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Home School

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

[No. 4.]

Great Fountain Geyser.

THE word "geyser" was first applied to the great fountains of Iceland, but it has been applied to the wonderful fountains of the Yellowstone Park. These, with similar fountains in New Zealand, are the most remarkable in the world. At the Yellowstone Park, Excelsior Geyser throws up a column, sixty feet in diameter, to a height of three hundred feet; but its irruptions are rare. Those of "Old Faithful," on the contrary, occur every fifty or sixty minutes. There are over four hundred geysers in this basin. The "Giantess" plays only at intervals of ten or twelve days. These explosions of gas and steam, and water are the result of volcanic action, internal fires so heating the confined waters that they burst into steam, with a convulsion that shakes the ground for many rods around, and then they sink into quiescence till the tension again causes an outburst. These phenomena are among the most wonderful exhibitions of the power of God.

How Victoria Proposed.

"I WONDER how many people know that Victoria the Good, as it has been suggested the Queen of England shall be called, when she fell in love, had to do the proposing for herself!" said an Americanized Englishman, the other morning, whose reminiscences were called up by a Philadelphia *Press* reporter.

"I was very much interested in reading recently the account of her betrothal. It had always been expected that she and her cousin Albert would eventually make a match of it. When they both were about eighteen years old he visited England, but did not make much impression on the newly-crowned Queen. However, three years later, he made up his mind to a 'now or never' game, and, with his brother, visited her at Windsor Castle.

"Like more humble lovers, he was placed in a rather embarrassing predicament by the non-arrival of his luggage, and was thus prevented from dining with Her Majesty on the first evening.



GREAT FOUNTAIN GEYSER.

"For five days did Victoria study him, and then, after first telling her adviser, Lord Melbourne, what she had decided to do, she sent for Albert, saying that she desired to see him particularly. One account of the affair—certainly valuable for its brevity—reads as follows: 'What the Queen told him was that she loved him with her whole

heart, and that she desired to be his wife.' She was accepted without hesitation, as any good-looking sovereign of twenty might have hoped to have been, and so they were married.

"Another fact about her life which interested me was the fact that she was christened Alexandra-Victoria, with a hyphen, and not 'plain' Victoria as she is generally called. As a child she was called 'Irina'; and her maternal grandmother, who had a fondness for nicknames, gave her the endearing titles of 'Sweet Blossom of May,' and 'May Flower,' because of her birth. Oddly enough, two of her eight children were born in the same month. Helena on May 25, 1846, and Arthur on May 1, 1850."

A Well-Ordered Home.

BY EMMA W. BABCOCK.

IF every woman would set it before her, as an aim worthy of all that is strongest and best in her, to conduct a well-ordered home, a great deal of happiness and real beauty would be gained. . . . It is wonderful to see how much ingenuity is displayed by some women who, with very little money, are always dressed in perfect taste, and, with no apparent effort, keep old furniture from looking shabby, old carpets and curtains fresh and bright. But these things are accomplished by much thought and a great deal of hard work. Nothing helps a person to do things like doing them; and it is a fact that in time one who has an actual distaste for housework may come to regard her kitchen as a laboratory in which careful manipulations will produce exact results. One seeing only these results is not very much to blame for thinking them brought about in some magical

way. . . . Of course there is a difference in people, but many would be surprised if they were told that the reason why they can not do certain things is because they never really tried. . . .

A capital motto to be hung over the kitchen door is this: "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts;" and the woman who, when she expected

company to tea, always went the first thing and washed the cellar stairs, had tendencies in the right direction. . . . "If there is to be any dirt in the house," said the best housekeeper I ever saw, "let it be where I can see it; let it lie on the parlor tables and chairs, rather than be allowed to remain under the beds, and in corners, where it will become rich soil for the development of germ-of disease" . . . "Girls," said grandmother to us one day, when we had been having one of our what Aunt Dinah would call "clarin'-up times,"—"girls, my grandmother used to tell me that one keep clean is worth a dozen make cleans."

God's Chosen are the Free.

BY REV. THOS. CLEWORTH.

No slaves are they who Jesus love,
For God hath set them free,
They rise to seek the things above,
Led onward by God's heavenly dove
His glorious rest to see.

In ardent prayer and grateful praise
They keep the royal way!
Jesus the light of all their days,
No power their upward progress stays
To his abiding day.

They look upon the things unseen—
The things of heavenly birth;
Their faith transcends this passing scene,
And hope leaps o'er the gulf between
The things of heaven and earth.

Jesus the soul of all their joys,
Their glory and their guide!
On him are fixed their faithful eyes,
And each upon his love relies,
Who for his people died.

They, too, with Jesus Christ are dead,
But risen with him indeed!
They follow their exalted Head,
By his own Word and Spirit led,
A royal chosen seed!

Come all in evil bonds to-day
At Jesus' cross to bow,
No longer from your Saviour stay,
Cast your unholy chains away,
Your freedom waits you now.

No slaves are they who Jesus trust,
His yoke is loving rest;
He lifts his people from the dust,
They live by Jesus Christ the just,
With endless freedom blest.

Helen Carter's Lesson.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

"I DON'T know what to do," said Helen Carter to herself. She had been sitting by the window for the last half-hour looking out into the street, but not, apparently, noticing anything that passed before her eyes. In her hand was a bit of paste-board, which entitled the hearer to one of the best seats in the Madison Theatre, where the star actress of the season was playing, and the question in Helen's mind was, should she use this ticket or not.

It was only a few months since she had given her heart to Christ, and come out before the world as one of his professed followers. She remembered only too distinctly, as she sat here thinking, how much she had been wont to say, before her own conversion, about the inconsistencies of professing Christians. She had declared repeatedly that if ever she was a Christian she would be one—she would never try to serve both God and mammon.

It had never seemed to her in those days that a follower of Christ ought to be found in the theatre or ball-room, but she did want so much to go to-night.

"It is a thoroughly first class play," she said to herself. "That makes a difference. I would not think of going, for a minute, unless it were, and I would not make a practice of going even to the best very often; but there can't be any harm for once. I wouldn't have bought a ticket, but as long as this was given to me I think I will use it. I shall probably never go again in my life."

And having come to this conclusion, Helen arose and went about her morning duties; but she did not feel as happy as usual, by any means. One of the first things she had planned to do that morning was to write a note to Daisy Prentiss, one of the girls in her Sabbath-school class, urging her to give her heart to Christ; but, for some reason, she did not feel like doing as she had intended.

"I don't believe it would do any good, even if I did write it," she thought; "she knows well enough what she ought to do, without my fussing to tell her."

Which was by no means the way Helen had felt about it only yesterday. Then she had longed so earnestly to have Daisy decide now, and had prayed that God would put helpful words into her heart to speak.

"Helen," said her mother, presently, "won't you go down street on an errand for me?"

Helen assented promptly. Perhaps she could forget some of her troublesome thoughts on the way. At the very first corner she met Marian Phelps. Helen admired Marian so much, she was so talented and beautiful; but she had often thought that she was far from being really happy, and ever since she had found Christ herself she had longed to have Marian know and love him also.

"It is just what she wants to make her happy, and take that restless, discontented look out of her eyes," she thought. "And she would make such a grand Christian, she is so earnest about everything. I don't know of any girl that could be such a power for good as she could."

Once or twice she had ventured to say a few words to Marian about her new-found joy, and her wish that she should seek the same for herself. But Marian had always turned the subject, without saying much one way or the other, and Helen had a feeling that she was watching her closely. They had gone only a few steps when they met Sue Archer.

"Isn't it just lovely to-day?" she said. "I didn't know what to do with myself in the house, so I came out for a walk. Oh, Helen, Mrs. Grant told me she sent you an extra ticket she had for to-night. Isn't it splendid?"

Helen's face crimsoned. Why need Sue have said anything about it before Marian? Marian herself turned, with a look of grave surprise.

"You are not going, are you, Helen?" she asked—and there was a wistful tone in her voice, Helen fancied.

"I had not really decided," she said, hesitatingly.

"Of course you will," spoke up Sue, promptly. "It's the best thing there'll be this season. You are going yourself, aren't you, Marian?"

"Oh, yes; but I'm one of the world's people, any way, you know," replied Marian, and this time there was a ring of bitterness in her voice.

Their ways separated just there. Helen did her errands, and went home as uncomfortable in mind as ever she remembered being in all her life.

"I don't see why she need feel so about me," she said impatiently to herself, as she put away her things.

But, even with the words on her lips, her eyes fell on her open Bible on the stand—open to that last chapter of John; and mechanically she read first the threefold query of command, and then hi-

questioning what should be the duty of another: "Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry until I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." Helen turned, and went back to her seat by the window. She had been answered, as well as the disciple of old.

"I'm going right over to Marian's this minute," she said, impulsively. "If I had any influence I have probably lost it now, but I will tell her that I am sorry for hesitating even a minute."

Marian's greeting showed plainly her surprise at this unexpected call, and was not quite so cordial as usual—but Helen paid little heed to that.

"Oh, Marian, I'm so ashamed," she said, directly; "I wouldn't go to-night for anything in the wide world, because I see now that my Master would not want me there; and, Marian, I do love him truly, after all. I don't see how I could have thought for an instant of doing anything to grieve him, or bring dishonour to his cause; but I am sorry enough now, and, oh, I do want you to love and follow him too. Won't you?"

Helen's eyes were full to overflowing, and Marian's also, as she put out her hand.

"I am not sure but I shall now, Helen," she said; "but five minutes ago I had given up all thoughts of it. You see I had watched you so closely, and said if you were true, and proved to me that there was really a difference between professing Christians and others, I would follow also. If there wasn't any difference, I might as well stay as I was. It seemed to me, if you were really in earnest, and felt all that you professed, you couldn't be just like us. I thought if you really cared for better, higher things, you wouldn't for these; and I was so disappointed this morning! But now, if you will help me, I will try to."

"I have learned a lesson to-day," said Helen to her mother that night; "and it is that, no matter what any one else does, I must follow only Christ."
—Our Youth.

A Touching Incident.

A PATHETIC scene is described in *Winslow's Monthly*. A wretched creature, a woman, whose appetite conquered all other motives of action, was brought before a Chicago magistrate for drunkenness. Clinging to her tattered gown were two children, a boy and a girl, the former only seven years of age, but made prematurely old by the hardships of his wretched life.

"Five dollars and costs," said the judge, sternly. "Seven dollars and sixty cents in all."

Instantly the little fellow started up, and, taking his sister's hand, he cried out: "Come on! We's got to get that money, or mam'll hev to go to gaol. Jest wait, Mr. Jedge, and we'll get it!"

The children hurried out of the court-room, and, going from store to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to gaol," the boy bravely promising every giver to return the money as soon as he could earn it. Soon he came running back into the court-room, and, laying a handful of small change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:—

"There's two dollars, Mr. Jedge, and I can't get no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work; but if you'll jist let me go to gaol 'stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed, "Your mother shan't go to gaol, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge; and the woman, clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees, and solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life, and try to be worthy of such a son as that.

That Baby Boy of Mine.

BY FERDY H. PUNSHON.

Those days they seem as yesterday,
Those days of long ago,
And I a worn-out woman now,
With hair as white as snow.
Yet, through the mists of lapsing years,
One bright face seems to shine,
And tender memories bring back
That baby boy of mine.

The thought of those glad days is as
A story that is told;
I see his blue and laughing eyes,
His fair hair touched with gold.
Ah! how his winning, loving ways
Did round my heart-strings twine;
I feel his arms about my neck,
That baby boy of mine.

I found some toys the other day,
I know them all of course,
Some building blocks, a train of cars,
A little rubber horse.
A rush of sudden feeling came
That I can scarce define;
They were my darling's treasures,
That baby boy of mine.

It seems but yesterday, I say,
So fast the years trip by,
I rocked him in his cradle-bed,
And sang his lullaby;
And when the evening shadows fell,
The stars began to shine,
I prayed to Him who rules the stars
For that dear boy of mine.

I mind how once the lad fell sick,
I'll ne'er forget the day,
I thought the angels sure would come
To bear our bairn away;
While John he whispered, "Mary, we
Must trust in the divine,"
And God he gave him back to us,
That baby boy of mine.

We tried to teach his little feet
To tread the narrow way
That leads from darkness into light,
To everlasting day;
And as we saw our Saviour's hand
His youthful heart refine,
We know that we would meet above
That baby boy of mine.

We wait in patience for the end,
The end of all our strife,
And our dear lad is with us yet,
To cheer the close of life;
A stalwart form is at my side,
He links his hand in mine,
And whispers, "Mother, I am still
That baby boy of thine."

Toronto, January, 1890.

Proper Amusements.

BY JAS. M. KING, D.D.

Let us think a little on the following propositions:—

1. The Church of which I am a member pronounces strongly against dancing and card-playing.
2. Devout young Methodist people find no difficulty in observing the law of the Church on these subjects.
3. Many young people of the wealthier or more worldly class, or those seeking social relationships with this class, who are in our Church, find it necessary, so they think, in the society to which they are admitted, or seek admission, to dance and play cards.
4. Sometimes they ask the question: "If we cannot have these sources of entertainment, what can we do?"
5. How may young people thoroughly enjoy an evening company without the dance or the card-table?

There are young people and there are young people. There are Methodist young people and there are Methodist young people. If all young people in the Church came in with a right understanding of what the Church membership, in character and privilege, means, and were cultured in an intelligent and cheerful piety in their homes, these problems of amusement and diversion would find their solution without criticism or debate. But we must take young character as we find it, and mould it after a higher model.

The O. L. S. C. is doing a noble work in this direction. Wherever we find one of these circles organized in a church, we shall find enrolled the choice young people from whom the Church and the world may expect some service. But there is some danger of this class being considered as forming a select and exclusive circle, and this would alienate the less intelligent class, whom we desire to reach and help. And this latter class—often of the wealthier or more worldly class—runs off into dancing and card-playing, and forms another circle, bound together by lower purposes, but none the less exclusive.

If the desire to help each other, as well as to amuse, enters into the plan for an evening's enjoyment, then the programme is easy of adjustment.

A company of young people have assembled. What shall they do? The host and hostess may determine—and ought largely to determine—the character of the diversions. They may raise or lower the tone of the enjoyments of the young people under their roof. To be too strict is to repel—to neglect is to lose their confidence. There will always be two or three leaders in your social circles. If they are silly, they will drag down to their level. If they are sensible, they will raise to their level.

But character comes to the front, and is developed, when rational entertainment and recreation for both mind and heart are furnished. It takes no high Christian culture to understand this. Any noble-minded youth will promptly recognize these facts.

There are such things as fun without folly; mirth without silliness; exuberance of spirit without coarseness of demeanour; diversion without dissipation; innocent entertainment without unrestrained license; and youthful joys without misleading amusements.

Suppose the social gathering to be the first held in the fall, how charmingly an evening could be spent in conversational off-hand narrations of vacation experiences!

Whether the place of assembling be the parlour of a private house or a church parlour, any amusement appropriate for the one is not inappropriate for the other. While the young people are assembling, let different persons keep the piano playing, and thus relieve the embarrassment of the entry of any dilident ones. Let the leaders, or experienced ones of the company, see to it that no circles exclusively of one sex are permitted to congregate.

Let each person arriving be formally presented to the host and hostess, if in a private house; or to the reception committee, if in a church parlour, as an important matter of culture, and as an immediate aid to ease of demeanour. Let some one be selected to give a brief synopsis, in narrative style, of a new and valuable book. Another, to give a humorous recitation, or reading, or song. Another, to prepare a few conundrums. Two piano solos, or duets, neither too classical nor too long. Let a period of time be suddenly announced when each lady and gentleman will be expected to converse with their nearest neighbour. A little chorus sing-

in which all can join without criticism for lack of musical talent. A few games of the innocently nonsensical order, in which all can unite.

Some simple refreshments, placed in a room or hall accessible to all, where little companies may repair and be helped at pleasure, without the formality or loss of time required in all assembling at the table at the same time, thus removing the impression that eating is the chief attraction of the assen blage.

Disperse at a reasonable hour before midnight, that health and spirits may be unharmed for the coming day of duty and honest employment.

What it Takes to Succeed.

A DISTINGUISHED writer, speaking of the amount of study found necessary to become fitted for the profession of an author, says: "I became aware that one could never sail a ship by entering at the cabin-windows. He must serve and learn his trade before the mast. This was the way that I would henceforth learn mine."

Few persons not in the profession of literature can have any conception of the incessant toil, of the prodigious amount of hard labour that is required for success. Genius for literature is not so much superior brilliancy as an unlimited capacity for downright solid work. He who can delve and toil unremittingly through years and years, will find himself able to give the world ideas that it wants.

But the principle applies to many other callings as well. The artist, the mechanic, the inventor, who gives the world something that it has not had before, succeeds in doing so as the result of long, laborious toil.

Inventions are sometimes the result of accident, but more frequently of long-continued thought and experience. Edison, the world's foremost electrician, is one of the greatest workers living. Few people who are in the enjoyment of the fruits of his brilliant achievements, can have thought of the amount of labour expended by him in reaching these results. In every-day life, the same kind of fidelity is needed that the best ends may be reached. The young mechanic should not expect to reach perfection in his art in a single year's apprenticeship. The minister, the merchant, the physician, the farmer, will reach their best aims only through years of careful training and well-applied toil. The management of a ship must be learned in all its details before one is fitted to command and be entrusted with valuable cargoes and more valuable lives. And so on in every calling in life there is needed such thoroughness and efficiency as can only be gained at the cost of long-continued and well-directed exertion.—Selected.

MR. BROWNING used often to speak to friends of the only occasion on which he ever spoke to the Queen. Some years ago the late Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley invited him among others to tea at the Deanery to meet the Queen, and a small select party were present, Carlyle being one. The company, as was befitting in the presence of their sovereign, were respectfully silent, only joining in the conversation when addressed. The Queen began to talk to Carlyle and expressed her opinions on some matter with which he differed, and he, as usual, contradicted her and silenced her. As the Queen left the room she stopped at the door to speak to Mr. Browning and say good-bye, remarking, "What a very extraordinary man Mr. Carlyle is. Does he always talk like that? I never met him before." Mr. Browning was only able to assure her that it was his invariable custom.

A Parable from China.

BY MATTHEW RICHKY KNIGHT.

SOME sixteen hundred years ago,
The Chinese annals have it so,
And in the reign of Yuen Ty,
An aged dame was seen to his
Each morning to the market-place;
The morning star shone in her face.
She brought each day a magic bowl,
A draught from which restored the soul
Of men; the weary and the weak
Needed no other balm to seek.
Full eagerly the people paid
Their coppers; each a full bowl had,
But could not drain it. Drank they on
From early morn to set of sun,
And, though a thousand times 'twas drained,
Full and o'erflowing it remained.

But not to enrich herself the dame
Their money took from all that came,
'Twas scattered through the provinces
To help the poor and fatherless.

A parable of truth to me
It speaks of God's vast treasury
Of grace, his mercy fathomless,
Eternal as his righteousness;
While all our gifts of gratitude
Bring not to him, but us, their good,
And come with tenfold interest
Back to the humble giver's breast.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

Society and Sunday-School.

WHAT can the Young People's Society do for the Sunday-school? The question is rightly asked. The society and the Sunday-school exist side by side, and the influence of the one upon the other is certainly a fit subject for inquiry. The answer is twofold.

In the first place, the influence of the Young People's Society should be felt in the Sunday-school as it should be felt in every other legitimate line of Church activity—in a revival of interest in the school. The Young People's Society, at its best, will attract outside young people into its own meetings, and through them to the Sunday-school. It will inspire its members with a more earnest desire to serve Christ by diligent study of the lesson, and, it may be, by faithfully teaching it to a class of younger scholars. This is the indirect influence which the organization of young Christians should have upon the school-room of the Church.

But, apart from the general increase of interest in religious work which springs from the Young People's Society when rightly organized and ju-

iciously directed, there are departments of Sunday-school activity which the organization of young people may enter with better prospects of success than can any other branch of the Church. New scholars may be brought in systematically, not left to the chances of indirect methods and of mere influence. Without ostentation the names of all the young people belonging to no church, and exposed to Sunday temptations, may be gathered, and many of them may be invited to Sunday-school with a cordiality and genuine interest which they cannot readily refuse.

Again, the members of the League or Union, meeting once a week, and coming from many homes, are competent, too, of mutual help in preparing the Sunday-school lesson. You often meet to confer over a difficult corollary in geometry, or to exhibit a new butterfly, or a new specimen in geology. Why not meet to exhibit a new idea on the lesson of Sunday as well as on that of Monday? Why not bring together each week all the books and papers bearing upon the lesson, and by contributions of ideas, photographs, etc., illustrating the subject, make your preparation more perfect, whether you are teacher or pupil? We believe that these informal training-classes may be made profitable to society and Sunday-school alike.—*Our Youth.*

The Young People's Meeting at Pine Grove.

NELLIE AMES spent the first month after her conversion in praying alone. There were many praying verses just suitable to her case, but the ones that impressed her most deeply she found in Matt. xviii. 19, 20:—

"Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

It was these wonderful promises that decided her to open her heart to her young friends, and ask them to meet with her, and unite their voices in the petitions that had been ascending from her lips alone. Believing in praying for people by name, these young girls wrote down a list of the names of those whom they knew to be out of Christ, and at every meeting these dear ones were remembered at a throne of grace. In addition to this, by special agreement, the four friends spent half-an-hour at the same time every night, in their own homes, pleading for the outpouring of the Spirit upon themselves and upon the whole community.

One morning, when Nellie was somewhat discouraged, she was asked by her mother to carry some delicacies to a Christian lady, who for years had been an invalid. The young girl needed help, and finally resolved to open her heart to the aged pilgrim, who had been journeying heavenward for more than half a century. After gathering from her visitor the various plans they had been pursuing in their work, the old woman said, very gently:—

"Keep on praying and trusting, my dear, and you will yet have reason to bless God for his faith-



LESSON PICTURE.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.—Matt. v., vi., vii.

fulness. But, while you pray, keep watching for the answers you so much desire. I think that one reason why we so often fail to receive our requests is, that we forget to watch for them."

This was a new condition to successful prayer to inexperienced Nellie, and when she related the incident to her three friends, they knelt together, hand in hand, and prayed that they might have grace not only to pray, but to keep watching for the answer to their requests.

To understand the workings of the glorious revival which followed the establishing of this young people's meeting, one needed to be in their midst, and feel something of the influence that pervaded the meetings. One old orthodox minister, who had heard of the quiet work of grace in progress at Pine Grove, came down from the hills to criticise, that, as he said himself, he was not in the house half an hour until he felt the influence of the Spirit, and, instead of condemning, he remained to pray.

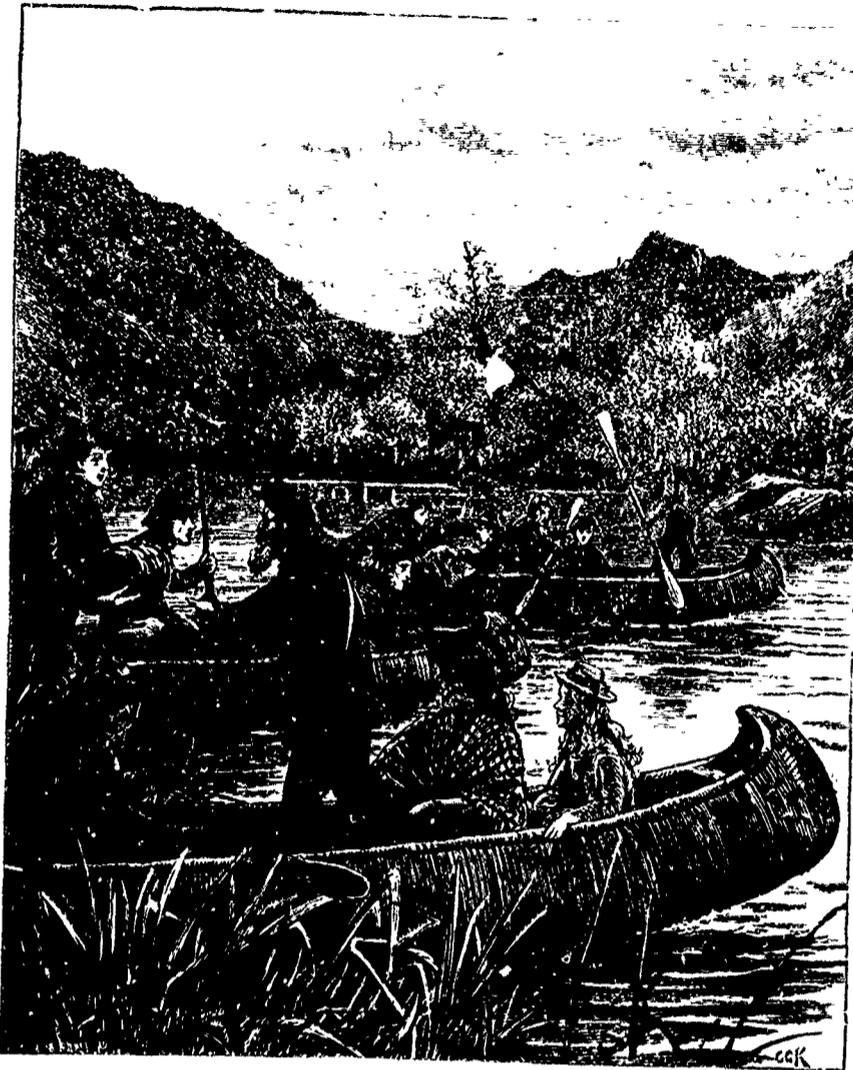
This revival work was not confined to the young people alone, for all ages and classes of people were included in this glorious work of grace. In the children's meeting, I heard little boys and girls not over six years of age, stand up and testify for Jesus; and one of the most touching and impressive scenes in connection with the work was the children's prayer service, when scores of brief petitions from the lips of the little ones went up to the prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

Five hundred converts in Pine Grove and adjoining towns date their conversion to this revival, and the good work is still going on. From all over the State come reports of meetings that had their origin in the prayers of the Christian people at Pine Grove.

Nellie Ames is only an ordinary young girl, but she tried to do her duty, and God did the rest, and if you will ask him he will help you too. When this young girl gave herself to Christ, she understood that from that day she was so to walk that others, seeing her, would know that she had been with Jesus. What does your life testify?

TROUBLES often meet us in the way of duty. They are designed to try our constancy, courage, and sincerity. Think not I am going wrong, because tried. Wait on the Lord: he shall save thee.

GOOD breeding is like affection—one cannot have too much of it.



CANOEING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Canoeing in the North-West.

TILL within a very few years, all the transportation to the far-off forts of the Hudson Bay Company, was by means of canoes. For hundreds of miles they followed the rapid rivers, making frequent portages, when the canoes, and everything they contained, had to be carried around some rapid or waterfall. Such a scene as that shown in our cut was of very frequent occurrence, and, in fine weather, a very delightful way of travelling it was.

Great Sunday-School Meeting at Winnipeg.

OUR friends in Winnipeg seem fully awake to the importance of Sunday-school organization, and of massing their forces. On New Year's Day, notwithstanding a prairie blizzard, a great gathering of the Sunday scholars assembled in Grace Church. The meeting was largely congratulatory and missionary in its character. The city pastors and Mr. Pettigrew, secretary of the Sabbath-school Association, gave addresses. The latter urged that \$1,000 for missions be aimed at for 1890.

The following evening a social gathering of all the teachers and officers took place in the same church. A telegram was received from Dr. Douglas, Montreal, conveying the hearty greeting of 4,000 young Methodists of that city.

Winnipeg reports as follows: 150 teachers; 1,372 scholars, with 542 signatures to the temperance pledge—good for a young city which, eighteen years ago, was a Hudson Bay trading-post.

Mr. James Tees, of Montreal, is largely the means of introducing this Eastern notion of a New Year's gathering. We hope all our cities will adopt it, or some similar way of bringing young people and Christian workers together.

The Portage-la-Prairie schools report an average

attendance of 295 teachers and scholars for 1889; 180 scholars have signed the pledge; 121 are members of the Church; \$536 have been raised for school purposes; and a liberal amount for missionary purposes. A remarkably good record.

Confession of Sin.

THREE little girls were one day conversing pleasantly, when, beginning to speak of a Sunday-school teacher who had won their hearts by her affectionate interest, they got upon the subject of the text they were to learn for the next Sunday.

"I don't understand it," said Amy Garde; "I suppose if we are as bad as our teacher says, we never could think of the half of our sins."

"And I don't feel very bad!" exclaimed Lucy Stronge, with a toss of her head. "I'm sleepy when I go to bed, and cannot think of what I've done wrong."

"I always tell what troubles me most," said a younger girl, very timidly.

I think she was right. Don't you? You may like to hear what their teacher said.

She said the text was for those who knew God as their Father, but might serve for any who felt the burden of sin. Under the law there were two offerings—one for sin in general, and one for particular offences. "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures," and we may look to his blood for cleansing from every fault, big and little, in our eyes. There was a sacrifice for sins of ignorance; and a great amount of evil is committed "ignorantly in unbelief." Paul thought he was doing God service when he persecuted the saints, and Jesus prayed on the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Was ever any love like this! A grand truth is contained in those words so familiar to us all! "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Sympathy.

BY EDITH A. GRANT.

I HAVE heard of many sorrows,
Many cares by others borne;
Tales of tender little children,
And old people, left forlorn.

And my heart was full of pity,
For their grief I made my own;
But the sympathy I offered
Was of things to me unknown.

I have heard about the trial
And the burden of disgrace;
And have sorrowed with its bearer
Till I dreamed I took his place.

But I only felt the pressure
When I thought; but he, ah, when
Would the shadow of its presence
Let the sun be bright again?

It is not a loss to offer
All the sympathy we feel,
Though its object be beyond us,
In its woe or in its weal.

And I've learned to understand it—
In the soft and gentle touch,
That can soothe the broken-hearted,
Is the one who suffers much.



Objects of the League.

I. To meet the demands of the social nature of its members, and of young people within its reach, by providing wholesome recreation, and affording means of mutual acquaintance; to develop the spirit of brotherly and Christian fellowship among them; to so fully provide for, and to bring their social life under the influence of the Church, as to remove, or at least break the force of, the temptation to seek questionable amusements, and to form associations outside of Christian influences.

II. To awaken and direct their intellectual life:

1. By the study of the Bible and biblical literature.
2. By the consideration of the questions of the day, temperance, missions, and social reforms; and by the application of the principles of morality and religion to the various duties and relations of life.
3. By acquiring some knowledge of general literature and science.

III. Its main purpose shall be mutual incitement and concert of effort, on the part of its members who have already entered upon the religious life, to be Christians after the highest New Testament standard of experience and manner of living; to promote daily prayer and reading of the Scriptures; to beget and foster a love for the social meetings of the church, and to secure Christian activity and zeal in sustaining them; to become wise and efficient in Christian work, and to plan and labour to bring others to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

The Children's Church.

THE Rev. Jas. T. Docking, pastor of the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church of Des Moines, Ia., is going into the work for young people with great energy.

On each Sabbath morning the pastor preaches a five-minute sermon for the children, besides holding a children's meeting at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. A printed card of invitation bears the topics of the Sunday morning sermons for children,

and carries the note. "Will the parents please help the little ones to learn the memory verse?"

Other pastors may be interested in the following list of subjects and "memory verses," which are taken from these cards—

SUBJECT.	MEMORY VERSE.
The Children's Church . . .	3rd Epistle John. 4.
The Boy Prophet . . .	1 Sam 1. 28; 2. 18.
Sowing and Reaping . . .	Gal. 6. 7.
Ruth, the Ashury Gleaner . . .	Ruth 2. 17.
Mocking an Old Man . . .	2 Kings 2. 23.
God's Telephone . . .	Gen. 21. 17.
Daniel, the Temperance Boy . . .	Dan. 1. 8.
Timothy, the Boy that Read his Bible . . .	John 5. 39. 2 Tim 3. 15.
The Little Missionary Girl . . .	2 Kings 5. 2, 3.

Besides these services for the little folk, the League arranged and carried out a series of Sunday evening lectures during the winter, upon such subjects as the following: "That Boy's Home," "That Boy's Mother," "Queen Esther," "That Boy's Father," "That Boy's Sister," "That Boy's Brother," "That Boy—Who Shall Have Him?"

One Man Started It.

A LITTLE over a year ago, a commercial traveller, realizing that the "drink habit" was the curse of his class, as of all business men, and having read Dr. E. E. Hale's book, *Ten Times One is Ten*, and believing in the sentiment, "No man is sure he is temperate himself until he tries to make other people so," started the Commercial Temperance League, adopting for its motto: "Lend a Hand." Each member is to wear a button badge, bearing the letters C. T. L., and for a pledge there are two:—

1. To drink no intoxicating liquors.
2. To get ten others to join the League.

This organization has already grown until it numbers several thousand.

In His Name.

It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that God is teaching the young the glory of a full consecration to himself, and crowding them to the front. We find in the Wesleyan Mission, that has its centre of field-service in St. James's Hall—the heart of gilded West-end vice in London—a band of young ladies and gentlemen who support themselves, while they give their time, all or in part, to Christian work. They are called "Brothers" and "Sisters of the People," and "when the eye seeth" them in their simple, unostentatious uniform, foremost in every good work, it blesseth them."

In that marvellous Mildmay Mission, in the north of London, there are about one hundred and twenty-five young ladies, the daughters of professional and other well-to-do people, who have donned the simple costume of a deaconess, and who give their lives to Christly care of the ignorant and poor. Instead of receiving salary, though they live in communities, each pays two hundred and fifty dollars a year for her board, besides meeting all her other personal expenses, and giving the rest of her "allowance" to the needy whom she meets in her work.

May God raise up a host of young people who will love him with all their heart and serve him with all their might!—*Central Christian Advocate.*

A Young Methodist's Letter.

A NUMBER of us, young people and members of the Methodist Church, are thinking of organizing a young people's society for the purpose of mutual help and benefit in social, intellectual, and spiritual culture, and to win other young people who are not yet Christians. There has been some effort in

another direction, but I believe in Methodists holding to Methodism, and, besides, it seems to me that we need a great national organization of the Methodist youth of our land, each local society united by bonds of sympathy and common effort in Christian endeavour along Methodist lines. In many localities, in the country especially, our young people are tempted to leave the Church and go elsewhere, simply because they are ignorant of the grand history and glorious achievements of Methodism, and are not familiar with its great men and movements

Epworth League Notes.

—In view of the number of new societies forming, we are glad to say that the reports from the older Leagues and unions are uniformly encouraging. Pastors and young people unite in testifying to the success which has crowned the new plans. "My church is stronger and better for the League," says one preacher. "My young people take new and honest pride in the denomination since they began to study its history," writes another. "Our prayer-meetings are more helpful, and the entire work of our church has gained in vigour since the young people have been awakened to their duty," is the inspiring witness of a third. These testimonies from experience ought to lead many into the same activity.—*Our Youth.*

—As a member of the Church it is your duty to

Pray for its pastor.

Attend its services.

Practise its teachings.

Pray for its prosperity.

Give for its support.

Work for its success.

Cordially greet its members.

Invite others to its services.

Read John 13. 17; Thess. 5. 11-25;

Heb. 10. 23-25.

—The elasticity of the plans of the Epworth League is one of its most admirable features. The constitution has been very carefully framed, but its adoption is optional. The reading-courses are the outcome of careful study; but the reading-courses are optional, both as to the local branch and as to the individual member. The name is a matter of natural connexion; but it is not necessary to adopt the name to secure affiliation with the central office. Indeed, nothing is necessary other than loyalty to the Church and loyalty to the League.

—Chaplain McCabe has heard of the Epworth League. He asks the young people to give, or get others to give, ten dollars apiece for missions this year. A very grand suggestion!

—There is sometimes a great absence of sociability in many of our churches. Especially is this so of the morning and evening services. *Per contra*, we would not have our churches become merely social clubs; but there is a happy medium; a spirit of welcome should be shown, and the "stranger within the gates" made to feel at home. The Observer once knew a Methodist minister who was wont to preach a short sermon Sunday mornings, and tell the congregation they had fifteen minutes for hand-shaking after the service. One cause of the large and growing attendance at the League meetings, we believe, is the systematic and hearty welcome extended to all.

—Comradeship must be cultivated in any band of workers. People who simply meet now and then at stated times, and engage in prescribed exercises, do not derive the full benefit of real co-operation. We make a fatal mistake in supposing that God will provide all the enthusiasm and plans of ac-

tivity. We must, as young people, stand together, plan together, and be in hearty sympathy with each other if we are to accomplish any true work. Let the spirit of comradeship be cultivated, then, in your church, until "those young Methodists" shall be the name for as much enthusiasm and activity as ever won the champion ship for any balling.

"In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

BY LU B. CAKE.

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sweetly sung with hisping tongue,
Caught his lips the sacred story
Loved ones o'er his cradle sung;
Caught his ear the tuneful measure,
Ere his heart saw in the rhyme
Mortal's hope of Heaven's treasure,
"Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time."

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang his youth's maturer years,
Sang as blithely, promissory,
As the lark when summer nears;
"When the woes of life o'ertake me,"
Rose as bubbles children toss,
"Never shall the Cross forsake me."
Ah, would he forsake the Cross?

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Proudly sang his manhood's prime,
Through his soul swept transitory
As the whispering wings of time;
"When the sun of bliss is beaming,"
Ah, so blindingly it shone,
"From the Cross the radiance streaming,"
Lighted up his lips alone.

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang a trusting child again,
Bowed the head with sorrows hoary,
Now as humble, meek as then.
"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,"
Ah! all these his soul had tried;
Heart and lips poured forth the measure,
"By the Cross are sanctified."

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Tolled the bells in measures slow;
"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"
Sang the singers sweet and low;
Spake the pastor of the glory
"Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time";
Over there is heard the story,
"Gathered 'round its head sublime."

There is Our Father.

Two children were at the sea-shore, on the lookout for their father's return from fishing. There had been no storm, so they were not afraid; but their father had been away two days and two nights, and the little folks wanted to see him back. They had watched for him hour after hour. Other fishing-boats had passed, but his was not in sight; but at last the elder girl saw, far off, the well-known sail, and the boat she loved to see.

Pointing it out to her little sister, she said: "There is father!"

But the little dot said: "I don't see father."
"No, nor do I," answered the elder; "but he is there—that is his boat—he is master of it—he will soon be here!"

Both children were joyous. Though they could not see their father, they knew he was there, and that every moment brought the time nearer when they would see him and talk to him.

There is another Father of all little children whom we cannot see yet, but we know he is near, and before very long we shall be at home with him, and see him, if we are good and have faith in him. Wherever we are, in sunshine or in gloom, we may always say: "There is our Father."

"Good-bye, God Bless You."

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I LIKE the Anglo-Saxon speech,
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold, and seems to reach
Far down into your feelings;
That some folk deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so;
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "Au revoir," "Adieu, ma chère,"
For that's what French was made for.
But when a coney takes your hand
At putting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo, and
He says, "Good-bye, God bless you!"

This seems to me a sacred phrase,
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in its place,
And soothes the weak and fearful;
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears,
To work its gracious function;
And all day long, with pleasing song,
It lingers to caress you;
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-bye, God bless you!"

I love the words, perhaps because
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause,
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me.
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And, though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said, "Good-bye,"
And asked our God to bless me.

Manly Young Christians.

We want to have an honest word with those who are already avowed followers of Christ, and with those who are not. We would ask the first class: "Are you as earnest and enthusiastic in his service as you should be?" The second: "Are you ashamed or afraid to enter that service?" In attempting to show what should be the answer to the latter question, we shall indicate the vital principle suggested in the first inquiry, and, therefore, we may talk at once with those who have as yet made no decision for Christ.

Let us have a chat with this gentlemanly young fellow of, perhaps, eighteen, who lays aside his book courteously as we address him, but whose face clouds perceptibly when we tell him that we want to talk with him about Christ. "It's very kind of you, but really I'm afraid I'm not a promising subject; I'm not likely to 'get religion.' To tell the truth, the whole idea of sanctity and meekness and 'turning the other cheek,' and all that, is very distasteful to me. But I beg your pardon; I'm afraid you'll think me rude." Well, we are sorry to hear these sentiments, but we have hope of our young friend, because he is so much of a gentleman; we want him to be more—a follower of the only perfect gentleman, the Lord Jesus Christ.

What shall we say to this boy—if we dare call him a boy? He is fenced round by so-called "taste"; he is spirited; he detests cant; he has

high ambitions; he is afraid of being "narrow." (He doesn't know quite what that means, but he has heard confessing Christians called "bigoted" and "narrow.") All things considered, he is not easy of approach. Perhaps something may come from asking him what book he has been reading. "Ah, that is *The Life of Gustavus Adolphus*," says our friend, with flashing eye. "He was a regular old brick, wasn't he? I was just reading that place where he did up Wallenstein." "Yes," we reply; "how inspiring it must have been to have seen his great army kneel in prayer upon the battle-field, and then, rising, advance to the encounter singing, in grand chorus, that rugged old hymn:

'A mighty fortress is our God!'

There was nothing weak about that—was there? Gustavus Adolphus was a soldier and a Christian. Simply because you are not engaged in mortal combat, or in exhibitions of physical strength and courage, do you think it would be weak to be a Christian? "You put it rather squarely," is the reply; "but the days of chivalry and prowess are past. A fellow is expected nowadays to be a goody-goody boy, emotional and soft-spoken and meek—" We interrupted him here: "You play foot-ball, perhaps?"

Our friend is surprised at this question, but he straightens himself, and we can almost see his muscles swell under his coat-sleeve as he says, "Yes, indeed. It's a fine game." "If you could play once against the Princeton College team you would find in one of the rushers a worthy opponent, a good 'blocker,' a fast runner, 'a sure tackler,' a fellow of splendid physique, with a handsome, manly face. That rusher is not what one calls a 'goody-goody' boy, he does not seem 'emotional,' he is not exactly 'soft-spoken'; perhaps the man he tackled so hard in the game might not think him 'meek'; yet he is a sincere, earnest Christian. He stands up before the students of his own and other colleges, and talks in a straightforward, manly way about Christ, urging them to surrender their lives to him, and to become his servants. There is no cant about this plain speech. Have you ever heard what a speaker in one of Moody's meetings said to some young converts?

"You may not have heard it. 'Young men,' said he, 'now that you have put off the old man, do not suppose that you must put on the old woman.' Here is your mistake, young man—you confuse matters. You assume that the experience and emotions of a dear saint who has passed happily through a life of hardships and trials, would be the standard for you religious life. You disparage the Church of Christ because it contains hypocrites. Are there not traitors in every army? On the whole, you are unintentionally 'narrow' in your own view of Christ's cause. Professor Drummond said to the students of Yale: 'We come, young men, to offer you a religion for young men—a strong, ennobling faith. We do not ask you to surrender your manliness and ambitions, but simply to take the one way to make them efficient for good in the world.' So we ask you, young man, to abandon the 'taste' that makes you only inactive and critical, to come out—fairly, squarely, like a man—on the side of Christ, to rejoice in doing his work, to be a knight of the nineteenth century, the champion of the right, a conscientious, consecrated citizen. With Gustavus' battle-hymn upon your lips, fight the good fight, keep the faith, and finish the course."

Because our talk has been with a boy, we would not have the girls think either that we have them less in mind, or that their responsibilities are lighter. The influence of pure, noble, high-minded

women, is the hope of our republic. With you, too, girls, rests the duty of Christian profession and Christian life. Your words weigh heavily with young men. A careless or flippant remark from you tends only to confirm such a youth as we have described, in his dangerous views. You have plenty of work to do. Every Christian girl, as far as circumstances permit, should belong to the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union—that active department of the great W. C. T. U. Through this excellent organization you can bring your influence to bear with greater effect against the great danger which menaces our national prosperity. God grant that our young men and women may realize the all-importance of rallying to the standard of the Cross, and carrying it forward into the unknown future of our country!—*Bishop Vincent, in "Our Youth."*

Perseverance.

A LITTLE girl, being given a task in needlework by her mother, took a chair out under a shady tree in the yard and prepared to finish it. The surroundings out there were very pleasant. The birds sang merrily as they flew from limb to limb; the air was mild and balmy; and everything looked cheerful and bright: yet she was unhappy and discontented. She did not want to work; and while the task was not hard, she imagined it was, and thought she was tired before she began it. So, instead of beginning at once, and getting it done soon, she let her work lie idly in her lap.

Then her gaze fell on a little busy ant, which was trying to drag along a crumb of bread very much larger than itself, but it came to a twig, which it found hard to crawl over with its burden. The ant tried to pull it over the twig, and after getting it up a little, tumbled off. Next it tried to push the crumb over, and the burden tumbled over on it. The insect could have easily gone around the twig; but it did not seem to think of this, and went on dragging and tumbling in the same old way. Finally, it got over, and proceeded on its way.

This set the little girl to thinking, and she wondered what made the ant do as it had done. Something said it was perseverance; and the birds seemed to sing over and over again, "Perseverance," until she picked up the sewing, and was surprised to find how soon it was finished. Often afterward, when tempted to neglect or put off some duty, the little girl thought of the ant; and whispering to herself "Perseverance," soon put the tempter to flight.

Secrets.

It is not safe to listen to anything that you must not speak to mother or father about. It is not safe to read one page of a book that must be pushed behind you, or under your apron, when some one enters the room. Show the book to mother, and abide by her judgment, even if it is so enticing, and some of the other girls are crazy over it.

Share your secrets—and you may have some very happy secrets—with the one who loves you, not only best, but wisest. Still, you know that some things are best kept to yourself: a disappointment that nobody can help—wishing for something that nobody is ready to do for you, or give you.

Keep your "blues" to yourself—your ill-temper, your headaches, your dislike of people, the faults you see in them—let those disagreeable things be well-kept secrets.

Your Father in heaven knows all your secrets. Are you glad? Tell him when you cannot tell anyone else.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

The Everlasting Arms.

WHAT though the way be rough and steep?
 What though we stumble as the blind?
 There's joy reserved for those who weep—
 The Everlasting Arms are kind.

What matters it if sorrows come?
 What though the night be dark and long?
 The darkest cloud but hides the sun—
 The Everlasting Arms are strong.

What though life's ocean surges high?
 Though adverse winds toss high each
 wave?
 "Be not afraid! 'tis only I,"
 The Everlasting Arms can save.

What though besieged by sin and strife?
 The heart and flesh but sink and quail?
 "I am the way, the truth, and life,"—
 The Everlasting Arms ne'er fail.

Remember, flame consumes but dross;
 To pure gold but adds brighter charms;
 'Neath the blood-stained banner of the cross
 Behold the Everlasting Arms.

In life's fierce conflict faithful be,
 'Tis only they who win the crown;
 When death is lost in victory
 The Everlasting Arms reach down.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A. D. 27] LESSON IX. [March 2

JESUS AT NAZARETH.

Luke 4. 16-32. Memory verses, 18-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.—John 1. 11.

TIME.—A. D. 27.

PLACES.—Nazareth and Capernaum in Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Nearly a year should be reckoned between the last lesson and this. It is a period of Christ's life about which not much is recorded. The greater part of it was probably spent in quiet. Jesus had gained a few disciples, had performed his first miracle at Cana, had gone up to Jerusalem, and driven the traders from the temple; had made some prominent converts, among them Nicodemus; had journeyed through Samaria, and was now returning to his own country—Galilee. He went boldly into the synagogues of each town in which he spent the Sabbath, and preached the Gospel. His words and miracles made the deepest impression. All men talked of him; crowds followed him wherever he went. This lesson begins when he had at last reached the town where he had been brought up.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Brought up*—Trained in youth. *Synagogue*—The Jewish church, or place for Bible study. *Sabbath Day*—That is, the Jewish Sabbath—our Saturday. *The book*—A long roll, like one of our modern wall maps, only that it was smaller and rolled lengthwise, not breadthwise. *The prophet Isaiah*—Isaiah. Very likely each prophecy was made up into a book of itself, for the words were written, not printed, and usually were made very large. *The gospel*—That is, good news. *Recovering*—Bringing back. *Roll'd the book*—Rolled it up again. *Minister*—A sort of sexton and class-leader and Sunday-school superintendent in one. *All bare him witness*—Everybody acknowledged. *Gracious words*—Words of grace—of beauty and eloquence. *Heal thyself*—That is, do for your own people what we have heard you have done for others. *Elijah*—Elijah.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Coming to His own*, vs. 16-21.
 To what city did Jesus journey?
 Where did he go on the Sabbath?
 From what book did he read?
 What were the words that he read?
 After reading, what did he do with the book?
 Whose attention had he secured?
 What did he then say to the people?
2. *Rejected by His own*, vs. 22-32.
 How were the people affected by what they heard?

What question did they ask?
 What demand did he say they would make?

Where is a priest not honoured?
 What did he say about the days of Elijah?
 To whom only was Elijah sent?
 Who sent the prophet to Sidon? 1 Kings 17. 8, 9.

What is said about lepers in Israel?
 Who only was cleansed?
 By what means was the Syrian cured?
 2 Kings 5. 10, 14.

What effect had these words on the people?
 What did they do with Jesus?
 How did he escape?
 Where did he go from Nazareth?
 What did the people think of his teaching?

Why were they astonished?
 What says the Golden Text about Jesus at Nazareth?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human depravity.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

13. What more do we learn concerning him?

That he "was subject" to Mary and Joseph, and that "he advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.—Luke 2. 52.

A. B. 27] LESSON X. [March 9

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Luke 4. 33-44. Memory verses, 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick.—Matt. 8. 16.

TIME.—A. D. 27.

PLACES.—Capernaum, and other cities in Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.—When Jesus' townspeople rejected him he left Nazareth, which had been his home nearly all his life, and fixed his home at Capernaum, the home of Peter, James, and John. It was soon after this change of abode that the incidents of our lesson occur.

EXPLANATIONS.—*An unclean devil*—Demoniacal possession was a matter of common belief, and apparently of frequent experience in those times. *Jesus of Nazareth*—When men had no family names they were generally known by the name of their father as "the son of Timeus," by what we would now call a nickname, as "Boanerges," or by the name of their place of residence, as in this case. *To destroy us*. Perhaps this means to drive them back to the world of lost spirits. *The Holy One of God*—Probably the bystanders understood this to mean the Messiah, the chosen One. *With authority*—Never had such power been manifested to men. *The country round about*—All Galilee. *Simon's wife's mother*—This proves that Peter was married. *A great fever*—In the old days there were supposed to be only two sorts of fever, the great and the less. This is a medical phrase. We should remember that Luke, who wrote this passage, was a physician. *Rebuked*—Christ rebukes the disease, just as an hour or so previously he had rebuked the devil, and a few days later he rebuked the winds and waves. All things obey him. *Ministered unto them*—If a physician had cured Peter's wife's mother, she would have required several weeks to recover strength sufficiently to be able to serve at table; but Christ's cure was sure and immediate. *When the sun was setting*—Sabbath among the Jews closed at sunset. A part of the wonderful works of Christ told in this lesson occurred after the Sabbath was closed. *Desert place*—That is, a deserted place, a place where there were neither houses nor farms; not necessarily a desert in our modern sense of that word.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Holy One*—vs. 33-36.
 If what place was Jesus teaching?
 What strange visitor was present?
 How did he interrupt the service?
 Who did he say that Jesus was?
 How did Jesus reply to him?
 What did the demon do to the man?
 What did the people say of this miracle?
 How much authority has Jesus now?
 Matt. 18. 18.
2. *The Healer*, vs. 37-41.
 How far did this miracle spread the healer's fame?
 From the synagogue where did Jesus go?
 What sufferer did he find there?

What did Jesus do for her relief?
 What was the effect of his words?
 What gathering occurred at sunset?
 What did Jesus do for these sick people?
 What happened to many demoniacs?
 What did the demons say?
 What did Jesus forbid them?
 Why did he not permit them to speak?
 What one sentence tells of the healer's work? (Golden Text.)

3. *The Worker*, vs. 42-44.
 Where did Jesus go early in the morning?
 Who sought him out?
 What did the people request?
 What was his reply?
 Where did Jesus preach?
 What promise of greater works did Jesus make to his disciples? John 14. 12.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was Jesus? "In the synagogue of Capernaum." 2. Who recognized him as the Holy One of God? "An evil spirit." 3. How did Jesus show his power? "He cast out the demon." 4. What was the effect upon the populace? "They spread his fame through all the country round about." 5. What did Jesus do? "After healing many, he went to the desert." 6. What did he say to those who sought him? "I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Evil spiritual influence.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

14. What is the meaning of the word Christ?

It is the Greek form of the Hebrew Messiah, and means anointed with oil; that is to say, consecrated or set apart and qualified.

We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.—John 1. 41. Psalm 2. 2; Daniel 9. 25, 26; John 4. 25.

Brain-food.

"I HAVE heard," said a young man at college to a professor, "that fish is good for brain-food. Do you think I had better eat fish?" "Yes," responded the professor, "I would advise you to eat a whale." But there is brain-food that is even better than fish, and one may indulge in it at all seasons of the year without peril to digestion. It is good, wholesome reading and thought. As in different kinds of food there are varying degrees of nutritive qualities, so also is it with books. Very many of them, as brain-feeders, are not only worth absolutely nothing, but are really harmful. But good books are abundant, and he who wishes to read that which is really valuable need not fear that the supply will be exhausted in his life-time, even if he should hope to attain the longevity of Methuselah. He who would have a strong, healthy body must have an abundance of good, vigour-producing food. And so he who would have a strong, clear intellect must not starve his brain by refusing or neglecting to feed it; nor must he attempt to supply it with the worthless trash that so greatly abounds. He must nourish it with thought from the very best books, and he must keep up the supplies as regularly and constantly as he does the daily rations for his stomach.

It is not enough that you live aright yourself; you must try to help others do the same.

It is always easy to say a rude thing, but never wise.

THE Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer.



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