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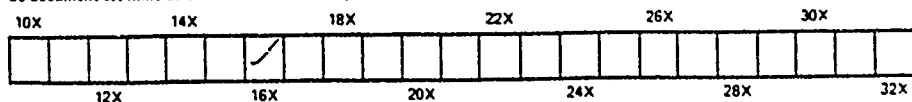
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HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, MAY 24, 1884.

[No. 11.]

Walrus Hunting.

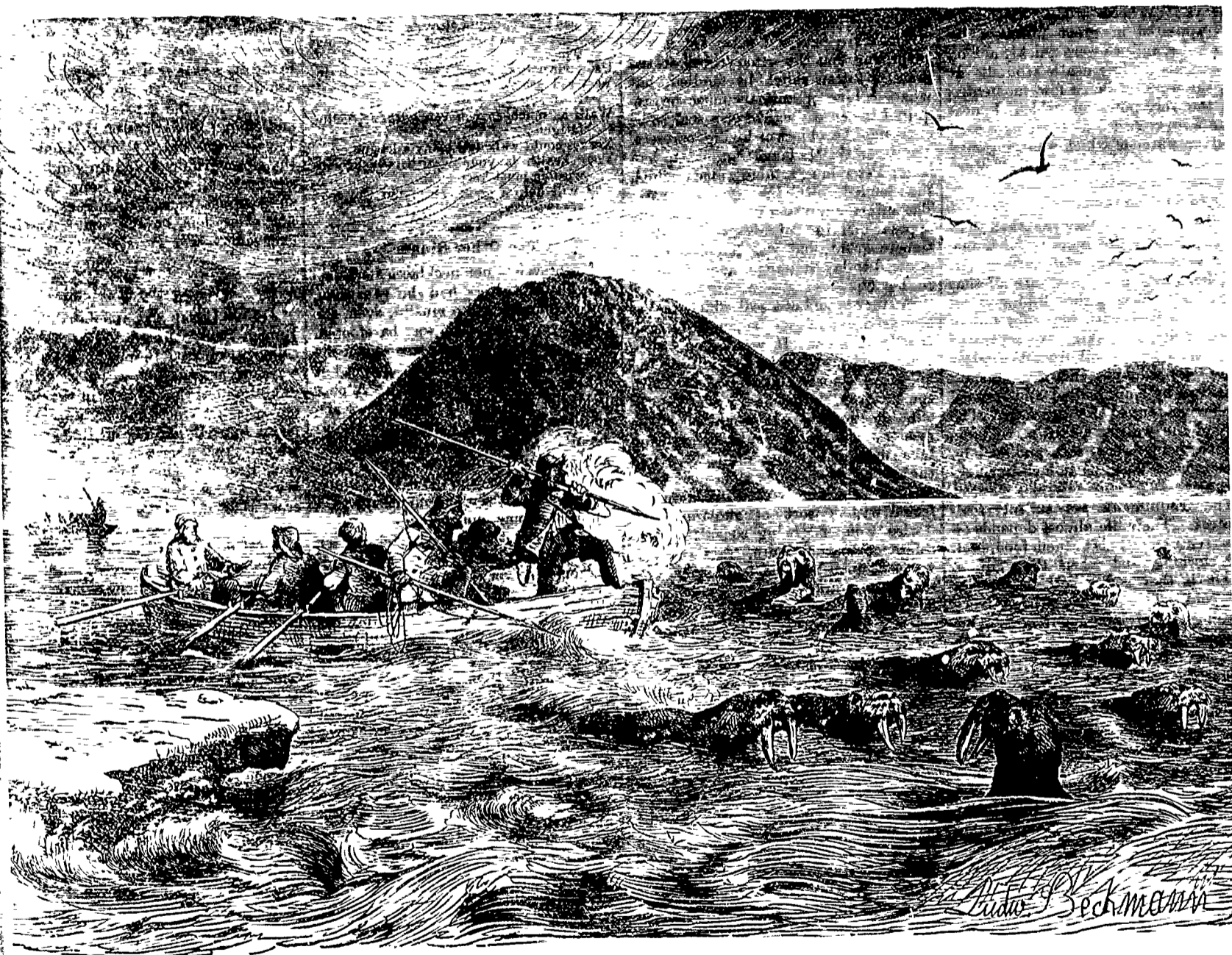
WALRUS and Seal fishing are represented to be exceedingly exciting sports. Originally the animals exhibited no fear of man, and according to report, seals would even remain quietly watching the process of beating one of their

undisturbed quite a distance. On the coast of the Orkneys the seal are described as coming to the shore when the church-bell rings, where they remain manifesting much wonder, but no alarm, as long as the sound continues. This fearlessness seems to arise from a

has established his reputation among them as a foe, he can scarcely catch one. It then requires all his patience and dexterity.

The walrus belongs to the same order, but not the same genus as the seal, which just now is of special value,

catching them is well represented in the illustration, although it is not pleasant to think that the animals are faithfully pictured if it be true, as some natural historians assert, that their countenance so resemble the human face as to have given rise to the sup-



WALRUS HUNTING.

number to death. They have always been interested in human beings, and are said to rise in the water at the noise of a passing boat, and to regard it with a great evidence of curiosity, going very near to listen if the passengers are speaking loudly, and following

confidence in man and not from stupidity, for they are wary and watchful where they suspect danger. A company of them may almost all be asleep, but there is always a sentinel, wide awake and sharply looking out for the approach of an enemy. When man

because fashion has decreed that its fur shall be the uniform of its votaries.

For dwellers in the far north, and for arctic explorers, the flesh of both walrus and seal is valuable for food, the oil for fuel and light, the skin and tusks for barter. One method of

posed existence of mermen and mermaids. Mr. Charles Francis Hall, in his "Arctic Researches," says that a whaler once saw in Frobisher Bay "millions out on the pieces of ice drifting with the tide—walrus in every direction—millions on millions." One

of the whaling-boats approached a piece of ice on which several were sitting, and attacked one of the creatures, whereupon all the rest immediately rushed towards the boat and vigorously set upon the crew. For a time it seemed necessary to fly for safety; but all hands resisted the attack, and would have escaped very well, if one of the walruses had not pierced the boat's side with his tusks. The men had to retreat to repair damages. They dragged their boat upon the ice-floe, and by stuffing oakum into the hole, stopped a very serious leak sufficiently to allow them to return to their comrades. The fishing is thus often dangerous enough to give zest to the business.

Seals are not only caught from boats in open water, but quite as often on ice. They are not constituted for continual living in the water, but must have air. The holes which they make in the ice for the sake of air become often the cause of their destruction.

Mr. Hall was once crossing a channel named for Dr. Kane, the great Arctic explorer, and was especially desirous to reach a certain spot of land, when his course was interrupted by a seal-hunt. He says: "Wherever my eyes turned, seals appeared in great numbers by their holes, and we were quickly among the animals dealing death around. It was the work of but a few moments; and the very notes of which I now write were recorded as I sat by a seal-hole, the water of which was crimsoned with blood. Our captured seals were so many the natives did not know what to do with them."

When larger numbers are taken than are required by the hunters for immediate food, the skin and surface fat, together forming a "pelt," are all that is saved. When the fishing-vessel returns to port with her hold full of these "pelts," the skins are separated from the fat; the oil from the latter being very valuable, and the skins are preserved by being salted and dressed for fur or tanned for leather. The skin of the walrus makes a valuable leather, being very soft and strong, sometimes as much as an inch in thickness.

The Esquimaux are skilful seal-hunters. Their life almost depends on this creature. It is to them food, fuel, and clothing, and when they fail to obtain it they suffer both by hunger and cold. The seal has become very cunning in their neighbourhood. One method of seal-hunting is that which man has learned by watching the bear, who is the seal's great enemy. It consists in a sort of charming process. The hunter, with his eye fixed on the seal, who is taking an airing on the ice beside his hole, moves on his side holding his gun aimed ready to fire. If the seal moves, the hunter stops and makes a noise, which is a mixture of rude singing and howling, resuming his approach when the animal becomes quiet. The bear keeps his prey under the influence of this charm until he can reach it with his paws, but men often fail, and after patiently toiling for some time, see the coveted prize take a plunge and disappear.

If patience comes by inheritance, these Esquimaux must be the children of Job. Fancy going on such a hunting expedition as the following: The sagacious dog, by his keen scent, brings his master to the spot where under the snow the seal has a hole in the ice. Then with the greatest care the hole is

examined with a spear, and having thus prospected, the fur-clad hunter seats himself to wait for the seal's "blow," the noise which indicates his taking a supply of air. At the second or third puff the spear is struck forcibly through the snow till it penetrates the unfortunate creature's head. If the spear is even so much as a quarter of an inch out of the way of the exact spot, then the tables are turned, and the seal, warned by the sound of the spear on the solid ice, is away speedily and the poor man loses a good many dinners. Think of the disappointment of such a result, after sitting, as did one poor man of whom Mr. Hall writes, two days and a half, without food or drink, and with the thermometer thirty or forty degrees below freezing point. Not many seal-skin sacques would be seen in Toronto if the wearer had to earn them so painfully.

If the harpoon finds its way into the seal's head, it lodges there, and although eight or ten fathoms of line fastened to it may be run out, the other end of the line is secured about the waist of the captor, and when he has cleared away the snow and enlarged the hole in the ice, the prize is triumphantly drawn through.

There are pets and pets. It is not surprising that the canary bird or the graceful kitten should be fondled, but what a love of animals must be required to cause a walrus or a seal to be chosen as the object of loving caresses. Yet a certain Madame Canneheq had in St. Petersburg a tame walrus which she tended with the greatest care. The animal expressed its delight at the approach of its mistress by an affectionate grunt, and was happiest when allowed to lay its huge, uncouth head in her lap.

A story is told of a seal which makes one ashamed of the superstition and cruelty of man. It was taken when young and grew up in a family living on the seashore, and was a pet with the children, with whom it was gentle and affectionate. It would obey the master's call, and would even bring home fish for the family dinner. After the seal had been some years thus domesticated, the owner's cattle became affected with a sort of murrain. A "wise woman" being consulted with reference to their cure, said the evil was sent upon the man because he harboured an "unclean beast," which must be immediately destroyed to save the cattle. The poor seal was accordingly carried a long distance out to sea, and left to take care of itself. But the next morning the faithful creature was found sleeping in its accustomed place at home. The next day the seal was carried away still farther, and again it returned. The cattle were dying, and the wretched hag decreed that, as it was unlucky to kill a seal, it must be deprived of sight and taken still a greater distance from its comfortable home. It was done; but a week after, during a terribly stormy night, a faint noise was heard at the door and the superstitious inmates of the house were too frightened to sleep, imagining the noise to be the warning of the Banshee that death was at hand.

In the morning the poor seal was found quite dead at the door. Unable on account of its blindness to obtain food, it was shockingly emaciated and had only strength to crawl to its unmerciful abuser to die. The story says that from this time misfortune was the

constant attendant of this inhuman family. Nothing around the house nor in it prospered, and finally after losing his property and his children, the proprietor became blind and miserably died.

Health Alphabet.

As soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chow your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made too tight;
Homes should be healthy, airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean;
Let dust on the furniture never be seen.
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air;
Now to open your windows be over your care;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept.
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember, the young cannot thrive without light.
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find if there be a bad drain,
Very sad are the fevers that come from its train;
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
Xerxes could walk full many a league.
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

The Other Singer.

No bracelets nor necklaces had she;
No white silk dress had she ever seen,
And a common white muslin, even, she had never worn;
She was barefooted, and though the morning was warm, she had wrapped an old shawl around her to hide the holes in her dress.
A neat little girl was Mandy, or at least she would have been, if she had known how;
She always washed her feet in the fast-running gutter puddles, after a hard rain, just because she liked to see them look clean; but she had no needle and thread at home, nor patches; and her work among the barrels, picking for rags, was not the cleanest in the world.
Yet on this very afternoon in which Miss Cecilia was getting ready for the concert, and frowning over her white silk, because the trail did not hang quite as she liked, did this little girl, Mandy, give a concert. Her audience was an organ grinder who stopped to rest a bit, an old woman who was going past with a baby, and a little boy with a load of chips. The words she sang were:—

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

And the chorus, repeated as many times as did Miss Cecilia's: "I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed."

"Where did you get that?" asked the organ-grinder.

"What?" said Mandy, startled, and turning quickly.

"That; that you're singing."

"O, I got it to Sunday-school." And she rolled out the wonderful news, "I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed—been washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"I don't s'pose you understand what you're singing about?" said the organ-grinder.

"Don't I, though," said Mandy, with

an emphatic little nod of her head. "I know all about it, and it's all true. I belong to Him; He is going to make me clean inside, and dress me in white some day, to stay with Him for ever and ever. 'I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed—been washed in the blood of the Lamb.'"

Away down the street, as far as the organ-grinder could hear, as he trudged on, there came back to him the faint sound of that chorus, "I've been redeemed." Nobody threw bouquets to Mandy; nobody said she had a sweet voice. But the organ-grinder kept saying the words over and over to himself; they were not new words to him. Years ago, his old mother used to sing those first ones, "There is a fountain." He had never heard the chorus before, but he knew it fitted, he knew all about it, his mother had taught him, and away back, when he was a little boy, a minister had said to him once, "My boy, you must be sure to find the fountain and get washed." He never had. He was almost an old man; and it was years since he had thought about it, but Mandy's song brought it all back. Was that the end of it? O, no. The organ-grinder kept thinking, and thinking, until by and by he resolved to do. He sought the fountain, and found it, and now, if he knew the tune, could sing, "I've been redeemed." Many a time he says the words over and over. Is that the end? O dear, no. It will never end. When Mandy and the organ-grinder stand up yonder, and she hears all about the song that she sung as she picked over rags, it will not, even then, be the end. Nothing ever ends.—*The Pansy.*

Passing the Rubicon.

JULIUS CÆSAR was appointed by the Roman Senate to govern Gaul—now called France. Being a successful warrior, he was not satisfied with so humble a position as that of the governor of a province, and he resolved to make himself master of Rome itself. In marching there he must cross the river Rubicon, which formed the boundary between the two countries. To cross this was to invade the empire, and thus to expose himself to certain death if he failed in the enterprise.

His army is mustered, and commences its march. They arrive at the brink of the river; the ambitious general hesitates; to cross is to conquer or die. Suddenly he turns his horse's head to the stream, dashes forward, commands his army to follow, and, as he rises on the opposite bank, exclaims, "The die is cast!"

He pursued his march to Rome, then the capital of the world, seized the supreme power, and held it until he was violently put to death in the senate-chamber. We sometimes hear it said of a man, "He has passed the Rubicon," which means that he has taken a decisive step, or committed himself in such a way that he can not go back. To commit one's self to the right and the true and the good is wise. It makes one more bold and determined. To commit one's self to the wrong and the false and the evil is destruction. It makes one reckless and desperate, and ends in ruin.

THE traveling showmen are exhibiting three skeletons of Guiteau—his skeleton when he was a boy, his skeleton before he shot Garfield, and his skeleton after he had been hanged.

The Baby.

(From the French of M. Victor Hugo.)

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

SILENCE and gloom depart when baby's face
is seen;
Her coming drives away all sorrow and all
spleen,
And fills each eye with light;
The saddest brow unbends, and grief has no
more tears,
And even the sinning soul is pure when she
appears,
So innocent and bright.

Whether June strews her flowers, or cold
November's brawl
Makes our chairs touch around the great fire
in the hall,
And crowds the hours with talk,—
Joy comes when baby comes, 'tis summer in
our heart;
We laugh and shout; the trembling mother
smiles and starts
When baby tries to walk.

In laboured phrase we speak, and stir the
glowing coal,
Of country and of God, of poets, of the soul
In prayers upraised from earth:
Baby appears, and soon from themes so
grave and high
We turn, and noble bards, and stern philoso-
phy
Are drowned in hearty mirth.

At night when sleep has away, and dreams
possess the soul,
A plaintive yearning voice we hear—a sound
of dole,
Moaning the reeds among;—
Then suddenly the morn shines like a beacon
star,
And wakes in field, and wood, and village,
near and far,
The birds and bells to song.

Dear babe, thou art the dawn, and my heart
the plaining voice,
Which, breathing fragrant air all sweet with
flowers and joys,
Breaks singing through the gloom;
My soul a forest is whose sombre trees are
bright
With rays of love, and filled with music of
delight,
To see the baby come.

For thy soft eyes do beam with infinite
gentleness;
Thy tiny hands have done no wrong, done
naught but bless,
And heaven is in their hold;
Thy young feet never yet have trod our
muddy ways—
Oh! sacred infant head! how fair! around
it plays
An aureole of gold.

Thou art the little dove that fills our ark
with hope;
Thy wings must fly awhile in short and
narrow scope,
Till feet have grown more sure;
With thy wide eyes of surprise the world
all new is seen
Twofold virginity; thy infant flesh all clean,
Thy infant soul all pure.

How beautiful the babe, with her sweet and
ready faith,
Her sunny smile, her voice that everything
essayeth,
Her tears two words dismiss;
Her wondering eyes that rove in ever fresh
delight,
Giving her soul in glee to all things glad
and bright,
Her mouth to every kiss.

Save, kindest heaven, from this, and all I
love defend;
And to my enemies, to them that hate me
send—
No greater grief can come—
The sorrowing summer meads without a
flower to see,
The cage without a bird, the hive without
a bee,
And not a babe at home!

—ALBERTON, Prince Edward Island.

A LITTLE girl, who had been naughty
and was punished by her mother, made
the following prayer when she went to
bed at night: "O God, please make
me good; not real good, but just good
enough so I won't have to be whipped."

England in Sorrow.

DEATH OF DUKE LEOPOLD.

THIS sad visitation has come so
suddenly upon the whole land, like
thunder from a cloudless sky, that the
grief is not only widespread but deep,
and the surrounding nations are moved
by a common sympathy.

The Prince inherited a frail consti-
tution, and from the first was the
object of great solicitude and care.
Nevertheless, he developed intellectu-
ally, and gave the highest promise of
great usefulness and honour to the
nation.

Of the few glimpses which have
been given into the boyhood of the
Prince, that which was afforded in a
recent speech by Prof. Tyndall is in-
teresting.

"It is now more than twenty years
since I was invited, with three or four
very distinguished men, to go down to
Osborne and talk to the children of
the Queen upon matters connected
with science. Taken from my studies,
I did not expect more than familiar
conversation, but I found that I had
to lecture before her Majesty herself;
and, being entirely undisciplined in
the manners of the court, I fear my
behaviour in the presence of the Queen
was not what it ought to have been,
and my uncertainty in this respect
was a cause of intense discomfort to
me. But, on the following morning,
the discomfort melted away like a
cloud in the presence of the cordial,
merry laughter and pleasant conver-
sation of the Prince—(Prince Leopold)
—then a little boy. The Prince took
me over his little garden, showed me
his implements of husbandry, wheel-
barrows, spades, rakes, and hoes allotted
to him, his brothers, and his sisters by
their most noble and wise father. He
showed me their museum, and told me
to whom each of the objects belonged,
and it was a profound comfort to me,
for I felt that I was standing not in
the presence of any hollow artificiality,
but in the presence of royal persons,
who had changed hollowness and arti-
ficiality for the cultivation of those
virtues which lie in the power of every
upright wise man in any grade of
society. I returned cheered and en-
abled to get through the remainder of
my work much more happily than I
should otherwise have done."

Some weeks ago the Duke went to
the south of France, to avoid the
rigors of March in his native clime.
He intended to be absent but a short
time, but so happy was the influence of
the change, that he remained as many
weeks as he had intended days. He
was at times in a serious and reverential
mood, and used to gaze long and
wistfully over the luxurious grounds
before him to the deep blue sea beyond.
Turning at one time to Capt. Perceval,
he said quietly, "I would rather die
here than anywhere else in the world."
He died in that very room.

A few days before his intended re-
turn to England he met with a fall.
"The Duke," said Capt. Perceval, at
whose villa he was entertained, "al-
though suffering acute pain after his
fall on the steps of the Cercle Nautique,
was not rendered unconscious, and
almost his first words to me, when he
saw that he would be unable to meet
those whom he expected, were, 'Please
entertain my guests for me.' I did as
he requested. After being attended
to at the Villa Nevada the Duke
rallied completely. He wrote some

letters, dined, and was in bright spirits.
But I feared the shock, and got Dr.
Royle to lie in the same room with
him. About midnight there was a
sudden collapse. The Duke was then
in great pain, but this subsided under
Dr. Royle's care and attention. He
grew marvellously calm as death ap-
proached, and passed away from earth
lying in my arms peacefully and tran-
quilly. There was but one faint shud-
der at the close, and all was over. A
few moments afterwards and he looked
exactly as though asleep."

The telegraph flashed the sad intelli-
gence in every direction, and sorrow
fills the land. The funeral took place
at Windsor, and his remains will rest
with those of his honored father, at
Frogmore, near by.

On the following Sabbath all the
churches were draped in mourning,
and the ministers in prayers and ser-
mons referred to the public loss.

At St. Margaret's, which stands just
at the side of Westminster Abbey, we
were permitted to hear a sermon from
Archdeacon, better known in America
as Canon Farrar, from the words of
Jesus, spoken to Martha, "I am the
resurrection and the life," highly eulo-
gistic of the late Duke, and in loving
and loyal sympathy with the royal
family in its bereavement. The ser-
vices, which were solemn and impre-
sive, closed with the singing of a hymn,
printed on a separate slip, with special
directions, "Not to be taken away."
But we begged the privilege of carry-
ing a copy with us to America, the last
verse of which will close this article:

"And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Fain Our Een Wad See the River.

(AIR.—"Shall we Gather at the River?")

Fain our een wad see the River,
Whaur God's bairns hae their abode,
Soft and bonny, rowin' ever,
Glintin' in the smile o' God.

Yes, our een shall see the River,
The saftly-flowin', bonny, lown River;
Trystit wi' the Saints at the River
That rows in the smile o' God.

Lang our hearts were at the breakin',
Saut the tears we aften shed;
There nane says "I am forsaken;"
Woes and tears forever fled.
Yes, our een shall see, etc.

Green the trees beside the River;
Bright the gowden fruits they bear;
Peace, and love, and joy, forever
Find their ain leal country there.
Yes, our een shall see, etc.

—William Wye Smith.

Scottish Stories.

THERE is a peculiar charm about
Scottish Stories narrated in the Scottish
dialect. There is a quaintness, a
humour, and a shrewdness in the queer
proverbial sayings that are both amus-
ing and instructive. The following
books, published by the eminent Edin-
burgh house of Oliphant, Anderson &
Ferrer, are among the best of the class,
admirably adapted for Sunday-schools,
with sound religious teaching, and
not too difficult in dialect for even
young folk to understand. They are
all elegantly bound and illustrated.

*Jock Halliday, the Grass-Market
Hero*, by ROBINA F. HARDY, is a tale
of life and character in an old city
parish. It tells how the poor live in

the narrow wynds and closes, and in
the lofty houses of "Auld Reekie."
It vividly portrays the evils of intem-
perance, and the moral transformation
accomplished by means of the house-
hold visitation so largely introduced
and practiced by good Dr. Guthrie. So
pleased was the Book Steward with
this story, that he purchased the plates
for a Canadian edition for our schools.

Tom Taffer's Shadow, is another
story of every-day life in Edinburgh,
by the same author, of similar charac-
ter and merit.

*Trot's Message; or, Whom Have I
in Heaven But Thee?* is another story,
by the same author, written for child-
ren, and showing the influence of child-
life.

The Christian Life Series, contains
two strongly written stories, by ANNIE
S. SWAN, author of "Aldersyde," a tale,
which elicited the hearty commenda-
tion of Mr. Gladstone. *Marion Forsyth;
or, Unspotted From the World*, tells
how a noble Christian girl, for Christ's
sake, gave up life's bright hopes in
obedience to the command, "Be not
unequally yoked with unbelievers."
Mistaken, illustrates the folly and
wickedness of neglecting home duties
for even philanthropic work.

Elder Logie's Story about the Kirks,
by JOHN STRATHESK. "Bits from
Blinkbonny." Sketches from manse
life, by this author, has been a won-
derful success. In "The Elder's Story,"
he recounts in "Scotch made easy,"
the heroic tale of the Covenanters and
their successors—the historic secessions,
and the happy unions of the Scottish
Churches. It is an instructive story,
even when it reveals the failings of
good men. It reveals also the strong
religious spirit of Scottish character,
which is the chief element of Scottish
success.

Little Blue Bird, the Girl Missionary,
by the same author, is well adapted to
interest children in Mission work.

Science Ladders.

WE have before us three volumes
of a very interesting series of science
primers, edited by N. D'ANVERS,
author of "History of Art." They
teach the great laws of nature in
language simple enough to be under-
stood by every child that can read.
They will introduce the youthful reader
to the fairy realms of science, and
cultivate the powers of observation
and reasoning. They are about 70
pages each, handsomely illustrated, and
sold in cloth for 50 cents per volume.

The first is *Forms of Land and Water*,
giving an account of the earth, and its
physical economy.

Vegetable Life describes in simple
style, with many pictures, the wonders
of the vegetable world.

The Lowest Forms of Water Animals
describes in similar manner the sponges,
anemones, coral makers, etc. It opens
up a wonder world to the mind, and,
with the other books, will invest all
nature with a new interest and new
charm.

LAST Christmas-eve Mrs. J— went
upstairs to see if the children had hung
up their stockings for Santa Claus, and
found that little Fred had pinned his
up in a prominent place, with a little
slip of paper attached, containing this
suggestive sentence: "The Lord loveth
a cheerful giver."

"Enough."

I AM so weak, dear Lord! I cannot stand
One moment without Thee;
But oh, the tenderness of Thine unfolding!
And oh, the faithfulness of Thine upholding!
And oh, the strength of Thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord! and yet I know
All fulness dwells in Thee;
And hour by hour that never failing treasure
Supplies, and fill in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need. And so
Thy grace is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust Thy Word alone,
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining:
Thy promise-roll is all my own—
Thy Word is enough for me.

The human heart asks love. But now I know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real, and full, and marvellous affection;
So near, so human! Yet Divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me.

There were strange soul depths, restless, vast,
and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea,
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling;
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, The Wesleyan, and Home & School.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, 78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, MAY 24, 1884.

Sunday-School Enlargement.

SOME HANDSOME IMPROVEMENTS TO THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH STRUCTURE.

THE enlargement of the Metropolitan Church Sunday-school building will soon be commenced. The plans of the building have been completed, and tenders for the work will be out in a fortnight.

floor, and two infant class-rooms. Upstairs there will be a large committee room, a ladies' parlour, sewing-room, and kitchen. It will be finished by the 1st September. The cost will be \$10,000, of which amount \$8,500 has been already subscribed.

Cards of Invitation.

FASHIONS change, in the cards of invitation in social life; and there are persons who would hardly venture on issuing invitations for a wedding, or for an evening reception, without consulting a fashionable stationer or engraver.

It is not well to think too much of form: yet form has its influence in the religious world, as in irreligious social life. Hence we are glad to give an occasional specimen of an approved form of invitation to church or Sunday-school. Here is one employed by a church of the United Brethren, at Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

Cor. Ninth & Willow Sts., Lebanon, Pa. A converted Indian. BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A. A NOTABLE Indian, who was converted during one of Elder Case's evangelistic tours...

International Sunday-School Convention.

THIS Convention will be held at Louisville, Ky., on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of June. From the Rev. John McEwen, Secretary of the Sabbath-school Association of Canada, we learn that the following arrangements have been made for delegates to the Convention.



THE LATE REV. JOHN SUNDAY - INDIAN MISSIONARY

A Converted Indian.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

A NOTABLE Indian, who was converted during one of Elder Case's evangelistic tours, and became a missionary, was John Sunday (Shawindais). He was a chief of the Ojibway tribe, and attained to manhood before he had heard the Gospel.

As soon as he was converted, he applied himself diligently to study, as he could then neither read nor write; but he made astonishing progress, and was deemed a suitable person for a place in the Methodist itinerancy.

ful, and was much regretted both by Indians and white people. The poor Indians were more especially affected, and were often heard to say, that they were now "without a head."

Review of "Winnowed List."

BY METHODIST MINISTERS.

[THE following review shows the importance of having the books that go into our libraries carefully read and fearlessly criticised. — ED. HOME AND SCHOOL.]

"Saved by Sympathetic Kindness and Grace of God; a Tale of to-day." — "Drunkenness and infidelity are presented in too beautiful and attractive a garb. The reading of this book by young people would, I fear, in many cases lessen the horror entertained for the one, and strengthen any latent inclination towards the other, or perhaps create such. Too much stress is laid on the culture and intellectuality of the 'literary club' (in reality infidel club)."

MANY preachers seek to impress their hearers with the fact that life is short, yet quite forget it in their sermons.



THE LAKESIDE HOME FOR LITTLE CHILDREN—TORONTO ISLAND.

Alice Cary's Dying Hymn.

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful hills,
Recedes and fades away;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,
Ye gates of death, give way.

My soul is full of whispered song;
My blindness is my sight,
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

And while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith does so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green immortal ground.

That faith, to me a courage gives,
Low as the grave to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives,
That I shall live to know.

The palace walls I almost see,
Where dwells my Lord and King
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

THE programme for the fourth international Sunday-school convention has just been issued. The convention will meet at Louisville, Kentucky, on June 11th, and two following days. There will be three sessions in the church of meeting daily, and additional evening session in another church. On the closing day three extra sessions are appointed. The central thought is organization for evangelization, the topic of which is "The work, the word, the workers." This topic will be presented in a variety of forms, by various talented Sunday-school workers. Every arrangement is being made to make the convention the most successful that has ever been held. The citizens of Louisville will give free entertainment to all persons authorized to attend. The various railways have promised to carry delegates at greatly reduced rates. A general committee, consisting of representatives from all the States and British American provinces, has been appointed, of which Mr. Daniel McLean, Toronto, is a member.

**Dying Counsels of the Late
Rev. W. W. Ross.**

WHEN life was fast ebbing, he left this message, every word of which was painfully laboured: "Roddie, my eldest living son, be thoughtful, careful, saving; kind to your brothers and sister, obedient to your mother," repeating the last words twice, "and you will grow up to be a man whom everybody will respect and admire, and, above all—above all, be a good, thorough Christian." Golden words; may he never forget them!

Book Notices.

The Clew of the Maze and the Spare Half-Hour. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The name of Spurgeon as author is about as good a recommendation as a book can have nowadays. If any other were needed in this case, it is found in the subject treated—modern unbelief, the agnosticism of the day. He handles it without gloves, and in that striking, homely way that carries conviction to both heart and mind. Spurgeon's illustrations are something renowned on two continents. They abound in all simplicity and force in this little work. They reach all readers, learned and unlearned. It is not a work simply for scholars; it is for everybody. The second portion, "The Spare Half-Hour," is a series of most engaging and instructive papers suggested by the author's travels on the continent. Published in Funk & Wagnalls' (10 and 12 Dey Street, N.Y.) Standard Library. Paper, 15 cents. Toronto: William Briggs, Sole Agent for Canada.

In the Heart of Africa. Condensed from the Works of Sir Samuel W. Baker. F.R.G.S. Perhaps there never was a traveller more renowned than Sir Samuel Baker. The culmination of his travels was the discovery of the great reservoir from which the Nile issues—a discovery that had baffled generations of explorers, and the story

of which, as here given, is more thrilling than the best romance written. The interest is greatly heightened by the fact that the explorer's wife accompanied him in all his hazardous journey, and at least once redeemed the expedition from almost certain failure. Of especial interest at the present time are the graphic chapters on the Soudan and its capital, Khartoum. Published in Funk & Wagnalls' (10 and 12 Dey Street, N.Y.) Standard Library. Paper, 25 cents. William Briggs, Sole Agent for Canada.

**Testimonial to a Sunday-School
Worker.**

A FAREWELL meeting was held on the 18th ult. in the St. James Street Church Lecture-room, under the auspices of the Methodist Sunday-school Association, on the occasion of Mr. Maclaren's removal to Toronto. The room was well filled with Sunday-school workers. All the city pastors were present.

The Chairman referred to the many official positions so efficiently occupied by the guest of the evening, as Sunday-school Superintendent, Class-leader, Local Preacher, Trustee on two Boards, Secretary of the Theological College Board, etc.

Rev. Professor Shaw referred to his long and pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Maclaren, saying he understood that "into his lips there never entered a drop of strong drink, and from them he believed there never came a false or dishonourable word." He eulogized Victoria University for sending out hundreds of men that were a credit to their country, their Alma Mater, and to Methodism.

Mr. Morton read the farewell address, which was couched in very appropriate terms, and with it presented from the Association a very beautiful clock.

Mr. Maclaren replied, referring with modesty to his connection with various benevolent and other religious institutions, but with none had he more pleasant association than with the

Sabbath-school. He expressed for Mrs. Maclaren and himself their thanks for the good wishes expressed for them and their deep regret at leaving Montreal.

Rev. Dr. Potts expressed the highest eulogy for their guest as a man, a Christian, and a lawyer. He had no doubt that before many years he would visit Montreal as a Judge of one of the Superior Courts of Ontario.

Mr. Croil, Secretary of the Presbyterian Sunday-school Association, gave a speech full of kindness and catholicity. He thought that Mr. Maclaren's having been brought up in the Shorter Catechism has had something to do with his great success.

Mr. Dougall, Editor of the *Witness*, very highly praised Mr. Maclaren as a lawyer, for his integrity and independence.

Mr. Aikins, a barrister from Winnipeg, gave a very effective and humorous speech, and claimed the guest of the evening as the property of the entire Dominion, and as one of the ablest lawyers in Canada.

Mr. Maclaren has been for some years Secretary of the Union Sunday-school Committee of the Methodist Schools of Montreal. We heartily congratulate the Schools of Toronto that such an energetic Sunday-school worker is about to take up his residence among us. We hope that such a union committee of our Toronto Schools will be formed, and that by its means great union meetings may be held here, such as have made New Year's day in Montreal a day of such delight and missionary enthusiasm as it has been for years in Montreal.

**The Lakeside Home—Children's
Hospital.**

THE Lakeside Home for Little Children, the convalescent home in connection with the Hospital for Sick Children, occupies a site on the West Point of Toronto Island. It is very prettily situated, just on the spot where the little sick ones can have all the advantage of the invigorating and health-giving breezes of Lake Ontario. The building, as will be seen by the engraving, is of very attractive appearance. It is constructed of wood, and built in that light and airy style, which architects consider best suited to places designed for summer residences. A broad and shady verandah runs round the west and south side of the building. This is two stories in height, and is reached by wide doors which open from the boy's ward. Here the little invalids are placed during portions of each fine day, and on the hottest day they receive the full benefit of the cool breezes which blow in from the broad expanse of Lake Ontario. The entire expense of building Home and bringing it to its present state of completion has been borne by Mr. J. Ross Robertson, of the *Toronto Telegram*.

When all was ready for our little folks to be taken over, Capt. Turner, of the Island ferries, came saying, that he wished to take the little ones over as his share; and also that he would take them and their attendants back and forth all Summer free of charge.

The day at last came, July 5th. The members of the Queen's Own Ambulance Corps, under Sergeant McMinn, had kindly consented to carry our little ones for us; and great was the excitement as two strong men made "the three handed seat," and took the

first little one down to the vans waiting at the door. One by one these little folk were placed, some on soft quilts on the straw at the bottom of the vans, and some sitting up under the care of the nurses, or ladies on duty, or held by the strong arms of the volunteers. Just at starting, "Nurse Nell" slipped and sprained her ankle, so neither she nor Archie ever became inmates of the Lakeside Home.

A strange procession we made, as slowly and carefully we drove along, arriving at York Street wharf, where our mattresses, etc., had preceded us, and were being transferred to the barge kindly loaned by Harry Hodson for the purpose. Many were the sad faces; and many strong men wept as one by one our little ones were once more lifted by the volunteers and placed upon the mattresses on the deck of the *Luella*, which was waiting for us. One little fellow who had on a dress for the first time since January, when he entered, was full of anxiety lest "going through the lake will wet my new dress." This had troubled him all the way down in the van, and now when he was laid on the mattress quite dry and safe his little mind was at rest. The boat having been reserved for us, no other passengers were taken on board; and silently we moved off to the lakeside of the Island, on a smooth sea, with a warm breeze blowing.

When we arrived at Capt. Murray's wharf (which was also placed at our services, and which is about a quarter of a mile from the Lakeside Home) the three stretchers were prepared, and those best able to be moved, were carried up first, some two at a time, others, as Mabel, Tommy, and our poor Janie, separately. They were received at the "Home" by Miss Rogers, the nurses, and a party of Islanders, who had refreshments of bread, milk, and fresh strawberries awaiting them. Dear little Mabel, though fastened in a box made for the purpose, was as merry as a bird, and delighted with the idea of being lifted by the soldiers, but as much disappointed to find them without their uniforms, as she was at His Worship the Mayor appearing without a gold band on his hat; when he visited the Hospital some time previous. Her idea of the Mayor had been received from pictures of Dick Whittington in his official robes, and I fear our worthy Chief Magistrate suffered in her estimation by the comparison.

Now look back and see God's Hand! Not only had a large sum been given us toward our "Home," but the children had been taken from door to door free. A lady had volunteered to act as Matron for the Summer; and faithfully did she fulfil the various duties devolving upon her, doing all as to the Lord; and declining thanks from any one. It was enough for her that she might work for Him.

THE young man who pays sixty dollars for a suit of clothes is always ready to borrow the money from another man who pays twenty dollars a suit. There's a moral to this, boys.

INTIMACY between father and son is difficult. Happy, thrice happy, is the son who has shared it, and wise above men the father who secured it.

LYING is like hiding in a fog. If you move about you are in danger of bumping your head against the truth; as soon as the fog blows up you are gone, anyhow.

A Mother's Yearning.

"If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt
heaven and me
I could be reconciled, and happy, too,
And look with glad eyes toward the
jasper sea.

"If, in the morning when the song of birds
Reminds us of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty, broken words,
Aid for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy though I heard
No answer, and saw but his vacant seat.

"I could be glad if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart-aches laid
away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And with a heart full of deep yearning
say,
'To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day.'

"If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in other
lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his, in golden
sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since he would be in wiser, safer hands.

"If he were dead I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on
my knee.
'Bring back again my little boy to me!
I would be patient, knowing it is God's
way,
And that they'd lead me to him o'er
death's silent sea.

"But O! to know the feet, once pure and
white,
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured
in,
The hands that should have battled for
the right,
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp
of sin,
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-
night,
I fear my boy could hardly enter in."

A Storm and its Lesson.

AN awful thunderstorm was raging one evening. One flash of lightning followed another so quickly that the bedroom in which two little girls were lying was brilliantly lighted up every few seconds and the roar of the thunder, harmless if they had but known it, had a terrible sound in the ears of the children. They hid their heads beneath the bedclothes trembling and afraid, or peeped out for a moment, only to shrink again below the welcome covering. It was early in the evening, and only the children were in bed. Passing backward and forward on the landing outside their door went a young housemaid, who was arranging the rooms for the night. As she moved briskly from place to place she lifted up her sweet young voice and sang a favourite hymn:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

"Jane, Jane," cried a little voice from the bedroom, "are you not afraid! How can you go on singing when it lightens so and the thunder makes such a noise?" "Afraid, Miss Annie! Oh, no," said the girl. "How can I be afraid when I know that God is here. He takes care of me, and nothing can hurt me without His will. Besides, He made the lightning, and thunder, and rain, and they all do a great deal of good, each in its way." "Do they?" said the child, venturing her head outside the clothes and taking courage. "But the lightning kills people sometimes," she added, with a shudder. "Yes, dear," said Jane, "but it is

only as God wills. It cannot do anything but just what He sends it to do. Don't be afraid; just try to think that you must be safe in God's keeping. He will take care of both you and me."

Then Jane kissed the young faces, and bid them notice how already the lightning did not come so frequently or the voice of the thunder sound so loudly. Her words left them comfort, and with the sweet thought in their minds, "God will take care of us," while the young housemaid resumed alike her work and her song:

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her fame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

It was noticed in after years that when other people showed fear during a storm these children were calm, cheerful, and always ready to cheer others. Their confidence arose from the lesson of trust taught them by the young servant's words and example. They learned to say, "These are God's works. They are only fulfilling His word. Under the shadow of His wings will we rejoice."—*Christian World*.

The Power of Kindness.

"WHAT a dull, dreary day!" How many times these words had been spoken; and how plainly were they expressed on the face of the dozen passengers that afternoon. We were to change cars at this place, but on our arrival found that the train was two hours late, so there was no alternative but to wait.

It was a cold, rainy, November day; the streets were filled with mud; and a chilliness and gloom seemed reigning everywhere, even in the hearts and actions of the waiting passengers. No one seemed inclined to talk; so there we sat with long sober faces, thinking what a dull, dreary day it was.

While we thus sat waiting, an old man entered the room, carrying in one hand a cane to support his feeble body, and in the other a basket filled with sundry articles for sale.

He approached the passengers, one by one, commending the usefulness, durability, and cheapness of his goods, but no sale did he make. One said that he had no use for such things; another said that she was well supplied already; another that he did not care to be bothered with such articles while travelling, and so on until the entire circle was made. And the manner of each one seemed to say to the old man that such an intrusion on his part was very unwelcome.

He had turned away and was leaving the room, when a lady almost unnoticed before, approached him from a remote corner where she had been reading, and desired to look at his goods. She first invited him to a comfortable seat; and then selected one after another of the useful little articles, until five or six had been stored away in the satchel.

In paying for her purchases the exact change could not be made, and several cents were due her, but she told him not to trouble himself to get so small an amount; that the goods were cheap and well worth the money she had paid him. The old man's face had brightened up during this transaction, and he expressed his gratitude by saying:

"I thank you ma'am, with all my heart for this little trade. Business

don't amount to much such a day as this; but I have to keep working all the harder, for you see we get hungry this kind of weather as well as when the sun shines.

"'Twas so wet and muddy that I didn't go home to dinner to-day; and trade was so dull I couldn't 'ford to buy any, but 'twill be all right now, for I'll go home an hour earlier to-night."

He was again about to start off, when the lady asked him if he would not remain seated by the stove for a few minutes until her return. She then repaired to a lunch room connected with the depot, and soon came back with a nice lunch and a steaming cup of coffee, and asked the old man if he would not like a little refreshment before starting out in the cold rain.

What a look of honest surprise and gratitude beamed in his face. He thanked her quietly, for he seemed too deeply touched by her kindness to say much; and ate the luncheon with a hearty relish. When he had finished he approached where the lady was sitting and said:

"You may be sure I won't forget your kindness. It's not often that anybody takes any notice of a poor old man like me; and your kindness has warmed up the feelings of my heart as the coffee did my body. Good-day. And may God bless you all the days of your life."

The little group of passengers had been silent witnesses of the scene; and, as the old man turned to go, a gentleman stopped him, saying he would like one of his picture books for his little boy. But his purchase extended to several articles, and some of the others who had before refused to purchase, now bought quite liberally.

After thanking his customers the old man went on his way, much gratified at their liberality.

What a change had come over that dark room! If a sunbeam had burst through the dark, lowering clouds the effect could not have been greater. The lady, who was plain in her dress and retiring in her manner, resumed her seat in the remote corner.

The gentleman who bought the picture books approached her and said:

"We are strangers, but I want to thank you for the good which the little sermon has done me."

"She looked at him in surprise" she asked:

"My little sermon, did you say, sir?"

"Yes. I am a minister and have preached many years, and should be very glad to know that one of my sermons ever did the good that your act of kindness has done."

The lady modestly replied that she had done no more than obey the Golden Rule.

The mental clouds had disappeared by this time, and a friendly conversation sprang up among the passengers.

The time of waiting that had commenced so gloomily, passed away in the most pleasant and cheerful manner, and we felt that was due to the power of one little act of kindness.—*Christian at Work*.

THE publications of Alphonse Daudet's "Sapho," announced by Funk & Wagnalls, has been abandoned by them, as, upon receiving the advance sheets, its character was found too much at variance with that of their other publications.

"Many Waters Cannot Quench Love."

A LITTLE grave in a desolate spot,
Where the sun scarce shines and flowers
grow not,
Where the prayers of the church are never
heard,
And the funeral bell swings not in air,
And the brooding silence is only stirred
By the cries of wild birds nesting there;
A low headstone, and a legend, green
With moss, "Leonora. Just seventeen."

Here she was laid long years ago,
A child in years, but a woman in woe.
Her sorrowful story is half forgot,
Her playmates are old and bent and gray,
And no one comes to visit the spot
Where, watched by the law, was hurried
away
The youth cut short, and the hapless
bloom
Which fled from sorrow into the tomb.

Her mournful kindred pleaded in vain
The broken hearted and the frenzied brain;
The church had no pardon for such as
died

Unblessed by the church, and sternly barred
All holy ground to the suicide;
So death as life to the girl was hard,
And the potter's field with its deep disgrace
Was her only permitted resting-place.

The friends who loved her laid her there
With no word of comfort, no word of prayer,
And years went by; but, as one by one,
They dropped from their daily tasks and
died,

And turned their faces from the sun,
They were carried and buried by her side,
Each gave command that such should be,
"For love to keep her company."

So the little grave, with the letters green,
Of "Leonora, just seventeen,"
Is ringed about with kindred dust,
Not lonely like the other graves
In that sad place, wherein are thrust
Outcasts and nameless folk and slaves,
But gently held and folded fast
In the arms that loved her first and last.

O potter's field, did I call you bare?
No garden on earth can be more fair!
For deathless love has a deathless bloom,
And the lily of faithfulness a flower,
And they grow beside each lowly tomb,
And balm it with fragrance every hour,
And with God, who forgiveth till seven
times seven,
A potter's field may be gate of heaven.
—SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *Congregationalist*.

Our Young People.

THE problem our Church has to solve is how to interest and save our young people. This done we can see hope for the coming Church—undone we must fail. The fault often lies with the pastor who fails to interest them. His resting hours are given to the "official" and older members of the Church, and the young people are left to conclude that their souls are of a secondary consideration, and that they are not worthy of ministerial attention. In many places the young studiously avoid the presence of their pastor. This ought not to be, for there are many ways of winning them into the kingdom. A young man said to me: "We scarcely knew Bro. _____, though he was here three years."

Young people often have a dread of becoming Christians because they consider that to be religious is to be mopish, with bowed head, as though the Christian ranks were a funeral procession and the world a vast burying ground, and that to become a Christian is to forfeit every enjoyment and earthly pleasure. Now we must remove this olog from the whosis of our gospel chariot. If there is a bright, beautiful thing on earth it is the religion of Christ. Happiness breathes in every promise, sparkles in every sacred poem, resounds in its songs, glows in its type and burns in the whole gospel scheme from Genesis to

Revelation; happiness offered, happiness attainable. When we ask our young people to forsake the midnight dance and the intoxicating whirl of kindred gaiety for religion's ways, let us offer them in exchange the rapturous joys of a conscience void of offence, the sparkling jewels of true enjoyment that language cannot express. Young Christians should not be expected to act like old people. There are many innocent enjoyments and amusements that they may safely indulge in, affording them opportunities of mingling with each other in social life, and are excellent substitutes for the dance and other sinful indulgences. They must be made to feel at home in our churches, and instead of their taking a back seat in churches where seats are free, let the pastor give them due prominence with others. The writer once held a series of meetings in a large country church, where the custom was for the young people to get as far from the pulpit as possible. He saw the difficulties in the way of a revival, and insisted on every young man and woman coming forward and occupying the front seats and assisting in the singing, which they finally consented to do. The older brethren took a back seat to accommodate them. Nearly the whole were converted and joined the church.

Let our young people be enlisted in church music. Most of them can sing, and there is no better way to excite their sympathies than to have them feel they are of some importance in the church services. My custom for several years has been to have a half-hour song service before the evening preaching hour, and the result has been that my churches have been well filled and gracious revivals have followed. I usually use the "Gospel Hymns" for my song service; most young people prefer lively music with a chorus. Let us study to interest and to save our young people.

Signed with Blood.

"FATHER, won't you be a Christian? Won't you give your heart to Jesus now?"

So pleaded a handsome, gallant lad of seventeen, as with a husky break in his voice he buckled on his knapsack and prepared to bid a long farewell to his home beneath the green hills of Maryland. Often before had he uttered the same prayer, but without avail. Now it is for the last time, and the father's heart is touched; but sin's hold on him is very strong, and he answers:

"Not now, my boy; time enough for that when you come back from the war."

"When you come back from the war!" Vain hope! One short month later, on a hard pallet in a hospital tent, lies his brave lad, wounded unto death. No fear for his own soul clouds his brow. No, thank God! he knows he is going home. But his father—

Hurriedly he asks for paper and pencil, scrawls a few lines with the old request; tries to sign it; but his trembling fingers fail, and instead of his name, appears one great blot of blood.

When the father looked on that paper, his hard heart was broken, and he groaned forth:

"Oh, I can't refuse it, I can't refuse it. It is signed with his blood!"

Children, the Lord Jesus is pleading with you now to turn to Him; and—oh, solemn truth!—He has signed the request with His blood. Will you, can you, refuse it? Oh trust Him now, love Him now, and you will be His forever.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

100.—1. As-pin-wall. 2. At-kin-son.
3. Can-did. 4. Cat-a-pillar.

101.—1.— O A F
A D A
F A N

2.— F I N D
I D E A
N E A R
D A R K

102.—Washington.

NEW PUZZLES.

103.—CHARADES.

1. Gone by; a conjunction; a liquor.
A musical term.
2. Display; an exclamation; a pronoun. Grand.

104.—CHANGED FINALS.

Precipitous; a metal; a horse; to direct.

105.—ENIGMA.

1, 9, 17, a generation; 2, 17, 13, 14, the sediment of liquor; 11, 3, 6, 8, an animal; 12, 16, 4, 13, 8, is made of brass; 5, 7, 10, 15, to cut short. The name of a famous contributor to the puzzle department of HOME AND SCHOOL.

106.—SQUARE WORDS.

Part of a ship; an eagle's nest; a name of Ireland; an animal.

107.—HIDDEN STATES.

1. Tell me I need rest.
2. He spoke about a home.
3. I wish the trio was longer.
4. Will I? No, I see your intention.

Varieties.

THE average girl with a big hat loaded with flowers and feathers seems all head till you talk to her.

EF a man is in favor ob any thing fur de good ob de naborhood da calls him a wise man, but ef he is too much in favor ob it da calls him crazy.

"It is something I can't understand," said Mrs. Wigglesworth, laying down the paper, "why every Frenchman's first name begins with an M. Here's M. Ferry, M. Wilson, and M. Grévy, and a dozen more. Must bother the postmaster terribly."

AN old colored "aunt" in Baltimore went to the church and requested to be baptized. "But you have been baptized," said the clergyman. "I know it, massa," said she; "but it didn't take." Several other cases of that sort are reported.

A NEW rival band was hired to play at the funeral of a Connecticut deacon. They were playing a slow and solemn dirge at the grave, when suddenly the trombone man shot out a blast that started the hearse-horses and broke up the whole procession. The leader, turning upon him fiercely, asked him what he was doing that for. He answered, with a smile, "Wall, I thought it was a note, and it wa'n't nothing but a home-fly; but I played it."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A. D. 57.] LESSON IX. [June 1.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

Gal. 4. 1-16. Commit to memory vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Stand fast therefore in the liberty where-with Christ hath made us free.—Gal. 5. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The glorious liberty of the sons of God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Gal. 1. 1-24. Th. Gal. 4. 1-16.
T. Gal. 2. 1-21. F. Gal. 5. 1-26.
W. Gal. 3. 1-29. Sa. Rom. 8. 1-18.
Su. John 17. 1-26.

TIME.—The Epistle to the Galatians was written toward the close of A.D. 57, or early in 58.

PLACE.—It was probably written at Corinth, Greece.

AUTHOR.—St. Paul, aged 55 or 56, on his third missionary journey.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—Acts 20. 2, 3. After writing 2nd Corinthians, Paul left Macedonia and went into Greece.

GALATIA.—A province in the interior of Asia Minor. It was a Roman province. It is now a part of Turkey. The people are Celtic, or Gauls.

THE GALATIAN CHURCHES were founded by Paul on his first visit to Galatia, A.D. 51. (Acts 16. 6.) He visited them again A.D. 54, at the beginning of his third missionary journey. (Acts 18. 23.)

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Galatian Christians had been visited by the Judaizing Christians, who had persuaded them that they must conform to Jewish rites and ceremonies in order to be saved; and who undermined the influence and the doctrines of Paul. To counteract this influence he wrote this Epistle.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Now I say*—illustrating the relation of Christians to the law. *The heir . . . differeth nothing from a servant*—While he is a child he is to be trained and restrained, and cannot use what is in due time to be his. So the early existence of the Jewish nation was a training period, under rites and ceremonies, for the time when they should be fitted to enjoy the freedom of children and heirs. 3. *Elements of the world*—The *a-b-c's*, the rudimentary instruction fitted for the world's childhood. 5. *The adoption of sons*—Our reception into God's family as His children; implying (1) that we are born of God, (2) that we have a likeness to God, (3) that God has forgiven us. 6. *Abba*—Aramaic (the language of the Jews in Palestine) for "father." 7. *If a son, then an heir*—Heirs (1) of God's life, (2) of His nature, (3) of His care, (4) of His training, (5) of His home, (6) of His possessions, (7) His blessedness. 9. *Weak and beggarly elements*—The rites and ceremonies of the Jews, the natural religion of the Gentiles. *Weak*, because unable to make people good; *beggarly*, because poor in contrast with the riches and blessedness of the Christian life. 12. *Be as I am*—i.e., Free in Christ, though brought up a Jew. *For I as ye*—i.e., I do not pride myself on being a Jew and a Pharisee. We are on a level. 13. *Through infirmity*—Sickness, which detained him among them. 14. *My temptation*—Better, your temptation in my flesh. They by his sickness were tempted to reject him.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Galatia.—The Galatians.—Paul's visits to Galatia.—The Epistle to the Galatians.—The bondage of the law.—The training of the Jews for the kingdom of Christ.—The glorious liberty of the sons of God.—If sons, then heirs.—Weak and beggarly elements of the world.—Verse 16.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Galatia? Who founded the Galatian churches? When? How many times did he visit them? From what place did he write them a letter? What troubles in the church occasioned it?

SUBJECT: THE GLORIOUS LIBERTY OF THE SONS OF GOD.

I. THE BONDAGE (vs. 1-3).—By what did Paul illustrate the difference between God's people before and after the coming of Christ? In what respects is the son and heir, while a child, like a bond-servant? In what

respects does he differ? How were the Jews under the law of Moses like the servant? How did forms and rites and ceremonies train them to become the people of God? Show how this bondage to law is true of all beginners in learning to read; in studying a language; in learning music; learning a business.

II. THE LIBERTY (vs. 4-7). — What is meant by "the fulness of time?" In what respects was the time Christ came to this world peculiarly fitting? Does this verse show that Christ existed before He was born into this world? What did Christ come for? What is "the adoption of sons?" What spirit does God give them? How may we know whether we are children of God? (Rom. 8. 16.) What follows from the fact that we are children? (v. 7; Rom. 8. 17.) What blessings in being heirs of God? What is the liberty of the sons of God? Contrast it with the bondage described in the first three verses.

III. THE APPLICATION (vs. 8-16). — To what had the Galatians gone back? What are "the weak and beggarly elements?" Meaning of v. 10. In what respects did Paul want them to be as he was? Under what circumstances did he first preach to them? How did they treat him then? Had they changed? What do you think of v. 16?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. We can serve God because we must, or because we love to; as a bond-servant, or as a child.
2. The latter is the true Christian service.
3. True Christians are the sons of God,—born of Him, like Him, received by Him.
4. We are heirs of those of whom we are children.
5. Children of God inherit His nature, His life, His care, His protection, His love, His home.
6. Only the true Christian is free,—free from sin, free in his life.

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

1. Who were the Galatians? **ANS.** A Gallic race living in the interior of Asia Minor. 2. Who founded the church among them? **ANS.** Paul, in the year 51, on his second missionary journey. 3. When did he write them an Epistle? **ANS.** In the winter of A.D. 57 and 58. 4. Into what bondage had they fallen? **ANS.** Of the old Jewish rites and ceremonies as necessary to salvation. 5. Into what did Paul lead them? **ANS.** Into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

A. D. 58.] **LESSON X.** [June 8.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

Rom. 3. 19-31. Commit to mem. vs. 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Rom. 5. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Salvation from our sins only through faith in Jesus Christ.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Rom. 1. 1-32. Th. Rom. 4. 1-25.
T. Rom. 2. 1-29. F. Isa. 55. 1-13.
W. Rom. 3. 1-31. Sa. 1 John 1. 1-10.
Su. 1 John 3. 1-24.

TIME.—The Epistle to the Romans was written early in A.D. 58.

PLACE.—It was written at Corinth.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—Acts 20. 1-3.

THE CHURCH AT ROME was composed of Jews and Gentiles. It was probably founded by Christians from Palestine, or from the cities of Asia Minor and Greece, going to Rome as early as A.D. 50.

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS was written because Paul was intending soon to visit Rome, to instruct them and to show his affectionate interest in them. It was sent by Phoebe, a Christian lady of Cenchrea, near Corinth, in Greece, about to sail to Rome on private business.

INTRODUCTION.—The Epistle to the Romans is a treatise on the way of salvation through faith in Christ. In the earlier chapters he shows that all men, both Jews and Gentiles, are sinners, and need salvation. This brings us to to-day's lesson, which shows that this salvation can be obtained only through faith on Jesus Christ.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—19. *Whatsoever the law saith.*—The statements about the sinfulness of men in the previous verses. *It saith to them who are under the law.*—To the Jews, showing that they as well as the Gentiles are sinners. 20. *No flesh.*—No human being. *Shall be justified.*—Made just or righteous. It means here (1) treated as righteous by God, forgiven; (2) made really righteous. 21. *The righteousness of God.*—The righteousness which God requires. *Without the law.*—The righteousness which comes not by the law, but by faith. *Being witnessed.*—Testified by, taught by. 22. *There is no difference.*—No distinction between Jew and Gentile as to the way of obtaining righteousness. 23. *Propitiation.*—A means of making God propitious; enabling Him to pardon. *To declare His righteousness.*—To show that God is just, and loves righteousness, even while He forgives. 27. *Where is boasting.*—(Glorifying. *By what law?* on what principle or rule. *Of works?* no; for that would be self-righteousness and tend to pride. *By the law of faith.*—Those who are saved by faith, for Christ's sake, cannot be proud of their salvation, but are humble recipients of mercy. 31. *We establish the law.*—Salvation by faith, instead of making people more willing to sin, saves them from sin. Christ by His atonement does not take away the necessity of obedience, but enforces it.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The church at Rome.—The Epistle to the Romans.—All men sinners.—Justification by faith.—The atonement of Christ.—Verse 26.—Salvation by faith establishing the law.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who founded the church at Rome? When was the Epistle to the Romans written? By whom? From what place? Can you tell what it is about?

SUBJECT: SALVATION BY FAITH ALONE.

I. ALL MEN SINNERS BEFORE GOD (vs. 10, 20).—What is meant by "the law?" What does the law say about the character of mankind? (Rom. 3. 10-18.) Is this true to-day, that all men "are guilty before God?" Have they the seeds of such sins in their hearts? What is meant by "justified?" Why can no one be justified by good works? How does the law convince us of sin? Why do we need to be convinced that we are sinners?

II. SALVATION BY FAITH ALONE (vs. 21-26).—What is "the righteousness of God?" How does it come by Jesus Christ? What must we do to have this righteousness? There is "no difference" between whom? (Rom. 2. 9, 10.) In what respect is there no difference? (v. 23.) Who is our propitiation? How does Jesus Christ declare the righteousness of God? Why could not God forgive us for Christ's sake? How does the sacrifice of Christ enable God to be just and yet the justifier of those who believe? What is the atonement? Why must we believe in order to receive the salvation of Christ?

III. THREE INFERENCES FROM THIS DOCTRINE (vs. 27-31).—(1) *It leads to humility.* (vs. 27, 28.) Why would salvation by works tend to make us proud? Why does salvation by faith make us humble? Why is this necessary to true goodness? (2) *It is for all alike.* (vs. 29, 30.) Of whom is God the God? Is God's way of salvation the same for all? Are any so good that they need not be saved by faith in Jesus? (3) *It leads to good works.* Does the fact that we must be saved by faith alone lead us to sin? How does this truth establish the law? Does believing in Christ, as a matter of fact, always make people better? What is the Golden Text?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. All people are sinners in God's sight.
2. They are unable to save themselves from sin by trying "to do as well as they can."
3. God has prepared a way of salvation through Jesus Christ.
4. To forgive men, without the atonement, would lead men to greater sin.
5. To forgive men, with the atonement, shows God's regard for the law and hatred of sin.
6. Only those who believe in Christ will be saved.
7. Salvation by faith in Jesus Christ is the most powerful truth in the world for making men better.

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

6. Who founded the church at Rome? **ANS.** Private Christians from other countries

visiting there, about the year A.D. 50. 7. When was the Epistle to the Romans written? **ANS.** It was written by Paul, from Corinth, early in A.D. 58. 8. What does it state about the character of all men? **ANS.** All are sinners in God's sight. 9. In what way can they not be saved? **ANS.** By the deeds of the law. 10. How must they be saved? **ANS.** By faith in Jesus Christ, crucified for their sins.

Brevities.

SOME wags once went to an old Methodist preacher, with a very doleful look on their faces, and said, "Bad news, bad news!" "What is it?" "Why, the devil is dead, and as you made your living by fighting him, we cannot imagine what you will do now." "O, since the devil is dead I will find plenty to do taking care of you, his poor orphan children. When did your father die?"

Most notorious thieves, true-bred, care nothing about prisons; pauper-born, loo' forward to making their homes in work-houses; and murderers can assemble and jest under the shadow of the gallows.

HOWEVER much room there may always be "at the top," only a few can ever get there. Society is a pyramid, broadest at the base.

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