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HONEY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 14, 1890.

[No. 12.

Pelicans.

THESE strange birds have an enormous pouch under the lower bill which is used as a scoop for catching and carrying fish. They are abundant in tropical regions. There used to be a tradition that the pelican pecked at its own breast to feed its young with its blood. This is absurd. It feeds them by the regurgitation of food which it has swallowed, which, perhaps, gave rise to the tradition.

Skilful Savages.

THE Congo country in Central Africa is perhaps the most talked of country on the globe just now. We are looking toward it as the land of untold wealth and resource, and wonder what kind of a republic will be founded within its borders.

Not the least wonderful object in this far-away land are the natives. Mr. Herbert Ward, in the February "Scribner," tells us that the villages are deserted almost every morning, as the people go out to their plantation to work, on which the women work as hard as the men. The natives of the Congo country are still in a savage condition, but Mr. Ward tells us some surprising things about them. He says that in their villages the centre of activity is the blacksmith shop. This shop is a roof of grass supported on poles. The bellows are of skin and wood, the tools, hammers that resemble doctor's pestles of varying weights, cups made of clay for melting ore, and an anvil. The workers take the ore as it is dug, and there, under the grass roof, with these rude tools the metal passes through every stage, and leaves the worker's hands a finished tool, spear, knife, arrow-head, or any instrument designed by the worker. They work in clay with the same ease, and with-

out tools that in civilized countries are supposed to be necessary to such manufacture. The lump of clay becomes in a short time a finished vessel; even decorative, so perfectly and neatly is it finished; they do not even have moulds to shape the clay.

Mr. Ward tells us that these people take no measurements, that they rely on their eye and hand.

Some of the tribes make commercial contracts that might be called protective measures. One tribe makes a contract to engage in agricultural pursuits, while the other tribe, party to the contract, engages to confine its energies to pottery-making, and not to engage in agriculture in any form; and they keep these contracts honourably. A railroad is now being built through the Congo country, and this will in a few years stop slave-trading and cannibalism.

A Quaker's Dream.

It is not our criticism but our example, not our preaching but our practice, that does most toward getting things right in this crooked world. A trite enough truth, but one that needs frequent repetition.

"Friends," said an old Quaker, "I have had a dream which I would like to tell you." They agreed to hear him, and the old gentleman proceeded:

"I dreamed that the whole Society of Friends were collected in our great meeting-house, and attending to the business of the Church. The subject under discussion was the filthy condition of the meeting-house, and the means of cleansing it. Many plans were proposed and discussed by the prominent members, who sat in the upper seats, but none seemed likely to answer the purpose, until one

little man who occupied a seat on the floor of the house, and had not taken part in the discussion, got up and said: 'Friends, I think that if each one of us would take a broom and sweep immediately around his own seat, the meeting-house would be cleaned.'

It is love that makes heaven happy. Love makes heaven of our homes.



PELICANS.

They have made guns, beginning with wood and metal in its original state in the tree and ore, and made their tools as they needed them, adapting the tool as they discovered its need.

Of the young people, Mr. Ward says that they engage in the same line of work as their parents or masters, and that they are cheerful and light-hearted, entering with enthusiasm into their games, bird trapping and hunting. One of their amuse-

If We Knew.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
So the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should had it better,
Purer than we judge we should—
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all steadily motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we teach the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the care and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain.
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source,
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden gains of good;
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

A Bright Career Cut Short.

DEATH OF MR. FRED V. MASSEY.

THE death of few young persons has ever so profoundly affected the community where he lived as that of Mr. Fred. Massey, whose bright career was cut short at the early age of twenty-three. His genial disposition endeared him to all who knew him. Few young men have had such opportunities of education and travel as he. A journey around the world, and through the Bible lands of Palestine and Egypt, is an experience that few youths enjoy before they come of age. But most of all was he beloved for his exemplary Christian character.

The following is the beautiful tribute paid to his memory at his funeral, at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., where many hundreds took a last look at the beloved face and form they should see no more:—

In the death of Fred. V. Massey, a young and precious life has been taken from us. I remember well the Sabbath when the whole family stood at the altar to be received and welcomed into this Church—he a mere lad, the youngest of the household—and this is the closing scene. There, shrouded in that casket, lies all that remains of this Benjamin of the flock. His death was beautiful, as those flowers that surround him. Beautiful as the song of spring birds, when winter is past and gone. I stand in this place in accordance with his wishes; for he asked me, as his friend, and the friend of his brother Charles, to speak a few words at his funeral. "But," said he, "I do not want anything of eulogy. My friends have been kinder to me than I deserved, and have thought me better than I am. I could do nothing without Christ. It is not I, but Christ in me. He can make a noble person out of the most miserable sinner."

He continued, with broken whispers: "I do not think of self. I have given up all—all to His will. And when I am gone, use this body to the glory of God, and in any way that will do the most good. My own feelings would be to have the service at home, but I am afraid it would be too much

for mother and Lillie. I would like all the men at the works, too, who wished to be there. I think it would do more good to have the service in the church. Then," he added, with emotion, "when it is all over, take my body to Mount Pleasant, and lay it by the side of Charles's, and I will be with him in heaven."

The arrangements for his journey around the world were not so completely made as were the details connected with this last journey to the house appointed for all living. Even to the selection of the hymns, and of the pall-bearers from among his choice companions.

In paying my tribute of respect, I must bear in mind his request. But how beautiful is the perspective which death gives to our friends! Mrs. Browning speaks of a very common thing—a windmill—

"Near it, what a roar and tear it makes!
How it grinds and bruises! But,
Seen at a distance, radiating
Its delicate white vans against the sky,
So soft and soundless—it is simply beautiful!"

So, when death buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment, we get the true perspective. We remember the loving spirit—the gentle words—the faithful service—the peaceful end; and all is "simply beautiful!"

Frederick Victor Massey was born at Newcastle, on the 24th of May, 1867. The child of Christian parents, he was brought up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." When a child, he loved the Saviour; but, during special services in Cleveland, by Mrs. Vancott, after a meeting one night he followed his mother into her room, and told her of the great joy that had come to his heart in the sense of acceptance with God. At once he joined the Church, and a children's class led by his brother Walter; and though a mere child, fond of play, he no more thought of missing that afternoon meeting than of missing his meals. After he came to Toronto he united with this Church and Sunday-school, and was ready to do his part in all Church work. He took his part in the Lombard Street Mission, and night after night would be down there playing his flute, and otherwise helping to "rescue the perishing." From the Collegiate Institute he entered the University, but his undergraduate course was interrupted by a journey with his brother around the world.

He greatly enjoyed his travels in Egypt and Italy; and his pilgrimage to scenes made sacred by the Saviour's presence, greatly strengthened his faith, and helped to make his Christian character more strongly marked. There was a simplicity and straightforwardness that formed the basis of his noble young manhood. There was nothing in his young life to cover up. He had no young man's follies. He was pure, true, temperate, a pledged teetotaler; and, travelling in hot climates, where it was considered dangerous to take water, yet he never compromised his principles.

He loved his own Church, and stood by it and for it wherever he went. He had a manly independence about him. Oh, these rich men's sons, whose only purpose in life is to spend what somebody else has earned for them! He was not one of them.

Another characteristic was his indomitable industry. The conviction, "I must work," never slackened. All through his illness there was ringing through his soul a bell, whose tolling seemed to say: "There is something to be done—something that must be done. Do it!—do it quickly—do it with all your might. The night cometh, when no man can work."

On his return home, he continued his University work, studying hard to take the course of Mechan-

ical Engineering, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He moved along at high pressure, taking no vacation throughout the summer. On his way to Boston he caught a severe cold, which he never shook off. But he was plucky, and worked on till, at Thanksgiving, he was utterly exhausted. But he wrote in high spirits to his friend, the Rev. W. T. Perrin, of Lowell, informing him that he would spend a few days with them.

On the evening of the 27th of November, he was with his Lowell friends, talking and coughing to their alarm. Next morning he did not rise early, and had a slight hemorrhage, but he insisted on coming down to dinner. The following night came a more serious and alarming hemorrhage, and his sister and brother were summoned from Toronto. Then he seemed better. But a week later came another message, summoning father and mother to his bedside. Oh, the protracted anxiety—the torturing suspense of these weeks!

He greatly desired to reach home; and in Mr. Van Horne's private car—kindly tendered—the journey was accomplished. He had prayed for strength to get home. The day before starting, the cough was very severe, and the heart's action feeble, and fears were entertained that the journey could be attempted. Next morning the doctor said, "You are much better." "Yes, doctor, but it is not so much from your medicines as in answer to prayer."

During his illness in Lowell he had a vision, whose rapture filled his soul. He seemed in a valley—the dark, dim valley of the shadow of death. Just across the river was the Celestial City; the glorified Saviour, with shining face and form, stood before his enraptured sight. He longed to rush to His embrace—to be clasped by those dear hands that were pierced for him; but the Master said, "Not now; you must wait a little while, and I will come again and call you." And so he waited through those twenty long weeks—never once off his back—amid sufferings from throat and lungs and heart and nerves—through which few are called to pass. But no murmur ever escaped his lips. He bore up like a hero, saying: "I am trusting in the Rock of Ages: He is the best of all hopes." He said: "If I had not been a Christian, I don't see how I could have endured this suffering. But it is worth all the suffering to experience such happiness as I have at times."

Calling upon him one day, he looked up to the "Silent Comforter," and quoted one of those texts which cheered him,—"Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will be with thee." He said, "It seems to mount higher and higher: 'Yea, I will help thee. Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'" Then he pointed to another passage: "Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;" and told me how, one after another, of his cherished plans had been given up; how the sweet will of God was better than all else—better than health, education, yea than life itself. I said, "Have you no desire to live?" He answered, with a smile, "Oh, no! Of course I am sorry to leave them here. My home is like heaven to me."

I looked at this young man. I thought of his prospects in life—with wealth, culture, friends—everything to make life worth living, and said: "What wonders grace can do!" Right throughout his illness, his ruling passion would manifest itself. His friends would be gathered about him, expecting each moment to be the last, yet the moment relief came, he would call for his desk, or box of tools, etc., thinking and planning for others, or writing to them.

There was a naturalness and reality about his

religion which showed how genuine it was. He was so gentle—so patient—so pure—so good; yet his playful humour would assert itself, and, by a brave alchemy, out of his very sufferings he would extract merriment for the relief of others. Always cheerful and happy, his delight was in spiritual communion.

About three weeks ago, he said one day: "Mother, draw the curtains, and let us be alone." Then he added: "Mother, kneel down and pray with me." And he put his thin arms around his mother's neck while she prayed; and then they talked together as only mother and child can talk. He said afterwards: "I would not have missed that sweet talk I had with mother for anything."

Again and again he was on the shore of the spirit land, but, as by a miracle, came back to life. His young companions were with him much; and a night or two before his death, with the family, they sang some of his favourite hymns. "The Lily of the Valley," "It is Well with My Soul," "Rock of Ages." The last hymn they sung was "God be With You till We Meet Again." God is with him: he is with God. And the next meeting place will be in the skies.

All Monday last he was at the very gates, but they did not swing open. On Tuesday I spent the forenoon with him. He was passing through his last conflict with temptation. He whispered to me of his vision, in Lowell, and wondered why the Saviour had so long delayed his coming. I told him He would come—come quickly—and call him home; and as he assured me of his unbroken trust, every doubt seemed to vanish, and the smile as of an angel was on his countenance.

The doctor now gave him ether, and he said to me: "Don't let them give me anything more to try to keep me here: I am only suffering."

Wednesday evening, as he lay with his face turned away, his father entered and put his hand upon his head. He said: "That is father's hand." Then he turned his face over, and, smiling, said: "I knew it was you." All Wednesday night his sufferings were intense.

When father and mother met at his bedside on Thursday morning they said: "You had a restless night—you are such a sufferer." "Yes," he whispered. Then he asked, "What time is it?" "Ten minutes past eight." The breathing was getting short. He looked up and sweetly smiled, and closed his eyes as if going to sleep.

The vision dawned again. It was the opening of heaven. The Master had come, and was calling for him. The nurse saw the change, and as he lifted the needle to inject the morphine, the sufferer said: "Don't try to keep me any longer." "You are going," said his faithful attendant. "Let me go." These were his last words, and he was in the Saviour's arms, and in the land untouched by suffering and unwept with tears.

On Thursday, the 17th of April, Mr. Anderson, the faithful Christian nurse, wrote: "8.40 a.m.—The end has come. God has called my dear new-found friend to himself. We shall soon meet again. As his nurse, I am glad to say that I have, by God's help, been able to do my duty. Farewell, dear friend, till we meet above!"

We are here to learn the lesson which this Providence is teaching us. Dear young friends! will you learn it? How brief is life!

"A little sun—a little rain—
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things pass away!"

I am charged, by these closed lips, to urge you to give your hearts to the Saviour, and live for heaven. Will you die as Fred Massey died? Believing in God—in the future—in judgment—and

the retributions of eternity? Will you put in peril the tremendous issues of life? You cannot afford to go out of life unpardoned and unforgiven. You cannot afford to go into the future world a culprit and an outcast. You have a right, through the mercy of Christ, to die with joy in your hearts—a crown on your heads; to go forth as a child of God—an heir of heaven, into the palace of the King!

A young man of great promise has been cut down. Who will take his place? Lord, send down upon us a double portion of thy spirit, and inspire us all to holier and better living.

God comfort the bereaved parents. My heart bleeds for them. Yesterday morning I stood beside the coffin of an aged mother—the mother of the Rev. Manly Benson—and all her children were gathered there. How different this grief! God comfort them! There is one hand that binds up the wounded heart so tenderly as not to hurt while it binds. God comfort the brothers, the sisters, and those he loved as sisters in the household.

Over the early dead is often erected a monument broken at the top—sad emblem of incompleteness! But our young friend has not left his work undone. He has not gone too soon. The Master has called him to nobler work elsewhere. Let us erect to his memory no broken column, but a finished column—graceful, complete, and lifted high! To have been the centre of so many influences—to have awakened throughout so large a circle sentiments of esteem and love—to have lived so pure and blameless a life, and borne through suffering such a testimony to the reality and power of religion, and then pass away, amid the general and unaffected sorrow of a great community, *is not to have lived in vain!*

"O that without a lingering groan
We may the welcome word receive;
Our body with our charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!"

The Light Metals.

We think of a metal as hard and heavy, and impossible to burn, and as apt to be shiny. There are queer exceptions to some or all of these qualities in substances reckoned among metals. Sodium, potassium, and lithium are metals as well as alkalis. The two first mentioned are lighter than water and soft as putty. Drop potassium in water and it swims and burns with a pretty violet flame. Put sodium on a piece of unsized paper, and place it on water, and it floats while burning with a deep yellow blaze. These strange metals help to make that invaluable compound, soap; and common salt is chloride of sodium. Sodium and potassium have to be kept in naphtha or petroleum to be preserved pure. In this state they are both powerful caustics, and eat holes into cloth or flesh. Lithium is the lightest of all metals, and enters into the mineral water called lithia water, which is now a popular remedy in this country for indigestion.

Aluminium is one of the light metals. It helps to form a part of a clay-bank, or of common alum, or the blue sapphire, or flashes in the red ruby. God makes a wonderfully different use of the same material, but the clay-bank may be of more real service than the ruby. Aluminium is a white metal with a bluish tint when pure, and resembles silver. It can be beaten into plates and stretched into wire, and does not tarnish. It is only one-fourth as heavy as silver, and has many valuable qualities. France manufactures this metal into various articles. Napoleon III. had the silver eagles taken down from his standards and replaced by those made of aluminium; and bells made of it give "out a very sweet, clear, ringing sound."

Combined with copper it looks like gold, and is very strong, and is used for pencil-cases, charms, and so forth. A brick has enough aluminium in it to incase one of its sides an inch deep, and give the appearance of silver to a house built of bricks thus incrustated. Aluminium is everywhere, but not easily gotten at. If it could be readily and cheaply separated from the ground under our feet, there would doubtless be a great demand for it. God has made this an age of discoveries and inventions, and perhaps some one will find how to get aluminium out without much expense, and the readers of this paper may see a house glisten with its silvery sheen.

The Value of Small Deeds.

BY REV. JOHN LAYCOCK.

It is not wise in us to scorn
The smallest word or deed,
That out of charity is born
And is of faith a seed.
It is not wise or right to slight
A gracious smile or look,
All quiet beams of love and light,
Are treasured in God's book.

Deem not that kind and generous acts
Are ever done in vain,
They constitute Heaven's book of facts,
Forever such remain.
The whisper'd word of hope or cheer
May a rich influence shed,
Remove distrust and morbid fear
And lift some drooping head.

The dews which sable night distills,
Are not of trifling worth;
Without them where our rippling rills,
And what of flowers on earth.
And what of fruit and golden grain,
If dews their work decline;
No buds or blossoms would obtain;
No spring, no autumn time.

There is no daisy decks the green,
That does not bless the dew;
There is no fountain, lake or stream,
That could without it do.
There is no sunbeam of the morn,
That doth not love to gleam
In trembling dewdrops, and thus form
A flaming crystalline.

And so no deed however tame
Can ever fruitless prove,
If stimulated by the flame
Of pure and Christ-like love.
Toil on in faith and never cease,
Thy deeds tho' small they be;
If sown in mercy shall increase
Thy soul's felicity.

Waterford, Ont.

Thunder Under Ground.

SOME strange reports were heard under ground during the late earthquakes in Spain. They were like the reports of heavy cannon. They have been heard at different places and at different times. The explanation is difficult. But all agree that internal forces were at war with each other, and accordingly the shocks were produced. And by these forces the earthquakes occurred. We see smouldering volcanoes and trembling communities among the populations of earth. Mobs, riots, and wars are earthquakes in society. And accompanying these are subterranean noises. And once in awhile the noise is loud and terrible. The trouble is hard to explain. Yet all know that forces beneath the surface of society are powerfully at work. Their mutterings are known, their rumblings almost shake the governments of the world. And their cannon-like reports are heard in the explosion of dynamite. Let none of our young readers add to the discontent of the world. Let none of them put electricity into the coming storm which will sweep over the earth.

Our Home in Heaven.

BY ELA C. G. PAGE.

OUR home ' beyond the stars,
How clearly shines the light to-day,
Of ether walls and silver bars
Not far away.

Just past death's portal, swinging wide,
Lie thy fair shores, distinct and clear,
The echoes from the other side
Have reached us here.

To some rare souls at death is brought
Of thy rare towers a radiant gleam;
And we who love them too have caught
A golden beam.

No dreadful cloud o'erhangs thy light,
No hideous pang to rend and tear;
We die all painless, pass from sight,
And lo! are there.

Science can never bound that land,
Its mysteries unseen explore;
Faith lifts the veil with fearless hand,
And we adore.

Rare land! unto thy portals white
Death holds us past the golden key;
We gladly press past earth and night
Homeward to thee.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 14, 1890.

Worshipping God With the Lips.

I ONCE heard a lady who had travelled in the East and lived in Jerusalem, tell of a Bible reading she attended, where a Jewish woman was reading aloud the Word of God, and the other women were repeating the sentences after her. But their hearts were not in the worship: they were only serving God with their lips. Do you ever do the same, dear children, when you say your prayers or sing hymns, and think about something else all the time? Well, the leader of the class looked out of the window and saw one of her fowls flying over the fence, and she called out in alarm, "Oh, woe is me! my chicken is gone!" and all the other women repeated it after her, thinking they were still saying the words of Scripture as before. You see, I fear they cared little for what they were doing, or they would not have made such a mistake. Dear children, worship God with your hearts. Remember, God is a Spirit, and those who worship him must do so in spirit and in truth. Selected.

Save Me Next.

A BEAUTIFUL incident is told of a little child upon a lately-wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could, every one crowding forward intent on his own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro, on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands and cried, "Save me next!"

It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The bark of life will go down some day, and if we are not saved in Christ we will be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might hear on every

land. It comes from that miserable, trembling, half-palsied debaucher, who must have—will have—rum. He curses his fate and drinks again, even while he cries out in agony against the chain that binds him as with fetters of brass, "Save me next!" Strong arms must be held out to such. None but God may save the rum-crazed wretch. We may do much to bring him to the Father, who turns no one away. The cry comes again from that gaudily-dressed woman, whose words are possibly louder than her dress. She may not ask to be saved; she may not want to be saved; but she needs to be. None but herself and God know how much. The call is to some Christian woman to lead her to Him who will say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

The Ministry of Sorrow.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

AROUND, a flood of sunshine; above, sweet blue and dazzling white; on either hand the budding verdure of early summer, while on the balmy air, mingling with the scent of the lilac bush and the song of the bird we hear the dying echoes of the Easter bells, eloquent with promise of the resurrection and eternal life. Timely promise: for while old nature bursts forth afresh in all the beauty and vigour of first youth, the sweet air is burdened with the groans of the mourner, and moist with the tears of the bereaved. Floating from our public buildings the flag at half mast tells of public loss; over the homes of the wealthy the twilight of sorrow hangs; quietly and bravely, but with aching hearts, the patient poor surrender their only riches; and all stations bow in the universal brotherhood of this form of sorrow.

And why, in this season of great mortality, should nature wear her brightest smiles? Why, unless that in these evidences of love we might catch a glimpse of the great loving heart of God, and in the many voices of His beautiful earth hear the assurance:

"I love thee, I love thee,
Pass under the rod."

Oh, to take the lesson home, that God does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men! That while we sit in the school of sorrow He moulds and shapes our characters, till, having learned the lesson of entire submission to His will, the discipline is removed, and we are "glorified together" with Him.

Let us then, while enjoying the beauty of the



LESSON PICTURE.

JUNE 22.—TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.—Luke xii. 22-34.

fresh young year, with patience accept its sorrows too, taking to our hearts the sweet assurance,— "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

The Sabbath-Egg Society.

EARLY in the year 1876 a family, consisting of a father, mother, one boy and two girls, started a plan for raising money for benevolent uses. As they kept about twenty hens, the mother proposed that all eggs laid on Sabbaths should be devoted to such uses. This was agreed to, and ever since that time the father of the family has bought all the Sabbath eggs, at the market price, for family use, and put the money into their family benevolent fund.

Then it was agreed that on every Sabbath day each of the family should also make such a contribution to that fund as he or she would willingly make out of his or her earnings or savings.

In the first year they raised twenty dollars and two cents. With this one of the children was made a life-member of the American Tract Society. After making the three children life-members of the Tract Society they concluded not to send all their money to one place. Perhaps they remembered the proverb about not putting all your eggs in one basket.

As the children grew larger they became able to give more, and God has prospered their efforts and their plan. If they had only been able to give as much in each year as they did in the first year, it would have amounted to a little more than two hundred dollars by this time; but it has amounted to more than four hundred dollars. The well-kept treasurer's account shows just how much of this has been given by each member of the family and how much by the hens.

Hens are not the only creatures that can be used and managed in that way. If you keep a cow, why not let all the milk that she gives on Sabbath be the Lord's? Such a family might have a Sabbath-milk Society or an Alderney Missionary Society or a Red-heifer Benevolent Society.

Probably some of you can think of other ways in which you could get up such pleasant societies in your homes. Probably a good many families have such societies or other ways of "laying by them in store as God had prospered them" to give money for his work, and to learn about the many ways in which money thus given to God can be used as he would like to have it used.



DIVING SUIT.

Abide With Me.

BY REV. J. LAYCOOK.

ABIDE with me—the shadows deepen on the shore,
The sea of death rolls near, my day is o'er ;
Hark, now I hear the waves dash on the strand,
O for a light—O for a guiding hand.
Whilst fleck and foam freeze on my aching brow,
Footsteps fall on the beach—Jesus, 'tis thou.

Life's day fades out—the coming darkness of that night,
With leaden clouds would feign my soul affright ;
Barren of stars is death, it has no eastern sky,
O for a lamp, O for a guiding eye.
Whilst icy dews distil to cool my brow,
A star shines forth—Jesus, 'tis thou.

The night comes down,—my trembling feet sink in the sand,
Dead and hood engulfs—O for a strong right hand ;
Voices of angry winds at war with husky waves,
I sink, an arm surrounds, lo Jesus saves!
A voice rebukes the tempest, Jordan's roar,
The calm that follows gives me Canaan's shore.
Waterford, Ont.

Under the Sea.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, now a great and graceful writer of books, was once bent on becoming a civil engineer, a profession in which more than one of his Scottish family have won renown. In his engineering days occurred this experience, of which he has lately written :

It was gray, harsh, easterly weather, the swell ran pretty high, and out in the open there were "skippers' daughters," when I found myself at last on the diver's platform, twenty pounds of lead under each foot and my whole person swollen with ply and ply of woollen under-clothing. One moment the salt wind was whistling round my night-capped head ; the next I was crushed almost double under the weight of the helmet. As that intolerable burden was laid upon me I could have found it in my heart (only for shame's sake) to cry off from the whole enterprise. But it was too late. The attendants began to turn the hurdy-gurdy and the air to whistle through the tube ; some one screwed in the barred window of the vizor, and I was cut off in a moment from my fellow-men, standing there in the midst, but quite divorced from intercourse, a creature deaf and dumb, pathetically looking forth upon them from a climate of his own. Except that I could move and feel, I was like a man fallen in a catalepsy. But time was scarce given me to realize my isolation ; the weights were hung upon my back and breast, the signal-rope was thrust into my unresisting hand, and, setting a twenty-pound foot upon the ladder, I began ponder-

ously to descend. Some twenty rounds below the platform twilight fell. Looking up I saw a low green heaven mottled with vanishing bells of white ; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, somewhat opaque but very restful and delicious. Thirty rounds lower I stopped off on the stones of the foundation ; a dumb helmeted figure took me by the hand and made a gesture (as I read it) of encouragement ; and looking in at the creature's window I beheld the face of Bain. There we were, hand to hand and (when it pleased us) eye to eye ; and either might have burst himself with shouting and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing. Each in his own little world of air stood incommunicably separate.

As I began to go forward with the hand of my estranged companion a world of tumbled stones was visible, pillared with the weedy uprights of the staging ; overhead a flat roof of green ; a little in front the sea-wall, like an unfinished rampart. And presently in our upward progress, Bob motioned me to leap upon a stone. I looked to see if he were possibly in earnest, and he only signed to me the more imperiously. Now the block stood six feet high ; it would have been quite a leap to me unencumbered ; with the breast and back weights, and the twenty pounds upon each foot, and the staggering load of the helmet, the thing was out of reason. I laughed aloud in my tomb ; and to prove to Bob how far he was astray I gave a little impulse from my toes. Up I soared like a bird, my companion soaring at my side. As high as the stone, and then higher, I pursued my impotent and empty flight. Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders my heels continued their ascent ; so that I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in, hand over hand, as sailors haul in the slack of a sail, and propped upon my feet again like an intoxicated sparrow. Yet a little higher on the foundation, and we began to be affected by the bottom of the swell, running there like a strong breeze of wind. Or so I must suppose ; for, safe in my cushion of air, I was conscious of no impact ; only swayed idly like a weed, and was now borne helplessly abroad, and now swiftly—and yet with dream-like gentleness—impelled against my guide.—*Methodist Magazine for May.*

Thanksgiving and Praise.

BRIDGE STREET METHODIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL CELEBRATES ITS HAVING REACHED A MEMBERSHIP OF 817.

"Let us all sing one of the grandest anthems of the Church on earth as the keynote to our feelings to day, as we recall all God's goodness to us as a School," said the superintendent of Bridge Street Methodist Sunday-school, Belleville, at the opening of the school, and then with a volume of voice that had an inspiration in it, the little ones of four and five years old, up to those of seventy and eighty years, joined in singing twice over the doxology, commencing,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Then followed the repetition of the Lord's prayer by all, and then hymn and prayer and hymn and prayer, all expressive of gratitude and praise to God, with special thanks for having enabled them to reach a membership of over eight hundred. On entering the school the eye was at once attracted to a large white sheet over the platform, on which, in blue letters, in the form of a pyramid was the following condensed history of the school :

1822, Organized.
1829, Kept open all year after the Hon. B. Flint became Superintendent.
1830, Membership 200

1831, Methodist Episcopal School formed.
1840, Membership 230
1847, John St. Presbyterian School formed.
1850, Membership 200
1853, Bleeker St. Methodist School formed.
1860, Membership 314
1870, " 160
1876, Holloway St. Methodist School formed. School organized into Primary, Intermediate and Senior departments.
1880, Membership 483
1885, Membership 497
1890, " 526
1897, " 654
1898, " 755
1899, " 774
1900, " 817

The classification of this membership is :

Officers and Teachers 47
Primary Department 105
Intermediate " 254
Senior " 411
Total 817

The large platform was filled with representatives of the Trustee Board and Quarterly Official Board of the church, who had come to rejoice with the school in having a membership of over 800, amongst whom we notice the pastor, Rev. J. M. Hodson, Rev. G. J. Dingman, Rev. Wm. Bird, and Messrs. J. H. Meacham, R. Richardson, John Brenton, G. S. Tickell, W. Flint Jones, D. N. Domill, W. Jeffers Diamond, J. M. Chislett, James Coulson and R. D. Conger. Mayor Tickell was the only speaker and he briefly but appropriately expressed on behalf of all the visitors his pleasure at being again in the school of which he was at one time a teacher, and to note the progress and development of the school.

One of the most interesting features of the gathering was the presence of our esteemed Postmaster Mr. J. H. Meacham, who was one of the first scholars in the school, sixty eight years ago, when then a lad of twelve years old, and who during all the years since has been connected with the school in some way.

The Superintendent, in the few remarks which he made, said that in the history of the school for the past sixty years there were two persons to whom, by common consent, the school owed more for its enthusiasm, position and character than to any others—the Hon. B. Flint and Mrs. N. Jones. They were thankful for all the evidences they had of God's presence with them, but five years ago they adopted as their motto, "The Sunday-school for every one in the congregation and every one in the congregation in the Sunday-school," and so as yet were but half way to the realization of that ideal, this gathering would be an incentive to that and in closing they would sing as their motto the hymn commencing,

To the work ! To the work ! We are servants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod,
With the balm of his counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

—*Daily Intelligencer*, April 14th.

A Cry that Brought Salvation.

AN Evangelist said : "I was once addressing a Gospel meeting, and at the close of it a little girl came to me and earnestly said, 'Please, sir, I want to come to Jesus.' 'Then come in here and just kneel, and ask him to take you,' I replied, pointing to the ante-room. We went in together, and the child knelt and prayed this short, effective, and most personal prayer, 'Jesus Christ save me.' As she pleaded, the tears flowed freely ; but at length, as on an April day, the sun shone forth in the midst of the shower. And, rising from her knees with a most radiant face, she joyously exclaimed, 'Jesus has heard me ; Jesus has saved me.' And she left the hall 'a new creature' in him. For a long time I could not forget that prayer, the point- edness of it ; there was no going round about, but simply 'Jesus—me.'"

The Voice of Nature.

BY ALEX. A. B. HERO.

The glory of the universe
His presence ever fills,
The grandeur of the boundless sea,
The everlasting hills.

The rivers praise him who hath stretched,
Their broad majestic flow,
Or thunder in their cataracts,
The loudest note below.

The forests, planted by his hand,
The flowery verdant sod,
In loveliness and beauty, speak
The attributes of God.

His power and wisdom, infinite,
In all his works we trace;
But they hold no revelation,
Of the riches of his grace.

They cannot tell, as I would know,
Of the one who died for me,
That mystery of love divine,
Which in the cross I see.

They tell me of no Saviour's love
Of rest, or peace, or Heaven;
Nor satisfy the longing soul
With bliss of sins forgiven.

That gospel can be told alone
By human pen or tongue;
A grander, nobler, higher theme
Than nature ever sung.

His glory, goodness, wisdom, power,
They speak that message well;
Oh, let them shame our silence,
Who have better things to tell.

Somenos, B.C.



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

TOPICS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

SECOND QUARTER, 1890.

June 15. *Rich toward God.* Luke 12. 21; 12. 15; Matt. 6. 19-21; 1 Tim. 6. 17-19; Jas. 2. 5; Matt. 6. 33; Psa. 34. 9, 10; Isa. 33. 15, 16; Phil. 4. 19; 1 Tim. 4. 8; John 6. 27; Psa. 84. 11; Luke 18. 29, 30.

June 22. *Your Father knoweth.* Luke 12. 30; Psa. 103. 14; 1. 6; Neh. 1. 7; 2 Tim. 2. 19; 2 Pet. 2. 9; John 10. 14; Psa. 37. 18; Job 23. 10; Psa. 139. 1, 2; 139. 3, 4; 142. 3; Matt. 6. 6; Heb. 4. 13.

The League Devotional Meeting.

Here are a few suggestions:

1. *Time.*—It is important that an hour be selected when the most good can be done. Our experience has led us to favour, more than any other, the hour preceding the public Sunday evening service. If a room can be used other than the main audience-room of the Church this hour will give the richest opportunities and best results. In that hour before the evening service our youth get a splendid preparation for the larger meeting to follow.

The pastor who goes to his pulpit knowing that a score or a hundred young Christians have been sending prayers heavenward in his behalf during the preceding hour must be greatly blessed and strengthened. And how receptive the minds and hearts of those ardent young people, fresh from that room of song and prayer and testimony, to the grand old Gospel as it rings forth from a quickened

and earnest messenger! So we believe that the best time for the Epworth devotional meetings, if not always and everywhere, yet generally, will be that favoured above, for then the strongest influence for good may be received by young people, pastor, and congregation.

2. *Leaders.*—Who shall lead these devotional meetings is often a difficult and perplexing question. On many smaller charges the pastor often feels obliged to take the lead, however much he might prefer to cultivate the talents of his young people. When necessary, so be it. Have the young people's meetings somehow: we can't afford to neglect it. It is one of the most efficient agencies of the time. Yet whenever practicable we should favour leadership from the ranks of the young people. There are many good reasons for it. It educates, it strengthens; both leader and led are made more self-reliant. It relieves the pastor. It gives a bond of sympathy between the leader and the rest, which usually draws from them ready and willing responses to his requests. It gives all a feeling that it is "our" meeting as nothing else can. Many Leagues publish lists of leaders and topics for three or six months—a good plan. The great requisites in a leader are earnestness, real piety, and willingness to prepare for the meeting. These three requisites being met the leader will generally succeed.

3. *The pastor and the meeting.*—Some may ask, "If the pastor is not to lead the meeting shall he attend?" Yes, whenever possible. If the young people are accustomed to his presence it will cause no embarrassment; and his help will often tide the meeting over awkward pauses and show the way out of predicaments into which untrained young leaders sometimes lead even well-disposed companies. If he can, therefore, let the minister attend these meetings—that is, if his heart is young, no matter how gray his head, and if his strong sympathies enable him to adapt himself to those he is to aid.

Strangers Welcomed.

A BRANCH of the Epworth League has been established in connection with the Centenary Methodist Church, St. John, N.B. The different departments are effectively organized. The social and Christian work departments desire among other duties to accept the responsibility of extending Christian attention to strangers in our city—particularly to those coming from Methodist congregations. Any request coming from any of our ministers or people, asking the committee to seek out and show attention to such persons will be met with a cheerful response. Any such request may be addressed to the pastor, the Rev. Edwin Evans, or to Mr. John McA. Hutchings, 101 Germain St., St. John, N.B.—*Wesleyan.*

Epworth League Notes.

—More reports give more encouragement. The letters of these secretaries establish one indisputable fact, that a well ordered chapter of the Epworth League is a source of manifold good to the church of which it is a part.

—We make each meeting only religious. There are twenty-five members, eight of whom have been received into full membership in the church. Our way of conducting makes the chapter a real Methodist class. The best work and life of my church is right here.

—The personal efforts of members have brought large numbers into the Sabbath-school, increased the church attendance, and inspired many older as well as younger Christians with new zeal.

—During revival the Lookout Committee of the League assisted the pastor by bringing the converts into the Sunday-school.

The Battle of Waterloo.

Most of our young readers have read the story of the battle of Waterloo, that wonderfully decisive event in which the English soldiers under the Duke of Wellington won a great victory over the French under Napoleon I. The defeat broke the power of Napoleon, and decided the fate of Europe.

The majority of our readers are now in school, and so a remark made by Wellington not many years before his death will be of interest. Walking with a friend in the grounds of Eton College, he pointed up to the familiar building and said, "There is where the battle of Waterloo was won." The meaning of the remark was this: In the college there was a training to be attained, a self-mastery to be achieved, and habits to be formed, which made the great victory of Waterloo possible.

Few young persons perhaps can realize how great the influence of early life must be upon later life. Every victory gained over self, over a disposition to be indolent or careless, over a temptation to negligence or idleness by thoughtless companions, is the promise of victories further on in life, while yielding to temptation is assure a pledge of weakness. As a man soweth so shall he also reap. The virtues and achievements of early life are the seed that in due time bring forth their harvests of success. The battles that are to decide everything for the future are fought in the school-room, on the play-ground, in the home, on evenings around the fireside and study-table, through the years of young life. Here the greatest events of life are settled, with victory and crowns to be attained, or defeat and dishonour to be practically assured.

No Taste for Mathematics.

YEARS ago some of the Freshmen of Princeton College would occasionally ask the then assistant professor of mathematics to excuse their delinquencies in that study. "We have no taste for mathematics," was their plea. "No taste!" was the reply, "then you should give special attention to it. Form a taste. I shall expect you to be very studious in my department." Dean Stanley has been telling a story which shows that Mr. Gladstone conquered a similar distaste for mathematics. "There is a small school near Liverpool," he said, "in which Mr. Gladstone was brought up before he went to Eton. A few years afterward another little boy proceeded to that same school—a little boy whose name I will not mention, but who subsequently went, when a young man, to see its master, and in the course of conversation with that master he said to him, 'There is one thing in which I have not in the slightest degree improved since I quitted your establishment, and that is casting up figures.' 'Well,' the old master replied, 'nobody could have been more incapable than you were at school with your arithmetic, but I will tell you a very curious circumstance. Mr. Gladstone, when he was here, was just as bad at casting figures as you were and are, but you now see what he has become. When it was that the right honourable gentleman was enabled to master his former incapacity, and to become the great arithmetician which we all know he is, I am not aware; but the change did take place, and I have found in it a striking example and a cheering encouragement to those who are dull in youth not to despair.'"

REVERENCE in dealing with the Bible should always characterize the Sabbath-school teacher. There is a tendency too often to treat even the most sacred themes in a light and flippant way. To encourage or permit this is to weaken the influence of the Scripture on the minds and hearts of scholars.

Advice.

My boy, you're soon to be a man ;
Get ready for a man's work now,
And learn to do the best you can
When sweat is brought to arm and brow.

Don't be afraid, my boy, to work ;
You've got to if you mean to win ;
He is a coward who will shirk ;
Roll up your sleeves and then "go in !"

Don't wait for chances—look about ;
There's always something you can do ;
He who will manfully strike out
Finds labour—plenty of it, too.

But he who folds his hands and waits
For "something to turn up," will find
The toiler passes fortune's gates,
While he, alas ! is left behind.

Be honest as the day is long ;
Don't grind the poor man for his cent ;
In helping others you grow strong,
And kind deeds done are only lent.

And this remember, if you're wise :
To your own business be confined ;
He is a fool, and falls, who tries
His fellow-men's affairs to mind.

Don't be discouraged and get blue
If things don't suit you quite ;
Work on—perhaps it rests with you
To seek the wrong that worries right.

Don't lean on others—be a man ;
Stand on a footing of your own ;
Be independent if you can,
And cultivate a sound backbone.

Be brave and steadfast, kind and true,
With faith in God and fellow-man,
And win from them a faith in you
By doing just the best you can.

Missionary Cent Scheme.

MEMORANDUM BY MR. JOHN A. PATERSON, SUPERINTENDENT OF ERSKINE CHURCH SABBATH-SCHOOL, TORONTO

In the last year, a new departure was made in the missionary methods. A long-standing objection to collecting money in Sabbath-school is that it is no lesson in liberality or self denial, inasmuch as in the majority of cases it is the parents who give the money, and that the children are merely agents or messengers carrying the gift.

To meet this, and in order to arouse a personal missionary spirit, the officers of the school distributed 133 bright new cents amongst the pupils last March—133 signified their willingness, and to each was given a talent. They were instructed to set to work with their brains and hearts ; to draw on their inventive genius and their love of the cause, and from this copper nucleus, with the Queen's head thereon stamped, to buy and sell and get legitimate gain ; or, with loving hands and loving feet, to follow some work, and bring back five or ten or twenty talents of silvery or golden hue ; and by bringing in such sheaves, cause the image of our earthly Queen to glorify the King of kings.

The experiment has been a brilliant success. The seedlings struck down the roots firmly ; their stems upward grow, and brought forth noble fruit. The methods were all praiseworthy. The girls made paper flowers, aprons, dust caps, taffy, etc. One girl writes : One cent bought a Japanese handkerchief, and made a sachet, and sold it for fifteen cents ; with the fifteen cents, bought material for a match-safe, and sold it for twenty-five cents ; with the twenty-five cents, bought wool and made a set of nuts, and sold for one dollar." Another one writes : "Exchange and barter one bright for two old ; result, two cents."

Another writes : "With my cent I bought a sheet of tissue paper, and made flowers, which I sold for ten cents. With this I bought more tissue paper and made more flowers, and sold them for forty cents. With the forty cents I bought cord and made a set of mats, and sold for one dollar. With the dollar I bought material for a table scarf, and sold for one dollar and seventy-five cents. I then made a jacket, which cost twenty cents, and sold for fifty five cents. And I now return two dollars and ten cents."

The boys carved wood, blacked boots, ran errands, and did as boys could do. One boy wrote : "With one cent I bought a piece of wood and made a flower ladder, and sold it for ten cents ; with the ten cents bought more wood, and made wheel barrows and bake boards, and sold them for twenty-five cents and fifteen cents each, till I had ninety-five cents." Another wrote. "Received one cent, bought one cent's worth of buttons, and sold them for two cents ; bought two cents worth of laces, and sold them for four cents ; bought four cents worth of blacking, and cleaned my brother's boots for ten cents, and sold the balance of the blacking for five cents. Total, fifteen cents.

A few brought no returns. They had, they said, "done what they could." One had invested his little all in flower-seeds, and he had dreamed of rich returns ; but, alas ! as he pathetically remarked, "The crops failed." But let him be comforted ! To misquote a very old friend, "Tis better to have tried and lost, than never to have tried at all."

THE STORY OF A TALENT.

One of the teachers wrote as follows :—

"A talent in the shape of a cent was given to one of the Lord's handmaidens, to be returned with usury in less than a year. It was such a very small talent, it would require a great deal of time and planning to make it worth much, and her life was a busy one. But, on the other hand, the warning rang forth from the parable : 'It was the servant who had the least, and neglected to use it, who was cast out into outer darkness ;' and a still small voice whispered the promise, 'I will help thee.'

"What couldn't be accomplished with such an helper ? The talent was laid away in a desk, to be thought over, planned about, and prayed over, until the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months. But although its money value did not change in all this time, it had become a mighty power in the life of this Christian. She, who used to rise at seven o'clock, saw that two hours of the talent-time which belonged to the Lord had been given to the giant Sloth, and she now rose at five o'clock, and gave the first hour to Bible study.

"Every part of her life became a precious trust, to be rendered back with interest. One day the cent was taken from its resting-place, ten cents capital added, the whole invested in some sateen, which, when made into a bag, was sold for fifteen cents. The ten cents capital being withdrawn, the talent was now in the form of five cents. With this amount five poems were bought, and the owner concentrated her whole mind upon them until the dead, printed matter, became to her living thoughts and images, when she gave an entertainment, making these poems the nucleus, and realized \$10.50. But the warning note had been sounded—the talents had been recalled. The one cent was rendered back in money value amounting to ten gold dollars and fifty cents ; but the Master alone can compute the sum total in the growth of the spiritual life of the servant."

Some few brought back their talent, but not the usury. It had clearly not been buried, for it was as bright as the day it went out on its missionary work. Two of the teachers took stock, and brought in good measure, well pressed down, shaken together, and running over.

The result is, that out of one hundred and thirty-three cents, the missionary-treasurer received seven thousand six hundred and thirty cents ; which is a much better result, producing a much higher percentage of profit, than any such sum invested during 1889 in any business in Toronto.

The material product is satisfactory, but that is the least of it. The reflex action in the minds and hearts of the children ; the chords of liberality which have been touched, and may vibrate through life, and make life melodious ; the self-denial and industry which have been trained,—are important and lasting factors in the success of the undertaking. —*Canada Presbyterian.*

Bits of Fun.

—"You may say what you like about tight boots, one thing is certain, they make you forget all the other troubles of life !"

—"No, darling," said a mother to her sick child, "the doctor says I mustn't read to you."

"Then, mamma," begged the little one, "won't you please read to yourself out loud ?"

—Young wife—"I wonder the birds don't come here any more. I used to throw them bits of cake I made and—"

Young husband—"That accounts for it."

—Sales gentleman—"Stockings ? Yes, ma'am ; what number do you wear ?"

Customer—"What number ? Why, two, of course ! D'you take me for a centipede or a one-legged veteran of the war ?"

—Mistress (to new cook)—"Bridget, the soup is quite cold. Didn't I tell you to warm the tureen ?"

Bridget—"Yis, mum, but I thought the soup wud warrum it."

—A little boy—one of a large family—was dining out one day, and the hostess inquired, "Do you like Chicken, Willie ?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I never tasted any thing but the drum-stick," was the demure answer.

—One Waterville lady expressed a great deal of anxiety over the result of the vote on the charter question. When asked her reasons she replied, "I don't want Waterville to become a city, because they say cities are very unhealthy places to live in."

—Sergeant-major—"Now, Patrick Smith, you know very well none but officers and non-commissioned officers are allowed to walk across this grass."

Private Smith—"But, sergeant-major, I've Captain Graham's verbal orders to—"

Sergeant-major—"None o' that, sir ! show me the captain's verbal orders ! Show'm to me, sir !"

—"Brown—"That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Robinson."

Robinson—"Yes."

Brown—"About what does it cost to carry an umbrella like that ?"

Robinson—"Eternal vigilance."

—A gentleman dining at a restaurant where waiters were few and far between, dispatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and was asked by the faint and hungry gentleman.

"Are you the lad who took my order for this beef ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown !"

Voices of the Night.

BY MRS. E. M. HALL.

IN the silence of the midnight,
When the cares of day are o'er,
In my dreams I hear the voices
Of the loved ones gone before;
And they words of comfort whisper,
Say they watch on every hand,
And my soul is cheered by hearing
Voices from the spirit land.

Forms I've loved, though long they've
left me,
Now seem gathering from afar,
And the balmy breath of Eden
Floats upon the midnight air.
Music from celestial bowers
Fills the chamber with strange grace,
And in dreams I hold communion
With my loved ones face to face.

While I tell of joys departed,
They recount triumphant love,
How the glorious Man of Sorrows
Fitted up their home above.
And they tell of living waters,
Where life's streams forever roll,
And the towers of golden beauty
That shall satisfy the soul.

As I listened, faith grew stronger,
Midnight then became as day,
Messengers that brought such sweetness
Drove the shadows all away.
They have left me, but the story
Filled my soul with untold rest,
And in faith I'll wait the promise
Of a mansion for the blest.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A D. 29] LESSON XII. [June 22

TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

Luke 12. 22-34. Memory verses, 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.—Luke 12. 30.

TIME.—A.D. 29.

PLACE.—Uncertain.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This lesson is in closest connection with the last.

EXPLANATIONS.

Take no thought—When the Bible was written the word "thought" was used where "care" or "worry" would be now. *Life . . . meat . . . body . . . raiment*—God has pledged himself to care for your soul and body. If you believe him, anxiety about food and clothing is inconsistent. If God cares for birds and flowers, he will not neglect obedient children. *Add to his stature*—One cannot add an inch to his height, or an hour to his life. *Consider the lilies*—The careworn women who surrounded the Saviour were already fretting because they ought to be back busying themselves with ovens and cradles and spinning wheels, at home; while about them were blooming the buttercups and dandelions and daisies, which toiled not and spun not, but were as well taken care of as these careworn women. *I say unto you*—A formula of emphasis, just as boys nowadays say, "I tell you." *Solomon in all his glory*—It was Solomon's direct descendant and legitimate successor that makes this splendid contrast. *Cast into the oven*—The meadow flowers of Palestine were cut down with the grass, and used as fodder and fuel, for wood is scarce there. *Neither be ye of doubtful mind*—Don't toss about like boats in the surf. *Your Father*—How constantly we forget that we are God's children? *Seek ye the kingdom of God*—Seek permanent possessions and wealth in that kingdom which Christ himself declared to be not of this world. *Fear not little flock*—The Good Shepherd will gather them in his arms, and fold them to his bosom. *Sell that ye have, and give alms*—A man should hold all his wealth for the good of others; and so far as he does not he will be impoverished in heaven—if he ever gets there.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Our Cares*, vs. 22, 23.

For what ought we to take no anxious care?

What reason does Jesus give?

From what are we told to learn a lesson of trust?

Of what is God's care for the birds a pledge?

How much can one add to his stature by caretaking?

What question shows the folly of undue anxiety?

To whom should we commit our cares? Psa. 55. 22.

2. *God's Care*, vs. 27, 34.

What beauty of dress surpasses that of Solomon?

Who gives to the flowers their beauty?

Who will also supply our needs?

After what are we forbidden to seek?

What spirit should we avoid?

Who are burdened with care for food and drink?

Who knows and can supply all our wants? (Golden Text.)

For what ought we first to seek?

What will follow from such seeking?

What good gifts does God propose for us?

To what kind acts are we exhorted?

Where should we lay up our treasure?

Why should we seek treasure in heaven?

What pledge have we that God's care covers our cares? 1 Pet. 5. 7.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Jesus command? "To be not anxious for food and clothing." 2. What does he tell us to consider? "God's care of the ravens and lilies." 3. How does he show the folly of anxiety? "We cannot add an inch to our height, nor a minute to our life." 4. What does he say it is our Father's good pleasure to give us? "The kingdom of God, with food and clothing added." 5. What does he tell us to do with what we have? "Sell it, and give alms." 6. What will we have left? "A treasure in the heavens that faileth not."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omniscience of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. What have we then to do in repentance.

We must think on our transgressions, confess both our sins and our sinfulness to God, and strive to amend our life by the help of the Holy Spirit.

I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.—Psalm 119. 59.

Psalm 51. 3; 38. 18; Isaiah 1. 16, 17; Mark 1. 5.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

B.C. 606]

[June 22

Dan. 1. 8-17. Memory verses 8-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.—Dan 1. 8.

TIME.—B.C. 606.

PLACE.—Babylon.

INTRODUCTION.—This incident teaches many moral lessons. It is brought forward for our study to-day to teach the doctrine of temperance. Daniel's noble decision of character, exemplified in this lesson, makes him the typical temperance man in the truest and best sense. Within narrower limitations every boy has similar problems to solve, and has abundant opportunity to evince Daniel's noble qualities, or to make a moral failure.

EXPLANATIONS.

Daniel purposed—Daniel was leader, but doubtless the three other youths shared in his purpose. *Defile himself*—The king's meat had been consecrated to false gods, and if Daniel ate it, or drank of the wines, he would be unfaithful to his God. *The prince of the eunuchs*—The keeper of the captives. *Melzar*—Not a proper name, the chief butler. *Worse liking*—Looking less healthy. *Endanger my head*—Behaving was of daily occurrence at court in those days. *Pulse*—Vegetable diet in general. *Understanding in all visions and dreams*—Daniel eclipsed the Chaldean sages. God gave him supernatural wisdom.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Daniel's Purpose*, vers. 8-10.

To whom was Daniel a captive? See ver. 1.

What order had been issued concerning the captives? Vers. 3, 5.

What was Daniel's purpose?

What request did he make?

How did the chief eunuch regard Daniel?

Why had he such love for the captive?

Of what was God's care for Daniel a proof? Prov. 16. 7.

What did the eunuch fear if he should grant the request?

2. *Daniel's Test*, vers. 11-14.

How long a test did Daniel propose?

What did he ask in place of meat and wine?

What comparison was to be made in ten days?

On what did the chief eunuch decide?

3. *Daniel's Reward*, vers. 15-17.

What was the result of the test?

What reward had Daniel for his fidelity?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine providence.

What Bacteria Are.

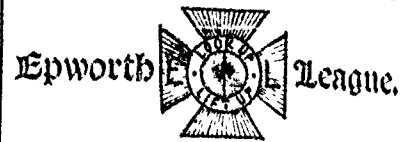
THE great majority of these microscopic plants are what botanists call *bacteria*—the smallest form of vegetable life. So small are they that it would take, in some cases, as many as fifteen thousand of them arranged in a row to extend an inch. They have different forms—some being round, some oval, some rod-shaped, and others much the shape of a corkscrew, or spiral. In all cases they are so small that one needs a powerful microscope to study them, and in no case can we perceive them singly with the naked eye. When countless millions of them are grouped together in a mass, or colony, we can see them about as we are able to see at a great distance an approaching army, of which we are totally unable to distinguish a single soldier.

We have said that these bacteria move about; and this is true of most of them, although there are some which do not appear to move at all, but remain fixed where they find a good feeding-place. Those that have motion behave in a very peculiar manner: some wobble about in one place, without moving forward in the least; others dart hither and thither, back and forth, at an apparently furious rate, rocking and twirling about, and turning a hundred somersaults as they move along.

Bacteria multiply very rapidly, and they do this in a strange way. A single one breaks itself in two; then each half grows to be as large as the first. Then, these, in turn, divide up again, and so on, until from a single one we may have many thousands in a short time. To give you the figures, such as they are, a single one can multiply at so enormous a rate that in forty-eight hours it can produce something like 280,000,000,000 of bacteria. Great consequences follow this enormous increase of bacteria; for, while one which is so small in itself can do little, the vast army resulting from the multiplication of one is able to accomplish much.—*St. Nicholas*.

God writes the gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on trees and flowers, and the clouds and stars.

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