

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

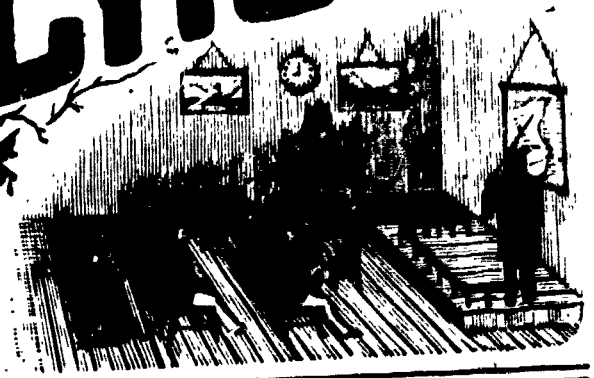
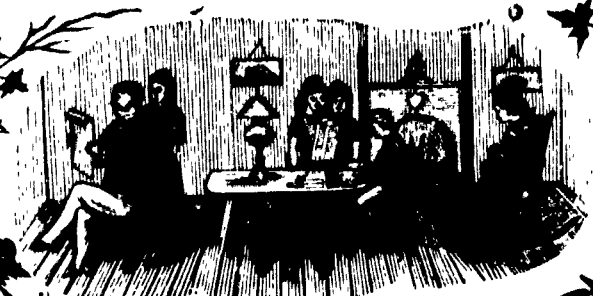
- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from /
Le titre de l'en tête provient
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous

10x	14x	18x	22x	26x	30x
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12x	16x	20x	24x	28x	32x

HOME & SCHOOL



[No. 9.]

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1883.

Vol. I.]



THE YOUNG GARDENER. — (See next page.)

Milton's Prayer for Patience

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong,
I murmur not that I no longer see
Poor, old, and helpless, to Thee belong,
Father supreme! to Thee.

All-merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art Thou most
near,
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy charity I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knees,
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here,
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath
been,
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing new,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from "Paradise" refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

The Young Gardener.

PERHAPS there was a garden plot known as his, which, aided by a suggestion or two from his father, he carefully cultivated. Any father would be proud of such a son as "The Young Gardener." The faithful, affectionate dog, gambolling by his young master's side, seems to take in the whole situation, and rejoices in his master's joy. Woe be to any one who shall dare to interrupt him, or take anything off his barrow. Look at it again, and if you see, as your Editor sees, you will then agree to the following:—

1st. It is suggestive of healthfulness. That boy is the picture of health. You may be sure that he goes to bed early, and gets up early. He don't chew nor smoke tobacco, nor use intoxicating drinks; nor of your home-made cider or wine for him, his nose would be offended if you put whisky near it. He eats his share of porridge and other wholesome food, and drinks plenty of good milk and water, and keeps his skin clean by the use of plenty of soap and water. He is none of your poor, thin little boys the wind mustn't blow upon; but a real healthful little fellow.

2nd. It is suggestive of industry. If the contents of his barrow is a specimen of his crop, then you may be certain that his garden is the very opposite of what King Solomon describes, when he says: "I went by the field of the slothful . . . and lo it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof." It had been well digged, carefully planted, and the hoe had not been allowed to get rusty, and where and when he

could not well use his hoe, then he hand-pulled the weeds. It would be quite a delight to look on it. See how he has filled his barrow; notice the way he has taken hold of the handles, see the way he steps. Off jacket and vest, roll up his shirt sleeves, and at it with a will. What pleasure to see a man or boy work after that fashion. Doubtless he can swim as well as the next, at the proper time, and with suitable companions; but he don't believe in all play.

3rd. It is suggestive of cheerfulness. Some boys and girls have the unfortunate habit of looking rather sour when they are at work; just as though they hated it. They are cross and don't half do it, unless they are watched all the time. Our Young Gardener looks to be real happy. Perhaps he is a little proud of his crop, and as he hastens to the door, he is thinking what his mamma will say when he calls her to look at what his barrow contains. Or it may be that is what he calls the minister's portion, and his young heart is so happy it shines out all over his face while he thinks of the surprise he'll give the minister. However that may be, he looks very cheerful.

Healthful, industrious, cheerful; these, with true religion in his heart, make him just such a boy as the world needs. If he lives to manhood he'll help to make the world the better for his abode in it; and in the judgment of the great day, the Lord Jesus Christ will say unto him, "Well done."—*Ensign.*

The Borrowed Baby.

"PLEASE, ma'am, I've come to borrow the baby." The speaker was a rosy-cheeked girl who lived with the family over the way. It was a regular nuisance, this lending the baby all the time. She did not seem to belong to us any more at all. I suppose we were all a little jealous, because she loved the new people so much, and they took so much pains with her, teaching her little cunning ways and pretty sayings; and I must say they were most judicious, never giving her sweet things to make her sick, or letting her take cold. So, for the hundredth time I rolled little Dudu up, and, kissing her good-bye, sent her off to act the part of a borrowed baby. When John came home to dinner, and found the baby gone again, he was just as angry as he could be. "Why can't they go over to the asylum and take their pick of babies." "But not ours, John," I said, quickly. "Well, no, of course not, but I don't propose to have strangers going halves with our baby. Besides, I won't have them teaching that child any more religious nonsense, and they bring her as well know it; when they bring her back this time you may as well settle it once for all."

I forgot to say that John and I were Free Thinkers, and did not go to church, or subscribe to any of the religious beliefs to which we had been educated. We had both graduated in a brilliant, intellectual school, utterly devoid of the foolish superstitions of any religious faith, and we intended to bring up our child in the same severely moral atmosphere. It did not once occur to us that ours was the strength of youth and presumption, or that our ignorance could not pull down in a day what knowledge had been a thousand years building. We felt that we were sufficient for ourselves and our child. The baby came

home. She was nearly three years old, but after all, only a baby, and as I took her from the girl I said: "We won't be able to lend the baby any more, Mary; her papa and I both think it isn't a good plan, and we cannot possibly do without her; the house is too lonely. Tell your mistress so with my compliments."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said the girl, "because we all love little Dudu so much and she's really sweet. She can sing 'Jesus loves me' all through, and not miss a word."

"Superstition!" I exclaimed angrily. "Tell your mistress for me that I do not wish my child to learn those senseless hymns. I do not believe in them, nor do I intend that she shall."

"Not b-e-l-i-e-v-e them!" gasped the girl. "Why you ain't a heathen, be you?" I dismissed her curtly, and when John came home told him of the message I had sent.

"That is right, my little woman. I guess we know enough to take care of this little blossom. Hey, wee Willie Winkie, don't we?"

Somehow just then an old forgotten text flashed into my mind—"My grace is sufficient for thee," and it ran up and down the garret of my thought all the evening. When I put Dudu to bed I noticed that her hands were hot and her eyes seemed heavy. There was lots of diphtheria in the place, but she had not been exposed to it in any possible manner, our neighbours who had borrowed the baby for being as afraid of it as we were, for that was why no baby was at their home.

Oh, that dreadful time! I cannot recall it now—the days—hardly more than a day—of anguish; the awful suffering at the end, the parched lips and the fever-bright eyes—the awful realm of death and not one of hope, one word of comfort, only the cruel, dreary, unlighted grave that yawned for our darling! Just at the last there was a moment's peace. It was not on us that her last look fell. We turned to see who or what she saw, and there stood our neighbour over the way, whom she, at least, sweet darling, had loved as herself, and then she lifted the weary little hands, and a glad look of recognition was in the wan face, and we all heard the last broken words as they fell in awful distinctness from the baby lips:

"Jesus loves me—dis I know."

And it was all over, and only the memory remained of so much beauty and sweetness; and as our hearts were going back to the dust of unbelief, our good neighbour came like an evangelist, and giving us of her own brave strength, gained at the foot of the cross, said wisely: "Be content. God has only borrowed the baby!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

If you stand a quarter of a mile off from your father, you will be sore puzzled to know what he says or what he means; but if you go within five feet of him, everything will be plain. So, my Christian brother, if you stand off and away from God, your Heavenly Father, in the midst of earthly absorptions, you will undoubtedly be much at a loss to know what is His will; but if you live near to Him, walking with God (as the Scripture expression so significantly gives it), you will have no difficulty of this sort.—*Howard Crosby.*

Three Little Pilgrims.

THREE small children, a boy and two girls, respectively ten, seven, and four years old, arrived in St. Louis a few weeks ago, having travelled thither all the way from Kulm, in Germany, without any escort or protection but their innocence and helplessness. Their parents, who had emigrated last year from the Fatherland and settled in Sedalia, Missouri, had left them in charge of an aunt, to whom in due time they forwarded a sum of money, sufficient to pay the passage and other expenses of the little ones to their new home across the ocean. As they spoke not a word of any language save their own, in all probability they would never have arrived at their destination had not the relative in question provided them with a passport, not, truly, addressed to any earthly authority, but to Christian mankind at large. Before taking leave of them she gave the eldest girl a New Testament, instructing her to show it to every person who might accost her during her long voyage, and in particular, to call attention to the first leaf in the book. Upon that leaf the wise and good woman had inscribed the names of the three children, their birthplace and several ages, and a plain, unvarnished statement to the effect that "their father and mother in America were anxiously awaiting their arrival at Sedalia, Missouri," followed by the irresistible appeal, their guide, safeguard, and interpreter throughout a journey of over four thousand miles: "Verily I say unto you, forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

By virtue of its age and value and previous associations this little prayer has become a classic. It must be very ancient, for who can tell when or by whom it was written? Thousands, from the silver-haired pilgrim to the lisping infant, sink to nightly slumber murmuring the simple petition. It has trembled on the lips of the dying. One instance was that of an old saint of eighty-six years whose mind had so failed that he could not recognise his own daughter. "Very touching," says the relator, "was the scene one night after retiring, as he called his daughter, as if she were his mother, saying, like a little child, 'Mother, come here by my bed and hear me say my prayers before I go to sleep.' She came near. He clasped his white, withered hands, and reverently said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;"

then quietly fell asleep and woke in heaven."

A distinguished judge, who many years ago died in New York in extreme old age, said that his mother had taught the stanza to him in infancy and that he never omitted it at night. John Quincy Adams made a similar assertion, and an old sea captain declared that, even before he became a decided Christian, he never forgot it on turning in at night.—*Anon.*

The intellect sits enthroned on the forehead and in the eye; and the heart is written in the countenance. The soul reveals itself in the voice only.—*Longfellow.*

Unrest.

"Our heart is restless till it rest in Thee"—St. Augustine

THERE'S a strange, wild wail around, a wail of wild unrest,
A mourning in the music, with echoes unconfessed,
And a mocking twitter here and there, with small notes shrill and thin,
And deep low shuddering groans that rise from caves of gloom within

And still the weary wail crosses the harmonies of God,
And still the wailers wander through His fair lands rich and broad;
Grave thought-explorers swell the cry of doubt and nameless pain,
And careless feet among the flowers trip to the dismal strain.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless search for truth,
They may squander in the quest all the freshness of their youth,
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's unresting sleep,
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's unfathomed deep.

But they wait and wail and wander in vain, and still in vain,
Though they glory in the dimness and are proud of every pain;
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime mistake,
While the spell-dream is upon them, and they can not, will not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest! The Deliverer is near,
Arise, go forth to meet him! Bow down, for He is here!
Ye shall count your true existence from this first and blessed tryal,
For He waiteth to reveal Himself, the very God in Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and sweet,
And the earth-lights never lead us beyond the shadows grim,
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Him. —Frances Ridley Havergal.

The Peril of a Sparrow, and How He Was Saved.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

EVERY boy knows how the English sparrows, first brought over from their native country to eat up the caterpillars and measuring worms which were eating the leaves from the park-trees in New York city, have spread into the towns and cities of Canada as well. Why they do not go more into country places I cannot tell; perhaps it is because they think, like our tramps and loafers, that they can get an easier living in the towns than country. Like those shiftless people, I am sure, that in inclement weather they must sometimes suffer very much from their choice.

But then, I am sure that one sparrow is of more value, many ways, than many loafers. They destroy many injurious insects; they pick up a great deal from the streets which would become offensive; and their company makes every place, every house-top and tree, very lively. I must give them credit for doing that much for me.

The place where I have made the home of my old age is quaint but comfortable. It is an old double house, altered to accommodate a family for which only one of the former smaller tenements of which, under one roof, it was composed, would be too small. With two or three new doors out through, one partition knocked out, and a stairway moved from one place to another, it furnishes us with fourteen rooms

(some of them very small, 'tis true), and sundry passage-ways, closets, and other conveniences. The plan of the labyrinth of rooms is now so odd, that I have given our cottage an odd name, namely, *Ramble Lodge*. But then it is very cozy and comfortable.

The sparrows, of which we have more than our proportion, increase the interest and pleasantness of our homely dwelling. The reason why we have more sparrows than many other people is this: (1) We keep a horse, and the hay and horse-feed in general, together with the refuse of the house, furnishes them a great deal of food; (2) I always keep more than a dozen fowls, which I purposely furnish with a variety and range of food from time to time, some of which is small enough for sparrows, of which they dispute the possession with the hens. Once, when, for a time, I fed a mixture of very small grains, the sparrows came down upon us in such numbers as to become a nuisance, and my good wife, who is a very tidy housekeeper, entered a strong protest. By furnishing less food of a kind they could avail themselves of, a part of them flew elsewhere. We have still, however, enough left to make our premises very lively. Two old covered eave troughs, now no longer used, being displaced by metal pipes, are taken possession of—a shelter in stormy weather and in winter, or as a breeding-place in summer. Since St. Valentine's day there has been a world of chatter connected with love-making, house-furnishing, and nest-building, in the sparrow community. This would be even more pleasant if they had not fought away another family, which had prior possession and a kind of pre-emption right of the premises: I refer to the swallows, who, though a very urbane sort of bird, have been forced to pack off to the country, and to build their houses under the eaves of barns, while they sun and air themselves, when off work, on the fences and telegraph wires. In the towns we must be content with the sparrows. Just in front of the southern window of the room where I often write, in a sheltered corner, are two peach-trees, which have grown very tall and bushy. We manured them so much they bear no fruit, but have all grown to wood. In the place of peaches we have to accept the shade, and to use them as curtains to the windows. The sparrows, however, have made a perch of them. They are a pretty object for the eye to rest upon, and their chatter is very lively at most times. But now to my story.

On Good Friday morning one of my sparrows fell into a snare from which he could not extricate himself. You will remember it was a snowy morning, and I had gone to the front of the house to see whether the snow did not require to be removed from the sidewalk, when a young man drew my attention to a great concourse of sparrows at one corner, which seemed to be trying in vain to rescue one of their number from a perilous position. He had, apparently, been trying to enter the eave-trough, above described, through a hole which had once been an opening to a spout, with a considerable bit of string, which he had intended some way to utilize in the construction of his nest; but one end of it had got fastened around the head of a nail, or in a crack in the wood, while the other end had become wound around his neck. Leaving the hole

with the expectation, probably, of making a free flight after more materials, he had become suspended by the neck, like a culprit who had been hanged for a felony. Nor could he help himself in any possible way, not being able to regain his footing anywhere. There he swung to and fro like the pendulum of a clock, and though he fluttered and fluttered, his strength every moment was becoming less. His little feathered associates gathered around, and made cries of alarm, pecking and pecking till they became discouraged, and gave it up. A deliverer of greater powers and intelligence must interpose, or poor birdie was lost. I addressed myself to the rescue: first I had Katie, the housemaid, hand me out the step-ladder. That was too short to allow me to reach the bird, which was dangling full twenty feet or more from the ground. I then bethought me of the pitch-fork, by one prong of which I hoped to undo the tie at one end or other; but even that was too short; besides, it was hard to keep my position on the top of the ladder. I was in danger of slipping off, without any rope to fetch me up. The little captive fluttered less as his strength became exhausted, and I began to fear, as life seemed to be ebbing out, that he would die upon my hands, when I bethought me of that long piece of fish-pole, which was kept for beating carpets withal. Presto, I ran and found it, returned and mounted the ladder once more, and found I could now reach the bird, and began poking and poking in hopes of detaching one or other end of the string; neither of which I could do, but was momentarily in danger of getting a tumble myself.

I now gave up hopes of saving the bird alive; but thought his death was only a question of time—and that his nest must remain unfinished—that his mate must mourn in early widowhood,—and the happy little house-keeping establishment, which I had hoped to see grow up under my eye, must come to nought. Shall I confess the sad determination to which I came? It was to save him from a lingering death by killing him myself! With that view, I began to beat him with the end of the pole, when, O joy! though I must have hurt him somewhat, down he came, and lay panting under one of the shrubs in the flower garden. But he was not dead; for when I went to seize him in my hand, I was glad to see that he could fly. I allowed him to rejoin his mate; and I expect their house-keeping operations have been resumed, and their family-raising prospects are not blasted.

Dear children, for whom I record this little incident, we see in this occurrence an illustration of the events of which Good Friday, the anniversary of the Saviour's death, should remind us. We, like the bird, were imperilled, and in danger of a dreadful death. We could not save ourselves; and neither men nor even angels could help us. It required a nature superior to ours to retrieve our disaster. But, as a human being, with superior strength and resources, rescued the bird, so the God-man, the Lord Jesus Christ—

"Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He flew to our relief."

"Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead."

I almost hazarded my safety in striving to rescue my little feathered friend; but He laid down His life that we might live. And His resurrection brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel.

May we all lay hold upon that life and enjoy it forever! Amen.

How to be Nobody.

It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now: just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything, let it be the dime novel of the day; thus go on keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be nobody, unless you should turn out a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons just ready to graduate and be nobodies.—*Watchman*.

It's no Worth the Warsle for't.

In the following moralizing, by George Paulin, we hear the world-old echo of Solomon's complaint, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity."

It's no worth the warsle * for't.
A' ye'll get on earth,
Gin ye hac' na walth aboon
Mair than warl's worth.

It's no worth a body's while,
Coortin' fame and glitter,
It only makes the aftercome
Unco black and bitter.

It's no worth the fisher's heuk,
Fishin' here for pleasure,
Gin ye canna' coont aboon,
Freend an' hame an' treasure.

The Queen of Home.

WHEN you think of a queen you think of a plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him down the path of life arm in arm—sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always side by side, soothing your little sorrows and adjusting your little quarrels, listening to your evening prayer, toiling with the needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights tucking you up snug and warm. And then on that dark day when she lay a-dying, putting those thin hands that had toiled for you so long, putting them together in a dying prayer commending you to that God in whom she had taught you to trust. Oh, she was the queen—she was the queen. You can not think of her now without having the deepest emotions of your soul stirred, and you feel as if you could cry as though you were now sitting in infancy on her lap, and if you could call her back to speak your name with the tenderness with which she once spoke, you would be willing now to throw yourself on that sod that covers her grave, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah! she was the queen. Your father knew it. She was the queen, but the queen in disguise. The world did not recognize it.—*Dr. Talmage, in Sunday Magazine*.

* Wrestle.

For Love's Sake.

SOMETIMES I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fan,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft when I am ready to morn ur
That time is flitting away,
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day.
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine,
You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk,
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake,
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 30 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Under 5 copies, 65c.; over 5 copies	0 05
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly	0 05
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per hundred.	
Home & School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 20
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month, Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15
Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, 78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.	
C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.	
S. F. HUESTIS, Methodist Book Room, Halifax.	

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1883.

Primary Teaching.

MRS. CRAFTS, the writer of the little book on Primary Teaching to which we will refer, is an enthusiast in her work. No one can read her book without catching a share of her enthusiasm, and that is what we all want.

The importance of teaching the very little ones is lovingly urged in the following words:

Rev. Edward Judson wisely says that while it is now a matter of surprise when a child is brought into Church membership, the time is surely coming when the case will be exactly opposite. It will then be expected that children will come in large numbers, and the admission of an adult will be a surprise. Why? Because adults have outgrown

* Normal Outlines for Primary Teachers, by Mrs. Crafts. Methodist Book Rooms, price 12 cts.

the trusting age. 'This instinct of God-trust in children is unused steam-power which the Church is allowing to escape. Bishop Simpson, in the following words, expresses the same opinion as Dr. Judson:

"I am satisfied that the day is coming when in our Church, and in all the Churches of the world, we shall look chiefly to the conversion of childhood, and as a comparatively rare instance to the conversion of those in maturer years."

Child-Christians usually go on trusting all their lives. Mr. Spurgeon says he admits to Church membership an average of fifty children a year, and that "he has never yet been obliged to expel one member admitted into the Church as a child."

These loving little ones love every body else who loves them. Why should they not love their Saviour just as soon as they are told of his love?

And who shall be the teacher to lead aright these little ones, of whom Dr. Vincent has said:

"They are the dearest of all.
They are the weakest of all.
They are the purest of all.
They are the most accessible of all.
They are the most susceptible of all.
They are the most promising of all."

As to very young children, she says they should be taught in small classes in one separate room. Why? Because many teachers with a unity of interest are associated together.

Because teachers are stimulated and helped to do their work by seeing what their associates do, and by hearing a portion of the lesson taught by the experienced teacher in charge of the whole class as a department.

Because the children get the benefit of two presentations of the lesson (in perfect harmony by preconcerted arrangement between the class teachers and the head teacher).

Because children of the same age may be grouped together (by tens) and the teaching of the lesson exactly adapted to them.

Because there is time and opportunity for developing reticent, or dull children, through the assistant teachers.

Because the lesson may be applied to individuals, instead of the class in general.

Because the peculiar temptations which surround each child may become known.

Because each child may be called by name.

Because the record of attendance may be made each Sunday in a very short time.

Because absentees may be faithfully visited.

Because more children are brought into the class through the efforts of several teachers than could be reached by the head teacher alone.

But we might go on quoting indefinitely. Send for the book—it costs only 12 cents—carefully read it, and you will be better and more successful teachers.

Sunday-school Examination Papers.

We are not aware that the use of such papers has been extensively introduced. But we have the testimony that where it has been introduced it has been very successful. It keeps up the interest in the lessons; it leads to the habit of looking at the lessons of the quarter as a whole, instead of as separate and unconnected parts; it fixes



GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

the lessons and their teachings on the mind, and increases the facility and correctness of expression.

At the Metropolitan Church School, Toronto, this plan has been adopted with most gratifying results. A bronze medal has been offered for the best papers on the four quarter's lessons. A large number of scholars write answers to the printed questions, which answers, we are assured, are of a very high average. The questions are divided into two classes—Senior and Junior. The following, the Junior Class list for the first quarter, will doubtless be suggestive to other schools.

1. When did the ascension of Christ take place? Who were present? What promise did the angel give them?

2. What wonderful events took place on the day of Pentecost?

3. When the people cried "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" what did Peter say? How many were added to the Church? What did they do with their property?

4. When the lame man asked alms at the temple gate, what did Peter say to him? What did the man do?

5. By what means did Peter say that the lame man was made strong?

6. How many of the people who heard Peter believed the word? What did the Priests and Sadducees do to Peter and John?

7. What question did the rulers ask Peter and John? What was Peter's answer?

8. When Peter and John were let go, what did the rulers say to them? What answer did the apostles make?

9. Why were Ananias and Sapphira so suddenly destroyed?

10. How were Peter and the other apostles persecuted, and how were they enabled to triumph over it?

11. Who chose "The Seven?" Who appointed them to their office? What were their qualifications, and who was foremost among them?

12. Describe the death scene of the first martyr. What was his last prayer, and what other prayer was like unto it?

PROVINCIAL S. S. ASSOCIATION.—At the late S. S. Convention in Brampton, it was decided to employ a Secretary, or General Agent, none having been employed since the resignation of the Rev. W. Millard, nearly two years ago. In answer to advertisements the Committee received fifteen applications, and at a largely attended meeting, held on the 2nd inst., the Rev. John McEwen, Presbyterian minister, of Ingersoll, was chosen to fill the position. Mr. McEwen is widely known as an enthusiastic and successful worker in this department of

Church work, having been for many years Convener of the General Assembly Committee on Sabbath-schools. He is also the author of the S. S. Normal Class Text-book, and has for seven years conducted a Union Normal Class in Ingersoll.

Gilbert Island Warriors.

FORMERLY, the natives of the Gilbert Islands, in the Pacific, had no guns, but fought with curious clubs and spears; and even now they like to take their old weapons into battle with them, to use when their powder is gone. Some of the spears are armed with sharks' teeth, and are almost twenty feet long. To protect themselves they have a kind of armour, made of coconut fibre-cord. A part of this resembles a great-coat; and it comes up behind their heads, to shield them from behind, or when they run. They also make coverings for their legs, arms, and head, of the same material, and still another covering for the head, of the skin of the porcupine-fish. The picture is quite lifelike. Through the recent labours of Missionaries from the United States and native Christians from other groups, most of the Gilbert Islands have been, to a great extent, Christianized. These islanders were formerly very treacherous and ferocious; but a most pleasing change has taken place in the disposition and habits of very many of them.

THE Sunday-School Schedules were sent some weeks ago to every Superintendent of Circuits in the entire connexion. It is desired that they will kindly see that they are properly filled up and duly forwarded to the proper authorities.

We had the pleasure, in company with the Rev. Mr. Crews of the Guardian office, of assisting at the quarterly review service of the Richmond street School in this city, on Easter Sunday. The Superintendent's table was beautifully decorated with flowers; and this old mother-School exhibited a degree of life and vigour which it has never surpassed. Wm. Pearson, Esq., the indefatigable superintendent, stated that it had never raised so much money for missionary purposes as it is now doing, and in every other department it exhibits equal energy.

AN exchange says that self-made men have generally a great deal to say in praise of their architects.



PARSEE MERCHANT.

Parsee Merchant.

THE Parsees are a Persian sect—as their name implies—who are somewhat numerous, and are very influential in India. They are fire-worshippers; and reverence the sun and sacred fires which are kept burning in consecrated spots. Their religion is much more pure and noble than that of the Hindus; and they are followers of the famous ancient philosopher and teacher Zoroaster. Among them are some of the wealthiest and most respected merchants of British India. They are also among the best educated and intelligent. Their funeral usages are very strange. They do not bury their dead but expose them to the vultures and other birds of prey in great roofless circular buildings which are expressively called Towers of Silence.

Foreign Missionary Literature in the Home.

"FOREIGN missionary literature in the home" is a means of mental, social, and moral culture.

It Enlarges the Mental Horizon.
It Develops Cosmopolitan Sympathies.
It Tends to Moral Elevation.

1. Foreign missionary literature cultivates the imagination. It deals with the unseen—absent things! It is not bounded by the next river or nearest line of hills. It lifts out of the old local rut the humdrum routine, and casts us amidst strange scenes, new faces, totally different surroundings. How vast its area! It belts the globe. It presents a panorama of curious spectacles in China, Japan, India, Siam, Laos, Cochin China, Persia, Turkey,

Africa, Mexico, South America, and the Pacific Island-world; an endless succession, mingled with the rapid interplay of a kaleidoscope.

It brings the ends of the earth to our fireside. We are travellers without leaving our own little locality. Here is an open gateway of information; a world exchange of facts and opinions. Such reading cultivates a far-seeing eye, an aptitude of affairs. It promotes reflection; it suggests new channels for activity; in a word, it furnishes a liberal education.

2. Foreign missionary literature cultivates cosmopolitan sympathies. We not only inhabit all remoteness, but are taught to recognize that "touch of nature which makes the whole world akin." The actual and inner life of foreigners is brought nearer than by ordinary books of travel. We find here neighbours among the antipodes; meet these people familiarly in their stores and workshops, at their homes and temples, walk and talk with them. See them buying and selling, eating, travelling; some in court robes, others in homespun, many in savage undress. Here is humanity in its myriad-sidedness. "Nothing human is foreign!"

Barriers of race, colour, caste, are merged into a common brotherhood. Courteously Persian and fierce Koords; Bedouins of the desert; dark complexioned Brahmins; savage Bushmen and Fiji cannibals,—far off in lineage, with discordant views, of such contrariety of habits, yet children of "Our Father;" one in origin and destiny. Such reading enlarges our capacity to comprehend other lives, enables us to take a stand outside of self. Class monopolies, sectarian exclusion, the spirit of national separatism is weakened, Christian comity promoted, world-wide sympathies cultivated.

3. This literature tends to moral elevation. It introduces us to the choice company, whose names are embalmed in missionary biographies. Stalwart church leaders, full-orbed souls, saints in piety, Christ-like in purpose, giants in achievements, the godly fellowship of Martyn, Heber, Duff, the Mrs. Judson, Fidelia Fisk and their peers; men and women, to whose daring, indomitable perseverance and ardent faith, our century so largely owes its imperial strides in exploration, commerce and philanthropy. It brings us reports from those now at work all along the frontier; sometimes in the most desolate, dangerous and malarious regions inhabited by the human race; in journeyings oft, in perils oft, in weariness from toils and watchings. Here we meet the sturdy opponents of the slave trade, the pioneers in education, in translation, in publishing, Christian physicians, and teachers and preachers. "But for this missionary army," says Dr. Martineau, "baffled and beaten as it has often been, where

would the advancing lines of civilization have stood which are everywhere reducing the barbarism of the world?" Such models could be ill spared. We need to keep our households in close contact with lives so magnificent in quality and action, that the pith and savour of their noble living may kindle laudable ambition, stir high enthusiasm, help to maintain due moral elevation. When thought sinks to the common-place, character halts in sympathy. "Great truths" need bodies, therefore God puts them into men, that they may have feet to run, hands to strike, and elbows to crowd their way to the front. As the mountain climb forces purer air into the lungs, colours the cheek and nerves the flagging muscles, so chivalrous sentiments and heroic exploits quicken the spiritual nature. Here is a veritable field of cloth-of-gold stained with richest martyr blood—nineteenth century knights,

"Who ride abroad redeeming human wrongs,
To teach the heathen and uphold the Christ."

And as we read "the fire of God which fills them" enkindles our own spiritual aspirations.

Four and Seventy-four.

BY MRS. M. ADELAIDE NIXON.

Lowly, beside the old arm-chair,
Childhood and old age bowing there,
With folded hands at evening prayer,
Four and seventy-four.

Soft flaxen curls and locks of grey,
Mingling together as they pray,
"Give us our daily bread this day;"
Four and seventy-four.

Four is a rosebud, fair and sweet;
White dimple hands together meet,
Clasped reverently, at Jesus' feet—
Our rose-bud Four,

No threads of gray in the flaxen hair,
No shades of sorrow, no lines of care,
But budding beauty everywhere—
Our precious Four.

But seventy-four's a withered rose;
Life's morn and noontide at their close,
Waiting the evening's blest repose—
Weary Seventy-four.

The once fair face is lined with care;
Sorrow's wand hath touched it here and there,
And left white threads in the nut-brown hair
Of worn-out Seventy-four.

It mattereth not whether young or old,
The Good Shepherd lovingly from the cold
Gath'eth the stray lambs of his fold,
Four and Seventy-four.

United let them bow at even;
Bid storm-clouds from their hearts be driven,
And blessings from God's throne in heaven
On Four and Seventy-four.
—N. Y. Advocate.

Littell's Living Age. The number of *The Living Age* for March 31st and April 7th contain *Correa, Quarterly*; *Siens, Contemporary*; *Le Marquis de Grignau, Cornhill*; *The Vulgar Tongue*, and the *Humorous in Literature, Macmillan*; *Francis Lieber, St. James' Magazine*; *Sketches in the Malay Peninsula, Leisure Hour*; "John Inglesant" on *Humor*, and *Spoiling the Lakes, Spectator*; *John Richard Green, Athenaeum*; with instalments of "No New Thing" and "The Ladies Lindores," and the usual amount of Poetry. The number of April 7th begins a new volume. *Living Age* and *Methodist Magazine* \$9; full price \$10.

Babyland is the only magazine in the world expressly for babies. Only 50 cents a year. A charming paper for the babies. Mr. Barnes is pre-

paring a novel series of twelve full-page pictures, illustrating "What Black Eyes and Blue Eyes saw in Foreign Lands." D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, 32 Franklin St., Boston.

Goldbeck's Musical Art is eminently adapted for both teacher and pupil. The lessons in Harmony, Piano, and the Voice, are exceedingly good. The musical selections are of a high character, and are graded for convenience of pupils of various degrees of proficiency. Price \$1 per year. R. Goldbeck, 2640 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THERE are several counts in the indictment against tobacco:—

1. It impoverishes the soil.
2. It causes great waste of industry.
3. Its cost is immense. The money spent for it would feed a multitude of the poor, or support an army of missionaries.
4. It is filthy—promoting uncleanness. It is disgusting—polluting the body, the breath, the clothing, the house or place of business, the air. It is offensive to the delicate and refined.
5. But the great crime of tobacco is in *destroying both body and soul*. A strong narcotic, it gradually breaks down the nerves, and saps the foundations of life. It thereby produces a call for stimulants. The nerves destroyed, the moral sensibilities are sadly lowered; the chances of salvation are lessened, and many, many a tobacco-user is lulled into eternal death.

"Smiles."

A LADY taking tea at a small company, being very fond of her hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," She modestly replied. "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table. "You've eaten eight. I've been countin'."

A POEM of George MacDonald's of richest humour, is that of "The Woesome Carl," the chronic grumbler, the burden of whose song was

Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
And a' thegither a' wrang;
There's no a' man about the toon
But's a' thegither a' wrang.

The minister wasna fit to pray,
And let a'ane to preach;
He no'wther had the gift o' grace,
Nor yet the gift o' speech.

The pair precenter cudna sing,
He gruntit like a swine;
The vera elders cudna pass
The ladles till his min'.
Ye're a' wrang, etc.

A HOTEL boaster, who was vaunting his knowledge of the world before a crowd of new-comers, was asked by a wag at his elbow if he had ever been in Algiers. O, yes, certainly," said he; "I passed through there on top of a stage about a year ago."

"Don't write there," said one to a lad, who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in a window. "Why not?" said he. "Because you can't rub it out." There are other things men should not do because they can't rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of a diamond upon the glass. The glass may be broken, but the impression on the heart lasts forever.

Old Church Bells

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower;
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully
Moveth the bride from her maiden bower

Clouds there is none in the bright summer sky;
Sunshine sings benisons down from on high;
Children sing loud as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shines on."

Kneel out drearily,
Measure out wearily,
Sad old bells, from the steeple grey
Priests chanting lowly,
Solemnly, slowly,
Passeth the corpse from the portal to-day,

Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall,
Dripping over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folks as the train moves along,
"Happy the dead that the rain raineth on."

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin and Vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high,
Rolling like holy waves
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer fraught, into the sky.

Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach;
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues
preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
Ringing the dead from their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as you pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day.
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sadness
Bridal and burial have both passed away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death all still rife;
Tell us that death even leadeth to life;
Life is our labor and death is our rest,
If happy the living, the dead are the best.

The Best of Swords.

AFTER all, it needs a stronger arm than human, to root out and effectually destroy this giant evil of intemperance. The biggest and the bravest soldiers in the Israelite army, did not dare to go out, and fight with Goliath. He was an enormous, blasphemous, and bloody fellow that,—just such another customer as we have got to deal with now, But young David, only a mere boy, was not afraid to go out and fight him, because he went out in the name of the God of Israel whom Goliath had defied. Goliath found his match then, and the liquor traffic will only find its match, when the men and women, the boys and girls of the land fight it in the name, and in the strength of Almighty God.

We must fight this giant with the Bible—the sword of the Spirit of God—in our hands. You would think, to hear the liquor-drinkers and sellers quote Scripture to defend their practices, that they were wonderful Bible readers. We fear their knowledge of Scripture is not much. Like the old lady that the minister was visiting once. She seemed to talk like a pious, Bible-loving old woman. When he had got through his conversation—

"Now," said he, "if you will hand me the Bible, I will read and pray with you."

She went off to get the Bible, but somehow it took her a long time to find it. After she had hunted over the whole house for it, she came back with a face beaming with delight and said, "I am so glad you came in, for I have found my spectacles that have been lost for three years. I have been searching for them everywhere and never could imagine what had become of them, till I have found them just now in the Bible."

We fancy it is precious little that most of the liquor traders or liquor-drinkers care to read in that book. Their quotations of Scripture are a good deal like a quotation a whiskey-loving Scotchman once made—

"Why," said he, "I have a Scripture command for drinking spirits. The Bible says, 'we are to try the spirits.'" And so every whiskey bottle he could lay his hands on, he was bound to try, quoting his favorite passage as his authority.

We don't think that these lovers of liquor put very much faith in the countenance they say the Bible gives them in their practices. All the passages of Scripture they bring forward are very far from keeping their own consciences easy.

The eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, who was a good man, but who had the oddest way of bringing people to feel the truth, once was on his way to preach in South Carolina, when, underneath an old spruce tree, he overtook a coloured lad who was blowing a large tin horn, and who could send forth a blast with rise and swell and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills. Calling him aside, Dow said to him—

"What's your name?" "Gabriel, sir," he replied.

"Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?"

"Yes, massa; I's been there many a time."

"Do you remember a big spruce tree on the hill?"

"Yes, massa; I know that pine tree."

"Did you know that Lorenzo Dow is going to preach under that tree to-morrow?"

"O yes, everybody knows dat?"

"Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow, and if you'll take your horn and go to-morrow morning and climb up that tree, hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call your name, and then blow a blast with your horn such as I heard you blow a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do, it Gabriel?"

"Yes, massa; I takes dat dollar?"

Gabriel, like Zaccheus, was hid away in the tree top in due time. An immense concourse of people, all sizes and colors, assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment at the last day. By his power of description he wrought the multitude up to the highest pitch of excitement, describing the scenes at the resurrection, at the call of the trumpet peals which were to awaken the sleeping nations.

"Then," said he, "suppose, my dying friends, suppose you should hear at this moment the sound of Gabriel's trumpet?"

Sure enough at that moment the trumpet sounded. The women shrieked and many fainted; the men sprang up and stood aghast. Some ran. Dow stood and watched the drifting storm, till the fright somewhat abated, and some one had discovered the colored angel, who had caused the alarm, quietly perched on a limb of the old spruce, and wanted to get him down to whip him. Dow then resumed his discourse saying, "I forbid all persons present from touching that boy up there. If a colored boy with a tin horn can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will you do when you shall hear the trumpet thunder from

the Archangel? How will you be able to stand the great wrath of God?"

It is conscience that makes cowards of us all, and it takes very little to scare the guilty consciences of liquor-sellers and drinkers, who know well the iniquities of their doings, notwithstanding their absurd appeals to Scripture in self-justification.

The Bible is the deadliest of enemies to intemperance and every other sin.

There was once a little boy who went to Sunday-school regularly, and had learned his lessons so well, that he had a great many Bible verses in his mind. He was a temperance boy. He was once on a steamboat making a journey. One day as he sat alone on the deck, looking down into the water, two ungodly gentlemen agreed that one of them should go and try to persuade him to drink. So the wicked man drew near to the boy, and in a very pleasant voice, and manner, invited him to go and drink a glass of liquor with him.

"I thank you, sir," he said, "but I never drink liquor."

"Never mind, my lad, it will not hurt you; come and drink with me."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, whoever is deceived thereby is not wise," was the boy's ready answer.

"You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little will do you no harm, and will make you feel pleasantly."

"At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," said the boy; "I think it wiser not to play with adders." "My fine little fellow," said the crafty man, putting on a most flattering air. "I like you, you are no child, you are fit to be a companion of a gentleman. It will give me great pleasure if you will come and drink a glass of the best wine with me."

The lad looked him steadily in the eye, and said, "My Bible says, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'" This was a stunning blow to the tempter, and he gave up his wicked attempt and went back to his companion.

"How did you succeed?" the other asked.

"Oh, the fact is," he replied, "that little fellow is so full of the Bible, you can't do anything with him."—*The Temperance Battle-field.*

The Drink Traffic.

No morbid sympathy with the agents of this guilty traffic should prevent our arriving at just conclusions as to its enormity. No garments of respectability can hide its horrid loathsomeness. Wrap it in silk, clothe it in purple, bedeck it with the ermine of the law, it is still the same grinning skeleton, fetid with the odour of the grave. Wrong is wrong for ever, and no sanctions of the law can make it right. The whole business is essentially dishonest. It gives no worthy equivalent for the hard-won earnings of its victims. It is a crying fraud. Its factors are the chief agents and allies of Satan in beguiling men to their everlasting ruin. Like human ghouls, they fatten on the blood and lives of their fellow-men. They heap up colossal fortunes by the ruin of others. They rear their houses on a pile of their victim's bones. Their gold and their silver is cankered. The rust of them shall be a witness against them. Gouts of blood are on every coin. The palaces they build are haunted with the spectres of the souls they wreck. Let them get some honest

calling; nor bring the wolf of want howling at their neighbour's door, that they may live in luxury. Let them bethink them of the fact that they are every year sending down sixty thousand hapless victims—fathers, husbands, brothers, wives—to a drunkard's grave and to a drunkard's hell.

A hundred years ago, that stern iconoclast of wrong, John Wesley, wrote thus of the unholy trade: "The men who traffic in ardent spirits, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners-general; they are murderers of His Majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood, is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood. And canst thou hope, O man of blood, though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day, canst thou hope to deliver out the field of blood to the third generation? Not so; there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, both body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee."

It is no defence to quote the authority of the law, the license of the Government. No man, nor body of men, have any moral right to issue or to receive such a license as that. "Licensed," to scatter firebrands, arrows, and death; "Licensed" to set men's souls on fire with the fire of hell;

"Licensed to make the strong man weak,
Licensed to lay the brave man low;
Licensed, the wife's fond heart to break
And make the orphan's tears to flow,

"Licensed to do thy neighbour harm,
Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robbers arm,
Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

"Licensed where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit man for a hell below."

Of what avail will be such a "license" as that, when the Righteous Judge shall make inquisition for blood?

This pernicious traffic, more than anything else, retards the progress of the gospel, and erects a kingdom of darkness in the midst of Christendom, consigning millions of baptized men to a life of sin and misery and ignorance far worse than any in the realms of darkest paganism. It excludes men from the kingdom of heaven and makes them the heirs of wrath and death eternal. It everywhere creates and fosters crime and pauperism, irreligion and vice; causes physical and mental disease; shortens life, and often sends the soul into the presence of its Maker by an act of self-slaughter, or crimsoned with the guilt of murder. It is the cause of much of the Sabbath desecration, profanity, and abounding wickedness that are the reproach of Christian civilization. By its malignant influence, many who might be useful members of society and ornaments of the community, become its moral lepers and lazars, disseminating pollution and misery all around them.—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

LATIN is a dead language. Is that why doctors use it in writing out their prescriptions?

Mrs. Evelyn Withrow Houston.

BY REV. R. M. TUTTLE.

[Mrs. H. died in China, October 14, 1882, and was the wife of Rev. M. H. Houston, D.D., missionary to China from the Southern Presbyterian Church.]

"She hath done what she could"
In the battle with error,
When the foes of her Lord,
Lost to all that is good,
Seemed as soulless as demons of terror.

"She hath done what she could :"
True memorial of honour ;
And is now with her Lord ;
And we joy, as we should,
That the glory of God is upon her.

She hath given more than wealth,
More than breaking the spikenard ;
For she gave life and health,
Serving even to death,
And is numbered with Martyn and
Barnard.

She forsook home and friend,
"Hated father and mother,"
Looked to God to befriend ;
Dared the wild waves ascend ;
And was borne to the land of another.

Fortin she went, first to die
Of our daughters of Zion,
Where the Macedon cry,
With a pitiful sigh,
Called for truth that the soul could rely
on.

Many years toiled she on,
Vexed in soul by the heathen
Who disowned what was done ;
But we feel that she's gone
To her rest in the mansions of heaven.

We may write of her now,
That her labours are ended,
That her works here below
Are unwreathed on her brow,
And the "plaudit" already descended.

May we ever revere
Her fair name and devotion !
May her zeal re-appear
In us all, far and near,
And our hearts stir with deepest emotion !

Over her orient grave
In "the kingdom celestial,"
May the wild flowers suave
With the grass gently wave,
As in Eden, the garden terrestrial !

In conclusion, a prayer
For the children and father :
May the one well prepare
Many heathen to share
In the hope of salvation together !

And the little ones guide,
O Thou, Hope of the helpless ;
Food and raiment provide,
And salvation beside,
And the joys never fading and deathless.

The C. L. S. C.

THE "People's College," as it has been happily named by some writer, now has a membership of about thirty thousand. It has passed its probationary stage. It has ceased to be an experiment. When first presented to the public in August, 1878, much doubt was expressed even by its friends as to the reception it would meet. The eagerness and enthusiasm with which the first announcement of the plan was received at Chautauqua did much to remove these doubts, and now that for more than four years it has stood the practical tests of use under widely varying conditions and closest criticism, it must be pronounced one of the greatest educational schemes of this age. The measure of good it may do cannot be over-estimated. It is adapted to the wants of rich and poor alike. It will lighten the burdens of the toiling masses by making their homes brighter and happy, while the leisure of the wealthy class will be occupied in self-improvement. It has already exerted a marked

influence in many communities. There are two classes of persons who should be very deeply interested in its plans. The teacher very often succeeds in awakening in the minds of pupils a desire and ambition for a higher culture than the common school affords. Poverty, dependent friends, or some other equally strong reason, close the doors of seminary and college. What they do must be done at home, and in snatches of time between the burdens of the day's toil. Now and then, without aid or suggestion from any, a youth has succeeded in acquiring quite a thorough education, but while one has succeeded a thousand have failed because they needed direction and encouragement, and could receive neither. To this ambitious and earnest class of young people this course of reading is an inestimable boon. The teacher who desires to secure the largest results will now be able to aid thousands in acquiring an education by recommending the C. L. S. C. course of reading and study. The Christian pastor will be interested in this course of study because of the effect it will certainly have in any community of increasing the number of Church attendants and raising the intellectual life of his congregation to a higher plane.

The greatest bane of this age is the reading of poor and impure literature. By its use taste is vitiated, moral standards are lowered. The imagination is made to do constant work in the lower animal realm, and the whole nature becomes debased. The bad book can only be driven out by a good one. Bad tastes can only be reformed by showing the greater pleasure and profit to be realized by the cultivation of good taste. The C. L. S. C. will certainly do very much in securing a reformation in this direction.

Rules and Maxims for the Children of a Sabbath-School.

1. God sees me all the time.
2. God knows my thoughts and words and actions.
3. God will call me to account at the day of judgment.

THEREFORE,

4. Be honest.
5. Always speak the truth.
6. Obey your parents.
7. Obey quickly and cheerfully.
8. Be not contentious.
9. Be not given to anger.
10. Be calm, pleasant, and sweet tempered.
11. Guard against pride.
12. Be humble.
13. Be patient.
14. Be modest.
15. Be industrious. The idle are often tempted.
16. Be studious.
17. Be punctual always.
18. Be attentive to your teachers.
19. Think—soberly and wisely.
20. Always do right.
21. Avoid bad companions.
22. Avoid bad books.
23. Love your Bible. Read it more than any other book.
24. Repent, for you are a sinner.
25. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall not perish, but have everlasting life.
26. Love Jesus Christ, for he died for you.
27. Trust Him—sick or well, living or dying, trust Him to take care of you after you are dead.

Old Aunt Peggy.

A GOOD Kentucky lady, upon her return to the home of her youth, after an absence of many months, heard of the distressed condition of "Old Aunt Peggy," a negro who had belonged to her family. In the kindness of her heart, she immediately made arrangements for her comfort, and started out in the rain to find her. When Mrs. B. entered the wretched hovel, Aunt Peggy was hovering over a little fire in an old rusty, broken stove, and exclaimed, "Dar, now! if dar ain't Miss Mary!" After an exchange of hearty greetings, Mrs. B. said, "O dear! how have you lived in this condition?"

"Oh, de good Lord mit'y mi'nful 'bout me. Sometimes I has nothin' to eat, but then He takes my appetite 'way from me, so I dosen't crave nothin'; den I gets sleepy, an' I dreams mi'ty pleasant. O child! I takes it friendly!"

"Well, but, Aunt Peggy, you have not a dry spot in your shanty."

"Well, honey, I knows dat; but it don't seem to gin me no cold; den, bless you it doesn't rain eb'ry day."

Mrs. B., who by this time was very much impressed that "godliness and contentment" is truly "great gain," said:

"Well, Aunt Peggy, I will send for you this afternoon. We have a nice little room fitted up, and your wants shall be supplied as long as you live."

Clasping her hands together, she fell down on her knees, and with tears of joy streaming down her poor old black cheeks, she praised the Lord; then quieting down, said:

"Dar, now! didn't I tell you I takes it all friendly! S'pose Aunt Peggy hadn't been in such a fix, whar'd Miss Mary got a chance to put another star in her crown? An' I knows its gwine to be sot full on 'em, kase you was always good to us."

Boys' and Girls' Temperance Lessons.

LESSON VIII.

Alcohol in the Family.

QUESTION. What earthly relation is the nearest and dearest?

ANSWER. The earthly relation nearest and dearest is the relation of parents to children, and children to parents.

Q. Whose love is the broadest, and deepest, and most enduring?

A. The broadest, and deepest, and most enduring love is the love of parents.

Q. What earthly blessing is the greatest that children can have?

A. The greatest earthly blessing that children can have is the blessing of good parents.

Q. What earthly blessing is the greatest that parents can have?

A. The greatest earthly blessing that parents can have is the blessing of good children.

Q. What place on earth is intended to be the happiest?

A. The place on earth intended to be the happiest is the family—parents and children, brothers and sisters, united in common aims and bound together in a common love.

Q. To what is a happy home most truthfully likened?

A. Heaven.

Q. What brings the greatest sorrow to a parent's heart?

A. The knowledge of the child's choice of an evil course.

Q. What evil course is, to the parent's sight, fullest of danger to the child?

A. The habit of using alcoholic drinks.

Q. Why?

A. Because out of this habit the greatest and the deadliest evils grow.

Q. How is this drinking habit usually begun?

A. It is usually begun, by association with those who have themselves learned the sad lesson.

Q. How do they accomplish their harmful purposes?

A. By the example they set, and by the invitation given to drink with them.

Q. What danger is to be always feared when one begins to drink?

A. That the person who has begun will continue.

Q. Why?

A. Because the second step in any downward course is easier than the first, and almost sure to be taken.

Q. How can the crowning sorrow that comes to parents by the beginning of drinking habits in the child be avoided?

A. This sorrow can be avoided by the child's steadfast refusal to associate with persons who have formed the drinking habit, and by never tasting, except as a medicine, drinks that contain alcohol.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

27.—Mat-a-moras(s).

28.—Lip-pin-cot(t).

29.—

P

J E T

P E T E R

T E N

R

30.—George Washington.

NEW PUZZLES.

31.—CHARADE.

A mythical person; a consonant; a relative; a letter. A holiday.

32.—CROSS-WORD.

My first is in Memphis, not in Elam;
My next is in Joseph, but not in
Balaam;
My third is in Herod, not in Gideon;
My next in Ninevah, but not in
Midian;
My fifth is in Matthew, not in Paul;
My last is in Simon, but not in Saul.
The home of the redeemed.

33.—CHARADE.

To foster; to clamour. A tree
found in Jamaica.

34.—PROVERB PUZZLE.

Take a word from each and form a
proverb.

1. "Strive not with a man without cause."
2. "The wise shall inherit glory."
3. "My son, give me thine heart."
4. "A man's gift maketh room for him."
5. "Put away from thee a froward mouth."
6. "My son, be wise and make my heart glad."
7. "A foolish son is a grief to his father."

Dorcas.*Acts 9:36.*

BY CLARA FHWAITES.

BEAUTIFUL toiler by the sea!
Visions of love have come to thee,
Tender handmaid of charity!

Ever she toils, and toiling sings,
Never her soul to dull earth clings
Warm human hands 'neath soaring wings.

Tender in word as kind in deed,
Every act a fruitful seed:
The love of God her smiling creed.

Sorrow smiles where her footsteps fall;
Ever she echoes her Master's call:
"Come unto me," she says to all.

White by the Western Sea she lies!
Close those tender pitying eyes;
Open they now on paradise.

Are earth's gentle ministries o'er?
Toilth our toiler never more!
Hands are folded, and wings must soar!

"Return!" we cry. "We need the twain—
Warm human hands for human pain,
And soaring wings. Come back again!"

She lives! she lives! and toiling sings,
Warm human hands are 'neath her wings,
Devising tender, liberal things.

—*British Messenger.***LESSON NOTES.****SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A. D. 40.] LESSON VI. [May 6.

PETER PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

*Acts 10:30-44. Commit to memory vs. 42-44.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

On the Gentiles also was poured out the
gift of the Holy Ghost.—*Acts 10:45.*

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God rewards all earnest seekers after more
light and life.

TIME.—A. D. 40. Within a year after the
last lesson.

PLACE.—Cornelius's house in Caesarea, a
city on the coast of the Mediterranean, the
Roman capital of Palestine, large and flourish-
ing, built by Herod the Great, and named in
honour of Augustus Caesar.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—We are now on the eve
of a new era in the Church, when its gates
would be thrown open to the Gentiles with-
out conforming to Jewish rites and ceremon-
ies.

CORNELIUS.—An Italian of noble family,
a centurion, i. e., captain of a hundred men.
His company was called the Italian band,
because the soldiers were Italians. He was
a heathen who had learned something of the
true God from the Jews, was a good man,
pious, and generous, prayerful, and seeking
more light.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—30. *Fasting
until this hour*—The ninth, or three o'clock
of that day. 31. *Thine alms had in remem-
brance*—God had not forgotten these tokens
of his love and desire to be good. 32. *Send
therefore*—He must do his part in obtaining
the answer. *To Joppa*—Thirty-five miles to
the south. See last lesson. 33. *Immediately
I sent*—That afternoon. The three messen-
gers arrived at Joppa about noon the next
day. God sent a vision to Peter to teach
him what to do. (See *Acts 10:9-23*). 34.
Then Peter—Who had returned from Joppa
with the messengers, and was now at Corneli-
us's house. *No respecter of persons*—i. e.,
treats men according to their character, and
not according to race, position, circumstances.
44. *The Holy Ghost fell on all*—As on the
day of Pentecost, so that they spoke with
tongues. Probably there was also the same
appearance of tongues as on Pentecost. (See
Acts 10:46; 11:15). After this they were
baptized and received into the Church. (v.
47).

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Caesarea.
—Cornelius.—The vision of Cornelius.—The
vision of Peter.—The new era in the Church.
—God no respecter of persons.—What a
good man like Cornelius received from the
Gospel.—Peter's sermon.—The baptism of
the Holy Ghost.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long was it since
the founding of the Church? Of what na-

tion were most of the Christians? Why?
Why was it difficult for them to receive Gen-
tiles into the Church without becoming
Jews? The dawn of what new era in the
Church is described in to-day's lesson?

SUBJECT: THE STORY OF CORNELIUS, OR THE
REWARD OF EARNEST SEEKING

1. CORNELIUS.—Who was Cornelius?
Where did he live? Of what nation was he?
What office did he hold? What kind of a
man was he? (*Acts 10:2, 22, 35*). Sum up
all his good qualities. Was he a heathen?
Why did such a good man need the Gospel?

2. THE VISION OF CORNELIUS (vs. 30-33).
—What was Cornelius doing when the vision
came to him? Who appeared to him? In
what place? Why was this vision sent to
him? (vs. 4, 31). What is meant by his
alms being a "memorial," and "had in re-
membrance"? What is the only way in
which we can receive more light and help
from God? (*Matt. 13:12*). How was he to
obtain the answer to his prayer? How far
was it from Caesarea to Joppa?

3. THE VISION OF PETER.—Where was
Peter at this time? How long would it take
the messengers to reach him? At what time
did they arrive? (*10:9*). What was Peter
doing at this hour? What is a trance? Describe
the vision shown to Peter? (*10:9-17*). What
was it intended to teach him? What did Peter
do in response to the mes-
sage? Who went with him? (*11:12*).

4. PETER'S WELCOME TO THE GENTILES
(vs. 38-43).—Who were gathered to receive
Peter? In what place? At what hour? What
was the subject of Peter's address? Meaning
of "God is no respecter of persons"? What
characteristics of a good man
are given in verse 35? How are such ac-
cepted? Had Cornelius heard of Jesus?
Give Peter's summary of his life and work?
Why are these points specially named? How
can we be witnesses to Jesus? Meaning of
"quick" in verse 42. What is the purpose
of the Gospel? (v. 43).

5. THE WELCOME CONFIRMED BY THE
HOLY GHOST (v. 44).—How did God show
that He received the Gentiles into the
Church? What were the manifestations of
this gift? (v. 46; ch. 11:15). What was
the special need of this at this time? Did
Cornelius join the Church? (ch. 10:47, 48).
Why?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. There are good men outside of the Church.
2. But if they are truly good, they will accept of Jesus as soon as they see Him.
3. God will reward all earnest seekers after more light.
4. The best blessings come in answer to prayer.
5. In Christ are found new life, light, peace, assurance, hope, goodness, love, beyond all that the best men out of Christ can conceive.
6. All who possess Christ, should profess Christ.
7. Cornelius an example: (1) doing as well as he knew how; (2) seeking to know more; (3) a man of prayer; (4) obedient to God's commands; (5) joining with others to obtain more.

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

7. Who was Cornelius? **ANS.** A Roman officer at Caesarea. 8. What kind of a man was he? **ANS.** He was devout, prayerful, just, and benevolent. 9. How did God answer his prayer? **ANS.** By a vision bidding him to send for Peter. 10. How was Peter prepared for his message? **ANS.** By a vision showing that God is no respecter of persons. 11. What did Peter do? **ANS.** He went to Caesarea and preached Christ to the Gentiles. 12. How did God show that He welcomed the Gentiles? **ANS.** By giving them the Holy Ghost as to the apostles on Pentecost.

A. D. 40-44.] LESSON VII. [May 13.

PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

*Acts 11:19-30. Commit to memory vs. 21-26.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

And the hand of the Lord was with them;
and a great number believed, and turned
unto the Lord.—*Acts 11:21.*

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Gospel is a religion of progress.

TIME.—A. D. 40-44. The Gospel came to
the Gentiles at Antioch, not far from the
time of Cornelius's conversion. Paul's year
at Antioch was in 42 or 43. The famine be-
gan at the close of A. D. 43, and continued
till 45. Paul arrived at Jerusalem about the
time of the Passover, April A. D. 44.

PLACE.—Antioch, the capital of Syria, a
large luxurious city, one of the three great-
est in the world at that time. It had a popu-
lation of 500,000.

PAUL.—At Tarsus in 40-42, aged 38-40
RULERS.—Claudius Caesar, emperor of
Rome. Herod Agrippa, king of Judea.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—19. *Phoenicia*
—Phoenicia, a strip of country 120 miles long
and 20 wide, along the Mediterranean, con-
taining the cities Tyre, Sidon, Beirut, etc.
Cyprus—A large island 60 miles west of Pal-
estine. 20. *Cyrene*—On the coast of Africa,
south of Cyprus. *Grecians*—Greeks, who
were Gentiles. 21. *The hand*—The symbol
of power and action. 22. *Sent forth*—To
examine the facts, and either (1) to stop this
admission of Gentiles who did not become
Jews as well as Christians, or (2) to confirm
and aid and guide the new movement. *Barnabas*
—A native of Cyprus near Antioch, and
familiar with Greek, and favourable to the
Gentiles. 28. *A great dearth throughout the
world*—i. e., the known world, the Roman
empire. *Came to pass*—In A. D. 44, 45.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The
dispersion.—Antioch.—Cyprus.—Grecians.—
Object of the deputation from Jerusalem.—
Barnabas.—His character.—Why he was
glad.—The name Christians.—Agabus.—The
famine.—Charity of the disciples.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Over how much time
does to-day's lesson extend? To what places?
How far was Antioch from Jerusalem? De-
scribe Antioch and its people?

SUBJECT: THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.

1. PROGRESS AMONG THE GENTILES (vs.
19-21).—How did his enemies try to put a
stop to the Gospel? With what success?
Why does persecution aid and not destroy
the Gospel? How far had the Gospel ex-
tended? Where in Phoenicia? Cyprus? Why
did they preach only to Jews? Who began
to make a change in this? Who are meant
by Grecians? What was their success?
How was this a result of preaching Jesus?
Meaning of the hand of the Lord? What is
the difference between "believing" and
"turning to the Lord"? What is the pre-
sent state of the progress of the Gospel in
the world?

2. PROGRESS BY THE AID OF CHRISTIANS
(vs. 22-26).—Who heard of this great reviv-
al? Whom did they send to inquire into
the matter? Why did they send? Why
was Barnabas specially fitted for this mis-
sion? What did he think of what he found
at Antioch? Why was he glad? To what
did he exhort them? What is it to cleave to
the Lord? (*John 15:1, 10*). What three
things are said of Barnabas's character?
How would these lead many to turn to the
Lord? Whom did he get to aid him?
Where did we last hear of Paul? (*Acts 9:30*).
How long did they remain at Antioch?
Meaning of "Christian"? Why were the
disciples so called? What is a Christian?

3. PROGRESS IN GOOD WORKS (vs. 27-30).
—What was foretold at Antioch? When did
it come to pass? What did the Antioch
Christians do? On what principle did they
give? Why is charity a natural fruit of
Christianity? (*1 John 3:17; 4:20*). Can
one who does not like to give to the needy be
a Christian? Why did the Jerusalem Chris-
tians need help? Who carried it to them?
When did they reach there? (*Acts 12:4, 25*).

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. All the efforts to destroy the Gospel but
aid in its growth.
2. True Christians always carry their reli-
gion with them.
3. The Gospel is meant for all nations,
races, and ages.
4. A man's character is shown by the
things which make him glad.
5. First come to Jesus, then cleave to
Jesus.
6. Three qualities for Christian success:
(1) goodness; (2) full of the Holy Ghost;
(3) faith.
7. The desire to help is one of the first
fruits of the Christian life.

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

13. Where was the Gospel next preached
to the Gentiles? **ANS.** Among the Greeks at
Antioch. 14. What was the effect among
them? (Repeat the Golden Text). 15. Who
were sent to their aid? **ANS.** Barnabas from
Jerusalem, and Saul from Tarsus. 16. What
calamity was foretold? **ANS.** A great fam-
ine. 17. How did the disciples of Antioch
show their Christian spirit? **ANS.** By send-
ing aid to the poor at Jerusalem, each one
according to his ability.

THE

"PANSY" BOOKS.

(By Mrs. G. R. ALDEN).

"No writer has achieved a more enviable
reputation than Pansy. Her style is unique,
and the strong, healthy, natural spirit breathes
through all her writings, ennobles the mind,
making the manly more strong and the
womanly more true."

\$1.25 EACH.

Mrs. Solomon Smith.
Man of The House.
Hall in the Grove.
Pocket Measure.
New Graft.
Divers Women.

Tip Lewis.
Sidney Martin's Christmas.

The Randolphs.

Those Boys.

Echoing and Re-echoing.

Modern Prophets.

Household Puzzles.

Wise and Otherwise.

King's Daughter.

Three People.

Ether Reid.

Julia Reid.

Four Girls at Chautauque.

Chautauque Girls at Home.

Ruth Erskine's Crosses.

Links in Rebecca's Life.

From Different Standpoints.

\$1.00 EACH.

Cunning Workmen.

Grandpa's Darlings.

Mrs. Dean's Way.

Dr. Dean's Way.

Miss Priscilla Hunter & my Daugh-
ter Susan.

What She said, and People who
havn't time.

90 CENTS EACH.

Next Things.

Pansy's Scrap Book.

Mrs. Harry Harper's Awakening.

60 CENTS EACH.

Getting Ahead.

Two Boys.

Six Little Girls.

Pansies.

That Boy Bob.

All the above are strongly bound in
Extra English Cloth, and stamped in Ink
and Gold.

Address—

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 King St. East,

TORONTO,

Or—

C. W. COATES,

S. F. HUESTIS,

Montreal, Que.

Halifax, N.S.