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HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

ROBERT SMITH - CH. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1888.

[No. 10.]

The Heavenly Traveller.

I saw a blood-washed traveller
In garments white as snow,
While travelling on the highway,
Where heavenly breezes blow;
His path was full of trials,
And yet his face was bright;
He shouted as he journeyed,
"I'm glad the burden's light!"

I saw him in the conflict,
When all around was strife,
While wicked men and devils
Combined to take his life;
I saw him cast in prison,
A dungeon dark as night;
And yet I heard him shouting,
"I'm glad the burden's light."

I saw him led from prison,
And chained unto the stake;
I heard him shout triumphant,
"It's all for Jesus' sake;"
I saw the fire when kindled,
The fagots blazing bright,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden is so light."

I saw the flames surround him,
His body racked with pain;
He shouted, "Jesus saves me;
I know that death is gain;"
Then casting his eyes upward,
Before he took his flight,
He shouted, "Hallelujah!
The city heaves in sight."

I saw his soul departing,
It seemed the vail was rent,
And I could see the angels
Which Jesus Christ had sent;
They bore him to the Saviour,
The ever blessed one,
The brightest star in glory,
And Jesus said, "Well done."

Under the Falls.

CLOSE to the cataract, there is now a shaft, down which you will descend to the level of the river, and pass between the rock and the torrent. The visitor stands on a broad, safe path, between the rock over which the water rushes and the rushing water. He will go in so far that the spray rising back from the bed of the torrent does not incommodate him. And then let him stand with his back to the entrance, thus hiding the last glimmer of the expiring day. For the first five minutes he will be looking but at the



UNDER THE FALLS.

waters of a cataract,—at the waters, indeed, of such a cataract as we know no other, and at their interior curves, which elsewhere we can not see. But by-and-by all this will change. He will feel as though the floods surrounded him, coming and going with their wild sounds, and he will hardly recognize, that, though among them, he is not in them. And they, as they fall with a continual roar, not hurting the ear, but musical withal, will seem to move as the vast ocean waters may perhaps move in their internal currents. The broken spray that rises from the depths below, rises so strongly, so palpably, so rapidly, that the motion in every direction will seem equal. And, as he looks on, strange colours will show themselves through the mist; the shades of gray will become green or blue, with ever and anon a flash of white; and then, when some gust of wind blows in with greater violence, the sea-girt cavern will become all dark and black. Oh, my friend, let there be no one there to speak to thee then; no, not even a brother. As you stand there, speak only to the waters.

The Teetotaler.

THERE was a soldier down in Tennessee when I was there—a great, strong hearty fellow who was a teetotaler. One day when the army was going on a long march, a man offered him a drink of whiskey.

"I am a teetotaler," was the reply.

"Never mind that. You're in the army now: besides, you need some stimulant to help you on this long march."

Taking out a pocket Bible, he held it up before the face of his tempter, and said—

"This is all the stimulant I want."

The Clanging Bells of Time.

Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Night and day they never cease;
We are wearied with their chime,
For they do not bring us peace;
And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see,
If thy shores are drawing near,—
Eternity! Eternity!

Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
How their changes rise and fall;
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly through them all
In a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee;
And it speaketh aye one word,—
Eternity! Eternity!

Oh, the clanging bells of Time
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line
We are marching to and fro:
And we yearn for sight or sound
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round—
Eternity! Eternity!

Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime
We shall feel the silence come;
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break—
Eternity! Eternity!

Humbled and Rebuked.

MRS. JOSEPHINE BUTLER.

MOSES, the meekest of men, and called most unequivocally to be God's mouth-piece amongst men, made one mistake in his ministry. He gave not God the glory at the smiting of Horeb. It is not, therefore, wonderful that the same tempting form of error creeps occasionally into the ministry now-a-days. I listened recently to a narrative illustrating, amongst other points, this one:—

The Rev. Mr. P—— had been labouring for several evenings in the pulpit of a church in the outskirts of M——. The membership was weak—the community hardened. No regular minister could be sustained there; and the Rev. Mr. P——, being a fearless preacher and an ardent orator, had been invited to come there and "get up a revival."

The house each night was full to overflowing. The minister preached with power, and the brethren prayed, but the desired outpouring of the Spirit did not follow. Amongst the congregation sat, night after night, Colonel McClean, a noted and dangerous infidel; dangerous, because he was wealthy and agreeable, and exercised a pernicious influence over many minds in that community. The Rev. Mr. P—— came to the conclusion that the people came to be entertained, and for the gratification of a very unspiritual curiosity.

"I will make a tremendous effort this once more to shake them out of their stupidity," thought he, as he again ascended the pulpit stair.

It was really a tremendous effort. He finched not from portraying a true picture of the sinner, and the doom that awaited his rejection of

Christ's mediatorial offer of salvation. He tossed infidelity hither and thither like a football. It did seem to the speaker, and to the brothers in the front seats, that many in that course must be electrified and forced to yield.

The minister came down and stood within the altar at the close of his appeal, while the brothers and sisters struck up, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," with unusual unction.

At the commencement of the second stanza, a boy of about twelve years hurried forward, and fairly tumbled on his knees at the altar. All bent forward to see him—many ungodly ones tittered—and, in spite of themselves, the singers lost a little of their unction. The minister, at one hasty glance, saw an immense shock of black hair, that looked as though it had never known a comb; a face grimy and tear-stained, and clothes tattered and uncouth. At the close of the fifth stanza, two little girls, Sunday-school scholars, who had, perhaps, never consciously committed a sin, came timidly and knelt at the same bench.

With assumed fortitude the minister said, "Let us pray," and called upon Brother Sampson to lead in prayer. Brother Sampson, although the most gifted in devotion of all the brethren, seemed at this time shorn of his strength. The Rev. Mr. P—— occasionally, during the good brother's prayer, ejaculated, "Lord, grant it!" "God have mercy!" and one or two feeble "Amens" came from another quarter. In the meantime, in spite of himself, the minister kept ruminating in this wise: "The mountain hath laboured, and brought forth this mouse."

But the boy was all this time terribly in earnest. He saw nothing—felt nothing—but the peril of remaining unsaved. He pounded the bench with his fists, and flung himself wildly about, while his prayer for mercy grew louder and louder. Brother Wright plucked the minister by the sleeve, and said, hastily and somewhat reproachfully, "Here! we must put a stop to this ridiculous scene, or it will kill the church, sure!"

"Who is the boy?" whispered the minister uneasily.

"Why, it's Ben Slemmons; belongs down here at the coal diggings, and is one of the dirtiest ruffians and vagabonds in the country. They all know him. Can't you stop him?" "You set him agoing," it seemed to the minister he wished to add.

"I'll not undertake to stop him," replied he calmly, although in some perturbation of mind.

"I will then," said Brother Wright, and leaning over to where the young sinner was pounding away, he caught him by the shoulder and gave him a shake. But Ben, if he felt it at all, considered it a grasp of encouragement from a friend, and vociferated all the louder. Bro. Sampson's wan-

dering, prayer—for what he lacked in unction he made up in length—now came to an end; but just a moment before he said "Amen," young Ben's vigorous manifestations suddenly ceased, and as they all arose from their knees the silence was fairly oppressive. But Ben sat on the bench, and looked about him in a bewildered, half-laughing sort of a way, that disgusted some of the members more than his previous conduct.

"I don't know but I'll give that young scapegrace a thrashing before all's over, for coming here and spoiling the meeting," whispered Bro. Wright to Bro. Sampson.

The minister was making some remark that nobody seemed to heed, for many an amused glance was directed towards the boy, who was facing the pews. He hardly knew himself what he was saying; but in the meantime he gave poor Ben a scrutinizing glance, and saw what none others saw in that dirty, absurd-looking visage. Said he suddenly, "If any one here wishes to speak a word we will give an opportunity." There was silence. Then the boy looked inquiringly up at the minister, and said, in an anxious whisper:—

"Mr. P——, may I speak?"

"Certainly, my lad," he replied.

He then arose awkwardly to his feet, looked around him in a dazed sort of a way, and then, while some of the fun-loving again commenced to titter, and the brethren to squirm uneasily in their seats, he said:—

"When I came here to-night everybody looked so different. I never was to meetin' but once afore in my life. I came in here to-night an awful bad one, but I didn't think about it till the preacher here pointed it out to me. *What!* God a-willin' and anxious to have me, from down in the coal diggings, a-saved and livin' with him in glory! An' his Son died for to lift me up there, and I a-cursin' his holy name, and won't let him. No! No! No! I rushed for him, for fear my chance would slip, and I clung to him till he swept out my black heart; and now everything looks so different and queer and pleasant that it don't seem as though this is me and them's you'uns. Oh, glory! glory! glory! I never was so happy in my life like this, and I expect to be happy till I die and get there."

More than one heart warmed towards him as he sat down. The benediction was pronounced, and Brother Sampson whispered, "You didn't appoint another meeting; suppose you think it not worth while. My! such a grand sermon! How could they take it with such indifference!"

"They needn't tell me it's the fine preaching does the work after this," whispered another.

These remarks served to kindle the ministerial pride, and he said, in a low tone, "I'll try to redeem myself here;" and then, halting the departing congregation a moment, he an-

nounced preaching on the ensuing night. He then turned to shake hands with the young convert, but he was gone.

The next night the church was again crowded. Colonel McClean and his coterie were there in full force. The brethren noted this, but sorrowfully shook their heads. No hope of moving him or any of his friends since the burlesque scene last night. The comic recollection of the coal-digger's performance would effectively keep them from seeking the anxious seat. Ben Slemmons was there too, or—was it he? They had to look again to be sure of it. His face was clean as soap and water could make it; his hair was unnaturally sleek; a ban. clean gingham did duty for a collar above a coat much larger, but much cleaner and more whole than the one he had worn before. He sat modestly in a side slip near the front; and a pink-faced, flurried little woman, in very old-fashioned bonnet and scanty shawl, sat beside him. It was his mother—but few had ever seen the poor broken-down little creature before. She was a slave—slave to Dan Slemmons' slow tyrannical rule; and he, in turn, was a slave to drink.

Well, the preacher preached, and it proved to be his grandest effort. "Surely stubborn wills must bend before such a gale," thought he, and the brethren's trust in the revivalist began to grow stronger. They may have thought their trust was in the Lord, but it was not. And, sure enough, before the invitation was fairly given, the tall form of Colonel McClean made its way down the crowded aisle, and, with a blanched face and compressed lip, he bowed at the altar.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the preacher warmly; mentally adding, "I've brought down the lion!" A dozen persons, who had been restraining their convictions for fear of the Colonel's ridicule, now followed; but before they did so, young Ben had taken his poor, timid, little mother by the hand, and led her to the very spot he had occupied the night previous. The prayer-meeting now began, and there was no lack of fervour and directness in the petitions now. The pastor and the brothers never experienced a warmer glow of feeling. They were jointly and singly, however, to receive a lesson. After several seasons of prayer, an opportunity was given to any who wished to speak. Up rose the Colonel. "I am a saved man," were the words which fell like an electric shock upon every ear. He paused a moment, overcome with strong emotion, and all was still as death. He then continued, in a firm and unbroken tone:—

"I have heard many sermons, and have scoffed at the religion of the Nazarene for forty years. Last night there was a powerful discourse preached here, but it rolled off me like water off a duck's back. But I saw the boy go forward. I saw him struggling as

if for life. My rocky heart began to melt. I pitied that untaught, un-cared-for lad, and felt my first conviction of guilt. When he arose from his knees I watched him curiously. I was studying his case. I saw the change; and when he arose to speak I vowed in my heart that if this was the language of Canaan, then, indeed, there was a divine reality in religion, and I would have it, or die seeking. He did speak that language. He did not learn his piece—it was genuine. Through his instrumentality I stand here, with the knowledge of God demonstrated in my soul to-night. There may have been a powerful sermon preached here this evening, but I do not believe I heard a word of it. I was so anxious to humble myself and confess Christ before this people whom I have so deeply injured."

He sat down, and there was not a dry eye in the house; but oh, what a feeling of guilt pervaded the membership! They had despised one of Christ's "little ones," and almost shut the doors of the kingdom of heaven in his face. And how small the preacher felt! Humbled and rebuked, he walked no more in his own conceit, but retired within his God.

The church was powerfully built up during the meetings that ensued, and prospers to this day. Benjamin Slemmons and Colonel McClean have been fast friends for the past twenty-five years, and have been letting their light shine in the church and out of it all the time. Special efforts had been made for that poor drunken tyrant and slave, Dan Slemmons, and, by the grace of God, he was enabled to give up drink. *Nothing* but God's grace could do that. He died a Christian years ago, and his white-haired widow lives a happy life with her honoured son. The Rev. P— still preaches the gospel, and has never since forgotten that "Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but God alone giveth the increase."—*Golden Rule.*

The Man in the Pilot-House.

It was a foggy night. A dense mist draped the sea. The steamer in which we journeyed went slowly, feeling its way carefully along—at times giving with its whistle a dismal groan, as if a despairing request that everybody would keep out of its way. As we lay in our little corner trying to sleep, yet knowing how risky our voyage was, we thought how every thing depended on the one man steering the boat. How we and the hundreds aboard all trusted that one man up in the pilot-house! How implicitly we committed everything into his hands—our persons, our property, all our interests—and trusted him to safely bring us forward on our journey! How much depended on that one man's judgment, that one man's skill, that one man's experience! And then, how readily—completely—we trusted him!

There is Another, who is bringing this bark of our spiritual welfare over dark, stormy waters. It is Christ—that divine Guide. Why do we not trust him more? The steamer's pilot had only human wisdom: why do we not fully trust Jesus' divine, infinite power? He can control the storm, as well as see his way through it. The human pilot steered because he was paid: why do we not fully trust the infinite love that is the deep, profound motive of Jesus?

Yes, trust wholly. Put your all into his hands; and then, since Jesus abides in the boat, resting on the pillow of your faith, let all your anxiety go into a deep, calm, unvexed sleep.

Berlin, the Sixteenth of March.

THUNDER of funeral guns,
Deep sad bells with your boom,
Sorrowful voices of soldiers and folk,
Whom lay ye here in the tomb?

Whom? the cannons reply,
Baying like dogs of war
Whose master is gone on a path unknown,
Our glory, and lord, and star.

William, Kaiser and King,
For him our iron throats yell,
Victor we hailed him on many a field,
We make to his soul farewell.

Whom? say the slow swinging bells.
William, pious and dear,
Ofttimes he knelt to the King of kings
Where now he lies on his bier.

He took from his God alone
The Crown of the Fatherland.
And now he hath given it back undimmed
To death's all masterful hand.

Whom? shout the serried ranks,
Guardsmen, and Jagers, and all?
The lordliest lord and the kingliest king
That ever raised battle call.

At his word we thronged to the field,
Sure of success to betide,
Sure that the Kaiser would fight for peace,
Sure of heaven on our side.

Whom? sigh women and men
And fair-haired German boys,
And girls with eyes of his cornflower's hue,
For our father we raise our voice.

William the Emperor, dead?
Lo, he made us one land,
Thanks to him and his chosen chiefs,
Strong and secure we stand.

Steadfast from birth to death,
Whatso was right he wrought;
Duty he loved, and his people and home—
Now to dust he is brought.

Thunder of funeral guns,
We hear you with English ears;
In English breasts it echoes sad bells,
This tidings your tolling bears.

Warriors stalwart and fierce,
We see you are tender and true.
We are come of a kindred blood. We share
This sorrow to-day with you.

Folk of the Fatherland,
Our hearts for your grief are fain,
God guard your Kaiser Frederick
And give ye good days again.

It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.—*Canon Farrar.*

Emperor William as a Christian Young Man.

BY J. ALBERT SMITH, M.A.

EMPEROR WILLIAM achieved great victories in peace as well as in war. He was great as a man, as a soldier, as statesman and king; but, best of all, he was a devout Christian. His confident trust in God in hours of greatest peril; his humility in hours of triumph over his enemies; his fidelity to Christian truth and loyalty to God, are an example of true manhood that should be most carefully studied by all our young people.

At the age of eighteen he wrote and adopted his "Life Principles and Vows." These have in them so much that is conducive to genuine manhood, and give us such a view of the innermost depths of this man's character, that I have thought a translation might be a blessing to old and young. I have been led to do this, also, because I believe that, with a few changes, they embrace principles which every young man should adopt.

I have aimed to be as true as possible to the original, even at the risk of at times sacrificing smooth English: "I with thankful heart acknowledge it as a great blessing that God has permitted me to be born in high station, since therein I possess greater advantages to cultivate (a splendid fortune) my heart and soul, in order that I may do good unto others. I rejoice in my station with *humility*, and am far from believing that God has in this intended to give me a superiority over others.

"I will never forget that the prince is, nevertheless, also a man, and *before God simply a man.*

"All things which mankind holds sacred shall be held sacred by me.

"I will ever remain true to the Christian faith which I now profess. I will at all times honour it, and ever seek to possess a warm heart for it.

"I will constantly and immovably put my trust in God. I will commit all things unto him, and seek to possess, by faith in his providence, a confident spirit.

"I will everywhere remember my God. I will betake myself unto him in all matters, and it shall be a delightful duty for me to bring my soul in accord with him by prayer. I know that without him I am nothing, and without him can do nothing.

"I will beware of all things by means of which I might degrade myself as a man, since as a prince I would far more degrade myself by them. Especially will I shun the sins of intemperance and sensuality, which sink human nature to deepest degradation.

"I will unceasingly labour to cultivate my heart and soul so that I, as man and as prince, may ever reach to higher attainment.

"I know how much I, as man and prince, am indebted to true honour. Never will I seek my honour in mat-

ters in which misconception alone can find it.

"My *rights* belong to the world—to the Fatherland. I will therefore remain unceasingly faithful in my appointed sphere, employ my time in the best manner, and accomplish as much good as is in my power.

"I will keep and nourish a genuine and hearty feeling of goodwill toward all mankind, even toward the humblest, for they are all my brethren.

"I will not, because of my princely dignity, act in an overbearing manner toward any one. I will oppress no one by means of my authority as a prince. And wherein I am obliged to demand anything of others, I will show myself condescending and friendly, and seek, as far as I am able, to make the fulfilment of their duty easy for them.

"To be *loved* is held by me in much higher esteem than to be *feared*, or simply to have the authority of a prince.

"I will encourage and reward merit, and especially will I bring to light that which is retired and hidden.

"I will perform official duties with great punctuality, and also hold my subalterns sternly to their obligations, yet treating them with friendship and kindness.

"I will labour unceasingly for the improvement of my heart and life.

"I will begin each day by a remembrance of God and my duty, and each evening I will carefully prove myself concerning the use made of the past day.

"Corrupt men and flatterers I will determinately shun. The best, the most upright and truest, shall be dearest to me. I will consider those my friends who tell me the truth at times when it might be displeasing to me.

"Every temptation to evil I will powerfully resist, and pray God to strengthen me."

Surely, after reading these principles and vows, no one need wonder at the greatness of Emperor William. His life was a fulfilment of the promise: "Them that honour me I will honour."

MADAGASCAR is almost a miracle of missionary triumph. The native Christians of that island have given more than \$4,000,000 for the spread of the Gospel during the past ten years.

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Gone Before.

BY IDA SHAFER.

A GLEAM of sunshine in our home,
That brought us joy the long day through;
More dear to every kindred heart,
Hour by hour our darling grew.

We watched his infant mind unfold,
To gather fund of baby lore,
We dreamed of great things he would do,
In years time held for him in store.

We planned his future, he who gave
The tender lamb unto our fold,
Deemed best his treasure to recall,
We mourned as Rachel mourned of old.

We mourned but resignation came,
Replaced the pain our hearts that filled;
We know him safe for evermore,
And all our murmuring is stilled.

We thought of heaven as that fair land,
That lies beyond life's fleeting year;
Now nearer, dearer, to our hearts
That land of lasting joy appears.

And now our thoughts do often rest
Upon our baby's home so fair;
And now our chasten'd hearts have learnt
To lay up all their treasure there.

And leaning now in calm content
Upon our gentle Saviour's breast,
We wait the hour that calls us hence
To enter in our darling's rest.
STONEWALL, MAN.

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Home and School

Rev. W. H. WITBROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1888.

Heathen Indians.

THE Rev. J. E. Betts, who has recently visited Beren's River Mission, tells the following pathetic story in a late number of *The Wesleyan*:

"Heathen Indians have a superstition that old people passing away of certain diseases do not really die, but only seem to; that they pass through some strange metamorphosis in which the heart becomes ice, all human sympathy has gone for ever, and that then they become demons, and will eat nothing but human flesh. The only preventive measures are to kill the person who is approaching such a direful state, and burn the body.

"Some eight or nine years before the time of my visit to Beren's River,



A JAPANESE BOAT.

and before that band of Indians had become Christianized, such an event had transpired on that same reserve. An old Indian woman was approaching her end. She believed that she would become a demon, and told her sons so. The three boys—the youngest of whom was about twelve or fourteen years of age—held a consultation on the matter, and, acting on their convictions of right, resolved to kill their mother. It fell to the lot of the youngest boy to do the deed. He shot her, through a hole in the tent in which she was lying, and the three proceeded to burn the body.

"Shortly after this, our missionaries visited this reserve, and the light of the gospel shone upon their understandings and their hearts. The boy who fired the fatal shot, when he came to know the more excellent way, literally died of grief; one of the others seems almost hopelessly melancholy; and the third, who is suffering from consumption, stood before us in the social service on Sunday, and, with big tears running down his face, told of his sure and certain hope of heaven when his life is over. The missionary told me that, a few Sabbaths before, in class meeting, this poor man referred to his deed, for which he seems unable ever to forgive himself, and, weeping aloud, he threw up his hands and looked towards heaven, and said: 'You all know that I am the biggest sinner on this reserve, but I do believe that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven my sins, and that I shall yet be saved in heaven.' Thank God for pardoning mercy!"

It is a great thing to love Christ so dearly as to be "Ready to be bound and to die" for him; but it is often a thing not less great to be ready to take up our daily cross, and to live for him.
—John Caird.

Whiskey Did It.

At the Tombs one morning, says the *N. Y. World*, John Hardy, a comparatively young man, was a prisoner. His young wife, and a pretty flaxen-haired girl of four years, stood by his side. The little one seized the young man's hand and said pleadingly:

"Oh papa! please papa, come home."

"What a wretch I am to bring my wife and child to such a place as this," said the man in a choking voice. "Go home, Jennie, and leave me. I am only disgracing you, and you can get along without me."

"I couldn't go home if I tried," faltered the wife, "for I am a prisoner like yourself."

"Is this more of my work?" said the young man, bitterly.

"I was using persuasion to get you home, and so was baby. You tried to push us away to go back to the saloon, but I held your arm and screamed, and we were both arrested."

"Judge," said the husband, "please give me six months and discharge my wife. Drink gets the better of me at times and I make a brute of myself."

"I want six months too, if he gets it," spoke up the wife, "for it's more my fault than his that we stand before you to-day."

"Your fault?" gasped the husband. "No, no, Jennie, it's mine, it's mine."

"I say it's mine," remarked the wife.

"Don't you remember, John, what you said to me yesterday morning as you started for your work? 'Jennie, be sure now,' was what you said, 'and be at the shop at six o'clock and induce me to come home, or else it will be like other Saturday nights, and I will come home penniless.' I met a woman and we got to talking and before I knew it it was ten minutes past six. I hurried to the shop, but was too late."

He was discharged.

It was whiskey did it, and whiskey

keeps doing it; and politicians license men to sell the whiskey, and so set traps for the unwary, and lead them down to death and hell. Woe to the men who lay stumbling blocks in the paths of the weak! Woe to the world because of offences. When God makes an inquisition for blood, men will find that it were better that millstones be hanged around their necks, and they cast into the depth of the sea, than that they bear the guilt of stumbling and destroying souls for whom Jesus shed his blood!

A Japanese Boat.

THE Japanese are a very curious and very ingenious people. Some of their mechanism, of which most of our readers have seen specimens, are marvels of neatness and skill. Their cabinets, carvings, lacquer-work, bronzes, and especially the shrines of their false gods are most elaborate affairs. They have a very extraordinary manner of working. Instead of shoving a plane or saw from them as we do, they draw these tools towards them, often holding their work with their toes—a most inconvenient arrangement as it seems to us. Their boats are also very curious, and are sometimes built without the use of a particle of iron, the planks being sewn together with strong thongs. Their large "junks," as they are called, are very remarkable and very picturesque-looking objects. But they are being replaced largely by boats built after the English model. The standing figure in the picture is a man high in authority, and on the backs of the rowers you may see embroidered the crest or coat-of-arms of the master they serve.

How many labour for God without God; not without his permission, nor without his support, but without his inspiration.—Anon.



PRINCESS ALICE ORPHANAGE.

The Story of the Children's Home.

BY REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, M.D.

VIII.

THE late Rev. Dr. Punshon, who was resident in Canada, and who had taken a sympathetic interest in our work from its commencement, suggested that that great and enterprising country would afford peculiar advantages to our children. After a personal visit, in which I had enquired for myself as to the prospects of the children, we determined to send out parties of them to that country.

Through the liberality and influence of Dr. Punshon, aided by many generous Canadian friends, a commodious house, with eight acres of land attached, and situated conveniently near to the city of Hamilton, was secured as Canadian headquarters. Mr. R. T. Riley was for several years our resident agent; and still, in Winnipeg—to which city of the Far West he has since removed—takes a deep and practical interest in our work. The Rev.

J. S. Evans and his wife—who are now in charge—have brought to our work not only profound Christian sympathies, but a wide and intimate knowledge of the country and of Canadian society.

The advantages of a system of emigration to our work are very great. It enables us to place a large number of children in situations much earlier than it would be safe to do so in England. A Canadian farmer will take a boy of twelve—or even ten—into his house, and treat him as a member of his family. The lad shares the plentiful food of the household, he goes with them to church, and has a part in their social life. During several months of the year he attends the public school in the neighbourhood. He grows up a colonist in feeling and sympathies and ambitions. In fact he takes root in the soil, and proves to be, perhaps, the best kind of emigrant the Colonial Government can obtain. There, he is costing us nothing; and when he reaches the age of fourteen or fifteen he has learned a good deal of the country, and has acquired a familiarity with farming operations which enable him to earn better wages than he could have commanded if he had remained in the old country till he reached the same age.

Meantime, what guarantee have we that the child is not ill-treated? To that question the best reply is a simple narrative of our mode of proceeding.

A party of young

emigrants leave England, let us say in April, arriving in Canada early in May. They go out in a well-appointed steamship, in which a portion of the steerage is divided off for their accommodation, so that they take their meals and sleep apart from the mass of emigrant passengers. An officer of the Home goes with them, and they are constantly under his oversight during the voyage. On their arrival they proceed direct to the Home, where they pass into the care of our own resident agent. He, before their arrival, has advertised their coming, and has received applications for their services. He has enquired as to the character and suitability of applicants, and has a list of eligible places in readiness. Within the next three or four weeks most of the children have gone to their situations—but they are not lost sight of. By correspondence and enquiry, and by personal visits, in no case less than once a year, and in some cases oftener, our agent makes himself acquainted with their circum-

stances and condition. If necessary, he removes a child from an unsuitable situation, or recalls a child to the Home for a few days or weeks of special discipline. If children are sick, he receives them and cares for them; if they need special advice or help in any way, he is there to give it, and he gives it gladly. In brief, he strives to be to them "guide, philosopher, and friend," until they have attained to years at which they may be fairly considered capable of managing their own affairs and looking after their own interests. And, meanwhile, reports of the children are regularly sent to me.

On the average, our children do better in the colonies than at home. Not that we lack encouragement here; but, as I think of many of those who are doing well abroad, I cannot help thinking, "If that child had gone to her 'friends' in London, she would not have done so well."

And of others I am compelled to say, "If that one had remained in England he would almost certainly have been drawn back into the vortex of evil."

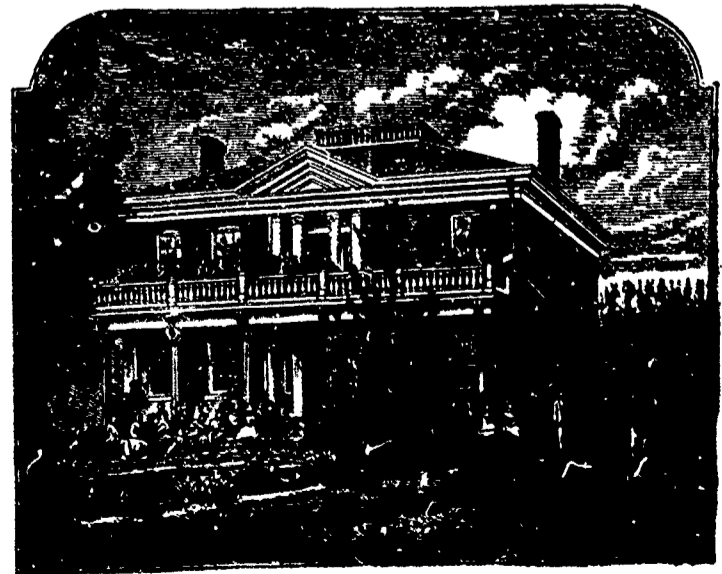
The same might be said of those who have gone to other colonies. We have no "Home" beyond the seas except in Canada; but we have been able to send small parties of children to the care of friends in South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand—and in each of these countries I know, from personal inspection and visitation, that our children are doing well; and that advantages, similar to those mentioned above, attend them in their position.

One interesting fact connected with our Emigration Department is, that several of our former inmates are now subscribers to our work. No doubt in future years a considerable amount will be forthcoming from this source.

About twenty years have passed since an interesting and useful work was commenced at Ramsey, in the Isle of Man. The late Miss Gibson



RAMSEY HOME.



HOME, HAMILTON, ONT.

was a Christian lady of great earnestness and much breadth of sympathy. Her work in the island began as a ragged school, but in the course of years developed into a home for orphan and destitute children, very similar in its spirit and aim to that at Bonner Road.

For several years before her death there had been a close bond of sympathy between Miss Gibson and myself. Perhaps this was one of the reasons which led Miss Gibson to wish that when she would no longer be able to manage it, her work should pass into my hands, and be incorporated in our system of Homes. At all events her desire, that the Ramsey Home should be incorporated with ours, grew to be a settled purpose. But neither she nor any of her friends anticipated that effect would so soon have to be given to this wish.

The old and inefficient premises in which her work had been conducted, were superseded by a well-situated building. The entire estate, containing five acres of land, and charmingly placed, with a noble look-out over Ramsey Bay, is one of the pleasantest and most comfortable "Homes" in the United Kingdom. Hither Miss Gibson had removed the children, and here she had lived for about two years, when her useful and unselfish life was suddenly cut short.

For many years our institution has been known as an orphanage and refuge. The latest development of it is to provide larger accommodation for the orphan class. Mr. Jevons, of Birmingham, had for several years taken a practical interest in our work. At the time the Thanksgiving Fund was being promoted by Wesleyan Methodists, and Mr. Jevons offered a contribution of £10,000, on condition that a like sum should be contributed by those who were interested in that special effort. His generous challenge was heartily accepted, and the money has been contributed. A very beautiful site has been secured near Birmingham. There are eighteen acres of land, which slope gently down towards the wild and beautiful park of Sutton Coldfield; and on them we hope ultimately to build a village "Home," in which there shall be at least twelve houses, with schools, chapel, workshops, farm-buildings, and all needful appliances. Accommodation is provided for fifty children. Any further extension of numbers is a question of annual income.

The Home has been called—by special permission of the Queen—"The Princess Alice Orphanage." This name was chosen because the Princess Alice was not only an honoured and lamented member of our Royal Family, but had endeared herself to the heart and conscience of the nation by the beauty of her Christian character, the purity of her home-life, the tenderness with which she had discharged her maternal duties, and the earnestness of her philan-

thropic work. It was no mere homage to rank, however exalted, and no mere testimony of loyalty, however sincere, which was implied in the choice of this title. The name of the Princess may well stand as a symbol of duty, and faith, and compassion—qualities which, by God's grace, we trust to see embodied in this new and promising enterprise.

I come now to a part of my story, to me deeply interesting and very wonderful, but with which I must deal very briefly. How has it all been paid for?

Our various establishments have cost the Committee nearly £60,000, and the annual expenditure has for several years exceeded £10,000. The invested property of the Home produces less than £200 per year (excluding the foundation fund of the Princess Alice Orphanage, which will be required for the completion of that scheme). For all the rest we have to depend upon the sympathy and liberality of the Christian public, and we have not been disappointed.

It may be well here to state what are the methods we have adopted in gathering the requisite funds.

First: I have never seen that the "faith plan" was right or scriptural. As often expressed, it is the plan of faith without works. It says that I am to use no means to let people know of the nature and need of the work; but am to ask God to let them know, and to incline them to send help. I have never seen this doctrine in my Bible; but I do find St. Paul writing to the early Christians about the collection, and urging them to be ready when he should come. And I am content to stand upon a platform with which the Apostle of the Gentiles was satisfied.

Nor have I thought it wise to make personal applications for money—not that I should think it wrong to do so—but in the circumstances in which our work has been prosecuted we have not thought it expedient. With very rare exceptions—so rare that I think they might be counted on the fingers of four hands—I have satisfied myself with making the best appeal I could through the press or from the platform, and then have left the matter to the promptings of conscience and heart in those whom my voice or pen has reached.

Yet prayer has not been forgotten or undervalued. No day has passed since the foundation of the Home without united prayer on its behalf. And the wonderful growth of this work from so small a seed has compelled us to see in it the hand stronger and wiser than that of any man.

The Home has not been largely supported by rich men. Two or three very large and handsome donations have been given; but very few have reached £500, and not many have passed £100. The great bulk of our ordinary income reaches us in small amounts. They have included the

sixpences spontaneously offered by the poor widow, and the rich man's cheque for ten or twenty guineas. Several friends contribute annually enough to maintain one child. Groups of friends in a given town or congregation or neighbourhood do the same. In several cases a Sunday-school—by the means of its many small contributions—is able to accomplish this. But, generally, the funds flow into our exchequer in small streams, yet, in the aggregate, rendering us noble help. It is a very grand thing that Sunday-schools in England—in which one collection yearly has been made for this object—have together contributed for each, for several years past—about £2,000. In some high class schools and colleges, the young people of happier fortunes have contributed to the help of their lost little brothers and sisters of the alley and the street; and several parties of young friends have held bazaars, or sales of work—some of which have realized handsome sums, bringing most valuable aid to our exchequer.

The truth is, if the little in—selfishness—does not guard the money-box, there are a hundred ways of helping our work which ingenious love will discover.

I have done the best I could in the limits of time and space available by me, to put the facts of our work before my readers; and now, as I close, I feel how poor and cold my narrative is, and yearn for a more eloquent pen to set forth this case. Oh, if it were possible for you who read this to know the children as I know them, you would pity them as I do! I look at the children in the Home, rescued from the deepest sorrow—sometimes from the most terrible peril. I see them "clothed and in their right mind"—as well behaved as any children born in happier circumstances; merry-hearted, bright of intellect, and not a few of them beautified by Christian graces. And then I think of others; some of them waiting wearily for admission into the Home, and kept out because means to maintain them are not in our hands. Others have no wish to come, and in their very content with their present wretched surroundings, give the strongest proof that they ought to be lifted out of them. Others are on the brink of a precipice, over which, if they fall, they must go to shame, and misery, and outer darkness. And when I know that if we had the means we could, within a month, rescue five hundred little girls who, if not seized by Christian love, will, within seven years, have run through the awful race of sin, and shame, and corruption, and death—when I know that there are hundreds of boys with not one fair hope before them in this world, to whom we could open the gates of industry, happiness, and honour, if we had the means, I find it hard sometimes to be exactly measured in my terms, and perfectly prudent in the

work undertaken. My last word is—
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD AND THE LOST CHILDREN, HELP!

Two Souls.

BY LULU WINTZER.

Two souls arose from earth to heaven:
To them eternal life was given.
One was received with greetings fond,
His fairest, boldest dreams beyond;
The other barely passed the gate
And entered ere it was too late.

One lived a life not free from sin,
Amidst a city's roar and din.
The angels wept each time he fell,
The demons laughed from depths of hell;
Yet ever with fresh strength he rose
And struggled onward to life's close.

The other, in a quiet place,
Thought only of the Master's face;
He lived surrounded by his books,
And heard God's voice in rippling brooks;
In songs of birds whose tender lays
Resounded with the Maker's praise.

No angry word, no noise of strife,
Disturbed the tenor of his life;
But all was peace until grim death
Stiffened the form and hushed the breath;
And the soul, freed from earth at last,
Upward soared, and the portal passed.

Which one did best deserve the love
That welcomed him to heaven above?
The one who from the first believed,
And the glad news with joy received,
Who ever lived a life so pure
That joys of heaven were made secure?

Or he who fought with sin and death,
And struggled to preserve his faith;
Who, sorrow-ag, fainting, oft forsook
The teachings of God's holy Book,
But at the last stood firm and strong,
And entered to the heavenly throng?

The Boy as an Escort.

It is a good plan for mother and sister to depend, as it were, on the boy as an escort. Let him help her in and out of the car. Let him have his little purse and pay her fare. Let him carry some of the bundles. He will be delighted to do these things, and feel proud that she can depend on him. A boy likes to be thought manly, and in no better way can he show his manliness than by taking his father's place as escort of mother or sister. Teach him to lift his hat when meeting a woman with whom he or his family are acquainted, without regard to race, colour or position, for a true gentleman will lift his hat as readily to the woman at the fruit stand with whom he has a speaking acquaintance as he will to the highest in the land. He cares not for her position; it is enough for him that she is a woman; teach him also to lift his hat when passing a gentleman acquaintance with whom there is a lady, although the latter be a stranger to him.

All parents and members of the family are proud of a courteous boy, and there is no reason why any boy cannot become one if proper attention is paid to his training. If his mind is turned into this channel when young, there will be a great deal he will learn of his own accord by observation.

He Knoweth the Way that I Take.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."—Job xxiii. 10.

"He knoweth the way that I take:"

'Tis a devious way betimes!
Yet I know for our Jesus' sake
He pardons my sin. No crimes
That are darksome, or foul, or vile,—
My Lord in my life can trace;
But only my heart will keep out of the smile
And the light of his face.

"He knoweth the way that I take:"

So the world may scoff and frown,
And the jeers of its envy break
On my hope, to crush it down
"He knoweth," and all will be well—
Both now and when life is o'er—
To his glory, at last, how my song shall
swell,—
Full of joy, evermore!

"He knoweth the way that I take:"

For he leads my soul alone;
So that whether I sleep or wake,
I am always near the throne;
And its light is the light that leads
To this peace, my soul hath known;
And the dally guiding that covers my needs
Is not mine, but his own.

"He knoweth the way that I take,—"

That 'twill bring me to his rest:
All his purposes tend to make
The end of my journey blest.
'Tis he who "Restoreth my youth,"—
His keeping in love doth unfold,—
And "When he hath tried me,"—oh wonder-
ful truth—
"I shall come forth as gold."
TORONTO, 1888.

A Letter from Mr. Crosby.

Port Simpson, B. C.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

A word about a visit to George Town, about eight miles south from here, where there is a saw-mill, and a great part of the work done by Indians. They get a great deal of work here, getting out logs, etc. Mr. Willisuft, the proprietor, gave lumber enough to build a little church. We had to do the work, get shingles, windows, etc. Mr. Oliver, assisted by others, did most of the work. Here we have the *Glad Tidings* on a frame for a few weeks of the winter, which helps to take the worms off the bottom of the ship, as it is a freshwater stream.

We had eighteen people to church on Sabbath. May the little church be a great blessing to all the people who shall live here! On Saturday I took a small canoe and a volunteer—H. Pierce—and started to Works Channel, about seven miles. About seventy people here: they come to work at halibut fishing, making new canoes, getting out wood and shingles, etc. We built a small church here more than a year ago, and were not able to finish it for want of funds. We only got the shell up and covered, and now we much need to get lumber for the inside, and a small bell.

As soon as we landed we had to go to work to get the seats in order, and to put up more for the services next day. Visited every house: all seemed pleased that we had come to

spond the Sabbath with them. I was invited to stay at the house of one of the leading men, and was glad to get by a good fire. This is a house about twenty-four feet square, put up in the old style—a space of about eight feet square, nicely gravelled, being left in the middle for the fire.

Betsy, his wife, got a good supper ready. First came dried halibut and grease, then potatoes and fried cod-fish, and then a pleasant talk about old customs of the Tampshean people. One told about the old marriage ceremony. When the young people were about ready to get married they would throw stones at one another, and sometimes the head was cut, and they might be hurt very much; but no one got angry, and seldom ever quarrelled or parted after such a marriage—so they say. After prayer we got to rest. I had a good bed on the floor, in the back part of the house—a good fire burning nearly all night.

Sabbath morning came bright and clear, and our first service was the early prayer-meeting. Eighteen were present. A small bell brought them together into a house where seats had been placed round a fire. We had a good time; while prayer was offered for a revival, for many feel how far they have wandered from the "truth and the way."

After breakfast, mine host told me about the first camp-meeting he attended at Chilliwack, with Paul Scowgate and others, years ago. At 11 a.m., a good time in the church—though it was cold. I spoke about Jonathan and his armour-bearer; and again, at 2 p.m., when we spoke of the feeding five thousand with five barley loaves; and at night, as we had no lamps or stove in the church, it was thought best to crowd into the house we had in the morning. A good fire in the middle of the house gave us light and heat, while we spoke from Rom. i. 16. Many testified that they were not ashamed of the gospel, and the Lord was present to heal, as we closed a good day by Christian fellowship meeting.

Monday, back home in good time, and I found that a nice little girl had just passed away to be with Jesus. She had been sick for some time. Her parents felt it much; but we told them not to weep, as we were sure their little one is "safe in the arms of Jesus."

The halibut hook is a curiosity, and often carved to represent some kind of bird or animal on the top end. The sharp point inside used to be made of a sharp bone, or very hard wood: now it is often made of steel. The rope through the top, with a knot, is mostly made of the inside of cedar bark, and twisted together into a rope to the size of a good clothes line, frequently one hundred fathoms long, as halibut is often caught in very deep water. Sometimes a fish will be two-and-a-half feet wide by four or five feet long. If not required at once, it is cut up

into long, thin slices and dried. There was a lot of this hung up in each house, and it is very good food, dry or fresh.

A great many little children have died on the coast and up the rivers this winter, but the people here so far have been mercifully spared. We have not had much sickness so far. The cold weather seems to be nearly over now.

Yours truly,

T. Crosby.

The Empress Victoria of Germany.

THE following graphic description of the new Empress of Germany is taken from the *New York World*: The consort of the new ruler of Germany is universally admitted to be one of the most talented and remarkable women of her age. The eldest daughter of the Queen of England, she was born on November 21, 1840, and after a courtship at Balmoral was married to the present Emperor (at that time Prince Frederick William of Prussia) on January 25, 1858, at the Chapel Royal, St. James, London, proceeding immediately after the wedding to Potsdam, where she took up her residence with her husband. Although Frederick III. is a true Hohenzollern, both by inheritance and by tradition, his character has been largely influenced by the new Empress, to whom he is devotedly attached. The favourite daughter of the late Prince Consort of Great Britain, she has retained all her proclivities in favour of a liberal and constitutional form of Government, as opposed to the military despotism and autocracy favoured by the late Emperor and by Prince Bismarck. These proclivities, which she imparted to her husband, naturally brought her into frequent conflict with the great Chancellor and with Prussian bureaucracy, who have never professed much sympathy for her whom they describe as "Engländerin." The latter returns this dislike with interest, and it has become especially embittered since the partially successful attempt made to bring Prince William into unfilial opposition to his parents. So strong is the antagonism at Berlin against the new Empress that had her husband died at San Remo during the past few weeks it is doubtful whether it would have been prudent for her to return to the "Atrium on the Spree." Prompted by the jealousy of the German surgeons and physicians, whose incompetent services in behalf of the new Emperor have been discarded in favour of the Scotch specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie, the latter and the Empress Victoria are held responsible by the Berlin public for the failure to check the malady of Frederick III.

It should be added that the new Empress is devoted to art, literature and science and that she has done much to encourage them in every direction in Germany. She is an accomplished musician, very clever with

the pencil and brush, one of the best read women of the day, and a devoted wife, mother and daughter.

The Crown Prince's accession to the throne places his wife and children in a position which they could not have obtained had the late Kaiser lived longer than his son. As the widow of the Crown Prince, the Princess would have had the right of only some \$20,000 a year from the Prussian Government, added to the \$40,000 a year paid to her by the British Parliament as an English princess, would have constituted her entire income, while the Princesses would not have received more than \$100,000 apiece as their sole fortune. Now that the Crown Prince has become Emperor, his wife, in case of her husband's early death, will inherit the dignity of Dowager Empress and her share of the vast fortunes of the Hohenzollern family, which will probably increase her yearly income of dollars to pounds.

Begin at Once.

BEGIN at once to do whatever your Master commands. Begin to practice religion. A child would never learn to walk by a hundred talks about the law of gravitation. It must use its own feet, even at the risk of many a tumble. Wait not for more feeling, or more pungent convictions, or for anything that you read of in other people's experiences. These are all snares and hindrances if they keep you from doing at once the very first act that will please Christ. Have you never opened your lips to an unconverted friend, either to avow your own feeling or to do that friend some good? Then try it; you will strengthen yourself, and may bring an unexpected blessing to him or her. In short, you must begin to obey a new Master—to serve a new Saviour—to strike out a new line of living, and rely on God's almighty help to do it. When you give yourself to Christ in this who's-hearted and practical fashion, he will give you a thousandfold richer gift in return. Yes; he will give you himself! When you possess Christ you have everything.—*Dr. D. L. Cuyler.*

THE *Missionary Helper* tells the following old story, which has such a good moral that we give it to our readers: A man of large wealth, living in Paris, became so tired of a monotonous life that he determined to commit suicide. On his way to the spot decided upon, it occurred to him that he might as well give away the money that he had with him, which was quite a large amount. He found so much pleasure in bestowing this upon the poor people whom he met, that he concluded to postpone the suicide until he had had time to enjoy some more of the same beneficence. It is needless to add that, instead of disgracing himself by suicide, he became a public benefactor.

A Builder's Lesson.

How shall I a habit break?
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must loose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand;
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped alone,
Till the wall be overthrown.

But remember, as we try;
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the streams grow deep
Toward the centre's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Levelling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30] **LESSON IX.** [MAY 27

PETER'S DENIAL.

Matt. 26. 67-75. Memory verses, 73-75

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 Cor. 10. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Denying.
2. Repenting.

TIME.—30 A.D. The same night.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. The high-priest's palace.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The arrival of the Jewish rabble and the Roman soldiers led by Judas ended the last lesson. At once the arrest followed, and the whole party, except the disciples, repaired to the palace of Caiaphas, whither they were sent by Annas, at whose house they first paused. The disciples forsook him in the garden. Peter followed to the palace of the high-priest, where he stood in the outer court.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sat without*—He was in the quadrangular court-yard within the palace, to which there was a passage from the front of the house. *A damsel*—That is, one of the female slaves belonging to the palace. *When he was gone*—As he went out. He was beginning to see that he was in an uncomfortable position. *After awhile* . . . *they that stood by*—His two denials drew attention to him; the slaves repeated the matter to others, and a group collected about him. *Thy speech bewrayeth*—Betrayeth or discovereth thee. The pronouncement of the people of Galilee was different from that of Jerusalem. The Galilean could not pronounce the three gutturals, so they could be distinguished from each other, and they pronounced "sh" as if it were "th."

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Denying.*
What does ver. 67 show of the temper of the crowd in the high-priest's palace? What would be the natural treatment which such a crowd would give to one of the followers of their victim? What possible feelings may have been in Peter's heart? What feelings could have brought him there? Where was Peter when the first maid accosted him? What trait of character appeared in Peter's first denial? What probably caused him to start away? What differences can you see between Peter's three denials?
2. *Repeating.*
What happened in the midst of Peter's denials?

What made the servants so sure that Peter was a Galilean?
Had Peter done any thing that should make him especially anxious not to be known?
When Peter heard the cock crow what happened?
When had Jesus spoken this word?
What had been Peter's reply?
What caused Peter to weep? Mark 14. 72.
What caused Peter to remember and think of his words and of Christ's prophecy? Luke 22. 61.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here was a man who thought he was strong. How weak he was! A servant-maid vanquished him with a word. Peter's denial was caused by his own folly. He assaulted a servant of the high-priest, then went where he was almost sure to meet him. One cannot safely go into places of spiritual danger. Notice the steps in his fall—
"I do not know him."
"I swear, I do not know him."
"With curses and execrations, I say, I do not know him."
One step downward surely leads to another. Note the difference between Judas and Peter. Peter wept; Judas hung himself. Never be ashamed of the tears which tell that your heart is broken for sin. Peter kept where Jesus could see him. A look saved him. Will you not look toward Jesus.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. If you can, find a description of the high-priest's palace, with court and porch and all and see how it was possible for all these things to happen.
2. Now, think out what must have happened to Peter from the time of the arrest of Jesus till this time—where he went, what he thought, etc.
3. Review till you find where Jesus foretold the betrayal. Think what that one bit of foreknowledge proves concerning Jesus.
4. Read each account of Peter's denial, and see how well known all the circumstances were.
5. Make a comparison between Peter and Judas.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was Peter when he denied Jesus? In the high-priest's palace. 2. What was the cause of his first denial? The charge that he was a disciple. 3. What was there about Peter himself that proved he was false? His speech proved he was from Galilee. 4. What caused Peter to remember Christ's prophecy? The crowing of the cock. 5. What caused him to weep bitterly? The look of the Lord. 6. What is the lesson for each of us? "Wherefore let him," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human weakness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. Are there more gods than one? There is one God only, the living and true God. Deuteronomy vi. 4. Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord. Psalm lxxvii. 10. Thou art great and dost wondrous things: Thou art God alone. Isaiah xlv. 22. I am God, and there is none else.

A.D. 30] **LESSON X.** [JUNE 3

Matt. 27. 33-50. Memory verses, 35-37

GOLDEN TEXT.

He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Phil. 2. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cross.
2. The King.

TIME.—30 A.D. Early on Friday.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Calvary.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story of the tragedy goes rapidly on. From Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, from Herod back to Pilate again, they led the suffering and innocent victim of their hate. At last they conquer even Pilate's sense of justice, and he has delivered him to be crucified. They subject him to cruel indignities, and then lead him forth to Calvary.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Gave him vinegar*—A kind of sour wine, such as was provided for the Roman soldiers. *Mingled with gall*—That is, myrrh, or quassia, or some substance specially designed to produce stupefaction. *Parted his garments*—Divided the outer robe by tipping the seams. *Casting lots*—They could not thus divide the inner garment, and so threw dice for it. *Wagging their heads*—Shaking their heads in malignant joy. *Thou that destroyest*—This was the accusation brought against him on his trial.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Cross.*
Where was the place of the crucifixion? To what people was this form of punishment peculiar? What were the usual practices that attended the crucifixion of criminals? What ones of them are mentioned in Matthew's story? What was the nature of this punishment in relation to physical suffering? What class of persons only were subjected to this punishment? In what estimate was it held by society?
2. *The King.*
What had Christ long claimed himself to be? How early in his ministry had this title been used of him? John 1. 49. What had been the charge upon which he was put to death? How had the Jews used this claim of Jesus to influence Pilate? What ignominious use of the title did the chief priests make when he was suffering on the cross? How did Jesus show the depth of his sufferings? What attestation did God give to him in the closing hour? What testimony did the closing scene draw from a Roman soldier?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

"They watched him there," and the world has watched him there ever since. To such as see him by faith he is a Saviour. Can you say "my King?"
"He trusted in God." Even his enemies gave this testimony to his wonderful life. Do you trust, as he did, in God?
"Himself he cannot save." Of course he could not. But his loss saved us. There was no salvation without it. Are you saved?
"Forsaken." What did he not leave for us; and we, what have we forsaken for him? What have you? Any thing?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn the general shape or topography of Jerusalem, and locate the hill Golgotha. There are maps in any good Bible.
2. Read from an encyclopedia or commentary an article on crucifixion.
3. From the four Gospels study out the things that happened during the crucifixion.
4. Especially write out in their order the things which Christ said, which are called the "seven words of Jesus."

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the accusation written over the cross? This is Jesus the King of the Jews. 2. What was the real charge made by the Jews? Blasphemy against God. 3. How was he treated by all in this last hour of misery? They reviled and mocked him. 4. What signs filled them all with terror? Darkness and an earthquake. 5. What great lesson does his crucifixion teach us? To submit patiently to God's will. 6. What does Paul say of his example? "He humbled himself," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The atonement.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

30. How many persons are there in the Godhead? In the Godhead there are Three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are one God. Matthew xxviii. 19. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

THE first duty of government is to strike out and extirpate the dramshop; and it is to do this, not at all as a temperance measure, not at all to please the temperance reformers, but simply because government is instituted to protect person and property. —Gerret Smith.

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