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# COME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As ye would  
That they  
Should  
Do unto  
you.

ROLPH SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

### Where the Children Sleep.

A MOTHER knelt at sunset hour,  
Beside a new-made mound:  
Only two graves could she call hers,  
Midst hundreds scattered round.  
"Full twenty years ago," she moaned,  
"My baby fell asleep,  
And here I came, day after day,  
By his low bed to weep!

"So beautiful my darling was,  
That strangers turned again,  
To look upon his bonny face,  
So free from sin's dark stain.  
I thought no sorrow was like mine,  
With empty arms and heart  
I prayed to die, but still was left  
In the world's crowded mart."

"Oh, foolish mother! God knew best,  
My baby safe he keeps:  
But woe is mine—where is the soul  
Of this my boy, who sleeps  
Here, just one little hour ago,  
They laid him 'neath the sod—  
How blessed I should be to know  
He, too, was safe with God!

"A poor, weak Absalom! my son,  
I scarce can make it true—  
With victims of the dark, rum fiend  
That they have numbered you.  
How bright, and brave, and true you were  
Ere drink its work begun  
Only a sad and shattered wreck  
When the foul work was done!

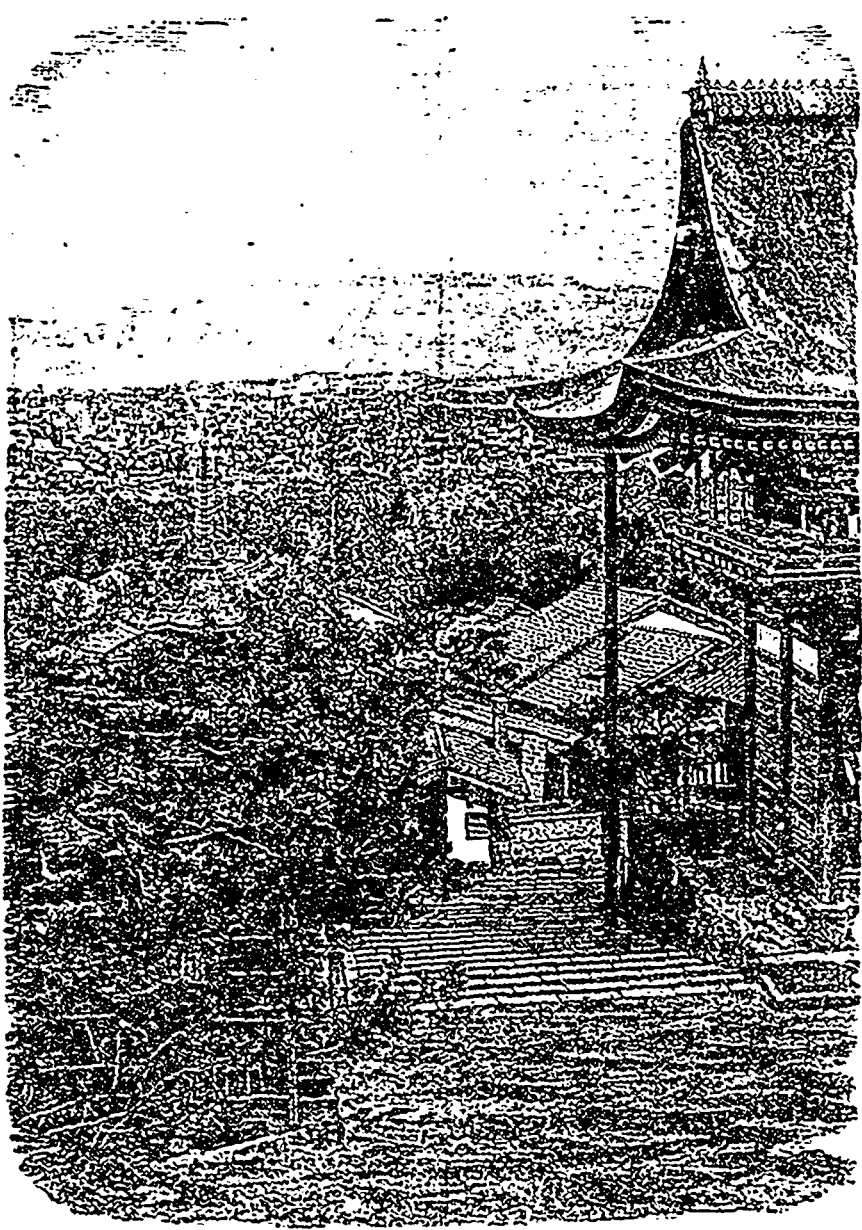
"Two graves, my graves—my baby boy,  
My son to manhood grown—  
And other mothers, like to me,  
Make this same sad life-moan!"

Oh, men with fair and happy homes,  
How long shall these things be,  
Before you roll away the stone,  
And let our sons go free?  
—The Reformer.

### A Great Japanese City.

BY REV. DR. COCHRAN.

THE view of Kioto, given on this page, is taken from the grounds of the *Kiomidzu*, or Temple of the Pure Heart, a Buddhist temple of great size, situated upon the hills at the eastern limit of the city, and looking westward. The end of the temple building is the most prominent feature of the picture. In the near foreground we see the top of a pagoda of the Chinese style, with its lofty spire of bronze. Filling the plain, and stretching far away towards the western hills, lies the city. The large roofs to be seen in the city are those of temples.



KIOTO, JAPAN.

It had a larger number of these, and of idols, in proportion to its size, than any other city in the empire, and it was a city "wholly given to idolatry." But a better day has dawned upon this ancient, and, so long miscalled, "sacred city." For five years the Gospel of Christ has been proclaimed there; and thousands of the citizens are no longer the devoted and benighted heathens they were; and some of them have become sincere followers of Christ.

The prosperity of Kioto was seriously injured by the abrupt removal of the Court to Tokio in 1868. It had been the imperial dwelling-place for over a thousand years. It was the scene, at regular intervals, of important political gatherings. Numerous officials of high rank, with large retinues, were permanently quartered there. It had been the resort of pilgrims and pleasure-seekers, for a score of generations. Its "floating population" was, therefore,

very large, and of this it was in great measure forever deprived by the migration of the court. Now, although it was never likely again to become the seat of government, there were sufficient reasons why this grand old capital should not be suffered to fall into decay. Among other devices for its relief was that of an Industrial Exhibition, which was first tried in the spring of 1872. The result was so happy that its repetition annually was forthwith decreed. Never before had the city been so thronged with excursionists of every degree. Foreigners were admitted for the first time, and did not abuse their privilege, and the financial condition of the old city was once more rosy and blooming.

The industries of Kioto are chiefly porcelain, lacquer, fans, silks, and bronze. It is well known that Japan excels in beautiful creations of the ceramic art, and nowhere is it carried to so great perfection as in Kioto.

Silk has been cultivated in Japan since the beginning of the third century, and now forms nearly half of the export trade of the country. Kioto has always been the principal seat of this industry. The weaving establishments are all located in one quarter of the city. The houses are poor and small, seldom containing more than twenty looms each, giving no outward indication of the importance of the work carried on within. But the gold brocades, heavy silks, damasks, velvets, figured clothes, and lighter fabrics, in rich dyes, or uncoloured, are wonderful as to quality and value; and the silk displayed in the manufacture has often excited the admiration of foreign experts.

My visit to this quarter, and the courtesy with which the people permitted me to enter their houses and see them at their work, is one of the pleasant memories of a brief sojourn in Kioto.

The society of Kioto is the gayest in all the land, and is noted for refinement of manners and taste in dress. During the hot summer evenings the people flock to the principal streets, the river, and the bridges, to get the pure air and see the sights—all intent

upon pleasure. There fashion and beauty flaunt at will. Nothing can exceed the good nature, the mutual kindly feeling, and the decent, orderly behaviour of a Japanese crowd. The proprietors of the tea-houses that line the western bank of the Kamo, place matted platforms on the bed of the river to accommodate their numerous guests; and then, while the light of thousands of coloured lanterns and flaring torches flashes on the crystal waters of the wide and shallow stream that brawls and babbles over its pebbly bed, hundreds of well-dressed people are sitting to and fro in gossipy picnic parties, entertained with music, pantomime, riding on horseback on islands in the river, and other forms of amusement. The whole scene, when viewed from one of the high bridges, is a picture of life in some social phases of its bright, unbending, and innocent mirth, not to be seen elsewhere or outside of Japan. During the heat of the long afternoons, numbers of people come daily to similar platforms placed beneath the wide bridges, just a few inches above the clear water, and spend the time in reading, conversation, sundry games, tea-drinking, and not unfrequently draughts of something stronger than tea. The hotel where I lodged was situated on the bank of the river near one of these bridges, so that I had ample opportunity of observing this *hashi no shita no suzumi*—"taking the cool under the bridge." The following statistics may be of interest: The population of the city and its suburbs, by the census of 1872, was 567,334. There are in the city 2,500 Shintô temples, with nearly 3,000 *Kannushi*—keepers of the shrines. Also, about 3,500 Buddhist temples, and over 8,000 priests of various orders. The sad minor tones of the vesper bells are heard in every direction at sunset, and the matins from many temples scattered over the whole district, ring out the last hours of the night. There are about 500 dancing and singing-girls in Kioto, who pay a monthly tax of one yen—about a dollar. Tea-houses pay a tax of three yen per month. There were two years ago 3,900 jinrikishas—*man-power carriages*—the cab of Japan, which has almost entirely superseded every mode of conveyance. They pay an annual tax of one to two yen, according to size. The regular fare per day for a jinrikisha, drawn by one man, is fifty cents.

And now farewell to these sunny hills and shadowy glades, and to this venerable city—the pearl of Japan—which for so many centuries lay concealed from the world. A higher destiny and a purer fame awaits her than any which the romance of mythology and history has woven around her in the past. The Lord Jesus Christ has much people in Kioto—his ministers and witnesses are there opening the blind eyes, turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Already, from college halls erected within the shadow

of her palaces, are going forth bands of her own sons, trained and valiant for the truth, "holding forth the Word of Life," and the people are "turning from dumb idols to serve the living God."

### Our Father's Care.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."—*Jesus*.

THE golden lights of the summer  
Lie on the laughing land;  
The voice of song is borne along  
By the breeze on every hand.  
The flowers spread out their beauty,  
Above the vivid green;  
And the water's rush, and the forest's hush,  
Make tender the glowing scene.  
But the cooling kiss of the summer air,  
And the joy and beauty everywhere,  
Are proofs of Almighty, loving care.  
For our heavenly Father knoweth  
We have need of all these things.

There are sounds of a gathering tempest,  
And the clouds are black as night;  
O'er the earth is spread a shade of dread,  
And all things sigh for light;  
The leaves of the green woods quiver,  
And a silence falls around,  
Till over the hills with a haste that thrills,  
The thunder peals resound,  
And angrily falls the pelting rain,  
And sullenly roars the mighty main,  
And the hearts grow sad with a fear of pain.  
But our heavenly Father knoweth  
We have need of all these things.

The daylight calls to labour,  
And the work we have to do  
Claims all our powers for the flying hours,  
And we must each task pursue.  
Although we are often weary,  
And the aching hands hang down,  
There is much to be done ere the rest be won,  
And we wear the victor's crown.  
But the toil that comes to us day by day,  
And even the troubles that throng our way,  
Do more proofs of the love of God display.  
For our heavenly Father knoweth  
We have need of all these things.

We joy in the radiant season,  
The time that we love the best,  
When the sea's calm flow, and the sunset glow,  
Is bringing the needed rest.  
Oh! sweet is the summer golden,  
And glad is the early morn;  
And soft is the light that falls at night,  
Upon the whispering corn.  
For all the world sings happy lays,  
And our hearts are stirred to songs of praise,  
And God comes near in the holy days.  
For our heavenly Father knoweth  
We have need of all these things.

Yes, need of the light and shadow,  
Need of the loss and gain,  
Need of the rest and the labour,  
Need of the ease and pain;  
For some great useful lesson  
Is taught by all that falls  
On our spirits here, till the rest be near,  
And the voice of the angel calls.  
Praise unto God! His love shall guide  
To the sheltered place by the Saviour's side,  
And all is good whate'er betide.  
For our heavenly Father knoweth  
We have need of all these things.

—*London Christian World*.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN says that the conversion of India to Christianity will take place in a different way from that generally anticipated. When the absorption of Christian truth has gone far enough, he says native opinion will declare itself, and "a nation be born in a day."—*Christian Advocate*.

### Wonders of the Sea.

THE sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice at the poles to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down, the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with seawater and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm, one would think the water travelled. The water stays in the same places but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plane on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carried down the sinker. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar is a cup dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooked and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out.

When the ground is reached a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.—*Electrical Review*.

### A Living Island.

THE alligator is not in any way an attractive animal. On the contrary, it is about as repellent in looks and disposition as any living creature very well can be. And yet in one respect, at least, it is to be envied: It can go through life without ever needing a dentist, unless it be to eat him; for it never keeps its teeth long enough to give them any chance to decay or ache, or get out of order in any way. When an alligator's tooth is worn out or broken, or in need of any kind of repair, it drops out, and, behold! a new one is ready to take its place. But I hardly need say that the alligator's teeth are a joy only to itself.

Another peculiarity of the alligator is its ability to sleep. Like other reptiles, it is so cold-blooded that it likes warmth and hates cold. It needs water, too, and as the dry season and the cool season come on together in Florida, there is a double reason why the Florida alligator should go into winter quarters. It buries itself in the mud after the manner of its kind, and settles down for a long nap.

Sometimes it happens that grass and quick-growing shrubs spring up on the back of this torpid animal. As a rule, these are shaken or washed off when, with the first warm rains, the alligator rouses itself and makes for the water, but occasionally, for some reason, the mud clings, and with it the plant-growth, so that when the half-awakened creature slides into the water and floats stupidly off, it looks like a floating island.

In one such instance, a plover was so deceived as to build its nest in the plant-growth on the alligator's back. The living island so freighted floated slowly down the stream until it was noticed by a party of boys who were fishing. They saw the plover rise from the little island, and suspecting a nest to be there, they gave up their fishing and rowed out to it. They never suspected the nature of the island until they had bumped their boat rather rudely into it once or twice, and so vexed the alligator that it opened its huge mouth with a startling suddenness that brought a chorus of yells from the nest-robbers, and sent them off in a fit mood to sympathize with the plover, which was fluttering about and crying piteously at the raid upon its nest. The poor bird was doomed to lose its nest, however; for the alligator, having at last been thoroughly aroused, discovered how hungry it was, and dived down in search of food, thus washing off island, nest and all.

The story of Sinbad, who landed on a living island, and kindled a fire on it, has thus a foundation in fact.—*St. Nicholas*.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

## A Local Item.

**PATRICK B.**—from drunken broil;  
While his wife burns midnight oil,  
Waiting up three flights of stairs,  
Burdened with consuming cares,  
Sits beside the baby sweet;  
Hark! the tread of heavy feet,

Oath and bluster, storm and curse;  
Hardly is a demon worse;  
Bursts the door and rushes in,  
Mad with drink and full of sin,  
Flies in peril of her life,  
Poor, affrighted, faithful wife.

At the bedside of the child  
Stands the frantic man, and wild;  
Takes the sleeper, fond and soft,  
Opens quick the window loft,  
On the pavement hear a sound;  
There a lifeless babe is found.

Just an item; only that;  
Topic of a moment's chat,  
While the Juggernaut still rolls,  
Crushing out unnumbered souls,  
Stains the street with human gore;  
Just an item, nothing more.

Where is justice? heavens! where?  
Where is manhood? Speak and dare!  
Is the soul of honour fled?  
Is the public conscience dead?  
Is this modern age so tame  
That it dare not utter "shame"?

God of helpless children, rise!  
Send out whirlwinds from the skies;  
Thunder down the heights of air,  
Answer to the children's prayer;  
All the help of man is vain,  
While the weepers kiss their slain.

Sovereign people will ye kneel,  
Put your necks beneath the heel  
Of the Oligarch, and wait,  
While he moves with tread of fate?  
Oh, how patient! Oh, how meek!  
Sovereign people, are ye weak?

Who will show contempt of wrong?  
Who will dare the proud and strong?  
Let us take the solemn vow,  
Nevermore to yield or bow,  
While the great Mogul of lust  
Trample children in the dust.

—Southern Journal.

## A Talk About the Moon.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

THE moon is the earth's next-door neighbour. Not a very near neighbour, to be sure, for it is thousands and thousands and thousands of miles away, but then it is a great deal nearer than any other heavenly body, and that makes it a next-door neighbour, does it not? And what a changeable person this neighbour is! Sometimes she looks straight down upon us with her full round face, then she turns so far away that only a glimpse can be caught of her, and finally disappears entirely, and there is no use in hunting around for her among the stars, for she cannot be found anywhere.

Do you know what the moon is doing up there in the sky all the time? Well, she is enjoying herself taking a trip around the earth, for she is a great traveller, and no sooner does she get around once than she starts right off and tries it over again without resting a moment. Watch her for two or three nights and you will see very plainly that she is moving. One night she shows herself even before the sun goes down, then, as she grows larger she

will come later and later, till by and by all the little folks will be in bed and asleep long before she peeps out from behind the hill.

Some nights the moon appears very bright, so bright that people say, "Why, it is nearly as light as day," giving the moon credit for the whole brightness, when really and truly it is not her light at all, but some that she has borrowed to send down to us. The moon does not give a bit of light by herself; she is nothing but a dark world, something like this earth. Why then does she look so bright? Ah! you see, she wants to be beautiful as well as the stars, so when the sun shines on her surface, she catches up the light and reflects or throws it off again, and so we get what is called moonlight. This is the reason that she looks so different at different times. In her journeys around the earth, when she gets where the sun shines on the side turned this way, we have full moon, but as this bright side turns farther and farther away the moon grows smaller and smaller, till at last the moonlight is gone and the nights are dark. If you find this hard to understand, place a ball so that the lamp-light will fall upon it, and then walk around it, and you will see how this is.

But the moon has dark spots upon its bright face, and astronomers tell us that these are caused by the deep valleys there. You know that often at evening time the hills will be all lighted up for some minutes after the sun has gone down, while the lowlands will be in shadow. Of course the sun shines on the moon in the same way, making bright the high mountains but leaving the valleys as dark spots.

So much is known about the surface of the moon that maps of it have been made, and these are said to be more nearly correct than those of the earth. Get a map of the moon and you will find that many of the mountains are called by those very names that you find out in your geographies at school. These wise men also tell us that the moon always keeps the same side turned this way, so that we really know nothing at all about the other side.

Could we take a trip to the moon we should find a strange world, and one not very pleasant to look at.

There is no grass, there are no flowers, no trees, not a single green thing growing there, and why? Because there is no water. True, in the map are names like the Sea of Rains, the Lake of Dreams, the Sea of Plenty, and many others, but this map was made years ago before as much was known as now, and the old names have been left, but if you were there you would find dry seas, without a drop of water in them. Of course without water and plants there can be no animals such as live on the earth. And then such high mountains and deep, deep valleys as are there! Many of these mountains seem to be hollow, so that if you want to cross one you must go up one side, then down into a hole,

across that, and up its steep banks, and then down the other side of the mountain, before you are across, so it would take some time, you see. Sometimes there is a peak right in the centre of this hole, making the crossing still harder.

The very best time to visit the moon is during one of its nights. Do you know a night there is nearly half a month long, and the days are not a bit shorter? But then their nights are much pleasanter than ours. Do you ask why? Well, it is because this earth that looks so dark to us is all lighted up by the sun, till it appears bright and shining, and is their moon. And O what a great moon it is! fourteen or fifteen times larger than the one that gives us light.

You know that an eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon's getting between that body and the earth, but there is nothing that can get between the earth and the moon, for everything is too far away, so what do you suppose makes that kind of an eclipse? Some evening notice a spot on the wall made bright by the lamp-light. Next, stand in such a way that your shadow will fall upon that very spot, and then see how bright it is. Now if that bright spot were the moon and you were the earth, that would be a real eclipse; for it is the shadow of the earth falling upon the moon that makes one. It took people many years to find this out, but now they can tell a long time beforehand that an eclipse is coming.

Have you heard the story of Columbus? One time when in this country with his men their food gave out, and they had to depend on the Indians. These people, not being very friendly to the whites, at last refused them any more and there was danger of their starving. Columbus then told the Indians that the moon was angry and would hide her face from them. Sure enough she did, for Columbus knew that an eclipse was coming, and the Indians, very much frightened, gave the hungry men the food they needed.

## "I Am Saved."

WHEN coming home by rail the other week from P—, where I had been preaching the gospel over a fortnight, the train stopped at one of the stations, and two young ladies got into the same compartment beside me. After waiting on the Lord for an opportunity to speak to them, I gave each of them a little book, which they carefully read. When I put the solemn question, "Are your souls saved for eternity?" one of them joyfully exclaimed, "Yes, thank God, I am." The other said, "No; but I do wish I knew how to be saved." I said to her, "Have you been long anxious?" "Ever since Mr. Scroggie was in the circus in Glasgow." Then I said, are you perfectly willing to receive the Lord Jesus Christ in this railway carriage to be your Saviour now?" With tears running down her face, she said,

"Yes, I am perfectly willing." I opened my Bible at John xix. 30, and I read under the gaslight those precious words, "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, it is finished; and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost." I repeated the word *finished* a few times over, then I said, "For whom did Jesus finish this work?" She replied slowly, but confidently, "For me." "Do you believe that Jesus on the cross finished the work for you?" "O yes!" said the weeping one; "I cannot doubt that!" At this point I turned up John iii. 18, and read slowly those life-giving words, "He that believeth on him is not condemned." As she stood under the gaslight, with her tearful eyes fixed on those precious words, her soul bounded into liberty, and she cried out in that railway carriage, "I am saved, I am saved! Praise, praise!—*The Christian*."

## The Cost.

THE *Evening Journal*, Chicago, quotes the return of the census showing that \$700,000,000 are spent yearly in the United States for intoxicating drink, and adds: "But the cost of liquor-drinking is not altogether in money, it costs immensely in other directions, and entails injuries and heartaches that are quite beyond the figures of the arithmetic accurately to compute. Four-fifths of all the inmates of our jails, penitentiaries and reformatories, are brought there directly or indirectly by strong drink. There are 500,000 of these criminals in the United States to-day; every institution that is open for their reception is full of them, and the number is rapidly increasing. Then there are 800,000 insane persons, idiots, helpless inebriates and paupers in the poor-houses and charitable institutions of the country, costing the tax-payers \$100,000,000 per annum. But this is not all. No pen but the recording angel's is able truthfully to portray the sorrow that is inflicted upon loving hearts by this infernal habit of drinking stimulants. No class is so high in the social scale that it is not dragged down by it; and no class is so poor and degraded that it is not made more inhuman and miserable by it. A drunken parent bestows a curse upon his offspring, even to the third and fourth generation. Science shows how vice of any kind vitiates the blood, and although it may skip one generation, it is certain to crop out farther down the stream. A dead drunkard often reaches out his hand from the grave, and, with his skeleton finger, palsies the brain of his descendants, and sends them like so many jabbering idiots to the insane asylum to be supported by charity.—*Christian Statesman*."

In one of the mission schools in Bangkok, Siam, a promising little girl was taken away and sold for the woman's department of the royal palace.

**The Cross and the Crown.**

The cross for only a day,  
The crown forever and aye;  
The one for a night that will soon be gone,  
And one for eternity's glorious morn.

The cross, then, I'll cheerfully bear,  
Nor sorrow for loss or care,  
For a moment only the path and the strife,  
But through endless ages the crown of life.

The cross till the conflict's done,  
The crown when the victory's won.  
My cross never more remembered above,  
While wearing the crown of his matchless love.

His cross I'll never forget,  
For marks on his brow are set;  
On his precious hands, on his feet and side,  
To tell what he bore for the Church, his bride.

My cross I'll think of no more,  
But strive for the crown set before;  
That ever through ages my song may be  
Of his cross that purchased my crown for me.

The work of redemption done,  
His cross and his crown are one;  
The crimson and gold will forever blend  
In the crown of Jesus, the sinner's friend.  
—Church Press.

young man used always to greet his friends with "How are you religiously," and to intrude his opinions upon everyone, till he drove many away from religious thought. How much better would it have been had he shaken the hand in a genial, warm-hearted way, and by his simple behaviour made his fellows feel that when with him they must think good things and do good things.

It is often very hard for young people to keep the temper, guard the tongue, and control the hands and feet, when a companion provokes them by his tantalizing ways. A seat-mat carelessly soils the writing-book you have handled so carefully; on the playground your hat is knocked off, your jumping-rope is taken away; in the recitation-room your work, done at a cost of much labour, is erased from the board and must be done again; how easy it is to lose your temper and say unkind things, and thus lose your influence as a young Christian. "Why, Julia is no better than we are," exclaimed a young lady before a group of companions, "she gets angry and is un-lady-like more often than any of us. I don't think religion is worth much." The young lady was wrong; for she knew nothing of the many temptations of her school-mate, or of her attempt to overcome them. But there was the influence.

It is often very hard to speak of religion and right when there is a proper occasion for it. Young people should study the opportunity to speak a word to a friend under every proper circumstance. A talented young man in college was much addicted to the use of profane language, and spoke strong words on almost all occasions. Among his friends was one to whom he was much attached, to whom his language was offensive. One day as they walked together, after a sudden outburst, the friend said quietly, "Charlie, I wish you would not use such language when we are together. It always hurts me." Not another oath was uttered in the presence of that friend; and it was not long till his companions noticed that he had broken the habit completely.

Remember, then, dear young Christian students, at home or away from home at college, that you need to study carefully your every-day Christian life. Ask God to tell you how you can best show yourselves true followers of Christ; how you can best be Christian gentlemen or Christian ladies in every class, play-ground, social circle—wherever you are.

NEVER wantonly frighten others.



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**Home and School**

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

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
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**School-Religion.**

THERE are few places in which it is harder to be a consistent Christian than at school. So many of our play-mates have little care for religion, or for its every-day practice, that it is often very difficult for the youth at school or college to continue his usual Christian duties. The religion our dear Saviour taught us requires that we follow him daily and hourly. It requires us to keep ourselves "unspotted from the world," not by shutting ourselves away from everyone, but by overcoming "evil with good." Yet we are not to go about talking of our excellence, and disgusting our friends by our "pride of goodness." A

**Clean Lips.**

A VERY kind old lady many years ago taught a little private school of young children in a town of New England. She loved her Saviour, and therefore cared very tenderly for her little lambs, trying to bring them to the fold of the Good Shepherd. She always had a pleasant word and a kindly smile for them, and often had a flower, an apple or a kiss to give to such as behaved properly; and the simple rewards from her loving hand were prized.

This lady's pupils never had to be sent to school; they ran off cheerfully before nine o'clock, that they might be ready to hear the first tinkle of the school-bell. One day her heart was deeply wounded by hearing that a fine little boy about nine years old had said some naughty words at play. She called Charlie to her, and, taking both hands in hers and looking sorrowfully into his bright blue eyes, she asked, "Have you used naughty words to-day, my child?"

"I didn't swear," whimpered Charlie.

"Are you willing to go home now and repeat your words to your dear mother?"

"No, ma'am," faltered the little culprit as he hung his head and blushed deeply.

"And, my dear boy, have you forgotten," said his kind old friend, "that One was listening to you holier than any mother—even yours—and loving you far more than even the best mother can love her little son? He heard in heaven your naughty words. I am afraid, my child, that when the lips are naughty the heart must be very unclean too. I cannot make your heart clean, Charlie, but I will ask the Lord Jesus to do it for you. One thing, however, I can do; I can cleanse your lips: they would not be fit for your mother's good-night kiss if I did

not clean them for you." The old lady then called for a bowl of clean water, and took from her desk a bit of fine soap and a little sponge; then, bidding Charlie open his mouth, she washed it well—teeth, tongue, lips and all. She then wiped it dry with a soft, fresh napkin, and bathed his tear-stained face and kissed him.

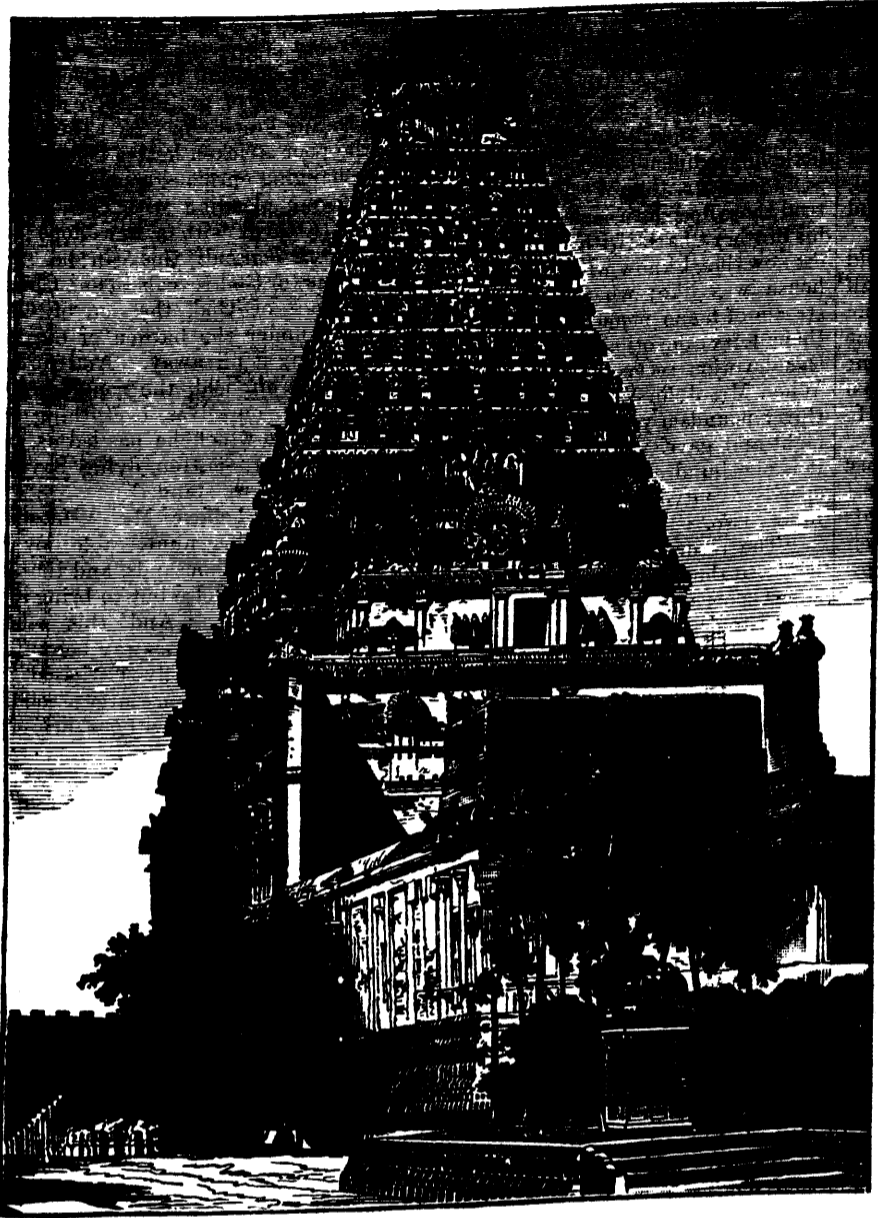
**Don't Be Outdone.**

HAVE any of our young readers ever watched an ant-hill? If so, they will remember the hundreds of tiny creatures hurrying in all directions so rapidly that the ground itself seems alive and moving about. Each one of those little insects has its own work to do, and is doing it with all its might, not allowing anything to stand in the way if energy and perseverance can overcome it.

An old writer tells us he once watched an ant trying to carry a very large grain of wheat. Before it could reach the ant-hill it had to cross the trunk of a fallen tree, which, of course, was quite a mountain to an ant. With great pains and trouble it succeeded in getting to the top, but to no purpose for it lost its hold and fell down again. This occurred three times over, until the poor little insect appeared to lose heart, and to be really exhausted. After a little rest, however, it seemed determined to persevere, and a companion coming along, it evidently by some means managed to make it troubles known. The two started together, and by their combined efforts succeeded in getting the precious grain safely to the other side of the tree.

We hope no boy or girl will consent to be outdone by these tiny creatures or be above taking a lesson in perseverance from the ant.

The Hindoos pray to 330,000 gods.



A PAGODA AT BANGKOK, SIAM.

## Hope.

LIKE a glistening banner to the breeze all unfurled,  
It spreads its white wings o'er the great weary world;  
Like a star in the heavens 'tis lifted so high,  
That the whole world may catch a bright gleam passing by.

It unfolds to the sailor on tempest-tossed seas,  
Like the flag of his country soft blown in the breeze,  
And that banner brings peace, though the surges may foam,  
When it speaks to his heart of the welcome at home.

It waves in the air and, our hearts all oppressed,  
Gently holds out the bright side and promises rest,  
And filling their lives with its great healing balm,  
They rise to the surface 'mid sunshine and calm.

It waves its bright wings o'er the sufferer's bed,  
Like a pillow it holds up the aching head;  
And its beams like the sun on his face worn and white,  
Make it quiet and calm with a beautiful light.

Like a haven of rest its bright banner will rise  
O'er the couch of the dying and point to the skies,  
Upholding the blessings and promises given,  
And showing the pathway that leads into heaven.

It steals like a breath into sad hearts bereft,  
And brightens the home that the dear ones have left;  
Unfolding its banner and lifting it high  
It points to the union again by-and-by.  
Then "Hope, blessed Hope," anchor sure for the soul,  
Lift our eyes to the hand that our beings control;  
Keep our hearts trusting ever, our eyes lifted  
Where thy banner is waving and read the word Hope. *E. A. K.*

## A Pagoda at Bangkok, Siam.

THERE are more than a hundred temples and pagodas in the city of Bangkok, some of which are small and plain, but some are grand almost beyond description. They are ornamented with statues and gilded in the richest manner. The floor of the principal one is covered with mats of silver, and contains relics that are considered of fabulous worth and are worshipped by thousands. One temple contains a jasper statue of Buddha; one contains an immense statue and ancient idol, 167 feet high, in the human form. The toes of this idol are three feet long, and the whole idol is covered with gold. This great idol has a magnificent temple erected and maintained expressly for it. It is a place where millions have bowed down and worshipped, and where multitudes still worship.

## Earliest Methods of Measuring Time.

THE story is that King Alfred had no better way to tell the time than by burning twelve candles, each of which lasted two hours; and, when all twelve were gone, another day had passed. Long before the time of Alfred, and long before the time of Christ, the shadows of the sun told the hour of the day by means of a sun-dial. The old Chaldeans so placed a hollow hemisphere, with a bead in the centre, that the shadow of the bead on the inner surface told the hour of the day. Other kinds of dials were afterwards made with a tablet of wood or straight piece of metal. On the tablets were marked the different hours. When the shadow came to the mark IX., it was nine o'clock in the morning. The dial was placed near the ground, or in towers or buildings. There are two sun-dials on the Gray and Black Nunnery in Ottawa, the capital of Canada. The old clock on the eastern end of Faneuil Hall in Boston was formerly a dial of this kind; and on some of the old church-towers in England you may see them to-day. Aside from the kinds mentioned, the dials now in existence are intended more for ornament than for use. In the days when dials were used, each contained a motto of some kind, like these: "Time flies like the shadow;" or, "I tell no hours but those that are happy."

But the dial could only be used in the daytime; and, even then, it was worthless when the sun was covered with clouds. In order to measure the hours of the night as well as the hours of the day, the Greeks and Romans used the clepsydra, which means, "The water steals away." A large jar was filled with water and a hole was made in the bottom through which the water could run. The glass in those days was not transparent. No one could see from the outside how much water had escaped. So there were made on the inside certain marks that told the hours as the water ran out; or else a stick with notches in the edge was dipped into the water, and the depth of what was left showed the hour. Sometimes the water dropped into another jar in which a block of wood was floating, the block rising as the hours went on. Once in a while, some very rich man had a clepsydra that sounded a musical note at every hour. — *Popular Science Monthly.*

THIS for a contrast: The standing armies of Europe, it is estimated, cost annually \$2,500,000,000; the liquor consumed among Christian nations, \$2,700,000,000. For foreign missions the gifts of America and Europe last year were \$7,922,488.

## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

V.

SIR, it is not in any Englishman, least of all in an old soldier of the Duke's, not to honour that brave fellow. Besides, he was hungry; and would you have a Cornish gentleman turn a hungry traveller from his door! Not if he were the Pope himself, or the Pretender! Is it my fault if he preaches what the parsons don't like on the strength of my pasty? That fellow is no hypocrite, sir; I give my word of honour for it. A fellow with such a stout heart, and chest, and the voice of a lion! Besides," continued father softly, with some reserve, "I assure you what he said to me afterwards was excellent; none of your canting phrases, but plain sense about believing in our Saviour and doing our duty. Upon my honour," continued father with increasing earnestness, "I felt the better for it. He said very plain things to me, such as a man does not often hear; things, sir, that we shall all have to remember one day; and I feel grateful to the man for his honest, faithful words, and I trust I shall not forget them. An old soldier has not a few things he might be glad to unlearn, and would like to be sure will not be remembered against him."

The simple humility and earnestness of father's manner put a stop to all further jesting; and before long the stranger, respectfully saluting him, went off with Jack to saddle his horse, and I was free to fly to my chamber and open

## COUSIN EVELYN'S LETTER.

"My dearly-beloved Cousin Kitty,— I suppose you have no more idea how we missed your dear, tender, soft, quiet, quaint, wise, comfortable little self, than a fire has how cold the room is when it goes out.

"I would give all I have in the world to carry with me the fresh air you bring everywhere! There is something about you as much sweeter and more exhilarating than all the wit, and fashion, and cleverness of our London world, as the country air on a spring morning is sweeter than all the perfumes of a London drawing-room. What is it, Kitty, except that you are just your natural, sweet self? Yes, there is no perfume like freshness! and there is no moral or mental perfume like truth!

"And that is just the explanation of some of my difficulties, Cousin Kitty; for I have my difficulties, Kitty. Life—I mean the inner, religious life—is not so smooth to me as you may think, as I thought it must be always henceforth when I heard that wonderful sermon of Mr. Whitefield's. Or rather, it is not so plain. For I did expect roughness, more, perhaps, than I have met with; but I did not expect perplexities such as I feel.

"My difficulties are not interesting, elevating difficulties, Kitty, such as

would draw forth sweet tears of sympathy and smiles of tender encouragement at some of the religious tea parties. No one has taken the trouble to make me a martyr. I should rather have enjoyed a little more of that, which is, perhaps, the reason I have not had it. Mamma was a little uneasy at first, but when she found I did not wish to dress like a Quaker or to preach publicly from a tub, she was relieved, and seems rather to think me improved. Harry says all girls are sure to run into some folly or another, if they don't marry, and probably even if they do; and some now whom I am sure soon to drive out this. Pipa says women must have their amusements; and if I like going to see the old women at the manor, and taking them broth and reading them the Bible, better than riding a thousand miles for a wager, as a young lady did the other day, he thinks it is the more sensible diversion of the two. His mother gave the people broth and bitters, and probably they like the Bible better than the bitters. I am a good child on the whole, he says; and if I ride to the meet with him in the country, and let myself be sanctimonious, he can object to my amusing myself as I like in town. Indeed, he said one day he thought Lady Huntingdon's preachings were far better things for a young woman to hear than the scandalous nonsense those Italian fellows squall at the opera. But, Kitty, although he talks so lightly, do you know, the other evening, as he had taken his candle and was kissing me good-night he said,—

"By the way, Eve, if you don't fancy going with me all the way to-morrow, I'll drop you at the game keeper's lodge beyond the wood. His old woman is very ill and she says you told her something that cheered her heart up, so you might as well go again. She is an honest old soul, and she says you reminded her of your Aunt Maud who died, and she was a good woman, if ever there was one."

"So you see, Cousin Kitty, I have little chance of martyrdom."

"My difficulties are from the religious people themselves. There seems to me so much fashion, so much phraseology, so much cutting and shaping, as if the fruits of the Spirit were to be artificial wax fruits, instead of real, living, natural fruits."

"I find it difficult to explain myself. What I feel is, that religious people, no doubt from really high motives, are apt to become unnatural—to lose spontaneity."

"I do not see this in Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon, or in Aunt Jeanie, nor, my sweet cousin, in you. Lady Huntingdon is a queen, no doubt, but we must have kings and queens. But it is the followers of Mr. Whitefield, the ladies who form Lady Huntingdon's court, that trouble me in this way."

"I feel sometimes in those circles as if I were being put in a mortar and pestled into a sweetmeat, as if all the natural colour in me were being insensibly toned down to the uniform gray; as if all the natural tones of my voice were being in spite of me pitched to a chant, like the intoning of the Roman Catholic priests. It is very strange this tendency all religious schools seem to have towards monotone and uniform, from the Papists to the Quakers. And in the Bible it seems to me, there is as little of it as in nature."

"The following of Christ is freedom, expansion, and growth. The following of his followers is copying, imitation, contraction. And it is to the following of Christ, close, *always*, with nothing and no person between, that we are called, all of us, the youngest, the weakest, and meanest. You and I, Kitty! as well as Lady Huntingdon, and Mr. Whitefield, and Wesley, and St. Paul."

"And Christ our Lord, if we yield ourselves honestly, wholly to him, will develop our hearts and souls from within, outward and upward from the root, which is *growing*, instead of our having to trim and clip them from outside inward, which is *stunting*. He will give to each seed 'his own body.' Is it not true, Kitty? I want very much to have a talk with you, for I cannot find other people's thoughts and ways fit me, any more than their clothes; and I want to know how much of this is wrong, and how much is right."

"An opportunity occurred the other day of going to hear Mr. John Wesley preach at the Foundry. The sermon seemed made for me. It was on evil speaking; and very pungent and useful I found it, I assure you."

"Such an angelic face, Kitty!—the expression so calm and lofty, the features so refined and defined, regular and delicate, just the face that makes you sure his mother was a beautiful woman. Yet there is nothing feminine about it, unless as far as an angel's face may or must be partly feminine. Eyes not appealing but commanding; the delicate mouth firm as a Roman general's, self control, as the secret of all other control, stamped on every feature. If anything is wanting in face and manner, it seemed to me just that nothing was wanting—that it was too angelic. You could not detect the weak, soft place, where he would need to lean instead of to support. He seemed to speak almost too much from heaven; not, indeed, as one that had not known the experiences of earth (there was the keenest penetration and deepest sympathy in his words), but as one who had surmounted them all. The glow on his countenance was the steady sunlight of benevolence, rather than the tearful, trembling, intermittent sunshine of affection, with its hopes and fears. The few lines on his brow were the lines of effective thought, not of anxious solicitude. If I were on a sick bed in the ward of an hospital, I should bask in the holy benevolent look as in the smiles of an angel; but I do not know that he would (perhaps could) be tenderer if I were his sister at home."

"I should like to hear Mr. Wesley preach every Sunday; he would send me home detected in my inmost infirmities, unmasked to myself, humbled with the conviction of sin, and inspired with the assurance of victory."

"And yet if on Monday I came to ask his advice in a difficulty, I am not quite sure he would understand me. I am not sure that he would not come nearer my heart in the pulpit than in the house, that while he makes me feel singled out and found out, as if I were his only hearer in the crowd, if I were really alone with him I should not feel that he regarded me rather as a unit in 'the great multitude no man can number,' than as myself, and no one else."

"These wonderful Wesleys, Kitty!

I do think they are like the apostles more than any people that ever lived; at least on the side on which they were apostles. I cannot yet get over the feeling that St. Paul or St. John, and certainly St. Peter, would have been easier to ask advice from about little home-difficulties."

"I hear Mr. John Wesley preach, and read those deep heart-stirring hymns of his brother Charles with a greater interest now that I know what their father's house was like; what a pure, sweet stream of home memories flows round their lofty devotion to God. And this devotion seems quite unreserved. When Mr. John Wesley's income was thirty pounds a year, he spent twenty-eight and gave away two. Now that it is one hundred and twenty, he still spends twenty-eight and gives away ninety-two."

"The return he made of his plate lately to the tax collectors was, 'Two silver spoons, one in London and one in Bristol.'

"What wonders one may do, without vanity and covetousness; and with a sufficient motive! Yet his dress is at any time, they say, neat enough for any society, except when some of the mobs, who have frequently attacked him, but never injured him, may have considerably ruffled his attire. His temper they could never ruffle; and in the end, his unaffected benevolence, his Christian serenity and gentlemanly composure are sure to overcome. The ringleaders more than once have turned round on their followers and dared them to touch the parson. His calm, commanding voice is frequently heard above the turmoil. Silence has succeeded to hootings, and sobs to silence, and Hugh Spencer says there is scarcely a place where the Methodists have been assailed by mobs where, from the very dregs of these very mobs, men and women have not been rescued, and found, not long after, 'sitting clothed and in their right mind,' at the feet of the Saviour."

"Mr. Whitefield is very different. Anyone can understand why the Wesleys should do great things, especially Mr. John. He is a man of such will and power, such strong practical sense and determination, so nobly trained in such a home. But Mr. Whitefield's strength seems to be obviously not in him but in the truth he speaks. His early home, an inn at Bristol, his early life spent in low occupations among low companions, his one great gift, suited, one would have thought, more to a theatre than a pulpit. But his whole heart is on fire with the love of Christ and the love of perishing immortal men and women. And he has the great gift of making people listen to the message of God's infinite grace. The message does the rest. And *what* it does, Kitty, I can hardly write of without tears."

"He tells people all over the world—morning, noon, and night, every day of his life.—duchesses, wise men, colliers, and outcasts (as he told me), that we have a great burden on our hearts; and we know it. He tells us that burden is *sin*; and whether we knew it or not before, we know, when he says so, it is true. He weeps and tells us that unless that great burden is lifted off *now*, it will never be lifted off, but will crush us down and down forever; and half his audience weep with him. He tells us it can be lifted off *now, here, this instant*; we may go away from that spot, unburdened, for-

given, rejoicing, reconciled to God, without a thing in time or eternity to dread any more; the burden of terror exchanged for an infinite wealth of joy, the debt of guilt into a debt of everlasting gratitude. And then, just as the poor stricken hearts before him, each hanging on his eloquent words as if he were pleading with each alone, begin to thrill with a new hope; he shows us *how* all this can be. He shows us (or God reveals to us), Christ, the Lamb of God, the Son of God, fainting under the burden of our sin, yet bearing it all away. And we forget Mr. Whitefield, the congregation, time, earth, ourselves, everything but the Cross, to which he has led us, but that suffering, smitten, dying Saviour at whose feet we stand."

"Kitty, I believe Mr. Whitefield has brought this unutterable joy to thousands and thousands, and that he lives for nothing else but to bring it to thousands more. And this whole generation must pass away before his sermons can be coolly criticised, or his name uttered in any large assembly of Christian people without bringing tears to many eyes."

"Before finishing, I must tell you of a conversation which took place to-day."

"This morning two gentlemen who were calling on papa were lamenting the degeneracy of the times."

"One was an old general, and he said,—

"We have no heroes now—not a great soldier left. Since Marlborough died not an Englishman has appeared who is fit to be more than a general of division. There is neither the brain to conceive great plans, nor the will to execute them, nor the dash which so often changes reverses into victories."

"My great-uncle, a Fellow of Brazenose, took up the wail. 'No, indeed,' he said; 'the ages of gold and iron and brass are over; the golden days of Elizabeth and Shakespeare, and the scattered Armada, the iron of the Revolution (for rough as they were, these men were iron); the brass of the Restoration; and now we have nothing to do but to beat out the dust and shavings into tinsel and wire.'

"We have plenty of wood at least for gallows,' interposed my brother Harry. 'Cart-loads of men are taken every week to Tyburn. I saw one myself yesterday.'

"For what crimes?' asked the general."

"One for stealing a few yards of ribbon; another for forging a draft for £50,' said Harry."

"Ah,' sighed the general, 'we have not even energy left to commit great crimes!'

"Then,' resumed my great-uncle, 'what authors or artists have we worth the name? Pope, Swift, and Addison, Wren and Kneller,—all are gone. We have not amongst us a man who can make an epic march, or a satire bite, or a cathedral stand, or picture or a statue live. Imitators of imitations, we live at the fag-end of time, without great thinkers, or great thoughts, or great deeds to inspire either.'

"There is a little bookseller called Richardson, who, the ladies say, writes like an angel,' observed my brother Harry; 'and Fielding at all events is a gentleman, and knows something of men and manners.'

"And pretty men and manners they are from what I hear,' was my great-uncle's dolorous response. 'But what are these at best! Not worth

the name of literature; frippery for a lady's drawing-room—no more fit to be called literature than these mandarins or monsters are to be called sculpture.

"Mr. Handel's music has some life in it," replied Harry, roused to opposition (although Harry does not know 'God save the Queen' from 'Rule Britannia!')

"Yes, that is all we are fit for," was the cynical reply,—to put the great songs of our fathers to jingling tunes. We sit stitching tinsel fringes for the grand draperies of the past, and do not see that all the time we are no better than tailors working at our own palls.

"Besides," resumed the old general, 'Handel is no Englishman. The old British stock is dying out, sir. We have nothing left but money to pay Germans to fight for us, and Italians to scream for us.'

"And that is going as fast as it can," interposed papa. 'What public man have we, Whig or Tory, who would not sell his country for a pension, or his soul for a place!'

"Soul, nephew!" said my great-uncle. 'You are using words grown quite obsolete. Who believes in such a thing as the salvation or perdition of the soul in these enlightened times?'

"The Methodists do, at any rate, sir," replied Harry, maliciously; 'and Lady Huntingdon, and my sister Evelyn, and my Cousin Kitty.'

"Harry had drawn all the forces of the enemy on him by this assault.

"Sir," said papa, 'I beg henceforth you never couple your sister's or your cousin's name with those low fanatics. If Evelyn occasionally likes longer sermons than I can stand, she is a dutiful child, and costs me not a moment's anxiety, which is more than can be said for every one; and if she visits the old women at the Manor, so did her grandmother, who lived before a Methodist had been heard of.'

"Methodists!" exclaimed the general, indignantly; 'it was only the other day I was told of one of them, John Nelson, who was enlisted by force, and who would have made as fine a soldier as the King has, but for his confounded Methodism. They actually had to let him off, lest he should bite the other fellows, and make them all as mad as himself. Why, sir, he actually reproved the officers for sweating, and in such a respectful way, the cunning fellow, they could do nothing to him; and when an ensign had him put in prison, and threatened to have him whipped, he seemed as happy there as St. Paul himself. The people come to him night and day to hear him speak and preach. The infection of his fanatical religion spread in every town through which they took him. They could find nothing by which they might keep hold of him; for he was no Dissenter; he professed to delight to go to church more than anything, and to receive the sacrament. And the end of it was, the major had to set him free; and actually was foolish enough to say, if he preached again without making a mob, if he was able, he would go and hear him himself; and he wished all the men were like him. A most dangerous rascal,—a fellow with the strength of a lion and the courage of a veteran; and yet he would rather preach than fight. I would make short work with such fellows, if I had Tyburn in my own hands, with a troop of Marlborough's old soldiers.'

"It would be of no use, sir," replied Harry; 'they would beat you even at Tyburn. I saw a man hung there yesterday as peacefully as if he had been ascending the block for his country or his king. He said, Mr. John Wesley had visited him in the prison, and taught him how to repent of his sins and seek his God, and made him content to die. The people were quite moved, sir.'

"No doubt! the people are always ready enough to be moved," said the general, 'especially by any rogue who is on the point of being hanged. These things should be met silently, sharply, decisively.'

"The Pope has tried that before now, sir," I ventured to suggest, 'and not found it altogether to answer,—at least not in England.'

"True, Evelyn," said my great-uncle, meditatively. 'These outbursts of fanaticism are like epidemics; they will have their time, and then die out. In the Middle Ages, whole troops of men and women used to march through the country, wailing and scourging themselves, and in the wildest state of excitement; but it was let alone, and it passed off; and so it will be with Methodism, no doubt.'

"But, uncle," I said, 'those Methodists do not scourge themselves nor any one else. They only preach to the people about sin, and the judgment-day, and our Saviour.'

"And the people sob, and scream, and faint, and fall into convulsions," said Harry, turning to me.

"Of course," said my great-uncle, 'we are not Papists. Fanaticism will take another form in Protestant countries; and as to ignorant men preaching about sin and the judgment-day, what have they to do with it? I preached them a sermon on that subject myself last Lent, in St. Mary's, and no one sobbed, or fainted, or was at all excited.'

"But, uncle," I said, 'the people who are hanged at Tyburn, and the Yorkshire colliers, cannot come to hear you at St. Mary's.'

"However little it might excite them!" interposed Harry.

"Is it not a good thing, uncle," I continued, 'that some one, however imperfectly, should preach to the people who can't come to hear you at St. Mary's, or who won't?'

"Preach in the fields to those who won't come to church to be taught!" said my great-uncle; 'the next thing will be to take food to the people at home who won't come to the fields to work, and beg them to be so kind as to eat!'

"But, dear uncle," I said, 'the worst of it is, the people who are dying for want of this kind of food don't know it is hunger they are fainting from. You must take them the food before they know it is that they want.'

"Nonsense, Evelyn," he said; 'if they don't know, they ought. I have no notion of pampering and coaxing criminals and beggars in that way. Everything in its place. The pulpit for sermons, and Tyburn for those who won't listen. But how should young women understand these things? There is poor John Wesley, as orderly and practical a man as ever was seen before he was seized with this insanity or imbecility. The times are very evil; the world is turned upside down; and this fanatic outburst of Methodism is one of the worst symptoms of the

times. It is the growth of the stagnant pond,—the deadly growth of a corrupt and decaying age.'

"But, oh! Cousin Kitty, when the world was turned upside down seven-hundred years ago, in that corrupt and decaying age of ancient times, people found at last it was only as a plough turns up the ground for a new harvest.

"And sometimes when I hear what Mr. Hugh Spencer tells me of the multitudes thronging to listen to Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesley, and the other preachers in America and Wales, and among the Cornish miners, and the colliers of the north, and the slaves in the West Indies, and of hearts being awakened to repentance and faith and joy even in condemned cells, it seems to me as if instead of death a new tide of life was rising and rising through the world everywhere, bursting out at every cranny and crevice; as in the spring the power of the green earth bursts up even through the crevices of the London paving-stones, through the black branches of the trees in deserted old squares, through the flower in the broken pot in the sick child's window, making every wretched corner of the city glad with some poor tree or blossom, or plot of grass of its own. But the dead tree, alas! crackles in the wind,—the life-bringing spring wind,—and wonders what all this stir and twittering is about, and moans drily that it is the longest winter the world ever saw, and that it will never be spring again.

"As I did once, and for so long!

"But we have come, have we not, to the Fountain of Life, and this tide of life is not around us only, it is within us, and sometimes the joy is so great it seems quite too great to bear alone!

"I should like to see you all one day, Kitty, and I must, if only to tell Aunt Trevelyan all you have been to your loving cousin,

"EVELYN BEAUCHAMP."

"P. S.—Mamma and I are so much together now, Kitty, I read to her hours together. Every morning, before she gets up, I read the Bible to her; and the other day, when I was a little later than usual, she pointed to her watch, and said in a disappointed tone,—

"You are late, Evelyn, we shall scarcely have any time;" and this very morning she said,—

"I shall be glad when Lent comes. I am tired of seeing so many people, and you and I, child, shall have more time for each other then."

"And then she looked just as she did on that night in the old nursery at Beauchamp Manor when she was watching by Harry's sick-bed and mine."

When I read Evelyn's letter to mother, she said,—

"She seems much delighted with the Methodists, Kitty. It seems to me a little dangerous for so young a woman to have such strong opinions. And I do not quite like her comparing her uncle to a dead tree in a London square. It does not seem respectful or kind. I am afraid she has learned that from the Methodists. I do not like young people to judge their elders in that way. But, poor child, she seems to have her own way too much, and she is affectionate, and so fond of you, Kitty. I am glad you love each other. Kitty, I am afraid you must

have tried her patience sorely with your long stories of your home. She seems to know all about us. But I am very much afraid of those Methodists. I cannot think what we want of a new religion. St. Paul says, though an angel from heaven were to preach another gospel to us, we must not listen to him. What has Mr. Wesley to say that the Bible and the Prayer Book do not say,—and Thomas a Kempis and Bishop Taylor? Betty went to hear the Methodists, and since then, for the first time in her life, she has twice spoilt the Sunday's dinner in cooking it. Evelyn, perhaps, has learned some good things from these people, but my Kitty will not want any other religion than that she has learned from her childhood,—in her Bible, and from the Church, and in this little closet from her mother's lips. Only more of it, Kitty,—more faith, and hope, and charity, more than ever I had, or perhaps can hope to have, more, but not something else."

I could only assure mother, what I feel so deeply, that I could never wish for anything but to grow year by year more like what she is.

(To be continued.)

### The Codfish.

STRETCHING away to the east and south of Newfoundland are what are known as the Grand Banks, a shelving of the sea or uprising of the bottom, giving in their shallowest part a depth of only from 100 to 200 feet. They extend some 600 miles from north to south, and 200 to 300 miles from east to west. They are enveloped in almost perpetual fogs, and in early summer beset with icebergs drifting from the north. Ever since the early discovery and settlement of this country they have been the principal cod-fishing grounds of the world. Millions of tons of fish have been taken, and though in some seasons the catch has been short, leading to the apprehension that the supply was being exhausted, they have again appeared in undiminished numbers. The cod being a sea fish exclusively, never appearing in fresh waters, its nature and habits are not as well known as those varieties which visit the rivers emptying into the ocean. It is, however, pretty well established that during cold weather they retire to the depths of the ocean, reappearing in the shallower water on the advance of warm weather, and that the female deposits her spawn during the summer. They are taken with a hook and line, the bait used being squid, a miniature species of devil fish, and one or two small fishes of the herring family, which swarm the coast during the fishing-season and are readily taken up with dip-nets. The cod, though large and muscular, is by no means a game fish, giving but one or two feeble pulls: at the hook when biting, and hauling to the surface like a dead weight. While most abundant, and averaging larger at the northernmost portion of the Grand Banks, the cod, during the summer appears in the waters off the coast as far south as New York. In former years they were quite plentiful off the New England coast, and quite a large business in cod-fishing was done; but of late years they have greatly diminished.

When you bury an old animosity never mind a tombstone.



Hush!

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,  
 "For my heart beats loud and fast,  
 But surely, in the far far distance,  
 I can hear a sound at last."  
 "It is only the reapers singing,  
 As they carry home their sheaves,  
 And the evening breeze has risen,  
 And rustles the dying leaves."  
 "Listen! there are voices talking."  
 Calmly still she strove to speak,  
 Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,  
 And the red flushed in her cheek.  
 "It is only the children playing  
 Below, now their work is done,  
 And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled  
 By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice and weaker,  
 As with anxious eyes she cried,  
 "Down the avenue of chestnuts  
 I can hear a horseman ride."  
 "It was only the deer that were feeding  
 In a herd on the clover grass:  
 They were startled and fled to the thicket  
 As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,  
 Birds lay in their leafy nest,  
 And the deer crouched in the forest,  
 And the children were at rest;  
 There was only a sound of weeping  
 From watchers around a bed,  
 But rest to the weary spirit,  
 Peace to the quiet dead!  
 —Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

B.C. 4] LESSON II. (July 10)  
 THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Mat. 2. 13-23. Memory verses, 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He delivered me, because he delighted in me. Psa. 18. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. From Bethlehem to Egypt.
2. From Egypt to Nazareth.

TIME.—4 B.C. The flight and the return could not have been far apart. Perhaps the time of the lesson may reach into the following year, which would make it as we have dated, 3 B.C.

PLACES.—Bethlehem. The land of Egypt. Nazareth in Galilee.

RULERS.—Same as in last lesson. Herod the Great dies, and his son becomes tetrarch, his kingdom being divided among his sons, no one of whom was a king, as he had been.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The lesson follows lesson first as closely as one part of a story can follow another. The time that elapsed could not have been long.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The angel of the Lord*—A messenger, who, by some manifestation, made Joseph know his child's danger and the course to pursue. *He was mocked*—His command disregarded. They had learned what they desired from him, and he was angry that they had made him no return. *In all the coasts*—By coast we mean seashore. But here coast means the near environs, the edges of the town. *According to the time*—Children of the age that they had computed the new-born king to be. Herod knew he could not be two years old, and he knew he was more than a very few days old. So he was very thorough.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. From Bethlehem to Egypt.  
 What was the expectation of Herod when the Magi left him?  
 What is shown of the man's nature by his following acts?  
 What was his purpose?  
 Was his act necessary to accomplish his purpose?  
 How was it thwarted?  
 Who was the prophet who uttered the words of ver. 16?

Were these words spoken originally of Jesus?

How, then, do they fulfil prophecy?  
 What was the service which, in God's providence, Joseph rendered to the world?

2. From Egypt to Nazareth.

What is the distance from Egypt to Nazareth?

Under what guidance were all of Joseph's movements which concerned this child?

In what year did Herod die?

Did Joseph show distrust of God's power by going to Nazareth, instead of Bethlehem?

Did he not literally fulfil God's command, while he, at the same time, used his own judgment?

Why was it safer in Nazareth?

Was there any prophecy such as Matthew cites?

How will you explain this?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Herod's plan was well laid. He thought he had slain the new-born king.

The child's friend was greater than his foe. Joseph was not a great man, nor a rich, nor a learned; but he took Mary to Bethlehem; he carried the child to Egypt; he made him secure in Nazareth. He served faithfully. We can do no more.

God's sovereignty, man's freedom, to Nazareth, Joseph's free act, that it might be fulfilled; God's long-formed plan.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study out the political condition of Palestine on Herod's death. how the different parts were governed.
2. Notice the evidences that the departure from Bethlehem was hurried: and the departure from Egypt leisurely made. There are certainly two evidences of each.
3. Locate Nazareth in a mental map of Palestine. Jesus passed twenty-eight years or more in that town. Get the sea, the mountains, the towns all fixed and familiar, so you can draw the whole on slate or paper in a moment.
4. Write ten questions on this lesson and their answers such as you would ask were you teaching it.
5. Learn every other fact about the life of Jesus to this time, not told by Matthew, but told by Luke, chaps. 1 and 2.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's watchful care.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

2. Who is the Redeemer of mankind?  
 Our Lord Jesus Christ.  
 Galatians iii. 13; Ephesians i. 7; 1 Thesalonians i. 10; Matthew xx. 28; Colossians i. 14; 1 Peter i. 18.

A. D. 26] LESSON III. (July 17)

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Mat. 3. 1-12. Memory verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance. Mat. 3. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Man.
2. The Ministry.

TIME.—26 A. D. Just before the opening of Christ's public life.

PLACE.— beyond Jordan, at the fords. He seems to have preached in all the vicinity of Jordan, moving slowly northward.

RULERS.—Tiberius is Augustus Caesar now; Pontius Pilate rules Judea; Herod Antipas in Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The years have gone slowly by. The baby at Nazareth is a man now. Once only in all these years has the figure passed across their path. He was a boy then of twelve, and in Jerusalem questioning the Rabbis in the temple. The air is full of strange, indefinable influence. The doctors say the fulness of time draws nigh. All at once a voice breaks on their ear from the wilderness of Judea, "The voice of one crying, Prepare ye the way of the Lord." He begins to baptize those who throng to hear his preaching. Let us join them, too.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Preaching*—Not such preaching as ours nowadays, but exhortations to reform, like those of the prophets. *Repent ye*—That is, reform; turn again to God; change your lives. *Kingdom of heaven*—Or the expected kingdom of Jehovah, long promised, and long hoped for. *The voice of one*—This means, I am the man who was to

cry in the wilderness, etc. *Raiment of camel's hair*—Clothing woven from camel's hair. A coarse kind of cloth worn by peasants. *Meat eats locusts and wild honey*—This shows how poor he was, and how, in appetites he was allied to the wandering Bedouins. They still live in the same way. *Generation of vipers*—Nation of evil doers. *The axe is laid*—The axe at the root meant overthrow and ruin. This was John's way of warning against sin. It was true. It was a Roman axe. *Whose shoes, etc.*—John says he is not worthy even to be the slave of the coming king. *Whose fan is in his hand*—The fan, or shovel, for winnowing was used to separate wheat from chaff. *He will . . . purge his floor*—The work of Christ is thus compared to the common work of the Jewish farmer, all the details of the act of winnowing and storing grain and destroying chaff are given. It meant that the king should also be a judge.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Man.

Who was the man who is introduced by this lesson?

Why is he introduced?

Where had his life been passed previous to this preaching? Luke 1. 80.

From what order of society had he sprung?

What relation was he to Jesus?

Did John know Jesus personally?

What position did Jesus assign to him among men?

What was his end?

2. His Ministry.

To what classes did John preach?

How was his preaching received?

Why were men so ready to be baptized by him?

What was the subject of his preaching?

What was the effect of his preaching?

What was the character of his preaching?

How was his preaching a preparation for the Lord's coming?

What has been in almost every age the reception given to the preaching of the stern reformer?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The one thing needful in John's time to prepare for Christ's coming was repentance. Times have not changed at all. John believed in the Ten Commandments. He did not think them relics of a long past age.

He preached: Do no violence; accuse none falsely; be content with wages, that is, "covet not;" exact no more than that which is appointed, that is, "do not steal." He believed in fruit-bearing as a sign of repentance.

He did not believe in universal salvation. There was wheat and chaff.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find twenty different things asserted in this lesson about John the Baptist.
2. Compare John's personal appearance with that of Elijah.
3. Find five elements of character shown by him.
4. Write down all the different things that John said at any time in his life that are recorded.
5. Does any of them furnish evidence that even he doubted concerning Christ?

CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. Who is Jesus Christ?

Jesus Christ is the eternal Son of God, who became man, and so was, and continues to be, God and man, in two distinct natures and one Person for ever.

John i. 1; John. i. 14; 1 Timothy ii. 5.

A SMALL boy in South Carolina raises canary birds, and gives the proceeds of their sale to the Board of Foreign Missions. In three years this enterprising and benevolent young person has thus gathered and given about a hundred dollars.

THE late William Burns, the devoted missionary in China during the rebel movements in the Amoy districts, was free to go where he liked, when no other European could venture near the rebels. "That's the man of the Book," they would say, "and he must not be touched."



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