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# HOME AND SCHOOL

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

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1887.

[No. 6.]

Vol. V.]

## Ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

We all rose early, and were full of excitement to catch the first glimpse of the famous Peak of Teneriffe. The morning being rather hazy, it was quite ten o'clock before we saw the Peak, towering above the clouds, right ahead, about fifty-nine miles off. As we approached, it appeared less perpendicular than we had expected, or than it is generally represented in pictures.

our rugs and endeavoured to sleep, as we knew we should require all our strength for the expedition before us. By two o'clock all our steeds, twelve in number, had assembled, and in another quarter of an hour we were leaving the town by a steep stony path, bordered by low walls. There was no moon, and for the first two hours it was very dark. Soon we climbed above the clouds, which presented a most curious appearance as we looked down upon them. The

the mouth of the volcano. As we proceeded, we left all traces of vegetation behind us. It was like the Great Sahara. By half-past ten we had reached the 'Estancia de los Ingleses,' 9,639 feet above the level of the sea, where the baggage and some of the horses had to be left behind, the saddles being transferred to mules for the very steep climb before us. After a drink of water all round, we started again, and commenced the ascent of the almost perpendicular stream of

slides and tumbles, but no important casualties; and in about an hour and a half we had reached the 'Alta Vista,' a tiny plateau where the horses were to be left.

The expedition so far had been such a fatiguing one, and the heat was so great, that the children and I decided to remain here, and to let the gentlemen proceed alone to the summit of the Peak. We tried to find some shade, but the sun was so immediately above us that this was almost an im-



ASCENT OF THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

The other mountains too, in the centre of the island, from the midst of which it rises, are so very lofty that, in spite of its conical sugar-loaf top, it is difficult at first to realise that the Peak is 12,180 feet high.

We dropped anchor under its shadow in the harbour of Orotava in preference to the capital, Santa Cruz, both on account of its being a healthier place, and also in order to be nearer to the Peak, which we wished to ascend. After supper, we landed and went to the Vice-Consul's, arriving there exactly at midnight. But no horses were forthcoming, so we lay down on

stratum through which we had passed was so dense and so white, that it looked exactly like an enormous glacier, covered with fresh fallen snow, extending for miles and miles; while the projecting tops of the other Canary Islands appeared only like great solitary rocks.

The sun had already become very oppressive, and at half-past seven we stopped to breakfast and to water the horses. Half-past eight found us in the saddle again, and we commenced to traverse a dreary plain of yellowish white pumice-stone, interspersed with huge blocks of obsidian, thrown from

lava and stone, which forms the only practicable route to the top. Our poor beasts were only able to go a few paces at a time without stopping to regain their breath. The loose ashes and lava fortunately gave them a good foothold, or it would have been quite impossible for them to get along at all. One was only encouraged to proceed by the sight of one's friends above, looking like flies clinging to the face of a wall. The road, if such it can be called, ran in zigzags, each of which was about the length of two horses, so that we were in turns one above another. There were a few alips and

possibility. However, we managed to squeeze ourselves under some slightly overhanging rocks, and I took some photographs while the children slept. But those who reached the top were rewarded for their exertions by a glorious view, and by the wonderful appearance of the summit of the Peak. The ground beneath their feet was hot, while sulphurous vapours and smoke issued from various small fissures around them, though there has been no actual eruption from this crater of the volcano since 1704.

It was impossible to ride down to the spot where we had left the baggage

animals, and the descent was consequently very fatiguing, and even painful. All this too beneath a blazing sun, with the thermometer at 78°, and not a vestige of shade. At last Tom and I reached the bottom, where, after partaking of luncheon and draughts of quinine, we lay down under the shadow of a great rock to recruit our weary frames.

Refreshed by our meal, we started at six o'clock on our return journey, and went down a good deal faster than we came up. Before the end of the pumice-stone or Retama plains had been reached, it was nearly dark. After an interval of uncertainty, the other guides confessed that they did not know the way back in the dark. Horns were blown, and other means of attracting attention were tried; first one and then another of the party meanwhile coming more or less to grief. My good little horse fell down three times, though we did not part company. Finally, half an hour after midnight, we arrived at the house of the Vice-Consul, who had provided refreshments for us, and whose nephew was still very kindly sitting up awaiting our return. But we were too tired to do anything but go straight on board the yacht, where, after some supper, we were indeed glad to retire to our berths.

### The Road to Heaven.

BY DAGONET.

How is the boy this morning? Why do you shake your head?  
Ah! I can see what's happened—there's a screen drawn round the bed.  
So poor little Mike is sleeping the last long sleep of all;  
I'm sorry—but who could wonder, after that dreadful fall?  
Let me look at him, doctor—poor little London waif!  
His frail barque's out of the tempest, and lies in God's harbour safe;  
It's better he died in the ward here, better a thousand times,  
Than have wandered back to the alley, with its squalor and nameless crimes.  
Too young for the slum to sully, he's gone to the wonderland  
To look on the thousand marvels that he scarce could understand,  
Poor little baby outcast, poor little waif of sin!  
He has gone, and the pitying angels have carried the cripple in.  
Didn't you know his story?—Ah, you weren't here, I believe,  
When they brought the poor little fellow to the hospital, Christmas Eve.  
It was I who came here with him, it was I who saw him go  
Over the bridge that evening into the Thames below.  
'Twas a raw cold air that evening—a biting Christmassy frost—  
I was looking about for a collie—a favourite dog I'd lost.  
Some ragged boys, so they told me, had been seen with one that night  
In one of the bridge recesses, so I hunted left and right.  
You know the stone recesses—with the long, broad bench of stone,  
To many a weary outcast as welcome as monarch's throne;

On the fiercest night you may see them, as crouched in the dark they lie,  
Like the hunted vermin, striving to hide from the hounds in cry.

The seats that night were empty, for the morrow was Christmas Day,  
And even the outcast loafers seemed to have slunk away;  
They had found a warmer shelter—some casual ward maybe—  
They'd manage a morning's labour for the sake of the meat and tea.

I fancied the seats were empty, but, as I passed along,  
Out of the darkness floated the words of a Christmas song,  
Sung in a childish treble—'twas a boy's voice hoarse with cold,  
Quavering out the anthem of angels and harps of gold.

I stood where the shadows hid me, and peered about until  
I could see two ragged urchins, blue with the icy chill,  
Cuddling close together, crouched on a big stone seat—  
Two little homeless arabs, waifs of the London street.

One was singing the carol, when the other, with big round eyes—  
It was Mike—looked up in wonder, and said "Jack, when we dies  
Is that the place as we goes to—that place where ye're dressed in white?  
And 'as golden 'arps to play on, and it's warm, and jolly and bright?"

"Is that what they mean by eaven, as the mission coves talk about,  
Where the children's always happy, and nobody kicks 'em out?"  
Jack nodded his head assenting, and then I listened and heard  
The talk of the little arabs—listened to every word.

Jack was a Sunday scholar, so I gathered from what he said,  
But he sang in the road for a living—his father and mother were dead;  
And he had a drunken granny, who turned him into the street—  
She drank what he earned, and often he hadn't a crust to eat.

He told little Mike of heaven, in his rough, untutored way,  
He made it a land of glory, where the children sing all day;  
And Mike, he shivered and listened, and told his tale to his friend,  
How he was starved and beaten—'twas a tale one's heart to rend.

He'd a drunken father and mother, who sent him out to beg,  
Though he'd got over a fever, and was lame with a withered leg;  
He told how he daren't crawl homeward, because he had begged in vain,  
And his parents' brutal fury haunted his baby brain.

"I wish I could go to 'eaven," he cried, as he shook with fright;  
"If I thought as they'd only take me, why I'd go this very night.  
Which is the way to 'eaven? How d'ye get there, Jack?"

Jack climbed on the bridge's coping, and looked at the water black.  
"That there's one road to 'eaven," he said, as he pointed down  
To where the cold Thames water surged muddy and thick and brown.  
"If we was to fall in there, Mike, we'd be dead; and right through there  
Is the place where it's always sunshine, and the angels has crowns to wear."

Mike rose and looked at the water, he peered in the big broad stream,

Perhaps with a childish notion he might catch the golden gleam  
Of the far-off land of glory. He leaned right over and cried,  
"If them are the gates of 'eaven, how I'd like to be inside!"

He stood but a moment looking—how it happened I cannot tell—  
When he seemed to lose his balance, gave a short, shrill cry, and fell—  
Fall over the narrow coping, and I heard his poor head strike  
With a thud on the parapet under, then splash in the Thames went Mike.

We brought him here that evening. For help I had managed to shout—  
A boat put off from the landing, and they dragged his body out;  
His forehead was cut and bleeding, but a vestige of life we found;  
When they brought him here he was senseless, but slowly the child came round.

I came here on Christmas morning—the ward was all bright and gay  
With mistletoe, green, and holly, in honour of Christmas Day;  
And the patients had clean white garments, and a few in the room out there  
Had joined in a Christmas service—they were singing a Christmas air.

They were singing a Christmas carol when Mike from his stupor woke,  
And dim on his wandering senses the strange surroundings broke.

Half dreamily he remembered the tale he had heard from Jack—  
The song, and the white-robed angels, the warm bright heaven came back.

"I'm in heaven," he whispered faintly. "Yes, Jack must have told me true!"  
And as he looked about him, came the kind old surgeon through.  
Mike gazed at his face a moment, put his hand to his fevered head,  
Then to the kind old doctor, "Please, are you God?" he said.

Poor little Mike! 'twas heaven, this hospital ward to him—  
A heaven of warmth and comfort, till the flickering lamp grew dim;  
And he lay like a tired baby in a dreamless, gentle rest,  
And now he is safe for ever where such as he are best.

This is the day of scoffers, but who shall say that night,  
When Mike asked the road to heaven, that Jack didn't tell him right?  
'Twas the children's Jesus pointed the way to the kingdom come  
For the poor little tired arab, the waif of a London slum.

### Speak a Word.

It is not easy wisely to speak words of divine wisdom. It is an awkward thing to obtrude religious conversation "out of place" and "out of time."

The embarrassments thus recognized too often lead to an utter neglect of religious suggestion. Lamps are put under bushels, and possible good buried in a napkin.

There is a divine art—a masterly tact—in religious suggestions which it is the duty of every one to learn.

On a train one day, in a group of men, one rude fellow was swearing boisterously, when a minister at his side simply touched his knee, and with a smile whispered: "Those are very strong words, my friend." Immediately a blush mantled the brow of the

swearer. He bowed assent, promptly apologized, confessed that it was "a very bad habit;" resumed his conversation; but not once again during that ride was guilty of an oath. The reproof was given so gently and delicately that it stirred within the man every noble impulse he had, and the very blush with which he received the reproof was a token of good.

In a railway station a young fellow was swearing in every sentence. The facts he narrated, the comments he made, abounded in oaths. A minister, apparently giving him no attention, walked up and down the room in a quiet, musing way, singing very softly, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." In a few minutes the profane youth touched the minister on the arm, stopping him as he passed, and saying, with tears in his eyes: "See here, sir, my sister sung that when she was a-dying, and it makes me feel awful bad to hear it." A religious conversation followed; the two went out of the railway station into the darkness. After a short and earnest prayer by the minister, the young man pledged himself to give his heart to God.

Riding in an elevator, a gentleman said to the boy who ran the machine: "You have a life of ups and downs, don't you?" "Ay, ay," answered the boy. "Well," said his friend, "I hope that your last move will be up." A smile and cordial indorsement and serious look told the speaker that his words would not soon be forgotten.

In manifold ways we may, with no violation of propriety, but in most perfect taste, guide others to a knowledge of the truth which Christ has given us; truth which we hold as a treasure from him; truth which, though we hold it, is still his, and for which we as his almoners are to make faithful account when he makes requisition.—S. S. Journal.

### A Word to Teachers.

ONE word to you, teachers! You who are so often absent from Sabbath-school. Have you a good excuse? Do you realize how much harm you are doing by staying away? Your class expect you there, and when you are not present, they are disappointed. It is no encouragement for them to study the lesson, when the teacher, whose place it is to instruct them, is so often missing.

The superintendent has to supply the class as best he can, and it too often happens that the one whom he selects to fill your place, not expecting to act as teacher, has hardly looked at the lesson. The class are dissatisfied, and it is no wonder that they soon begin to stay away, too; and thus the school grows smaller, the interest wanes, opportunities for doing good are lost, and whose fault is it?

Teacher! think of these things, and resolve to be punctual, and do your whole duty to the class intrusted to your care.

### The Lighthouse Keeper.

"On a sunken rock in the open sea  
Stood a lighthouse high and strong,  
And the lamp was there with its splendid  
flame,  
And the keeper all night long.

"But the keeper had naught of pity or love;  
A hard, selfish man was he;  
He shaded the lamp, and sent out no light  
O'er the dark and perilous sea.

"Safe in comfort himself, the mighty ships  
Might strike or go safely by.  
'Let them strike or go down; who cares?'  
said he;  
'Men have only once to die.'

"One dismal night, by a strong wind driven  
Came a ship with all sails spread;  
No one thought of danger, for no one knew  
Of the sunken rock ahead.

"Fast sweeping along came the sail-clad ship;  
The white foam leaped from her prow;  
'All's well!' cried the watchman, pacing the  
deck;  
'All's well!' passed from stern to bow.

"But scarce died away had the watchman's  
cry,  
When crash! plunged the ship to her fate;  
And there was the beacon that would have  
saved,  
But 'twas seen, alas! too late.

"Oh, fearful cries of the drowning men  
From the seething waves that night!  
And they cursed, as they sank, the merciless  
man  
Who refused his saving light.

"The men of the ship are the heathen world;  
The beacon, the book of God:  
The keeper, the Christian who shades his lamp  
And sheds not its light abroad."

### The Girl-Captain.

Not far from Montreal, on the St. Lawrence river, lies the quiet little village of Vercheres. It is this little village that was once the "Castle Dangerous" of Canada, and here it was that three children "held the fort" against a horde of howling Iroquois.

In October, 1692, M. de Vercheres, a French officer, was with his regiment at Quebec; his wife was at Montreal. Their three children were at Vercheres—Mary Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, and her brothers, Louis and Alexander, aged twelve and ten. With them at the fort were two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and some women and children.

The settlers were at work in the fields. Madeleine, with a hired man, was at the landing-place not far from the fort, when suddenly she heard firing from the fields, and at the same time the cry of her companion, "Run, Mademoiselle, run—the Iroquois!"

Turning her head, she saw fifty savages within pistol-shot, and commending herself to the protection of the Lord, ran for the fort. The Indians pursued her, but when they found that they could not overtake the fleet-footed girl, halted and fired a volley. "The bullets," she says, whistled about my ears, and made the road seem long." "To arms!" she shouted, as she neared the gate, but the two soldiers, panic-stricken, had fled along the covered way into the block-house, and nobody met her but two shrieking women who

from the walls had just seen their husbands killed in the fields.

Madeleine was a soldier's daughter, and her mother had two years before stood a siege on the same ground, and with four men defeated the Indians. She drove the women in, shut the gate, and made them help her to replace the palisades that had fallen here and there. Then she proceeded to the block-house, where she found the two soldiers about to blow up the magazine, so as to escape capture and torture.

"Out of here, miserable cowards!" ordered the young commander, and then, as she tells us, "I threw off my bonnet, and after putting on a hat and taking a gun, I said to my brothers: 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood in the service of God and their king!'"

Her brave words so encouraged the children, and so shamed the soldiers, that they opened fire from the loopholes upon the Indians with such effect that the savages withdrew to busy themselves killing and capturing the settlers in the fields. The girl-captain then ordered the women and children to cease their screaming, lest it should encourage the Iroquois, and fired off the cannon of the fort to frighten the assailants, and warn some soldiers who were hunting in the woods. The sound was heard by a settler, Pierre Fontaine, who paddled to the landing with his family. But there was danger that the Indians would fall upon them ere they could reach the fort, so she ordered the soldiers to sally out and protect them. This the soldiers were afraid to do; so, leaving the hired man, with whom she had been when the first alarm was given, to guard the gate, she went alone to the river shore, thinking that the Indians would interpret her boldness as a ruse to draw them into some trap. She was right, and succeeded in helping the Fontaines to land, and marched them into the fort, which she was the last to enter.

"I now ordered," the young captain says, "that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves;" and the fort of Vercheres spoke sharply out until the sun set, and a cold wind, with squalls of snow and hail, "told us we should have a terrible night." But the night had worse perils for that little garrison, and knowing that the besiegers would surely attempt a surprise, she mustered her troops, seven men all told, between the ages of ten and eighty, and harangued them as follows:

"God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. For me, I want you to see that I am not afraid; I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty, and another who has never fired a gun. You, Pierre Fontaine, with our two soldiers, will go into the block-house with our women and chil-

dren, because that is the strongest place. If I am taken, don't surrender, not even if I am cut to pieces or burned before your eyes. They cannot harm you in the block-house if you make any show of fight whatever!"

So all through the long October fight the old man and the three children called from the four angles of the fort, "All's well!" and the soldiers answered from the block-house, so that the Iroquois, thinking, as they afterward said, that both buildings were strongly garrisoned, gave up their intended night attack.

With the dawning day the spirits of the besieged rose, with the exception of Marguerite Fontaine, who, says our American girl, "was extremely timid, as all Parisian women are," and implored her husband to take her to a safer fort. But Pierre Fontaine swore he would never leave Vercheres while Miss Madeleine was there, and Miss Madeleine answered him, wisely and bravely, that "I would rather die than give the fort up to the enemy, and that it was of the greatest consequence that the Indians should never get possession of any French fort, because if they got one, they would think they could get others, and so become more presumptuous than ever."

The Iroquois did not get possession of that fort, though they besieged it for a week. Not once did the young captain enter her father's house, but always kept on the bastion, or visited the block-house to encourage the women and children. For forty-eight hours she did not eat or sleep. She was, on the seventh night, dozing with her gun in her arms and her head resting on a table, when a sentinel came to say that he had heard a slight sound from the river, and had challenged it without reply. Madeleine went up to her bastion and hailed the darkness. "We are Frenchmen," came the answer; "it is Lieutenant de la Monnerie, who has come to your help."

Fort Vercheres was relieved by the royal troops, but the young commander did not neglect any precautions or formalities. "I caused the gate to be opened," she writes, "placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river. As soon as I saw M. de la Monnerie I saluted him, and said, 'Monsieur, I surrender my arms to you.' He answered gallantly, 'Mademoiselle, they are in good hands.' 'In better hands than you think,' I replied. He inspected the fort, and found everything in good order, and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them, Monsieur,' said I; 'we have not been off of our bastions in a week!'"

Close behind the French troops came a body of converted Indians, who followed the Iroquois to Lake Champlain, beat them, and carried back twenty rescued settlers to Vercheres. The girl-captain of Castle Dangerous was not forgotten, but received a life-pension from the king, and lived many

years to enjoy her fortune and her fame. One of her brothers was less fortunate, being killed in the attack of Haverhill, in 1708.—*Harper's Young People.*

### Sarah's Temptation.

SARAH was leaning against the gate of Farmer Jones' orchard. She was thinking how nice the farmer's pear tree looked, and how good the pears would taste. Just then her friend Katy came along. "Where are you going?" said Sarah. "Oh, nowhere in particular," said Katy; "I had nothing else to do, so I thought I would take a walk. I am real glad I came across you; what are you going to do?"

"Well," said Sarah, "I am glad to see you, too. I was getting dreadfully lonesome. Do you see that pear tree over in the corner? Well, let's go and get some."

"But they are Farmer Jones' pears," said Katy.

"Well, he will never miss a few, we can just pick them off the ground. Besides, if we should ask him, you know he would say yes."

"Well, then, let us find him and ask him; you know mother always says that if a thing isn't worth asking for, it isn't worth having. Besides, the command says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Yes," said Sarah, "but it wouldn't be exactly stealing, do you think? Mr. Jones would not care so much for the pears on the ground."

"Are they our pears? that's the question," said Katy. "Have we any right to take them?"

"No," said Sarah, "and I am ashamed and sorry that I proposed such a thing. I am glad that you stood up for the right instead of yielding to my evil advice. Come, we will go together and ask Mr. Jones for some pears. I am almost ashamed to face the kind old man after intending to treat him so meanly."

Just inside the orchard they met Mr. Jones. Katy asked him if they might have some of the pears that lay on the ground. "Yes, certainly you may," said the old gentleman, "come with me." When they reached the tree, he gave it a good shake and down tumbled the mellow pears. "There," said he, "I am always glad to favour a little girl who stands up for the right as Katy does, and also one who acknowledges her faults and is sorry for them as Sarah is. I heard all that passed between you, and I am glad that you are little girls to be trusted."

You may imagine Katy's and Sarah's feelings. What would they have been if they had not resisted the evil temptation. "Be not overcome of evil."

"No man or woman of the humblest sort," says Phillips Brooks, "can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness."

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ON

REVIEW SUNDAY, MARCH 27.

THIS collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. If any of the schools have not taken it up last September they are especially requested not to fail to do so on March 27th. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of circuits and Superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the fund. (See Discipline, §§ 354-356).

## Restoration of Lesson Notes in "Home and School."

THE omission of these lesson notes was against the judgment of the Editor, and was only granted in deference to a memorial from the Niagara Conference. There have, however, been so many complaints and protests against their omission, and so many cancellations of orders on that account, that we deem it right to restore them. We are anxious to meet the wishes of all the schools, if possible—and by far the greater number desire the lesson notes. The following is a specimen of the letters of remonstrance we have received:—

"It seems strange that any body of Christian workers familiar with Sabbath-school work should regard the space occupied by the lessons as wasted. As a school we have regarded the lessons as an important part of the paper,—being put in without the Scripture readings necessitated the use of the Bible also, which we regard as important, and are endeavouring to get every scholar to possess a Bible of his or her own, and to bring it to school."

We are glad that these lesson notes are so prized, and are extremely desirous that they should be thoroughly studied. They are entirely different from those given in *Pleasant Hours*. We are resolved that no effort on our part shall be spared to make our Sunday-school papers, which hitherto have been received with very great favour, increasingly useful and attractive. And we can think of few things more useful than the condensed notes on the lessons published from week to week.

## Home Reading Course for Young People.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

IN order to carry out as efficiently as possible the directions of the General Conference, the Committee urgently solicit the hearty co-operation of all our Ministers and Sunday-school Superintendents and Teachers in organizing, in connection with all our congregations and Sunday-schools, local Home Reading Circles.

The Committee recommend the following form of constitution for local circles:—

1. *Name.*—The — Home Reading Circle.

2. *Membership.*—All young people who will agree to faithfully pursue the course of reading laid down by the Central Committee are eligible for membership.

3. *Officers.*—The officers of the Local Circles shall be:—

(a) A President, who shall preside over the meetings, and shall have the general oversight over the work of the Circle, and shall give such aid and instruction in the course of reading as he may deem necessary.

(b) A Vice-President, who, in the absence of the President, shall perform his duties.

(c) A Secretary, or Secretary-Treas-



AN ANTELOPE.

urer, who shall keep a record of membership and business of the Circle.

The officers shall be elected at the first meeting of each "Circle" year.

4. Where practicable, regular meetings may be held as frequently as may be agreed upon, for review and for instruction in the course of reading.

## ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Opening with devotional exercises.

2. Reading of minutes of previous meeting.

3. Proposals for membership, and admission of new members.

4. Conversation on the specified subjects of reading, and, where necessary and practicable, instruction therein.

5. Questions and answers.

6. Miscellaneous business.

## Antelopes.

THE different kinds of antelopes form a very large family. Naturalists enumerate twenty-nine species in all. The antelope constitutes a link between the goat and the deer. They are most numerous in Asia and Africa. None of them except the two species, chamois and saiga, are found in Europe.

The American continent possesses but two representatives of the antelope family. These are the so-called Rocky Mountain sheep or goat—the true antelope—and the prongbuck or cabrit of the North American plains. The Rocky Mountain antelope, possessing a coat of long woolly hair, is closely related to the chamois of Europe; and in this form, as well as in the prongbuck, the connection between the antelopes and the goats may be traced. The prongbuck species present a singular exception to other members of the great antelope family, in that the sheath or covering

of the horns of the male is developed and shed annually. The female has no horns, and is a very pretty creature, as our picture shows. The chief home of the prongbuck is the prairie lands of Central America, and its northern limit would appear to be about the fifty-third degree of north latitude.

Antelopes chiefly inhabit hilly countries, though some reside in the plains; and some species form herds of two or three thousand, while others keep in small troops of five or six. These animals are elegantly formed, active, restless, timid, shy, and astonishingly swift, running with vast bounds, and springing or leaping with surprising agility; they frequently stop for a moment in the midst of their course to gaze at their pursuers, and then resume their flight. The greyhound, the fleetest of dogs, is usually outrun by them, and the sportsman is obliged to have recourse to the aid of the falcon, which is trained to the work, for seizing on the animal and impeding its motion, that the dogs may thus have an opportunity of overtaking it. In India and Persia a sort of leopard is made use of in the chase; and this animal takes its prey, not by swiftness of foot, but by its astonishing springs, which are similar to that of the antelope; and yet, if the leopard should fail in its first attempt, the game escapes. The fleetness of this animal has been proverbial in the countries which it inhabits, from the earliest time, 2 Sam. 2:18; 1 Chr. 12:8; as also the beauty of its eyes; so that to say, "You have the eyes of a gazelle," is to pay a high compliment.

A YEAR of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.



THE LETTER.

## Heaven.

Beyond these chilly winds and gloomy skies,  
Beyond death's cloudy portal,  
There is a land where beauty never dies:  
Where love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,  
Whose fields are ever vernal;  
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,  
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,  
How bright and fair its flowers;  
We may not hear the songs that echo there,  
Through those enchanting bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see  
With our dim earthly vision;  
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key  
That opens the gate Elysian.

But sometimes adown the western sky  
A fiery sunset lingers,  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,  
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,  
Gleams from the inner glory  
Stream brightly through the azure vaults afar  
And half reveal the story.

O, land unknown! O land of love divine!  
Father, all-wise, eternal,  
O, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of  
mine,  
Into those pastures vernal.

A LITTLE boy, out West, walked  
four miles to Sunday-school all last  
winter. Surely he must have had  
some bright example that made him  
superior to the cold and snow. Was  
it his teacher's?

## The Letter.

THE old fisherman is not much used  
to letter-writing. He would rather  
haul a seine or face a gale. But when  
a duty is to be done, he faces it with  
resolution. He firmly sets his lips and  
enters upon the arduous task. The  
old quill pen, I suspect, badly needs  
mending. The ink is probably scanty,  
and the writing-desk looks rather  
totterish. But I venture to say that  
it will be a shrewd, commonsense letter  
that our hard-headed friend will write  
before he gets through.

## Lincoln's Mother.

THOUGH President Lincoln's mother  
died when he was ten years of age,  
yet she lived long enough to inspire  
him with a noble ambition, to train  
him to love truth and justice, and to  
reverence God and goodness. Years  
after, when men were looking to him  
as one who might become a national  
leader, he said:

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe  
to my mother."

The wife of a pioneer, she shared  
the privations and hardships of life  
in a wilderness. The struggle for  
existence familiarized her not only  
with the distaff and the spinning-  
wheel, but with an axe, the hoe and  
the rifle. She helped her husband to  
clear and break up the soil, to kill wild

turkeys, as well as deer and bears,  
whose skins she dressed and made into  
clothes. When she married, her hus-  
band could neither read nor write, but  
she found time, toilsome as was her  
life, to teach both rudiments to him and  
her son. She was unusually intelligent  
and refined for a pioneer's wife. Her  
taste and love of beauty made her log  
house an exceptional home in the  
wilderness, where the people were  
rugged and lived so far apart that they  
could hardly see the smoke from each  
other's cabins.

When Abraham Lincoln had gained  
the people's ear, men noticed that he  
scarcely made a speech or wrote a state  
paper in which there was not an illus-  
tration or a quotation from the Bible.  
"Abe Lincoln," his friends used to say,  
"is more familiar with the Bible than  
most ministers." He had been thorough-  
ly instructed in it by his mother. It  
was one book always found in the  
pioneer's cabin, and to it she, being a  
woman of deep religious feeling, turned  
for sympathy and refreshment.

Out of it she taught her boy to  
spell and read, and with its poetry,  
history and principles she so familiar-  
ized him that they always influenced  
his subsequent life. She was fond of  
books, and read all she could beg or  
borrow from the pioneers far and near.  
Her boy early imbibed his mother's  
passion for books. Here and there

could be found in the cabin "Bun-  
yan's Pilgrim's Progress," "Weem's  
Life of Washington," and "Burns'  
Poems." Young Abe read these over  
and over again, until he knew them as  
he knew the alphabet.

When his mother died the son had  
already received a good education—he  
told the truth, he loved justice, rever-  
enced God, he respected goodness, he  
was fond of reading, he could swing  
the axe, shoot the rifle, and take more  
than a boy's part in subduing the  
wilderness and building up a home.  
She selected the place for her burial.  
It was under a majestic sycamore on  
the top of a forest-covered hill that  
stretched above her log-cabin home.  
No clergyman could be found to bury  
her, and the neighbours took part in  
the simple, solemn rites. Months after,  
a preacher, who had been written to,  
travelled hundreds of miles through the  
forest to preach a funeral sermon under  
the sycamore.

The boy of ten never forgot those  
sad, plain services, nor the mother  
whose memory they honoured. She  
ever remained to him the incarnation  
of tenderness, love, self-sacrifice and  
devotion to duty. When he was  
President he honoured her training by  
the thought: "She placed me here!"  
—*Youth's Companion*.

## The Rat Evangelist.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBNE tells us  
a story of a French convict who was  
reformed by a rat—a man who was  
long the terror of prison authorities.  
Time after time he had broken out and  
made savage assaults on his jailers.  
Stripes and chains had been multiplied  
year after year, and he was habitually  
confined in an underground cell, whence  
he was only taken to work with his  
fellow-convicts in the prison yard; but  
his ferocity long remained untamed. At  
last it was observed that he grew rather  
more calm and docile, without apparent  
cause for the change, till one day, when  
he was working with his comrades, a  
large rat suddenly leaped from the  
breast of his coat and ran across the  
yard. Naturally the cry was raised  
to kill the rat, and the men were pre-  
pared to throw stones at it when the  
convict, hitherto so ferocious, with a  
sudden outburst of feeling, implored  
them to desist and allow him to recover  
his favourite. The prison officials for  
once were guided by happy compassion,  
and suffered him to call back his rat,  
which came to his voice and nestled  
back in his dress. The convict's grati-  
tude was as strong as his rebellious  
disposition had hitherto proved, and  
from that day he proved submissive  
and orderly. After some years he be-  
came the trusted assistant of the  
jailers, and finally was killed in de-  
fending them against a mutiny of other  
convicts. The love of that humble  
creature, finding a place in his rough  
heart, had changed his whole character.  
Who shall limit the miracles to be  
wrought by affection, when the love of  
a rat could transform a man?

### A Quaker Sermon.

It was the First-day Meeting  
And the group of gathered folk  
Sat touched by the hush of a voiceless spell;  
No sound the silence broke.

Until, in her place on the woman's side,  
With a sweet and tender face  
That bore the pure and peaceful sign  
Of the inward Spirit's grace,

A white-haired woman rose with the word  
That was laid on her heart to say—  
The word that the gathered people  
Were awaiting that sunny day.

"Sister Tabitha all to pieces  
My best china teapot broke,  
But I kept my soul in patience,  
Nor a word of anger spoke."

That was all; and down with the sunshine  
The silence again fell sweet,  
Till the elder people gave the sign  
That the service was complete.

Do you say that the hour was wasted?  
That the sermon was trivial, vain,  
Textless, devoid of logic,  
Unthrilled by one eloquent strain?

Not so; for that gospel is sweetest  
That is won through life's fret and its pain,  
That softens the jar of its friction,  
And lightens the stress of its strain?

And the love that is over the erring,  
The peace untouched by surprise,  
The quiet that keeps its sweet patience,  
Are dear in the Master's eyes.

While many a rhetorician  
Might learn from this homily brief  
A truth that the wearied people  
Would hail as a glad relief—

That the lesson is most enduring,  
Close to life's practical lines,  
And not the length but the fitness  
The heart of the hearer inclines.

And we all in our plain home duties  
Find the thought in this First-day word,  
That the least of our trials and triumphs  
Has a worth in the sight of our Lord.  
—*Christian at Work.*

### The Dinner-Party.

BY SUSIE V. ANDERSON.

"I wonder what we are to do all day?  
Even at a picnic a fellow gets tired of  
cigars and pretty girls, and wants some  
sort of entertainment. O! Miss Ellis,  
did you hear? I beg your pardon.  
I thought I was talking only to Bates.  
I did not hear your fairy footfall."

The speaker was a tall, handsome  
young man of some twenty years. He  
had that jaunty, vigorous look that  
betokened good health, and a restless,  
discontented look that might betoken  
that there was something, either in  
himself or in his surroundings, or per-  
haps in both, that caused him dissatis-  
faction. In reality, few had better  
cause to be thoroughly happy. The  
day was perfect so far as the weather  
was concerned, just hot enough to  
make the shade of the trees agreeable,  
and yet cool enough to allow people to  
enjoy a pleasant ramble.

A lady who loved to gather young  
people around her had given a picnic.  
The place chosen was a lovely spot  
called Hazel-nut Dell. Just now, with  
its groups of merry young people, it  
looked very attractive; the gay dresses  
of the ladies, to say nothing of the

bright faces, all helped to make a  
picture it would do one good to look  
at. Lunch was just over, and Sydney  
Wallace and his friend Bates had  
stretched themselves on the grass be-  
neath a wide-spreading tree to enjoy  
cigars and a little conversation. It  
was then that Miss Ellis had come  
unexpectedly upon them, overhearing  
the very ungallant speech made by  
Wallace.

And now a word about Fanny Ellis.  
How shall we describe her? She was  
not beautiful, or very young. In the  
eyes of some of the youthful belles she  
was decidedly old, perhaps twenty-six!  
Every one loved her, certainly, and  
many had good cause to. There was a  
peculiar charm in her manner that won  
every heart, and the soft, sweet voice  
seemed made for saying pleasant  
things, though the dark eyes could flash  
ominously if anything unkind or unjust  
was said or done in her presence. Many  
wondered why she retained her maiden  
name; but her widowed and invalid  
mother could tell a tale of unwearied  
devotion and constant attention that  
would explain away any mystery  
attached to the subject. With young  
Wallace she was a great favourite; and  
now as she came up to him, he  
scrambled on to his feet, and stretching  
his tall form to the utmost, looked  
down upon her admiringly, saying:

"It is downright refreshing to look  
at you even. Do take pity on a fellow  
and bestow a little of your sunshine on  
him. I don't need any entertainment,  
if you will only take a stroll with me  
through that little wood, where they  
say there is a pretty waterfall, and  
assure me that you forgive the rude  
speech you heard just now."

"Really I have nothing to forgive,  
Sydney. I am not a pretty girl, so I  
don't feel offended; and, as you have  
thrown away your cigar, I shall be  
glad to go with you. I want to see  
the waterfall, and several of our party  
are on their way there."

They were soon in the midst of a  
gay conversation, and both seemed  
bent on enjoying their little excursion.  
Presently the expression of their  
faces changed, and deep and earnest  
thought took the place of laughter  
and gay repartee. The fallen trunk of  
a tree forming a nice seat stood tempt-  
ingly before them. They availed them-  
selves of it, and sat down to rest just as  
Wallace said:

"I don't know how it is, but I never  
talk with you for half-an-hour, but you  
get the conversation round to serious  
things. I believe you are a very good  
woman, and you look so happy and  
contented, that I always leave you  
wishing I was a better man. Father  
and mother and Aunt Mary are all  
good, I am sure, but when they talk  
to me I feel savage; while I never  
leave you without thinking: 'There is  
something real in her religion. I wish  
I had it; she looks every word of it.'  
I would give anything to get it, if I  
only knew how, and could be as happy  
as you are."

Fanny's eyes were dim with tears,  
though a bright smile played upon her  
lips as she answered:

"Yes, I am happy; God does indeed  
give to his children a peace which  
passes 'all understanding.' He wants  
you to have that peace, too. He is  
calling you even now; won't you listen  
to him?"

There was no further opportunity  
for quiet talk; friends came up, and  
soon pleasant games and other amuse-  
ments banished, for the time, at any  
rate, more serious thoughts.

Months passed. Sydney's duties  
took him back to London, and Fanny's  
life was busy and useful as ever. Once  
more Sydney had a brief holiday, and  
came to his home to spend it. This  
time it was Christmas, and parties and  
pleasures of all sorts were the order of  
the day.

Among other festivities, the lady  
who had given the picnic in the  
previous summer gave a dinner-party,  
to which Wallace and Miss Ellis were  
both invited. It was nearly time to  
go, and Fanny was busy getting ready:  
the last touches were being put on to  
her neat though pretty toilet, the  
dainty lace and delicate ribbon looked  
very pretty, and the braids of dark  
hair were very becomingly arranged.  
She was just turning away from the  
glass, when a servant entered, bearing  
a beautiful little bouquet of flowers,  
and saying, as she laid them down on  
the table: "With Mr. Wallace's com-  
pliments, please, Miss." Fanny uttered  
an exclamation of delight as she bent  
over her beautiful present, and then  
fastened a few in her hair and in her  
brooch; it was all she wanted to make  
her toilet complete.

"Dear Sydney," she thought, "how  
good of him; he knows how I love  
flowers. I wish I could do something  
for him. I am glad he is going to the  
party; it will be a gay affair. I  
wonder if I can do anything there that  
will be for God's glory?"

She looked at her watch; it still  
wanted a quarter of an hour to the  
time she need start. Taking up her  
Bible, she read a few verses, and then  
spent a few minutes in earnest prayer  
that she might have strength and  
grace given to her, so that even at a  
dinner-party she might be able to do  
something that would tend to God's  
glory, and especially that she might be  
made a blessing to her friend Sydney.  
She felt strengthened and helped, and  
went to the dinner-party with a sweet  
peace filling her heart.

Sydney was not the only one  
who noticed the quiet, contented ex-  
pression of her face, and felt it must  
be the index of a heart at rest. Wallace,  
handsome as ever, had the same look of unrest and discontent  
which his face wore in the summer.  
Fanny saw at a glance that there was  
no change for the better in him. The  
dinner went off well; the rooms were  
gay with lights and holly, with its  
bright red berries. After dinner,  
when the guests were assembled in the

drawing-room, intelligent conversation  
and good music made the time pass  
pleasantly, but all too quickly. Fanny  
was sitting looking over a book of  
engravings with another lady, when  
Mrs. Greaves, their hostess, crossed  
the room to where she was sitting, and  
putting her hand on hers affectionately,  
said gaily: "Fanny, dear, will you  
sing for us? I know you don't like  
singing in what you call *public*; but  
we should be so delighted to have just  
one of your pretty songs." Fanny  
looked up and seemed to hesitate:  
"What shall I sing, Mrs. Greaves? I  
know so few songs, and no new ones."  
"Will you sing the one I heard you  
sing to your mother the other evening?  
Even if it is old, it was new to me; and  
I liked it so much."

Fanny moved to the piano, while the  
line of a hymn flashed into her mind:  
"All my actions sanctify." In a voice  
which gathered strength and courage  
as she went on, she sang the now well-  
known hymn: "Go bury thy sorrow."

"Go bury thy sorrow,  
The world hath its share;  
Go bury it deeply,  
Go hide it with care.

"Go think of it calmly,  
When curtains by night;  
Go tell it to Jesus,  
And all will be right."

When the song was finished, nothing  
but a few quiet, heart-felt words of  
thanks were heard for some time, and to  
every one's astonishment Wallace, with  
a few incoherent words of apology to his  
hostess, left the room abruptly. At an  
early hour the guests separated, all  
agreeing that they had spent a very  
pleasant evening.

The next morning Fanny had a long  
letter from Wallace: we will peep over  
her shoulder and read it with her:

"I cannot tell you, dear friend, what  
an effect your song had upon me last  
evening. I had never forgotten our  
talk in the summer, but the more  
I thought of it, the more miserable I  
felt. I knew I was all wrong, and  
yet could not humble myself to go to  
the Cross for pardon. I have tried to  
get right in every way but that; and  
have found all to be utter failure.  
When you came into the room yester-  
day, the very sight of your happy,  
contented face made me feel wretched  
in the extreme, though I tried to shake  
it off. Then you sang so sweetly that  
beautiful hymn. I felt I had plenty  
of sorrow, that I was burdened and  
heavy laden, and the words:

"Go tell it to Jesus,  
He'll send the relief,"

seemed to be the answer of my hungry  
soul. I could not stay longer, but  
hurried home, locked myself in my  
room, and 'told it to Jesus.' I, Sydney  
Wallace, who had been trying to make  
out I was better than any one else, felt  
I was a miserable sinner. I went to  
the Cross for pardon, and after hours  
of pleading and agonizing, Jesus sent  
me relief, and I could say for myself  
what you told me in our summer."

talk: "The peace that God gives his children does indeed pass all understanding." It seems strange that that little simple song should reach my heart, when sermons had been in vain, and even the tender pleadings of my parents had passed uncared for. You have led me to my Heavenly Father; how can I sufficiently thank you?"

Tears of joy many times prevented Fanny from reading the glad news. She could only fall on her knees and thank God from her heart that even that day at the dinner-party she had been able to do something for his glory. Years have passed. Wallace holds an important and responsible position, but is still keeping the treasure he found at that Christmas-party long ago, and is growing strong in all Christian virtues; while Fanny, still Fanny Ellis, is trying more than ever to do all she can to help others heavenward, and is still happy and contented, learning more and more the secret of a happy life:

"Just to let thy Father do  
What he will:  
Just to know that he is true,  
And be still.  
Just to follow hour by hour, as he leadeth:  
Just to draw the moment's power, as it  
needeth  
Just to trust him, that is all!  
Then thy day shall surely be  
Peaceful whatso'er befall,  
Bright and blessed, calm and free."

### The Doxology.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CIVIC ELECTION, 1887.

At a meeting, held in Shaftesbury Hall, immediately following the announcement of the election of W. H. Howland, Esq., as Mayor of Toronto, by a majority of 2,200 over his opponent, Mr. Blain, who had been brought out and supported by the liquor men of the city; just as Mr. Howland came on the platform, some one started the "Long Metre Doxology," and in a moment the whole audience, numbering between two and three thousand, were on their feet, joining in with a heartiness and good-will that showed their entire sympathy with the spirit and sentiment of the hymn. It was a scene long to be remembered by all who were present and had the pleasure of blending their voices in Bishop Ken's grand Doxology.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
The time, the place, the cause, the men;  
The bitter strife of "wrong," to show  
That "licensed sin" (by tongue and pen)  
Had claim to rule; that honest Right  
Must yield the lead to Mammoned Might.

"Praise God," yes praise him! How they sang!  
They saw his hand, and owned his power;  
With trustful hope, their voices rang  
With triumph, praising for this hour,—  
This laurel on our city's brow,—  
That God can trust Toronto now.

"Praise him all creatures here below,"  
And flashing up before them came  
A vision of the want and woe,  
The weary sin and bitter shame,  
That keeps his "creatures" all their days  
From joining in their Maker's praise.

The demon Rum, with fostered power  
And prestige, legalized by time,  
Hath spread o'er all his cursed dower  
Of pauperism, hate, and crime,  
That God forgotten—mortals sit  
And love this demon of the pit.

"Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;"  
Yes, earth and heaven blend songs to-  
night;

In glad "new song" the seraphs boast:  
"Toronto, true to God and Right;"  
They sing with rapture, all abroad:  
"Her sons and daughters honour God."

And other "harpers" join the strains,  
And other voices shout the songs,  
That thrill along the heavenly plains,  
And our "Doxology" prolongs;  
"Praise him," the ransomed fathers sing;  
"Our worthy children tribute bring."

"Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;"  
Faith saw the "day" when "God shall  
reign,"

And schemes and schemers and the host  
Of trucklers, who for sin and gain,  
Would rob our homes of "virtue's" crown,  
Before Omnipotence go down.

If all who own his name were true,  
Then God could work, and sin would end;  
The Right would stand in clearer view,  
And truth and righteousness would blend  
To make our city—by its worth—  
The pride and glory of the earth.

—L. A. Morrison.

Toronto, Jan. 8th, 1887.

—Guardian.

### How Bobolink Paid his Debt.

"He is going to put out the eyes of that poor little bird," said Henry Oliver to his sister Maria.

"Oh, how cruel and bad he is!" replied Maria.

The two children were playing in a balcony which overlooked the neighbouring area. For some days they had been interested in watching a poor little Bobolink which hung in a cage almost within their reach. The bird had been lately caught and was unused to captivity, therefore it did not sing, and the cruel boy who had caught it tried by various torments to compel his helpless little prisoner to do so. More than once a cat had sprung on the cage and, thrusting in its claws, had chased poor little Bobby from side to side. Then the bird had uttered shrill cries of distress. Thus John Roe had taken up the idea that fright and torture would compel the poor bird to sing.

Day after day Henry and Maria had watched him drive Bobby with a stick from perch to perch and all round the cage. They had seen him take a slender willow twig and try to whip the innocent captive, and their sympathies had been greatly roused. Now on this particular Saturday morning, being freed from the restraints of school, he was torturing poor Bobby.

"I have heard," said John Roe, "that they put out birds' eyes to make them sing, and I want to have the fun to-day."

"Oh, don't! don't do such a thing!" cried Henry and Maria in chorus from the balcony adjacent.

"Like to know what business it is of yours," said John.

"Why do you wish to do it?" asked Henry, becoming cooler as he considered that he had indeed no right to interfere.

"I can't sell him unless he will sing," answered John.

"Oh, let us buy him—we will buy him," cried little Maria.

"The money is what I want," said John, "else I will put out his eyes."

"How much do you ask?" said Henry.

"Three dollars is the least I will take, and if I can't get that I will take out my spite on him. I won't have all my trouble for nothing."

"We will buy him," said little Maria, who had begun to cry.

"Hand over your money then," was John's answer.

"Wait a while on us," said Henry.

"Half an hour and no more, and if the money don't come, out the eyes goes." This was John's ultimatum.

Henry and Maria ran to find their mother. She had already noticed poor little Bobby and joined with the children in sympathy for him.

"You know, my dears," she said, "that we have some money put by for excursions. If you had rather save the bird you can do so. Take your choice. Had you rather go on the steamer and have a picnic dinner on the river bank, or would you prefer to have Bobby for a pet?"

"Oh, mamma," said Maria, "the sight would haunt me all the time. I would dream of it every night if I saw that poor little bird tortured and his eyes put out, and felt that we could have saved him and we had not done so."

"Let us buy him," said Henry, who felt as much as Maria, though he expressed himself more coolly.

"That is right, my dears," said the kind mamma. "I like to see you unselfish. I like to see you deny yourselves for the sake of others."

"We love poor little Bobby, too," said warm-hearted Maria.

"Here is the money," said Mrs. Oliver, placing three dollars in Henry's hand.

With delight the children ran back to complete their kindly purpose, and in a few minutes Bobby's cage was hung in the sunshine in an upper balcony to which no cat could gain access. And now the children's pleasure was to cater to his desires and to find for him whatever he liked. Chickweed, strawberries, lumps of sugar, and every other delicacy were given to him. Above all, he was left in peace. They even introduced into the cage a branch of a cherry-tree covered with leaves and fruit and large enough for Bobby to feel sheltered and at rest amid its foliage.

In a few days when the children came from school Bobby welcomed them with song; and, having once commenced, his cheerful voice was constantly heard, while their amusement was great to perceive that, whenever John Roe appeared in sight below, the bird uttered cries of anger and distress.

It so happened that across the area and into the rear balcony of a house opposite a bridge had been placed for the convenience of the children of the

two families. Frequently they crossed from one dwelling to the other and often they played and studied together. Bobby was an object of great interest to them all, and he soon came to know each one. Thus the summer months passed happily away and winter came.

About six months after the time when our story opens Henry was crossing on this bridge to visit his young friends in the house opposite. When half way over his foot slipped on the ice, he caught with his hands to a slight projecting edge, and there hung. None saw the accident but the bird, which Maria was feeding at the time. Instantly Bobby sounded his shrill notes of terror and distress. Maria looked round and saw the danger of her brother. She ran across to the spot where he hung, laid herself flat across the bridge, and held and supported his hands in hers. His situation was still perilous, for Maria's strength could not long have sustained him; but Bobby continued his notes of alarm, fluttering up and down in his cage and beating against the bars as though he could have flown to the rescue, until he thus attracted the attention of Mrs. Oliver, who was in the next room. She came in to look what was the matter and perceived the great danger to which both of her children were exposed.

"Hold on, Maria," she said. "Courage, Henry; I will call papa."

Mr. Oliver was just leaving the door, but happily she recalled him in time, and it was not difficult for him to reach the spot and lift Henry to the surface of the bridge and then return for Maria.

When the happy little family were gathered in the evening they discussed the service which Bobby had rendered.

"We can never be too thankful that we pitied his sorrowful captivity," said Mrs. Oliver.

"We loved him," said Maria, "and he has loved us."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

### What War Has Done.

In the Napoleonic battles 6,000,000 men were killed; in "the thirty years' war," 12,000,000; under the wars of Sesostris, 15,000,000; in those of Justinian, 20,000,000; in the Jewish wars, 25,000,000; in the crusades, 80,000,000; and in the Roman wars, 180,000,000. These are estimates, but probably less than the real truth. In all wars since time began 3,500,000,000 of men are supposed to have fallen. This number of men would engirdle the earth, counting ten to a rod, single file, forty-three abreast. What an awful sacrifice to the god of war! and how fearfully the hate of man against his fellows is illustrated by it! But soon—and let us thank God for it—the nations shall learn war no more.

Nothing is so reasonable and cheap as good manners.—*Don Quixote.*



**The Girls that are Wanted.**

The girls that are wanted are good girls—  
Good from the heart to the lips;  
Pure as the lily is white and pure,  
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—  
Girls that are mother's right hand,  
That fathers and mothers can trust to,  
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,  
And pleasant when nobody sees  
Kind and sweet to their own folk,  
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls  
That know what to do and to say;  
That drive with a smile or a soft word  
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense  
Whom fashion can never deceive,  
Who can follow whatever is pretty,  
And dare, what is silly, to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,  
Who count what a thing will cost;  
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,  
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;  
They are wanted for mothers and wives;  
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,  
The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,  
They are very few, understand;  
But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls  
There's a constant and steady demand.

**LESSON NOTES.****FIRST QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**

B.C. 1739] **LESSON XII.** [March 20  
**JACOB'S NEW NAME.**

Gen. 32. 9-12, 24-30. Mem. vs. 28-30.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Gen. 32. 26.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Jacob. 2. Israel.

**TIME.**—1739 B.C. This is on the supposition that his flight was in 1760 and his life in Haran but twenty-one years.

**PLACE.**—On the eastern side of the Jordan, near the brook Jabbok, which runs out from the mountains of Gilead and empties into the Jordan.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**—Many years have gone by. Some say twenty or twenty-one years, others think forty years. Which ever it be, the events which can be distinguished are plain. The solitary outcast has reached his kinsmen beyond the Euphrates; has married Leah and Rachel, and become the father of a large family, twelve children in all. His estate is very great. God has prospered him beyond his farthest expectation, and now he is on his homeward way. Esau, his brother, has also married his kinswoman, Ishmael's daughter, and has founded the Edomite nation. He has been apprised of Jacob's approach, and, with four hundred followers, is advancing from Mount Seir. Jacob is in terror. So opens our lesson.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*O God of my father, etc.*—This was the way of appealing to God, as a covenant-keeping God, and was a common form in after days. *With my staff I passed*—Reference, of course, to his condition as a solitary fugitive years before. *Two hands*—That is, a very great company. *Was left alone*—Jacob was doing the best human skill could do in caring for his people, property, and loved ones. He was the last to cross. *The hollow of his thigh*—"The socket of the hip joint, the hollow place into which the neck-bone of the thigh is inserted." *The day breaketh*—The sun rising is breaking up the darkness of night. *Except thou bless me*—Jacob had learned who his opponent was. He is the same Jacob, alive to God's presence, that we saw twenty years ago asleep at Bethel. *Peniel*—This is elsewhere spelled "Penuel," which means exactly the same thing, which is, "the face of God."

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.****1. Jacob.**

What has happened to Jacob since we left him at Bethel?  
How far has he reached on his journey home?

What was the occasion of his prayer at the opening of the lesson?

What elements of character are shown in his preparations to meet Esau?

What does his conduct show as to his own estimate of the wrong he had done to Esau?

"Jacob" means supplanter. What is the last act of the supplanter before he reaches his Peniel?

What one element of character had marked his whole life at Padan-aram?

In what respects can Jacob be justly called the ancestor of the Jew?

**2. Israel.**

Waiting for Esau; what antagonist comes upon Jacob?

What were the characteristics of this struggle? ver. 24, 25. Certainly three characteristics.

What was the meaning of this struggle? What had his life for the last twenty or forty years been?

What was the character of his after life? How is the struggle symbolical of conversion?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Here was a man, rich, prosperous, and what the world calls happy.

He was a coward. Why? The power of conscience is greater than the power of riches.

Jacob, the supplanter, became Israel, God's prince, but it cost years of discipline and a night of fierce conflict. There is no good worth having except it cost a struggle. Even Jacob could become Israel. So may any sinner.

Jacob sought protection from Esau; he found protection from a worse foe—himself.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

Man was made to know, love, and serve God: have all men done so?

No; "for all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God."

Romans iii. 23. For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

B.C. 2348] **LESSON XIII** [March 27  
**TEMPERANCE LESSON.**

Gen. 9. 18-27. Memory verses, 24, 25.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine. Isa. 5. 2.

**OUTLINE.**

1. A Father's Shame.  
2. A Father's Curse.

**TIME.**—2348 B.C. Soon after Noah's exit from the ark.

**PLACE.**—Somewhere in the highlands of Armenia.

**CIRCUMSTANCES.**—The deluge was over, Noah and the remnant of things living had come from the ark. The institution of the altar and sacrifice had been renewed, and God had made his memorable covenant with Noah. The father and his sons began the work of tilling the soil. The first vineyard of which we have record was planted, and its end was what we are so familiar with in the story of the race.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*The whole earth over-spread*—The dispersion of races sent Japheth to Europe, Shem peopled Asia, and Ham peopled Africa. *A husbandman*—One who binds his house together, that is, supports his family by the produce of the earth. *Was drunken*—The first record of drunkenness. *Awoke from his wine*—Filled with remorse and angry at himself, as every man is who wakes from a debauch. *Shall dwell in the tents of Shem*—Commentators seem to think that this means the descendants of Japheth should receive a knowledge of the true God from the Shemitic people.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.****1. A Father's Shame.**

Who is the first person of whom drunkenness is recorded?

How old was Noah when this sin overtook him?

What gracious evidence of God's love had he previously had?

Who was involved in the consequences of his act?

Was Ham's sight of his father, or the report that followed, the cause of his father's wrath?

Give a reason for your answer.  
Is Noah's shame anything unusual in the history of drunkenness?  
Find three Bible instances of the shame of this sin?

**2. A Father's Curse.**

Cursed by Noah?  
Why should the grandson be cursed and the son not?

Was Noah relieved of sin by passing a curse for its consequences on to his posterity?

What was the curse that day pronounced? Does a curse still follow the drunkard?

What is the usual condition of the children of drunkards?

What was Solomon's experience of the results of drinking? Prov. 23. 29-32.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

It is never safe to trifle with alcohol. It makes no exemption in respect of age.

It scars character with scars that cannot be effaced.

While the world lasts Noah's shame will be known.

Noah, perhaps, did not know the effect of alcohol on the brain.

Give him that benefit. *We do know.* We have no excuse.

Alcohol brought curse upon the great nation of the Canaanites.

Alcohol is to-day a curse to our own loved nation.

Let us set our faces against it.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

What is sin?  
Sin is disobedience to the law of God in will or deed.

Romans viii. 7. The mind of the flesh is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be.

1 John v. 17. All unrighteousness is sin.

James iv. 17. To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.

**A Question.**

To THE question: Should a Sunday-school teacher use tobacco? It may be at least answered in a general way, fully covering the case, that when a poor man spends his own money for tobacco, he does a foolish thing; and when he spends money that belongs to his wife and children, or to his creditors, he does a mean and dishonest thing. If a rich man wastes his money and his strength on the filthy weed it is, of course, his own look-out, financially, except as he is setting a bad example, through his privilege of luxury which, upon the average boy and young man, is pernicious to the highest degree. But whatever be the so-called rights of the rich as to luxury and vice, when one of a class of people who join in the complaint about the "hard times," and the "oppression of capital," consents to waste money on what does him harm, and increases the certainty and permanence of his poverty, he is beyond any claims upon charity or even patience. Now, adding to this the need of pure breath, self-control, unquestionable reputation as to habit, society, etc., safe example for boys to follow, and that needs no apology, and if poor, at least economy in luxury for Christ's sake; adding to all these and much more upon which this bad practice touches, and no Christian teacher ought to hesitate a moment in answering the question with which this item begins, "No."

"Every step toward Christ," says Dr. T. L. Cuyler, "kills a doubt; every thought, word and deed for him carries you away from discouragement."

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