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HOME AND SCHOOL

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

ROBERT SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

[No. 3.]



THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC. — (See next page.)

The Two Villages.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

OVER the river, on the hill,
Lies a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Slaver and whisper in the breeze,
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lies still;
There I see in the cloudy night;
T'winkle stars of household light;
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore;
And in the woods no grasses grow
For the wheels that creak to and fro.

In the village on the hill,
Never a sound of smith or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and
flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours,
The marble doors are always shut,
You may not enter at hall or hut,
All in the village lie asleep,
Never a grain to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh—
Silent, peaceful and low they lie.

In the village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul, in prayer,
Looks to the other village there;
And weeping and sighing longs to go
Up to that home, from this below—
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child;
And heareth praying the answer fall,
"Patience! That village shall hold ye all!"
—*The Lamp.*

The Sacrifice of Isaac.

AFTER Hagar and Ishmael were gone away, God called to Abraham, and said, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, and offer him for a burnt-offering, upon a mountain which I will show thee." Did God wish to make Abraham unhappy, and to kill his son? No; God only wished to try Abraham's faith—to see if Abraham would be obedient, and if he loved God more than his dear child. Abraham obeyed directly; for he knew God's command must be right, and he believed that God had power even to raise Isaac to life again after he was dead. All God does is good and right. When he sends us pain, or sickness, or sorrow, he does it wisely—for good, not for evil. We cannot know why, but God knows. Let us ask him to make us obedient to his will, as Abraham was.

Abraham rose in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two servants with him, and Isaac, and wood for the burnt-offering, and went to the place God showed him. As they walked along, and Abraham thought what he was to do to his dear son—his good, obedient child—he must have felt sad; but Abraham loved God more than he loved Isaac, and God gave him strength willing to obey his command. After three days they saw, afar off, the mountain where Isaac was to be offered. Then Abraham said to his servants, "Stay here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you." So the

servants stayed, and Abraham and his son went towards the mountain.

As they walked along, Isaac said, "My father, behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt-offering?" For Isaac did not yet know that he was to be the lamb. Abraham said, "God will provide a lamb, my son." So they went on, and came to the place of which God had told Abraham. And then Abraham built the altar, and put the wood upon it, and bound Isaac, laid him upon the altar, and took the knife to slay his son. But the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven, and said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, for now I know that thou fearest God, because thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from him." Then Abraham looked, and saw a ram, caught in the bush by the horns, and he offered the ram for a burnt-offering instead of Isaac. And the angel called again unto Abraham, and said, "Because thou hast done this thing, in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee; and all nations shall be blessed in thy seed."

The Lord Jesus Christ was the seed of Abraham, who came to save sinners, to be a blessing to all people. "God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."—John iii. 16. Abraham gave his son to God; God gave his Son for us. "The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."—John iv. 14.

A Truly Brave Boy.

BY F. W. FLEUBET, D.D.

Boys have sometimes very false ideas of courage, bravery. To be able to go into battle without a tremour, to lead a column into the thickest of fight, to enter a burning building and rescue some of its inmates, to ignore danger, this means to some boys courage, bravery. Some are even foolish enough to think that they are brave if they climb into dangerous places, lead where wiser boys will not follow. Daring foolhardiness they confound with bravery. In actual fact the boy who maintains his principles, who stands firm to what he believes to be right, in the face of ridicule and strong temptation, is the boy who is truly brave.

One day about the middle of the late war, there came to the rooms of the Christian Commission, at Camp Convalescent, near Washington, a little drummer boy, and asked to join the temperance society we had there. I have often wondered what became of that boy, for his story was full of interest. His name was Willie Baker. He was only about twelve years old, but he was a drummer boy in one of the New York regiments, while his father was a soldier in a Pennsylvania regiment.

This little boy of twelve did two

very brave things. After one of the battles in Virginia he was separated from his regiment, and lost his way. Wandering through the woods, he suddenly came upon one of the enemy's pickets. The soldier called out "Halt! Who are you?" "A friend!" replied the boy. The soldier had been drinking, and had placed his gun against a tree. The boy drew nearer gradually, and when he reached the gun he took it up, pointed it at the soldier, and bade him "March." The picket hesitated, but the boy was in earnest and had the advantage. He marched, and the boy kept behind him till both were taken in charge by one of our own troops. The boy captured his enemy with his own gun.

But Willie Baker did a braver thing than that. When he left home his mother said to him, "Willie, I want you to promise me not to drink intoxicating liquors, not to gamble, and not to swear." He promised; and amid all the temptations of army life, he kept his promise.

The colonel of one regiment told me only a few days ago he stopped drinking wine. The officers of his regiment had a re-union soon after the war, and sixty were present. Seven years afterwards eighteen of that sixty were dead, and every one but one died from the effects of strong drink. Against such a current of fashion as this indicates Willie Baker stood his ground, because he loved his mother and had made her a promise—and keeping his word was a principle with him.

We cannot imitate Willie Baker's first example of courage, but in his other example we have occasion almost every day to follow him. Good, brave boys! I trust he is still alive; but, living or dead, may his example teach us to be brave in keeping our promises to our parents, and obeying the commands of our Father in heaven.

Study of Usefulness.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence
still:
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the
way
To compass this. Find out men's want
and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go
less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.
—George Herbert.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

In the vine-clad rectory at Astley, Worcestershire, England, this noble woman first saw the light, December 14th, 1836. Here her father, William Henry Havergal, went out before his people for more than a score of years. He was a poet and a musician, and after his death his mantle fell on his youngest child, Frances.

Outwardly her childhood was one long summer day, but underneath this smooth surface there ran a current of unrest—a desire to possess the peace that passeth all understanding. These

unsatisfying thoughts were often called forth by a sermon, a book, or more frequently by a lovely sunset, a gentle breeze swaying the boughs in the forest, or even a delicate violet peeping through the shadow-mottled grass.

The one great sorrow of her life was the loss of her mother, when only eleven years of age. Into the darkened chamber of death she crept many times during those sad days. Drawing aside the curtains, she raised tear and kisses upon the dear, cold face, half expecting to see the lovely eyes open and smile upon her, or the pale cheek grow warm under the caresses lavished upon it. It was not until she saw the funeral procession wind slowly out of the rectory gate and turn into the churchyard, that she realized that she was indeed motherless. "Oh, mamma! mamma! mamma!" she wailed.

In that desolate heart there was no room for any word but that one—"mamma."

Though the earnest longings after something better than earth could bestow were ever present, it was not until February after she had completed her fifteenth year that she found that blessed rest for which she had been striving.

So great was her passion for unselfishness, that her sweet Sabbaths of rest only came when she was confined to her couch by sickness.

When, by the burning of a large publishing-house, she lost her appendix to "Grace and Glory," she recognized that God had a "turned lesson" for her to learn, in resignation, doing old work instead of taking up new.

"Thy will be done!" was to her "a song" and not "a sigh."

Often there would be a stop put to her work by the withholding of the gift of song. She says: "The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold into my possession, and said, 'Now use it as you like;' but he keeps the gold and gives it me, piece by piece, just when he will, and no more. My King suggests a thought, and whispers me a line or two; then I look up and thank him delightedly, and go on with it." "Tell it out among the Heathen" came to her like a flash, being suggested by the title hymn of her prayer-book. "Consecration Hymn" was written in a thrill of rapturous thanksgiving, when dear friends, for whom she had been praying, came trembling to the mercy-seat.

Year by year she came to realize more fully her closing words, "Ever only, all for Thee!" Her wish, "to glorify him every step of the way," found abundant fulfilment in her peaceful endurance of the intense sufferings appointed her, as well as in the triumphant death that crowned her victory over the last enemy.

More than her consecrated life could have wrought, her precious memory will accomplish in all the long years to come. She, "being dead, yet speaketh."

"The King's Missive, 1661."

From the great hall sloping bare
To open meadow and common lot,
In his council chamber and oaken chair,
Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott.
A grave strong man, who knew no peer
In a plumed land, here he ruled in fear
Of God, not man, and for good or ill
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross from
out
The flag, and cloven the May-pole down,
Harred the heathen round about,
And whipped the Quakers from town to
town

Earnest and honest, a man at need
To you like a torch for his own harsh creed,
He shone with the flaming brand of his zeal
The gate of the holy commonweal.

A brow was clouded, his eye was stern,
With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath,
"Woe's me!" he murmured, "at every turn
The pestilent Quakers are in my path!
Some we have scourged, and banished some,
Some hanged, more doomed, and still they
come,

Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,
Sowing their herey's seed of sin.

"Did we count on this? Did we leave behind
The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease
Of our English hearths and homes, to find
Troublers of Israel such as these?
Shall I spare? Shall I pity them? God forbid!

I will do as the prophet to Agag did.
They come to poison the wells of the Word;
I will hew them in pieces before the Lord!"

The door swung open, and Rawson, the clerk,
Entered, and whispered, under breath:
"There awaits below for the hangman's work
A fellow banished on pain of death—
Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip—
Brought over in master Goldsmith's ship,
At anchor here in a Christian port,
With freight of the Devil and all his sort!"

Twice and thrice on his chamber-floor,
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,
"The Lord do so to me and more,"
The Governor cried, "if I hang not all!
Bring hither the Quaker." Calm, sedate,
With the look of a man at ease with fate,
Into that presence grim and dread
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

"Off with the knave's hat!" An angry hand
Smote down the offence; but the wearer
said,

With a quiet smile: "By the king's com-
mand

I bear his message and stand in his stead."
In the Governor's hand a missive he laid,
With the royal arms on its seal displayed;
And the proud man spake, as he gazed
thereat,

Uncovering: "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."
He turned to the Quaker, bowing low:
"The king commandeth your friend's re-
lease.

Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although
To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.
What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,
His loyal servant, questioneth not.
You are free! God grant the spirit you own
May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,
And, like Daniel out of the Lions' den,
Tender youth and girlhood passed,
With age-bowed women and gray-locked
men;

And the voice of one appointed to die
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,
And the little maid from New Netherlands
Kissed in her joy the doomed man's hands.

And one whose call was to minister
To the souls in prison beside him went,
An ancient woman, bearing with her
The hewn shroud for his burial meant.
For she, not counting her own life dear,

In the strength of a love that cast out fear,
Had watched and served when other brethren
died,

Like those who waited the cross beside,

One moment they paused, on their way to
look

On the martyr graves by the common side,
And much scourged Wharton of Salem took
His burden of prophecy up and cried:
"Rest, souls of the valiant! Not in vain
Have ye borne the Master's cross of pain.
Ye have fought the fight, ye are victors
crowned,
With a fourfold chain ye have Satan bound!"

The autumn haze lay soft and still

On wood and meadow and upland farms;
On the brow of Snow Hill the great windmill
Slowly and lazily swung its arms;
Broad in the sunshine stretched away,
With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay;
And over water and dusk of pines
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,
The sumach added its crimson fleck,
And double in air and water showed
The tinted maples along the Neck;
Through frost-flower clusters of pale star-
mist,

And gentian fringes of amethyst,
And royal plumes of the golden rod,
The grazing cattle on Centry trod.

But, as they who see not, the Quakers saw
The world about them. They only thought
With deep thanksgiving and pious awe
Of the great deliverance God had wrought,
Through lane and alley the gazing town
Noisily followed them up and down—
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din.
Upsall, gray with his length of days,
Cried from the door of his Red Lion Inn,
"Men of Boston, give God the praise!
No more shall innocent blood call down
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.
The freedom of worship, dear to you,
Is dear to all and to all is due.

"I see the vision of days to come,
When your beautiful City of the Bay
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home;
And none shall his neighbour's rights
gainsay.

The varying notes of worship shall blend
And as one great prayer to God ascend,
And hands of mutual charity raise
Walls of salvation and gates of praise."

So passed the Quakers through Boston town,
Whose painful ministers sighed to see
The walls of their sheep-fold falling down
And wolves of heresy prowling free.
But the years went on and brought no wrong;
With milder counsels the state grew strong,
As outward letter and inward light
Kept the balance of truth aright.

The Puritan spirit, perishing not,
To Concord's yeoman the signal sent,
And spake in the voice of the cannon-shot
That severed the chains of a continent.
With its gentler mission of peace and good
will,

The thought of the Quaker is living still,
And the freedom of soul he prophesied
Is gospel and law where his martyrs died.
—JOHN G. WHITTIER, in "The Memorial
History of Boston."

In my thoughts I always liken the
Woman's Christian Temperance Union
to the Joun of Arc, whom God raised
up for France, and who, in spite of
their muscle and their military pro-
cess, beat the English and crowned her
king! But evermore she heard and
heeded heavenly voices, and God grant
that we may hear and heed them ever-
more!—*Frances E. Willard.*

Whiskey in Toronto.

The streets of Toronto on Christ-
mas last presented a sad and shocking
sight in the hundreds of drunken men,
and even boys, who reeled from saloon
to saloon. The door of each whiskey
resort was kept swinging during the
day by endless processions of men,
whose highest ideal of a holiday—and
such a holiday as Christmas!—is to
drink, to stagger, and to lower their
manhood in their temporary loss of
reason. Some of the principal down-
town saloons—such as that of M.
McConnell's—were crowded almost to
suffocation. By nightfall the results
were seen in staggering groups of men,
otherwise respectable in appearance,
trying to find their way home—or to
another saloon.

The whiskey-sellers were evidently
making it "an open day" for their
victims, until the mob became so
troublesome that the very bars were
invaded, compelling some of the pro-
prietors to close their establishments.
God help us! It only emphasizes the
responsibility that rests upon every
citizen to vote in the interests of law,
order, sobriety, and the further cur-
tailment of these death-dealing fac-
tories of the devil.

Temperance Items.

INTOXICANTS are not beneficial, but
rather injurious to persons in health.
In 1872, six hundred physicians of
Holland issued a declaration, in which
are these words: "The moderate use
of strong drinks is always unhealthy,
even when the body is in a healthy
condition."

Five hundred physicians of London,
England, a few years ago, signed a
declaration that liquor is not neces-
sary to persons in health.

Two thousand physicians, of high
standing, in the City of New York,
lately signed the following declara-
tion: "That a very large proportion
of human misery, including poverty,
disease, and crime, is induced by the
use of alcoholic or fermented liquors
as a beverage, and that total and
universal abstinence from all such
beverages would greatly contribute to
the health, the prosperity, and the
happiness of the human race."

Ninety-six physicians of Montreal
have united in the following declara-
tion: "That total abstinence from in-
toxicating liquors, whether fermented
or distilled, is consistent with and
conducive to the highest degree of
physical and mental health and vigour,
and that such absence would greatly
promote the health, morality, and hap-
piness of the people."

The following question has recently
been put to a number of leading phy-
sicians of this city: "What effect
would general total abstinence have
on the public health?" Eighty-one
of the leading doctors of Toronto de-
clare it would have a good effect. No
physician whose opinion is worth any-
thing, would dare to advocate moder-

ate drinking. They know that there
is no man so capable for any kind of
work as the total abstainer.

During the time of the Bunesse
war, Sir Henry Havelock commanded
a regiment of soldiers. One evening
the commander-in-chief ordered a cer-
tain regiment to occupy a position of
danger—for the enemy was coming in
full force. The word, however, was
brought back that the men had been
carousing, and so many of them were
drunk that they were not in a position
to obey orders. "Then," said the
General, "call out Havelock's Saints;
they are never drunk, and Havelock
is always ready." Never was there a
more dignified position given to a regi-
ment of soldiers,— "Saints always
ready." Ready to live, ready to fight,
if that be necessary, and ready to
die.

The use of intoxicants is causing
immense evil. Gladstone says that
"Greater calamities are inflicted on
mankind by intemperance than by the
three great scourges of war, pestilence,
and famine."

Canon Farrar says: "They have in
Great Britain an army of 600,000
drunkards, and a licensed liquor traffic
will not allow the ranks to diminish."

Lord Coleridge says: "Make Eng-
land sober, and you may do away with
nine-tenths of her prisons."

Last year, in this city of Toronto,
there were 4,283 persons before the
police magistrate, charged with being
drunk and disorderly.

The steamer *Vernon* and all her
crew, except one, perished lately on
Lake Michigan. The testimony of
this survivor, as well as others who
knew him, goes to show that the cap-
tain was a confirmed drunkard, and
that this was the cause of the disaster
and the loss of fifty lives.

A painter at one time thought he
would paint a picture of innocence.
He looked round for a subject, and at
last found a little boy named Rupert,
whose rosy cheeks and beautiful coun-
tenance seemed to be a perfect picture
of innocence. He made the picture,
sent copies of it to his friends, and it
was universally admired. Years rolled
on, and that painter became an old
man. He said: "I have made a pic-
ture of innocence, and it has been
more admired than anything else I
ever did. I would like now to make
a contrast to that picture: I would
like to make a picture of guilt." He
searched the prisons for a subject.
At last he found an old man named
Randalls. He had been a drunkard
for years, and was then under sen-
tence of death. He drew the picture,
and placed it beside that of young
Rupert. Every one said what a won-
derful contrast! But who was young
Rupert, and who was old Randalls?
One and the same person. Dissipa-
tion had changed the picture of inno-
cence into the picture of guilt. Such
are the transformations that are
constantly effected by this terrible
traffic.

Pretty is That Pretty Does.

THE spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Gloating about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thoughts of ill
In all her life had stirred her;
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still,
The way to do some murder!

My child, who reads this simple lay
With eyes down-dropt and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that work does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendour.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress
That makes the saint or sinner,
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shat with her web of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner!

—Alice Cary.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

Progress in Japan.

"It almost takes one's breath away to attempt to follow the changes that are taking place in Japan," said the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church. "This is the foreign field upon which the Methodist Church has concentrated her efforts, and the work is most encouraging. The great question discussed in Japan just now is Church Union. The different bodies of Presbyterians are now one, and with them the Congregationalists have since united—making a very powerful Church. The union of the forces of Methodism is also in the near future. Whether the movement will go further, and result in the union of all Christian denominations in Japan, is difficult to say. This question of larger union is rapidly coming to the front. The Japanese are favourable to it—in fact anxious for it. Their desire is for one Christian Church in

Japan. Their experience of political union has awakened a desire for ecclesiastical union. Many Japanese, I fear, desire a union of the Churches for political purposes. Christianity is likely to be the dominant religion, and a united Christianity would, they think, strengthen their social and political institutions. The Japanese Government are extremely favourable to the Christian religion and to Christian education, not so much because they are anxious about the souls of the people as that they desire to strengthen the Government. Their great aim is to make Japan one of the first nations of the day. Christianity, they see, would make for union—therefore they favour it.

The lock-out of Christianity in Japan is full of promise. Had we the means, the Church of Christ could go into that country and take full possession of it. In a few years the prevailing type of religion would be Christianity, and the education would be Christian. On the whole, there is no land in which Christianity and civilization are working such marvels as in Japan."

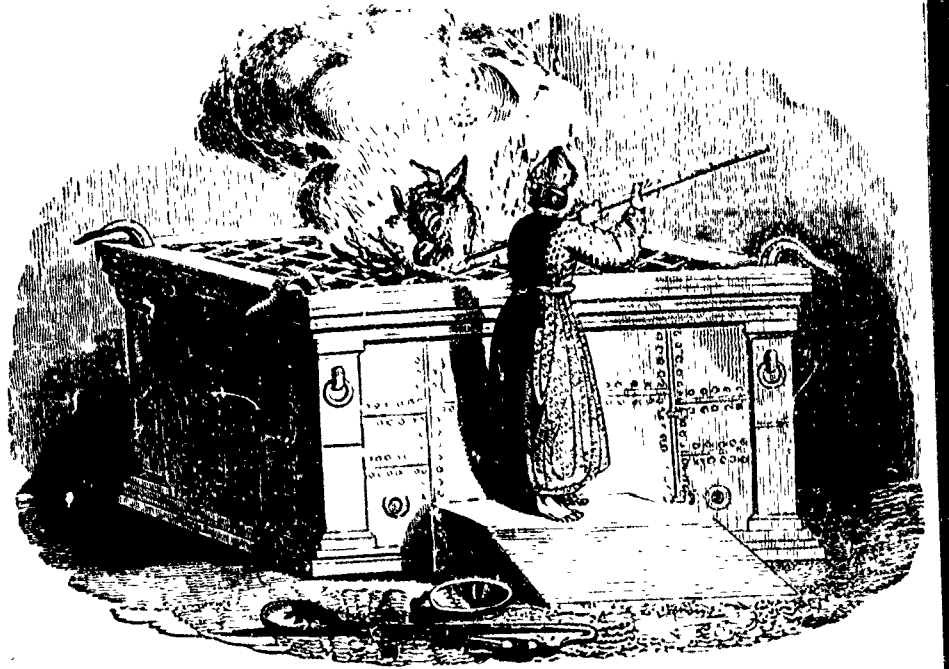
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A LARGER number of schools than ever before are ordering a considerable number of the *Methodist Magazine* to circulate instead of libraries. They find them cheaper, better, and more attractive than books. Some schools have taken 10 or 12 copies for this purpose; and this year one school orders 18 copies per month. Special rates will be given to schools. For terms apply to William Briggs, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

The Burnt-Offering.

THE burnt-offering was intended to show how sinners are saved and reconciled to God, through the death of Christ as the offering for sin. Each Israelite was called upon to bring some animal—either an ox, or a sheep, or a goat—as his offering to God. It must be living and perfect, to show that God must have the best and the first for his service. He brought it to the door of the tabernacle, and laid his hands upon its head. This was to show that the animal stood in his place before God, and bore his sins, just as Christ bore our sins upon his cross.

Then the beast was killed, and his blood was sprinkled around the altar. This was to point out that at some time Christ should come to shed his blood and die for men's sins. Then the offering was cut in pieces, and laid upon the wood on the great altar, and all burned to ashes. This was to show that our sins were entirely taken away, and none were left when the offering is given to God.



THE BURNT-OFFERING.

Temperance and the Sabbath in Toronto.

VIEWS OF EX-MAYOR HOWLAND.

"IN the city of Toronto, where formerly we had five hundred drinking-places, we have now but 151, of which 150 are taverns. The saloons which we closed up we did not pretend to compensate, but simply took away their licenses. For a while they talked loudly of resistance, but when the day came for the new ordinances to go in force, they deemed it best to submit; and the tavern-keepers who remained suddenly reformed, and began to obey the laws for fear that their licenses too would be taken away.

"One law we now have in Ontario which, for some reason, none of your American statesmen would dare to propose, but which no reputable citizen would ask to have repealed. It is the law forbidding any tavern-keeper to hold any public office.

"Ontario is not the only section in Canada where political temperance reform has taken firm hold. In Roman Catholic Quebec they have local option by parishes; and, through the influence of the Catholic priests, a large number of these parishes have adopted local prohibition. In the North-west Territory, statutory prohibition is in force, and the consumption of liquors has been reduced to two and one-quarter gallons per capita. In British Columbia, where there is no such law, it is seven gallons. In New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island the laws are the most stringent in the Dominion, and here the consumption ranges from one and one-quarter gallons per capita to three-quarters of one gallon. It is not a fact that strict temperance laws increase drinking. Social necessities must take the shape of law.

"In enforcing the Sunday laws we pursued the policy of enforcing them all, so that the liquor dealers may

have no chance to complain of class injustice. We have even prohibited the street-cars and cabs from running, and the first thing I had to rejoice over, after putting this law in force, was the receiving of a deputation of livery-stable employees, who asked that their Sunday rest might be secured to them. So soon as the working-men found out that we 'meant business,' they turned out and helped us. We followed up the enforcement of the Sunday laws by measures favouring a Saturday half-holiday. Only a short time since I received a letter from the District Master Workman of the Knights of Labour, in which he thanked me, on behalf of his order, for the attitude I had taken on the question of Sunday labour. 'No man,' he said, 'has a right to control both soul and body. I look forward to a time when all workers shall have two holidays—one for God and the other for humanity.'

Sending Love.

THE little Indian girls in some of the northern tribes of America have a pretty custom. When a little friend dies the children set snares and catch birds. A little girl, holding the pretty bird tenderly in her hand, will talk to it in this way:

"O little bird, our dear Laughing Eyes has gone away at the call of the Great Spirit. She can no longer see our faces or hear our voices. We are sad and lonely without her, and we want you to fly away and tell her that we love her, and our hearts are sad because she has gone. Go, dear little bird, and bear our message to Laughing Eyes." And then they set the bird free, and it flies away.

It is very sweet to send love, but it is even sweeter to give it. While our dear friends are still with us, while they can look into our eyes, and hear our words of love, let us speak them freely. Some day mother, sister, brother, all will be gone beyond our reach. Let us speak the tender, thoughtful, loving word while we may



THE ORPHAN.

The Story of the Children's Home.

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

I.

It was in a poor street of Lambeth that we got our first local habitation. For many months I had been going in and out amongst the wretchedness, vice, and crime that infest the neighbourhood of the notorious New Cut. And there I had become acquainted

with comedies and tragedies in real life, the sight and sound of which brought to quick maturity the dreams and wishes and vague purposes of many preceding years.

How could a man help feeling bound to do something, who came to know, in their flesh and blood presentment, facts such as most people only incredulously read in the sensational paragraphs of newspapers!

A tall, rough lad, with not unkindly and not unresponsive heart, is one of four brothers. His mother is notorious in the neighbourhood as "Long Annie." She is a cinder-sifter by trade; and her life is as unsavoury as her occupation. Each of her children is only half-brother to the others. Her maternal care seldom goes beyond the administration of correction: which is accomplished by means of a poker, or a candlestick, or a broomhandle, or whatever else might be handiest at the moment of her fury. Such a lad as this *could* never become anything else than a violent criminal if left in her hands, and would probably be before now have been hanged.



Or a girl was found, whom we will call Sarah. Over twelve years of age, she could not read her name, and did not know who he was that bore the blessed name—"Jesus." A heathen in ignorance, she was a heathen in appearance too. With wild, unkempt, and filthy hair; with clothes that scarcely covered her decently; with bare feet and bare head—she presented a spectacle which moved even the casual passer-by of hurrying London to look at her with pity and surprise. What was to become of her? Her mother, a woman of evil character, could only lead her into the sinful ways she was herself treading. But the helping hand was stretched out in time; and though her subsequent life has been one of strange and sad experiences, she is a respectable woman now—usefully employed in connection with a charitable institution.

We did not, however, receive girls at first; though, in a half prophetic mood, we refused from the first to call our little place "The Boys' Home," preferring the wider words, "Children's Home," and hoping and purposing ere long to take the girls no less than the boys into our love and care.

For, in truth, help is needed for the girls even more than the boys. Their peril is greater; their ruin, if vice seizes them, is less reversible; and much less, even now, is done for girls than for boys in the world of charitable effort. So we were thankful when—about two years after we had opened our boys' house—we were able to receive some girls.

But my story is running on too fast. The little house in Lambeth was soon more than filled. The stable at the back became a dining-room; the hay-loft over it was transformed into a dormitory. Ere long we had to hire the cottage next door. Even then, working amid many difficulties and with very slender means, we had distinctly before us the three cardinal ideas on which our work is based. It was to be—and, thank God, it has always been—a religious work; no mere "charity," but a mission for Christ Jesus to his neediest little ones. And it was to be industrial. The children, having to depend upon their own hands for the future, must be trained to the habit of industry, and put upon the lines of industrial progress. And chiefly—and this principle, now so widely recognized, was not then embodied in any single institution in Great Britain (we borrowed the idea from Germany)—the children



were to be trained in family life. They were to dwell not in barracks, but in homes. They were to be grouped, not in regiments of two or three hundred, but in "families" of about twenty; and to each group we would give a separate house; and for "mother," the very best woman we could find—best educated, most refined, with the largest endowment of common sense, and the richest experience of the grace of God. On these principles we established our first house; and the subsequent development of the work has been simply a reproduction again and again of these same ideas. And to-day we are more than ever convinced of their value in the training of boys no less than of girls.

From the first ours was a work of rescue; and we endeavoured in the choice of a badge, to illustrate and embody this idea. The life-buoy symbolizes the rescue of shipwrecked souls; and through the life-buoy are seen, on our blue flag, the Book and the dove—emblems of that Word of Truth and Spirit of Love in whose might alone our work can ever succeed.

There was no lack of children, so soon as it had become known that we were disposed to help them. And sorely they needed help, poor souls!



A girl is brought to us who, at ten years old, has never bowed her knee in prayer; and when asked who God Almighty is,—“Spuses he is some fine gentleman.” She is acute enough in her way, for all that. Kren in the bargaining of the streets; and eager, with the wolfish eagerness of hunger, to exchange for halfpennies the newspaper, not one line of which she can herself read! And she lives in a street where there is not one woman of reputable character. What could, what must, become of her? She must die, worn out by sin and suffering, just when life ought to be opening before a human creature with most of promise; or, if she should survive to be old, she will be like this miserable old hag, shuffling to and from the gin-palace, where she gains the momentary spirituous exhilaration, which has come to be the only happiness she knows, or which she is capable of coveting.

Or, again, in Manchester—children come to us from all parts of the country—in a wretched garret, three children are discovered by a city missionary. Their mother is dead; the father is daily drunk. The eldest of these children is known by the neighbours as “Little Mother,” for though she is only eight years old, the two younger are dependent on her for all the care they can have. The only furniture of the room is an empty grocery-box, and the only utensil is an empty meat-can. God help such children. Their father's life is their greatest curse. If he were dead, the “Union” would at least provide food and shelter for the bairns; but, as he is living, there is no help for them except what Christian charity can bring.

(To be continued.)

The Monkeys and the Tobacco.

A WORD TO BOYS.

SOME manufacturer has hit upon a very ingenious and suggestive device for advertising his brand of tobacco. A large plug is the bone of contention between some fearfully human-looking monkeys, half pulling with head and tail one way, and half the other—trying to get possession of the superior article. The thing that pleases a decent man about the picture is, that this is much better than human nudity. Also, it would seem to be a prophecy that the time is coming, yea, now is, when the use of tobacco shall be given up to apes.

Now, boys, this word is for you. If it were not for *aping*, little of this filthy, poisonous thing, would get into the mouths of boys. It is because the boy *apes* the man, that he learns to chew and smoke. It is not because he likes the taste and sickening effect at first—but then it is so nice to spit and puff and pose like a man. And the boy notices everything specially *apish* about the business, and comes up to the copy with wonderful accu-

raacy. But he fails to take in the idea of true manhood. He imitates the very things that good sense abhors, and takes to the filthy habits with a grace worthy of a better cause.

The manufacturer that made the picture feels in his own heart that the sale of his product depends largely on the apishness of his customers. Hence the significant device.

Boys, let us take the hint in time. If the greedy dealer in the vile weed takes us for *apes*, let us give him an idea to think of. Your tobacco may furnish a very fit exercise for monkeys, but not for men. We do not propose to become companions of baboons; nor do we believe with Darwin, that they were our remote ancestors, though we must admit that chewing and smoking are very monkeyish tricks, and might lead an unwary philosopher to conclude that they are our poor relations.

Let tobacco users and dealers count kin as they will. They know best their own tastes and aspirations; we prefer something more elevating and human.—*Rev. S. D. Paris.*

Child-Life in India.

A BABY in India is not rocked in a cradle, but in a swing. The houses are very small, and have no furniture, except perhaps a cot and a chair for the man of the house. Many, however, have not even that. The family sit on the bare floor and sleep on mats. This would hardly do for the baby. So, when the mother wishes to lay it down, she takes one of her long cloths that she wears instead of a dress and ties the two ends together over a small rafter in the low roof of the house, and puts the baby into the fold of the cloth. This makes a nice swing.

Most women in South India are poor, and have to work all day; and many have to take their babies with them to the fields. When they do that, they make the same kind of a swing by tying a cloth to the branch of a tree by the roadside. Then the baby is left for several hours, while the mother goes off to her work. Very often the light wind moves the branch, and that swings the child, so that it sleeps quietly, reminding us of the lullaby:

“Rock a-bye, baby, in the tree top,—
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.”

The bough does not often break, because the mother is careful to tie the swing to a tamarind, or some other tree that has very strong boughs. But sometimes the poor little baby, when it wakes up alone, cries and wiggles about a long time before anyone takes any notice of it; and once in a while it falls out of the swing, and gets hurt.

Once a week the family go to the weekly fair in some village several miles away. As they are poor they walk, and carry the baby by swinging it in a cloth hanging from a bamboo

stick. The father walks ahead with one end of the stick on his shoulder, and the mother comes behind carrying the other end, while the baby hangs in the cloth between them. When they reach the fair ground the mother spreads her vegetables for sale on a little mat, and lets the baby roll around on the ground by her side.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A Child's Tear.

“My home—yes, it's bright and clean, sir,
And I'll tell how it came to pass;
It wasn't my work or doing at all—
It's all due to that little lass.

“I was going straight down to hell, sir,
And all through the curse of the drink;
How I treated poor Mary, my wife, sir,
God knows I can't bear to think.

“I didn't know as I loved her
Till the wild dark night she died,
When I found her lying so cold and still,
And that new-born child by her side.

“The little lass, she has grown, sir—
Last June she was eight years old;
And what she has been to me, sir,
Can never on earth be told.

“When a kid, there was no one to mind her
But a woman as lived next door;
And she, being given to drink, too,
Let her fall one day on the floor.

“And ever since, the poor creatur'
Has been lame with a crooked knee;
So I'd often lift her up in my arms
To take her about with me.

“For I really loved the poor mite, sir,
And her sweet little eyes of blue
Was as blue and as bright as her mother's
Wor,
And they looked mo through and through.

“One night I was off to the ‘public’—
I'd been drinking already—'twas late,
And I took little May to carry her,
But I couldn't walk quite straight.

“‘Oh, daddy, don't go!’ she whispered,
But I quickened my drunken pace,
And I said, ‘Not another word young un,
Or I'll give you a slap in the face.’

“I was brutal, sir—I know it;
But the devil was in me then,
And when he gets hold of us with the drink
We are only brutes—not men.

“And the little lass, she wor quiet,
But I felt a hot tear fall;
And it seemed to burn right into my hand,
Though she wiped it off with her shawl.

“Straight into my soul it entered—
It melted my hardened heart;
So I said, ‘I'll go home, lassie.’
That night I made a new start.

“Now, every morning and evening,
I kneel, and with heart sincere
I bless my God for saving a soul
By the touch of a little one's tear.”

—*The Quiver.*

What Besides Feathers?

You have often heard it said that “Fine feathers make fine birds.” Think about it, and see if its true. A couple of years ago I was in Litchfield County, staying for a few days. Opposite the house there lived the most beautiful peacock. Oh, how handsome he was! He spread his beautiful tail feathers and walked about proudly in the sun—himself a rainbow of colour. The children

stood dumb with delight when they first saw him. In one week there was a complete change of feeling. He was voted a perfect nuisance. Why? Because he had such a horrid voice, and was so noisy. From the first streak of light in the eastern sky till the last ray in the western sky, his harsh, discordant voice woke the echoes. The baby could not be kept asleep, the nervous children became ill, fathers and mothers were worn out for want of sleep. The peacock was killed and mounted, with his beautiful tail feathers spread. His fine feathers did not save him. The little plain wrens, who lived in the elm down the road, were the special friends of the children, but not because of their fine feathers, but because they kept house in such a delightful way.

Hundreds of ants were the pets of these same little folks, who studied their habits while they cared for them. Bending over the ants, who certainly are not beautiful, they would say to the peacock, walking across the lawn, with his beautiful feathers trailing after him, “Go 'way, you screech owl, go 'way.” He had no friends, in spite of his beauty; so you see some thing beside fine feathers is needed to make people happy and attractive. Sometimes we exclaim, “Oh, what a pretty child!” but the next minute the beauty is gone—we have seen a hateful action or heard a naughty word. So beauty alone could not hold our admiration.

This is said to be a true story. It is taken from the German:—

“A nobleman once gave a grand supper to a few guests. While they sat at the table, two masked people came into the room. They were not larger than children five or six years of age, and represented a gentleman and lady of high rank. The gentleman wore a scarlet coat with gold buttons. His curly wig was powdered snow white, and in his hand he held a fine hat.

“The lady was dressed in yellow silk, with silver spangles, and had a neat little hat, with plumes, on her head, and a fan in the hand. Both danced elegantly, and often made agile springs. Everybody said, ‘The skill of these children is wonderful.’

“An old officer, who sat at the table, took an apple and threw it between the gay dancers. Suddenly the little lord and lady rushed for the apple, quarrelled as if they were mad, tore off their masks and head-gear, and instead of the skilful children appeared a pair of apes. All at the table laughed loudly; but the old officer said, with much earnestness, ‘Apes and fools may dress as much as they please, it soon becomes known who they are.’”

He who is not shy of the appearances of sin, who shuns not the occasions of sin, and who avoids not the temptations to sin, will not long abstain from the actual commission of sin.

Our Canadian Fatherland.

TO THE AIR OF "WAS IST DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND."

Canadian song of what Canadaise a me album
pito

What is our young Canadian land?
Is it the Novembeg's strand?
Or wild Cape Breton by the sea?
Or Ontario? Acadie?
Or Manitoba's flower-decked plain,
Or the Columbia's mountain chain?
Or any part—from strand to strand—
Is a Canadian's fatherland?
Nay! for our young Canadian land
Is greater, grander far than these;
It stretches wide on either hand
Between the world's two mighty seas!
So, let no hostile lines divide
The fields our feet should freely roam;
 Gael, Norman, Saxon,—side by side,
And Canada our nation's Home;
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!

Where'er our country's banner spreads
Above Canadians' free-born heads,
Where'er the story of our land
Enshines the memory of the band
Of heroes, who, with blood and toil,
Laid deep in our Canadian soil,
Foundations for the future age,
And wrote their names on history's page,
—Our history:—From strand to strand
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!
So each to each is firmly bound

By ties each generous heart should own,
We cannot spare a foot of ground,
No part can, selfish, stand alone!
So Nova Scotia and Quebec
Shall meet in kinship leal and true,—
New Brunswick's hills be mirrored back
In fair Ontario's waters blue!
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!

Where'er Canadian thought breathes free,
Or wakes the lyre of poetry,—
Where'er Canadian hearts awake
To sing a song for her dear sake,
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,
That wake us to the noblest war
Against each lurking ill and strife
That weakens, now, our growing life,
No line keeps hand from clasping hand,
—Our young Canadian land!
Metice and Howe she claims her own,
Hears all her eastern slingers' bays,
Frechetto is here, and in her crown,
Ontario every laurel lays;—
Let Canada our watchword be,
While lesser names we know no more,
One nation, spread from sea to sea,
And fused by love, from shore to shore;
—From sea to sea, from strand to strand,
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!
—*Fidelis, in the Week.*

"Save Him First."

In one of the great tornados in a Western town last spring, a school-house was blown down, and a great many little children went down under the ruins. Fond, pitying hearts and hands were soon at work trying to release the little sufferers. A little girl, who was pinned down by heavy beams, begged the men who were working to help her out to leave her and save a little boy near by, "cause he's only five years old!" urged the brave, loving little heart!

The same spirit moved the noble boy of whom this story is told:—

Some years ago there was an accident in a coal mine near Bitton, in Gloucestershire. Six men were going down into the mine, when the handle

of the cart in which they were sitting broke, and they were all killed.

A man and a boy had been clinging to the rope which held the cart, and as the accident happened they each made a spring, and managed to catch hold of a long iron chain which is always hung down the side of a coal-pit as a guide.

When the people at the top heard of the accident, and found that some one was clinging on to the chain, they sent down a man to rescue him. The man himself was securely fastened to the end of a rope, and had another noose or loop of rope which he could tie round the body of the man to be rescued, and then they would be drawn up together.

He came first to the boy, Daniel Harding, and was just going to seize him, when the boy cried, "Don't mind me, I can still hold on a little; but Joseph Brown, who is a little lower down, is nearly exhausted. Save him first."

So the brave lad hung on patiently for another quarter of an hour, and saved his friend's life at the risk of his own.—*S. S. Advocate.*

The Universal Tongue.

We were at a railroad junction one night, waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting-room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal himself when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a German, and they talked in German—he giving her evidently a lot of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and baggage-check, and occasionally patting her on the arm. At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The big man put his hand to the old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said, "Papa, it is the mother."

We knew it was; but how could a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother? We asked him how he knew, and he said, "Oh, the big man was so kind to her."

The big man bustled out. We gave the little old mother the rocking-chair, and presently the big man came in with a baggage-man, and to him he spoke English. He said: "This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage and see her on the right car—the rear car—with a good seat near the centre,

and tell the conductor she is my mother. And here's a dollar for you, and I'll do as much for your mother some time."

The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand, grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German mother with an expression that showed that he had a mother too, and we almost knew that the old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench, and went out on the platform, and got acquainted with the big German. And he talked of horse-trading, buying and selling, and everything that showed he was a live man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a very busy one, and at times he was full of hard work, disappointment, and rough roads; but with all this hurry and excitement, he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when, after a few minutes talk about business, he said: "You must excuse me; I must go into the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like grasping his fat, red hand and kissing it. Oh, the love of a mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages.

The Three Half-pence.

A TRUE STORY.

It was an evening missionary meeting in the great city of London. A minister was telling missionary stories, as he used to do once in every month. As he was speaking, he saw a poor man, black with his work at the iron foundry near by, come in and stand with his back to the wall, near the door. He held in his arms a very little girl, pale and thin, with large bright eyes. She looked earnestly at the minister, and listened to his words with deep attention.

At the close of his speech he said: "These poor heathen cannot hear of God without a preacher. No preacher can go to them unless he is sent. To send him costs a good deal of money. No one should hear what you have been hearing without doing something to help pay for the expenses of missions. A penny saved from self may be a penny given to God." Then he showed them some pretty little boxes, and he said he would give one to anybody who would try to save, be it ever so little, and drop it into the box to help the heathen.

As he stopped speaking, he saw that little girl pointing to a box, and coaxing her father, with eager whispers, to go up and take one for her. The poor man was ashamed to come quite up, but he moved forward, and the kind minister met him and held out the box. The child smiled, and a flush of joy passed over her pale face. Her father said, "I don't know if the lass will be able to gather much for you." "Let her try," said the minis-

ter. "Where there's a will, there's a way." If she saves or earns one penny for God's work, it will do herself good." Soon after this the poor man's wife died, and the child was left to his sole care.

A year went by. There was another missionary meeting, and the boxes that had been given out were to be sent in and opened. Again that poor man stood leaning against the wall, but the little girl who had nestled in his arms was not there now. She had just died also. His hand held her box, and tears were in his eyes. When the meeting was over, and every one else had gone, he moved up to the minister and held out the box. "That was hers, sir," he said, and the tears rolled down his face. "She made me give her a halfpenny every Saturday night out of my week's wages, when she had been good and pleased me. She never lost her halfpenny, sir. Count it; there were fifty-two weeks, fifty-two halfpence. You will find it all right."

But when the money was counted there were three halfpence too many, and one large penny piece was among them. The father looked distressed. His child never had any money but what he gave her. How could she have obtained it? Could she have kept it back from the money due at the shop, when she had been sent on errands? He could not believe that his dear little Ellie could think she was doing God service by a dishonest thing. Still, he went away troubled.

One morning, as he sat thinking this over at his lonely breakfast, a lady came to the door with some message. She spoke kindly of his child, whose gentle patience and goodness she had seen in her sickness. Then the father told her of his anxiety about the three halfpence. The lady thought a minute, and said joyfully: "I can tell you about them." The day before Ellie's death she had called to see her. The child's mouth looked hot and dry, and she had asked her if she would not like an orange. "Very much," was the reply. She took out her purse, but, as she had just been shopping, she found there was only three halfpence left. She gave them to the dying child, and asked her to send the old neighbour who nursed her for an orange.

"I remember it," said the lady, "because I was so sorry that I had no more to give. There was a penny piece and a half-penny. I was sending some nice things to the child the next morning, when the old woman came to say she was dead. I asked her if she got the orange, and she said the child never spoke of it. I reproached myself, for I thought it was weakness that kept her from asking for it. I thought I ought to have gone for it myself."

"God be praised, and may he forgive me!" said the poor father. "The child denied her dying lips the orange, and put the three halfpence into the missionary box."—*Mission Dayspring.*

A Messenger of Consolation.

Love's peace is in her pure young heart,
Love's light is on her face,
She carries sunshine in her eyes
To many a shady place.

For ought she has of good and sweet
She only seeks to share;
She lends her loving strength to all
The crosses others bear.

Her posies cheer the sufferer's bed,
The city workshop's gloom,
She has a wreath to lay upon
The stranger's lonely tomb.

Through every gentle deed she does
Love's soft aroma steals,
The weary heart grows fresh again,
The wounded spirit heals.

And when she wanders through the woods
In morning's dewy hour,
Standing amid the flowers we see
Herself the fairest flower!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 29] LESSON VIII. [FEB. 19

A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.

Matt. 18. 21-35. Memory verses, 21, 22

GOLDEN TEXT.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive
our debtors. Matt. 6. 12.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Forgiving.
2. Unforgiving.

TIME.—29 A.D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This lesson follows
in very close connection with the last, and
is among the last of the teachings given by
Jesus to his disciples before his departure
for Jerusalem and Judea.

EXPLANATIONS.—Till seven times—Peter
thought there must be some limit to forgive-
ness, and yet would be magnanimous. The
number seven, as a symbolic number, might
mean once for every day in the week.
Seventy times seven—A limitless number of
times; not four hundred and ninety times
simply, but, as that is a very large number
compared with seven, it means a vast num-
ber of times; that is, always. Take account
of his servants—Not number his servants,
but make a reckoning with them. Ten thou-
sand talents—An expression intended to in-
dicate the infinite debt incurred, which could
never be discharged. Commanded him to be
sold—That is as a slave, according to the law
of Moses. Loosed him—Set him free. A
hundred pence—About fifteen dollars; a very
small comparative sum. The tormentors—
The torturers, or those who would subject
him to rack and punishment till he should
pay; an awful picture of punishment, since
he could not pay.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Forgiving.
What previous teaching of Jesus caused
Peter's question? v. 15.
Did Peter ask for himself, or for all the
disciples?
What view of forgiveness as a virtue does
his question disclose?
What was the great law laid down by
Jesus?
How did he illustrate the principle?
What is forgiveness?
2. Unforgiving.
To what realm does Jesus teach that for-
giveness belongs?
In the illustration, whom does the earthly
king represent?
Who are the servants?
What is the day of reckoning?
Was the judgment just?
Why did the king forgive the debt?
Did the servant's promise to pay have any
thing to do with the forgiveness?
What should the effect of forgiveness be
in the life?

How did Jesus illustrate this in the house
of Simon the Pharisee? See Luke 7. 30,
and after.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is the hardest lesson that human life
has to learn. One says, "I can forgive but
I must remember."

God says, "Forgive and forget."
Forgiving is forth giving. You give away
what you have against one; then there is
nothing left to remember.

Forgiveness must come from the heart;
that is, it must be willing, generous, com-
passionate, merciful, helpful, and loving.
Is there one person whom you have not
forgiven?

Remember, the largest word in our Lord's
Prayer is the smallest one, "as." "Forgive
us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Find instances in the Scriptures where
God forgave men's iniquities freely.
2. What did Christ pray on the cross?
What did Stephen pray when the Jews were
casting stones?
3. Find how many times in Matthew the
phrase "kingdom of heaven" is used.
4. Find (an illustration in this lesson) how
men regard the ungrateful recipient of kind-
ness.
5. What Mosaic law is alluded to here?
See if you can find it.
6. Write down and give to your teacher
what you think the doctrine of this lesson is.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was Peter's question to Jesus?
How often shall I forgive? 2. How many
times did Jesus tell him he must forgive?
Until seventy times seven. 3. What does
v. 35 show that this means? That there is
no limit to forgiveness. 4. What does this
verse say we must do? From our hearts
forgive all trespasses. 5. How had Jesus
already taught men to pray? "Forgive us
our debts," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Forgiveness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What does our Lord say of those who
reject him?

He declares that they ought to believe in
him; and that they would believe in him if
they humbly and patiently listened to his
words.

John viii. 46, 47. If I say truth, why do
ye not believe me? He that is of God hear-
eth the words of God: for this cause ye hear
them not, because ye are not of God.

A.D. 30] LESSON IX. [FEB. 26

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

Matt. 19. 16-26. Memory verses, 23-26

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Matt.
6. 24.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Service of God.
2. The Service of Mammon.

TIME.—30 A.D. Early in the year.

PLACE.—Perea, beyond Jordan.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Several months in
time have passed, and many most interesting
events have occurred since the events of the
last lesson. Jesus has finally left Galilee,
not to return till after the resurrection. He
journeyed through Samaria, healed ten
lepers, one of whom was a Samaritan, and
at last reached Bethany, which he made his
home. At Jerusalem, at the Feast of the
Tabernacles, he taught and wrought miracles,
and continued until the Feast of Dedication,
when the violence of his enemies became so
great that he was compelled to withdraw
into Perea. Here he sent forth the seventy
messengers, and here received tidings of the
deadly illness of Lazarus. He returned to
Bethany; called Lazarus back to life; once
more sought for quiet in the mountains of
Ephraim; again passed across the Jordan
into Perea, and there began his last great
ministry to the thronging multitudes. Here
occurred the visit from the rich young ruler,
and his story is the lesson for to-day.

EXPLANATIONS.—What good thing—That
is, what work of righteousness. Enter into
life—That is, have the eternal life about
which he asked. If thou wilt be perfect—That
is, if besides keeping the letter of the law

you are earnest to keep its spirit. Camel
The familiar Oriental beast of burden. Eye
of a needle—Miss Von Finkelstein interprets
and illustrates as an actual thing that there
is a gate called "the needle's eye," through
which a camel, stripped of all burden, can
pass. Most commentators think it means
"a matter of very great difficulty." With
men . . . impossible—That is, according to
the way men judge and understand, it is
impossible.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Service of God.
With whom had Jesus been in discussion
previous to this scene?
Of what class was this "one" who came
with a question to Jesus? Luke 18. 18.
Why did he use the word "good" when
he spoke to Jesus—"good" "master?"
Why did Jesus answer as he did?
What commandments did Jesus cite?
What is the number of the last command-
ment he mentioned?
What did Jesus mean by being perfect?
Can any one render a perfect obedience to
the law?
Was the young man's answer, "all these,"
etc., true? Give a reason for your
answer.

2. The Service of Mammon.

What is meant by mammon, the word
found in the GOLDEN TEXT?
What was the young ruler's claim?
What did Christ lead him to see?
Did Jesus demand an unreasonable thing
of him?

Can you mention any instance in the Old
Testament where God demanded all
that a man had?

Why is it that a rich man shall hardly
enter the kingdom of heaven?

What makes it easier for a camel to go
through the eye of a needle than for
him to enter heaven?

What is meant by the eye of the needle?
What did Jesus teach us to the difference
between divine and human standards of
judgment?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

This rich young man has many followers
to-day.

They do not kill, steal, lie, lead impure
lives, or dishonour their parents, but abstain-
ing from these things is often no self-denial.

Jesus says, "Sell all;" they go away.

Jesus says, "Give self;" they go away.

Jesus says, "Abandon self seeking;" they
go away.

Jesus says, "Give to the poor;" they go
away.

Whom are you following, the young man
or Jesus?

The young man came to Jesus. Let's
wife went out of Sodom. Both were lost.

Why?

This young man deceived himself. Do
you?

Christ weighed him in the balances. On
one side a desire for eternal life, on the other
self. So he will weigh all of us.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Learn where Jesus was when the lesson
opens. See where he was in the last lesson.
2. Trace his steps between the two lessons.
3. Write all the miracles that he is said
to have worked during this time.
4. Read Luke's account and Mark's ac-
count of this visit.
5. Write two reasons why it is hard for a
rich man to be saved.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who came asking for eternal life? A
rich young ruler. 2. What did Jesus tell
him he must do? "Keep the command-
ments." 3. How did the young man show
that he considered himself fit for eternal
life? He said, "All these have I kept."
4. What did Jesus say that showed him he
had not kept the one that had been last
mentioned? "Go . . . sell . . . give . . .
come . . . follow me." 5. What great truth
from the Sermon on the Mount was thus
exemplified? "Ye cannot serve God and
mammon."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Self-righteous-
ness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. What is his warning to them?
That his word shall condemn them at the
last day.

John xii. 48. He that rejecteth me, and
receiveth not my sayings, hath one that
judgeth him: the word that I spake, the
same shall judge him in the last day.

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