

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

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

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

ROBERT SMITH - CO. TORONTO

Pictures from Spain.

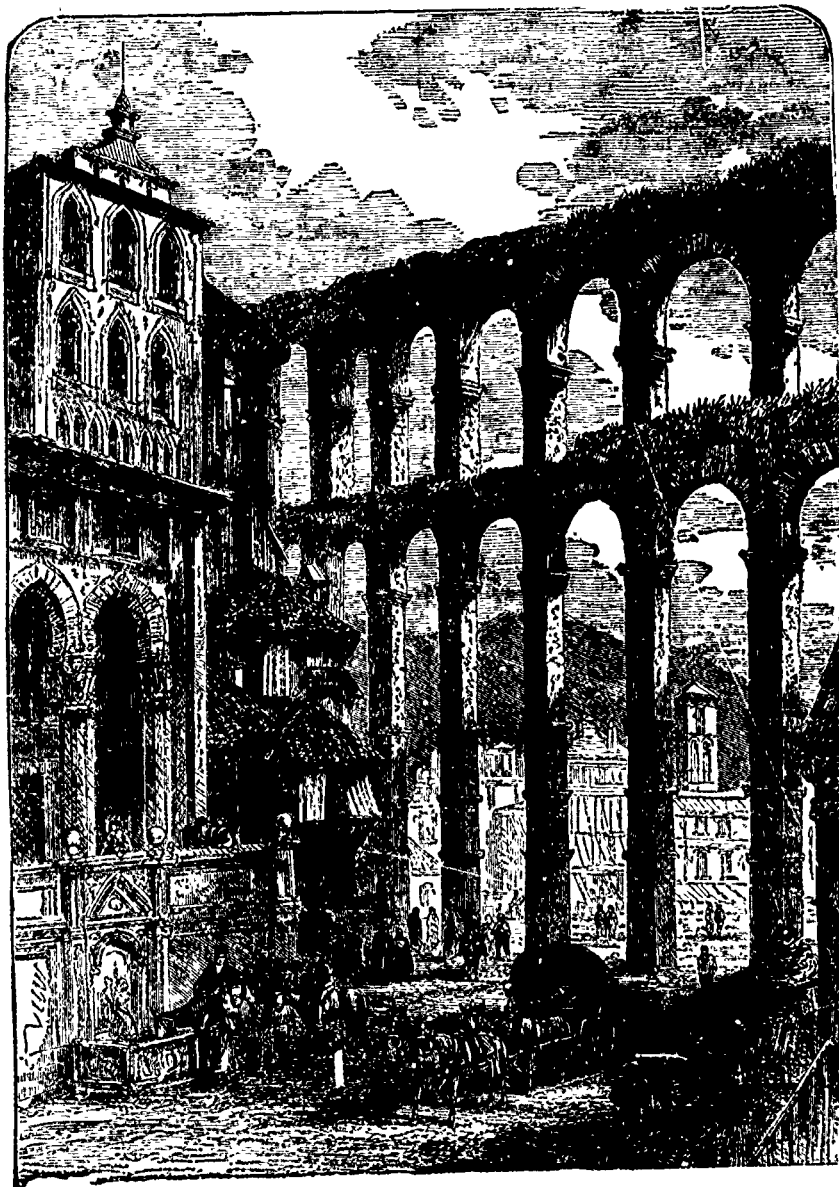
BY THE EDITOR.

"AFRICA begins with the Pyrenees," says a French proverb; and certainly in crossing that mountain barrier one seems to have entered another continent rather than another country. Everything has a strange, half-oriental look. The blazing summer sun, the broad and arid plains, the dried-up river-beds,* and sterile and verdureless mountains, have all a strikingly African appearance. Indeed, it has been said that geologically Spain is an extension of the Sahara. In the country is heard the creaking of the Moorish water-wheel, and in the hotels servants are summoned, as in the tales of the Arabian Nights, by the clapping of hands.

Everywhere the traveller is struck by the contrast between the past and present. Three hundred years ago the Spanish monarchy was the most powerful in the world. The sun never set upon her dominions, and the eastern and western hemispheres poured their wealth into her lap. Now decay and desolation are everywhere apparent. We are confronted with the evidences of a glorious past and an ignoble present. What their ancestors built the degenerate descendants do not even keep in repair. What is the secret of this national decay? "Only one reply," says an intelligent tourist, "is possible. The iniquitous Inquisition crushed out all freedom alike of thought and action. Jew, Moor, and Protestant were sentenced to the flames." Poverty, ignorance, and superstition are the present characteristics of the mass of the people.

Yet no one can travel through this now degraded land without stirrings of soul at its chivalric traditions, and its famous history. For eight hundred

* "What! has the river run away, too!" asked the French troops when they entered Madrid. "Pour it into the Manzanares, it has more need of it than I," said a Spanish youth, fainting at a bull-fight, in quaint parody on Sir Philip Sidney, when a cup of water was handed him.



OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT, SEGOVIA.

years it fought the battles of Christendom against the Moor. The story of its knightly champion, the Cid Campeador, still stirs the pulses, and the tender Moorish lays of love suffuse the eyes with tears. The Moorish architecture, with its graceful arabesques, horse-shoe arches, and fretted vaults, finds its culmination in the fairy loveliness of the Alhambra, the most exquisite ruin in Europe. The wonderful development of Saracenic influence in Spain is one of the most

striking events in history. When the rest of Europe was sunken in ignorance, fair and flourishing cities—Cordova, Granada, Seville, Segovia, Toledo—with their famous mosques, colleges, palaces, and castellated strongholds, attested the splendour of the brilliant but short-lived exotic Mahometan civilization of the land.

The pride and dignity and punctilious etiquette of the Spaniard has passed into a proverb. Even the railway porters address each other as

"Your distinguished excellency," "Your honourable highness." The gloomy bigotry which seemed incarnated in Philip II., appears to brood over society, and nowhere is the antipathy to Protestantism more intense than in Spain.

There are in Spain a great number of gypsies—that mysterious people whose origin and history are the standing puzzle of the ethnologist. They are the same clever, unscrupulous, thieving charlatans that they are elsewhere in Europe. George Burrows, the distinguished Bible Society agent in Spain, who shared for years the wandering life of the gypsies, has given an interesting account of their manners and customs. The sinister qualities of the race betray themselves in the countenance of the men, as shown in the portrait of the chief, figured in our engraving.

In Ebro, "La Catedral del Pilar" is so called because it has in it an ugly little image of the Virgin Mary standing on a jasper pillar, and holding a child in her arms; which virgin, child, and pillar, the Catholics say, were brought from heaven by angels, the virgin herself coming with them, to the Apostle James, who happened to be sleeping on this very spot. Of course she told St. James he must build a church there, and afterwards this great cathedral, with eleven domes and two towers, said to be the largest in Spain, was built on the same spot.

The image, surrounded by ever-burning lights, and enclosed in a magnificent shrine, is the greatest object of superstitious veneration in all Spain. Hundreds of girls in

Spain are named "Pilar," from the "heaven-descended" image and pillar. Thousands of pilgrims come every year from all parts of the country, give their offerings of silver and gold, and kiss the small portion of the jasper pillar which is left exposed for the purpose. The jewellery and fancy shops of the city are full of wood, copper, brass, silver, and gold imitations of virgin and pillar. She is another Diana, and "Great is Diana of the Zaragozaans," at least in

the opinion of the silversmiths. The 12th of October is the anniversary of the descent of the virgin, and on this day 50,000 pilgrims have been known to flock into Zaragoza.

A few steps from the cathedral is the ancient leaning tower of Zaragoza, which, like the tower of Pisa, leans far out from the perpendicular. From its summit there is a fine view of the many-towered city, the olive and vine-clad plains around, the canal lined with poplars and willows, the winding Ebro, and the snow-crowned Pyrenees to the north.

The city is surrounded by a wall, and one of the gates, the Portillo, was defended during the war with Napoleon, in 1808, by the famous "Maid of Zaragoza." Her name was Augustina, and she died in extreme old age in 1857. During the siege of Zaragoza by the French, in 1808 and 1809, when over 50,000 of the inhabitants perished, she distinguished herself by her heroic participation in the severest encounters with the enemy. She was called *la Artillera*, from having snatched a match from the hands of a dying gunner and discharged the piece at the invaders. For her services she was made a sub-lieutenant in the Spanish army, and has been immortalized in art and poetry.

A Consecrated Life.

BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"SPLENDID to be so near the gates of heaven!" These words come back to us from the lips of one in sight of the beautiful city. With her hand clasped in that of the dear Saviour, who had never failed her, she went down into the valley of shadows, murmuring, "So beautiful to go." It was most fitting that the life of this chastened, consecrated woman should close amidst the sweet fragrance of the summer flowers, and that her grave should be made beneath the radiant smiles of the skies of June.

Looking backward over the path this lovely Christian woman trod, we find tokens of her ministry in the grateful hearts of those she met by the wayside. The precious name of Frances Ridley Havergal will live in the deeds she has done, and the words that she has spoken, long after thrones shall have crumbled in the dust, and suns and stars shall have set to rise no more.

In the vine-clad rectory of Astley, Worcestershire, England, this noble woman first saw the light of day, December 14, 1836. Here her father, William Henry Havergal, ministered to his little congregation for more than a score of years. It was from him that this young child inherited her poetical and musical genius. Outwardly, her childhood was one long summer day; but underneath this smooth surface there ran a current of unrest—a desire to possess something that would bring peace at all time. These unsatisfying hours were often

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

The loss of her mother, when she was but eleven, was the one great sorrow of her childhood. Into the darkened chamber of death she crept many times during those sad days; and drawing aside the curtains, rained tears and kisses upon the dear, cold face, half expecting to see the lovely eyes open and smile upon her, and the pale cheek grow warm under the caresses lavished upon it.

It was not until she saw the funeral procession winding slowly out of the rectory gate, and turning into the church, that she realized that she was indeed motherless. "Oh mamma! mamma! mamma!" she cried. In that desolate heart there was room for no word but that one, "mamma!"

Though the longings and sighings after a higher, holier life, were ever present, it was not until the February after she had completed her fifteenth year that she found that blessed rest for which she had been striving.

She mastered French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and in Wales she learned enough Welsh from her donkey-girl to follow in the church-service. She taught herself harmonies by reading the "Treatise," and working out the exercises on her pillow at night. The Bible she studied early and late, memorizing whole books of its precious readings. Her musical genius was of such a high order that she was urged to make music her life vocation; but her voice, as well as her hands and feet, and lips, and heart, she consecrated to her King. Possessing rare grace and beauty of person, in connection with a mind so richly stored, and capable of such a high degree of enjoyment, she turned from the smiles and praises of the world to do "wee bits of work by the wayside" for the Master.

So great was her passion for usefulness, that her sweet Sabbaths of rest came only when she was confined to her couch by sickness. When, by the burning of a large publishing-house, she lost her appendix to "Grace and Glory," she recognized that God had a "turned lesson" for her to learn in re-doing old work instead of taking up new. "Thy will be done" was to her "a song," and not a "sigh." Often there would be a stop put to her work by the withholding of the gift of verse. She says, "The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold into my possession, and said, 'Now use it as you like;' but he keeps the gold, and gives it me, piece by piece, just when he will, and how much as he will, and no more." "My King suggests a thought, and whispers me a line or two, and then I look up, and thank him delightedly, and go on with it."

"Toll it out among the heathen," came to her like a flash, being suggested by the title hymn of her Prayer-book. Consecration Hymn was written in a thrill of rapturous thanksgiving, when dear friends, for whom she had been praying, came trembling to the foot of the cross. Year by year she realized more and more fully her closing words: "Ever only, all for thee."

Her wish "to glorify him every step of the way," found abundant fulfillment in her peaceful endurance of the intense suffering appointed her, as in the triumphant death that crowned her victory over the last enemy.

A severe cold, contracted while engaged in temperance work, developed dangerous symptoms which, in spite of the best medical skill, soon proved fatal. On the 2nd of June, 1879, at Caswell Bay, Swansea, Wales, she entered into life more abundant.

She "being dead, yet speaketh."

The Old Man in the Model Church.

WIFE, wife! I've found the model church! I worshipped there to-day! It made me think of good old times before my hairs were grey; The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were years ago, But then I felt, when in, it wasn't built for show. The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door; He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor; He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew. I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring. The preacher said with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing!" The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled, Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold. My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire; I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir, And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all." I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more; I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore; I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form, And anchor in that blessed port forever from the storm. The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said. I know it wasn't written: I know it wasn't read. He hadn't time to read it, for the lightning of his eye Went flashin' long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by. The sermon wasn't flowery: 'twas simple gospel truth; It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth; 'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed; 'Twas full of invitations to Christ and not to creed. The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews,

He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pews; And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear That told me hell was some ways off, and heaven very near. How swift the golden moments within that holy place! How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face! Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend— "When congregations 'ar break up, and Sabbath has no end." I hope to meet that minister—that congregation, too— In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue; I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' grey, The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day. Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory soon be won; The shinin' goal is just ahead! the race is nearly run; O'er the river we are nearin'; they are throngin' to the shore, To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

Wellington.

THE DUKE was well acquainted with his Bible, and valued it. Many years ago, when—before Sir Arthur Wellesley—a brother officer was speaking sneeringly of the Bible, and ridiculing the idea of its being a revelation from God, he abruptly said, "S—, have you read *Paley's Evidences*? If you have not, I advise you to read them. I once thought as you now think; but I read Paley, and am convinced." The officer afterwards became one of the holiest men in the British army, and thanked the Duke of Wellington for his timely reproof. You may have heard me speak of my visit to Walmer Castle, and observing that a number of his books in his bedroom-library were on divinity, and by the most evangelical writers. On a little round table, close by his plain iron bedstead, were always to be found four apparently well-handled books. One was the Book of books—the Word of God; another was Leighton's *Commentary on Peter*; a third, Howe's *Living Temple*; and the fourth, Baxter's *Saints' Rest*. "Who could desire better books for the soul of such a man? and he kept nothing for mere show—the books were for use, not ornament.

The following is illustrative of his kindness and humanity: "Early in the morning after the battle of Waterloo," says Dr. Hume, "on entering his room, he sat up in his bed while I reported to him the casualties that had come to my knowledge. He grasped my hand, and seemed deeply affected; and I felt the tears falling fast on my hand, and, looking up, I saw them coursing down his dusky cheeks. He suddenly brushed them away with his left hand, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed, 'Well, thank God, I know not what it is to lose a battle, but it is painful to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends.'"

The Home Bird's Song.

BY THE REV. MAGEE PRATT.

The birds have no song. They are voiceless and mute

As a broken harp, or a stringless lute;
And though their colours are bright and fair,
They miss the best charm a bird can bare
To those who never have heard the lay,
The home bird's carol at close of day.
Or at early morning known them call
The sun from his hiding to light them all;
It's almost useless for me to tell
Of the tuneful voices I love so well.
But had I though I own that varied and grand
Are the many charms of this pleasant land,
The people must miss such a wondrous thing,
They've ne'er heard a sweet sound. The
birds never sing.

How cheering the thought when the sky-
lark rose
From his grassy nest in the meadow close,
And mounted aloft to the azure sky,
Chanting his love song, clear and high,
That so I should rise from the lowly earth,
And take to the heavens that gave it birth,
The perfect strain of the finished song;
The first few notes of which so long
We tried to sing, that men might hear
The music sweet of a nobler sphere.
But here I may listen, and listen in vain,
To catch the soft notes of its song again,
For as the bright air they cleave on the wing,
They are voiceless and mute. The birds
never sing.

And often I've wandered, when day was
done,
With a saddened heart and silent tongue,
And mused on the wasted hours, long past
For ever from me, till my tears fell fast.
And all at once, as a message from God,
The voice of the nightingale echoed abroad
In wordless enchantment, so potent a spell,
That, cheered by its song, my voice joined
to swell
The anthem of praise, that in night's black-
est hour
Bore witness to men of God's mercy and
power.
But here I may wander in passion and pain
Through shadow and gloom; and listen in
vain,
For never again through my sad heart shall
ring
Its message of love. The birds never sing.

A Memorable Service.

THE EX-PUPILS OF RICHMOND STREET
CHURCH SABBATH-SCHOOL HOLD
THEIR LAST MEETING IN
THE OLD BUILDING.

THE Richmond Street Methodist church, which is about to terminate its long career of usefulness as a place of worship, was on Sunday afternoon, March 18th, the scene of a very affecting gathering. Within the old walls were assembled about 600 persons, past and present scholars of the Sabbath-school, some of whom had come a long distance to attend the valedictory service of the school. The singing of favourite hymns and short addresses from grey-haired ex-pupils made the two hours' service seem very brief.

The school was first organized in George Street in 1832, with Mr. George Bilton as superintendent. In 1858 Mr. W. H. Pearson accepted the management of the school, and retained it without a break to the present time. In its day the school has turned out a long list of ministers, superintendents, teachers and church members. It is

estimated that during the 56 years the school has been altogether in existence from 8000 to 10,000 pupils have passed through it.

Gathered around Mr. Pearson on the flower-embowered platform were the present pastor, Rev. John Pickering, Rev. M. Pearson, Rev. R. W. Woodworth, Rev. Tho. Cullen, Rev. Hugh Johnston, Rev. E. A. Stafford, Rev. George Cornish, LL.D., Rev. W. W. Edwards, Rev. J. M. Wilkinson, Rev. J. Tamblin, Rev. W. H. Withrow, Messrs. R. Wilkins, J. Jennings, A. Brown, T. G. Mason, W. Gooderham, W. Edwards, R. Pratt, E. M. Morphy, R. H. Clark and Ald. Baxter. In the audience were many well-known faces now associated with other Methodist congregations.

Supt. Pearson said that as he looked around on his audience he was filled with peculiar emotions. Those before him were very different from what they were when he first saw them. When he looked at the young men and women before him he could hardly believe that they had passed through his hands when young children, and that many of them had been taken by him from the infant class to form junior Sabbath-school classes. He was thankful to Almighty God that they had all been spared to the present day. Many of the old scholars were now filling influential places in the world, but what was of far more importance, they had given their hearts to God and were fighting their way to mansions in the skies. When asked by the pastor to organize some memorial meetings he felt that nothing could be more profitable than a grand gathering of the old school children, because he believed it might be made a time of special power and gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. If there was one thing he desired outside the conversion of the members of his own family it was the salvation of all his Sunday-school children. It was some pleasure to know, after over thirty years' service, that there was not one towards whom he entertained an unkind feeling and he did not know of any who felt unkindly towards him. The school had a good record. He knew of many scores and hundreds of children who had been brought to God in it. Some of the ministers on the platform dated their conversion from the time they attended old Richmond Street Sunday-school. There had been a blessed outpouring of the Spirit last Sunday and a large number of the children had promised that they would live for God. There was a gentleman in the audience who had belonged to the old George Street school in 1832, which was before many of those present were born. There were eighteen Pearsons present—not all his family, though—(laughter)—as only eight of them belonged to him. The school had sent out 37 Methodist ministers.

After singing "Shall we Gather at the River," Rev. W. W. Edwards, of Dorchester, spoke. He claimed to be

a twin brother of the church, as he was born the same year in which the corner-stone had been laid—in 1844. He attended the Sabbath-school, was converted there, and preached his trial sermon for the ministry in the old school-room. He led the audience in singing a number of old time hymns.

Mr. William Gooderham was a secretary of the school in 1843, and this service made him feel that he was getting old. He told the young people that when Neil, the murderer, was asked what led him to enter upon his evil course, he replied "bad company," and this should be a solemn warning to them.

Mr. R. H. Clark, an old Sabbath-school teacher, said he thanked God for his early connection with the school and church, for in them he had often been helped in his upward course.

Mr. Fred Warrington, another old scholar, gave a sacred solo, after which the programme was interrupted to allow the presentation of a handsomely illuminated and framed address to Mr. Pearson from the scholars and teachers on the occasion of his retirement from the Sabbath-school superintendency after a service of nearly 30 years.

Mr. Pearson replied very briefly and feelingly, and remarked that his connection with the school had been the most happy period of his life. The audience then broke into a verse of "Shall we Gather at the River."

Mr. John Dillon, of Montreal, who had been a scholar, teacher and secretary of the school, recalled a few facts, notably the election of Mr. Pearson to the position of superintendent.

Ald. John Baxter attended the first Sabbath-school of the church in George Street. There were only about half a dozen present who went to school with him. He was thankful to say that through all his career the germ of Christianity that was then sown had never left him.

Mr. Richard Brown, who is now superintendent of Sherbourne Street Methodist church, spoke a few words about his early connection with Richmond Street.

Mr. Alex. Brown was a pupil of Mr. Pearson 33 years ago. He said that his attendance at the school had followed and blessed him all through life. The present meeting was not a funeral, but rather a grand transplanting bee. He prayed that the blessed work might still go on in the new church.

Mr. James Jennings, whom Mr. Pearson introduced as having stood up with him at marriage, related his connection with the school and his conversion in it. Mr. E. M. Morphy spoke with much effect, as did also the Rev. Hugh Johnston.

As it was impossible to get through the programme, it was decided to continue it at the evening service. The morning service was conducted by Rev. James Woodsworth.

The closing of this old church does

not mean the cessation of religious work on this historic ground. It means rather the extension of that influence in another form. It often happens that old churches become converted into theatres or dime shows, not so with old Richmond Street. It becomes the headquarters of the publishing, missionary and other departmental work of the Methodist Church. As a Sunday-school agency this old centre will be the source whence shall issue a continual stream of hallowed influence, reaching from Bermuda to Japan. From its presses shall pour out 150,000 printed pages of Sunday-school papers and lesson helps every day, besides the weekly issues of the grand old *Guardian* and the other periodicals of our Church. This is not the death of Methodism on this spot, it is rather its rejuvenation—the beginning of a new epoch, of an era of wider usefulness and permanent blessing.

"Five Minutes More to Live."

A YOUNG man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold! The noose had been adjusted around his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, as you have but five minutes more to live." What awful words for a young man to hear, in full health and vigour!

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears, and said, with sobbing, "I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk, the first time. I found my little brother gathering strawberries. I got angry with him, without cause, and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I awoke the next day and found myself guarded. They told me, when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with his blood and brains. Whiskey has done it. It has ruined me. I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, never, NEVER touch anything that can intoxicate!"

Think what one indulgence in drink may do! This youth was not an habitual drunkard. Shun the deadly cup which steals away your senses before you are aware of it; for you cannot know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence. —*Sunday-School Messenger.*

Do not be desirous to have things done quickly; do not look at small advantages. Desire to have things done quickly prevents their being done thoroughly. Looking at small advantages prevents great affairs from being accomplished.—*Confucius.*

On the Shore.

Beyond those sunset bars of gold,
Which light the waves of the purple sea,
Near the crystal river, the pearly gate,
I know you are watching and waiting for me.

Not weary, not fearful, for time with you
Is never measured by lingering years,
And the golden points on the dial's face
Are numbered by smiles, and not by tears.

To-night, as I walk on the lonely shore,
And list to the mournful surges' beat,
I think of the music that falls on your ear,
Of the beautiful blossoms that lie at your feet.

And 'tis joy to know that no grief of mine
Can darken a brow so bright and fair;
Yet I sometimes fancy my spirit can feel
A gleam from the glorious radiance there.

A boat will lie shortly on yonder wave,
The boatman be drowsing toward the shore;
His call of warning I soon shall hear,
And the soft, low splash of his ready oar.

He will bear me safely, his arm is strong,
Till the walls of the golden gate I see;
And when I reach it your task is done,
There is no more watching and waiting for me.

—Argosy.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Western, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly ..	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp., 8vo.	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies ..	0 16
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies ..	0 16
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month ..	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.
C. W. COATES, S. F. HURDIE,
2 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal. Halifax, N. S.

Home and School

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

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1888.

Crowned with Works.

RICHMOND STREET METHODIST CHURCH
CLOSING.

A MAGNIFICENT CAREER.

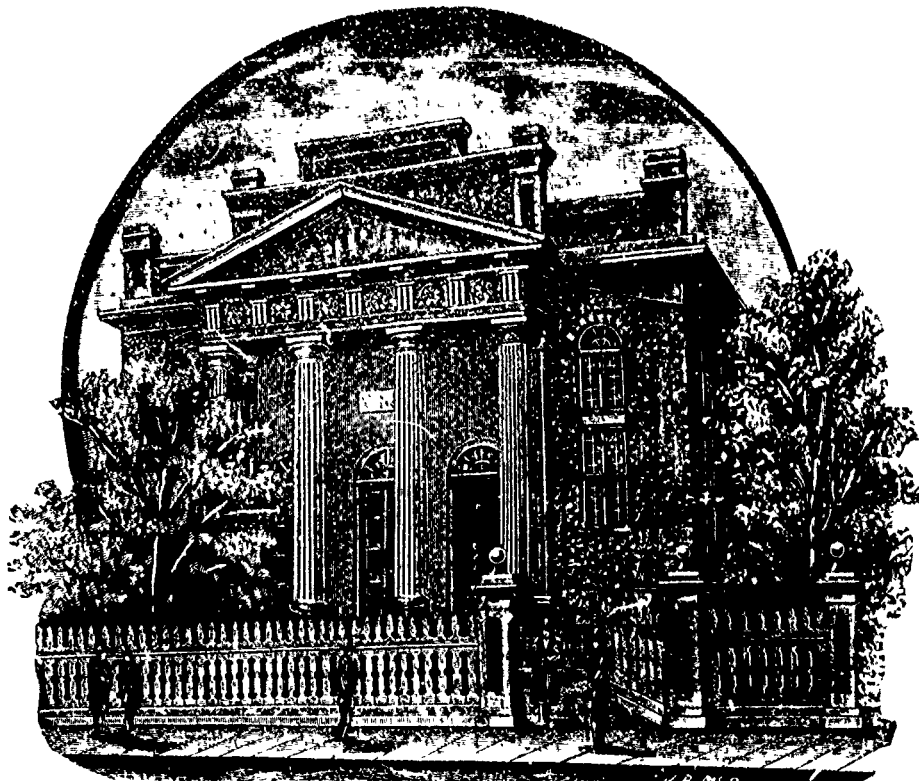
This church is not only the oldest Methodist church now in use in the city of Toronto, but was for years the centre and life of Canadian Methodism. The teachings of the Wesleys were first brought to "Little York" by zealous missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and under their supervision a clapboard chapel, forty feet square, was erected in 1818, in the fields just south of King Street, near Jordan Street. The growth of the membership—it begun with eight—necessitated the building, in 1832, of a handsome brick church on the

south-east corner of Toronto and Adelaide Streets, with a seating capacity of some 1,200; while another portion of the congregation, anxious to unite with the British Wesleyan Conference, were taken charge of by the Rev. D. Fraser, a very devoted missionary of that body, and provided themselves with a neat frame chapel on George Street. Here it is that the Richmond Street congregation claim their birth.

The first pastor in charge was the Rev. John Barry, a member of the British Conference, and he was followed in rapid succession until 1837 by eight other clergymen, among whom were John Hunt and John Bredin—men whose days of usefulness are not yet numbered. In 1833, a large portion of the Canadian Church, including the Adelaide Street charge, had united with the British Conference—hence the George Street people came back to their old home on Adelaide Street, in 1837, but to be driven out again in 1840, when the British Union was dissolved.

The "Britishers," as they called themselves, early felt the necessity of a larger building, but were unable to satisfy their ambition until the Trustee Board was bequeathed a handsome amount by Thomas Clark, a whole-hearted Englishman, originally from Stockport, who actually willed all his immense property to the Church, only reserving an annuity to his wife, which, at her death, also reverted to the building fund. A cenotaph on the eastern wall of the present church preserves the memory of this generous donor. The corner-stone of the new building was laid on the 20th of August, 1844, and the completed edifice solemnly dedicated on June 29th of the following year, by the Rev. Dr. Matthew Richey, who had earned the honour by rallying the little flock after the division in 1840, and guiding them to this successful fruition.

The vitality of this congregation was unmistakably evidenced very early in their history, by their heroic efforts to plant missions about the city during the day of their severest adversity. In 1840, successful branches were started in Yorkville and on Queen Street, which have since both become flourishing churches, and now boast missions of their own care. The first pastor, after unruffled peace had soothed the feelings of the religious partisans, was the firmly-gentle "steel-invested" Dr. Rice, afterwards General Superintendent of a United Canadian Methodism. Then follow the names of Davis, Squire, and Wilkinson, when the inspired evangelist, Caughey,



RICHMOND STREET CHURCH, TORONTO.

conducted a tremendous revival, the memory of which still lives in Methodist homes throughout the Dominion. A host of names follow upon the pastoral roll, all more or less well known,—for it was a proud thing in that day to minister to this metropolitan congregation; but the reader of the present will perhaps know best such as George McRitchie, Dr. Geo. Douglas, W. R. Parker, Dr. Briggs, Wm. Stevenson, Dr. Young, Dr. George Cochran, Dr. Hunter, Dr. Sutherland, Hugh Johnston, Isaac Tovell, Thos. Cullen, and the present pastor, John Pickering.

It will be a task fit for eternity to measure and weigh the benign influences spread abroad by this church. In the city of Toronto alone there have come from its loins at least eleven distinct churches, while it has contributed, more or less, to every other congregation. Throughout the Dominion—in Methodist communities everywhere—there are ex-members of this church and ex-pupils of its Sunday-school; and it is little wonder that the officials of the church expected a rare "gathering of the clans" during the closing services of the last two Sabbaths of March.

Fears have been expressed very often, as Toronto grew away from the old church, that its historic congregation would be forced to disband, and it was a matter of rejoicing to the National Church when this doubting spirit was given the quietus, and it was decided to build a successor—the third link in the chain—on McCaul Street. The lecture-room is already up, and was opened on the first Sabbath in April, and the entire church-house is expected to be ready with the incoming of the winter.

[See account of closing Sunday-school service in this old church, on page 67.]

Gladstone's View.

This eminent English statesman says:—"If asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life, as the power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions, I must point him to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called 'The Old, Old Story,' told of in an old, old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind."

These are the words of a Christian philosopher. There is but one remedy for human woe, the wide world over, and that is contained in "The old, old story of Jesus and his love."

Blessed indeed are the ears that have heard "The story," and a thousand times more blessed the heart that has, by a childlike faith, accredited it. How swift should be our feet to run, and our mouths to tell the story to the millions who have not heard it!

Messrs. Cassell & Company have ready a Life of the late Emperor of Germany, by Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent. The early chapters have been in type several weeks, but the book has been held back in anticipation of the sad event that has plunged all Germany in sorrow. The Emperor William's life covers ninety years, and he has played an important part in the world's history, having helped to defeat the first Napoleon when a lad of seventeen, and having driven the Third Napoleon from France in his old age. Mr. Forbes' graphic pen has never had a better opportunity than in the writing of this book, and it is doubtful if the German Emperor will ever have a more brilliantly written biography.



IN LIQUOR ALLEY.

The Story of the Children's Home.

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

VII.

THE employment of our boys in farm work is, therefore, a very valuable element in their training; but it does not interfere with their receiving a sound primary education. The school-house is a prominent feature in our hamlet, and the periodical visits

of Her Majesty's Inspector have always resulted in warm commendations of the general appearance of the children, and of their success in school work.

The accompanying cut is a faithful representation of the condition of a lad who was received at Edgworth not many weeks ago. He had become familiar with every phase of neglect, wretchedness, hunger, and nakedness; and mentally and morally his condition was as deplorable as it was physically. Another lad, received about the same time, was ordinarily known in the town in which we found him, as "The dog"—this name having clung to him from the fact that, whilst in the power of a vagabond master, he had performed the part of a dog in low music-halls and singing-saloons, enveloped in the skin of one of those animals. And so we might go on multiplying facts which are only too terribly like each other, but which surely teach us this lesson: That our work at Edgworth is needed, and that the money and pains bestowed upon it are far from lost.

Whilst in a few obstinate and perverse cases our hopes have not been fully met, in all—except a very small percentage—we have

had the joy of seeing the children develop into usefulness and respectability. Two, who were formerly boys with us, are now public school teachers; and several others are skilled workmen, of reputable character. One of our lads is now a respectable cab-proprietor, in a large English town; and others are earning a respectable livelihood in skilled employments.

Of the girls, some now occupy first class situations as domestic servants: whilst several are respectably and happily married.

I have often been reminded in the past few years of two lines in a hymn composed by one of the Wesleys more than a hundred years ago:

"Wild as the untaught Indian's brood
The Christian savages remain."

The past century has witnessed a real improvement in the condition of the English people. I have no faith whatever in the pessimist cry that the country is getting worse year by year. On the contrary, I believe that any one who will compare the state of things now with what prevailed a hundred years ago, and will take a large and wide view of the condition of things, must admit that there is a great and substantial improvement. Still there remain large classes of the people to whom Wesley's sad words are only too applicable. There are thousands in England who, if they are to be called Christian, must certainly be called "Christian savages." And, be it remembered, that, terrible as is the condition of such persons, it is their children who suffer most from it—children who are not responsible for it, and who are helpless to get away from it.

If any one were disposed to doubt the truth of these statements, the following group of facts, taken recently from a daily newspaper, and gathered from the lips of the children



BEFORE.

who are driven by the law into our public schools, will surely convince them:—

M. L.—Father drunk; struck mother and hurt her skull. Mother went raving mad, and has been in a lunatic asylum ever since. Father slipped off a barge when he was drunk, and was drowned. Poor old grandmother has to keep the children.

R. S.—Father gets drunk and beats mother. Is in prison now for assaulting her. Children dread his coming back, he is so cruel to them when he is drunk.

S. H.—Has a fearful black eye. Mother and father both drunk, and hurl things at each other. Missiles often bruise and injure the children.

C. S.—Mother drinks "awful." Dropped baby on the pavement; baby so injured, it died. This is the second baby she has killed accidentally.

M. A. H.—Came to school with arm broken. "Father didn't mean no harm, but he was tight."

Now it is evident, in the case of such children, first, that they need help; second, that they have a claim



AFTER.



EDGWORTH.

upon the whole community; third, that where legislation has made any suitable provision for them, advantage should be taken of such provision for their benefit. They may be said to have a very strong claim upon the sympathy of Christian people, because of their desperate moral need.

No boy who has been in prison can be sent to an Industrial School, which is placed, as it were, at the gate of the goal to receive the lad on his way thither, and prevent him ever becoming a convict. The very purpose of the entire system is to save children from ever having the prison brand upon them.

Actuated by these and other considerations, and assisted by the fact that I was at the time a member of the London School Board, we established our own Certified Industrial School. We were fortunate enough to secure, on lease, an old country mansion, surrounded by some fifteen acres of park lands. We have received there, from the commencement, 357 boys.

Another result of the peculiar character of our work there is, that we have found it desirable to dress the boys in uniform. We have endeavoured to make it as neat and inconspicuous as possible; but the advantages of a uniform in this case were so great that we could not refuse to adopt it.

It was a great pleasure to me to meet in New Zealand one of our Milton boys, who has for more than five years in the colony maintained a high reputation. Others, who are living respectable lives in London and its neighbourhood, frequently come to see us, and show plainly enough that they estimate highly and gratefully the advantages which their old school has bestowed upon them. And we have every reason to hope that the successes of the future in this branch will be still more gratifying than those of past years.

(To be continued.)

Jack's Text-Book.

"He is the dearest little chap I've ever seen," said Mrs. Ray, who kept the sailor's boarding-house. "As quiet and mannerly as a grown man, while most of the other boys keep up such a fussing that I'm clean worn out."

Jack, the little sailor, had been staying for a short time at her house before sailing on his second long voyage.

"I'll pack your box for you, my boy," said the kind-hearted woman when he was going; "I'd like to help such a well-behaved boy as you.

"Ah," said she, as she lifted the cover of the trunk, "is this yours?"

She held a Bible up in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack; "my mother gave it to me, and I promised to read it. She said it would always tell me the right thing to do."

"H'm," said Mrs. Ray. "Was it

this that taught you to bear it when Jim Pond abused you, and tried to quarrel with you?"

"Yes, ma'am. It tells me that a soft answer turns away wrath."

Mrs. Ray silently went on with her packing. She had thought little of the Bible, and knew as little of what its pages contained. But the thoughtful face, good manners, and kindly disposition of the little sailor had drawn her attention.

"If it's the book makes him so different from the others, it must be a book worth looking into," she said to herself.

"Keep it up, Jack," she said, as she wished him good-bye; "and I am going to try it myself. If it's good for boys it must be good for older folks too."

Jack had never thought of being an example, but he surely must have felt glad and thankful in having led anyone to read the pages which point the way to eternal life.

Her Message.

WOUNDED in fight beside the Nile,
Out of the watching and strife,
A soldier sought his English home
To spend his last few days of life.
So young, so brave, and yet he knew
The days were numbered he could live;
And glory seemed so vain a thing,
And fame could little comfort give.

Not fearing, but yet longing sore
For just one word of peace and love
That unto him, and him alone,
Might seem a message from above.
He sought it in a calm fresh morn,
And in sunset's dying flame,
From holy priest, in holy book;
But it was thus the message came:

One summer eve he paused to rest
Beside the church's holy place,
Just when the gloaming still and dusk
Threw over all its mystic grace;
Then came a little peasant child,
And opened wide the churchyard gate.
"Do you not fear," the soldier asked,
To cross when it is dark and late?"

She lifted up a smiling face,
And in a pleasant voice replied:
"Oh, no! besides, I have to cross;
My home is on the other side!"
Then on she went her lonely way;
Her form was lost amid the gloom.
She never knew her simple words
Had lit his pathway to the tomb.

He took the message, calm and sweet,
And ever after to his rest
He went with unreluctant feet.
The words went singing in his heart;
They were his comfort and his guide.
And at the last he whispered clear:
"O soul, the road thou needst not fear;
Thy home is on the other side!"
—Mary A. Burr.

If thou, then, wouldst have thy soul
surcharged with the fire of God so that
those who come nigh to thee shall feel
some mysterious influence proceeding
out from thee, thou must draw nigh to
the source of that fire, to the throne of
God and of the Lamb, and shut thyself
out from the world—that cold world
which so quickly steals our fire away.
—William Arthur.

Terrible Remorse.

Mrs. J. K. BARNEY, whose occupation it is to visit the prisons of our land, in an address delivered at Ocean Park several years ago, related this touching incident of an unhappy mother, a wealthy woman, who wished to send a message to her son in prison. Said the speaker:

She handed me a picture and told me to show it to him.

I said: "This is not your picture?"

"Yes," she said, "that is mine before he went to prison, and here is one taken after I had had five years of waiting for Charlie."

I went with these two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune time.

He was in a dark cell. The keeper said that he had been there twenty-four hours: but in answer to my pleading, he went down into the dark cell, and announced a lady as from his mother. There was no reply.

"Let me step in," I said, and I did so.

There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale college sat.

Said I: "Charlie, I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother; and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her."

"Don't mention my mother's name here," he said. "I will do anything if you will go." As he walked along the cell I noticed that he reeled.

Said I: "What is the matter?"

He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours.

They brought him something, and I sat down beside him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread without any butter, and, I think, a tin cup of coffee. By and by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his mother's picture, and he looked at it and said:

"That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world."

He pressed it to his lips, and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other over it.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"That is your mother."

"That my mother!"

"Yes, that is the mother of the boy I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting five years to see him."

"Oh!" he cried, "I have done it! No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it. Why don't you do something to stop it?"

Another touching incident is that of a little girl who was dying. Her father had struck the child such a blow on the spine, while insane from the influence of rum, and confusion and terror overwhelmed the frantic household, for little Bessie was beloved by all.

Among those of the neighbours who had gathered in amid the excitement

was the rum-seller who had dealt out the poison in that neighbourhood for years. He drew near the death-bed, and heard a watcher, who was wiping the death-damp from the child's beautiful face, say: "That blow has killed her." Little Bessie caught the whisper, and raising her eyes, which were growing large in death, she fixed a dying gaze on the rum-seller, and said, "You did it!" and in a few minutes was dead.

That group never forgot the dying child's charge, and the rum-seller says that it haunts him day and night, and yet he continues to deal out the fatal beverage to his victims.

A Beautiful Father.

"TELL your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"O," replied Timothy, "we hasn't any mother!"

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him."

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and when he comes back at night. He is a house-painter, but there isn't any work this winter, so he's doing labouring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast and when he comes home, he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things for us with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful."

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was at the time preparing the evening meal for the motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed labourer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight for them. This man, whose graceful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a man in sacerdotal robes in a temple. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will—showing how to make home happy under the most unfavourable circumstance. He was rearing his boys to put their shoulder to the burdens of life, rather than to become burdens to others in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father" in the highest sense of the word.—*The Review*.

God is love; God is light; love and light have undertaken to fill the whole earth with beauty and splendour.—*Joseph Parker*.

Only a Glass.

ONLY a glass in the bar-room,
Only a single glass;
Only a lack of courage,
Only the answer, "Yes;"
Only an evil companion,
Slyly luring him on;
Only a "free-hearted Charlie,"
And the fatal work is done.

Only a "little bit tipsy,"
Only blood-shot eyes,
Only a pleading mother,
Only a wife's surprise;
Only an aching forehead,
Only a bruised face,
Only a broken promise,
Only a deep disgrace.

Only a cheerless shanty,
Without fire or wood,
And little, half-clad children,
Wailing and crying for food;
Only curses for kisses,
Only sorrow and woe,
Only a drunken father,
Only an angry blow.

Only weeping children,
Only a dying wife,
Only another promise—
Only a drunkard's life!
Oh, the woe and anguish,
What mortal tongue can tell!
Only a glass in the bar-room,
Only a drunkard's hell!
—Ohio Farmer.

An Interesting Book.

The Life of the Rev. Amand Parent, as told by himself, is published, with illustrations, by William Briggs, Toronto. \$1.25.

Mr. Parent, whose name is well known in connection with his eight years spent among the Oka Indians, was the first French-Canadian ordained by the Methodist Church. He tells in this volume the history of his life, in a very bright and interesting manner, giving the record of forty-seven years' experience in evangelical work in Canada.

He was the son of a French-Canadian shipbuilder, and was born in Quebec, in 1818. He was away from home, working at a trade, when the rebellion of 1837 broke out, and he left his work to give the English "a good drubbing!" He was thankful to escape unhurt from the battle of St. Charles; and when he next saw his mother, she told him that he did "very wrong to take up arms against England—that the government of England was the best in the world." She said further: "The French once ruled over Canada, and it was tyrannical; but it has not been so with the English."

Uncomfortable at home for fear of being punished for taking part in the rebellion, young Parent left for the States in May, 1838, first giving money to a priest to say mass for him when he should be away from the ordinances of the Church. The first thing that struck him when he engaged to work on a farm in New York State was the respect in which the Sabbath was held—so very different was it to what he had been accustomed to. Soon afterwards it began to dawn upon him that much that he had been

taught was not correct; and when he heard one night the voice of his employer praying for the salvation of the young French-Canadian, he began to be haunted with a terrible dread lest he should turn Protestant. He sent to New York for a French Bible, but being puzzled by the teaching in the ten commandments, he sent to Canada for a Bible approved by the Church of Rome. To his astonishment he found the two to be much alike, except some few words—such as "you" instead of "thou," and "penance" instead of "repentance," etc., and heartily regretted sending for the last Bible. Day by day he became more conscious of his guilt and danger, and read the Bible and prayed in every spare moment, until the truth that Christ died for his sins and rose for his justification was made plain to him. Light was coming, too, in other directions. He says of this period (1840):—

"If the reader will turn to the first epistle of Paul to Timothy, the fourth verse, he will be in possession of a passage of Scripture which gave me such a shock as I had not before felt. The truth at once flashed upon me that the church to which I was so ardently attached must, through her clergy, be implicated in what is there stated. Still I did not wish to believe it."

He went to Methodist prayer-meetings, and was bewildered and frightened at the "Hallelujahs" and "Amens." Then he decided to watch his employer's actions more closely than ever, to see if he could not find some fault in him. He says:—

"I determined to scrutinize every word and act of his, thinking I should doubtless soon find out his wrongdoing; but I could not, after close observation, take exception to his life, unless that it was that he spent too much time in attending religious meetings. So that, like the accusers of Daniel, I could not find any occasion against this man, 'except I find it against him concerning the law of his God.'"

When he was converted he, without delay, brought his brother to Christ, and shortly after was instrumental in the conversion of a shoemaker. Then these three young French-Canadians invited all their nationality in the place to a meeting, and told them of the glorious new life into which they had entered. After two years of absence, Mr. Parent returned to Canada on a visit to his mother, having first written to tell her of his change of heart. She took him to see the priest, and, after some conversation, that gentleman remarked:—

"Your son is a lunatic, and the sooner you send him away from home the better it will be both for you and your family." "Sir," said my mother, "I am a Catholic, and I have eleven children beside this one, and I wish from my heart they were all like him." "I am afraid," said the priest, "that he has already done you harm." "No, he has not. But there is one thing I

intend doing—I will study his Bible, for he says there is no purgatory in it." "No; there is none mentioned in it," said the priest. "Then why are you telling the people every Sunday that the souls of the dead are detained there, suffering as though they were in hell? And, when my husband died, you took money from me to say mass and offer prayers for his deliverance!" "Well, Madame Parent, the Church teaches that there is such a place, although God does not call it purgatory. But we are in God's stead, therefore you are to hear us, and receive our teaching as from him." Mother's mind was more at ease about me after this encounter with the priest. She did not believe me so much out of the way as she at first had apprehended."

This mother, with eight of her children, were converted to God within a few months. In 1843, Mr. Parent decided to dedicate his life to the carrying of the gospel to his French fellow-countrymen, and returned to Canada, working in various places. In 1856, he was taken into the Methodist Conference, on the usual four years' probation, and entered on his work at Roxton Pond. The record of this work, and of the persecutions he met with, are of much interest, but we cannot go into detail. In 1870, the preacher was surprised to learn that he had been appointed to Oka, and it was sometime before he had the courage to inform his wife of the fact. He tells of his first service as follows:—

"The next day was Sunday. We began our meetings about 10.30 a.m. I think that there were about one hundred in the congregation. They were very attentive, and seemed to enjoy the service. The dusky mothers, with their paposes strapped on a board—and, by the way, those Indian babies are an example to our more civilized youth, they never disturb the congregation—the mother will hang the board up on a peg as we would our hat, and there they stay, monuments of Indian stoicism. In the service the Lord seemed to be with us; but what was my surprise after service to see the male part of the congregation starting for a place called the Sand Hill, to play lacrosse, Chief Joseph with the rest! Surely, thought I, the Gospel does not affect them very much. But in this act I recognized the influence of Rome's teaching and example."—*Witness*.

The Sunday-School Work Abroad.

THE daughter of a well-known New York publisher, now a missionary in Cæsarea, has written to the Foreign Sunday-school Association an account of one of the Sunday-school services. "During the busiest season of the year, I heard it mentioned that a youth who had occasionally attended our school had gathered a few little children about him, and was teaching them to pray." After visiting this little school, she says: "An American who knew nothing of the customs of the country would expect to find a place furnished at least with seats and a desk, and

neatly dressed children. Instead, my little guide led me into the corner of a stable. The door was low, the light dim, the air oppressive with the heat of animals. Its floor was the ground, its sides mud, its roof of earth, low, and supported by rough logs. As I entered, about twenty boys and girls, of ages from fifteen to twenty, rose to receive me. Almost all of them, the leader included, were barefoot, and some were naked to the knees. These children had done what they could to make the place ready for the service, and had found a clean cushion and pillow for me to sit on. For their leader they had arranged three or four mud bricks together with a table made from a box, according to their boyish skill. On this rested a nine cent Armenian Testament and hymn-book, and a little bell, such as they hang round the necks of sheep. The leader was a boy named Luther, about twelve years of age, and utterly blind. But, although he could not recognize the letter that killeth, yet he did know the spirit that quickeneth. The services consisted of the reading of a few verses of the third chapter of Matthew by one of the children, with questions by the leader, and explanations. Thus for about fifteen minutes his appropriate and useful questions on the verses read, and the usually correct answers, were well worthy of attention and imitation. 'I want to be an angel' was then sung by the children; and when the leader asked a very little girl to pray, she complied at once, repeating the Lord's Prayer in a childish voice, and apparently not at all awed by the spectators who had by this time gathered around. The children were all reverent and attentive. At the final touch of the bell they rose, and, making polite bows to their leader and the visitor, walked in a body quietly from the room. These children have already commenced to make missionary collections, chiefly consisting of eggs and beads of wheat. Coin is very scarce among them. One day I was going along where the carts that bring the unthrashed wheat from the fields were passing and repassing. I saw the little girl who came to bring me to the meeting busy gathering beads of wheat. On being asked why she did this, she explained that she was endeavouring to pay the debt of a very little boy whose big brother failed to bring his share of wheat."

The teachers of the Sunday-school of Liege-Seraing, Belgium, are nearly all employed in the iron-works. Every alternate week they must work all night, consequently their attendance is intermittent. Nevertheless, they show great enthusiasm, and attend fortnightly teachers-meetings, at which they prepare themselves for two weeks' teaching. Some of them have opened a new mission school since January, at which three of the older scholars are teachers. The superintendent is an old workman and a colporteur, and full of faith.—*S. S. Times*.

Earnestness.

Be asleep or awake! either labour or play,
Do nothing by halves that is worth your
endeavour;
All trifling and dawdling is time thrown
away,
And time that is wasted is wasted forever.

Be in earnest! The earnest are they who
succeed—

Who win in the race ere the laggard has
started.

'Tis pluck and not luck that shall gain you
the meed,—

The world has no prizes for any half-
hearted.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30] LESSON VII. [MAY 13

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Matt. 26. 17-30. Memory verses, 26, 28

GOLDEN TEXT.

For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed
for us. 1 Cor. 5. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Jews' Passover.
2. The Lord's Supper.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACES.—Bethany and Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The teachings to the
twelve having been finished, as recorded in
the twenty-fifth chapter, Jesus returns to
Bethany. Here the day of Thursday passed
quietly and without recorded event. On that
evening he went into the city with his dis-
ciples to the house where Peter and John
had prepared the passover supper, and ate
it with them all, as recorded in the lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The first day*—The 14th
of Nisan, or April. *Unleavened bread*—Bread
baked without the use of any fermenting
material, in thin cakes or wafers, as done at
the first passover in Egypt. *Eat the passover*
—Celebrate the feast in commemoration of
the escape from the angel of death. *Into the
city*—Into Jerusalem. *To such a man*—The
name not given, perhaps for fear that Judas
might bring the arresting party there or tell
them beforehand where to find him. *Sat
down with the twelve*—The old custom re-
quired the passover to be eaten standing;
the Jews had modified this. *One of you
shall betray me*—The first announcement, so
explicit, might well make them sorrowful.
Took bread—An old custom, but now taken
to inaugurate a new custom and sacrament
for the coming Church. *New Testament*—
Rather, a new covenant taking the place of
the old covenant in forms and ceremonies.
Sung a hymn—The regular hymn for this
occasion, the second part of the Hallel.
The Psalms from 113-118 were called the
Hallel. At the passover it was usual to
sing Psalms 113 and 114 before the feast,
and the rest, 115-118, after the last cup.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Jews' Passover.*
What is meant by unleavened bread?
From what beginning had this custom of
eating unleavened bread come?
What was the passover?
How does Paul apply the ceremonies of
the passover to Christ?
What was required in preparing the pas-
s-over?
Who were the disciples that were sent to
make ready? Luke 22. 8.
By what circumstances were they to know
the man to whose house they were to go?
Mark 14. 13-15.
What did their ready obedience show con-
cerning their belief about Jesus?
2. *The Lord's Supper.*
Out of what did our observance of the
Lord's Supper grow?
What was the character of this last pas-
s-over feast?
Why should they have all been "exceed-
ing sorrowful?"
Was Judas one of the "exceeding sorrow-
ful ones?"

Was the ceremony connected with this
special supper, which Christ directed
to be done in his memory, a new one?
In the sacrament of the Lord's Supper
what does the Church commemorate?
What was the hymn which they sung at
the conclusion of the feast?
Where was the Mount of Olives?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How loyal and obedient these disciples
were! They did as Jesus said. Do you
always?

They seem to have believed that Jesus
was omniscient. If he is, he sees every
thing that men do.

There was a traitor at that feast. Are
you sure that you will never betray him?
O the love of Jesus! His body, his blood,
for my sins.

"Greater love hath no man than this."
Self-examination: "Lord, is it I?" Let
each of us examine himself.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Each student should commit this whole
lesson to memory.
2. Now compare the account of Matthew
with that of each of the other apostles, Mark,
Luke, and Paul.
3. See what John tells about the scene in
the upper room that none of these others tell.
4. Study this lesson prayerfully.
5. Read, think, pray, repeat its story
aloud, try to picture the scene.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the passover feast commemo-
rate? Israel's deliverance from Egypt. 2.
What does the Lord's Supper commemorate?
Our deliverance from sin. 3. How were we
delivered from sin? Through the blood of
the New Testament. 4. What was the blood
of the Old Testament that had been a sign
of remission of sins? The blood of a spotless
lamb. 5. What is the doctrine taught by
Christ and believed by the Church, con-
cerning himself as a sacrificial lamb? That
"Even Christ our passover," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Substitution.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

26. What do the Scriptures teach you
concerning God?

That God is an eternal Spirit, infinite and
unchangeable in his nature and attributes,
who alone exists of himself.

John iv. 24. God is a Spirit.
Isaiah xlvi. 9. I am God, and there is
none else; I am God, and there is none like
me.

A.D. 30] LESSON VIII. [MAY 20

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Matt. 26. 36-46. Memory verses, 36-39

GOLDEN TEXT.

Though he were a Son, yet learned he
obedience by the things which he suffered.
Heb. 5. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Suffering Saviour.
2. The Sleeping Disciples.

TIME.—The same night.

PLACE.—On the slope of Olivet, in Geth-
semane.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—They had finished
the passover feast; Christ had washed their
feet; his wonderful prayer for them had been
offered; Judas had left them, and finally the
company had passed down from the upper
room, out into the streets, through them,
out of the eastern gate, across the Kedron,
and are nearing the garden. Now our lesson
begins.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sit ye here*—This was
spoken to eight of the disciples. *I go and
pray*—Just see how the Saviour has given
us an example for our hours of sorrow.
Sorrowful . . . unto death—So sorrowful that
death could bring no greater; a deadly
sorrow. *Let this cup pass*—The terrible
ordeal of trial through which he had even
there begun to go. *Not as I will*—Here is
perfect submission to the heavenly will.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Suffering Saviour.*
Where is Gethsemane?
Why did Jesus stop in Gethsemane?
How many disciples were with him?

Name those that he left first, nearest the
garden entrance?

What made the Saviour so exceeding
sorrowful?

How did he manifest his great sorrow?

How intense was his suffering as told by
another evangelist?

What was the proof of his agony which is
left for us?

Was his prayer answered?

Give a reason for your answer?

2. *The Sleeping Disciples.*

Did all the disciples fall asleep?

Does it prove that they had no sympathy
with Jesus?

Was his question reproachful or compas-
sionate?

What time of night was it?

To whom did Jesus address his question?
Why?

Was it strange that they went asleep the
second time?

What must this prove concerning their
condition?

What had they undergone that could make
them thus?

In what did the agony and the sleeping
end?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

There has never been but one Gethsemane,
but its sorrows ought to help us always to
bear ours, no matter how great.

For they cannot be as great as his.

Do we shrink from sorrow? So did he?

Do we pray for deliverance? So did he.

Do we patiently meet whatever comes?
So did he.

Can we say always, "Not as I will?" So
could he.

To shrink from painful duty is not sinful;
it is human. To refuse to meet the duty
makes the sin. Christ shrank from the cup.
But he took it, nevertheless.

Here is a royal motto for life: "Not as I
will, but as thou wilt."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn all the details of this scene.
Trace the walk from the upper room in the
city. Find where Gethsemane was. Think
out the conversation that must have occurred
as they walked.

2. Where was Judas? Learn all you can
concerning his movements. When he left
the upper room; where he went; where the
disciples next saw him.

3. Learn all that is said about the actions
of Jesus in this lesson. There are fourteen
or more different things said.

4. Be sure to read the verses between the
last lesson and this lesson. Here is a question
as to the customs suggested. Were common
fowls raised among the Jews, or allowed near
their sacred places?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus go after the last
supper? To the Garden of Gethsemane.
2. Why did he go there? For an hour of
prayer. 3. What did he pray for? That
the cup might pass from him. 4. What
lesson of submission did his prayer contain?
"Thy will be done." 5. In what great prin-
ciple of life did he lead us in this last hour
of his mission? "Though he were a Son,
yet," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Obedience.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

27. What is an eternal Spirit?
One who is without beginning and without
end.

Psalm xc. 2. From everlasting to everlast-
ing thou art God.

28. What do you mean by saying that God
is infinite?

I mean that his nature and attributes are
high above all understanding, and without
any limit.

Job xi. 7. Canst thou by searching find
out God?

Psalm cxlvii. 5. His understanding is
infinite.

1 Kings viii. 27. Behold, the heaven and
heaven of heavens cannot contain thee.

Job xxvi. 14; Psalm xxvii. 2; 1 Corin-
thians ii. 11.

POVERTY and vice are what the poor man
buys with his poisoned liquor; sickness, beast-
liness, laziness, and pollution are what the
state gives in return for the license money
which the drunk seller filches from the lean
purse of the day-labourer and the half-grown
lad, and hands over, sullied with shame, to
the high-salaried official who receives it.—
Report of the Board of State Charities, Mass.

AUTHORIZED EDITIONS.

T I I E

PANSY BOOKS.

"No writer has achieved a more enviable
reputation than 'PANSY.' Her style is
unique, and the strong, healthy, natural
spirit, breathed through all her writings,
enables the mind—making the manly more
strong and the womanly more true."

Best and Cheapest Editions from
Original Plates.

Price, Cloth, 50 Cents Each.

ALREADY ISSUED.

FOUR GIRLS AT CHAUTAUQUA.

CHAUTAUQUA GIRLS AT HOME.

RUTH BUSHKIN'S CROSSES.

NEW GRAFT IN THE FAMILY TREE.

MRS. SOL SMITH LOOKING ON.

ONE COMMONPLACE DAY.

FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

THE HALL IN THE GROVE.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

ESTER RIED.

INTERRUPTED.

THREE PEOPLE.

Others to follow of this Cheap Edition.

A NEW BOOK

By PANSY, Entitled

"Eighty-Seven."

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT EDITION.

A Chautauqua Story, dedicated to the
"Class of '87."

Price - - \$1.00.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A NEW SERVICE OF SONG.

Elias Power, of Ease-in-Zion.

A Service of Song with Connective Read-
ings, selected from the work bearing the
same title, by REV. JOHN M. BAM-
FORD, musically arranged by JOHN RINDER.

8vo, paper, 10 cts. each; \$1 per dozen.

This is something entirely new. Send for
Sample Copy.

JUST PUBLISHED.

BETTER NOT:

A Discussion of Certain Social
Problems.

By REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

12mo, cloth, 50 cents.

"The book deals with dancing, theatres,
card-playing, and many kindred subjects.
It is interesting, epigrammatic, and con-
vincing. Will have a large sale."—*Pub-
lishers' Weekly.*

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING STREET EAST TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal. S. F. EUSTIS, Halifax.