently drawing the thoughts from the topics which harass and excite, and contemplating pleasing subjects. Those who will allow their minds to cling closely to the disagreeable, annoying themes which make their blood boil, and hot words issue from their lips, injure themselves sadly. Children must be taught from earliest infancy to control their loud cries and their desire to strike by turning their thoughts to

some other object than the one desired. A picture book, or a flower, or carrying a child to a mirror to see how he looks while in a fit of passion will often check the boisterous screams and turn them to laughter.

But too often the parents have not learned self-control, and a quick word or a hasty blow will only add fuel to the fire and increase the temper of the child, who will roar and scream until tired out. "Do not strike that child again when you are angry yourself," said an old man to a young mother who, acting like a child and with the same temper, had struck her little son violently again and again because he screamed for what he ought not to have. "I once struck my boy over the head, in temper no stronger than you show now, and, as you know, he has been an idiot for forty years. Only one blow—but it extinguished the light of the mind! By degrees his mother and I saw that he would ever be a child in intellect, even if he became a man in stature. When I saw you strike your child I saw my own crime repeated. I have never spoken of it before to a living soul, but the bitter deed cannot be put out of my memory. I have seen my children die, my wife die; only my idiot son remains ever to be a shameful reminder of my sin."

The value of self-control cannot be overrated to adults and to children. If a hot temper is allowed to rage and rave, it exhausts in a great degree the vitality of the blood and nerve power, while self-control also assists us to hold the mastery over pain and distress, rather than to give it the mastership over us.—*The Country Gentleman.*

Little Foxes.

AMONG my tender vines I spy,
A little fox named "By-and-By."

Then set upon him, quick, I say,
The swift young hunter "Right Away."

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox "I Can't!"

Then fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave "I Can."

"No Use in Trying" lags and whines,
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low, and drive him high,
With this good hunter named "I'll Try."

Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox "I Forgot."

Then hunt him out and to his den,
With "I-Will-Not-Forget-Again."

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named "I Don't-Care."

Then let "I'm Sorry," hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.
—*Children's Hour.*

A Curious Transposition.

THE title of the lesson was, "The Rich Young Man," and the Golden Text was, "One thing thou lackest." The teacher in a primary class in a Sunday-school somewhere in New Jersey asked, as was her custom every Sunday, for the scholars to give her the Title and the Golden Text. Instantly a little four-year-old arose, and, looking steadily into the face of the young lady who was her teacher, said, "One thing thou lackest—a rich young man."

She had it all, but somehow or other it had become so curiously transposed as to be very droll, and somewhat suggestive.

Things in the Bottom Drawer.

Think are whips and tops and pieces of string,
There are shoes which no little feet wear,
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures, all faded and torn
And marked by the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken mine away;
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
Who are waiting and watching to-night,
For the slow return of the faltering feet
That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in the distant climes,
They perish by fire and flood,
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
That kindled the wrath of God,
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
My babies that never grow old,
And know that they are waiting and watching
for me,
In the city with streets of gold,
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war,
And I thank my God, with falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

An Indian Hero's Death.

MURDO was conjurer, bigamist, and idolator, when the missionary reached the Nels n River. Quiet and unassuming, generally, he was a man of wonderful activity when in difficulty or danger. He had a cool head, a kind heart, and willing hands. His small black eyes were wonderfully expressive, his forehead higher and broader than the average, his face generally wreathed in smiles, but sometimes very sad and meditative looking. His general appearance indicated benevolence, frankness, and intelligence. It was discovered that the man was all that outward appearances promised. Thoughtful he was, quick to perceive right, ready to admit the wrong when in error. He did not suddenly become a Christian. He was anxious to know as much as possible about Christianity before he embraced it; and so, day after day, he was in to ask some questions about this or that phase of Christian life, or Gospel teaching, always going away cheerful and happy when the explanations satisfied his mind.

The winter of '74 found him in the vicinity of Split Lake, through which flows the Nelson, in its journey to the sea. Here he met some Indians from Rossville mission, who had Bibles with them, and could read them well. Night after night Murdo was found in the tent of the Christians, spending many hours of earnest studentship, both in hearing and asking them questions. Everybody loved Murdo. He was so gentle, so kind, so witty, so honest, so joyous, that his company was sought for far and near. The Hudson Bay Company recognized his worth, and, when the old guide of the N. R. Brigade became incapacitated, through

the infirmities of old age, Murdo was appointed to serve in his stead.

In the fall of '75, the hero of our story met, near the shores of the sea, an erstwhile member of the Church at Norway House, who had forsaken the faith of his earlier years. Before long his newly formed resolutions began to feel the withering influence of this stranger's ungodly counsels. So disturbed was his peace, that he undertook a journey of more than a hundred miles to seek advice and obtain help at the Mission. From that time his heart was fixed to serve the Lord. He was baptized at his own request. A few months later he was admitted to the sacramental table, and everything heard or seen of him went to prove that this was a genuine and a thorough change of heart. He gave every promise of a faithful continuance in well-doing. When the Missionary was taken away he became a leading spirit in religious affairs, and the majority of the people looked up to him and accepted his counsels.

In the month of August, 1876, the three boats belonging to Nelson House, were bearing northward the year's outfit for that post; and in their descent of the Nelson they came to Island Falls. The custom was to unload the boats, run the rapids, only from ten to twelve feet high, and then reload below the island. The cargo was thrown ashore and the largest boat was taken over the fall. But the river was high, the current was strong, the experiment was unpleasant, the men were frightened, and the order was given to *portage* the other and smaller boats. Standing idly by was the gentleman who had charge of the cargo, and turning quickly round to the guide as he gave orders to his men, he said: "Murdo, you are a coward." Oh, hasty words, thoughtlessly spoken, how little estimate was made of your cruel power! How deeply and yet how vainly your utterance has since been regretted only one man knows!

The small black eyes flashed with indignation, the face coloured with undignified annoyance, but no angry word was spoken. "If anything happens to me," said the guide, "take care of my wife and children." Quick as thought the order to *portage* was reversed, and before five minutes had elapsed Murdo, with a volunteer crew, had the second boat out upon the current. On it came like an arrow shot out of a bow. Over it went, down ten feet, burying itself in seething foam at the foot of the fall, then leaping, like a maddened horse, it freed itself from the whirls, and reeled and staggered into quieter water. But where is Murdo? The long sweep with which he had steered over the fall became unmanageable through the heavy lurching of the boat, and in endeavouring to hold it he was knocked out of the sternsheets into the boiling flood. No sooner had he come to the surface than orders were given to the men in the boat to row for life, and try to escape the second fall, now just below them. Hearing their guide's voice above the noise of the water, the terrified men got out their oars, and forgetful of the swimmer's danger, struggled to save themselves and their craft. They were closely followed by the drowning man, who, as long as he had breath to speak, urged his men on. "Row hard, boys," he said, "never mind me, God will take care of me. Save yourselves and

your boat. Your wives and children need you. Pull away." Meantime the boat neared the lee of the island, and aided by a branch of the stream into which the guide's thoughtfulness had directed it, the keel grated on the rock in a little cove out of the reach of the current. When the boat reached land, Murdo lost both power of speech and strength to swim, and waving his hand in an affectionate farewell, he was borne down by the strong current and swept away towards the Bay of Hudson. God only knows where his body rests, but we think we know that his faithful and courageous soul is "forever with the Lord."—J. SEMMENS, in *Missionary Outlook*.

Electric Lamps.

If we examine one of the electric lamps in the street we shall find it consists of two rods, one pointing upward from the bottom of the lamp, the other hanging downward. The rods seem to touch, and the brilliant flame is exactly where they seem to meet. Once a day a man comes round with a bag of these rods. He takes off the old rods that were burned the night before, and places a new set in each lamp. After he has gone about, as if he were putting new wicks into the lamps, and each is ready for its night's work, all the lamps are lighted in broad day to see that all are in their proper trim. They are allowed to burn until the men have walked about in the streets and looked at each lamp. If all are burning well they are put out till it begins to grow dark. If one fails to burn properly, a man goes to that lamp to see what is the matter. The rods are made of a curious black substance, like charcoal, that is called carbon. When the lamp is out these two rods touch each other. In order to light the lamp they are pulled apart; and if you look at the flame through a smoked glass, you will see that the rods do not quite touch. There is a small space between their points, and this space is filled with fire. Look at the other parts of the rods, or the copper wires that extend along the streets. They have no heat, no sound. The wires are cold, dark, and silent. If we were to push the two rods in the lamp together, the light and the heat would disappear, and the curious hissing sound would stop. Why is this? Let us go to the woods near some brook, and it may be that we can understand the matter.

Here is the brook, flowing quietly along, smooth, deep, and without a ripple. We walk beside the stream, and come to a place where there are high rocks, and steep, stony banks. Here the channel is very narrow, and the water is no longer smooth and silent. It boils and foams between the rocks. There are eddies and whirlpools, and at last we come to the narrowest part of all. Here the once dark and silent water roars and foams in white, stormy rapids. There are sounds, and furious leaping, and rushing water, and clouds of spray. What is the matter? Why is the smooth, dark water so white with rage, so impetuous, so full of sounds and turmoil? The rocks are steep. The way is narrow and steep. The waters are hemmed in, and there is a grand display of flashing white foam and roaring waterfalls, as the water struggles to get past the narrow place. It is the

same with the electricity flowing through the large copper wires. It passes down one wire into the other, through the lamp, in the silence and darkness, so long as the rods touch and the path is clear. When the rods in the lamp are pulled apart there is a space to get over, an obstruction, like rocks in the bed of the brook. The electricity, like the water, struggles to get over the hindrance in its path, and it grows white-hot with anger, and flames and hisses as it leaps across the narrow space between the rods.

There is another kind of electric lamp, used in houses; it has a smaller and softer light, steady, white, and very beautiful.

In these lamps, also, we have something like the narrow place in the brook. They are made with slender loops of carbon, enclosed in glass globes. The electricity flowing silently through a dark wire, enters the lamp, and finds only a narrow thread on which it can travel to reach the home-going wire, and in its struggle to get past, it heats the tiny thread of carbon to whiteness. Like a live coal, this slender thread gives mild, soft light, as long as the current flows. It seems calm and still, but it is enduring the same fury of the electricity that is shown in the larger lamps.

This is the main idea on which these lamps are made: A stream of electricity is set flowing from a dynamo-electric machine through a wire until it meets a narrow place or break in the wire. Then it seeks to get past the obstruction, and there is a grand putting forth of energy, and this is the way the electric force, although itself invisible, is made known to our eyes by a beautiful light.—Charles Barnard, in *St. Nicholas*.

Young Man!

STOP and think! What you are to be will depend upon what you do. And what you do will depend upon what you are. Your words, and thoughts, and deeds are not fragile and perishable, but permanent and enduring. Do no wrong, battle for the right, and be sure you are right yourself. Then help and bless humanity. Honour and obey the Author of your being and your blessings.

Be not an idler. Work and win. It is toil rather than genius that is the creator of utilities. Great characters in history are always miracles of industry. Butler spent twenty years on his *Analogy*, and his work is immortal. Rittenhouse, who began to calculate eclipses on his plow handles, could not fail of eminence. To-morrow is the day in which idle men work and fools reform. Let your theatre and time of action be to-day.

Seek to be an intelligent worker. Read good books and papers. Cultivate and discipline the mind. Seek the society of thinkers. Aim at eminence in the arts and sciences. The paths along which the great men of a past generation walked are still open to willing feet. Enter and walk therein. Advance to the front. Be an intelligent toiler in the world's great workshops. You are in life's springtime. If you do not sow and plant now you cannot expect a rich harvest by-and-by. Up and be patient. Sow good seed. Keep the weeds down. Be patient and workful, and the future will not be without hope and blessedness.—Ex.

Teach Me to Live.

TEACH me to live 'tis easier far to die;
Gently and silently to pass away,
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson, how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for the conflict now, fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live ' my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load.
Only to be with me; let me feel Thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live, and find my life in Thee;
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and power each day.

Teach me to live ' with kindly words for all;
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;
Waiting, with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home.

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Home & School:

A PAPER FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1883.

Methodist Union.

We are happy to be able to state that the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its special session, held in the Town of Napanee, after full and free and animated discussion, accepted the Basis of Union submitted by the Union Committee. Out of 94 votes cast, only twenty voted against it, and of these only six were laymen. A subsequent vote on the question as a whole was still more nearly unanimous. It was objected by some that they were giving up all the cherished principles of their Church—the life episcopacy, with its special ordination, the travelling presiding eldership, the diaconate and ordination of local preachers, and the veto power in the quarterly conferences. But it was felt that no body could go into the Union carrying all its peculiarities, that there must be the concession of some cherished features and acceptance of some things to which they were unaccustomed, if Union were to be accomplished, and for the sake of this great object, so devoutly to be wished, they were willing to yield much and to accept the Basis as it is.

The address of Bishop Carman, at the opening of the Conference, for lucid exposition, for breadth of view, for nobleness of sentiment and Christly spirit, we have never seen surpassed. We hope and earnestly pray that this all-important question, when submitted to the other Church Courts which shall be called to pronounce upon it, will be discussed in the same Christian spirit, and with equal unanimity be decided in the same way.

We greatly admire the attitude taken by our brethren of the Maritime Provinces toward this question, both at the Union Committee and since. Though they have nothing to gain locally by this movement, for the effects of the disastrous rivalries which exist in almost every town and village in the west are not felt among them, and although, if the mission grants should be injuriously affected by Union—which we do not believe—they would feel the pinch more than any, so much of their work being mission work, yet, without a discordant voice, so far as we know, they heartily support this movement. As an illustration of that hearty support we quote the following from the editorial columns of the *Wesleyan*, the official organ of the Eastern Conferences:—

"Canadian Methodism is passing through an important period of her history. Her leaders, with encouraging words from without and opposing voices from within her borders, may well feel perplexed. Shall they advise advance or retreat? There can be, we think, no choice in the matter. It is too late to retreat with honour or safety from the position already taken. The French have a proverb: 'It's the first step which costs.' That first step, through the influence of the Ecumenical Conference in London, has been taken. Possibly the Union idea may not have had time for development, but, however that may be, Canadian Methodism has been the first to arrest the attention of others and to call forth their plaudits by an effort at such concentration of forces and finances as would permit more extended evangelization. Can she now step back into the position she previously occupied? We think not. Can the several bodies, after having so nearly approached each other in the person of their representative men, go their separate ways, to cherish less jealousy than before? In some quarters there will have been approach, on the part of others rebuff, and the effects of this on human nature are not readily removed. Can a more convenient season ever be hoped for? Certainly one will never come when there will be less to be given up by some or to be accepted by others. No great movement in church or state, however delayed, was ever carried through without inconvenience in some quarters. Illustrations of this fact are most abundant. A right-about-face movement must cost us the respect of many of our neighbours. Each rival Methodist Church in Canadian towns and villages, each spire that shall ornament (!) opposite corners in the new North-West, will remind the passer-by of a work which Methodism began and was not able to finish, though unprejudiced judges believed that work to be in accordance with heaven's will. It may be questioned, too, whether we could carry back with us the full sympathies of some of our earnest men whose time and money and deep interest, even partially withdrawn from our

work, would be a more serious loss than any to be suffered in the event of Union. There may be difficulty in advance, but we think we see much greater danger in attempted retreat."

But we do not anticipate that this great movement, now that the most formidable difficulties have been overcome and a practicable Basis found, will fail of consummation on account of minor difficulties of detail of a purely economical character. We heartily concur in the following sentiments of the *New York Christian Advocate*, the organ of the great Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, which may be regarded as the parent of two of the Methodist Churches of this country:—

"We cannot doubt that if our brethren of the various fraternizing Methodist bodies in Canada will generously waive their technical objections to some items of minor importance which are found in the proposed Basis of Union, and, in the spirit of concession which prevailed in the discussions of the large and able committee, adopt the Basis recommended, a most prosperous future for Canadian Methodism will be thereby inaugurated. Surely the preachers and people of the various branches in the Dominion can safely trust to the wisdom and grace of the united Church the early modification and adjustment of any of the minor questions which may be found to be necessary or desirable."

A LEADING school in Toronto adopts the following method of raising missionary money: Each boy or girl is expected to contribute something every Sunday. Some give 5 cents a week. This amounts to \$2 60 a year. A record of the givings is kept in a class book, and the money collected every Sunday from the classes in small envelopes, on which is printed the following:

No.	
Metropolitan Sabbath School.	
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.....	Teacher.
Scholars Present.....	
Absent.....	
Scripture.....	
Catechism.....	
Collection.....	cts.

★ Please mark the Class Book and fill up this Envelope immediately after recitation

It takes scarcely any time, and is almost no trouble.

We have had to print a third edition of 5,000 copies of HOME AND SCHOOL, or 17,000 in all. The paper in No. 2 was not as good as we bargained for, but we have taken measures to secure uniform excellence in future.

We have been greatly gratified at the kind reception which HOME AND SCHOOL has met. The subscriptions have come in very well. The Metropolitan School, Toronto, which already took 400 copies of *Pleasant Hours*, gave the first order of HOME AND SCHOOL—300 copies. Many write that it is just what was needed—the missing link in our Sunday-School series. We hope to make it a still greater success than even *Pleasant Hours* has been.

The New Missionary Paper.

THE Committee of Consultation and Finance, to which the question was referred, recommended a change of form in the *Outlook*, making in an octavo of 32 pages, instead of a quarto as at present. Careful estimates, however, showed that this cannot be done for 25 cents per annum without entailing loss, which would have to be met from Missionary funds. It is proposed, therefore, to issue the *Outlook* for 1883 at the following rates:—

Single Copies, per annum,	40cts.
Eight Copies, or upwards, to one address,	25cts. each.

If a good circulation is to be secured, friends all over the country must take hold with a will. Send an order at once for 12 or 20 copies, with the cash and then work up the list at your leisure. There is scarcely a Circuit or Mission in the whole Connexion where this number could not be easily obtained. A good way to distribute the copies ordered would be through the Sunday-school.

Address, Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., Toronto.

Heimgang.

HEIMGANG! So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell:
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers chanting surges,
"Heimgang!" He is going home.

Heimgang! Quint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying,
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey toward "God's Act:—"
"Heimgang!" Always going home!

Heimgang! We are all so weary,
And the willows as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"Heimgang!" We are going home.
A. J. H. Duganne.

A FAVOURITE PAPER.—For judicious editing, select and popular contributors, and sprightly and entertaining reading, the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has no superior among the family papers. It has nearly three hundred thousand subscribers, and unquestionably met its great success. Price \$1.75, with *Methodist Magazine*, \$1.50.

"*Six Girls*" is a home story, nicely illustrated. By Fannie Belle Irving. Cloth, 16mo, 455 pages. Price \$1.50. Estes & Lauriat, 301-305 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

"This is undoubtedly a girl's book. It presents life from a girl's standpoint, and is the kind of reading that is interesting for girls and good for them. Its sweetness, purity, and naturalness, should make it imperishable—one of the books which 'will sell and live.' It has more humour than pathos; more joy than sorrow; more wholesome, living philosophy than splendid logic or fine-spun phraseology; and more nature than art. It deals in no feverish emotions, and sets forth no highly coloured romance. It is only a beautiful story of a beautiful home—that is, a home made beautiful by affection and industry."



OUR ALBUM. — (See page 23.)

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The Gathering Place

I know not where—beneath, above—
The gathering place so wonderful,
But all who fill our life with love
Go forth to make it beautiful.
Oh! wealthy with all wealth of grace,
Of noble heart, of fair, sweet face,
Is that exalted meeting place!

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of walls as white as snow, wind-driven,
Of lofty arches, grandly cold.
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.

But in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place;
A home unhurt by sighs and tears,
Where waiteth many a well-known face:
Where little children play and sing,
And maidens and the old men bring,
Their tributes to the gracious King.

With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear,
The glad homeland not far away!
Where no sea toucheth, making moan,
Where none are poor, or sick, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.

And as we think of all we knew,
Who there have met and part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.
So poor the world, now they have gone,
We scarcely dare to think upon
The years before our rest is won.

And yet our Father knoweth best
The joy or sadness that we need,
The time when we may take our rest,
And be from sin and sorrow freed.
So we will wait with patient grace,
Till in that blessed gathering place
We meet our friends, and see His face.

"Turn the Key."

IN one of the narrow courts lying to the westward of Ludgate Hill, and under the shadow of St. Paul's at sunrise, there lives a man who goes by the somewhat singular cognomen of "Turn the Key." His real name is Matthew Gray; but he only hears it from the lips of his nearest friends and such neighbours as have learned to respect him. I am pleased to say that neither are few nor far between.

By trade he is a wood-engraver. Not one of those delicate-fingered men who so skilfully interpret the artist's work on the wood, and give us those magnificent pieces of modern art which adorn the best works of the day; but a ruder craftman, employed to engrave advertisement blocks, posters, and the rougher class of this form of labour generally.

He was quick at his work, and having a good connection with some of the larger advertising agents, did remarkably well for several years prior to his marriage and after it. Then the leprosy of drink got hold of him.

He began in his youth, as others do, with his "regular glass" at meals. As time advanced he took one to "moisten his pipe before going to bed." Next he had an occasional glass between, and finally he took so many that food with him became occasional, and drink fearfully and destructively regular.

Matthew had fallen—in spite of the tears, pleadings, and remonstrances of an affectionate wife—in spite of the gift of two children, and in defiance of the palpable evil the fatal habit was working in his mind and body. The unnatural thirst, the miserable craving, was ever upon him; work and home ties were alike neglected for the dirty, brawling public-house.

And yet as he fell he struggled against his fall—feebly, no doubt, but still he struggled. In the morning he

would rise with fresh resolves to have no more of it, and go sturdily to the attic where he worked, and sitting down upon his stool, put out his pad and arrange his tools. Then came the fatal whisper, "Have one glass—only one; it will freshen you up and carry you through your work of the morning."

He knew the fallacy of that whisper, but he went; and all the morning the light through the window fell upon an empty room and idle tools. Late in the day he would return, maudlin and despairing, and in a slipshod way do part of the work that ought to have been well done hours before.

As usual in such cases, his employers soon learned to distrust him. Unpunctuality, bad work, and the evidence of his failing drove the best of them away, and the rest offered him—what he was obliged to take—less for his labour.

Bound in the fatal chains, moody and despairing, he lived on with his sorrowful wife and children around him. Mrs. Gray was a good woman, and regularly attended a place of worship with her little ones. Her husband, however, had never done so; example and affectionate urgings had alike been thrown away upon him.

"Do give the dreadful drink up, Mat," said his wife one morning. "Pray to God to give you strength, and He will not fail you."

"There's no good in prayer," replied Matthew, moodily. "I've tried my best; but as soon as I get to the bench I'm called away by a voice that is too strong for me."

"It's too strong for many round us," returned his wife. "What good does it do you?"

"None," he said. "I'm not the man I was since I took to it; in fact, I sometimes feel I'm no man at all—I'm a brute."

He sat back in his chair with folded arms, gazing gloomily at his two children, who stood in a corner of the room, whispering to each other fearfully, and wondering why their father frowned so at them. He was not frowning at his children, however. Matthew Gray had fallen, but he had not yet acquired the ferocity which drink gives to some men. He had no desire to maltreat the offspring God had given him.

They were pretty children, a girl and a boy, respectively four and five years of age. The boy was the elder, and a most intelligent little fellow. His wistful blue eyes unconsciously shot keen arrows of reproach at his unbappy father as he looked at him that day.

"Jane, I can't stand it!" said Matthew Gray, rising hurriedly. "If things go on as they are, I shall kill myself."

"Don't talk so wickedly, Mat," said Jane, laying her hands upon his shoulders. "Your life was given for you to use for the glory of God. It is not your own to take away."

"And of what use is my life to me, or to any one?" he asked.

"It would be of use to many, and a blessing to us," replied his wife, "if you gave up drink."

"Ay! there it is," rejoined Matthew.

"I wish I could give it up. And if I could only feel always as I do now it could easily be done; but I know as soon as I try to settle to my bench I shall have a thirst upon me, and out I shall go."

"If I sat with you, Mat," she said, "do you think you could overcome it?"

"I'll try, Jane; but I've doubts of it."

They went upstairs together, and Matthew began his preparations for his day's work. Business had not entirely fallen away from him, and he had enough to do for that day at least. At first he seemed resolute, and drew up his tools and sat down. He took a graving tool in his hand and paused. Jane saw what was coming, and put herself between him and the door.

"It's coming on me," he said, hoarsely; "I must have one glass."

"No, no," she cried; "keep here—for one morning, Mat. It may break the chains, and with God's help they shall never be round you again."

"I can't begin without something," he said, rising. "I'm all to pieces; I have no strength. Let me go; I'll come back surely when I've had one glass."

"No, Mat, it can't be," cried Jane. "I shall break past you," he said, advancing, "and be gone, unless—" he paused, as if some great thought had been suddenly given him—"unless you turn the key."

In a moment it was done. Jane, inspired with a new hope, closed the door, turned the key, and put it into her pocket. "Now, Mat," she said, "I'll not let you have it. If you want it you must take it by force."

He sat down again trembling. The temptation to do so was upon him. For an instant the horrible idea trembled in the balance. His wife understood all. "O merciful Father!" she murmured, "spare him, for our blessed Redeemer's sake." The prayer was breathed and the answer came. Matthew Gray turned, and resting his elbows upon the bench, buried his face in his hands. Great drops of perspiration fell from his brow.

Jane said nothing to him then. Nor when he suddenly began his labours did she speak. A good half-hour had elapsed before a word passed between them.

"Jane," he said suddenly, "I nearly did it."

He did not specify what "it" was, there was no need to do so. Jane, in reply, quietly said, "It was a merciful God who spared you from such a deed."

No reproach, no suggestion as to what her own sufferings would have been, no threat as to what she would have done had he so far forgotten his manhood. He drew his hand across his eyes and came over and kissed her.

"Jane," he said, "the thirst is leaving me. You shall come up every morning and turn the key."

"So I will, Mat," she replied, "until you can turn it yourself."

"I fear that it will be many a day before I do that," he answered sadly.

"If you will listen to me," Jane replied, "you shall do it to-morrow."

He looked at her incredulously; but she met his look with a hopeful smile. "Mat," she said, "it was prayer that saved you from striking me just now. Indeed, it was that, and nothing else. If you doubt me, kneel down now, and see what strength will come of it."

"But I can't pray," he said; "I haven't done such a thing since I was a boy. I don't know a prayer. I've near forgot even that which I learnt at my mother's knee."

"Kneel," she said—"be earnest; give yourself up to thoughts of your

Saviour and your God, and power to pray will come."

He still hesitated, for it is not easy for most men to yield at once to their better instincts or to the promptings of the Holy Spirit. Years of indifference to the truths of religion are employed by the enemy of man in building strong outworks around him. But they vanish into thin air if the man himself but yields. Happily, Matthew Gray cast down the breastworks of pride and indifference, and yielded.

Husband and wife were in that room for two hours together. God heard their prayers. The little children were called up to play in the "shop," as Matthew called his attic. They came wondering, and the boy on entering put a question which was unconsciously another arrow.

"Isn't father going out to-day?" "Oh no," replied his mother; "father is going to work, and you must play quietly in the corner."

"I am so glad," said the boy; "ain't you, Jenny?"

Jenny lisped her gladness, and they both promised not to disturb their father at work, and Jane went down to her household duties. When she was gone the children experienced yet another surprise. Their father called them over and fondled them. He had never been unkind, but since he had taken to drink, he had not been very demonstrative of affection. The boy, looking up, saw tears in his father's eyes.

"Father," he said, "why are you crying?"

"Don't be afraid, darling," was the reply; "I am crying because I am so happy."

It was new to the boy to learn that there were tears of joy, and he looked somewhat doubtfully; but he was soon convinced of the truth of what his father said by seeing smiles upon a face which for a long time had only worn looks of sorrow and gloomy frowns.

"Oh! I'm so glad," he said, and clapped his little hands.

A great victory had been won; but the strife was not yet over. The cravings for drink are not easily stifled. Matthew Gray felt the direful sinking which follows the use and sudden abandonment of alcohol, and thought he was dying.

"Jane," he said to his wife, when she brought his dinner upstairs, "I'm dreadfully low. I think I ought to leave it off gradually."

"No, no," she said—"no more drink. Eat your dinner; it will do you more good."

"Turn the key," he said, with a resolution hitherto foreign to him. Jane did so, and he sat down to his meal.

At first he felt as if he could not touch it; but his wife pressed him to eat a little against his will. He did so. Appetite came, and he ate a good meal.

He went out for a walk that evening with his wife and children, and whenever they approached a public-house his face told of the struggle within; but Jane whispered in his ear, "Turn the key," and they went on. He returned home without having fallen into the clutches of his old enemy.

The next morning Jane, ever watchful, was awake and up early, and having put the house to rights, so as to be ready to aid him in what she knew would be another great struggle, aroused Matthew, who awoke and

wondered at first why his tongue was not so parched as usual, and why his head was not like a block of wood or stone.

The reason for the change was soon made clear. Husband and wife knelt down and prayed together, at first aloud and then in silence. Next came breakfast, plain but wholesome, and of this Matthew was able to partake with a zest he had not known for two or three years.

"It is a new life," he said, as he arose.

"Now go up to work," said Jane, "and turn the key yourself. You know where to ask for strength to do so. Our Lord and Saviour will not fail you."

He went, and in a few minutes she softly followed, and listened outside the closed door. He was pacing to and fro, and she knew the key was not yet turned. The second struggle was going on. There was a pause, and a soft sound as of one sinking on his knees. The anxious, loving wife, sank down too, and with clasped hands asked in her heart for aid.

A movement within arrested her outpouring; a hasty footstep approached the door, and the key was turned.

The dim, narrow staircase was full of light as she stole softly down. The fight was now over and the victory won. An answer to the prayer of herself and husband had been vouchsafed.

Matthew Gray kept the door locked until his wife came up with his mid-day meal. He was rather pale and quiet, but he was very happy.

"Jane," he said, "God has given me strength. I have turned the key, and I will never touch a drop of the poison again."

"May our merciful Father support you in your resolution," said Jane, to which Matthew responded "Amen."

He was supported, and is supported still. The key was turned upon his bane, and alcohol has never been admitted since. Sober, and wiser, and happier, Matthew Gray lives in his new home—the same house, but a new home—with a different wife and children, but differing only in their happiness, which came with the resolve of the husband and father.

Matthew turned the key and was not ashamed of it. He spoke of it among his neighbours—not in any boastful spirit, but as a humble acknowledgment of the mercy vouchsafed to him, and points to the change in his abode as a proof of the blessing of that turning.

They may call him "Turn the key," and laugh at him, and he will on his own behalf laugh back again; but he looks sad, too, for their sake. And yet he has cause for rejoicing on the behalf of a few who have wisely followed his example, and "turned the key" upon the fatal habit of drinking.

The public house still thrives. The landlord scarcely missed Matthew Gray and those who have followed his example and teaching. How long are we to wait for the great day when the people generally will "turn the key" upon the curse of our country? Let us all earnestly pray and work, that by God's blessing it may come quickly.—*Friendly Visitor.*

A CHRISTIAN is never satisfied with himself; but this is no wonder, as he is not fully satisfied with any one but Christ.

The Album.

"You have not seen papa's album yet, have you, dear?" said Bessie Vaughan to her little friend, Maud Emerson, on the morning of New Year's Day. "And you are going home to-night, too. I'll run and ask mamma to let us have it at once." And away ran Bessie, followed by Maud, and in a few minutes more returned with the album in her hand.

"Now all these first ones," said Bessie, putting her arm round Maud's neck as she sat down by her side, "are our own family, you know. Here is papa, and here is mamma, and here is grandmamma, and here am I. And this is Aunt Jane, and this is Uncle Harry, and this is Uncle Stephen. And here are all our cousins—Cousin Kate, Cousin Frank, Cousin Arthur, and Cousin Jessie. And this is grandfather. Dear grandfather! He comes last because papa could never get him to have his photograph taken while he was living; but papa had this one taken from his large picture since his death. He died soon after last Christmas, and we are all in mourning for him now. He was here with us all Christmas-time, and that was the last time he was out anywhere! He was always with us at Christmas, as long as ever I can remember. But, last time, nobody thought he was able to come—he was paralyzed, all one side of him, and could not move without being helped. But papa was determined to have him; so he took a cab and put a lot of pillows in it, and went and fetched him. And when poor grandfather had been sitting a little while in his large easy chair in the corner, where he always sat, he got so pleased and happy that he did not seem ill at all. Well, we had such a happy Christmas Day, and when bedtime came, and papa said to him, 'Well, how have you been, father? Comfortable?' grandfather said, 'Thank you, my boy,—he always called papa 'my boy,' wasn't it funny?—'thank you, my boy,' he said, 'I never spent a happier time than I have to-day.' 'Oh, come,' said papa, 'you forget that you were once well and hearty; you spent happier times than, did you not?' 'No, my boy,' said grandfather, 'I never spent such a happy time in my life. There are things,' he said—I remember his words so well, they were the last I heard him speak—'there are some things,' he said, 'that are better than health and strength. To have loving children about me, eye, and grandchildren too,' he said, 'this makes me happier than anything else I know in this world.' And he looked so kind and happy! Well, we never heard him speak again; in a few weeks he died! And this is his portrait. Dear, dear grandfather!"

And the child kissed the picture tenderly, and sat for a moment or two looking at it in silence. Then she said, "There, that's all of our own family. Now, all these others are people—boys and girls, most of them—whom papa has known, and he has put their portraits in his album because there is some story about them.

"This first little girl, with a book in her hand, used to live near where papa lived in the country, before I was born. Papa told us all about her, and I know he won't mind me telling you, because he told me once I might tell anybody—it may teach people to like her," he said.

"Well, papa kept a shop then, and used to open it on Sundays like other shopkeepers. And one Sunday this

little girl came home from Sunday-school and saw papa standing at his door. So she said, 'Mr. Vaughan, my teacher says it is wicked to open shops on Sundays!' And papa said, 'Ah, Millie, your teacher doesn't keep a shop: if she did she would have to open it like other people, or lose all her customers!' 'I don't think she would, Mr. Vaughan,' said the little girl; 'because she says we ought to do right, and trust in God to help us!'

"Well, papa says these words would not go out of his mind; and he thought about them, and thought about them, till at last he shut up on Sundays, and, sure enough, nearly all his customers left him. So he gave up his shop and came to London: and God did help him, for he has prospered here better than ever he did in the country. So he got the little girl's parents to let him have a copy taken of the portrait they had got of her, and here it is!"

"And who is this pretty little boy, with curly hair?" asked Maud.

"Oh, that is little Bertie King," said Bessie, in a saddened tone. "Wasn't he a pretty little fellow?"

"Is he dead, then?"

"Oh, yes, poor little dear! he was run over!"

"Run over! and killed?"

"Yes, and killed! He used to live just over the way, and often came in on my birthday and such times. But one day his brother Fred wanted to take him out for a walk. Their mother would not let him go for a good while, because she was afraid to trust him with Fred; but at last he persuaded her, and she made him promise that he wouldn't let go of little Bertie's hand; and they went.

"Well, there were some soldiers going along at the end of a street, and Fred wanted to see them. But he couldn't get Bertie along fast enough; so he told him to stand still and not move till he came back; and he ran off to see the soldiers. But poor little Bertie got into the road somehow, and a great waggon came up and knocked him down and ran right over him! And they brought him home and fetched the doctor, but he was quite dead! Wasn't it dreadful!"

"Shocking! Wasn't his brother very sorry?"

"Sorry! He was in such a way about it that he nearly went out of his mind! He did go quite out of his mind for a little while; for the thought of it brought on brain fever; and when his mind wandered he used to make everybody so unhappy by keeping on crying, 'Stop the waggon! Stop the waggon! Oh! it's going over him!'"

"And now he is such a quiet boy! Oh, so quiet! And he used to be the noisiest and wildest boy we knew."

The children both sat quiet for a minute or two; then each drew a long sigh, and Bessie turned the leaves again.

"Oh, here's a sailor boy," said Maud. "Who is he?"

"That's Archie Nelson," said Bessie. "Mr. and Mrs. Nelson are friends of papa's. Archie is at sea now, he is a midshipman. He always worried his papa to let him go to sea, and at last Mr. Nelson consented. But it is a wonder he was not drowned at the very first of it."

"Oh, my! how was that?"

"Why, just before the time came for him to go to his ship, he was taken ill and couldn't go. And when he found the ship wouldn't wait for him he was in such a way about it. And

what do you think? The ship had not got far out at sea before she was wrecked in a dreadful storm, and hardly anybody was saved! Only think! If Archie had been on board, as he wanted to be so much, he would most likely have been drowned!

"Papa says we ought never to murmur when we are disappointed in what we expected; because we hardly ever know what is good for us; and sometimes the very things we long for most are the worst things we could have.

"Why, there is mamma calling us to dinner, I declare! Well, I must show you the rest of the portraits in the afternoon."

And with their arms twined lovingly around each other, away went the children to dinner; and let us hope they both got good by their chat over the album on that New Year's Day.

A. G. S.

Boys and Girls' Temperance Lessons.*

LESSON III.

Appetite.

QUESTION. What is a natural appetite?

ANSWER. A natural appetite is the desire for, and relish of, necessary food.

Q. For what kinds of food do we have this desire and this relish?

A. First for milk, then for bread-stuffs and fruits, and at last meats—things needful to keep the body growing and afterwards in repair.

Q. For what kinds of drink do we have this natural appetite?

A. For milk, which is both food and drink, and for water.

Q. Do brute animals, which always have a natural appetite, ever drink anything besides water?

A. They do not. Water is, universally, the natural drink of both brute animals and man.

Q. What is an acquired appetite?

A. An acquired appetite, is an appetite for some food or drink for which there is not a natural desire.

Q. Have persons a natural appetite for alcohol?

A. They have not, except in cases of what is called inherited appetite, or an appetite in the child because the father or mother had it.

Q. How is the appetite for alcohol or alcoholic drinks acquired?

A. At the first by taking a little, mixed with something that covers the disagreeable taste, and lessens the burning sensation when taken into the mouth and throat.

Q. How is this appetite increased and strengthened?

A. Simply and only by the repetition of the first process.

Q. Is there anything peculiar about this acquired appetite for alcoholic drinks?

A. There is.

Q. What that is peculiar?

A. Having made the appetite, the tendency is an ever-increasing demand for drinks which contain alcohol.

Q. To what does this ever-increasing demand of the acquired appetite often lead?

A. To brutalizing excesses, leading its possessor to sacrifice all that is valuable and dear, to appease, for the moment, its terrible craving.

*We purpose giving a series of these Temperance Lessons, which, we hope, will train up our boys and girls to be thorough testifiers.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A. D. 30.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 11.

NONE OTHER NAME.

Acts 4. 1-14. Commit to memory verses 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Acts 4. 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ is the Saviour and only Saviour of man.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. Acts 4. 1-14.
- T. 1 John 5. 1-12.
- W. Heb. 2. 1-18.
- Th. Rom. 10. 1-15.
- F. John 3. 1-36.
- Sa. John 14. 1-16.
- Su. 1 Cor. 1. 17-31.

TIME.—June, A. D. 30. The same afternoon as the last two lessons, and the day following.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson we had Peter's sermon to the people, with the healed lame man for his text. The authorities, drawn by the crowd, overhear the teaching of the apostles, and take measures to put an end to it.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Captain of the temple*—The head of the band of Levite sentinels who kept guard over the temple. *Sadducees*—A sect of the Jews, whose name was derived from Sadee their founder. They were a small but influential sect; the unbelievers and materialists among the Jews, denying the existence of soul, angels, and a future life. Hence they were opposed to the preaching of a *Risen Christ*. 2. *Scribes*—It was three o'clock when the lame man was healed. It must now have been as late as six. 4. *Five thousand*—The whole number of male converts, including the three thousand of Pentecost. 5. *Rulers*—The whole Sanhedrin of seventy-one members, composed (1) of *Elders*—heads of families, leading men. (2) *Scribes*—teachers of the schools, interpreters of the law. (3) *The priests*—the heads of the twenty-four courses, and the leading priests as mentioned in verse six. 6. *Anas*—He was the high priest elected and acknowledged by the people, while *Capitatus* was the legal priest appointed by the Romans. 7. *By what power*—They wished to accuse them of magic or sorcery, which was punishable by death. (Exodus 22. 18.) 10. Note the boldness of Peter, who a short time before had denied his master. 11. *This is the stone*, etc., quoted from Psalms 118. 22. 12. *Salvation*—from sin, to holiness, to heaven. *None other name*—The name includes all that there is in Jesus, of power, divinity, humanity. *Must be saved*—Why can we be saved only by Christ? (1) He only brings God's forgiveness. (2) The promise is only through him. (3) He has the power of the Spirit by which the heart is changed. (4) He is the sum of all goodness. To reject him is to reject goodness, and hence be unsaved.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Sadducees.—The Sanhedrin.—Filled with the Holy Ghost.—The change in Peter.—Salvation only through Christ.—They took knowledge that they had been with Jesus.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To whom had Peter been speaking? What was the occasion of the sermon? Were there many hearers? At what hour of the day was it now? How long after Pentecost?

SUBJECT: CHRIST THE POWER OF GOD.

1. IN TIME OF TROUBLE (vs. 1-4).—Who were drawn by the crowds to listen to Peter? Who was the "captain of the temple"? Describe the Sadducees. Why were they opposed to Peter's teaching? Why were the priests opposed? What was done with Peter and John? Did this persecution prevent men from becoming Christians? How many believers were there in all. Is opposition ever a good reason for not believing on Christ? Does persecution tend to make truth-lovers better? Will their being better tend to make more Christians?

2. IN GIVING AID TO HIS DISCIPLES (vs. 5-8).—Before whom were they brought next day? Give some account of the Sanhedrin? Who were the "rulers"? who the "elders"? "the scribes"? Who was the real high priest? What did they ask Peter and John? What was the punishment if they had used magic or sorcery? (Exodus 22. 18. Lev. 19. 26. Deut. 13. 1-5.) Who replied? What promise was fulfilled in him? (Matt. 10. 19, 20. Luke 12. 11, 12.) How was this being filled with the Holy Ghost different from the ordinary abiding of the Comforter with him?

3. IN THE SALVATION OF MEN (vs. 9-12). Was Peter's deed a bad one? By whose power was the lame man healed? Was the man present in the assembly? With what did Peter charge them? What Psalm did Peter quote? What does this verse mean? In whom alone is salvation? Why only in Christ? Must we be saved by him or be lost? Is the Gospel to blame for the loss of those who refuse to believe?

4. IN CHANGING THE CHARACTER (vs. 13, 14). What change did they not see in Peter? Was this the same Council that condemned Christ? How did Peter once act in view of them? (Luke 22. 54-62.) How long before this? Why was the conduct and character of the apostles unexpected to them? How was it to be accounted for? Will being with Jesus change our character? How? What is it for us to be with Jesus?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. We must not be disappointed if we meet opposition in doing good.
2. Persecution increases converts as the wind adds to the fire.
3. Christ fulfils his promises to the letter.
4. Whatever is right, however unpopular, is sure to succeed at last.
5. Salvation is through Christ alone, (1) He convicts of sin, (2) He brings forgiveness, (3) He shows the way, and teaches the truth, (4) He gives the new heart, (5) He intensifies all motives,—hope, fear, love, duty.
6. Being with Christ will make us like him, ennoble our character, inspire courage.

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

6. Who now began to persecute the Christians? Ans. The rulers of the Jews. 7. Did this put an end to their increase? Ans. They increased to five thousand men. 8. How did Peter defend himself? Ans. By preaching Jesus Christ, and pointing to what Christ had done. 9. What did he say about Jesus? (Repeat the Golden Text.) 10. What was the source of Peter's wisdom and courage? Ans. He had been with Jesus.

A. D. 30.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 18.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

Acts 4. 18-31. Commit to memory vs. 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us? Rom. 8. 31.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Holy Spirit gives courage to speak and power to do.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. Acts 4. 14-31.
- T. Psalms 2. 1-12.
- W. Psalms 121. 1-8.
- Th. Psalms 46. 1-11.
- F. Acts 12. 1-17.
- Sa. Acts 16. 16-34.
- Su. Rom. 8. 28-39.

TIME.—June, A. D. 30. The same day as the last part of the last lesson. The day after the healing of the lame man.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. The hall of the Sanhedrin, and assembling-place of the disciples.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson we left Peter and John in trial before the Sanhedrin. After Peter had finished his address, the apostles were sent out of the room, while the Council consulted together as to what they should do. Not daring to punish them for a good deed, and with the people on their side, the Council recalled the apostles and tried to silence them by threats.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—18. *And they*—The Sanhedrin. *Called them*—Back before the Council. 28. *To their own company*—Of Christians assembled in the city, and probably praying for these imprisoned disciples.

24. *God, which hath made heaven*, etc.—And therefore able to grant their request. 25. *Who... hath said*—In the Second Psalm *People imagine vain things*—Things they were unable to do, and vain, useless if they could do them. 27. *Jesus, whom thou hast anointed*, i.e., made King and Messiah, which was done by anointing. 28. *Whosoever thy counsel determined*—God controls even bad men. He is never frustrated in his plans. 29. *Grant unto thy servants*—They did not ask freedom from persecution, but only strength to do their duty and spread the Gospel. 31. *The place was shaken*—As on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit came down in power. It was the token that their prayer for help was answered.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The courage of the apostles.—Obeying God rather than man.—The prayer, its characteristics.—What they prayed for.—How signs and wonders aid the Gospel.—The answer to the prayer.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where were Peter and John, in our last lesson? What discussion did the Sanhedrin hold over them? (Acts 4. 15-17.) Why did they not dare keep them in prison? How did they propose to stop the progress of the Gospel?

SUBJECT: CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

1. MANIFESTED (vs. 1-2).—Who called the apostles? From what place? (Ch. 4. 15) Where to? What did they command? What was the apostles' answer? Why must we always obey God rather than man? How does doing this require courage? Is there special need of Christian courage in our day? Why could not the apostles refrain from speaking? What things must they speak? What hindered the Sanhedrin from punishing them? How are the good results of Christianity, and especially wonderful conversions, the best answer to opposers? What is courage? Why is it a noble quality? Do all people admire it?

2. SUSTAINED (vs. 23-28).—Where did Peter and John go when released? Why? Should we go to our Christian brethren for sympathy and strength? Was their prayer of one accord of voice or of heart? Why did they speak here of God as the Creator? What Psalm did they quote? Does the expression, "who by the mouth of thy servant David hath said," prove the inspiration of the Psalms? What "vain things" did the people imagine? Why were they vain? Who had conspired against Christ? What is referred to? How would this fact be a comfort to the disciples?

3. INCREASED (vs. 29-31).—For what did they pray? Why not for escape from persecution and trouble? In what respects was theirs the best prayer? How should our prayers resemble theirs? What, in addition to courage, did they ask? How do signs and wonders aid the Gospel? How was the prayer answered? When before this was there a like answer? (Acts 2. 1-4.) What was the object of such a visible manifestation? Does being filled with the Holy Ghost make us bold?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The test of a true disciple is that he obeys God rather than man.
2. The true Christian must speak out what he experiences of the Gospel.
3. Every person naturally goes to his own place,—like to like.
4. We should lay all our burdens before the Lord.
5. Because God is the Creator of all, He can govern all for the good of His cause and His children.
6. God controls and uses even the bad deeds of bad men.
7. True prayer desires more to do right in trouble, than to escape from it. God's cause is always first.

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

11. What did the Sanhedrin do to Peter and John? Ans. They forbade them to preach, and then let them go. 12. What was their reply? (Repeat vs. 19 and 20, beginning with "whether it be right," etc.) 13. Where did they go when released? Ans. To the assembly of the disciples. 14. What did they all do? Ans. They prayed with one accord. 15. For what did they pray? For boldness to speak, and for the power of Christ to be with them? 16. How were they answered? Ans. They were filled with the Holy Spirit, the source of courage and power.

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