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MONEY AND SCHOOL

VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 8, 1890.

[No. 5.]

A Bedouin.

OUR exceedingly spirited picture gives us a fine view of one of this remarkable race. The name (pronounced *bed-oo-eeen*) is from the Arab *Bedawi*, and means dweller in the desert. The Bedouins are the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham and Hagar. Concerning this son the angel, when he found Hagar by the fountain in the wilderness, (Gen. xvi. 7-14,) declared the prophecy that he should be a wild man, that his hand should be against every man and every man's hand against him, and that he should dwell in the presence of his kindred; also, that his offspring should be exceedingly numerous, so that it should not be numbered for multitude. Through all the ages down this prophecy has found its fulfillment. In ancient times the descendants of Ishmael dwelt in tents, as the Bedouins do now. They were hardy, brave, war-like, kept extensive flocks, lived in wild and uncultivated countries, and made frequent incursions for plunder upon the neighbouring nations who dwelt in cities and cultivated the soil. The same mode of life is still pursued by their descendants. They occupy their old home, Arabia. They live in bands of from two hundred to twenty or thirty thousand, and move their camps from place to place as pasturage for their flocks or other considerations may lead. They despise agriculture and trade, and subsist chiefly by their flocks. The love of robbery and plunder is transmitted from generation to generation. Their hand is against all their neighbours, and the hands of all men are against them. Through all the wars that have convulsed the nations of the East they have never been conquered. In the seventh century they were reached by the preaching of Mohammed, and accepted his religion. Under his appeals their fierce, war-like spirit was aroused to the highest heat, and they became a terror to both Asia and Europe. They still continue devoted Mohammedans, and attend strictly to the teachings of that religion. In appearance they are dark-skinned, with piercing eyes. They are of medium size, sinewy, strong, and exceedingly active. They are quite at home on horseback, and as riders are not equalled anywhere on the globe. In intelligence and morals they hold a low rank. They practice polygamy, hold slaves, and think robbery of any persons except those of their own race entirely justifiable. Their highest virtue is

that of hospitality. Our picture represents a fine specimen of the Bedouin returning from a marauding excursion. He is well laden with plunder, obtained probably from a caravan which he and his companions fell upon. He rides at full gallop, as though apprehensive that a rescuing party were in pursuit.

It was the editor of one of our esteemed morning contemporaries who once characterized a "gent" as being the vulgar fraction of a gentleman.



A BEDOUIN.

Small Savings.

A large number of the public schools in France have savings-banks in connection with them, which are said to be very popular among the pupils. Some may wonder whether school children really care to save their pennies; but a little incident will prove that the children really do make use of these banks.

A few years ago there were heavy floods in the south of France, which caused great damage and consequent disaster among the poor people. The school children of Bordeaux gave for the relief of the poor, out of their own savings in these school-

banks, the sum of two thousand dollars! Think what a joy it must have been to these kind-hearted little people to have a fund upon which to draw in such a time of need!

In the newsboys' lodging-houses in our large cities there are savings-banks, which grow in favor with the boys as they come to be acquainted with their workings. There is a great temptation among these boys to spend their earnings on fruits and candies and theatre tickets. But some who have ventured, and found it good to have a growing capital, have not been slow to tell the tale, and their example has been productive of great good.

There is a sorrowful story of a news-boy who put his savings away in the bank until he had accumulated three hundred dollars. But, alas! the love of money took possession of his young heart and he yielded to temptation. He was led to invest some of his hard-earned money in chances. At first he won a few dollars. This excited him, and when losses came he could not give up the hope of getting back all he had lost and more. And so the gambling went on until his small savings were all gone and he was left, penniless, to begin life over again. Let us hope he learned the lesson that only honest gains can be of real use.

There is to-day on one of the streets of New York city a flourishing little news and stationery store. The proprietor is a young man with a good face and a general air of thrift. Only a few years ago he was a news boy. He saved his small earnings, and by and by set up a news-stand. This has grown steadily until now he has a fine little business. It would have been very easy for this boy to spend his nickles and dimes in soda-water and tickets to the "show." But he did not, and already he enjoys

some of the fruits of his self-denial.

Without small savings there would be no large savings. The boy who says, "it is no use for me to try to save, I have so little money," will not be likely to save when he has more; for wants are sure to increase in proportion to the amount we have to spend.

If any classmate has not begun to lay aside something, ever so little though it may be, the wisest thing he can do is to begin now.

Those are marked for ruin that are deaf to reproof and good counsel.

Old-fashioned.

Yes, I am a bit old-fashioned—

My children tell me so,
But I can't help lovin' the good old ways
They had in the long ago,
When I was a good deal younger,
When my hair was black as jet,
Before the lines and the wrinkles came
And I was my father's pet.

The old church hymns— I love 'em
Sung in the good old way,
"Long Metre" and "hallelujah"
And nary an organ to play
'They sing 'em now so funny
With a hoppity-skip an' a jump,
While the organ-man sets gaspin'
An' tryin' his bust to pump.

I like the old style meetin'
Where we knew just what to do.
I declare, when I go to meetin' now
I can't sit still in my pew,
I think the Lord would be willin'
To be served without such a fuss,
And I know he'd be much better pleased
If there never was no church muss.

My children laugh and wonder
What makes their mother so odd,
But I tell 'em I like the good old way
Of praisin' an' servin' God.
Yes, I am a bit old-fashioned;
I like the straight-backed cheer
An' not the ones they get to-day
That come so dreadful dear.

All plush an' velvet an' satin—
I own they're pretty to see,
But the good old straight-back rocking cheer
Is always the one for me.
My darter laughs at the candle
I take when I go to bed,
An' make such fun o' the night-cap
I wear on my old grey head.

Yes, I am a bit old-fashioned,
My heart's in the good old days,
I love the things of the long ago,
An' all the queer old ways.
But my soul looks ever onward
To the time when rest shall come,
When my dear old man on the shining strand
Shall welcome me gladly home.

The Story of a Beautiful Girl.

BY ABBY M. GANNETT.

On an afternoon, over six hundred years ago, in Florence, Italy, a shy boy, nine years of age, attended a party of many children of his own age—boys and girls. His name was Durante, but they called him Dante. Like all sensitive children, he found no pleasure in joining the sports, but in keeping apart and watching the players. If any one called out: "Come, Dante, don't stand moping there; come on, and join the fun!" he would draw still further away—perhaps hide behind some grown-up person, to look out on the play when he thought he would not be noticed.

One little girl particularly attracted Dante. He might first have noticed her because she wore a red dress. Years afterward he wrote of red: "It is a most noble colour." It was one of the colours of Florence—green and white being the others. Young as he was, Dante knew what patriotism meant, for those were stormy years in Italy, and often large numbers of the citizens were called to take up arms—and even the very children felt loyalty springing up in their hearts.

But soon Dante saw that the little girl with the red dress was a very wonderful child. It was not because her eyes, deep with colour and lights like gems, and her pure, oval face, and her waving hair, were beautiful—he thought, indeed, he had never seen anything like these—but because she moved among the others with the sweetness and gravity

an angel child might have, did she leave her heavenly home awhile to join in the sports of earthly children.

Dante was born a Catholic, and, therefore, was taught that, next to Jesus, Mary, the Virgin Mother, was the most radiant being that had ever blessed our earth. He may have felt that little Beatrice looked and moved as Mary must have when a child, such was the awe with which she inspired him. He could on no account have spoken to her; and if, in the games, she approached nearer him, his solemn eyes grew larger, and he held his breath, with a deeper sense of the wonder of her presence.

After that day, little Dante seldom met Beatrice, but the impression she made upon him was unchanged. He could not have expressed it in words, but the truth was that this child—with her lovely, thoughtful face, and her grave and beautiful ways—stood for him as the sign of what is beautiful, good, and true in the world. He had the soul of a poet, and such a soul is deeply impressed by all forms of beauty, because they speak of what is greater than all—the loveliness and holiness of spirit.

When almost a young man, Dante met Beatrice most unexpectedly one day upon the street. She was now a maiden, and seemed to him more wonderful than ever. She was dressed in white, while the flashing sunlight seemed to make her hair like gold. As she turned her clear, deep eyes toward him, she remembered him, and smiled. He was so overcome with the vision, and what he thought was her kindness in recognizing him, he said that it seemed as if whatever was gross in him was washed forever away.

By that time Dante had begun to take part in the political life of his city. In it there was much to arouse the less admirable traits of his disposition. The stern and unyielding spirit for which he was afterward distinguished was being developed. He knew what it was to feel resentment, hatred, and revenge toward the party that opposed his own. Yet, after he met Beatrice, there was a season when he felt that he could forgive every enemy. Such is the influence goodness and purity have over the baser passions.

Two prominent political parties alternately ruled Florence—the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. The former adhered to the Pope; the latter to the Emperor of Germany. Dante belonged to the Guelfs then. It seemed as if he were to have a soldier's career—that he even might be called to die fighting for his beloved Florence. But events proved how far different his fate was to be, and that, through him, Beatrice was to have immortal fame.

They met but seldom, yet whenever he did see her he forgot everything else, even his wish to serve his city, as he contemplated her purity and goodness. Once they met at a bridal party, where she wore again a dress of white. In the atmosphere of peace and holiness that surrounded her, Dante for the first time had a sense of what heaven might be. We see that the influence came from the character of Beatrice much more than from her outward beauty. Its purity, nobility, and strength alone could have had enduring power over a nature like Dante's.

Beatrice married. Dante took up arms, and we hear of his brave fighting in the famous battle of Campaldino, when the Florentines defeated the people Arezzo. He returned to his city to be crowned with honours. Beatrice died; but the vision of her goodness was unfading in his mind, and he said he would write of her such words as had never been written of woman. He thought of

her as a glorious spirit that had returned to its heavenly home.

He married, and children grew up around him. He was made a chief magistrate of Florence. He was sent on a mission to Rome. This was the turning-point in his life.

The Guelfs had split into two factions—the Bianchi or White; and the Neri, or Black. Dante belonged to the Bianchi. While he was absent in Rome, the Neri obtained ascendancy, and he was forbidden to return to Florence on penalty of being burned. This was a terrible stroke. To be exiled from his home—from the city he had loved and served, for a time he knew not how long!

With other exiles, he made an ineffectual attempt to attack Florence; then he became a wanderer from city to city, until his death, at the age of fifty-six years.

This is his sad story; and we can well believe that he found no solace from his brooding thoughts upon his wrongs except in the contemplation of that peace and goodness of which Beatrice had been the emblem. The contrast between the wickedness and strife of the times and that spirit, all love and serenity, fixed itself more and more upon his mind.

So he came to think of the life of man, sinful and discordant as it was, and the life of man that might be beneficent and holy in the thought of God. It rose up before his mind as a mighty vision calling upon him to show it forth to the world. He resolved to write a great poem which should forever benefit his race.

Thus the "Divine Comedy" came to be written. The lonely, exiled poet, notwithstanding his wrongs and sorrows, loved his fellow-beings well enough to wish to help them turn from sin and seek the life of holiness. And we may well believe that it was the beautiful Beatrice who chiefly inspired this love.

Dante shows us the three stages of man's life on earth: that in which he unrepentantly sins; that in which he willingly bears punishment in order to purge away his guilt; and that where he has begun to live the life of goodness. These are called the "Inferno," the "Purgatorio," and the "Paradiso."

In the first canto of the "Inferno," the poet tells us of having been lost in a gloomy wood, where he met the Latin poet Virgil, who offered to conduct him through the dreary regions of hell and up the steep mountain of purgatory. Beatrice had come to him from paradise, and besought him to do this. Afterward she would guide Dante through the spheres of heaven. This meant that poetry, symbolized by Virgil; and heavenly wisdom, symbolized by Beatrice; had inspired Dante thus to unfold to man his life in its different phases, that he may be forever warned from evil, and desirous of choosing only virtue.

The part which Beatrice holds in the "Divine Comedy" is one equalled by no other literary work. Dante faithfully kept his promise, to write of her words such as had been dedicated to no other woman.

No true girl or woman, who reads of Beatrice in the "Divine Comedy," can feel otherwise than grateful to the poet for his noble conception, nor help longing to bring into her own life something of the beauty that marked this saintly character. He makes her the personification of the highest human and divine qualities. She is supernal beauty and holiness; yet we always recognize the pure girl who awakened the reverence of Dante in his early days in Florence.

We see how rare and angelic must have been the spirit that in those dark and turbulent years of

their city had power to set this ineffaceable seal on his stern heart. After he has pictured the terrors of hell and the trials of purgatory, he brings Beatrice before us a transcendent spirit of loveliness and light; and in their upward journey through paradise, those awful scenes of the lower realms are forgotten. Even so the girl Beatrice must have shown before Dante, in the midst of the wrong and woe that clouded their fair city.—
Our Youth.

Maize and Tobacco.

THE Indian corn looked over the fence,
And what do you think he spied?
A field of tobacco just ready to bloom
And stretching in lordly pride.

To his broad-leaved neighbour at once he called,
In accents loud and clear,
I thought you belonged to a sunnier clime—
Pray, what are you doing here?

So then, with a haughty air replied
The plant of power and pelf,
You are pleased to ask of my business, sir,
What do you do yourself?

I feed the muscle and blood and bone,
To make our farmers strong,
And furnish blood for the little ones
That round their tables throng.

I move in a somewhat loftier sphere,
The foreign guest rejoined,
As a chosen friend and companion dear
Of men of wealth and mind.

I'm the chief delight of the gay young spark
O'er the wise, my away-I hold,
I lurk in the book-worm student's cell—
In the dowager's box of gold.

Thousands of hands at my bidding work;
Millions of coin I raise—
He ceased to speak, and in angry mood
Responded the tasseled maize:—

You're in secret league with dyspeptic ills—
A merciless traitor band,
With clouds of smoke you pollute the air,
With floods of slime the land.

You tax the needy labourer sore,
You quicken the drunkard's thirst,
You exhaust the soil—and I wish you'd go,
To the place whence you came at first.

The Portuguese Trouble.

WITHIN the past few years a very eager rivalry has grown up between the European nations to acquire or increase possessions in Africa, and this rivalry has more than once endangered peace between them.

If a map were made of Africa as it is to-day, it would reveal that portions of that continent are occupied by at least seven European nations, and that these occupations have increased rapidly within a short period.

The most recent collision between two European states over African territory, is the very serious one which has arisen in South Central Africa, between England and Portugal.

Both these countries have long held certain portions of territory in that part of the "Dark Continent." As long ago as the fifteenth century, Portugal discovered the island of Madeira, and the coasts of Senegal and Guinea on the West African coast. About 1500, the same power planted settlements on the coast of Mozambique, on the south-east side of the continent.

As a consequence of these discoveries, Portugal to-day holds possession both of Mozambique on the east, and of Angola and Benguela on the west.

Between these two colonies, in the central part of the continent, there lies a vast extent of ter-

ritory, drained by the Zambesi and Shire rivers, reaching to Lake Nyassa on the east, and inhabited by savage and warlike races—notably the Makalolos. It is the territory lying north and south of the great Zambesi River, which is now the main subject of contention, a part of which is called Mashonaland.

Portugal lays claim to the discovery of this territory—to its occupation for centuries—and points to the facts that it has been explored by Portuguese travellers, has been the field of Portuguese missionaries, and was ceded to Portugal by the native rulers more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

The English, on the other hand, declares that the country was first fully explored by Livingstone and other Englishmen; that Portugal has never made permanent settlements in the territory, or taken real and effectual possession of it; that English missions have long been established therein, and that English enterprise has been actively engaged in settling and developing the country.

Several months ago a British consul, Mr. Johnston, proceeded to the Zambesi River for the purpose of establishing English influence in the country between that river and Lake Nyassa. While there he made treaties of alliance with the chiefs of the Makalolo tribes on the banks of the river.

Accordingly these tribes hoisted the British flag, and thus seemed to acknowledge that they had consented to come under English rule.

But soon after, a Portuguese officer, Major Serpa Pinto, appeared upon the scene, at the head of nine hundred soldiers, armed with rifles and Gatling guns. This expedition met that of Consul Johnston, but no collision occurred between them.

The Portuguese, finding the Englishman ahead of him, returned to the coast for reinforcements, and then returned to the Zambesi. He formed a camp on the frontier of the Makalolos, attacked the tribes with his rifles and cannon; and, among other spoils, captured two English flags. The tribes thereupon submitted to him.

This act on the part of Serpa Pinto at once aroused the indignation of the English Government, which promptly demanded reparation for it. At the time this article is written, this demand has not been complied with, and the relations between the two countries are much strained, there being danger that war may break out between them as the result of the quarrel.

It is probable that in the end, by peaceful means or otherwise, the disputed territory will fall into the hands of England, as the stronger power. Portugal can hardly hope to hold her own against the English navy.

If this turns out to be the case, we may expect to see the South African possessions of the English extended from the Transvaal up to Lake Nyassa, and probably even north of that to the great Lake Tanganyika, which was discovered in 1858, by Speke and Burton.—*Youth's Companion.*

Tribute to the Bible.

THE famous French monk, orator, and scholar, Lacordaire, writes to a friend: "I have read the Bible for thirty years, and every day do I discover in it new lights and new depths. How different from the word of man! That is exhausted at a single draught, but the word of God is a bottomless abyss. When I read the Gospels, every word seems to be like a flash of lightning, and gives me new consolation. Paul's Epistles, too, enchant me with their truth. They are an ocean, of which God alone is the shore."—*Memoirs.*

The Restless Boy in Church.

How he turns and twists
And how he persists
In rattling his heels;
How uneasy he feels,
Our wide awake boy in church!

Then earnest and still
He attends with a will,
While the story is told
Of some hero bold,
Our dear, thoughtful boy in church.

But our glad surprise
As his thoughtful eyes
Are turned in despair
At he twitches the hair
Of his little sister in church.

Still each naughty trick flies,
At a look from the eyes
Of his mother so dear,
And thinks best to sit near
Her mischievous boy in church.

Another trick comes
Yes, his finger he drums,
Or his kerchief is spread
All over his head—
And still we take him to church.

He's troublesome? Yes
I'm bound to confess,
But God made the boys,
With their fun and their noise,
And he surely wants them in church.

Such children you know,
Long, long years ago,
Did not trouble the Lord,
Though his disciples were bored,
So we'll keep them near him in Church.

A Tree Talk.

WHAT a wonderful thing a tree is! A live thing—a useful thing—a beautiful thing—and so common that we scarcely think of it as a wonder at all.

Think of the great families of trees—the maple, the beech, the birch, the hemlock, the spruce, the oak—and so on and on. So many alike, and yet each one different! What a world of wonders!

In the human family there are oddities, you know, and so in the tree family.

There is the whistling tree, for instance. It grows in the West India Islands. It bears pods with open edges, and the wind passing through them makes the whistling sound which gives the tree its name.

Then there is the cow tree, which yields a delicious creamy milk. This tree grows in South America, and often looks like a dead tree, but if it is tapped the milk will flow out freely. Sunrise is "milking-time," when the natives come with their jugs, and fill them with the sweet, nourishing fluid.

Now, if only the bread-fruit tree grew near the cow tree, what a land that would be for little lovers of bread and milk! But this tree is found in the South Sea Islands. The fruit, looking like round balls, about as big as a baby's head, is baked just as we bake bread, and comes out looking and tasting like sweet, new bread.

There is a sneeze-wood tree, a native of South Africa, which cannot be cut or sawn without causing violent sneezing.

Then, in India, there is the sorrowful tree, which blossoms only in the night; in Central America, the hand tree, which has flowers shaped like a hand, with the fingers spread out; the grease tree, in China, from which beautiful candles are made; and in our own country the toothache tree, so named because the bark is a cure for toothache.

These are by no means the only strange individuals in the great family of trees. What a pleasant study it would be to search them all out!

Spiritual Longings.

Jesus, my Saviour! speak
To this dead soul of mine!
I come, and with submission seek
The gift of love divine.

Jesus, my Saviour! shed
On my dark soul the ray,
That while the thorny path I tread,
I may not lose the way.

Jesus, my Saviour! break
The chains of earth and sin,
And free and blest, let me awake,
Thy glorious smile to win.

Jesus, my Saviour! give
The strength I daily need;
Dwell thou in me, and bid me live
In thee, my strength indeed.

Jesus, my Saviour! see
How weak and faint I lie,
And bid me nearer come to thee,
And be forever nigh.

Jesus, my Saviour! now
Helpless and poor I roam;
Beneath thy cross I humbly bow,
Oh! lead me safely home.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 8, 1890.

A Great Opportunity.

BY THE REV. J. B. C. SAWYER, D.D.

ALL of the International Sunday-school Lessons for the year 1890 are from the Gospel of St. Luke. The prospect of a whole year devoted to the study of the life, character, and atoning work of Jesus, is a most inviting one. Such a year's work presents a most sublime opportunity—the grandest, it seems to me—that Sunday-school workers have had since the International Committee commenced its labours.

The Gospel according to St. Luke is a happy selection for the basis of such a year's study. It gives us the picture of the childhood of Jesus; it lingers lovingly over the human traits of our Lord; it contains the pearl of his parables, and the conversion of the penitent thief; and it was written by the friend and companion of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, so that it has sometimes been styled "The Gospel of St. Paul."

The Gospel itself should, of course, be carefully and prayerfully re-read, and in connection with it the Acts of the Apostles, by the same author, in which the beginning of the work of the ascended Christ is recorded.

A great variety of helps for the work of the year will be suggested and provided by the various Sunday-school societies and publication-houses.

Read, or re-read, a good "Life of Christ." Geikie's and Farrar's are well known, and easily obtainable.

The little book of Thomas Hughes', on "The Manliness of Christ," can be read in an hour or two, and will make the teacher's methods more interesting for the whole year, in most cases.

For the scenes and scenery, the manners and customs, of the Holy Land, read "The Land and the Book," by Dr. W. M. Thomson. Nothing better of its kind has yet been published.

First of all, last of all, chief of all, is the study of the Gospel itself, in both the common and the revised English versions. Carry a New Testament in the pocket. Read the Gospel again and again. Mark the passages selected for the lessons. Opposite to each put the date of the lesson, and the memoranda concerning the parallel passages in the other Gospels, or any other illustrative Scriptures. Commit the themes to memory. Commit the golden texts to memory. Commit the lessons to memory. Even the last can easily be done.

To make the personal Christ real to one's pupils, two things are fundamentally necessary:—

1. Great familiarity with the Gospel narrative.
2. Deep personal acquaintance with him.

What a year it will be, from the announcement of the forerunner to the farewell words of the ascending Lord! A year with Jesus, in Bethlehem and Nazareth, in the temple, in the streets, in the fields, in the fishing-boat, by the bier of the widow's son, and by the bedside of the ruler's daughter, serving him with Martha, and sitting at his feet with Mary, gazing on the glory of his transfiguration, witnessing with reverent and grateful sorrow his mysterious agony in the garden, brooding in contrite affection over his passion, and then rejoicing as we hear the angels say at the mouth of the vacated sepulchre, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen!"

How our hearts will burn within us as we walk with him to Emmaus, and again he will eat with us who have so often feasted with him; and as we stand on the Mount of Ascension, we will rejoice that he went away from a few that he might ever be present with them and with all, through all ages, everywhere, to hallow all our toil, to comfort us in all our trials, to sanctify every scene, to draw the veil from Nature's mystic meanings, and make our daily life an apocalypse of Himself!

Our Children.

CHILDREN are the salvation of the race. They purify, they elevate, they stir, they instruct, they console, they reconcile, they gladden us. If, in the faults which they inherit, they show us the worst of ourselves, and so move us to a salutary repentance, they also stimulate our finer qualities; they cheat us of weary care; they preach to us, not so much by their lips as by their innocence; their questions set us thinking, and to better purpose than the syllogisms of philosophers; their helplessness makes us tender; their loveliness surprises us into pure joy.

A child is a sunbeam on a winter sea, a flower in



LESSON PICTURE.

MARCH 16.—THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.—Luke v. 1-11.

a prison garden, the music of bells over the noise of a great city, a fragrant odor in a sick room. If any one thinks this exaggerated, I am sorry for him. It is literally true for me, and for tens of thousands who have far more right to it. My chilly friend need not have my joy if he does not believe in it, or care for it; I will not force it on him. But he shall not take mine from me.—Bishop of Rochester, in *Good Words*.

Lesson Picture.

THIS picture is a copy of one of the famous cartoons of Raphael. It has been justly remarked that the boats are too small for such stalwart fishermen, but the limits of space in the picture doubtless led to that error. The vigorous drawing of the figures is greatly commended. The cut illustrates the lesson for March 16.

Saved by a Sheep.

ON the 4th of May, in the year 1795, "when George the Third was king," there was at Portsmouth a man-of-war called the *Boyne*, a vessel of ninety-eight guns. Persons engaged on the shore were that day startled by a terrible report, and looking out toward the *Boyne* they could see that an explosion had occurred on board. The powder magazine had exploded! In a few minutes the ship was enveloped in flames, and the people on board seeking the best means of escape. A large number of persons lost their lives—some by drowning, in attempting to swim ashore. At the moment of the explosion a marine on board was seated in his berth with his wife and child—a dear little baby-boy, a year and eight months old. Finding all hopes of escape to be in vain, the marine went to the pens where were kept the cattle for the food of the crew. The animals, were of course, in a state of wild excitement and fear, but seizing a full-grown sheep, the man tied his little boy to the creature's back, and dropped them both overboard, saying, "There, turn to the land, and God be with you."

The wife now leaped into the sea, and the husband followed and supported her. At length they were picked up by a boat that had been sent out to rescue the sufferers. At the same time the sheep struck out for land with its precious burden, and was rescued by the spectators on shore, who rushed forward to meet it, and released the child. The little fellow was very soon restored to his parents, little the worse for his strange experiences and narrow escape from death.



Jewish Synagogue.

ENTERING a synagogue, you would notice at the east end, where in our churches would be the altar-piece, or chancel window, a curtain of silk against the wall. You would know that this must be an especially sacred spot, by the semi-circular spot railed in in front of it.

If you should wait until the time of service this curtain would be drawn aside, and you would see, within, a great chest set into the wall; at least, that is the usual arrangement. This chest is called the ark, in remembrance of the Ark of the Covenant in the tabernacle, and afterwards in the temple at Jerusalem; and the curtain or veil which hangs before it may put the worshippers in mind of the veil which separated the Holy of Holies from the Holy Place. It contains the sacred books of the Law.

Jesus at Twelve.

BY THE REV. WILLIS P. ODELL.

THE age of twelve was an important point in the life of a Jewish boy. He entered at this period upon the duties of a "son of the law." He was presented by his father on a Sabbath in the synagogue, and began to wear the "phylacteries." It was expected that he would at once learn a trade for his own support, and take a man's interest in secular and religious affairs.

The visit of the holy family to Jerusalem, in the spring which saw the boy Jesus complete his twelfth year was a very natural one. The law required only the attendance of the father at the passover, but the mother, in accordance with a very general custom, and the suggestion of the great Hillel, accompanied him, and the young lad was taken with them. It was the first time the latter had been so far from home, and it was a marked event in his career. Hitherto his experience had been bounded by that narrow Nazareth valley, but he had arrived at an age of considerable responsibility, and was to look out upon the busy world for himself.

The annual feasts at Jerusalem were occasions of immense gatherings. The people came, as at modern Easter times, in such numbers that accommodation could not be obtained within the city, and they were obliged to live in the little *succoth* or booths, temporarily erected. The feast at the passover lasted a week, and then the multitudes started on the return journey. Large companies usually travelled together in a caravan, and the procession was often of great length. It was not particularly surprising that the boy Jesus was overlooked in the confusion of the departure and the first day's march. That inquiry and search were

not made until the camping-ground for the night was reached, is a witness to the general good conduct and character of the youth.

A modern day's journey in Palestine is about twenty miles. The writer, a few months since, went over the same route which the returning pilgrims probably took. He stopped the first night at Sinjil, not far from Shiloh. Doubtless Joseph and Mary made about the same distance before they halted. When all the party came up the absence of Jesus was first detected. One may easily imagine the anxiety and distress of the parents. On the following morning they hastily retraced their steps to the city, but most of the day must have been consumed on the road. The second and third days were given to diligent search. At last, in the most unexpected spot, the lost boy was found. Amazement was almost equal to the joy of discovery.

Connected with the temple were apartments used by the rabbis for school-rooms. The instruction given in the ordinary synagogue schools was very elementary. At Jerusalem, the ablest scholars of the nation assembled, and great interest attached to their discourses and discussions. In one of the chambers adjoining the court of the Gentiles, the learned doctors of the law were gathered, and Jesus, with calm, self-possession, was seated in the midst of them, "hearing and asking questions." We may not know the nature of the inquiries and replies, but we are assured they were such as to win the admiration of the company. Beecher has remarked, that "where there are five doctors of philosophy, there are not less than five opposing schools." It must have required remarkable keenness to maintain a position before so many critical minds. It is not necessary, however, to suppose, as the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy claims, that Jesus appeared as a prodigy, "expounding the number of the spheres and celestial bodies," or "explaining physics and metaphysics." The subjects discussed were doubtless such as concerned man's relation to God. The doctors saw an eager, ingenuous youth, an earnest, vivacious soul, awake to ardent interest in religious truths.

The reply made to the reproachful question of the mother is a revelation. It is an oasis in a dreary desert. It instructs and cheers. Had Mary ever told her child the awful mystery connected with his birth? It is not probable. But the words of Jesus reveal his own clear knowledge of his origin. He is conscious of his true nature. Not Joseph, but the Eternal, is his Father. And so the temple is a fitting place for him to tarry in, and the weighty things of that law which defines the creature's duty are the proper subjects of his consideration.

With the light of this knowledge illuminating his soul, why did not the divine Boy enter at once upon a marvellous ministry? Great would have been the excitement and wonder which such a course would have aroused. But it would not have been healthy. Spiritual truths would have been obscured. Rank superstitions would have cumbered the ground. It was best to wait. And so the son of Mary, though aware that he was the Son of God, went quietly to Nazareth, and through eighteen years kept the secret of his nature and destiny. His self-restraint was a miracle. The unostentatious life as a Galilean mechanic follow-

ing the temple incident was a witness to his divinity. Only the superhuman could hold in control such transcendent powers consciously possessed. —S. S. Journal.

"Nothing for Me to Do."

BY GEO. LANSING TAYLOR, L.H.D.

"NOTHING for me to do!"—Young Alexander,
Beheld Greece bow before his conquering sire,
And Philip's soul within his son swelled grander
Than Philip's own, with young ambition's fire!
"Nothing for me to do!" he cried. "My father
Will leave me naught to dare or undertake!"
And, 'stead of boyish boast and glee, the rather
He sighed, as though his eager heart would break.

"Nothing for me to do!"—Yet Philip's legions
Were trained as tools for Alexander's hand;
Ready to thunder o'er all Asia's regions,
And do an eagle master's great command!
That thunderbolt, the Macedonian phalanx,
'Gainst which, in vain, the Macedonian strove,
That crushed the Theban's might, the Persian's gay ranks,
Was only forged for Macedonian Jove.

"Nothing for me to do!" the drone, lamenting,
Yet scarce displeased, draws out his booby whine;
A mere brute life his stupid mind contenting,
Unthrilled by fires that make man's soul divine!
"Nothing for me to do!" still young Ambition
Exclaims, in woe at others' triumphs won,
Ere o'er us flames the blazing intuition—
That all great deeds leave greater still undone!

"Nothing for me to do!"—The toils of ages,
The love of sages famed through earth and time,
Th' exploits of heroes graven on 'history's pages,
The songs that swell with centuries more sublime—
What are they all but models for excelling?
But heights that challenge strenuous souls to climb!
Parnassus still has peaks where none are dwelling,
Above where all the lyres of ages chime.

"Nothing for me to do!"—A whole world waited
For Alexander! Greece its stepping-stone!
So now a planet waits its conquest fated!
New arts, new sciences, then worlds unknown!
Aye, nobler still, the knower mounts by knowing!
The doer grows the grander for his deed!
Time's transient flowers, in truth and beauty blowing,
Sow all eternity with blessed seed.

The Palace of Ice.

CHILDREN often think what they will be, and what they will do, when they grow up; they build castles in the air. They put me in mind of a beautiful palace one reads of in Russia. What do you think it was made of? Ice. You know the frost is very hard there for a long time, for many months; so they cut an immense mountain of ice into a palace. There were beautiful large rooms in the palace, a gate, windows, benches, tables, pillars—all most perfect, just like a house of crystal. The windows were stained, some red, some blue, some green—all kinds of colours; so that one going into this palace would say it was the most beautiful they had ever seen. It stood very well for three or four months. Then the spring came, and the thaw, and all went to pieces; and soon nothing was found but a little dirty water. That was the end of the palace.

And that is the way many of our great hopes end. We think of many beautiful, bright things we would like, and all come to this. I could tell the story of many a boy and girl, many a young man and young woman, who found this. They built to themselves a beautiful palace which they were to enjoy, and before forty years had passed, it came all down about them, and nothing was left but sin and misery. If I am speaking to a young man who is building this sort of a house, I warn him that it will soon come down. "Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth."

In the Morning.

BY MARIANNE KARNINGHAM.

"But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore."—John XXI. 4.

THEY had toiled all night and caught nothing,
But Jesus stood on the shore,
In the gray glad light of the morning,
And his face was kind as of yore;
So all their trouble was over,
And ended the weary pain
Of the work that was unrewarded,
And their hearts had joy again.

He looked at them all with pity;
So hungry and tired they were,
And so sad with the disappointment
That followed their toil and care!
But the Master gave them a morning
Sunny and glad and sweet,
With a harvest caught from the water,
And a feast spread for them to eat.

We, too, have our nights of darkness;
But whenever the morning breaks,
And shows me the Saviour near us,
Our life a new gladness takes;
His coming is always sunshine,
And happiness, rest, and peace;
The burden of care is lifted,
And sorrow and sighing cease.

O Jesus, where'er we journey,
Grant that the way may end
With thee on the shore beside us,
A pitiful, mighty Friend!
And then, as we fight with the waters,
Our hearts shall with hope grow strong,
The morning shall bring us a respite,
With leisure for praiseful song.

We know there is yet before us
A more mysterious night,
But we safely shall pass through its shadows,
To the shores of the land of light.
And we cannot picture the glory
And the joy that there shall be,
But this is the best of heaven—
That there we shall dwell with Thee.



Suggestions for League Programmes.

—The Metropolitan Church, Toronto, combines its literary programme with the study of the Sunday-school lessons.

—Each member of the League is requested to write an essay on the subject: "In what way can our Church be made the best refuge for those who desire to escape the sinful influences of the world?"

—At the Central Church, Cleveland, the League has decided to unite with the teachers of the Sunday-school, and spend one evening each week in this Bible study. No more important work has the League yet undertaken, and it is the purpose of those having this interest in charge, to magnify the importance of this movement, and enlist as large a number as possible in a thorough study of the Bible itself.

—One device for an Epworth League social is, that every one present wear his or her name printed or written in plain letters on the shoulder or breast. All those whose names begin with the same letter, speak without introduction.

—The topics on the books of the Bible have alternated with informal talks by the pastor, upon "The Bible, and other books." He is showing the religious phases of Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Bryant, and Emerson. The literary subjects are treated in such a manner as to lead to Biblical research.

—Have an evening with the Scotch. Let several

short papers be prepared on various phases of the theme, including glimpses at Scotch history, literature, customs, religion, and eminent characters. Sing the "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Bonnie Charlie," "Better Bide a Wee," "Annie Laurie," and other favourites of the heather. Follow the entertainments with refreshments composed of characteristic Scotch dishes. What could afford a more instructive and enjoyable programme? In like manner pay your respects to the Emerald Isle, Germany, Russia, Italy, France, the Land of the Midnight Sun, etc.

—Resolved, "That Isaac Watts was superior to Charles Wesley as a sacred poet." The young folks took hold of the topic in earnest, and learned more about hymns and hymn-writers than they ever know before. The September programme is on the question of Dr. Vernon's book on "Amusements;" and reviews of Bishop Vincent's "Better Not."

—At Barre, Mass., the League held a special service in memory of the Rev. Horatio Bonar, the Scottish hymn-writer, who died last summer. A sketch of his life was given, some of his sweetest hymns were sung, and several of his religious poems were read. The service is worthy of imitation, and might well be one of a series of such song-meetings, which should also include the Wesleys, Watts, Tate, Brady, Pulmer, and Montgomery.

—What are the "Daily Bible Readings" of the Epworth League, and where may they be obtained? They are the portions of Scripture selected by the International Bible Reading Association, and are the same which are given as the "Home Readings" in the Berean Lesson Series.

—The Council is one of the characteristic features of the Epworth League. Soon after the election of the officers they should meet in cabinet session and enter at once upon the work of the year. The president will be chairman *ex-officio*. The pastor should be invited to all cabinet meetings. One of their first duties will be to assign the members to the departments for work. Each officer should study the needs of his members and of his department and of the League, and present his plans, ideas, and methods to the cabinet for consideration. The council secures careful consideration of League interests, and largely frees the public meetings from discussions.

A League of Leagues.

The sixteen Epworth Leagues of Cleveland, O., are united in a City League, which is organized upon the model of the local chapters. Its council holds regular sessions for the purpose of considering the general state of the work in the city. Under its direction League mass-meetings are held, receptions given to Methodist young people, and in other ways the youth of the denomination are bound together for social and religious activity.

On December 11, an observer says: "We can recommend this departure from time-honoured precedent as successful in the highest degree. Of chat and jest and merry laughter there was a great deal; but in no instance was there a breach of propriety or of good breeding. The pastors and their wives were out in force, and added much to the enjoyment of the evening." The expense was comparatively trifling."

An observer would have beheld not less than one thousand of the brightest and happiest Methodist young people ever brought together. He would have detected, in the reception-rooms and upon the main floor, thirty agreeable young persons—the third and fourth vice-presidents of the fifteen Leagues in the city churches—pleasantly engaged in receiving and introducing. Not the least striking feature would have been the grand display of

Epworth League ribbons. Over the badge nearly everybody had, by previous request, pinned a neat card, or ribbon, containing his or her name—a very happy thought, 'tween it aided materially in extending acquaintances. Two things were interdicted—refreshments and speech-making."

League Work in England.

The Rev. Edward Smith, a Wesleyan minister, in London, England, has been the instrument of gathering a great and earnest Methodist Church in a crowded quarter of that city. He says of the workers in his charge: "Boys have ringed together and have drawn other boys into the circle, and the same has happened with the girls. With what modest pride do these young people usher a new companion into the inquiry room! With what a look of happy consciousness do the children on the Sunday escort a fresh recruit to the secretary's desk! And when some quiet member introduces a friend into the class, there is a suffusion of pleasure upon the features. The spirit of labour pervades the whole church."

The Epworth League in Hamilton.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prevalence of *la grippe*, a successful mass-meeting for the inauguration of the Epworth League in Hamilton, was held in the Centenary church, on January 17th. S. F. Lazier, Q.C., occupied the chair. The pastor of the church, Rev. J. G. Ross, B.A., Rev. A. H. Laird, and Rev. W. H. Withrow, were prevented by the prevalent epidemic from being present. But able and enthusiastic addresses were given by the Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, and by the Chairman, Revs. W. J. Maxwell, G. A. Mitchell, T. A. Moore, John Pickering, Wm. Morton, Robt. Campbell, and W. J. Waugh and Seneca Jones, Esqs.

Dr. CARMAN delivered a vigorous address in his well-known characteristic manner, on the subject under consideration. "This is the time to stop," he said. "Some say, 'Move on;' but I say, 'Stop.' I mean that we have gone as far as it is necessary to go in the way of forming societies. We have got our missionary work, our educational work, our tract and literary work, and we say, 'Father above, it is time to stop!' We have enough to do. We have a meeting almost every night in the week now. Unless you are going to make sixteen days in the week we cannot go on with the work now in hand. We have already organizations enough. What we want is condensation of the work. Much as we have done, we are only just beginning the vast work before us. Christianity is like the human heart. If living, it must continue to work ceaselessly. We are only at the beginning of our labours. Noble as are our churches, grand as are our organizations, there is an immense amount of social, political, and educational work needed to be done in connection with the Christian church. With many, experimental religion has been largely a matter of feeling. To illustrate, the prayer-meeting originated with John Wesley, whose object was to bind members of the congregation together for instruction, visiting the sick and afflicted, etc., and the management of the finances of the church. The spread of Methodism was largely due to the fact that people were brought to the swarming point by these prayer-meetings. Other churches have been organizing societies for their young people, but have felt the need of the Methodist class-meetings. He had seen the need for an organization of the nature of the Epworth League for some time past. Pastors have taken different methods, and the result has been confusion. So numerous had societies become on the other side, that bishops and pastors had seen that the Church

would be rent asunder if divisions, contentions, and dissensions, from this cause, were permitted to continue. Seeing this, a convention was held in Cleveland, and the Epworth League formed. Whatever side is prominent in your nature, there the Church of God must come, and be a co-labourer with you. Some think the Bible is a good book to have around on Sunday, but is not wanted at election time. The Bible has as much right in your elections as anything else has. If you cannot get religion into politics, you might as well wipe out the British constitution."

W. J. WAUGH, Esq., President of the Y. M. C. A., in moving the following resolution, said he thought that in the Epworth League was found the missing link in church work. It was only eight months since the League was organized, and since then 1,100 societies have been established in the United States, and applications were coming in at the rate of fifteen or twenty a day:

W. A. EDWARDS, Esq., seconded the resolution, and spoke in its favour.

Resolved,—That having heard the objects and methods of the Epworth League explained, we hereby heartily approve of the action of the committee appointed by the General Conference in organizing this League for the spiritual and intellectual benefit of our young people. We feel assured that it will prove of inestimable service to all departments of the work of the Church.

Addresses in favour of the establishment of branches of the League were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Maxwell, Moore, Campbell, Mitchell, and Pickering, all of whom seemed to favour the idea, particularly because of its condensing the numerous organizations of young people now existing in the Church into one general society.

The foregoing resolution was voted upon by the congregation, and carried unanimously; as was also the following, moved by Seneca Jones and seconded by the Rev. Robert Campbell, both gentlemen making brief addresses in support of it:—

Resolved,—That we, the representatives of the various Methodist Churches, in mass meeting assembled, hereby recommend the formation of an Epworth League in each Methodist Church in the city, and respectfully request the proper authorities to initiate this movement at as early a date as possible.

Queen Victoria's Footman.

In the days when Prince Albert had come to woo the Queen of England the crowd of people who wished to catch a glimpse of royalty as it promenade upon the terrace at Windsor Castle was greatly increased by reason of the general interest in the young couple. One day a Yorkshireman, who had determined to get a good look at the Queen, appeared at the gates by which the spectators were usually admitted, and thus accosted a man, a footman evidently, who was at that moment crossing the court-yard:

"Look here, John, Robert! whatever they call you—I coom from the country."

"So I hear," said the footman.

"Well, I've never seen t' Queen, and I want to get a good sight of her. Now, can't you just let me through them gates, just afore t' rest o' t' folks? I want to get a good place, ye see."

"Well, sir," said the man, "I don't know whether I dare. I might lose my place, you see."

"Nay, mun, thou'll never lose thy place for such a thing as that. You can say to t' Queen that she hasn't gotten a more loyaller subject than John Stokes, not in all Yorkshire. I nobbut want to go in just afore t' rest on 'em."

"Well, come along, then," said the man. He

opened the gate and the eager Yorkshireman rushed through. As he did so an idea seemed to strike him, and he stopped to tender the footman a half crown.

"No, thank you, sir," said the man; "we are forbidden to take fees."

"Take it, mun, take it. Nobody'll know."

"No, thank you, sir."

The Yorkshireman secured a foremost place, and in due time appeared the Queen and Prince. More than that, conversing familiarly with her majesty, was the footman.

"Just look there!" cried the country visitor to a bystander. "He's a laughing and talking to t' Queen like anything!"

"Who?"

"Why, t' chap that opened me the gate—t' footman—him with the blue coat and red collar."

When the listener's laughter would allow him to speak he explained:

"Blue coat and red collar! Why, that's the Windsor uniform, and your footman is Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister!"

Abundantly Able to Save.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isaiah lv. 7.

My brother, the Master is calling for thee,
His grace and his mercy are wondrously free;
His blood as a ransom for sinners he gave,
And he is abundantly able to save.

Whoever receiveth the message of God,
And trusts in the power of the soul-cleansing blood,
A full and eternal redemption shall have—
For he is both able and willing to save.

Whoever repents and forsakes every sin,
And opens his heart for the Lord to come in,
A present and perfect salvation shall have—
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

At the Seaside; or, What Shall We Build?

FOUR children were playing on the sea-shore. They had gathered bright pebbles and beautiful shells, and written their names in the pure, white sand; but at last, tired of their play, they were about going home, when one of them, as they came near to a pile of stones, cried out:—

Oh, let us build a large fort; and we will call that ship away out there an enemy's vessel, and make believe that we are firing cannon-balls into her!"

"Yes, yes! Let us build a fort," responded one of the boys, named Edward.

And the two children ran off to the pile of stones, and began removing them to a place near the water.

"Come, Anna and Edward," said they; "come and help us."

"Oh, no! Don't let us build a fort," said Anna.

"Yes, we will build a fort," returned one of the boys. "What else can we build? You wouldn't put a dwelling-house down here on the water's edge?"

"No; but I'll tell you what we can build, and it will be great deal better than a fort?"

"Well, what can we build?"

"A lighthouse," said Anna: "and that will be just as much in place on the edge of the sea as a fort. We can call the ship yonder a vessel lost in the darkness, and we will hang out a light, and direct her in the true way. Won't that be much better than to call her an enemy, and build a fort to destroy her? See how beautifully she sits upon and glides over the smooth water! Her sails are like the open wings of a bird, and they bear her gracefully along. Would it not be cruel to shoot great balls into her sides, and kill the men who are

on board of her? Oh, I am sure it would make us all feel much happier to save her when in darkness and danger! No, no; let us not build a fort, but a lighthouse; for it is better to save than to destroy."

The girl spoke with tenderness and enthusiasm, and her words reached the better feelings of her companions.

"Oh, yes," said they, "we will build a lighthouse, and not a fort!"

Yes, it is much better to save than to destroy life. Think of that, children, and let this truth go with you through life. Be more earnest to save than to destroy. Remember the words of Jesus: "Blessed are the peacemakers."—*Children's Paper.*

Girls of To-Day.

GIRLS of to-day, give ear!
Never since time began
Has come to the race of man
A year, a day, an hour,
So full of promise and power
As the time that now is here!
Never in all the lands
Was there a power so great
To move the wheels of state,
To lift up body and mind,
To waken the deaf and blind,
As the power that is in your hands!

Here at the gates of gold
You stand in the pride of youth,
Strong in courage and truth—
Stirred by a force kept back
Though centuries long and black—
Armed with a power threefold.

First, you are makers of men;
Then be the thing you preach!
Let your own greatness teach!
When you mothers like this we see
Men will be strong and free;
Then, and not till then!

Second, since Adam fell,
Have you not heard it said
That men by women are led?
True is the saying—true!
See to it what you do!
See that you lead them well.

Third, you have work of your own!
Maid and mother and wife,
Look in the face of life!
These are duties you owe the race
Outside your dwelling place;
There is work for you alone!

Maid and mother and wife,
See your own work is done!
Be worthy a noble son!
Help men in the upward way!
Truly a girl to-day
Is the strongest power in life.

How Christ Should be Received.

ONE evening Charles Lamb and some of his friends were conversing on the probable effects upon themselves, if they were brought face to face with the great and wonderful dead.

"Think," said one, "if Dante were to enter the room! How should we meet the man who had trod the fiery pavement of the *Inferno*; whose eyes had pierced the twilight, and breathed the still, clear air of the mount of the *Purgatorio*, whose mind had contemplated the mysteries of glory in the higher heavens?"

"Or, suppose," said another, "that Shakespeare were to come?"

"Ah!" cried Lamb, his whole face brightening, "how I should fling my arms up! How we should welcome him, that king of thoughtful men!"

"And suppose," said another, "Christ were to enter?"

The whole face and attitude of Lamb were in an instant changed.

"Of course," he said, in a tone of deep solemnity, "we should fall upon our knees."—*Sunday at Home.*

A Snow Parable.

Softly falls the snow and slowly, slowly,
O'er the solitude of world and hill;
Winds are breathing desolate and lowly
Where the wearied world is lying still.

Like a cloak of pardon and remission
Falls the snow on city, den and street—
Emblem of the contrite heart's condition,
Earnest of forgiving love complete.

Where the sin and sadness are unsleeping
Lies a purity which is not theirs;
Thro' the night there comes a sound of
weeping,
Thro' the night there comes a voice of
prayers.

All the dismal blackness of the city
Lies enshrouded with a perfect white:
God in wonderful eternal pity
Sends His snowy message through the
night.

Turn, O hungry souls that tire of sinning,
Take the peace which earth can never
give!

Leave the by-gone for a new beginning,
Leave the dreariness of death, and live.

Softly falls the snow and slowly, slowly,
O'er the solitude of street and mart:
Hear, O Father! Thou art holy—
Lap its whiteness on the sinner's heart.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 27] LESSON XI. [March 16

THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

Luke 5. 1-11. Memory verses, 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt
catch men.—Luke 5. 10.

TIME.—A.D. 27.

PLACE.—The Lake of Gennesaret.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This incident occurs
not long after the events in the previous
lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The people pressed upon him*—He stood with his back to the lake, and the constantly increasing crowd pressed him to the water's edge. *The Lake of Gennesaret*—Also called the Sea of Galilee and the Lake of Tiberias—a beautiful sheet of water in the northern part of Palestine. On its waves, and around its margin, many of the most wonderful works and words of Jesus were wrought and spoken. *Two ships*—What we would call boats. *Washing their nets*—Cleaning them of tangled seaweeds. *Prayed him*—Asked him. *Thrust out a little*—Pushed out a short distance, so as to be rid of the crowd of people. *Left speaking*—When his sermon was closed. *Launch out*—Row or sail. *Into the deep*—Far from shore. *A draught*—A catch. *Toiled all the night*—Peter had been discouraged; but what Jesus suggested, he was ready to do. *Depart from me*—Peter does not mean, "I do not desire your company;" he rather means, "I dread to be near One so holy and so powerful." *Thou shalt catch men*—He was no longer to be a mere fisherman; a great future was dawning. *Forsook all*—Left their business and their families, and, without counting the cost, became Christ's followers.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Teacher*, vs. 1-3.

For what purpose did the people seek Jesus?

Where did the crowd gather about him? What was near by that belonged to fishermen?

What were the fishermen doing? What request did Jesus make of Simon? What did Jesus then do?

What is said about Jesus as a teacher? Matt. 7. 29.

2. *The Miracle*, vs. 4-7.

When through teaching, what did he say to Simon?

Of what failure did Simon tell? What reason did he give for trying again? What happened when the net was lowered?

Upon whom did the fishermen call for help?

What shows that they caught many fish? What did his miracles prove about Jesus? John 3. 2.

3. *The Disciple*, vs. 8-11.

What did Simon at once do and say?

Why did he so speak and act?

What other disciples were also astonished?

What promise did Jesus make to Simon? (Golden Text.)

What did the disciples do when they came ashore?

Have you forsaken all for Christ's sake?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus now do? "Out of Peter's boat he preached to the people on the shore." 2. What did he afterward tell Peter to do? "To sail out, and to begin to fish." 3. What did Peter tell him they had done? "Toiled all night, and taken nothing." 4. What did they gather? "An astonishing number of fishes." 5. What was the effect on Peter? "Jesus' power made him feel his own weakness and sin."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine call to the ministry.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

15. How was the Redeemer consecrated? The Holy Ghost, who was signified by the anointing oil, descended upon him.

And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him.—Matt. 3. 16.

A.D. 27] LESSON XII. [March 23

CHRIST FORGIVING SIN.

Luke 5. 17-26. Memory verses, 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who can forgive sins, but God alone?—Luke 5. 21.

TIME.—27 A.D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The exact order of the miracles performed in the first year of Christ's ministry it is not easy to give; but we are to understand that the miracle here narrated followed closely on the remarkable scenes which we have studied during the last three or four weeks.

EXPLANATIONS.—*As he was teaching*—In a private house, probably in an upper room. Among those present were some learned men and many of the common people. *The power of the Lord was present to heal*—This means that Jesus frequently interrupted his own discourse to heal some of the pitiable persons presented to him. *In a bed*—A pallet, or rug, or mat. In the East there are no beds like ours. *Taken with a Palsy*—Smitten with paralysis. *Went upon the housetop*—This might easily be done. Roofs are flat in that country; some having a stairway from bottom to top of the outside wall. Others are built on sloping hillsides, and one end of the roof is not infrequently on a level with the street above. *Through the tiling*—It is not plain precisely what the friends of this man did. They either opened a connecting trap-door, or removed the awning of the court around which the house was built, or made an opening through the flat-housetop by breaking up the tiles. If Jesus was in the court, the second is the probable way; if in an upper room, either of the others. *Speakes blasphemies*—Utters words which are direct profanations of God's holiness. *Take up thy couch*—A "couch" was easily rolled up and carried.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Power of the Lord*, vs. 17-21.

What learned men attended Jesus' teaching?

From what places did they come?

What great blessing came to the people?

Who sufferer was brought to Jesus?

What hindrances were in the way of the sick man?

How did his friends get him before Jesus?

What did Jesus say to the sick man?

When did he thus speak?

What did the Pharisees say about Jesus?

What about forgiving sins? (Golden Text.)

2. *The Grace of the Lord*, vs. 22-26.

Who knew the thoughts of the Pharisees?

What did he ask about them?

What did he ask about forgiving sins?

By what title did he refer to himself?

What did he wish the Pharisees to know?

What command did he give to the sick man?

What did the man do?

How were the people affected by the miracle?

What did they say?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who were in the crowd about Jesus? "Pharisees and doctors of the law." 2. What unusual incident occurred? "A palsied man was let down through the roof." 3. What did Christ do for him? "Forgave his sins." 4. What did the Pharisees say? "They complained that this was blasphemy." 5. How did Jesus prove his power? "By curing the sick man." 6. How were the people affected? "They were amazed and glorified God?"

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The forgiveness of sins.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

16. To what offices was our Lord consecrated?

To be a Prophet, a Priest, and a King. Moses indeed said, A Prophet shall the Lord God raise up unto you from among your brethren, like unto me; to him shall ye hearken in all things whatsoever he shall speak unto you.—Acts 3. 22.

Thou art a Priest forever after the order of Melchizedek.—Hebrews 5. 6.

The Little Sower.

BESSIE had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she. "Why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"Oh! I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up, large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"Oh, no! father; I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds and weeds to day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

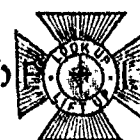
"I will tell you what I mean."

When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love.—When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth.—When you took the cup of water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy.

These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love of God,' and that she will tend and watch it, until its branches reach the skies and meet before His throne.

"And what of the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you were sowing the seeds of ill temper. When you waited some time after your mother called, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."



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