



# HOME AND SCHOOL

ROBERT SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

As they shall desire you

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[No. 15.



## Fair Canada for Me.

I've seen old Scotia's lofty hills  
All clad with purple heather,  
Green Erin's rocks, and Cambria's rills,  
Felt Albion's balmy weather.

I have dwelt in Southern gardens,  
The land of birds and flowers,  
Where summer reigns throughout the year,  
Where all are golden hours.

I have climbed wild, rugged mountains,  
Whose icy summits rise  
To snow-line height while at their feet  
The sweet heliweiss lies.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
Thro' many foreign latitudes;  
But only find my home and rest  
On fair Canadian sands.

Where Norman, Dane and Celt reside,  
All equal in degree,  
Where larks no foolish high-born pride,  
Men, brothers all, and free.

As wind-tossed, feathery snowflake free,  
Flying its home to seek,  
With hearts warm as the crimson blush  
Mantling a maiden's cheek.

No other skies seem half so blue  
When far away I roam,  
No other hearts are half so true  
As those I find at home.

My song is o'er of Canada,  
Of Canada the free,  
Where skies are blue and hearts are true,  
Fair Canada for me!

## The Story of a Picture.

(See first page.)

A NEW picture had just been placed in the Grand Art Galleries of the World's Fair, at Vienna. It was soon told from lip to lip that it had made the painter famous, and this was quite enough to ensure its popularity, and to invest it with a fascinating interest. Thousands longed to know its history, confident that it had one. But all the world knew was only this—the artist was an American, whose name was Raymond.

It is difficult to describe such a picture; even those who saw it daily could not define its charm, its power and pathos, as they wished. The canvas showed the interior of an artist's studio, with its gallery and arched roof, its historic, picturesque confusion, its rich draperies, its gleaming busts against bas-reliefs of velvet, its unfinished pictures, and decorated walls. The lofty windows were flung wide open, and through them came an atmosphere that breathed of Italy. Through them, too, one caught glimpses and suggestions of those "strange, deep backgrounds of Raphael," over which the art connoisseurs will fave to the end of time. But neither the background nor the studio held the chief charm of the picture, though a Titian brightness of colour and a touch of Paul Veronese, here and there, fascinated the eye before the heart could interpret the artist's meaning. That charm was found elsewhere.

In the foreground he had painted a young Italian girl, the typical model for the Tuscan artists, who stood and gazed at an exquisitely finished "Ecco Homo," resting on an easel near. A

sudden, beautiful wonder seems to have just come in her dark eyes; some delicious, intense emotion lights every line of her dark face; and though the whole figure seems to throb with transcendent joy, there is a vivid impression that there is pain as well. There is no mistaking the rapt, loving, worshipful, sorrowful look in the child's eyes, as they rest upon that thorn-crowned head, that patient face, on which has fallen heavily the shadow of the cross!

This picture had a history. I heard it years after from the artist himself. And while there is nothing whatever about it that is remarkable, and it contains neither the charm of mystery nor the flavour of romance, it is one more illustration of how "all things work together for good to those that love God," and for that reason only is worth the telling.

When Percy Raymond began to paint, in New York, models were an artistic luxury. Few who took their chances in the crowded art-market of the city could afford to employ models, except for the briefest sittings, and some had to paint their own invention and imagination into their pictures.

To this latter class Raymond belonged. He wished for living models, perhaps as ardently as any artist in the city, and made many a "study" on the streets, which are not lacking in variety of picturesque types, the crowds which pushed him out of the way representing every nationality. But these "bits" were most unsatisfactory, and one day when he was working on a picture which he hoped to sell to a rich artist friend,—a picture of outdoor life in Italy,—he threw down his brushes with a gesture of despair.

"I need a model for the central figure, and I will not work any longer without one," he cried; and leaving the attic room which his brother artists called "Raymond's den," he hurried out to the street.

Scarcely ten steps away, leaning against the pillars of the church which he attended every Sunday morning, was the model of all others he most desired just now. That she was posing for effect, after the fashion of models, he did not doubt, but the effect was perfect. What grand sculptural lines in her attitude! What masses of dark hair! Her beautiful arms were lightly crossed, and one hand held a flower ready to fall.

She was an Italian girl, about fourteen years old, he thought.

Yes, she would sit for him at once.

The picture grew apace after this. How the child blended with the turquoise sky, the gray-green mountains, the olive gardens, and Tuscan-walled streams he had given to Italy!

He was too absorbed in his work to question his young model; too selfish to wonder how she fared when she left his sky-lighted attic, to which she so cheerfully climbed each day. But there was one who came sometimes, not often, to his work-room, who seem-

ed to have noble, unselfish thoughts for everybody. Even the Italian child could see they were all the world to each other. Yet Raymond had never asked her for any sort of promise. He meant to do so as soon as he had earned fame. She was rich—and he was proud.

"I have brought a scrap of blue satin, beautiful enough in colour to have come from Damascus, and I want to fold it on your lay-figure in place of that horrid silica," she said gayly, one morning, when she had come to watch him give the finishing touches to the new picture. "Do you think my folds are sufficiently statuesque for me to do it alone, Mr. Raymond?"

The artist laughed, and put his brush aside.

"You can go now, Lorna," he said to his model. He had not even noticed her look of delight when Miss Morrison had entered.

"Not until you promise to come to see me this afternoon, and to meet me at the mission on Sunday, Lorna," said the young lady, with an affectionate glance.

It was natural that he should take more interest in his model after this; but he was quite content to leave her religious education, which he felt had been totally neglected, to Miss Morrison.

I am sure he had not one thought of her when he borrowed from a friend a copy of "Ecco Homo," painted after Correggio, and placed it on an easel in his room.

He remembered afterwards how she used to gaze at the picture, but his art and Grace Morrison so absorbed his mind and heart that he scarcely noticed it at the time.

One day she said to him so naively that he laughed aloud:

"Will the Senor mind if I come sometimes when he does not want me?"

"Why do you want to come when I don't want you, Lorna?"

"The picture—it is that! I want to think as she tells me, and this—it makes me know it is true!"

And so, one morning on entering his room, he found her before the picture, but not as he had seen her stand on other days. The glorified look, the love, trust, and longing of her face thrilled him, as some angelic vision might. The sacred ecstasy which seemed to throb in every line of her figure, made him tremble and wonder. To paint her thus would make his name immortal! He seized his brushes with a kind of fury just as the child turned and saw him.

"Oh, you have come, Senor! Do——"

"Why did you look so just now, Lorna," he tried to ask calmly. "Tell me that."

"She told me that he died for me—for me; but others had said so before, and I did not care for it. I read only last night, in the book she gave me, about his love, but—I did not feel it here, in my breast, till I looked to-day.—now I know! It is enough."

Her face was glowing and tender, but that look which so transfigured it was gone. It would come but once in a life-time, and—it was gone.

"Of course she cannot bring back such a thing as that at my command, or her own," said Raymond, gloomily, when he had told Miss Morrison of the scene. "I can recall it, and yet—I cannot! I will put nothing on the canvas unless I can paint that look, and the very thought of how far below it I shall fall, drives me to despair."

"Why do you wait to begin! Is it not better to try now, while the vision you describe is still fresh?"

"I am going away to-morrow, to be gone a month. When I come back, Lorna must give me this chance of fame."

But he never saw the Italian child again. White and gold daisies starred her grave, in Greenwood, the day he re-entered his room in the attic.

"I was with her to the very last," said Miss Morrison, when he asked of Lorna. "She was fatally injured in the fall of those tenements on St. Clair Street. The papers were full of the horror. She did not suffer much, I hope, and she talked of you with her latest breath. Are you glad now that I tried to bring the child to Christ?"

The artist's eyes were full of tears. "Let us go to her grave together," he said, huskily.

It was very quiet and beautiful there, and they stood in silence for a time, their hearts too full for words. Suddenly Mr. Raymond began to tremble, and his face grew white with some intense emotion.

"I see it again—that look," he cried. "I have found what I lost. You will see how I will paint now! The inspiration comes from Lorna's grave."

And the picture was sent to Vienna. It had brought wealth, power, and fame to the artist. The Raymond studio is the favorite resort of the great artists of the day. The owner has grown accustomed to its rich and beautiful appointments. He enjoys intensely the air of culture, design, and elegance which pervades the whole, but sometimes, when his young wife lends her gentle presence here, he thinks with utter fondness of the attic chamber, his first work-shop on the house-top, where he hoped and toiled for her, and where, through her passion for winning souls, he received the inspiration that gave him a career.

"She did not live in vain," says Grace Raymond, when they speak of Lorna. "And she still lives to show the world how she loved him. What higher destiny could we desire?"—*Lucie Dayton Phillips.*

A SCOTCH minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir." "Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy, "it just begins at one again."

### The Dear Old Place.

Once more I hear my mother's voice,  
Once more I see her face;  
The sunlight falls within the room,  
I see the dear old place,  
Where cradled in her tender arms,  
I refuge fled from all alarms.

I see the high-arched sweeping elm;  
Adown the sunny reach  
Of garden, grow the currant, quince,  
Cherry and grape and peach:  
Each planted by my father's hand—  
That is my childhood's fairyland.

Beside the rough gray doorstone grows  
The sweet old southern bush,  
The white rose perfumes the warm air;  
O'er all, the noontide hush  
Rests like a benediction said  
Above a waiting, drooping head.

I hear again the laugh, the shouts,  
Of children at their play,  
Down by the brook or in the barn,  
Romping among the hay;  
At ball, at fishing, or "I spy,"  
The merriest of them all am I.

I hear! I see! Yet nay, not so;  
Vanished long since are these  
Loved sights, loved sounds, as when dense  
Mists  
Rising from cold, salt seas,  
Sweep o'er the sun-lit land, anon,  
Beauty, bloom, brightness, all are gone!

Once happy places of this earth  
Now stricken waste and bare,  
I sometimes think that you will rise  
Transfigured, wondrous fair!  
And where no sorrow is nor pain  
I'll find my childhood's home again.

—Good Cheer.

### A Talk About the Sun.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

WHEN a picnic or a nutting party has been planned, how happy are all the boys and girls if, when they open their eyes in the morning, they see the bright sunshine streaming in through the window! Suppose we have a little talk about this sun that makes the world so glad and beautiful when he shows his face, but causes everything to look gloomy and people to be cross when he hides himself behind a cloud.

On looking up into the sky the sun does not appear to be much larger than a plate; yet it really is so very large that nothing you ever saw, heard about, or thought of is big enough to measure it with. This earth is a pretty large place—so large that it takes days and weeks to travel over even a small part of its surface—and yet the sun is so much larger that were they lying side by side you would scarcely notice the little earth at all. Why then does it look so small? For the same reason that a great tree on the hill yonder looks smaller than a bush just outside the window. Ah! yes, because it is so far away. How far? So far that were there a railroad from here to the sun, and the tiniest baby you ever saw were put on board a fast train, he might travel on and on, without ever stopping, and even should he live to be an old, old man, he would not be half-way there at the end of his life.

And now, one more question. What makes the sun so very, very bright? Perhaps you will answer by asking

what makes the poker so bright when you stick it into the fire for a time, and say that the reason is the same in both cases. Yes, it is the fire that shines out, for the sun is a burning, glowing mass, and, O, so hot as it is! Why, if the earth, with all its rocks, water, ice, and everything else, should be thrown into this great furnace, it would melt and be gone as quickly as when you drop a snow-flake on the stove. But, while the sun appears so dazzling bright that you can scarcely look at it without injuring your eyes, those who know a great deal about it say that there are upon it dark spots, looking like holes, and that often these are very large. So large are they that if you were a great giant, and could take this earth into your hand, just as a boy picks up a ball, and drop it into one of these holes it would be lost, just as the ball would be if dropped into a well. These wise men also say that the spots are constantly changing. Sometimes there will be very few, and then again more will appear. Some times around the dark hole in the centre will be great leaves of light, or long grasses with tips of fire; then there will be the most beautiful bright feathers; while again around the edges will be seen pictures like those Jack Frost puts on the windows in winter.

The sun is constantly sending down to the earth something that we could not do without. Nobody knows exactly what this something is; but it is easy enough to see what it does. It falls upon the eye, showing the beautiful world, or the faces of sister and playmate, and we call it light; or it falls upon the hands, warming and sometimes even burning them; this we call heat. True, in winter, when the sun does not shine directly on this part of the earth, we do not get very much of the heat; but the sun is busy all summer long in laying up a store in the trees to be used in the cold weather, so all we have to do is to light the fire and there the heat is. Remember, it is the sun that lifts up every one of these great trees, as well as each tiny blade of grass, and every little plant. Each one of these tries to get as near to him as it can; even the slender vine that cannot stand alone leans against a tree, and climbs up and up.

The sun shines out in every direction, and the earth is not near large enough to take all the heat. They say if it could be turned off for a while, just as people turn off a register, and a great ice bridge be made from here to the moon, and then the heat be turned on again, that the whole bridge would melt at once. Take a bright pan where the sun's rays can shine directly upon it, and see how hot it will become.

But the sun does still more. He is an artist, and there is not a colour in your paint box as beautiful as some he uses. Look at the delicately tinted flowers, and the bright red strawberries, and the purple grapes, and the

blushing peaches, and then remember that the sun painted every one of them. He can make pictures on paper too. When you had your photographs taken, did you think that it was the sun that was doing it; and that the man who made such a fuss fixing you, and telling you how many times to wink, and ever so many other things, was not doing so very much after all, but only helping along a little?

Besides, this great worker is busy most of the time drawing water. He takes it up into the clouds from the lakes and rivers, from the grass and streets, from our wet clothes—indeed from every place in which he can find any, and then sends it back in rain.

Did you ever see an eclipse, when the whole or a part of the sun disappeared? Sometimes when the whole sun goes out of sight, the birds and chickens think night is coming on, and begin to get ready for bed. Now, everybody knows that an eclipse is caused by the moon getting between us and the sun, and so shutting out its light, something as would be done by putting the hand before the eyes; but long ago, people did not know this. Then, when they saw the sun begin to disappear, they thought that some great monster was up in the sky trying to make a dinner out of him; so they would shout and make all the noise possible to frighten the monster away. When the moon passed across, and the sun appeared once more, they would be very glad, thinking that the monster had thrown out his great mouthful and run away, and that now the sun was safe.

### The Kakabeka Falls.

BY J. H. STEPHENSON.

To do justice to these wondrous falls would require at once the eye of an artist and the pen of a poet. To tell their breadth, the size of the gorge below, to give some idea of the volume of water that ever rolls over its brow, is to give no better idea of what it looks like, than one would get by having simply the dimensions of an enchanted castle.

The Kakabeka Falls—a corruption of Kakasekank, meaning high falls—which are situated in a westerly direction from Fort William and Port Arthur, may be reached from either place by a drive of about twenty miles, or from Murillo station on the C. P. R. by a drive of about six miles. In the immediate vicinity of the falls, above, is one of the boldest and weirdest rapids the eye has ever seen; bold, because its leaps almost rival that of a waterfall; and weird, because of its accompaniment in scenery and because of its being interspersed with little bodies of dead water, whose calm contrasts strongly and strangely with the tumult all around.

From a point about two miles above the falls, and stretching up the river some distance, lies a body of almost perfectly still water, whose untroubled

bosom is kissed only by the gentlest breezes. The shores on either side are clayey and gradual in their retreat, supporting a very luxuriant growth of timber. Passing down this river expansion, one soon comes to a sharp turn in the course of the stream and is greeted with a tremendous roar. The scene has changed in a moment. The calm has become a storm; the quiet of the lakelet has become the revelling of a rapid. Down a steep declivity the stream now rushes headlong, here and there obstructed by some obstinate boulder cropping up to defy the tide, till whitened into madness.

Again the descent becomes steeper and the waters more rapid, while rocks that might be dignified with the name of islands, and some of them covered with trees, start up everywhere, dividing the river into numerous streams. But look! what a lovely scene. The war of waves has ceased and the flag of truce floats over a beautiful little lake where all grows calm as though the waters were resting from their race, and gathering strength for the awful leap they soon must take, whose depths perhaps they have tried before. Leaving this lake the water is soon again disturbed. Now the speed of the water becomes greatly accelerated, and on they rush for the fatal leap. The rumble of a thousand distant thunders fills the air and we pass on to see one of Nature's marvels. Here you stand on the left bank of the river, at the very leaping place of the waters, and silently watch them as they boldly approach, and with gentle curve leap down, down one hundred and twenty feet into the seething cauldron below. To your left a bold platform of rock juts out into the gorge, on which you can stand, within fifteen feet of the waterfall. Down the front of this you can work your way till you are within reach of the great volume of water that is rushing perpendicularly past you. Right before you the clouds of spray rise up one hundred and fifty feet and drift over to the opposite bank which they keep in perpetual verdure. As the eye turns down the gorge the waters, prison-walled, are making their tortuous way through the mazes of this pathway, which has taken ages to chisel out. Walls cut out of the rock by the waterfall rise up one hundred and fifty feet on either side, and are clothed in "living green." This whole gorge, till it stretches away down and is lost in its own windings, presents a picture of exquisite beauty.

What feelings crowd into the heart of any thoughtful person as he turns away after having witnessed this grand display of Nature's might. He has seen some of her gigantic work and artistic power. He has put his finger on her pulse and felt the great life current throb within. He feels that he has been in the presence of something superior to himself which makes him sink into insignificance and fills him with reverence for the Architect of the universe who is the author of such wonders of beauty and power.

July.

WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dream to the dragon-fly,  
And the lazy breeze makes the nest in the trees  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
The corn-flower's blue cap awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,  
And poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.

When the hours are so still that Time  
Forgets them, and lets them lie  
'Neath petals pink till the night-stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It is July.

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
FOR MISSIONS  
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

The International Sunday School Convention.

THE Chicago Inter-Ocean thus characterizes this great gathering: It is hard to speak in anything but superlatives of the Fifth International Sunday-school Convention, which has just closed a three days' session in this city. It was a grand body of grand men and women, banded together for a noble purpose, and the meeting has partaken of the character of both men and cause. The meeting was an inspiration from the start, and has moved on with a spontaneity and enthusiasm which has filled every session with pleasure and profit. Nothing lagged, nothing was superfluous. There was noble music, addresses which gave courage and inspiration to the weary and dispirited, and audiences sympathetic, receptive and enthusiastic. The last day added a climax to an already

successful meeting, and the last night's session capped that climax. As Mr. Jacobs said, it was "a fire-cracker meeting." For three days over a thousand representatives of the best and liveliest element in the churches of all denominations, North and South, had been meeting together, catching the contagion of personal enthusiasm, learning new lessons, forming new resolves, and it was natural that the last meeting should be the best of the series. The convention was a remarkably successful one. All the arrangements were complete and comfortable, the music was an inspiration of itself, the speeches were all that could be asked, and the audience was so kindly that every one was nerved to his best effort. The woman's session at Farewell Hall, at which illustrations of primary work were given, was an exceedingly enjoyable meeting, and the audience seemed to most appreciate those addresses which embodied practical illustrations of the theories advanced, as did that of Dr. Schauffler. A supplemental meeting was held at noon when the Rev. Dr. Withrow, of the Third Presbyterian Church, taught a model lesson. If words are to be believed, the visitors have appreciated Chicago's hospitality and they will carry home with them kindly memories of the great convention and of the thousand homes in which they were entertained. Nor is the debt all with them, for they have left a blessing behind. The meeting was just such an one as such a body of men, working in so great a cause, may expect to have when they come to the great Convention City.

Message from the S. S. Convention to the Queen.

THE following is the cable despatch sent by the Chicago S. S. Convention to Queen Victoria:

"To General Ponsonby, London, England: The International Sunday School Convention of the United States and Canada, assembled in Chicago, present hearty congratulations to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, on this Jubilee occasion. They recognize that during the generous reign of fifty years her Majesty has been an earnest defender and advocate of the Bible as the foundation of the Christian religion, and a living exemplification of the favour of God. Righteousness exalteth a nation." Signed by the President.

"God Save the Queen" was then sung by the audience.

The audience wanted to show its fraternal regard for Canada by singing "God Save the Queen" again, and so the words were giving out and taken down, and the 4,000 people stood up and sang the hymn as it is seldom heard this side the water, and then, carried away by patriotism, swung off into "America," and lifted the grand anthem on a magnificent wave of song and then sang "God Save the Queen" again.

Mr. Peake, of Ontario, in a vigorous address, said the question of annexation of Canada had engaged the attention of some, but six years ago they were annexed to Canada. Under present circumstances he had no objection to annexation. This was the first time he had visited Chicago, he was impressed with its greatness, and after three days' stay here, the impression was deepened that this was a wonderful city. There was one thing, however, Toronto could beat Chicago in, and that was in the regard that if they took a ride on the street cars they would not be offended with tobacco smoke. He had found very many big hearts, and had formed friendships which would last through eternity. He was also impressed with the earnestness and enthusiasm displayed in the convention, and it was a great thing to see so many gathered from all over the continent to compare notes and receive inspiration for the prosecution of their work. In their Young Men's Christian Association they had a Sunday-school for Chinamen, and every Chinaman in Toronto was a member of it. He thanked the convention for the very hearty manner in which they sent that congratulatory letter to the Queen on her Jubilee, and it was very fitting that such a message should be sent to her from the convention seeing that for fifty years she had been the sheet-anchor of the Christian religion. He hoped they would soon visit Montreal in as great force as they had visited here, and he would promise them a hearty welcome.

Wrecks on the Shore.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

NOTHING that we find on the beach is more of a wreck than the torn bit of seaweed that we preserve and spread so carefully, and that is so beautiful; but the wrecks I am telling about were all the homes of living animals, and among your seaweed—if you have any—I have no doubt you can find at least two or three genuine wrecks, not of one creature's home, but of whole cities of little animals.

When you pick up what looks like a bit of weed, but is rather stiff and horny, keeping its shape as you handle it, you may be sure it is no weed. If it is shaped like a tiny shrub, an inch or two high, it is one that is very common on our shores, the *Bugula turrita*. If you look closely at it, even with a common magnifying glass or "lens glass," you will see that it is in little joints. Well, at every one of these joints is a little cell, or room you may call it, and when it was in the sea a little creature lived in each one. It could draw itself down into a mere lump in the bottom, or it could thrust out a daisy-shaped head and draw the sea-water into its mouth.

What is strangest about them, all the little fellows that lived in one of these small shrubs were connected together in such a way, through the

hollow stems, that they were like one animal, and lived and died together. And, wonderful to say, it is all one family, and grew from one mere dot of sea lily, which swam around by means of the fringe of hairs, or cilia, till it wished to settle, when it became fixed on a shell or a weed, and began this great family of hundreds of creatures.

Sometimes you will find on a broad seaweed or a shell a flat colony of these little creatures, standing out like the spokes of a wheel, and branching in every direction. This is the *Crista eburnea*, and it had its tenant at every joint. Nothing could be prettier than this little white city when a fairy-like blossom opened at every joint.

One of the most curious of these queer cities is called the leafy sea-mat. It looks like a thick-leaved plant, from a half-inch to two or three inches high, and of brownish colour. Look carefully at it, especially if you have a glass, and you will see that it is covered with little cells shaped like tiny slippers, or, as one writer calls them, cradles. They do look like cradles, the more so, as each one had its living baby in it.

Some of these big sea families grow in the shape of a lovely feather, from one inch to three inches long; it is a *Sertularia*, and I dare say you have one among your seaweeds—nearly every one has. It is yellowish in colour, and stiff, and will not stick to the paper like seaweed, but has to be gummed or otherwise fastened. The beautiful pink coralline that you gather in the rock pools or on shells was once the home of thousands.

Little and harmless and weed-like as they look, some of them are well provided with weapons. The feathery one I spoke of has been carefully studied through a microscope, and it is discovered that each tiny dot of a polyp (these little fellows are polyps) has a lance, or a dart, or whatever you may call it—a long, elastic thread, very strong, that usually lies coiled up in his cell, but which he can throw with great force. It is armed with barbs, and it in some way poisons any little creature it touches. So it isn't so innocent a bit of seaweed as it looks. It is a true wreck, not of one, but of thousands—a ruined polyp city, in fact, or what the books call a Polypidom.

Sometimes among all these cities, you will find one little fellow that lives in his cunning shell house all alone. It is about the size of a pin's head—a minute tube coiled up tightly and fastened to a seaweed. The owner, when alive, was a worm-like creature with an elegant flower-like head, and a cork-shaped door to keep out enemies. Its name was *Spirorbis*.

THE jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." His Honor said admonishingly to the prisoner: "After this you ought to keep away from bad company." "Yes, your Honor, you will not see me here again in a hurry."



WAR WEAPONS.

## Nothing to Show.

"My day has all gone"—'twas a woman who spoke,

As she turned her face to the sunset glow—

"And I have been busy the whole day long;  
Yet for my work there is nothing to show."

No painting nor sculpture her hand had wrought;

No laurel of fame her hand had won.

What was she doing in all the long day,  
With nothing to show at set of the sun?

What was she doing? Listen: "I'll tell you  
What she was doing all the long day;

Beautiful deeds too many to number;  
Beautiful deeds in a beautiful way;

"Womanly deeds that a woman may do,  
Trifles that only a woman can see,  
Wielding a power unmeasured, unknown,  
Wherever the light of her presence might be.

"She had rejoiced with those who rejoiced,  
Wept with the sad, and strengthened the weak;

And a poor wanderer, straying in sin,  
She in compassion had gone forth to seek.

"Unto the poor her aid had been given,  
Unto the weary the rest of her home;  
Freely her blessings to others were given,  
Freely and kindly to all who had come.

"Humbly and quietly all the long day  
Had her sweet service for others been done;  
Yet for the labour of heart and of hand  
What could she show at set of the sun?

"Ah, she forgot that our Father in Heaven  
Ever is watching the work that we do,  
And records he keeps of all that we do,  
Then judges our work with judgment that's true.

"For an angel writes down in a volume of gold  
The beautiful deeds that all do below,  
Though nothing she had at set of the sun,  
The angel above had something to show."

"MAN," said Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

## War Weapons.

BEFORE the invention of gunpowder every nation had its own peculiar weapons of warfare, and men were trained to use them with wonderful skill and precision. Owing to the long distances to be traversed and the difficulties of marching, horses and elephants were brought into requisition and made to act their part upon the battle-field.

The cutlass, the spear, the lance, the battle-axe, the assegai, the bow and arrow, the arbalest, and the arquebuse have all figured as instruments of warfare, and have lent their aid to many a conquering hero.

War is, at times, a direful necessity; but it is painful to think how many battles have been fought merely to

gratify an unholy ambition, and how many lives have been sacrificed to please a blood-thirsty monarch.

War spreads like an epidemic. Passions are inflamed. Private injuries are made an excuse for committing public outrages, and those who have no personal interest in the strife engage in it for love of the pastime.

During the Middle Ages the Pope summoned his people to a holy war, his object being to maintain the right of Christian pilgrims to visit the Holy Sepulchre. The Mohammedans of Syria and Palestine opposed them. After the conquest of Palestine the object of the crusade was enlarged, and the crusaders sought to rescue the whole land from the Saracens. Eight different crusades were undertaken, with less success than might have been accomplished had there been fewer traitors and cowards among the wearers of the cross.

They went forth as destroyers, and were pagans at heart though bearing the name of Christians, and effected but a temporary conquest over the Moslem foe.

With what different weapons do Christ's disciples—the true followers of the cross—engage in their crusade against sin! Not by their own strength and valor do they hope to conquer, but through the merits of a Saviour whose precepts they teach and whose example they follow. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds."

A LAZY fellow once declared in company that he couldn't find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic, "I am obliged to work for it."

## Lord Palmerston and the Irish Widow.

SOME years before his death Lord Palmerston visited his Irish estate for the purpose of inspecting the improvements which were being made; and one morning he and a friend walked with their guns many miles over it in search of game. They found little sport, and became tired and hungry. In the distance Lord Palmerston saw a cabin—a poor little cottage, not so good as a stable—to which he made his way, in company with his friend and a keeper, and found the tenement occupied by an old woman and her pig. His lordship asked if she had anything to eat.

"God bless your honor, sure there's praties and eggs at your service," was the reply; and while the old woman, without further ado, commenced washing the potatoes and putting them in a pot, his lordship told her he would return in half an hour. When he did so the old woman had prepared him a substantial meal of potatoes and fresh eggs, which, being hungry, he heartily enjoyed. One is naturally in good humour after dinner, however simple it may have been, and Lord Palmerston drew from the old woman that she had been many years a widow, and worked hard for a livelihood, but feared when her strength should fail her that she should go to the workhouse; but she fortunately added:

"If my husband had taken less of the whiskey and kept the money to buy a cow, I would have got the agent to let me the bit of waste land in the corner, and I would have been as happy as the queen. It's the poor lone woman I'll be, and nobody will care whether poor Biddy is alive or dead."

"Suppose I were to speak to Lord Palmerston," suggested her visitor.

"O, faith, your honor, it's not the like of you Lord Palmerston talks to," said Biddy. "Isn't it himself that has dinner with the queen, and tells her what she has to do, and don't he tell the House of Lords and the Parliament and all on 'em what they ought to do? Sure it's not yourself that'll get within a mile of him. Take the country all over, and he's the biggest man in it; he's equal to the Prince of Wales, and perhaps beyond him."

"Well," replied his lordship, "I am going to London, and I'll try to see him; so I shall not give you anything for your hospitality, but leave Lord Palmerston to reward you."

"Luck go wid you," said Biddy, "it's a good maning gentleman ye are, but it's not Lord Palmerston that you'll see."

His lordship shook the old woman by the hand and departed. In a few days the agent sent down a fine cow and gave Biddy ten acres of land free of rent for her life-time. The old woman's delight knew no bounds, and when told that the person she had shaken hands with was Lord Palmerston himself, her gratification was positively greater than the acquisition of the land and the cow.

## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

## VI.

JACK has got his commission at last. He is wild with delight, and patronizes us all, and bestows imaginary fortunes on every one in the parish, on the strength of the cities he means to take, and the prize-money he means to win.

Father seems to live over his youth again, as he talks to Jack of the perils and adventures before him; and although he warns him that the days of victory are few and the nights of watching many, and the days of marching long, yet the old martial enthusiasm that comes over him as he fights Marlborough's battles over again, certainly has more power to enkindle Jack's ardour than the sober commentaries at the end have to cool it.

It is pleasant, however, to see how cordial father and Jack become over the old book of "Fortifications," and in their endless discussions concerning arms and accoutrements.

Meanwhile mother and I rise early and sit up late to complete Jack's outfit. And many tears mother lets fall on the long seams and hems—although I am sure it is easier for us both, than if we were rich, and could pay some one else to do the work, while we sat brooding over the parting. It is a comfort to put our whole hearts into every stitch we do for him; to feel that no money could ever purchase the delicate stitching and the elaborate button-holes, and the close, strong sewing we delight to make as perfect as possible. Mother sews her tender anxieties into every needleful, and certainly relieves her anxieties as she does so. And I sew all sorts of mingled feelings in besides; repentance for every sharp word I ever spoke to Jack, and every hard thought I ever had of his little mistakes, and plans of my own for his comfort. For the bees, and the three Spanish hens, whose honey and eggs constitute my "pin-money," have been very successful lately; and I can very well, with a little contrivance, make my woolsey dress last one more winter; so that I shall have quite a nice little sum for Jack.

Father seems to feel as if he were going forth again to the wars and adventures of his youth in Jack's person. But to mother it is not a going forth, but a going away. She shudders as father goes over his battles on the table after supper, with the bread and cheese for fortresses, and the plates and salt-cellars for the armies, and talks of "massing forces," and "cutting up detachments in detail."

"My dear," she said one day, "you talk so coolly of masses and forces, and of 'cutting them up!' You seem to forget it is men you are talking of, and that our Jack is to be one of them."

Father smiled compassionately, and went on detaching his salt-collars. Jack laughed and kissed mother affectionately, and said, "But I am not to be one of them, mother. I have no intention of letting any one cut me up."

But mother could not hear any more military discussions just then; and we took a candle to a little table near the fire, and comforted ourselves once more with Jack's outfit.

I suppose that it is meant that men must leave us one day, and go forth into the world to do their work. But it does seem a little hard they should be so glad to go.

Yet when I said this one day to mother, she said, "I would not have Jack one bit less eager and pleased, on any account, Kitty. What are women for, unless they can help men in the rough things they have to do and bear? They work and fight hard for us, and if we have our own share of the burden to bear at home, the least we can do is to bear it cheerfully, and not hinder them with repining looks and words."

"Only, mother," I said, "it seems wronging the old happy days to part with them so easily."

"The old happy childish days are gone, Kitty," she said. "Men can not set down on the march of life, gazing with lingering looks on the way behind them. And women should not, Christian women ought not, Kitty," she added softly. "You know we also have something to press forward to. Our eyes should chiefly there be fixed whither our feet are going."

"Dear mother," I said, "if one were only sure that this step forward would be a step really onward for Jack! There are so many dangers in the army, are there not?"

"What makes you so desponding, Kitty?" she said. "It is not like you; and it seems as if you had too little confidence in Jack. We must not sit and wail together over possible evils. When such anxieties come, we must separate and pray. I know no other remedy, my child."

And I could not find it in my heart to tell her my peculiar anxieties about Jack. Besides, it would have seemed ungenerous to him.

Jack is gone. Now he is really off, and silence has settled down on the house after all the bustle. Father's apprehensions seem to over-balance his hopes. He roams restlessly in and out of the house, and then sits down to his "Fortifications," and after reading a few words, shuts the book and pushes it impatiently aside, and walks carelessly up and down, or stands whistling at the window, or goes to the door and looks at the weather, and wonders how that poor boy is getting on at sea.

And Trusty, feeling there is something wrong, goes to the door also, and also looks out at the weather, and also wonders, and wags his tail in an indecisive meditative way, and returning to the fire, sits bolt upright before it in a cramped attitude, staring vacantly at the flames, and saying as plainly as a dog can, that he can make nothing of it.

Mother, on the other hand, makes frequent visits to the little chamber over the porch, and comes down pale and serene, and with some little cheery observation changes the current of father's thoughts, or reminds him of some work about the farm.

Then Trusty feels that it is all right again, and stretches himself out in his easiest attitude on the hearth at her feet, and sighs, and composes himself to sleep.

Yesterday evening, to my great surprise, Betty came into my room after I was in bed, looking wild and haggard, and she said,—

"Mrs. Kitty, my dear, I can bear it no longer. Whatever comes of it, I must go and hear that Yorkshireman again. He is to preach at six o'clock to-morrow morning on the Down above the house. I shall be back again before Missis wants me, for it won't last more than an hour. And if she is angered, she must be angered. I can get no rest night nor day. The words that man spoke are like a fire in my bones; and hear him again I must. I can but perish either way. And if I must perish, I had rather know it."

She went back to her room. But I could not sleep for thinking of her wan, wild face. It haunted me like the vision of some one murdered. And I felt as if it would be hardly safe to let her go alone.

Accordingly, when Betty crept through my room the next morning very softly, that she might not wake me, I was already dressed, and, in spite of her remonstrances, insisted on accompanying her.

The appointed place of meeting was in a slight hollow on the top of the Down. We were early, and as we sat down on a tuft of withered grass, closely wrapped in our hoods and cloaks, waiting for the preaching to begin, I thought I had never been in a place more like a temple. The solemn dawn was coming up in the east, and I always think nothing is so solemn as the coming up of the morning. Then there were the soft twitterings of the waking birds in the wood below us, and the murmurs of the waves far off and far below, and the sweeping of the winds over the long ranges of the dewy moors.

It seemed to me I wanted no other preaching, or music. But the silent solemnity of the dawn, and the murmurs of the great sea, and the songs of birds, have no power to lift the burden from the troubled conscience.

That work is committed not to angels, nor to nature (as Hugh Spenser used to say), but to poor blundering, sinful human beings, who have felt what the burden is.

John Nelson was there already. He stood earnestly conversing with a little group of men; and I watched the frank, trustworthy face, and the tall, stalwart form, with no little interest, remembering how he had been thrown down, and trampled on, and bruised, and beaten by the mobs for Christ's sake, and had dared the same rough usage again and again to tell them the same message of mercy.

At length the congregation began to assemble. Solitary figures creeping up from the farms and lone cottages around, miners, in their working clothes, on their way to the mines, labourers on their way to the fields, and from the nearer villages little bands of poorly-clad women and children.

In a few minutes about two hundred had ranged themselves around the preacher, who stood on a hillock, his tall figure and strong, clear voice commanding the little congregation, so that he spoke easily, more as if conversing privately than preaching.

He said he would give us some of his experience, as it might be of use in comforting any who were in trouble.

The preacher went on, but I heard no more, for Betty was sitting with her hands clasped, the tears raining over her rugged face, yet with such an expression of hope on it, that I felt I could safely leave her; so I told her to stay, I would see to her work, and put everything right by the time she came back.

As I went down the hill the sound of a hymn followed me, at first faint and broken, but soon rising strong and clear, through the morning air. I thought I had never heard pleasanter music; and as I lighted the fire and got the breakfast ready, my heart sang, and I prayed there might be melody also in poor Betty's heart.

She came back before any one had missed her.

All day she went about her work as usual: her face looked more peaceful, but she said nothing, and Betty's silences were barriers no one else but herself could safely attempt to break down.

In the evening, while mother and I were sitting by the fire alone and I preparing to confess to her my having accompanied Betty to the morning preaching, Betty appeared with the supper, and after lingering about the things until I thought she would not go till father came back, and I should be left for the night with the burden of my morning expedition unconfessed, suddenly she stood still and said:—

Missis, I may as well out with it at once. I am going to hear that Yorkshireman again to-morrow. It's no good fighting against it. I have tried, but I shall have to go."

I had to fill up the vacancies in Betty's narrative, as clearly as I could, hastily confessing my share in it.

Mother looked seriously grieved.

"Kitty," she said, "I did not expect this of you."

"Mrs. Kitty went to take care of me," interposed Betty. "She thought I was going mazed—and so I was, sure—and Mrs. Kitty went to keep me from mischief."

"Betty," said mother, very gravely, "I cannot sanction your going to such places. You know I never hinder your going to church as often as you like, and I am sure Parson Spencer is a very good man; and there are the lessons and the prayers. What can you want more?"

"I am not saying anything against our parson, Missis," said Betty; "I'd as lief say anything against the King and the Parliament. I've no doubt that what he says is all right in its way. But ever since I heard Parson Wesley, I've had a great thorn fretting and rankling in my heart, and our pastor's sermons can no more take that out, than they could take a rotten tooth out of my head. It isn't to be expected they should; they're not made for such rough doctor's work. But that Yorkshireman's can. He made me feel better this morning and I must hear him again. And then, Missis, when I've got rid of the burden on my heart, I can sit easy and hearken to Parson Spencer. For no doubt his discourses are uncommon to me. I'd as lief listen to him as to the finest music I ever heard. Only it's not to be expected that the finest music'll stop a sore heart from aching."

"But the Bible is made for that,"

said mother, "and you hear that every Sunday in church."

"Yes, sure, and so I do from the Yorkshireman; but he has a way of picking out the bits that suit you, picking them out and laying them on, as you did the herb lotion, Missis, last week, when I bruised my side. The herbs were in the garden before, sure enough, but I might have walked among them till doomsday, and my side been no better."

Mother sighed.

"Take care, Betty," she said, "that you do not pick out the texts you like instead of those that really suit you. Bitters," sighed mother, "are better than sweets often."

"And bitter enough they were to me," said Betty; "it's my belief it is the smart that did me the good."

"Well, Betty," said mother, "I cannot sanction it."

"Bless your heart, Missis," said Betty, "of course you can't. I never thought you could. But I thought it my duty to tell you before I went."

Mother shook her head, and Betty went; for beyond this right of mutual protest our domestic government with regard to her does not extend.

Betty went, and returned, and said nothing. Nor did she give occasion to mother to say anything. The cooking was blameless, the floors spotless, father's meals punctual to a minute. Only there was an unusual quiet in the kitchen, and on Saturday old Roger said to me privately:—

"I can't think what's come over Betty, Mrs. Kitty. She's so cruel kind! and as quiet as a lamb. She hasn't given me a sharp word for nigh a week, and I can't say what'd come of it. It makes me quite wist. They say folks with Betty's tempers fall into that way when they're like to die. And in the evening she sits and spells over the great Bible you brought her from London. It's quite unnatural, Mrs. Kitty; I didn't like to tell Missis, for fear she should take on about it, she's so tender-hearted; but I couldn't help telling you. The Methodists be terrible folk; they say in my country up to Dartmoor that they know more than they ought to know, and I shouldn't like them to ill-wish Betty. I used to think her tongue was a trifle sharp by times, but the place is cruel wist without it, and mortal lonesome; and I'd give somewhat to hear her fling out with a will once more, poor soul."

Every other Sunday afternoon has always been one of my most delightful times. There is no service then in our parish church. The vicar rides to a daughter-church some miles off, too far for us to reach, and we have the whole afternoon for quiet. Mother sits alone in the porch-closet, and I spend the time alone in my own chamber, or in the old apple-tree in the garden.

Last Sunday afternoon I was sitting, as usual, at my chamber window. The casement was open, and it was so still that the hum of the few stray bees, buzzing in the sunshine around the marigolds in the garden below, came up to me quite clearly. But the bees were evidently only doing a little holiday work quite at their leisure.

There was a ripe calm, and a sacred stillness over everything, which made me feel as if I knew what the Bible meant by the "shadow of the wings of God." For where "shadow" and "God" are spoken of together, shadow cannot mean shade and darkness, but

only shelter, and safety, and repose. It seemed as if the whole earth were nestling under great, warm, motherly wings.

My Bible lay open on my knee, but I had not been reading for some time. I had not consciously been thinking or even praying, my whole heart resting silently in the presence of God, as the earth around me lay silent in the sunshine: conscious of his presence as the dumb creatures are conscious of the sunshine, as a babe is conscious of its mother's smile, neither listening, nor adoring, nor entreating, nor remembering, nor hoping, but simply at rest in God's love.

It seemed like waking, when a low murmur below my window recalled me again to thought.

It was the broken murmur of a woman's voice. The room immediately under mine was the kitchen, and as I leant out of the window and listened, I perceived that the voice was Betty's.

I went down-stairs into the court, and as I passed the kitchen window, I saw Betty sitting there with her large new Bible open before her on the white deal table.

It was a long window, with several stone mullions, and casements broken into diamond panes. The casement at which Betty sat was open. The cat was perched on the sunny sill, and Trusty was coiled up on the grass-grown pavement beneath.

Betty was bending eagerly over the book; the plump fingers she was accustomed to rely on in so many useful works, could by no means be dismissed from service so laborious to her as reading a book; and her lips followed their slow tracing of the lines, as if she would assure herself by various senses of the reality of the impressions conveyed to her by the letters. As she bent thus absorbed in her subject, I noticed how much power was expressed in the firm, well-defined lips, and in the broad, square brow, from which the dark grey hair was brushed back; and, indeed, in every rugged line of the strongly-marked face. As I approached, she looked up. She seemed to think it necessary to apologise for her unusual occupation, and she said:

"I was only looking, Mrs. Kitty, to see if what that Yorkshireman said is true."

I could not help thinking of the noble women of Berea; and leaning on the window-sill, I listened.

"For you know, my dear," she continued, "if his words made my heart as happy as a king's, what good is it if they were only his own words? But if it's *here*, it is not his but the Lord's, and then it'll stand."

"Then his words did make your heart light, Betty?" I said.

"My dear," she said, "'twas not his words at all. It's all *here*, and has been here, of course, ages before he or I was born, only I never saw it before."

And turning the Bible so that I might see, she traced with her fingers the words—

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

"There's a deal more as good as that, my dear," she said; "but I keep coming back to that, because it was that that healed up my heart."

Her eyes were moist, and her voice was soft and quiet as she went on—

"Mrs. Kitty, the cure was as quick

as the hurt. Just as Mr. Wesley's words went right to the core of my heart in a moment, and made it like one great wound, feeling I was a lost, ungrateful, sinful woman—*these* words went right to the heart of the wound, and flowed like sweet healing balm all through it, so that just where the anguish had been the worst, the joy was greatest. Not a drop of the sorrow but seemed swallowed up in a larger drop of the joy. For it was not thinking, Mrs. Kitty, it was seeing. I saw in my heart the blessed Lord himself, with all my sins laid upon him, and he, while he was stretched, bleeding, there on the cross, all alone, and pale, and broken-hearted with the anguish of the burden, the burden of my sins, seeming to say with his kind looks all the time, '*I am not unwilling, I am quite content to bear it all for thee.*' And oh, my dear, my heart felt all right that very moment. I can't say it felt light, for it seemed as if there lay upon me a load of love and gratitude heavier than the old load of sin, but it was all sweet, my dear, it is all sweet, and I would not have it weigh an atom lighter for the world."

I could not speak, I could only bow down and rest my face on Betty's hand, as I held it in mine. We were silent a long time, and then I said:—

"Did you tell Mr. Nelson?"

"He came and asked. I had set myself as firm as a rock, that there should be no crying, and praying, and singing over me, Mrs. Kitty, but I was so broken down with joy, that I didn't mind what anyone did or thought about me, but sat crying like a poor fool as I am, until Mr. Nelson came up to me quite quiet and gentle, and asked if anything ailed me, and then I said, 'You may thank the Lord for me, Mr. Nelson, for to my dying day I shall thank the Lord for you, and that you ever came to these parts.' Then he asked what it was, and I told him all, Mrs. Kitty, as I have told you, and he looked mighty pleased, and said it was being converted; and said something about the 'inward witness,' 'the witness of the Spirit.' But what that meant I knew no more than a new-born babe, and I told him so. I knew my heart had been as heavy as a condemned murderer's, and now I was as happy as a forgiven child, and all through seeing the blessed Lord in my heart. And they all smiled very pleasant, and said that was enough, and that what more there was to learn, if I kept on reading the Bible, and went to church, the Lord would teach me all in time. But I felt I could bear no more just then, so I wished them all good day and went home alone. For I was afraid of losing the great joy, Mrs. Kitty, if I talked too much about it. I felt as if I had got a new treasure, and I wanted to come home and turn it over, and look at it, and make sure it was all true, and really mine."

"You spoke of *seeing*, Betty," I said, "but you had no visions or dreams?"

"No," she said, "and I don't want any. I don't see how it could be plainer than it is. And I found it quite true," she went on, "about the Lord teaching me at church. It is strange I never noticed before how the parson says every Sunday in the prayers so much that John Nelson told me. 'All we, like sheep, have gone astray;' and about the forgiveness of sins, and all. The prayers seemed

wonderful and plain to me to-day, Mrs. Kitty; but I can't say I've got to the length as yet of understanding our parson. But, oh, my dear," she concluded, "it is a great mercy for us ignorant folks that the Bible does seem the plainest of all!"

Then I left Betty again to her meditations, and went up for the precious half hour with mother before father came back from the fields. And I thought it right to tell her, as well as I could, what Betty had told me. She was interested and touched, and looked very grave as she said:—

"I don't see what we can say against it, Kitty. Your father thinks that John Nelson is a very remarkable man. Anything which makes a person keep their temper, and love to read the Bible, and go to church, does seem in itself good. But I think Betty is quite wise to wish to be alone, and not to talk too much about it. It seems to me we want all the strength religion can give us for the doing and the enduring, so that there is little to spare for the talking, or to waste in mere emotion."

"Yet, mother," I said, "it is love, is it not, which strengthens us both to do and to endure, and love has its joys and sorrows as well as its duties."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "many sorrows, and also joys. Yet, Kitty, love is *proved*, not by its joys and sorrows, which are so much mixed up with self, but by duty. God said, 'I will have obedience, and not sacrifice;' and I think that means that God will have, not the offering of this or that in the luxury of devotion, but the sacrifice of *self*; for obedience is nothing else than the sacrifice of self."

"Yet, mother," said I, "if the love is so deep that it makes the obedience a delight, can that be a mistake?"

"That would be heaven, child!" she said. "But I think none but great saints have experienced that on earth, at least not constantly."

"Yet, mother," I said, "it seems to me, the more one is like a little child, with God, the more one does delight to obey."

"Perhaps it is the little children that are the great saints, Kitty," she said, smiling.

"But you think we need not trouble Betty about what she feels, mother," said I, "she seems so gentle and happy?"

"I think we must wait and see," said mother.

And so our conversation ended.

Can it have been only yesterday morning I was sitting in the hall window, when Hugh Spencer came in, and, after just wishing me good-day, asked where mother was, and left me to go and find her? It seems so much longer.

I felt surprised that he should have no more to say to me, when we had not met for months, and he had been ordained in the meantime. And I supposed he wanted to consult mother, thinking me too inexperienced or too much of a child to be able to give any advice worth having.

I did feel rather hurt, and then I began to be afraid I might have shown him that I felt vexed, and received him stiffly and coldly. And I resolved when he came in again (if he came) to speak quite as usual to him. What right, indeed, had I to feel hurt? Of course mother was a better counsellor for anyone than I could be; and everyone could see how much better Evelyn's

opinion was worth having than mine. But then my thoughts went off into quite another channel.

Then Hugh came back, and his voice was very gentle and low, for he was standing quite near me; and he said:—

"Kitty, I came to speak to you about a very important subject." And then I looked up; but, indeed, I do not know what we said.

Nor, when Hugh went home and mother came in, did she say much. She only took me to her heart, and murmured, "My darling child."

To think that Hugh had been wishing this so many years!

Only I am not half worthy of Hugh and his love.

Yet God can make me even that, in time.

(To be continued.)

### Some of the Uses of Coal-Tar.

THE history of coal-tar reads like a romance. What was formerly so offensive to any sense has been made to yield something highly charming to at least three of the five senses. Since the discovery of that sickly and somewhat fugitive colour, mauve, by Perkins, thirty years ago, investigation has been carried on with indefatigable industry, till at the present moment the most brilliant dyes—scarlets, blues, greens, and yellows—can be extracted from the waste of our gas-works.

There never was a deceiver like coal-tar. The lady who turns up her nose and screws her face because she happens to get a whiff of the crude article has possibly just been adding to her charms by using a perfume from the same source! One extract, now risen into considerable commercial importance as a scent, is largely employed in the manufacture of soaps, while its delicacy makes it also available for the higher branches of perfumery. But this instance of the complexity of coal-tar's character has other parallels quite as singular. It is, perhaps, the last substance that a person would like to get clothes stained with, but if the stains are there nothing will remove them better than an extract of the tar itself—benzine. Again, the light which has been shed upon coal-tar has been returned with light, for it is rich in naphtha and other illuminants. This black sea in which chemists have so successfully fished has recently been causing a good deal of speculation on account of a wonderful catch, drawn by Dr. Falberg. As far back as 1879 this gentleman alighted upon a terrible monster, according to one writer, who says that it may be properly termed anhydrosulphaminobenzoic acid! Fortunately Dr. Falberg has survived, and so we have full details of this tarry specimen, which he has modestly named saccharin. For sweetness it has already completely ruined the long-standing reputation of sugar. It caused but little attention for a time, mainly, there is reason to suppose, from the difficulty of making it in quantities, which was experienced at first, and also because there was little demand.

A large factory has been set at work in Germany for the production of saccharin. Its present price is from 40s. to 48s. per pound, and, though this seems a high figure, when we remember that in the sweetening quality one pound equals 220 pounds of sugar, the cost must be acknowledged moderate.



### The Richest Ruler.

Once at Worms, in royal state,  
Sat the princess of the land;  
Proudly each in turn did prate  
Of the wealth at his command.

"Glorious," said the Saxon lord,  
"Is my land, and grand its might!  
Priceless are the treasures stored  
Deep beneath each rugged height!"

"See the wealth of my domain,"  
Cried the Elector from the Rhine;  
"Valleys rich with golden grain,  
On the mountains matchless wine!"

"Cities great and cloisters old,"  
Louis of Bavaria spake  
"With their countless stores untold,  
My fair land unrivalled make!"

Spoke then Eberhard the Great,  
Wurtemberg's beloved lord!  
"No great cities boasts my state,  
Nay, nor hills with silver stored;

"But one treasure makes me blest,  
Though the days were fierce and dread;  
On each subject's loyal breast,  
I could boldly lay my head!"

"Eberhard!" cried one and all,  
Then their hearts before him bowed;  
"Thou art richest of us all!"  
And their praise rang long and loud.

### LESSON NOTES.

#### THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO  
MATTHEW

A. D. 26] LESSON IV. [July 24  
THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Matt. 3: 13-17 Memory verses, 13-17  
GOLDEN TEXT.

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am  
well pleased. Matt. 3: 17.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The Baptism.
2. The Voice.

TIME.—26 A. D.

PLACE.—The Jordan, where John was  
baptized.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This is one incident  
in the work of John. The lesson of last  
week was necessary to prepare the way for  
this story.

EXPLANATIONS.—Then cometh Jesus—At  
some time during John's work. *To be bap-  
tized*—The baptism was in accordance with a  
settled purpose, and not a chance occurrence.  
*John forbade*—John at first refused, prob-  
ably because he had a divine revelation that  
this was the Messiah. *Thus it becometh  
us*—It is duty for us to do whatever is in  
accordance with God's will. John's mission  
was to preach repentance to sinners, and  
baptism was the sign of a purpose to lead  
a holy life. So Jesus gave to the world  
the exhibition of his purpose. *Out of the  
water*—How Jesus was baptized we do not  
know. He may have gone into the water, or  
simply to the river's brink, as in either case  
the word translated *out of* would have been  
used. While being baptized, Luke says he  
was praying. *Heavens were opened*—We  
cannot say what this phenomenon was.  
Some think the sky was cloud-cast, and  
that at that instant there was a rolling  
back of the clouds, and the glory of God  
for an instant shone out. Whatever it  
was, the appearance was memorable, as  
showing supernatural approval of the act.  
*Like a dove*—Not a dove, but *descending  
like a dove*. A gentle, beautiful appear-  
ance, which, perhaps, all saw. *A voice  
from heaven*—Whether all heard this voice  
we do not know. Jesus must have told the  
disciples what it said. A voice out of the  
vast expanse, out of that heaven where God  
dwells. Perhaps John heard it, perhaps  
others. At least we can hear it after all the  
centuries.

#### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

##### 1. The Baptism.

What closes the record of the baptism of  
John at the Jordan?

Was this a chance occurrence, or part of a  
settled plan?

Give a reason for your answer.

Was there any saving power in this service  
of baptism?

What was the reason of Jesus for being  
publicly baptized?

Had he done anything yet in his own work  
of preaching salvation?

What is the nature of baptism as a sacra-  
ment in the Church?

When a man is publicly baptized what  
does he thus say?

What did Jesus say he was prepared to  
do, and showed by this act that he was  
prepared?

##### 2. The Voice.

What remarkable occurrence closed this  
scene?

Whose voice does the Church believe this  
to have been?

What were its words?

To what did the voice bear testimony?

For what purpose was this voice given?

Is there evidence that John the Baptist  
either heard the voice or saw the appearance  
of the Spirit? John 1: 31, 36.

What is the one rule by which men may  
surely please God?

#### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Galilee was a long distance from Bethabara.  
I fear some nowadays would find it too far to  
go on foot for such a service. But Jesus  
travelled it. Learn how faithful, earnest,  
willing, anxious, and tireless Jesus was in  
fulfilling all righteousness.

The question John asked we might each  
well ask, "Comest thou to me?" He is  
constantly coming to us: not to be helped  
to his duty by us, but to help us do our duty.

#### HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Here are only five verses. The first  
thing that every student and teacher ought  
to do is to commit them to memory.

2. Find the instances during Christ's life  
when he and wonderful manifestations from  
the unseen world.

3. Read the story of the baptism as given  
by John in the Gospel.

4. Baptism was a sign of repentance. Did  
Jesus repent?

5. Write out your own idea about the  
baptism of Jesus. Why it took place?  
What it meant? How it fulfilled all right-  
eousness?

6. If you do not understand the whole  
story, prepare two questions about it to ask  
in your class on Sunday.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ our Pat-  
tern.

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. How did Christ, being the Son of God,  
become man?

By taking to himself a true human body  
and soul, being conceived of the Holy Ghost  
and born of the Virgin Mary, yet without sin.  
Hebrews ii. 14; Galatians iv. 4; Hebrews  
iv. 15.

A. D. 26] LESSON V. [July 31

#### THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Matt. 4: 1-11. Memory verses, 1-4.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

He is able to succour them that are  
tempted. Heb. 2: 18.

#### OUTLINE.

1. Temptation.
2. Triumph.

TIME.—26 A. D. Immediately following  
events of last lesson.

PLACE.—Not mentioned in Scripture, but,  
by tradition, said to have been Mount Quar-  
antania, near Jericho.

RULERS.—Same as heretofore.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This event, or series  
of events in our Lord's life, is supposed to  
have followed at once after the occurrence at  
the Jordan.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Led up of the Spirit*—  
The Spirit had just descended upon him,  
and this is the first act in the life which  
the Spirit was thereafter to govern. *To be  
tempted*—Temptation was an absolute neces-  
sity. There could be no overwhelming of  
evil except by personal contest. *Forty days  
and forty nights*—We think the absolute  
time is here correctly mentioned. Men  
have gone longer than that without food  
in the present generation. *The tempter*—  
Satan. The same evil spirit who had tried

and overthrown Adam, now appears to over-  
whelm the new Adam. *Stones be made bread*  
—What a wise tempter. Jesus was abunger-  
ed, and Satan knew it. *It is written*—That  
is, it is written in the Holy Scriptures, which  
are my law of action. *Not live by bread alone*  
—Man lives two lives, a physical and a spiri-  
tual. Obedience is better than sustenance  
for the body. *The holy city*—Jerusalem.  
This became the favourite name of the city,  
and is its Arabic name to-day, El Kudhs.  
*Pinnacle of the temple*—Some lofty point  
about the temple. *An exceeding high moun-  
tain*—Probably the high precipice of Quar-  
antania. *Showeth him*—Not by human eye;  
but gives him a mental vision of the power  
to be had over the kingdoms of the world.  
*Worship me*—A direct presentation of him-  
self, and at once recognized, and, with the  
recognition, comes the first exercise of his  
power as the triumphant Son of God, and,  
with the first display of power, the tempter  
vanishes. *Leaveth him*—But not forever.  
Over and over he came.

#### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

##### 1. Temptation.

Why was Jesus led by the Spirit into the  
wilderness?

Why was the temptation necessary?

If led by the Spirit, was he tempted of God?  
What was the one great purpose of the  
tempter?

To what three human desires did he appeal?  
Had Jesus at this time wrought any miracle?  
What two facts concerning Satan's know-  
ledge are shown by this first temptation?

What fact concerning his knowledge is  
shown by the second temptation?  
Why did Satan quote Scripture?

##### 2. Triumph.

What was the effect of all this temptation?  
What was the weapon with which the  
attack was met?

What is this weapon called in Eph. 6: 17?  
Over how many human appetites or desires  
did Jesus win victory?

We know that he was hungry; was he  
ambitious?

Give a reason to support your answer.  
There were three steps toward this  
triumph. Find them.

Was this triumph absolute and final? Read  
Luke 4: 13; John 14: 30; Heb. 4: 15.

#### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Jesus at the Jordan is a picture of man in  
some supreme moment, crowned with honour,  
full of joy.

Jesus in the wilderness is a picture of man  
in weariness and fatigue and hunger.

Elation and depression are close com-  
panions. The moment of victory is often  
the moment when defeat is being prepared.  
The weakest moment in life is the unguarded  
moment of victory.

Learn from this how *watchful* Jesus was;  
how *keen* to detect temptation; how *truthful*,  
even when famishing; how *true*, when a word  
would have given him the crown of a king.  
Are we so?

#### HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find the Scripture passages quoted in  
this lesson, and see how the original and the  
quotations vary, if they do vary.

2. Write down the things said of Jesus.  
For example:

He was led. He fasted.  
He was addressed. He answered, etc.  
There are certainly fifteen different assertions  
made of him.

3. Learn all you can by inquiry or from  
books about Quarantania. Where is  
it? Why is it called by that name?  
How would you go to reach it? etc.

4. Compare the temptation of the first  
Adam with that of Jesus, whom Paul  
calls the second Adam? Were they  
at all alike?

5. Do not get the idea that Satan came  
or comes to men with horns, hoof,  
and forked tail. That is a painter's  
Satan, and Milton's Satan. Satan  
comes as a friend, as a lover, as a  
patron, O, in countless ways. Study  
with this idea how he must have come  
to Jesus.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Temptation.

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. Why did the Son of God become man?  
That he might teach us his heavenly doc-  
trine, set us a pattern of perfect holiness,  
and lay down his life as the price of our  
redemption.

John xv. 15; 1 John ii. 6; 1 Peter ii. 21;  
1 Peter iii. 18.



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