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# MILTON AND HIS SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As Ye Would  
That They  
Should  
Do unto  
You.

ROLPH SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1887.

[No. 7.]

## John Milton.

BY EMILY L. BLACKHALL.

THE life and character of Milton prove that "even the best of men are but men at the best." An ardent, yet stern lover of his country; a champion for liberty in its broadest sense; and eminently an honest man; he also had repellent traits of character. His unsympathetic disposition found expression in the wish to have "fit audience, though few;" his most loyal biographers admitting that his greatest poem, *Paradise Lost*, has been from the first more admired than read, partly because of its lack of what is known as the "human element," and partly, no doubt, because of the real excellence of the poem, requiring more effort to understand it than ordinary readers can make. A poet suggests so much more than he says, that one must have at least tasted of the same fountain of knowledge to be able to follow him. What school-girl or boy has not had headache over vainly trying to analyze and interpret—

—God is light,  
And never but in unapproachable  
light  
Dwelt from eternity.

A volume of Milton is not for an evening of "slipped ease," or an hour of leisure by the study window. He says of himself, when referring to his habit of study, "When I take up with a thing I never pause, nor break it off, nor am drawn away from it by any other interest, till I have arrived at the goal I proposed to myself." The same kind of severe mental application is necessary for those who would understand him. The gods do not lie on the surface, but must be delved for; or, as one has said, "a man must sweat to read him." His reverence for learning is expressed in his definition of it: "I call a com-

plete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war, and to repair the ruin of our first parents by regaining to know God."

John Milton was born December 9,

described of middle-size and well proportioned; of erect and manly bearing; his hair a light brown; his features regular; his complexion wonderfully fair when a youth, and ruddy to the very last.

His genius began to announce itself in his boyhood; his eagerness for

a profession, but were considered only to be dismissed; and, it is said, he returned to his father's house, at the age of twenty-four, when his college days were over, bringing nothing but his education and a "silent purpose."

Having finally settled it that the will of heaven led him toward what he called the "prophetic office," he set forth his estimate of a true poet in the following exalted strain: "He who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all which is praiseworthy. A poet's soul should contain of good, wise, just, the perfect shape; and to knowledge and to virtue, must be added religion; and to this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation and insight into all seemly and generous acts and affairs." Such an ideal should have made Milton a better rounded character; but he bristled with angles, and his impetuous and austere temper seems inconsistent with his lofty aspirations.

His daughters were treated as inferiors, because of their sex; were not sent to school, nor allowed to study languages—their father saying that "one tongue was enough for a woman;" and they were sent out from home to learn trades.

A variety of causes, added to his natural reserve, resulted in that "aloofness from men" that characterized Milton.

His hasty and unhappy marriage, his violent party zeal in the political troubles of his time, and his blindness, were some of these. That the reaping shall be according to the sowing, is proved in the sequel to all this. He had no sons. When he became old, and blind, and desolate, and turned to his daughters for sympathy



JOHN MILTON.

1608, in Bread Street, Cheapside, London. His home was one of plenty, and of considerable culture. From his father he inherited a capacity and love for music, and he became somewhat skilled in the use of the bass-viol and the organ. He possessed "the unhappy gift of beauty," and is

learning often keeping him up until midnight, from the time he was twelve years old. He was not a docile pupil; but, when a boy, showed traits of character and a temper that, in his manhood, led him into many tribulations. The Church and the law were considered, as he came of age to choose

and help, they not only neglected him, but of one it is recorded that she hated him.

A pathetic picture is given by one who saw him not very long before his death, as he sat in a small chamber hung with rusty green, his hands and fingers gouty, and marred with chalk stones. He died of "gout struck in," November 8, 1674, and was buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate.

### The Girl we Buried To-day.

BY R. F. GROVER.

Yes, stranger, a very big funeral—at least, for down this way—  
Never lived a better girl than the one we buried to-day;  
I was born in this 'ere township more'n sixty years ago,  
Knew her when she was a baby, so I ought'er know.  
Many's the time I rocked her to sleep—she was pretty then,  
But when she got older, playin' 'bout with her brother Ben,  
I use'er think her face looked just like a Madonner,  
Specially when the day was bright, an' the sun was shinin' on her.

Well, stranger, "Tempus keeps fugitin'," our minister use'er say;  
'Tis a good many years from then to this twenty-fourth of May,  
And she is havin' the first quiet rest that she ever knew,  
From the time that she was ten years old till she died at fifty-two.  
Her life was one long struggle, with all the odds agin her.  
Did seem kinder hard she should be treated like a sinner,  
When she was always good herself. Life is a riddle, they say,  
And 'twas a hard one for her—the girl we buried to-day.

Set down, set down, stranger—this 'ere log is better than standin',  
And I'll tell you somethin' 'bout her. She lived down to the Landin'.  
Her father had bin a sailor—pretty rough one, too, I guess,  
Till he drifted inter this 'ere port, and saw Dick Burton's Bess;  
They was as little alike as ever was darkness and light—  
He was as cross an' crabbed as she was sunny an' bright.  
'Twas the strangest kind of a match ever seen, old settlers say,  
And she was mother to the girl that we have buried to-day.

Well, stranger, her mother died when she was ten years old.  
Arter that the old man took to drink, an' then their home was sold,  
And they went to live in a shanty—it was more like a pen—  
But she grew fairer an' fairer an' stuck to her father an' Ben.  
Somehow she took to larnin', an' could tell a verb from a noun  
Quicker than any youngster that ever lived in this 'ere town;  
And she would study an' study, an' never would stop to play,  
Till she was fit to keep a school—the girl we buried to-day.

Well, stranger, Ben grew to be worse than his father ever had bin;  
Seemed to have a hankerin' after every kind of sin;  
And while she was workin' away, keepin' the village schools,  
Ben and his father was drinkin', and actin' worse than fools.

And arter the old man died (killed in a drunken fight;  
They brought him home on a stretcher, 'twas on a New Year's night)  
Folks often use'er toll her 'twas 'nt safe for her to stay,  
But she wouldn't leave her brother—the girl we buried to-day.

Then, after her wretched brother was sent away to prison  
(He broke inter the corner store, took things that wasn't his'n),  
She give up keepin' school, and went to live in the city,  
Where she could be near Ben—she did, stranger without pity.  
For years she took in washin', workin' early an' workin' late,  
And then day after day she would come to the prison gate  
With somethin' nice for Ben. Stranger, she wore her life away  
For that wicked brother of hers—the girl we buried to-day.

You've heerd the story told—maybe you've read it, stranger—  
About One who came from heav'n, begun life in a manger;  
And they say that he died on purpose to save us, sinful men—  
Well, she was in one way like him, for she give her life for Ben.  
He served his time in prison, an' got out to see her die—  
You could almost see the angels that bore her to the sky.  
I'm Ben, myself, an' I mean to travel in the narrow way  
Where she has left her footprints—the girl we buried to-day.

### Curiosity of Science and Nature.

GOLD beaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 232,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch, yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them, laid on any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book, twelve hundred would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well stocked library of fifteen hundred volumes, with four hundred pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold necklace. Platinum and silver can be drawn in wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol or carmine will tinge a gallon of water so that in every drop the colour may be perceived. A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will at that period have lost little of its weight. A burning taper uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one-thousandth part of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the silk worm is so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread. But that of the spider is finer still, for two drachms of it by weight would reach four hundred miles. In water in which vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcules of which many thousands together do not equal a grain of sand; and

nature, with a singular prodigality, has supplied many of these with organs as complete as those of the whale or of the elephant, and their bodies consist of the same substance, ultimate atoms, as that of man himself. In a single pound of such matter there are more living creatures than of human beings on the face of the globe.

### Spiders' Work.

By study, by art, and by rule  
The wheel of the workman is made;  
But the spider he needs no tool,  
And he never learned his trade.  
No human model he takes  
Of iron, of wood, or steel;  
No plane, no measures he makes;  
Yet how perfect his flimsy wheel.  
His lines, his circles, his curves,  
So regular, yet so unsolved—  
A method that never swerves,  
And a knowledge that none have solved.

Long practised and early taught,  
Until habit and skill combine,  
The lace-maker's work is wrought  
After pattern and fair design;  
But the spider copies none,  
As in bush and shrub he traces,  
All silver-white in the sun,  
His wonderful gossamer laces,  
No pillow, no loom needs he  
For the delicate web he weaves,  
Spread out on the breezy tree  
Like a veil on the trembling leaves.

A long time science require  
Ere its cleverest sons are able  
To perfect electric wires  
Or to lay a telegraph cable;  
But the spider wins his goal  
With an instinct swift and fine,  
As from garden pole to pole  
He stretches his plastic line.  
Can the human artist cope  
With the marvelous little elf  
That skilfully spins his rope,  
And then walks along it himself?

Man, working by second causes,  
Look only on natural laws;  
'Tis well, when he sometimes pauses,  
To remember the great First Cause.  
The wisdom that man attains,  
For which mortals must pore and plod,  
The insect untutored gains;  
But alike 'tis the gift of God.

### The Little Hero.

ONE of the pathetic little stories which John B. Gough used to tell with telling effect should teach happy, well-cared-for little children to be grateful for all the good things God gives them. The orator went one day with a friend away up to a small garret room.

A feeble voice said, "Come in," and they went in.

There was no light, but as soon as their eyes were dilated to the gloom, they saw, lying on a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a singularly sweet face.

They asked the boy, "What are you doing there?"

"Hush, hush! I am hiding."

"Hiding? what for?"

The child showed his white, delicate arms, covered with bruises, and swollen.

"Who was it beat you like that?"

"Hush! don't tell him; my father did it."

"What for?"

"Poor father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a thief once."

"Then why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the ragged school, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and told me about God in heaven. I will not steal, sir, if my father kills me."

Mr. Gough's friend said, "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling. I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said:

"But, please, sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

They thought it strange that, lying there without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, he could sing a hymn. How could he sing the Lord's song in a strange land? But they said, "Yes, we will hear you."

And then, in a sweet, low voice, the child sang:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my infirmity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought,  
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;  
In the kingdom of thy grace  
Give a little child a place.

"That's my little hymn; good-bye!"

The gentleman went again in the morning, mounted the stairs, knocked at the door—no answer; opened it, and went in.

The shilling lay on the floor, and there, too, lay the boy, with a brave smile on his face, as if to make the best of it; and so he had—for he was dead.

In the night he had gone home.

### Drink and Work.

"I DRINK to make me work," said a young man; to which observation an old man replied thus:

"That is right! You drink and it will make you work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell you something that will do you good. I was once a very prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and used to live happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink I might have been an independent man; but I used to drink to make me work—and it makes me work now! At seventy-two years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work!"

There is a powerful warning in this incidental anecdote that ought to be heeded by every boy or young man. And it is forced home as a true outcome of dabbling in strong drinks. They will beat you in the end.

**"For the King."**

He slowly came into the pastor's porch  
And wiped his dusky brow, and sat him down  
Like one who is a-weary, yet content.  
He was a very poor and ancient man  
Of that unlucky race which some men say  
Were best swept altogether from the earth,  
Then rose the gracious mother of the house,  
And made him welcome, and in kindly tone  
Said, "You are weary, brother; sit and rest."

Then with a smile that shone on his dark face  
Like summer lightning in a dusky cloud,  
He said, "I have been working for the King!"

His was a tiny farm—a bit of ground  
Rift from the woodland, tilled with his own  
hand,

And yet the richest corner of the plot  
He set aside and planted it with roots,  
Asking God's blessing on the kindly soil.

So all the summer long he tended it,  
Kept down the weeds, and stirred the mellow  
ground,

Till wind and rain and sun and nightly dew,  
Mixed with God's blessing, had done all their  
part,  
And prospered in the thing whereto they  
worked.

So then he dug the product from the ground,  
He and his aged wife, rejoicing much  
Over the bounteous yield; and on his back  
He bore it to his pastor's door and said,  
"Take this and sell, and give the price to God!"  
"Tis his. I have been working for the King!"

I think the King will not refuse the gift,  
But when at last he in his glory comes,  
With all his holy angels round his throne,  
The Indian brother will receive a word:  
"Well done, good and faithful servant! Thou  
Hast faithful been in little, therefore now  
Enter thou, friend, into thy Lord's great joy,  
And in his house be ever with the King."  
—*Christian Weekly.*

**A Letter from Port Simpson.**

PORT SIMPSON, B. C.

Dec. 2nd., 1886.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—As we are  
just closing another year of running  
the *Gladiators*—your mission ship—  
I may be permitted to say she has  
carried the Gospel to some tribes that  
we had not reached before. She has  
also carried lumber for several new  
churches, and lumber to assist the  
people in building up new houses for  
themselves, for we feel, next to preach-  
ing the Gospel to them, it is important  
to get them into a better home-life  
than the old slab homes provided when  
three or four or more families were  
living together.

And she has done a little outside  
work in freighting, towing, etc. In  
all she has run 4,907 miles, and she is  
out of debt. Of course, each mission-  
ary has had to pay something for the  
carriage of his stores, and other things  
done for him on his field, and all who  
have had such work done find the  
steamer a benefit. Thanks to some  
dear friends at home who have helped  
us.

But our hope is that she will yet  
reach many more tribes. I would like  
to see her be able to take the Old,  
Old Story of Jesus and his love to  
every tribe between Puget Sound and  
Alaska. This might need a grant  
from the Society to assist in running  
expenses.

In all probability she will need some  
considerable repairs in the near future,  
as her tubes, etc., may need replacing.  
In that way we may have to have a  
larger bill than in the past; but still  
with care, and trusting in the God of  
missions to raise up friends to help, we  
expect to be kept out of debt.

We believe in the motto of the  
old soldier—"Trust in God, and keep  
your powder dry." That is, we think  
while we trust in the Lord to help, we  
should do all we can to keep down  
expenses; hence we have not many  
luxuries on the Gospel Ship.

The poor fellow that thought we  
were having a nice time in pleasure  
trips, if he will come and take a trip,  
we will show him how the preachers  
have to do work in splitting wood,  
cooking and other things.

We have a happy, good, useful boat,  
doing a good work for the missionary  
cause, and at a very little cost. May  
she long live to carry the glad tidings  
of salvation to all the tribes on this  
North Pacific Coast! Pray for us!

T. Crosby.

[The many friends of Mr. and Mrs.  
Crosby will be very sorry to hear that  
their home has been again bereaved.  
They have lost their little babe. Mr.  
Crosby writes that a blessed revival is  
going on in the church—over a hun-  
dred of the natives professing conver-  
sion. What a wonderful change from  
the heathen orgies of a few years ago!

**Near at Hand.**

It is stated that Howard spent his  
youth in dreams of heroic deeds and  
impossible adventures for the help and  
elevation of uncivilized nations. Being  
captured while at sea by a French  
privateer, his attention was drawn to  
the cruelties practised on prisoners,  
and on his release he began an inspec-  
tion of the jail in his native village.  
The reform he inaugurated spread  
throughout all the prisons in Europe.

Charles Dickens, while a boy in  
Jones' school, was in the habit of  
writing romances for the amusement  
of his companions, of the most vague  
and lofty character. His great fame  
came to him through his pictures of  
Mrs. Minus over the way, of the  
policemen, shop-boys, butchers, and  
cooks, who came in his way in his  
daily walks in the streets of London.

A middle-aged merchant in one of  
our large cities complained, a couple of  
years ago, that he had been thwarted  
in his true work in life.

"My hope was to carry Christianity  
and civilization to some heathen na-  
tion. Then I should not have lived  
in vain. But I have been anchored  
here inexorably." "The heathen have  
come to you," said his friend, nodding  
to a Chinese laundryman, with his  
wooden shoes and pig-tail, who was  
passing.

The hint was taken. Mr. Blank  
went to Ah Sing's laundry and made  
a friend of him; persuaded him to  
come, with four of his friends, twice a

week, to learn "Melican 'ligion." There  
are now nearly seventy Chinese men  
in a Bible-class taught by Mr. Blank,  
of whom a large percentage are sin-  
cere Christians.

It is the habit of young and imagi-  
native people to search the far horizon  
for their career, their work and re-  
wards in life.

Of one fact they may be sure—that  
when God has work for a man to do in  
the world he puts it within his reach.

The great authors and painters of  
all ages have earned success by depict-  
ing that which was most familiar to  
them.

Here in our every-day life, in the  
common-place kinsfolk, trades-people,  
and servants that surround us, is ma-  
terial for all the power in our brains  
or souls.

The religion, too, which will save a  
man is not a far-off, visionary rapture.  
It is in his heart and in his mouth  
while he is about his daily work.

A humble work-woman taught an  
English shoemaker the happiness of a  
spiritual life. On the shoemaker's  
wall was a map; and the shoemaker  
looked at it at times while at work,  
and it conveyed to him the impression  
that the larger part of the world was  
ignorant of the inward light and joy  
that made of his life a psalm. The  
map haunted him night and day. It  
became an inspiration; and in the  
heart of this man English evangelical  
missions were begun. He is honoured  
here; but we cannot doubt that the  
poor work-woman has her reward in  
being among those who, having turned  
many to righteousness, "shine as the  
stars."

Miss Alcott, whose own life has been  
very practical and useful in meeting  
the duties of her home and town, was  
once handed an autograph-book, and  
asked to write a sentiment in it. She  
wrote, "Do the duty that lies nearest  
to you." The thought recalls those  
simple but telling words of Scripture,  
"He first findeth his own brother  
Simon." But work for others does  
not end where it began. It is pro-  
gressive; its influence grows, and is  
eternal.—*Youth's Instructor.*

STRANGE as it may seem, the earth  
is now 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun,  
in January, than she was on the 1st  
of last July. It would be natural to  
expect that we should have the warm-  
est weather when the sun is nearest to  
us. But his rays fall so obliquely on  
this portion of the earth that the in-  
tensity of the cold far outbalances the  
difference in the distance. There is,  
however, a compensation for the pre-  
sent conditions. The winter cold is  
doubtless tempered by the earth's  
greater nearness to the central fire.  
In the southern hemisphere, where the  
sun is in apogee in mid-winter, the  
cold is intensified for this reason. Thus  
in Australia and Southern Africa the  
average temperature is lower than in  
corresponding latitudes north of the  
equator.

**Won't Keep the Pledge.**

A FRIEND wrote me the other day,  
"I want to see the cause of temper-  
ance go forward, but I disapprove of  
your movement among the children."

For what reason, do you think,  
children?

"Because," he says, "you ask them  
to sign the pledge, which is wrong, as  
they won't keep it."

Our friend is a good man, but we  
think he is mistaken here. Children  
won't keep the pledge! I wish that  
all adults kept the pledge as well as  
the boys and girls; the world would  
exhibit much less backsliding and  
much less misery. Children know and  
feel what they do when they sign the  
pledge, better than most people are  
willing to give them credit for.

Some years ago, a gentleman in  
Virginia had a boy six years of age,  
who wanted to sign the pledge; but  
the father, feeling that his son did not  
understand the obligation he was  
about to take upon himself, refused to  
grant him permission. But the boy  
was so importunate, and begged so  
hard, that he at length consented,  
though he felt almost sure that his son  
would break it. His father was a tem-  
perance man, and so were the rest of  
the family; and when this little boy  
had signed the pledge, they were all  
teetotallers. Not long after this the  
father was travelling. The stage  
stopped at a tavern, and he called for  
some water. He waited some time,  
and no answer. He called again—  
still no answer. At last the servant  
came, bringing a glass of cider in-  
stead. He was very thirsty, and being  
afraid he should get nothing else,  
drank it in violation of his pledge.  
When he returned home he related  
the circumstance, and the little boy  
was there. After he had finished, the  
little boy went up to him; his lips  
quivering and his eyes full of tears.  
Said he, "Father, how far were you  
from James river when you drank  
that cider?"

"I was fifteen miles from the James  
river, my son."

"Well, father, I'd have walked to  
James river and back again before I  
would have broken my pledge."

Commend me to the little ones for  
fidelity to the pledge!

"Children won't keep the pledge!"

"Won't keep the pledge!" As far  
as our experience goes, which has been  
considerable among adults and youth,  
we have known but few instances of a  
youth breaking the pledge. Habit  
becomes strong. They would not  
willingly leave the pleasant way of  
life that saves them from headache,  
sickness, and heaviness, for the sake  
of tasting the drunkard's drink, and  
in the end, perhaps, filling a drunk-  
ard's grave. Let every friend of  
humanity, every friend of temperance,  
labour to enlist the youth in this great  
work. Everywhere you will find the  
children and young people most ear-  
nest and anxious to sign the pledge.

### Nobody but Mother.

Nobody knows of the work it makes  
To keep the home together;  
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes  
Which kisses only smother;  
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care  
Bestowed on baby brother;  
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught  
Of loving one another;  
Nobody knows of the patience sought,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears  
Least darlings may not weather  
The storm of life in after years,  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above  
To thank the Heavenly Father,  
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;  
Nobody can—but mother.

—H. C. Dodge.

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## Home and School

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

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1887.

# \$250,000

## FOR MISSIONS FOR THE YEAR 1887.

### He'll Do.

In the autumn of 1830 a travelling book-peddler, who afterward became a successful publisher and the head of a firm whose name is well known in the United States to-day, came to the door of a log-cabin on a farm in eastern Illinois and asked for the courtesy of a night's lodging. There was no near inn. The good-wife was hospitable but perplexed, "for," said she, "we can feed your beast, but we cannot lodge you, unless you are willing to sleep with the hired man." "Let's have a look at him first," said the peddler. The woman pointed to the side of the house, where a lank, six-foot man, in ragged but clean clothes, was stretched on the grass, reading a

book. "He'll do," said the stranger. "A man who reads a book as hard as that fellow seems to, has got too much else to think of besides my watch and small change." The hired man was Abraham Lincoln; and when he was President the two men met in Washington and laughed together over the story of their earlier rencontre.

—:—

### The Swiss Cross.

*The Swiss Cross* is the official organ of the Agassiz Association, devoted to spreading among the people an accurate knowledge of nature. It is published monthly for \$1.50 a year. Single copies 15 cents. N. D. C. Hodges, Publisher, 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

The Agassiz Association is a society for the personal observation of nature. It is an affiliation of local societies, called chapters, having a common name, constitution, and badge, but free to follow their own pursuits under the direction of the president. The smallest number of persons permitted to organize a chapter is four. There is no entrance-fee for chapters, nor are there any assessments or dues. Exchanges among members of the Agassiz Association are advertised in *The Swiss Cross* free of charge. The only necessary expense for chapters is 54 cents for the Association Handbook. Individuals may join the A. A. without organizing a chapter, and are charged a registration-fee of 50 cents.

The following letters will indicate the nature of the work done:

"Dayton, Ohio. Our Chapter was organized in November, 1885, and we have held weekly meetings during the school-year regularly. Our work has been quite varied, but always pertaining to nature. Our collections are prospering. Of wood we have fifty species; of insects, about one hundred; shells and fossils, sixty; of seeds we have eighty, arranged in bottles and labelled. We also have fifty specimens of snakes, frogs, spiders, etc., in alcohol. In pleasant weather we make occasional excursions. We go out to collect, to compare, to take notes for our special work. We have for exchange, wood, seeds, snails, fossils, and some insects. These we report on and discuss at our meetings."

"Hohokus, N.J. Our Chapter is in a most flourishing condition. Our meetings, held semi-monthly, are full of interest and entertainment. During the early spring months we gathered and studied lichens. We take long tramps through woods and meadows, and usually come home laden with specimens for study. Our collection is steadily increasing."



HUMANE KILLING OF FISH.

"We gather as we travel  
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,  
And we chip off little specimens of stone;  
And we carry home as prizes  
Funny bugs of handy sizes,  
Just to give the day a scientific tone."

*The Midnight Sun, the Tsar and the Nihilist.* By J. M. Buckley, LL.D. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$3.00.

Dr. Buckley is well known in Canada by his preaching and lecturing visits, and more widely still as the editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, the most widely circulated Methodist paper in the world. In this record of his late travels in Europe he produces a work of extraordinary interest, and one that deserves a wide popularity. The ground over which he went is one which has not been frequently traversed, or at least not frequently described, although it possesses attractions second to no other part of the world. Dr. Buckley's course of travel led him through Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Russia, a distance of nearly ten thousand miles. He reached Copenhagen in the summer of 1884. In some respects this is one of the most interesting cities of Europe. Its Museum of Antiquities is the most complete in the world, and the archaeological scholar could spend months in constant study without exhausting its treasures. From Copenhagen Dr. Buckley went to Sweden, touching at Elsinore on the way. Landing at Gothenburg, a handsome and striking city, he spent several days in studying some of the social questions and peculiarities of the country. Practical philanthropy, it is asserted, is more highly developed at

Gothenburg than in any other city in the world, and the instances adduced as proof go a long way toward substantiating the statement. Christiania, the capital of Norway, was next visited, and is described as the "joy of Norway." Dr. Buckley is not usually enthusiastic, but he believes there are few places that can vie with this charming city in natural beauty. After Christiania came the journey of 347 miles to Trondhjem, over the mountainous backbone of the country, the cars crossing the summit at an altitude of 1,500 feet above the sea level. Trondhjem is the ancient capital of Norway, and where for more than a thousand years its kings have been crowned. After exhausting the sights of the quaint old city, Dr. Buckley took passage on the steamer *Hakon Jarl* for the North Cape—an excursion of more than 1,700 miles along the Norwegian coast. He found on board representatives of eleven different nations, and of these nine could speak English. At Tromsø a twenty-four hours' stop was made, and at Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world, not quite so long a stay. From Norway the author, with his little party, crossed over into Sweden, first visiting ancient Upsala and then Stockholm, "the Venice of the North." After Sweden came Finland, and then Russia. More space is devoted to Russia than to the other countries visited, for obvious reasons. Several chapters are devoted to St. Petersburg alone, and nearly as much space to Moscow. In addition to the descriptive portions, the subject of Nihilism is very fully discussed. Indeed, investigation of the subject was one of the reasons that led Mr. Buckley to visit Russia. The style of the whole book is lively and animated, and the illustrations which crowd its pages add largely to its interest and value.



BROKEN DOWN BY OVERLOADING.

**Don't Let Mother Do It.**

Daughter, don't let mother do it!  
Do not let her slave and toil,  
While you sit a useless idler,  
Fearing your soft hands to soil.  
Don't you see the heavy burdens  
Daily she is wont to bear—  
Bring the lines upon her forehead,  
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it  
Do not let her bake and broil  
Through the long, bright summer hours—  
Share with her the heavy toil.  
See, her eye has lost its brightness,  
Faded from her cheek the glow,  
And the step that once was buoyant,  
Now is feeble, tired, and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!  
She has cared for you so long,  
Is it right the weak and feeble  
Should be toiling for the strong?  
Waken from your listless languor,  
Seek her side to cheer and bless,  
And your grief will be less bitter  
When the sods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!  
You will never, never know  
What were home without a mother,  
Till that mother lieth low—  
Low beneath the budding daisies,  
Free from earthly care and pain,  
To the home so sad without her,  
Never to return again.

—Selected.

**Kindness to Animals.**

THAT the lower orders of creation suffer, there can be no doubt. I recollect reading not long since an incident in the life of Cuvier. He was watching a pair of swallows. The male was seized by a hawk. He shot the hawk, and wounded the swallow. He dressed the wound with all possible tenderness, and replaced it in its nest, while the hen fluttered sadly around, uttering cries of distress, and for three days left the nest only to seek food. Three days after the male was wounded it died. From that time the hen refused food. She died five days after her mate.

I know one of the best women of Massachusetts who some years ago, to shame her husband for speaking hastily and improperly, answered the call of

her little canary-bird (to which she had never before spoken an unkind word) in a violent and angry tone. Within five minutes there was a fluttering in the cage, and when she got to it the bird was dead. I was told at New Orleans, winter before last, by a personal friend of Mrs. Hendricks, widow of the former Vice-President of the United States, that Mrs. Hendricks once killed a favorite mocking-bird in the same way. Other similar cases I have seen reported in various publications. There can be no doubt that great suffering can be caused to many of the lower animals simply by the tones of the human voice.

Concerning the importance of birds to agriculture, what Horace Greeley once wrote is literally true: "The boy who robs a bird's nest is robbing the farmer of part of his crops. The farmer might as well consent that a strolling ruffian should shoot his horses or his cattle, as his birds."

Agassiz taught his pupils to kill fish by a blow on the back of the head as soon as they were caught, that they might not suffer before dying. (See cut on opposite page.)

President Lincoln, walking with a friend one day, stopped and put his hand down through the bushes. "What do you find there, Mr. Lincoln?" said the friend. "Why," answered Mr. Lincoln, "here is a little bird fallen out of its nest, and I am trying to put it back again."

"Thank God," says the celebrated Dr. Channing, "I can say I have never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to live that I have: they received it from the same Father, and I will not mar the works of God by wanton cruelty."

"I saw a little spotted turtle," wrote Theodore Parker, "sunning itself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill it; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like,

and I had a disposition to follow their example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle vanished from sight.

"I hastened home, and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and, taking me in her arms, said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you in the

dark without a guide. Your life, my son, depends on heeding that little voice.'"

From Waterton's 'Wanderings in South America,' we take the following:—

**TO TAXIDERMISTS.**

If by my instructions you should be enabled to procure specimens from foreign parts in better preservation than usual, so that the naturalist may have it in his power to give a more perfect description of them than has hitherto been the case it will please me much.

But should they unfortunately tend to cause a wanton expense of life; should they tempt you to shoot the pretty songsters warbling near your door, or destroy the mother as she is sitting on her nest to warm her little ones, or kill the father as he is bringing a mouthful of food for their support,—oh, then, deep indeed will be my regret that I ever wrote them.

In conclusion, it is not for me to decide for others. Every one must judge for himself or herself what his duty is in regard to the destruction of any of these lower forms of life which God has created. But whether he cares for his lower as well as human creatures, and how far he will hold us responsible for our treatment of them, are questions worthy the consideration of every human being who believes in God and immortality.

**A Grateful Dog.**

"Some years ago," said a Rock Island locomotive engineer, "I was running along near Joliet, when I saw a fine big black dog fast under an old farm-gate by the side of the track. He had evidently tried to jump over the gate, and the hinges being broken, it had fallen on him. He could not get out, and was howling so pitifully that I stopped my engine and went to his assistance. He was so grateful that he licked my hand, and wanted to follow me into the cab. I wanted

to take him with me, but didn't dare. After that, the dog, whom I and my fireman named Rocks, used to sit beside the track and wag his tail when we went by. He got so he could tell my engine as far as he could see it or hear my whistle. A few months later we were running along there, behind time, and going very fast. It was just at daybreak, and I was a little surprised to see Rocks on the track ahead of us. He was acting strangely. He barked furiously, and howled, and reared upon his hind-feet. When we came up a little closer to him, he started and ran a ways on the track, and then turned and sat up and howled again. He did this two or three times, until my fireman and I felt sure that he was mad.

"Finally Rocks lingered too long on the track, and was struck by the pilot and drawn under the wheels. I heard him howl so agonizingly as he went under, that I immediately shut off steam and stopped the train. My fireman went back to see what had become of Rocks, but he had been all mashed to pieces. My fireman and I were about ready to cry as we started up again; but imagine our amazement when, on turning a curve, a little ways ahead we saw an obstruction on the track, so placed that it would surely have derailed our train had we struck it at full speed. As it was, we were hardly in motion, and easily stopped before reaching the danger. All that could ever be learned about the obstruction was that probably some farmer or other person, having spite against the road, had placed it there. Nobody was arrested for it, but I believe that, if old Rocks had lived, he could have barked his fiercest at the criminal."

**Vote it Out.**

THERE'S an evil in the land,  
Rank with age and foul with crime,  
Strong with many a legal band,  
Money, fashion, use and time;  
'Tis the question of the hour,  
How shall we this wrong o'erpow'r?  
Vote it out! Vote it out!  
This will put the foe to rout.

**REFRAIN.**

Vote it out! Vote it out! Vote it out!  
Vote it out!  
Let us rise and vote it out!

We have begged the traffic long,  
Begged it both with smiles and tears,  
To abate the flood of wrong,  
But it answered us with sneers;  
We are weary of the scourge,  
This the way at last we urge,—  
Vote it out! Vote it out!  
Loyal people raise the shout.

'Tis the battle of the hour;  
Freeman, show your strength again,  
In the ballot is your pow'r,  
This will bring the foe to pain;  
We have preach'd against this wrong,  
We have pled with words of song;  
Vote it out! Vote it out!  
Vote and pray with heart devout.

—Selected.

THE only source of help is in God.

## It is Coming.

Do you hear an ominous muttering  
As of thunder gath'ring round?  
Do you hear the nation tremble  
As an earthquake shakes the ground?  
'Tis the waking of a people—  
'Tis a mighty battle sound.

Do you see the grand uprising  
Of the people in their might?  
They are girding on their armour,  
They are arming for the fight,  
They are going forth to battle  
For the triumph of the Right.

For the power of Rum hath bound us  
And the power of Rum hath reigned,  
'Till baptismal robes of Liberty  
Are tarnished, torn and stained,  
'Till the struggling nation shudders  
As its forces lie enchained.

It has filled the scales of justice  
With unhallowed, blood-stained gold,  
And her sword to smite crimo's minions,  
Now lies powerless in her hold,  
For the serpent of the still  
Hath wrapt around it fold by fold.

It hath trampled o'er the hearthstone  
And hath left it desolate;  
And hath slain the wife and mother,  
It hath filled the world with hate;  
It hath wrecked the noblest manhood  
And hath laughed to scorn the great.

Shall it longer reign in triumph,  
Longer wear its tyrant's crown?  
Shall it firmer draw its fetters,  
Firmer bind the nation down?  
Shall this grand young country longer  
Bow and tremble 'neath its frown?

No! let every heart re-echo;  
Rouse, ye gallant men, and true!  
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers!  
See the night is almost through;  
Rouse ye, every man and woman—  
God is calling now for you.

—Southern Herald.

## Felix.

"FELIX, my boy, can you carry this book over to Mr. Gay's for me?"

"Course I can, grandfather."

"I wish you would do it at once, then. I borrowed it, and have kept it longer than I intended. Wait, though, until I wrap it up. It is a handsome binding, you see, and I should be very sorry if it were to receive any injury."

Felix took the book and went out, his grandfather thinking it not necessary to give him any further caution, but, two hours later, the old gentleman set out for his accustomed afternoon walk. As he strolled along a pleasant, shaded path, he observed a little group of boys stooping over something on the ground, and, going near, saw that they were intently interested in the motion of two beetles.

"See them tug!" said one.

"What do they do it for, anyhow?" asked another.

"Why, they use that ball of earth to lay their eggs in?"

"I don't believe it," said Felix.

"It's so, for my father told me," said the other.

"Yes, it's so," said grandfather, with a smile, touching Felix's cheek with the end of his cane.

The boy sprang up in surprise at seeing him bending over him.

"Why, grandfather, is that you?" asked Felix.

"Yes. Did you see Mr. Gay?"

"Well—not yet, sir. I—just waited a few minutes to run a race with the boys, and then we saw these beetles—and—"

"But where is the book?"

"Oh, that's all safe, sir. I hid it behind this tree."

He ran towards it; and his grandfather following him, saw Rover, his little dog, was very busy at something.

"Get out of the way, Rover," cried Felix. "Her 'tis. Oh!"

His face fell in blank dismay as he raised the book. The dog had torn all the wrapping, and then gnawed off a corner of the costly volume—of course entirely ruining its appearance.

"What a mean, mischievous dog!" exclaimed Felix, ready to cry with regret and confusion.

"What a careless, unreliable boy! we might, perhaps say," said grandfather. "How could you be so negligent, Felix, when I trusted you with it, and told you to be careful!"

"I am sorry," faltered Felix.

"But your sorrow will never help the matter, you see. Nothing which you can do will help it. All the loss must fall on others."

Grandfather took a newspaper from his pocket, and again wrapped up the book.

"Now take it to Mr. Gay," he said. "Tell him exactly what has happened, and tell him the loss shall be made good as far as I can make it so."

Felix hung back. "Grandfather, I cannot bear to tell him," he said.

"I know it is hard, my boy. I send you not to punish you, but to try to give you a lesson that you may remember."

Felix thought it the hardest lesson which could have been set him; but cowardice was not one of his faults, and in a few moments he stood before Mr. Gay, bravely told him of his error, and showed the sad result, adding very earnestly:—

"I only wish it had been something of mine that had been spoiled, sir. I guess grandfather's right when he says no one can ever do a wrong thing without its hurting some one else."

"Yes," said the gentleman, looking regretfully at the mischief; "your grandfather is right."

"Can't I pay for it, sir?" asked Felix eagerly. "I'll save every cent of money, and after awhile I'll have enough."

Mr. Gay laid his hand kindly on the boy's head, and said:—

"Never mind that. It is a loss which no one could make up to me, for the book was the gift of a dear friend who is now dead. But, my boy, if you are given to carelessness, negligent ways in your childhood, you will sure to work far greater mischief to yourself and others than the spoiling of a book. Let me tell you of something that happened to me when I was a boy."

He sat down, and motioned Felix to a chair.

"When I was not many years older than you are my father died, and I had to stop going to school for a while and go to work. I got a caution in a large business house, and often had valuable parcels placed in my care.

"It is a pity that I had not a deeper sense of the need of being faithful in the performance of all duties, whether great or small, to the very letter. I was careless to an extent which led my mother often to warn me that I should come to serious harm if I did not mend my ways. I paid little heed to her cautions, feeling quite satisfied with myself in view of the fact that no one could bring a shade of reproach against my honesty or my truthfulness.

"One day I was given a parcel to carry to the bank. 'Be careful,' they said; 'it contains seven hundred dollars.'

"I had a secure inside pocket, and had little fear of any loss. As I took my way towards the bank, I saw an excited crowd gathering about one of the principal newspaper offices. It was during the darkest days of the war, and I soon learned that some stirring news was being received.

"Of course I had no business to stop. The news would have been as well reported without any supervision of mine. But I looked at my watch and saw that I had nearly an hour to spare. So I throw myself into the crowd, and joined my voice with the enthusiastic cheers which rose higher and wilder as each particular of one of Grant's earliest victories was given out. Time and prudence were lost sight of until the last item was learned.

"Then I rushed to the bank to be faced by the forbidding-looking card—'Bank closed.'

"I had not been specially told to deposit that day; but, of course, it was understood that I should. It would have been the right thing for me to carry it back and have it placed in the safe; but I was ashamed of having it known that I had loitered. So I committed a second unfaithful act to conceal the first—always a dangerous thing to do. The only way to make amends for a fault is to confess it at once.

"I carried home the money and hid it in the safest place I knew of. You may be sure it was a heavy weight on my mind; and as night settled down, it grew heavier and heavier. I resolved not to sleep, but lay awake, listening, and starting in alarm at every sound."

"At length I was sure I heard mysterious noises; but something seemed to hold me down, so that I could not move. The sounds increased. Surely people were in the house. I could hear them moving; hear them in the room in which I had hidden the money. Finally, with a desperate effort I sprang up to find myself in the grasp of a fireman. My room was full of suffocating smoke. The house

was on fire. I had fallen into a heavy uneasy sleep, and would have been strangled by the smoke if I had not been found just in time."

"And the money?" asked Felix, in great excitement.

"I fought against my rescuer with all my might, declaring I would get it if I died for it. But the stout fellow dragged me down stairs and out—just before the roof fell in.

"What did you do then, sir?"

"What could I do but go to my employers and tell them what mischief my criminal carelessness had worked for them?"

Felix drew a long breath, and shook his head soberly.

"It was as dreadful as having to tell you about the book, wasn't it?"

"A little worse, I think," said the gentleman, with a smile. "I hope you will never have such a burden to carry as that one I bound upon myself through my own folly. It weighed me down all through the younger years of my life, for it took me long to pay the debt. It is not for me to say the lesson was too severe a one, but I have always felt a strong desire that others should profit by it."

"I will try to, sir," said Felix, very earnestly, as he got up to take his leave.

"Do so, Felix; and try and bear in mind the promise to those who are faithful."—Standard.

## Stick to the School.

BY C. A. W.

Stick to the school, boys. Boys, at least the majority of them, think lightly of getting an education until they are in their teens. And often, O how often do they think too late to put their thoughts into execution! Then let us improve the moments as they fly, with provisions for that vast storehouse—the mind. Most boys are tempted, and especially the poor, to quit school and get a "job." Thus for a few paltry dollars, they lose what might have been to them untold wealth and happiness—a good education.

But, boys, do not be in a hurry to get into life's cruel, grinding mill, the time will come too quick without. Youth is the spring-time of our lives and the time when life's foundation and character are laid. I pray that it may not be on the sand, but on the solid Rock, to endure for centuries.

Stick to the determination of getting an education. Stick to it through thick and thin; and through trials, persecutions, sneers, poverty, and the many other humiliating scenes of this life. "Where there is a will there is a way," is an old truism. Look to him who is able to give you all things trustfully, hopefully, and repeatedly. I reiterate, "Stick to the school!"

Hold on to your gentleness. Hold on to your kindness. Hold on to your promises to God. Hold on to your affections for one another.

## The Rona Lighthouse.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A woman stood at a cottage door—  
A crofter's cottage and mean and small;  
But her heart was rich, if her home was poor,  
For her sons were kindly and strong and  
And her own good man was as brave and true  
And handsome as even a king could be,  
And she did not envy the queen; for who  
Could be better cared for and loved than  
she?

The wee green island was all their own  
(While they paid to the factor the laird's  
fair rent),  
Little it bore but a crop of stone,  
Yet the Rona people were well content.

They had a sheep or two on the heights,  
And a few cats grew in a sheltered place;  
And they had at sunset such glorious lights,  
That it seemed Heaven came to their little  
space.

They gathered at need, in their own Scotch  
right,  
The bountiful harvest that grew in the seas,  
And they worked in the day and rested at  
night,  
Thankful, contented, and quite at ease.

So the woman stood at the door with eyes  
That scanned the sea for the little boat,  
Since all that she had in the world to prize,  
Her brave, bonnie laddies, were there afloat.

The dark came rapidly down that night—  
A deep, thick darkness without a ray;  
There is almost always a gleam of light  
On the sea, but then it had passed away.

"They are very late," the woman said,  
"And in the mitch the water is rough;  
But they're in no danger"—she raised her  
head—  
"The men are true and safe enough."

She lighted no candle, for there, within,  
Was nothing to do, and naught to see;  
She steadied herself, and would not begin  
At first to yield to anxiety.

And the hours went by as she waited there,  
But her heart grew heavy with dread at last,  
And she shivered with fear, as she cried in  
prayer,  
"Oh, God, let the terrible night be past!"

The morning broke on the sullen sea,  
And over the cliffs the woman peered,  
And round the island in haste went she,  
Till at last she saw the thing that she  
feared;

For there on the rugged rocks she found,  
Cold and lifeless, her dearest ones,  
Baffled by darkness, wrecked and drowned,  
Her noble husband, her bonnie sons!

And, oh, the pang of the vain regret,  
The deepest trouble, the worst to bear!  
She saw that they might have been living yet,  
If only a light had been burning there.

They had sought in the dark for the landing-  
place,  
But no gleam had shone for their anxious  
gaze;  
Ah, weeping widow, with covered face,  
It is, this that will haunt your nights and  
days.

But out of the sorrow one blessing arose;  
She would do for others, though strangers  
they,  
That which she ought to have done for those,  
Her best and dearest passed away.

So ever after when gloaming came,  
In her upper window there shone a light,  
And many a man's wife blessed the flame  
That feebly gleamed on the sea at night.

"I do my best, but the light is small,  
Oh for a beacon that could not fall!"  
The eager woman spoke to all,  
In the earnest tones that must prevail.  
Soon a great light shone o'er the western sea,  
Tended ever with loving care,  
And the lighthouse-keeper was none but she  
Who had lived and loved and suffered there.

Alas for the good that we might have done,  
For lamps unlighted, and help forgot!  
Yet peace and pardon and hope are won  
If we lighten the gloom of another's lot.  
Let us throw some gleam on the troubled sea,  
Let us save our sisters some pang of pain;  
For if their journey may lighted be,  
We shall not have suffered and prayed in  
vain.

—London Christian World.

## A Helping Hand.

"If you cannot keep up with this  
class you had better go into a lower  
one."

The country schoolmaster spoke  
harshly, and Robert Gates' heart sank  
lower than before, if that were possi-  
ble. He was the biggest boy in his  
class now, and how could he bear the  
shame of going among boys still  
smaller?

But there was no denying the fact,  
that the master had had a great deal  
of trouble with him, and that it did  
seem as though he were hopelessly  
dull. Mr. Hardy delighted in figures.  
To be bright at figures, he thought,  
insured a boy for success through life.  
Every boy who came to him was tried  
by the one test, and if he failed in  
that he had no opportunity of showing  
whether he was bright at anything  
else.

So Robert, whose talents did not lie  
in figures, was having just the hard  
tug at school which, if well endured,  
wise men tell us, gives the discipline  
which makes the best and noblest men.  
He had struggled through the miseries  
of notation, numeration, addition, sub-  
traction, and multiplication, each of  
which had been a separate hill Diffi-  
culty to him. And now long division  
stood up before him like a dead, black  
wall. There was no getting around  
it, no getting under it—he must climb  
to the top.

The boys were dismissed, leaving  
the school-house with a whoop and a  
rush—all but Robert, who, with his  
book and his slate, slowly walked  
away. A cheery-faced boy stopped  
and looked back at him, then ran to  
him, saying:—

"I'll give you a lift, Bob—"  
"Come on, Jack Brand," shouted  
half-a-dozen voices.

"I can't come now," he replied.  
"We're going to make up the base-  
ball club, and you'll lose your place.  
We're going to put you in for pitcher."

"You'd better go," said Robert.  
"I hate to have you miss the fun."  
"Never mind," said Jack, heartily.

"I've plenty of time for fun yet. See  
here, now—let's go out behind the old  
barn and cipher away at your examples  
for a while."

They settled themselves on a grassy  
slope in the quiet of one of the rare  
days of early June, and Robert opened  
his book with a heavy sigh.

"It's a perfect tangle to me," he  
said, with a rueful shake of the head,  
thinking of the days in which he had  
watched the slow placing and working  
of the examples on the blackboard.  
The why and wherefore of the curved

lines had never dawned upon him;  
the guessing how many times it would  
"go," and then setting down a figure,  
and the long straggling column of  
figures gyrating off to the right and  
finally ending in nothing, so far as he  
could see, was a fearful piling up of  
mysteries. "Why," he went on, "I  
can't even remember which is divisor  
and which is dividend when he ques-  
tions me about the rules."

"Oh, that's easy enough, if you only  
think a moment," laughed Jack. "The  
divisor's a thing you do something  
with. This way now—mower, a thing you  
mow with. Reaper, a thing you reap  
with. Divisor, a thing you divide  
with—don't you see?"

"Why, yes, of course I do, now you  
give me something to remember by."

Then they bent themselves reso-  
lutely to conquer the difficulties of  
the process before them, and it was  
fortunate that Jack was blessed with  
the gift of patience, for days passed  
before Robert could see anything in  
it except a huge and frightful puzzle.  
The shouts of the boys at play came  
to them from a distance, but no sound  
more disturbing than the soft whisper  
of the summer wind or the pert in-  
quiring "ke-chee! ke-chee!" of robin  
or wren disturbed the droning murmur  
with which Jack untiringly went  
through the lesson over and over again,  
little dreaming that he was securing  
for himself a valuable exercise in pa-  
tience and self-denial.

"I see it!" at last exclaimed Robert,  
springing up with a shout of triumph.  
"I never expected to see daylight  
through such a muddle, but I do.  
Now, let's be off and have a glorious  
play. But," he added, very earnestly,  
"I never can pay you up in the world."  
"Never mind that," said Jack;  
"but," he added, "maybe you can  
sometime."

And his words came true years later.  
When the boys went to prepare for  
college under the mild teachings of the  
village pastor, a strong contrast to the  
rough schoolmaster, Latin and Greek  
came to Robert almost as a pastime.  
He revelled in the line of study now  
opening before him with all the de-  
light which comes of finding some-  
thing in the world of learning exactly  
to his taste.

Jack's troubles began where Robert's  
ended, for his mind was of a different  
order, and now Robert was able richly  
to repay all his kindness.

"But I've got enough of languages  
now," said Jack, after two or three  
years of blundering among moods,  
tenses, and roots. "I am worse at  
classics than ever you were at figures,  
and a man can be a man without  
Latin and Greek, although he can't  
very well without arithmetic. So go  
your way, old fellow—heap up the  
learning and come out a grand scholar.  
I'm going to dive down into one of  
those grimy, noisy, whizzing, buzzing  
machine shops, where I can figure till  
the end of my days. But we can help  
each other all the same."

In after years, when Robert became  
the pastor of a large, struggling,  
working church, Jack, a successful en-  
gineer, was his right hand in every  
enterprise for good. And the two  
often laughed as they recalled the days  
spent behind the old barn.

"I've never thought life had a diffi-  
culty to overcome which appeared so  
terrible as long-division," Robert said.  
"But for your help in just the right  
time, Jack, I think I should have  
given up trying to get an education.  
Our old schoolmaster made me believe  
it was useless for me to try to learn  
anything, because I did not take to  
figures. Yes, Jack, if the Lord blesses  
me as an instrument of good, how  
much of it will be your work!"

"Help each other, boys. Hold out  
strong, willing hands to the weak and  
stumbling, and with cheery heart and  
voice encourage them. Keep them  
side by side with you in the battle of  
life, and then rejoicingly mark how  
their successes will shed a light on all  
your pathway, which will shine more  
and more unto the perfect day."

## A Noble Confession.

WHEN J. Coleridge Patteson (usu-  
ally called "Coley"), afterward the  
martyr bishop of Melanesia, was a boy  
at Eton, like many other boys, he was  
enthusiastically fond of cricket, and  
not only was he fond of it, but he was  
also an unusually good player. At  
the cricket suppers at Eton, it was the  
custom to give toasts, followed by  
songs, and these songs oftentimes were  
of a very questionable sort. Before  
one of these suppers Coley told the  
captain that he should protest against  
the introduction of anything that was  
immoral or indecent. His protest ap-  
parently had no effect, for during the  
evening one of the boys got up and  
began to sing a song which Coley  
thought was not fit for decent boys to  
hear. Whereupon, rising from his  
seat, he said, "If this sort of thing  
continues, I shall leave the room." It  
was continued, and he left the table.  
The next day he wrote to the captain  
of the eleven, saying that unless he  
received an apology he would withdraw  
from the club. The apology was sent,  
and Patteson remained; but those who  
knew how passionately fond he was of  
cricket knew what a sacrifice it must  
have been to have risked the chance  
of a withdrawal. Now that Eton boy,  
by his conduct, confessed Christ. It  
was a great temptation to him, doubt-  
less, to be silent, and to allow the evil,  
ribald thing to pass unnoticed. But  
silence in such circumstances would  
have been disloyalty to the Master  
whom he served; for him, at least, it  
would have been to deny Christ.

WHEN the state authorizes men to  
sell intoxicating liquors as a beverage,  
it authorizes them to do that which in  
its known practical results defeats the  
very object of all good government.—  
O. J. Chubbuck.



I Thank Thee, Father.

CAN I thank thee enough, my Father,
For thy wonderful gifts to me,
For the days that grow brighter and brighter,
For the joys that are yet to be...

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1728] LESSON I. [April 3

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

Gen. 37. 23-36. Mem. verses, 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy. Gen. 39. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. A Brother. 2. A Bondman.

TIME.—1728 B.C.

PLACES.—Dothan. Egypt. Hebron.

RULERS.—The Pharaohs in Egypt of the Shepherd King dynasty.

CONNECTING LINK.—The last lesson of the last quarter left Jacob at the brook Jabbok, after his struggle with the angel Jehovah. Eleven years have passed. Jacob has fulfilled his vow, made so many years before, and has erected his altar at Bethel. Rachel is dead. Her last born son, Benjamin, remains the pledge of her affection for this man of many trials. Isaac is dead. Jacob and Esau have buried him. Esau has gone into Mount Seir. Jacob has full possession of his paternal inheritance in Canaan. The sons have become men, and are engaged in their duties as keepers of their father's flocks. A bitterness of feeling had grown up among the ten brethren because the boy Joseph was his father's favourite, and because, boy like, he had told to his father some of their rule misdoing. The opportunity for hate to work its purposes soon came. Our lesson tells the story.

EXPLANATIONS.—Coat of many colours—Pictures from Egyptian discovery seem to indicate that this was a garment made of different pieces, sown together, of varied colour. Pit was empty. This was a cistern or well dug to catch and preserve the rain-water, and, at this season, was dry. Company of Ishmaelites. A travelling company, or caravan, on their way to Egypt. One of the indications of the early developments of commercial pursuits. Spicery and balm and myrrh—Gums from trees in the mountains of Gilead, highly prized by the Egyptians for their uses in the arts. Twenty pieces of silver—Probably not coin; but bars or cut pieces of silver. As there were ten brothers there would be two bars each. Reuben returned into the pit—This shows that considerable time had elapsed since the beginning of this story, and Reuben, being away with the flocks, did not know of the caravan and the sale. But he seems to have joined

Joseph in the story to his father, and probably took his two bars of silver. Reuben's flocks—Tore down toward the lower hem of his skirt. A common sign of grief. Sack cloth—The customary sign of mourning. All his daughters—Dinah is the only daughter whose birth is mentioned; but there may have been more, or the wives of the sons may be meant.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. A Brother.

Where did Joseph find his brethren? What custom of patriarchal life is suggested by their wandering? What must have been the relation of Jacob and his family to the Canaanitish peoples? What meteorological condition is suggested by the dry cistern? What picture of Egypt as the commercial metropolis of the East is shown? What was the motive for the hate which these men showed? What was their position before God, as tested by Christ's interpretation of the law? What was the sole motive for the changed purpose of these men? What were the sins of which they were guilty before the end of this trouble came?

2. A Bondman.

To how many parties was Joseph in bondage? From what did the first bondage cut him off? From what did the second separate him? To what did the third consign him? What was the condition of the slave in ancient times? What was the sequel of Joseph's sale to Potiphar? What was the character of Joseph when sold into bondage?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Sin is never content till it is absolute master of the situation. See how it led these brothers into personal violence, heartlessness, venality, deceit, falsehood, filial dishonour.

Conscience asserts itself when men least expect it. Poor Reuben.

God's purposes cannot be foiled by men. The dreamer's dreams were still to be fulfilled.

Jacob's agony was from seed of his sowing. There ought not to have been a coat of many colours.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The power of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

16. What was the sin by which our first parents fell from their holy and happy state? Eating of the fruit of the tree of which God had forbidden them to eat. Genesis ii. 16, 17; iii. 6.

B.C. 1715] LESSON II. [April 10

JOSEPH EXALTED.

Gen. 41. 38-48. Memory verses, 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. Psalm 37. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Counsellor. 2. The Ruler.

TIME.—1715 B.C. Thirteen years since events of last lesson.

PLACE.—Egypt, at Pharaoh's capital, perhaps at Memphis or Heliopolis. Ramesses was built later.

RULERS.—Pharaoh, one of the dynasty of Shepherd Kings.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The years have passed. Joseph has passed through a varied experience. A slave in Potiphar's house, a trusted servant, tempted and victorious, his fate casts him into prison on a false accusation; spared and honoured in the prison, he is at last, by a chain of circumstances, brought into Pharaoh's presence to find honour and exaltation.

EXPLANATIONS.—Man in whom the Spirit of God is—That is, one who is endowed with ability to execute such a plan as has just been unfolded by Joseph. Only in the throne—He thus makes the second ruler in his absolute monarchy. Took off his ring—The signet ring was the special symbol of office or authority. Veilures of fine linen—The peculiar dress of the Egyptian priests. I am Pharaoh—He pledges his royal word and takes oath by his name as representative of the gods that Joseph should be supreme.

By handfuls—Not literally, the expression signifies the wonderful fertility of the earth in those years.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Counsellor.

What were to be the requisites of the counsellor who was to be chosen? ver. 33.

What confession as to his own officers is made by Pharaoh's question?

On what ground did Pharaoh choose Joseph?

Was the advice of ver. 33-36 called for in the interpretation of the dream?

What were the characteristics of the counsel he offered?

What was his own character as shown through these thirteen years?

Is the counsel an evidence that Joseph schemed for his own advancement when once he was in Pharaoh's presence?

2. The Ruler.

What wonderful change of condition is narrated in this lesson?

What was Joseph, the counsellor?

What was Joseph, the ruler?

What was his duty as ruler?

What outward sign of his rank was bestowed upon him?

What special preparation had Joseph had, which fitted him to be ruler?

What other Hebrews in Scripture history attained high position under foreign kings?

What prophetic intimation had come to Joseph years before that he should be exalted as a ruler?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here we have three lessons in character building:

Rectitude of life is the best preparation for peculiar trust.

Discretion in speech is the best evidence of fitness for peculiar trust.

Fidelity to peculiar trust is the natural result of fidelity to God.

Discretion and wisdom are the gifts of God. Pharaoh spoke a greater truth than he was aware.

Here is a lesson in practical economy. Jesus himself taught it. "Let nothing be lost." Joseph gathered all the food. There was no waste.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The providence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

17. Why were they commanded not to eat of this fruit?

To try them whether they would obey God or not.

18. Wherein lay the evil of eating the forbidden fruit?

In the spirit of disobedience to God, unto whom, as their Creator and Benefactor and Lord, they ought to have been in entire submission.

YOUTH is the time to begin the service of the Lord. Few ever become Christians who do not begin young. It is a fearful risk to wait "for a more convenient time," with the intention of turning to God at some future day. Satan tells you to wait. He says there is time yet. He will tell you the same thing to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. "Now is the excepted time; now is the day of salvation."

EVERY song has a key-note—heard all the way through—pervading the song as the fragrance of flowers pervading the air of a garden, as a vein of gold stretches through a mine, or as some central point in a picture gives tone and character to the whole. Redemption is the key-note of Christianity. Redeeming love is the sweet sound that makes its melodies so ravishing to the ears of men and angels, the crimson cord that reaches through the warp and woof of sacred song. It is the blood-red rose of Calvary, that flashes out fairest and fullest among all the bloom of earth.—Rev. T. M. Griffith.

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