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# HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As ye would  
have they  
should  
do unto  
you.

RULPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

[No. 19.

## The Deacon's Little Maid.

DEER in the green New England hills,  
In a dimple fair to see,  
With orchards whose fruitage the summer  
fills,  
Lies a little Bethany.  
What wonder that Mary, the little maid,  
Pondering Bible lore,  
Pictured, wherever her steps had strayed,  
Those ravellous things of yore?

With his eyes' great glory upon me, 'Dear,  
Come sit at my feet all day!'"

"And doesn't he?" answered the mother  
sweet;  
"Can you think it, except he say?  
To love him well is to sit at his feet --  
To serve him, to bide away."

"Now bring me the tray, and the spats and  
prints,  
Cool in the well-head there;

## In Feudal Times.

OUR engraving illustrates a most  
uncommon scene in the old and stormy  
times of rapine and pillage. The free-  
booters and robbers of the German  
forests used to ride forth to plunder  
passing-merchants, much as the wander-  
ing bedouins of the desert do to-day.  
Under the wicked motto that might

## "Troubled With Doubts."

"TROUBLED with doubts!" Well,  
I wouldn't say it if I were you. Do  
you know that every doubt a man  
ever had, if he took it up by the  
roots, there is a seed at the end, and  
that seed is sin? If you quit sinning  
you will quit doubting. When you  
feel like saying, "I have my doubts,"



IN FEUDAL TIMES.

That scanning the houses far away,  
On the hillsides in the sun,  
She questioned, many an innocent day,  
Which was the very one  
Where the brother and sisters sat at meat  
With their friend, when the day was low,  
And Mary lovingly washed the feet  
That had journeyed in mercy so?  
She was Deacon Sternbold's little maid;  
Her mother was kindly true;  
Primer and hymns to her sire she said,  
But her heart her mother knew.  
Helping the dame one Saturday morn  
At the churn, all suddenly  
She cried, "Mother, oh, I wish I'd been born  
Real Mary of Bethany!"  
"Or I wish that Jesus would walk in here,  
And call me to him, and say,

Then finish the seams of your gown of chintz,  
That to-morrow you may wear.  
"And if baby wakes from his nice, long nap,  
Just sing him your little song  
While mother's busy; the work, mayhap,  
Won't need to hinder us long."  
Maid Mary went at the gentle word;  
Some beautiful inward smile  
Dawning up to her face as if she heard  
More than was spoken the while.  
For the child's deep heart was beating still  
With joy of that saying sweet:  
"To bide with him is to do his will;  
To love him, to sit at his feet."  
—Mrs. A. D. P. Whitney.

Love the Scriptures, and wisdom  
will love thee.

makes right they used, when they  
were not fighting each other, to pillage  
the industrious. Thank God that  
under a Christian civilization the  
Kaiser himself cannot wrest from the  
poorest of his subjects anything that  
is his own. So much in this respect,  
as well as in much higher ones, has the  
Gospel done for man.

WHEN we shall climb the shining  
steps of heaven, and from the light  
of the eternal world look back on the  
enigma of human life, we shall have  
nothing for which to praise God more  
than for not having given us every-  
thing for which we ask here on earth.

just change the expression and say,  
"I have been at some meanness or  
devilment," and you will get the  
thing in good shape. A man is not  
a sinner because he is an infidel;  
he is an infidel because he is a sinner.  
I never saw a man that did not be-  
lieve in hell but he was heading that  
way, right straight. A fellow once  
said to me, "Science is about to de-  
monstrate that there is no hell." I  
said, "How long before the explor-  
ing party will be back to report?"  
(Laughter.) "Don't know." I said,  
"When they come back let me know,  
I want to be on hand when they  
make their report."—Sam Jones.

### Hew It to the Line.

WHEN you have a log to hew,  
Hew its square and line;  
Do the best that you can do,  
Hew it to the line!

Let the chips fall where they will;  
Follow the design,  
Keep the plan before you still,  
Hew it to the line!

Knots and knurls and crooked wood  
Weary hand and spine;  
All your work may yet be good;  
Hew it to the line!

Human deeds when fairly done,  
Copy art divine;  
So let all and every one  
Hew it to the line!

When a city's earnest men  
Soldiery combine,  
Truth and honesty will then  
Hew it to the line!

Vain and foolish theories  
Sober minds decline;  
Forthright work surpasses these,  
Hewing to the line!

So far all our needs alike,  
Yours as well as mine,  
Able hands will fitly strike,  
Hewing to the line!

That our faults may fade away,  
While our virtues shine,  
Let the voters while they may,  
Hew it to the line!

### Sitting Up for Her Boy.

HERE and there throughout the village a few lights flicker like pale stars through the darkness. One shines from an attic window, where a youthful aspirant for literary honours labours, wasting the midnight oil and elixir of his life in toil, useless, it may be, save as patience and industry are gained, and give him a hold upon eternal happiness. Another gleams with a ghastly light from a chamber into which death is entering and life departing.

One light shines through a low cottage window, from which the curtains are pushed partially aside, showing a mother's face, patient and sweet, but careworn and anxious. The eyes, gazing through the night, faded and sunken, but lighted with such love as steals only into the eyes of true and saintly mothers, who watch over and pray for their children; who hedge them in from the world's temptations, and make of them noble men, and true and loving women. It is nearly midnight, and the faded eyes are strained to the utmost to catch the far-off sight of some one coming down the street. The mother's listening ear loses no sound, however light, that breaks upon the stillness that reigns around.

No form seen, no quick step heard, she drops the curtain slowly, and goes back to the table, where an open book is lying, and a half-knit sock. The cat jumps up in her chair, and yawns and shakes herself, and gradually sinks down again into repose. No one disputes her possession of the easy-chair. Up and down the room the mother walks, trying to knit, but all in vain; she can only think, and wonder, and imagine what is keeping him. Her

mind pictures the worst, and the heart sinks lower and lower. Could the thoughtless boy know but one-half of the anguish he is causing he would hasten at once to dispel it with his presence.

She trembles now as she listens, for an uncertain step is heard—a sound of coarse laughter and drunken ribaldry; her heart stands still, and she grows cold with apprehension. The sound passes, and dies away in the distance. Thank heaven, it is not he, and a glow comes over her, and once more her heart beats quick.

Only a moment, for the clock on the mantel shows on its pallid face that it is almost midnight. Again the curtain is drawn aside, and again the anxious, loving eyes peer into the darkness. Hark! a sound of footsteps coming nearer and nearer; a shadowy form advancing shows more and more distinct; a cheery whistle; a brisk, light footstep up the pathway; a throwing wide open of the door; and the truant boy finds himself in his mother's arms, welcomed and wept over. He chafes at the gentle discipline; he does not like to be led by apron-strings; but he meets his mother's gentle, questioning gaze with one honest and manly, and makes a half-unwilling promise not to be so late again. And he keeps his promise, and in after-years thanks heaven again and again that he had a mother who watched over him and prayed for him.

He knows better than she now the good that was done by her sitting up for her boy.—*American Rural Home.*

### People who Live in Trees.

WE read wonderful stories of the immense trees one sees in California, but they sink into insignificance beside the Baobab tree, which I found in many parts of western Africa, principally just south of the desert of Sahara. It is not distinguished for its extraordinary height, which rarely reaches over 100 feet, but it is the most imposing and magnificent of African trees; many, it is said, are over 100 feet in circumference, rising like a dwarf tower from twenty to thirty feet, and then throwing out branches like a miniature forest to a distance of 100 feet, the extremities of the branches bending toward the ground. The leaves are large, abundant, and of a dark green colour, divided into five radiating lanceolate leaflets. The flowers are large and white, hanging to peduncles of a yard in length, which form a striking contrast to the leaves. The fruit is a soft, pulpy, dry substance about the size of a citron, enclosed in a long, green pod; the pulp between the seeds tastes like cream of tartar, and this pulp, as well as the pressed juice from the leaves, is used by the native African for flavouring their food. The juice is greatly relished as a beverage, and is considered a remedy in putrid fevers and many other diseases.

The Baobab is said to attain a much greater age than any other tree, thousands of years being hazarded as the term of life of some specimens. It has extraordinary vitality; the bark, which is regularly stripped off to be made into ropes, nets for fishing, trapping, and native clothing, speedily grows again. No external injury, not even fire, can destroy it from without; nor can it be hurt from within, as specimens have been found in full splendour with the inside of the trunk hollowed out into a chamber which could hold a score of people. One half of the trunk may be cut or burned away, even the tree may be cut down, and while lying on the ground, so long as there is the slightest connection with the roots, it will grow and yield fruit. It dies from a very peculiar disease—a softening of its woody structure, and it falls by its own weight, a mass of ruins. The native villages are generally built around one of these immense trees, and under its far-spreading branches, which form an agreeable shelter from the sun, is the kotla, or place of assemblage, where all the public business of the tribe is transacted. The circuit described by the extremities of the lowermost range of branches is fenced around, so that none but those privileged to attend these meetings can intrude. In thinly populated districts of southern and central Africa, where lions, leopards, and hyenas abound, the natives live in huts like gigantic beehives, firmly fixed among the large branches of the tree. On the approach of night they ascend to their huts by means of rude ladders, while the lions roar about their camp fires until the approach of day drives them to their lairs.

As many as thirty families have been found to occupy a single tree. In many instances natives, who till the ground at any great distance from their tribe, built these huts for nightly accommodation. In travelling through the country, one frequently sees these trees alive with baboons and other kinds of the monkey tribe, busy in collecting the fruit and indulging in ceaseless gambols and chatter; for this reason it is commonly called the monkey bread tree. When the tree is not occupied as a habitation, the hollow trunk is used by the natives as a sepulchre for executed criminals—the law of the people denying them the right of burial—inside of which the bodies dry up and to a great extent resemble mummies. To a European this tree is a marvel. Coming across one inhabited by monkeys, it is extremely dangerous to shoot any, unless one is with a party; for if any are wounded the whole colony take up the battle; and more than once I found that a retreat in short order was necessary.—*Missionary Review.*

A CHRISTIAN'S heart should be practically more at home in heaven than on earth.

### When Jesus Came.

BY LOU V. WILLSON.

WHEN Jesus came, I let him in;  
He cleansed my weary heart of sin,  
And all seemed changed without, within,  
When Jesus came.

The sky became of deeper blue,  
Each flower put on a fairer hue,  
And all the world seemed sweet and now,  
When Jesus came.

The sunbeams ne'er were half so bright,  
The fleecy clouds ne'er half so white,  
For, oh, my heart with joy was light,  
When Jesus came!

The very birds more sweetly sang,  
And e'en the bells with gladness rang,  
Turned by my heart, in which joy sprang,  
When Jesus came.

Each face familiar to my sight  
Seemed to have grown more dear, more bright,  
For love filled all my heart with light,  
When Jesus came.

Sing, sing thy joy, O heart of mine!  
Sing of thy Saviour's love divine;  
Sing of the ransom that was thine,  
When Jesus came!

### The Sowing and the Reaping.

THE harvests of a great portion of the world are now being gathered. Many months ago millions of acres were sown with seed. In due time it sprung up. The rains and the dews watered it, and the sun shone upon it. The blade and the stalks were formed, and the full-grown ear and ripened grain appeared in due time. And now the harvest-time has come, and hundreds of millions of bushels will be gathered into the garner.

In every field that was sown, whether in America, in Europe, or elsewhere on the globe, the kind of seed that was sown is gathered again. And so it is in all our sowing. If we sow the seeds of sin we shall reap sin and sorrow. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." He that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind. But there are many who do not think so. They sow to evil habits, to drunkenness, to profanity, to falsehood, to many other vices and sins, and expect somehow by and by to reap harvests of purity and blessedness. There can be no greater mistake. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" asked the Saviour in the Sermon on the Mount. Yet there are men planting thorn-trees and sowing thistle-seed who think they shall gather these luscious fruits. "A good tree," said Jesus, "cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

What are you sowing to-day? Have you filled your hand with the seed of the thistle,—with the seed of anger, hate, falsehood, bitter words, evil passion and habits,—or are you scattering the seeds of love, of gentleness, of forbearance, of purity, of sweetness, of noble thoughts and deeds? The harvest will be by and by.

## The Four Travellers.

BY WILL CARLETON.

THEY were telling their experience—just a small band of that race,  
Whose religion oft illumines o'er the darkness of the face;  
Whose true fancy passes limits that cold reason cannot reach;  
Whose expressions are more accurate for the rudeness of their speech.  
And they drew their illustrations—not from ancient lore profound,  
But from nineteenth-century wonders, that are scattered all around.

And one said: "I'm goin' to hebbin in de rowboat ob God's grace,  
An' I'm pullin' mighty lively, for to win de hebbinly race."  
But the leader said: "Be careful; for de arm ob flesh may fail,  
An' de oars may break, or danger may come ridin' on de gale;  
And be sure you make de boat large; for no Christian can afford  
To say 'No' to ary helper who desires to step aboard."

And one said: "I'm goin' to hebbin in de sailboat ob de word;  
An' my faith, it stitched de canvas, an' my breeze is from de Lord.  
An' my craft, it foam de waters, as I speed upon my way,  
Till it seems like I was makin' 'bout a hundr'd miles a day."  
But the leader said: "Be watchful; work an' struggle more an' more;  
Look for lots of calms a-comin'—look for breakers on de shore!"

And one said: "I'm trabbelin' in de steamboat ob God's power,  
An' it seems like I was makin' 'bout a hundr'd knots an hour;  
An' my berth is all done paid for, an' my d'rection all is known,  
Till our Gospel steamer whistles for her landin' near de throne."  
And the leader said: "Be careful; you jus' watch an' work an' pray,  
Les' your engine bus' its boiler, an' you shipwreck on de way."

Then a poor old woman rose up—bent and haggard—worn and weak,  
And she leaned upon her crutches, and her tongue was slow to speak,  
And she said: "I up an' started more dan fifty years ago—  
Started off 'foot for hebbin, an' de journey's mighty slow!  
Dere was streams dat had no bridges, dere was stone hills for to climb,  
Dere was swamps an' stubs an' briars, waitin' for me all de time;

"Dere was clouds o' persecution, full o' thunder an' cold rain—  
Dere was any 'mount o' wanderin'—dere was woes I couldn't explain;  
Dere was folks dat fore I ask 'em my poor waverin' footsteps showed  
Into country that was pleasant, but dat didn't contain de road;  
But the Lawd, he fin'ly tell me, when I'm bound to have de way,  
An' I think perhaps I'm makin', may be, half a mile a day."

Then the leader said: "Dere's nothin' 'gainst de rapid transit plan;  
Jus' you get to hebbin, my bredren, any honest way you can!  
If you folks kin sail to glory, I don't know but what it's right;  
But I cannot help believin'—if we all should die to-night,  
When you boatmen land in Caman, wid some narrow 'scapes to tell,  
You'd find dat ol' sister waitin' wid her feet all washed an' well."

—Christian Advocate.

## A Brave Woman.

READING one day a story called "How Grandmother Killed the Bear," reminded me of my grandmother and the stories she used to tell. Dear grandma! with her white hair, her soft, dim, blue eyes, and her gentle smile!

"Years ago," she said,—one cold winter's night, when the cold wind whistled down the chimney, and we gathered cosily around the fire; "years ago, before I was born, Uncle John and Aunt Patience came from England to find a home in the wilderness here. They made a clearing, and built a little log-house with only one room warm and comfortable in winter and pleasant and airy in summer. I say *they*, for Aunt Patience helped with her hands as well as with her heart. In those days the chimney was nearly half the size of the house; and in the cold weather, when the stone hearth was piled high with the big logs cut from the many trees that grew around their home, and the flames roared and crackled up the wide mouth of the huge chimney, Aunt Patience thought nothing could be more cheerful and home-like; and in the summer the cool breeze swept down from the tree-tops, 'singing and sighing like a voice from home,' she said.

"Aunt Patience was very, very lonely sometimes, when Uncle John would go to the mill, and she could not hear the strokes of his axe all day long. The nearest mill was many miles away, and one bright summer morning Uncle John started with the bags of grain securely fastened to the back of the old horse, and with his gun on his shoulder—for it was not safe to ride through the woods without it.

"Good by, little woman," he said. "Don't be lonely or frightened. When it begins to get dark fasten the door and window, and I'll be home before morning."

"Aunt Patience watched him spring to his horse's back, and ride away in the sweet, dewy June morning, with a strange dull sinking in her heart, then went about her daily tasks, making the house bright and clean; and when night came she milked their cow, Daisy, and locked her up in the little lean-to back of the house, for fear of the Indians—some of them were impudent and thievish. Still, Aunt Patience had no great fear of them; and when all was done, and the gloomy night settled down, she saw all was safe, and took her work, sat down by the one light, and tried to wait quietly for the welcome sound of the old horse's footsteps coming through the wood.

"Nine! ten! said the little clock they had brought from their home over the sea. No sound outside but the whip-poor-will's plaintive call, and the sighing of the night wind.

"No sound? Hark! Was that a footstep, soft and stealthy? Indians,

thought the poor woman, listening, expecting to hear a harsh whisper at the key-hole, 'White squaw no there?' Again, round and round the house—two of them, she thought. It seemed like *two* pair of creeping feet; then a scratching sound, and a low, deep growl from over her head. Looking suddenly up the wide chimney, she saw the lithe, waving body and fiery eyes of a huge panther, crouching just ready to spring down.

"What *could* she do? Open the door and dash away to the woods? Certain death! for *then* she would be an easy prey to the panther. Another growl, louder and angry. Then, remembering the fear such creatures have of fire, quick as thought she snatched the straw bed from the bedstead in the corner, tore open the cover, and emptied all the straw upon the few embers that still remained on the hearth.

"In a moment there was a blaze, a fierce heat, and with the blaze and heat pouring into his face, the panther gave loud cries of rage, and slunk off into the woods.

"But Aunt Patience knew too well it was only for a short time. Soon the fire would burn itself all out, and back he would come. O for the trot, trot, through the clearing! Alas! no horse—no Uncle John. Again the stealthy footsteps around the house, stealing softly, and her heart grew faint with fear.

"Ah! the old musket over the door, kept to frighten the crows from the cornfield and hawks from the chickens. Quickly it was taken down—as quickly loaded. Then scratch! scratch! more cautiously than before, and once more Aunt Patience heard the blood-chilling growl. The fiery eyes looked down, and the huge yellow body swayed to and fro in the dim light. She knelt down, raised the gun to her shoulder, and, with one quick prayer, fired.

"There was a scream of rage and pain—a great bound—a mighty crash—and Aunt Patience sprang up in time to miss the terrible panther falling down the chimney, and rolling over and over on the floor in his death agony. Even then he was dangerous, for his mighty claws tore up great shivers of wood; and the huge body, as it struggled and rolled from side to side, broke everything in its way.

"Aunt Patience climbed on the high bedstead, and crouched in one corner, trembling and fearing that her danger was not over yet. At last, with one drawing up and straightening of the great limbs, and one tremendous struggle, the monstrous body quivered once and was still.

"Then the brave little woman stepped down from her place of safety, crept cautiously across the floor, expecting the great red eyes to open and the dreadful claws to snatch at her, till she reached the door, when, in a moment, the fastenings were undone, and she rushed out into the fra-

grant night air. As she did so the welcome sound of old Whitefoot's trot came faintly to her ear—then nearer, nearer, and soon she saw horse and rider appear through the gloom. O how glad she was, and how thankful Uncle John was! What could he say when he saw the great beast lying dead on the floor of their home, and thought that, but for her bravery and courage, his dear wife might have been torn in pieces long before this?

"Aunt Patience never staid alone in the house again at night; and, though she had many other adventures while living in the wilderness before a village grew up around them, she never forgot that one night when she killed the panther."—*Harper's Young People.*

## How a Chinese Boy Goes to School.

A CHINESE home is not a hotbed for the development of mind. Nature is left to take her own time, and the child vegetates until he completes his seventh or eighth year. The almanac is then consulted, and a lucky day chosen for inducting the lad into a life of study. Clad in festal robe, with tasselled cap, and looking a mandarin in small, he sets out for the village school, his face beaming with the happy assurance that all the stars are shedding kindly influence, and his friends predicting that he will end his career in the Imperial Academy. On entering the room he performs two acts of worship: the first is to prostrate himself before a picture of the Great Sage, who is venerated as the fountain of wisdom, but is not supposed to exercise over his votaries anything like a tutelar supervision. The second is to salute with the same forms; and almost equal reverence, the teacher who is to guide his inexperienced feet in the pathway to knowledge. In no country is the office of teacher more revered. Not only is the living instructor saluted with forms of profoundest respect, but the very name of teacher taken in the abstract, is an object of almost idolatrous homage. On certain occasions it is inscribed on a tablet in connection with the characters for heaven, earth, prince, and parents; as one of the five chief objects of veneration, and worshipped with solemn rites. This is a relic of the primitive period, when books were few and the student dependent for everything on the oral teaching of his sapient master.

MEN are better as they become acquainted with the ways and means of doing good.

WHY is it, poor, sinful mortals that we are, that we persist in the practice of wounding the feelings of our fellow-creatures? "Is there not enough sorrow being reaped by the sower? Is there not enough affliction in the natural course of life, without our adding bitter, unthoughtful words?"



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REVIEW SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 25TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the Circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the fund. The claims upon this fund are increasing faster than the fund. We need a large increase this year to even partially meet the many applications made. Over 150 new schools have

been started last year by means of this fund, and 145 the year before. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

## Work of the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund.

THE Editor of the Sunday school papers performs also the duties of Secretary of the Sunday school Board of the General Conference, and Executive Administrator of the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund. During the last quadrennium this fund has made over 950 distinct grants to poor schools, involving a correspondence of over 3,000 distinct communications. With each of these schools a separate account is kept and credit given for the partial payments on grants.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

The following are extracts from a few only out of several hundreds of letters received by the Secretary of the Sunday-school Board, showing the nature of the operations of the S. S. Aid Fund, and the character of the benefits it confers. It will be observed that these schools are doing all they can to help themselves, and to pay back part or the whole of the grant given by the S. S. Board:

A superintendent of an Indian Sunday-school at a Hudson's Bay Company's Post writes: "If those who support this fund could only have seen the expressions of joy and delight in those little dusky faces when the papers were given to them, they would have felt doubly repaid for all they have done to sustain this fund. May the Lord prosper you in the good work in which you are engaged, and may others be blessed and cheered by such assistance."

It is a great pleasure to receive such letters as the following from a minister in New Brunswick, who sends \$17 for S. S. supplies: "You can form no idea of how much \$17 is to us on this mission. The papers, and indeed all our publications, are far superior to anything we see here from any source; and our S. S. papers are marvels of cheapness, and could scarcely be surpassed. They are a power for good in our work; and you, dear brother, should feel greatly comforted in your labours, in the thought that you are serving in the most efficient manner an interest which, in its promise, is perhaps the most important of our Church—for who serves the young, serves every interest at the fountain. God bless you in your work. With every respect and affection."

Supplying just such needs as these, all over the continent, from Labrador to the borders of Alaska, and helping to plant new schools wherever a handful of children can be gathered together, and a loving heart to point them to the Saviour—is the work that the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund is doing. But it needs funds to do this work, and appeals to every school to give one good collection in the year. Even the schools that receive help, no matter how poor, are required to contribute what they can to this fund.

## Lines.

I've been thinking of home; of my father's house,  
 Where the many mansions be,  
 Of the city whose streets are paved with gold;  
 Of its jasper walls so fair to behold,  
 Which the righteous alone shall see.

I've been thinking of home, where they need not the light  
 Of the sun nor moon nor star;  
 Where the gates of pearl are not shut by day,  
 For no night is there, but the weary may  
 Find rest from the world afar.

I've been thinking of home; of the river of life  
 That flows through the city so pure;  
 Of the tree which stands by the side of the stream  
 Whose leaves in mercy with blessings teem  
 The sin wounded soul to cure.

I've been thinking of home, and my heart is full  
 Of love for the Lamb of God,  
 Who his precious blood a ransom gave  
 For a sinful race, e'en our souls to save  
 From justice's avenging rod.

I've been thinking of home and I'm homesick now;  
 My Spirit doth long to be  
 In the better land, where the ransomed sing  
 Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer King,  
 Of mercy so costly so free.

I've been thinking of home, yea, home sweet home,  
 Oh, there may we all unite  
 With the white robed throng and forever raise  
 To the Triune God, sweetest songs of praise  
 With glory and honour and might.

## Ancient Scriptorium.

(See next page.)

In ancient times books were all manuscripts, carefully written by hand on parchment or papyrus. They were therefore very costly. In order to make a number of copies, a reader used distinctly to repeat the words of the book to a number of writers, who took down his words as they were spoken. Our cut shows us such a scene as this. It is no wonder that mistakes and various readings occur in those ancient manuscripts. Observe the old-fashioned lamps and chairs and desks and vessels for the scrolls, and the classic dress of the writers and readers. Thank God for that gift of the printing press—cheap books.

## The Gold that Could not Purchase Bread.

"Some time ago," says the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, "a friend of mine was coming home from Australia, and when they were about half-way home the ship took fire in mid-ocean. Two boats were lowered, and into these all who were on board were put. One was a large boat, and into that they managed to sling a quantity of stores—casks of bread, bacon, barrels of water, and so on; and into the smaller boat, in the confusion of the moment, they cast a considerable number of casks containing gold, which they were bringing home from Australia.

"When all had got into the boats,

they found that they had but a very slender stock of provisions in the small boat, and a huge amount of gold, while the larger boat had got nearly all the provisions, and no gold.

"As night came on a stiff breeze sprang up, and it seemed probable that the boats would separate before morning; and my friend said he never should forget the moment when four or five stalwart sailors stood up in the small boat, and, lifting up a huge box containing about £15,000, they shouted across the water to the occupants of the other boat, 'Here's £15,000 to be divided amongst you, if you will only give us a cask of bread.' But they would not do it. A good price, was it not? But the gold could not purchase the bread that perishes."

How much less will the worldly man's gold avail him in the shipwreck of this world, in the day of judgment, to purchase the Bread from heaven which endures unto everlasting life!

"Riches profit not in the day of wrath," and they who set their hearts upon this world's wealth, and neglect to lay up for themselves "treasures in heaven," will at the last find themselves to be indeed "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked!" But how blessed they who accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their portion! They shall be admitted to sit down in the kingdom of God, where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Reader, is this portion yours? Can you say, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup?"

## A Lady Born.

An aged truckman bent under the weight of a big roll of carpet. His bale-hook fell from his hand, and bounded into the gutter, out of reach. Twenty idle clerks and salesmen saw the old man's predicament, and smiled at his look of bewilderment. No one ventured to help him. A fashionably-dressed young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and, without looking to the right or left, stepped into the gutter, picked up the hook in her dainty, gloved fingers, and handed it to the man, with a pleasant smile. The idlers looked at each other and at the fair young woman. The old truckman, in a violent effort to express his thanks politely, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter where the hook had been. This was almost too much for any woman, young or past young, but this New York girl was equal to the occasion. Into the gutter she tripped again, and got the soiled hat. When she handed it to the truckman a happy smile was seen to play about her lips. "God bless ye, miss," the old man said, as the fair maiden turned her back on the idlers and went on her way.



## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

X.

THIS morning two letters arrived for me—one from London from Jack, and another from New York from Hugh.

I am quite surprised to find what large towns and what a number of people there are in the American colonies.

I always thought America was a kind of place of exile where every one always looked unsettled, as if they were only staying there for a short time, and where things were always at a beginning. I never thought of people being really at home there. Of course it was a foolish thought. Hugh says some of the towns are a hundred years old, and some of the houses looked quite venerable.

Hugh went through a great deal of Ireland on foot on his way, and took ship at Cork. During his wanderings he lodged in the little, dirty, smoky Irish cabins, or wherever he could find shelter, and preached in all kinds of wild places, or in crowded streets, wherever he could find people ready to listen.

"Sometimes," he writes, "the poor peasants at first took me for a new kind of mendicant friar, and seemed rather disappointed when at the end of my sermon I did not proceed to beg. Their warm Irish hearts are easily touched—tears and blessings pour forth readily (as also on other occasions curses). The spontaneous responses are strange enough at times. As I read the 'prodigal son,' a voice cried out, 'By all the saints that's me;' or, on some homethrust, in angry tone, 'What traitor then told you that of Pat Blakel' perhaps accompanied with a handful of mud;—or oftener, 'Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us miserable sinners;' or, 'Sweet Jesus, have mercy on us!' or, 'By the mass, that's true.' I try to speak of the love of God to men, and the sacrifice of the Cross, and of the joy of God in welcoming the returning sinner, and of the joy of the forgiven child, and those truths which we hold in common with the Church of Rome.

"Sometimes, however, my reception is very different. The reputation of the new heresy of Methodism has gone before me. 'Swaddlers' is the term of reproach here taken up by the ignorant mob, from a sermon preached by Job Cennick on the text, 'She took the babe and wrapped it in swaddling clothes, and laid it in a manger.' In such cases the whole population rise together, especially the women, and vociferate and curse as I think only Irish voices can, until they are tired, and give me a hearing from sheer exhaustion, or until they excite themselves to a fury ready for any violence and pelt me out of the place.

"In Cork the excited mob attacked the 'Swaddlers' in the streets with clubs and swords, wounded many dangerously, and began to pull down one of their houses. In spite or in consequence of this persecution, nowhere, Mr. Wesley says, have there been more living and dying witnesses of the power of religion than at Cork. Already Methodism has had more than one martyr in Ireland. Persecution draws the persecuted together with a wonderful strength of affection. It is

not the mobs we have to dread as the worst hindrance to religion in Ireland; it is the excitable, variable spirit of the people themselves, so easily touched and so easily turned aside. And Mr. Wesley says the lifeless Protestants, who hate Christianity more than they do popery or paganism, are the worst enemies of the Gospel in Ireland. But the excitement of speaking to an Irish audience is great. The quick comprehension of any illusion, the quick response in the expressive faces to every change in your own emotions, are very exhilarating, after the slower and heavier masses of our Saxon countrymen. Yet to see an English multitude once really stirred to the heart, is a sight which moves me more deeply than anything. It is like the heaving of the great sea on our own coasts. Those great massive waves do not easily subside, and rocks crumble before their steady power like sand-banks.

"Charles Wesley's hymns have immense power in Ireland. There is a strange story of a bitter persecutor at Wexford hiding himself in a sack in a barn where the persecuted Methodists assembled, with the doors shut for fear of the people. He intended to open the door to the mob outside. But in his hiding-place the singing laid such a hold on his heart, that he resolved to hear it through before he disturbed the meeting. After the singing, the prayer laid hold on his conscience, and he lay trembling and moaning in the sack, to the great alarm of the congregation, who thought it was the devil. At length some one took courage to open the sack, and there lay the persecutor, a weeping penitent. His heart had really been reached, and his conversion proved permanent.

"I have only once myself encountered a really furious mob. I had been speaking to an attentive crowd in an open space in the middle of a town. Some had been moved to tears, and the general attention had been profound. While I spoke, I had observed the keen eyes of one old woman intently fixed on me with an ominous, searching gaze. When I finished with prayer and a hymn, her eyes suddenly flashed into rage, and she exclaimed in a shrill, piercing voice, 'Where's your Hail Mary!'

"The change in the audience was as if a spell of witchcraft had been cast on them. Loud cries and deep curses suddenly poured forth against the heretic, the deceiver; stones and sticks began to fly from all sides around me.

"It is a terrible experience to find yourself thus suddenly face to face with an angry mob, every member of which is a human being with a heart like your own, capable of pity and kindness, and physically no stronger than yourself; but which, altogether, is a fierce, inhuman monster, capable of tearing you in pieces, with no more difficulty and no more pity than a hungry lion. It is a trial of courage to feel yourself, with all your strength of manhood, helpless as an infant in the grasp of hundreds of men, no one of whom perhaps could make you yield an inch. But it is a far sorer trial to faith and love to find hundreds of your fellow-men, and even of women, no one of whom, perhaps, alone, would refuse you help and shelter, transformed into a dreadful, merciless monster, with the brain of a man, the heart of a wild beast, and the strength of the sea in a storm.

"To me the danger seemed lost in

the sorrow. It was like having a glimpse into hell, thus to have unveiled before me the terrible capacities for evil in the heart of man, which make it possible for men to be transformed into a mob.

"The danger was soon over, for (I know not how) a division arose among my assailants; they began fighting among themselves, and I escaped with a graze or two on my forehead.

"But, Kitty, it was not until I had spent more than one night in prayer, it was not until I recollected another mob, which accomplished its purpose, until once more above such a sea of cruel, mocking, inhuman, human faces, I had seen by faith, one sublime, suffering human face uplifted, divine in unruffled love and pity; until once more by faith I had heard those tones faltering with pain, but unflinching in compassionate love: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' It was not till then that I could take heart, and hope to go forth once more with the message of pardon and grace. But then, I think I never gave the message, I am sure I never felt it with half the power before.

"And then I recollected yet another mob which also accomplished its purpose, mercilessly pelting its victim with stones until he 'fell asleep,' and what one of that merciless mob became. Such possibilities of good are there even in hearts out of which fanaticism may seem to have scorched all humanity.

"Here in America I have found no mobs, but, instead, throngs of eager listeners; men, women, and children riding scores of miles through forest and wilderness, and encamping in the open country for nights to hear the preacher.

"The honoured name here is not so much Wesley's as Whitefield's, and the love for him is immeasurable. I think the accents of this apostle from our country have to the colonists the double charm of novelty and of home. There is still much affectionate reverence here for the 'old country,' although I think, with many, partaking more than we should think flattering of the reverence for old age. Perhaps they have as little idea here in the colonies of the freshness and youth left in the heart of the old country, as we have in England of the manhood and strength which the new country has attained."

Jack's letter is very brief and very different from Hugh's. It begins a little bitterly, alluding disparagingly to some former friends, especially to one young gambling nobleman Cousin Evelyn warned us against. He has found them out, he says, and although his reliance on human nature has sustained a shock, and although (as he writes emphatically) he will never be able to understand the pretensions to gentlemanly character of people who live on the friendliest terms with you as long as your purse is full, and cannot see you across the street when you happen to be in want of a little assistance,—still he has no doubt the wheel of fortune has yet its good turn for him. But in the postscript his tone changes from these rather cynical reflections to the most sanguine anticipations. He has found, he says, a mine of gold, in the shape of a company for farming the mines in Peru, where, as he observes, the Spaniards found the half-civilized natives, centuries ago, eating off silver and drinking out of gold. And if these simple

natives, with their poor implements, contrived to exact such untold wealth from merely scratching, as it were, the surface of the earth, what may Englishmen in the eighteenth century discover by penetrating into its heart? The secretary, he says, who has suggested these very obvious conclusions to a hitherto marvellously blinded public, is a wonderfully clever fellow, and his particular friend. He is appointed under secretary, good names being of great value, he says, in the commencement of such enterprises, and already he has received a hundred pounds as the first instalment of his salary.

In the second postscript he adds, that the sale of his commission, worth, of course, with such brilliant prospects, useless to him; especially since the war is over, and there is no honour to be won, and no service to be rendered the country, has brought him in a trifle to meet his more pressing debts. So that (he adds, considerably) we need not have an anxious thought of his trifling liabilities, which are, indeed, already all but discharged.

"Poor, dear fellow," said mother, with a sigh, as she laid down the letter; "he is always full of kind intentions."

Father was out when the letters arrived, and he did not read them till to-day. I never saw him in such a passion as Jack's letter put him in.

"Brilliant prospects, indeed, he said, 'to be the servant of a beggarly trading company! Good names, too good, at least, to be dragged through the mire by a set of scoundrelly swindlers, just like the South Sea Bubble.'

Irritated more and more by his own indignant words, he first attacked Jack, next himself, and finally mother and me. He said "we had all been a set of doting idiots, and that the only way to have saved Jack would have been to have let him have his own way from the first, and go to sea. It had been an instinct of self-preservation in the lad, and we were all more to blame than he. Now he had been crossed, everything had gone wrong. But it was too late now. He would go to Falmouth the next morning, have the old place put up to auction, take the first ship that sailed for the colonies, and so be out of hearing when Jack came to the gallows, for there it would end; nothing short of that, there could be no doubt."

At first mother's tears fell fast, while I was too frightened to cry; but afterwards I saw mother growing whiter and whiter, until at last her tears quite dried, and she sat quite still with steady eyes and compressed lips, and her hand pressed firmly on her heart. Then I burst into tears, and knelt beside her, and took her hands in mine and sobbed out, "Oh, father, look, look, see what you are doing." He stopped in the full current of his wrath, looked at mother, stooped and kissed her forehead, and said in a husky voice,

"Polly, I am a brute. I always have been; and you are an angel. Don't take it so to heart. You know I don't mean half I say. There, the boy's a kind fellow, after all. It'll all come right; be sure it will. I'm ten times as good-for-nothing as he is, Polly. Cheer up, sweetheart. The wild oats must be sown. Jack'll be an honour to the old name yet."

But words cannot heal the wounds words can make. Mother did not say a bitter word or shed a tear; but I do not like her look.



All day she has been moving gently about, saying cheering words to us all, especially to father, who is as subdued and gentle as she is. But her face has had an unnatural fixedness, and when I kissed her good-night in the porch-closet, she folded me in her arms and said,—

"Kitty, darling, indeed I would not have kept him from sea, if I had been sure his heart was set on it. I am afraid I have been very selfish, but oh, Kitty, God knows I would have given up seeing him again all my life to do him good. Poor Jack! God forgive me! Yet, Kitty, it cannot be too late! Say you do not think it can!"

There was something in that child-like appeal to me which pierced my heart more than if I had seen her sob in anguish.

But she did not shed a tear. Her eyes were dry and bright, and I tried to keep my voice quite firm and cheerful, as I said,—

"Of course, it is not too late, mother. We will have him back to us. He shall take up the farm again with father; and they will get on so much better than they ever did before. You will see."

She shook her head; but she smiled, as if a faint hope began to dawn in her heart; and I said,—

"Mother, it is *never* too late. We can pray for him night and day. And that must help him."

But as I sit down here alone, my own heart sinks, and sinks below the worst fears father expressed in his anger.

Whatever will make Jack understand about *right* and *wrong*? Oh, if Hugh were only here.

Yet, alas! if Hugh had been here, could he ward off all evils? Could he have warded off one of these evils from those he loves?

The echo of my own words brings the words of another sister to my heart,—

"If *thou* hadst been here, my brother had not died."

He could have been there! He knew all. But he *kept away*. The sisters drank the bitter cup to the dregs. The brother died.

Then through the anguish came the deliverance and the unutterable joy.

*I will trust. I will never give up trusting. There is reason.* "The same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

We have passed through a storm of trouble since I wrote last. For weeks I have not had heart to write a word, if I had had time.

The day after father's reading that unhappy letter of poor Jack's, mother tried to rise as usual, and come down stairs; but she fainted whilst dressing, and Betty and I found it difficult to lift her into the bed again, so heavily did her slight frame lie in our arms in its helpless unconsciousness.

Father was distracted with alarm when he came to breakfast, and heard that mother was ill. He would not touch a morsel of food, but saddling a horse at once galloped off to Falmouth for the doctor.

When the doctor came, mother was better, and made so light of her ailments, that he, himself, a stout, florid little man, who looked as if he had never been ill in his life, persuaded us we had all been unnecessarily alarmed. "A momentary suspension of the ac-

tion of the heart, a slight disturbance of the circulation, would frequently bring on consequences," he said, "of the most alarming kind. Of the most alarming kind, Mr. Trevelyan, to the uninitiated."

All day the flush in mother's face deepened, and no effort of mine could keep her from talking with an eager rapidity quite unlike herself, of having Jack back to us, and how bright we would make the old home for him, and how this was the turning point, and all would soon be well. "For you know, it is not too late, Kitty," she kept saying. "It is never too late."

Father kept restlessly hovering about the house all day, occasionally coming in with a gentle step, and saying some pleasant word to her. And at meals, those desolate meals, he repeatedly said to me,—

"You must not be anxious, child. You have seen so little of illness. You take on too much. The doctor said there is nothing to alarm any one who understands the matter, nothing in the least alarming; and whenever I go in, Kitty, she is quite cheery, Kitty, quite cheery. There is nothing to be anxious about."

And then he would rise with his food scarcely tasted, and go to the door and whistle for Trusty, and come back in a minute to assure me, with more vehemence than ever, there was nothing to be anxious about, nothing at all; and to beg me to keep up heart, and look very cheery in mother's chamber.

But when, as night came on, and dear mother's eyes seemed to grow brighter and larger than ever, and her utterance more rapid, and at last instead of those sanguine eager plans about Jack, she began to talk about all kinds of trifles, and at length I crept out to tell father I was sure she was not better, and he came in, and she asked him eager, rapid questions about things she did not care about in the least, I shall never forget the look of anguish which came over his face.

"Oh, Kitty," he said, when I came down afterwards and found him sitting by the untasted supper with his face in his hands, "Oh, Kitty, I have killed her."

After that we were obliged to keep him away from her room. His presence seemed to excite her so painfully. Again and again, when I left the room for anything during that night, I found him standing listening at the door with hushed breath, and a face haggard and sunken as if he had been watching for nights.

It was a dreadful time, mother's dear gentle voice raised to that unnatural eager tone, saying things that were no thoughts of hers, demanding replies to all kinds of wild questions,—with the knowledge that that other dear, despairing face was watching at the door outside, and that every one of those quick, unnatural tones was piercing his heart.

In the morning when I came out of the room he was standing at the head of the stairs with Trusty sitting bolt upright beside him. Father laid his hand on my shoulder with questioning looks, which he dare not put in words, while the poor faithful old dog licked my hand with a little perplexed whine. There was something in his old familiar ways which broke the spell of unnatural calm to which the excitement had kept me strained, and I laid my head on father's shoulder and wept.

"Poor little Kitty," he said, "my poor little maid!" and we went down to the hall together, while Betty stayed in mother's room.

So father was appointed carrier; and now, many a time, it was as difficult to bear as mother's wandering words to see him ereeping up and down stairs without his shoes, carrying little cups and trays as laboriously as if they had been tons' weight, with his efforts not to let a drop be spilt or a spoon jingle.

Betty's treatment was very simple. She let dear mother have what she liked, and do whatever she thought would make her most comfortable.

Therefore, contrary to all rules I ever heard of, when dear mother seemed oppressed for breath, Betty opened the window and let the sweet fresh air in, and when she complained of thirst Betty brought her cool fresh water.

On the third night she insisted on sending me and father to bed.

"You can't work miracles, my dear," she said, "and the Almighty doesn't see fit to work them now-a-days. And if you sit up gazing at Missis another night, you'll be as bad as she is, and that'll be more of a handful than I can manage."

So at last, on the condition that I should have mother all to myself on the following night, while Betty rested, and with the solemn promise that I should be called instantly if mother asked for me, I went to my chamber.

How hard it was to turn from those dear wandering unconscious eyes! To close the door between us seemed like rolling the stone before a sepulchre. I should have turned back by as irresistible an attraction as that which draws a poor bird with clipped wings down to the earth from which it struggles, but for the knowledge how the opening of the door made that fragile frame start and tremble, and how eagerly she looked for that unknown something any sound seemed always to rouse her to expect. I did not expect to sleep for a moment.

Yet after I had laid down and had begun a prayer for mother, comforting myself with the thought I could help her in that way, the next thing I was conscious of was the quiet dawn stealing up through my casement, and a sound, not in my ears, but in my heart, of these words, "*I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord.*"

I rose up and looked around towards the window. Everything was so still in that sacred calm of early morning, that I think it would not have surprised me to catch the glistening of the white garments of an angel going up through the still pure air beyond the old thorn, beyond the old elms, beyond the green hill, beyond that soft grey cloud into the pure light of the dawn, pure as if it streamed through the gates of pearl.

But there was nothing to be seen, nothing to tell *whose* whisper that was which was echoing softly through my heart when I woke.

For it *was* a Voice, I am sure, a heart and spirit speaking to mine; so distinct, so outside me were the words, and yet so mysteriously within.

They lingered in my heart with a power beyond that of any music, and filled it with an unspeakable rapture of calm and peace.

So I rose and dressed, and said my morning prayers, looking out of my open window.

Those words seemed to have taken

all fluttering and hurrying haste and terror from me.

I said to myself, "I will not be superstitious—I will not build my hopes on signs, or omens, or even on these words. Oh, my Saviour, my Father, I will build on *nothing*, but thy love. But yet I will not put away the comfort of those words from me. They are thy words, and whatever else they mean, they mean love. And I will lean—I will rest—I do lean and rest my whole heart and soul on that—on thee."

It seemed to me as if my whole being had been bathed in a well of living water, when I went back to mother's chamber, so fresh it felt, and strong. At the door stood father listening, as if he had been there long. I stood and whispered him some words of comfort. And when I opened the door so noiselessly that Betty did not turn to look, and crept to mother's bedside, she *looked* at me. She looked into my eyes, with quiet conscious love, she stretched out her thin hand and laid it in mine; and then as I sat down and held it in both mine—afraid to show too much of what I felt—the feeble grasp relaxed; her breathing came and went, evenly, softly as a child's. It was the soft even breathing of sleep.

She slept on until the dawn had deepened into day, and all the many coloured changes by which the hours were illuminated and distinguished from each other when the day is new, had passed into the changeless radiance of midday, and there was nothing left by which to mark the time, but my own hopes, counting every minute of such repose as a priceless treasure; and my tears, for father watching, ignorant of all, at that closed door.

At length she opened her eyes, and Betty, who had been watching her as still and silent as I had been, rose and brought her some jelly.

And then she asked for father.

There was no need for me to call him. As soon as the words had left her lips the door opened without a sound, and his poor haggard face appeared, inquiring with mute touching looks what he ought to do.

I rose at once and led him to the bedside.

Mother held out her hand to him, and said,—

"Dear, I shall get well."

As he had been so often enjoined by Betty, he tried hard not to betray his feelings, but just to look quietly pleased, as if it was just what he had hoped, and to say some easy, cheering, natural words. But the quiet look was quite a failure from his poor sunken eyes, and with the attempt at the cheering word, his quivering lips failed altogether, and with one passionate sob he sought to withdraw his hand from hers and leave the room.

But she laid her other hand on his, and he had no resource but to fall on his knees and bow his face over her hands, and weep like a child.

Betty lifted up her hands in horror, but when she tried to speak, her voice failed too; so she turned away, and I knelt down by father, and in a few minutes led him gently away.

Sweet hallowed nights of hopeful watching, when I lay awake till I heard her breathing fall into the cadences of sleep, and woke to hand some little nourishing draught or refreshing drink to her, and to hear her dim voice murmur thanks, or perhaps some



sweet old verses of gratitude from her beloved George Herbert.

Then those delicious days of her gradually returning strength! To watch day by day the precious little steps of recovery! It was like watching the leaves open, and the flowers in spring, each day being a new delight, only the life whose precious tide was slowly rising thus from point to point, was no unconscious flood of natural growth—it was mother's life!

Then that first Sunday when she was lifted into her own little porch closet, and laid on the couch by the window! She had insisted on being lifted there in the morning, and that all but Betty should go to church; she had wanted Betty also to accompany us, but no authority in the house reached to that.

As I left her, she broke out again into Herbert (which is her music), murmuring,—

"Christ hath took in this piece of ground,  
And made a garden there for those  
Who want herbs for their wound.

"Thou art a day of mirth:

And where the weekdays trail a-ground,  
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.

Oh, let me take thee at one bound,

Leaping with thee from seven to seven;  
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,  
Fly hand in hand to Heaven."

With such holy strains echoing in our ears, and such gratitude in our hearts, a very happy walk was father's and mine to church that Sunday, across the corn-fields, with the little waves dashing against the rocks far below.

And very real and living were the prayers, and thanksgivings, and responses of the service. They seemed just as if they were a new song, made expressly for father and me that morning.

As we returned, father said to me confidentially,—

"Kitty, do you understand that poetry of Mr. Herbert's?"

I said, "I thought I did, and that I liked it."

"You do!" replied father, despondingly; "well, I suppose all really religious people do. But I never could."

"Religion is good, and riddles are good in their way, but I don't see the good of mixing them up together. It's rather hard on me, Kitty, for I've taken more pains than I can tell to like that stuff for your mother's sake. However, Mr. Charles Wesley has been a great friend to me with his hymns. It's a great mercy for me that I've fallen on times when a man may hear sermons as easy to make out as commanding orders, and religious poetry as plain as prose."

(To be continued.)

THE substance of the quaint prayer of old Thomas Fuller was: "Lord, grant me one suit, which is this: Deny me all suits which are bad for me. . . Rather let me fast than have quails given me with intent that I should be choked in eating them."

## LESSON NOTES.

### THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A. D. 28] LESSON XII. [Sept. 18

#### SOLEMN WARNINGS.

Matt. 7: 17-20. Memory verses, 13, 14.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Matt. 7: 19.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The False.
2. The True.

TIME, PLACE, RULERS, CIRCUMSTANCES. — Same as in last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Strait gate*. A figurative expression to show how difficult the entrance to the way of life appears to one outside. Not "straight," but "strait," that is, narrow. *False prophets*. Teachers of false doctrine. *Sheep's clothing*. With the appearance of disciples. *Wolves*. Enemies to the truth. *Fruits*. Actions and character. *Corrupt tree*. Meaning an evil man. *Hewn down*. Every wicked life will come to naught. *Smith unto me*. Professing to be a disciple. *Doth*. Religion is shown more by deeds than by words. *Prophesied*. Taught or preached in the name of Christ. *Cast out devils*. Satan, from the hearts of men. *Never knew you*. That is, never knew them as disciples. *Heareth . . . doth*. The wise man not only hears, but does. *House upon a rock*. Meaning, a character and conduct founded on right principles. *Foolish*. Who heard, but did not take warning. *Upon the sand*. Where there was no firm foundation. *It fell*. Sudden torrents frequently wash away the sand in the valleys of Palestine. *Doctrine*. Or, teaching. *Authority*. In his own name. *Not as the scribes*. Who simply explain the Old Testament.

#### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

##### 1. The False.

Under what figure are some of those who fail to find the strait gate here pictured?

What is the royal law or test of character here given?

For how much does profession count in Christ's estimate of men?

Is public profession discouraged by this teaching?

Is the doctrine of morality as sufficient in God's sight here taught?

What is the test for entrance into the kingdom of heaven?

What is the very first necessity in doing God's will?

What is the significance of wide gate and broad way, as applied to the sinner's course?

##### 2. The True.

In what way are the true sons of God found?

What are the fruits which show whether a person is one of "the false" or one of "the true?"

What is apparently to be the test of character in the world? ver. 25.

Who will be able to stand this test?

What event is suggested by ver. 27?

What doctrines are plainly taught in this lesson?

What ought to be the daily, serious question of every man who professes to be Christ's?

#### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Though the gate be strait, it is wide enough to let you in, if you will go.

Each of us is like a tree: either like a fruit-tree filled with choice fruit, or like one empty at harvest time, or like one bearing gnarled, hard, unshapely, diseased fruit. Which are we?

Profession does not make a Christian. But Christianity makes a man profess.

Notice, Jesus said plainly, "Many will say to me," and "Will I profess unto them."

"The Teacher, the Friend, is to be the Judge, and his word was "never." There is no hope in NEVER."

#### HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The student ought to carefully read through the whole Sermon on the Mount to see what "these sayings" are of which Jesus speaks.

2. THE FALSE is one division of our Outline. Find all the false things suggested in these verses: ver. 13, 15, 16, 21, 26.

3. There is a practical teaching in ver. 21, and another in ver. 26, 27, that has not been mentioned. Will you write them out?

4. Make a list of all the things in this lesson which you do not understand, words, phrases, teachings, and give them to your teacher.

5. What was the teaching of the scribes? Any Bible dictionary will explain this. Keep a book of this sort always by you, if you can, when you study.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The danger of neglect.

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

14. What was the Lord's deepest humiliation?

He was "reckoned with transgressors" (Luke xxii. 37), and endured the shameful death of the cross.

A. D. 60] LESSON XIII. [Sept. 25

#### TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Rom. 13: 8-14. Memory verses, 12-14.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness. Luke 21: 34.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The Law of Love.
2. The Law of Life.

TIME.—60 A. D.

PLACE.—The place from which this epistle is thought to have been written is Corinth.

RULER.—Nero, emperor of the Roman world.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Over no man*.—This does not mean, contract no debts in the regular course of honest business, but may mean, hold no feeling as a grudge against another, only cherish the feeling of love. *Worketh no ill*.—Does no harm of any sort whatever. *The night is far spent*. Paul, perhaps, looked for the coming of the Lord soon, as was common in the early Church. *Rioting and drunkenness*.—Common sins among the people of the day.

#### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

##### 1. The Law of Love.

What is the meaning of the word temperance?

How is temperance a part of the law of love?

What does a man's duty to his neighbour demand of him in daily life?

What do statistics show in regard to the times mentioned in ver. 9?

Is it part of the fulfilling of the law to keep men from committing such crimes?

What should the Church teach concerning self-indulgence of any kind?

Does a man violate the principle of ver. 10 if he gratifies his own appetite without regard to his neighbour?

##### 2. The Law of Life.

How should one live who desires to fulfil the law of love?

Is there any proof in the times that the night of intemperance is far spent?

What is the duty of those who live in the breaking day of the temperance reform?

What is the armour of light in this work? ver. 14.

What sins of the times does Paul recognize and exhort against? ver. 13.

What should be the one aim of the Christian disciple? ver. 14.

#### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Temperance means self-restraint in all directions.

A man has no right to do that which will harm his neighbour. Self-indulgence of any sort is a harm to my neighbour.

Drunkenness is not possible when one walks honestly.

Quarrels, riots, brawls, impurity of all kinds, are the attendants of drunkenness.

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