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# HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 28, 1886.

[No. 18.]

## August.

BY W. F. ROACH, AVERING, ONT.

The cloudless days have come upon the land,  
At morn and eve the sun so fiery looks,  
At noon we seek the shady bow'rs and  
nooks,  
And leave the burning rays upon the sand.  
The farmer works away with busy hand,  
His daughter drives the cattle to the  
brooks,  
The student has forgot his toil-worn  
books,  
And seeks his rest upon a pleasant strand.  
Oh that we all would work when 'tis our  
time,  
And learn to rest when God doth bid us  
to do;  
And so our Maker's glorious name adore.  
Ere long our call will be to seek a clime  
In which there'll be no tiresome work to  
do;  
And then we'll be far from the world's up-  
rour.

## Natives of Hawaii.

WHEN Lady Brassey, the noted traveller, reached the Sandwich Islands, she and her party visited the volcano of Kilauea, where they spent Christmas Day. The crater is a lake of fire a mile across, boiling like Acheron. "Dashing against the cliffs with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red fiery lava tossed their spray high in the air." Returning over the lava bed, she continues: "Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself." Soon after a river of lava overflowed the ground on which they had just walked. The natives of Hawaii seem almost amphibious. On a narrow board mere boys will ride upon the wildest surf or rapids; and, for the amusement of the tourists, two natives leaped from a cliff, a hundred feet high, into the sea at its base, as shown in the picture.

## Why Bees Work in the Dark.

A LIFETIME might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a beehive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a problem for the mathematician, while the changes the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear, yellow syrup, without a trace of sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystal-like appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid mass of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change is due to a photographic action;



NATIVE HIGH LEAP AT HITO.

that the same agent which determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystal-like form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler, an eminent chemist, has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, while others have been exposed to the light. The invariable result has been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid.

. And this is why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light was allowed access to this, the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

## A Young Capitalist.

We find the following in a Newark paper:

"As Mr. O. B. Yatman was yesterday standing at the depositors' window of the Howard Savings Bank and counting out \$25 to deposit a gentleman at his elbow remarked jocosely:

"Well, I see that taking care of the Newark youngsters proves profitable and enables you to lay up money."

"Why, bless you, my friend," was the reply, "that's just where you're wrong. I can't save any money. This that I am depositing belongs to a bootblack, to a boy only sixteen years old. Look at this bank book. You see its for ——— who's one of my proteges, a street waif. You see also that he's been depositing through me as a trustee since April 1, 1884. Isn't that beautiful? You find \$25 here, \$40 there, and \$10 there, and now the aggregate of that little bootblack's savings is almost \$340. Why, bless you, there's many a clerk in Newark on a salary of \$1,500 a year who doesn't save half that sum. This boy pays his way, too. He's one of our little lodgers, and he pays for his board and lodging."

"Now I'll tell you how it happened. About eighteen months ago this chap, who was spending his money foolishly at night, had no home. His father and mother both died, and his stepfather is in jail. I told him he could start in business with a nice capital when he becomes of age if he wanted to. He inquired how. I said, 'Save your money, my boy.' Then he began to give me his savings each night. I put them in a safe place, and when they amounted to a respectable sum I came and deposited it all here, and for eighteen months I've been at it, and you see now he's a young capitalist—and only a bootblack.

"He's not the only one either. I've got others of my boys saving too, and I tell you they'll turn out smart men. They get the habit of saving and working and are self-supporting. They get the business habit. Why, bless you, they can give odds to many a rich man's boy now. But you thought it was my money, hey? Well, that's too good a joke. No, my friend, I can do for the young scamps what I can't do for myself. But good day, I can't wait. I must go and look after others."

And as Mr. Yatman pitched for the street he could be heard saying, as he chuckled to himself "Well, well, if that ain't too good. He thought, it was my own money."

God warns us because He loves us.

**The Washerwoman's Friend.**

In a very humble cot,  
In a rather quiet spot,  
In the suds and in the soap,  
Worked a woman full of hope;  
Working, singing, all alone,  
In a sort of undertone,  
"With a Saviour for a friend;  
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along,  
I had heard the semi-song,  
And I often used to smile  
More in sympathy than guile;  
But I never said a word  
In regard to what I heard,  
As she sang about her friend  
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee  
Working all day long was she,  
As her children, three or four,  
Played around her on the floor;  
But in monotonous the song  
She was humming all day long,  
"With a Saviour for a friend,  
He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,  
Just as poor as poor could be,  
But her spirits always rose,  
Like the bubbles in the clothes;  
And though widowed and alone,  
Cheered her with the monotone,  
Of a Saviour and a friend  
Who will keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub  
On the washboard in the tub,  
While the baby, sopped in suds,  
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;  
Or was paddling in the pools  
With old scissors stuck in spoons;  
She still humming of her friend  
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds  
Have their root in human needs;  
And I would not wish to strip  
From that washerwoman's lip  
Any song that she can sing,  
Any hope that songs can bring;  
For the woman has a friend  
Who will keep her to the end.

—*Utica Press.*

**Locking up "The Tower."**

Excess of ceremony was the old expedient for making power venerable. In these more practical days it oftener makes power ridiculous. A good deal of form and etiquette, however, are doubtless necessary in official places; at all events there is likely to be a good deal, especially under imperial governments—and the poor fellows who hold the places, and whose duties are chiefly traditional, must do *something* to earn their salary. It is no very great affair for a smart man or boy to lock the doors of a building, but the Government of England makes a very solemn and deliberate job of it. Large bodies move slowly.

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and from treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasion were actually afoot.

Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled, and the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness can procure their being re-opened till the appointed hour the next morning.

The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven,—on Tuesdays and Fridays twelve,—the head warden (yeoman porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother-warden carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and calls out in a loud voice:—

**"Escort keys!"**

At these words the sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, turns out and follows him to the "Spur," an outer gate, each sentry challenging, as they pass the post,—

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The yeoman porter then exclaims,

"God bless Queen Victoria!"

The main guard devoutly respond,—

"Amen!"

The officer on duty gives the word,—

"Present Arms!"

The firelocks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions, and the yeoman porter marches majestically across the parade alone, to deposit the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings.

The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign; and any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with this talisman, is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses.

All of which is pleasantly absurd, and reminds us of the stately manner in which the crown was carried about when the White Tower was on fire.

**A Sad Looking Boy.**

I SAW a sad looking boy this morning. I don't like sad boys. They generally die young. This boy had red eyes. He looked like a little old fellow. He seemed to think it was smart to have red eyes, for he was continually trying to make them redder. He was smoking a cigarette; this was what made him look so old, and this was the way he was trying to make himself have red eyes and look like an old man. He went down the street and into a saloon. He stepped up to the bar like an old toper, and simply said, "One beer." He drank it all at one breath, just like an old drunkard, and said, "I'm braced up."

Thinks I to myself: "Yes, you are braced up for becoming an excellent drunkard one of these days. You'll spend the money you ought to save. You'll be blotched in the face and not more than half-grown, and when you die people will mourn principally because you hadn't hurried up and died sooner." It don't pay to try to be a toper. Perhaps some men can smoke, and drink beer and whisky, and stand it, but boys can't. It kills them every time. Do you say, "I don't believe it?"

How do you know? The men who drink didn't commence when they were boys. Drinking and smoking kill men sooner or later, but they kill boys very quick.

Do you want to try and see? Would you like to try and see what would be the effect of the bite of a mad dog or a rattle-snake?

Boys, if you want to grow up strong, active, large, successful men, don't smoke, and by all means don't drink. Be happy, have just as much fun as you can, but do nothing wrong.—*The School Journal.*

SOME double their burdens through life by loading their conscience with sin.

**The Good Shepherd.**

I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,  
As homeward He carried His lost one again.  
I marvelled how gently His burden He bore

And as He passed by me I knelt to adore

O Shepherd! Good Shepherd! Thy wounds

they are deep;

The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving

Thy sheep;

Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed,

And what is this rent they have made in

Thy side?

Ah me, how the thorns have entangled Thy

hair

And cruelly riven that forehead so fair!

How feebly Thou drawest Thy tattering

breath,

And, lo, on Thy face is the paleness of

death!

O Shepherd! Good Shepherd! and is it for

me

Such grievous affliction hath fallen on Thee?

Oh, then let me strive, for the love Thou

hast borne,

To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn.

**A Story of Street Life.**

[Boys and girls who believe that tender and sweet stories are only found between the covers of books of fiction will do well to read the following story, which was *lived* in the busy, crowded New York streets. We give it as it is told in one of the New York papers:]

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning, after sleeping in a dry-goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a while no one dared play tricks upon little Joe. His friends he remembered and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck; kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough even for a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin of his face was drawn closer and closer, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. Two weeks ago he awoke one morning, after working hard selling "extras," to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt; the vital force was gone.

"Where is little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Finally, he was found in a secluded corner, and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital at Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday a newsboy who had abused him at first, and learned to love him afterward, found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said with some difficulty, "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys."

It was sad news that Jerry brought back to his friends on that day. They feared the end was near, and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself; their hearts were too full to speak.

That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:

"Resolved, That we all liked little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died."

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the hospital again kindly offered the use of his carriage. The burial took place yesterday. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,

Aged 14.

The Best Newsboy in New York.

WE ALL LIKED HIM.

There was no service, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that little Joe was dead! He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.

**Do it Now.**

This is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit, the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now; then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, very likely you will forget it and not do it at all; or else—what for you is almost as bad—you will not forget, but keep thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it wore, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy who drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have a doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with him. But there the fact was: he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed.

The doctor was nonplussed:

"What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring, but that he dreads all day long, and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it, the boy got well. Putting it off made his task prey on the boy's mind. "Doing it now" relieved him.

Boys and girls, "do it now."—*Selected.*

## The Brother's Promise.

IN a dark and dreary garret,  
O'er a dirty London slum,  
Where the blessed light of heaven  
And the sunshine seldom come.  
All amidst this want and equalor  
This abode of sin and care—  
Lay a little city arab,  
Breathing out his small life there—

All alone save one—his sister—  
Younger still than he, who tried,  
All in vain, to drive the anguish  
From his aching back and side.  
Still she bent o'er him, caressing;  
And the while, in accents mild,  
With a faint and feeble utterance,  
Slowly spoke the dying child:—

"I am dying, sister Nellie;  
And when I am cold and dead,  
I shall be at rest in heaven,  
As the clergyman has said.  
But you'll come some day, my sister—  
There is room for me and you;  
It would not be heaven, Nellie,  
If you did not come there too.

"And if father comes to-morrow,  
When he sees me lying dead,  
He'll know then I am not shamming,  
As you know, he always said.  
Don't you be afraid he'll beat you  
When he comes to-morrow morn';  
I feel sure he will be kinder,  
Nell, he looks so dull and worn.

"We have been good friends, my sister,  
In our short life's pain and woe,  
Though we've braved it both together,  
You must stay while I must go.  
I am not afraid of dying,  
To be freed from all this pain,  
But I wish for your sake, Nellie,  
I was well and strong again.

"Don't cry so, my darling sister;  
Though I'm going far away,  
I shall be a shining angel  
In a land of endless day;  
And I'll always watch you, Nellie,  
From my place in heaven above—  
I will ask dear God to let me,  
And I know He is all love.

"So when I am up in heaven,  
In that place so fair to see,  
I will look down, dear, upon you,  
Though I know you won't see me;  
And when all is hushed and silent,  
And the stars gleam in the sky,  
You will know I'm looking, Nellie,  
And be glad, and will not cry."

In a damp and dismal graveyard,  
Where the bones of paupers lie,  
Midst a crowd of gaping idlers,  
Passed a little funeral by.  
But the only one who sorrowed,  
Only mourner of them all,  
Was a little ragged maiden,  
Sobbing o'er a coffin small.

—Cassell's Family Magazine.

## True Service.

"I WANT to do some great thing,"  
cried Sophy, GIBSON impetuously, "so  
that the world may revere and honor  
me, instead of going through my  
humdrum existence day by day."

"But why, my child," answered the  
old grandmother tenderly, "should your  
life be humdrum? It seems to me  
you have everything to make it the  
contrary—brothers and sisters, mother  
and father, a beautiful home and plenty  
of work to interest yourself in."

"Oh, but, grandma, look at me! I  
do nothing and am nothing. People  
round the next street maybe never even  
heard of me. Look at Florence Night-  
ingale, Grace Darling, Joan of Arc,  
and hundreds of other women who have  
made a name in the world, while I am  
bound to pass a monotonous home-life,  
with no great gifts and doing no good  
to anybody!" and the full brown eyes  
filled with tears as Sophy laid her chest-  
nut head on her grandmother's knees.

"I heard little Herbert saying last  
night," the old lady replied, "that he  
loved me Sophy because she was always  
so kind; and I think God accepts such

service, if done to please him, as much  
as if you were a great reformer."

"But, grandma, no one can help  
loving B. because he is such a pet;  
and, besides, that is a very little thing,  
after all."

"Well, darling, God does not require  
the same service from all, and He will  
not judge us by the quantity of work  
that we do, but by the quality; and if  
he has placed you in a quiet home, he  
sees that there is the place where you  
can best serve him and the service with  
which he will be most pleased."

"But I don't see how doing such  
little things can be doing him service."

"Fetch the Bible, my child, and find  
Numbers iv., and read verses 32 and 33.  
There you will see that the service  
appointed for the sons of Merari was the  
smallest in connection with the taber-  
nacle. It is not doing the little things  
only that pleases him, but doing them  
well and for him because he gave them  
to you to do."

Sophy read slowly through the verses  
mentioned by her grandmother, and  
then looking up said, "I see, grandma,  
that the sons of Merari had 'the pins  
and the cords' to look after, but still  
that was very little service. I wonder  
they were satisfied to do so little!"

"Was it less service or less import-  
ant, darling, because it was small ser-  
vice? The tabernacle was not complete  
without its pins, and I expect the sons  
of Merari recognized God's hand in  
giving them that little work. And so it  
is in the temple of God which we are  
building: our little niche has to be  
'prepared and made ready,' and our  
daily life, with its duties and discipline,  
moulds us into his likeness."

"I understand now, grandma," cried  
Sophy eagerly. "I have only the pins  
and the cords' to take care of for a  
little time, but who knows what I may  
be later on?"

"That's right, pet. I leave you this  
verse: 'Thou hast been faithful over a  
few things; I will make thee ruler over  
many things.'"

## City Free from Strong Drink.

THERE'S a beautiful city we're told;  
Crystal rivers and streets of gold,  
Blessed the beings whose shining feet  
There lightly tread each quiet street.  
Sweet the music that fills the air

NO DRINK SOLD THERE.

Father! in pity look down we pray,  
Hasten on earth the better day,  
Help us to work as a Temperance band  
To drive demon-drink from this fair land,  
And wipe away the bitter tear  
THAT DRINK BRINGS HERE.

## Inasmuch.

"THERE is something else I wish to  
speak with you about," said Miss Grey  
after the lesson was finished.

Each member of the class looked  
interested, for Miss Grey's talks were  
usually found pleasant.

"I want to tell you about some little  
children whom you can help if you  
desire to, and I am sure you do. They  
are in a children's hospital in the city.  
How it would have touched your hearts  
if you could have been with me when I  
went to see them! Think, dears, of long  
rows of little white beds in a large room,  
and from each one of them a pale  
patient little face looking up at you, as  
if wishing they could follow you out  
into the bright world and the sunshine,  
with limbs strong and healthy and faces  
as rosy as your own!"

"But the poor little things still have  
a great deal to be thankful for. Good  
people, full of the Lord's own spirit of

love and compassion for his suffering  
ones, have gathered them into this  
home, and everything is done there to  
relieve them and to make them happy.  
The rooms are light and cheery, and  
bright-colored pictures and mottoes  
hang upon the walls. Nurses with  
pleasant faces and pleasant voices wait  
upon the little ones, and many kind  
people go to see them and carry books  
and toys to them."

"I don't see how there can be any-  
thing left for us to do," said Ruth.  
"They seem to have everything they  
like."

"Not quite. There is something  
which they like as well as you do, but  
which can only reach them through  
loving hands. When you go out in the  
gardens and in the lanes and fields,  
what do you see smiling up at you on  
every side?"

"Flowers! flowers!"

"Yes. What would the summer day  
be to us without their beautiful faces?  
Now, some ladies are arranging to send  
to the little hospital children all they  
can get by next Saturday afternoon  
train. Will you help?"

"Yes, indeed."

There was an eager discussion as to  
what each one could send and the  
small lassies went home determined to  
make the very best offering they could.

Fully half of the next Saturday  
morning was spent by Ruth in selecting  
the choicest treasures of her garden, and  
by noon they were arranged in wet  
mass and hidden in a shady corner until  
she was ready to carry them to add to  
the others. She took a longer walk  
through a shady lane where she expected  
to find some lovely wild flowers, and  
by the time she got into the village she  
knew she had little time to spare.

"Oh, pretty, pretty flowers! Give  
Kitty!"

She was passing some very poor-  
looking houses when she stopped at the  
sound of a wistful voice:

"Go 'way!—go 'way!" came in  
harsher tones. "Go 'way! They've  
got scarlet fever, and you'll catch it."

"Oh, never mind that," said Ruth.  
A child's face, wan and pitiful, was  
looking at the flowers, and she could  
not bear to go on. "I've had the scar-  
let fever," she said. "I'll come in a  
moment and show the little girl my  
flowers, if you like."

She entered a dingy, close-smelling  
room. The child's pale face brightened,  
while an older girl, who appeared still  
more ill, raised a fever flushed face and  
looked longingly at the flowers. "I  
can't stay a minute," said Ruth, taking  
out one or two to give them. But the  
hot little face bent closely over the cool  
flowers, and Ruth found it hard to  
think of drawing them away.

"This is a hospital, sure enough,"  
she said to herself; and in a moment  
came the thought, "Why should I not  
leave them here? No one could want  
them more, I'm sure."

And then Ruth learned a lesson  
about her own little heart. She had  
been telling herself all the time that it  
was purely through love for the Master  
that she was bringing her offering of  
flowers. But here were two of his  
little ones who were suffering and poorly  
cared for. No bright pictures were  
brought for their amusement, nothing  
cheering or refreshing, no pleasant face  
or tender voice came near them; and  
yet she did not want to give them her  
flowers; and she knew that it was  
because she hoped to know that they  
were better than any other little girl

was giving, and that she wanted to be  
praised for it. How much pride and  
vanity were mingled with her gift!

The sick child sunk back upon her  
pillow, saying, "Thank you. Good-  
bye."

But Ruth did not turn toward the  
door. "I will give you the flowers,"  
she said. "I meant them for some sick  
children, so of course they are for you."

She felt a glow of pleasure in the  
fancy that the dear Lord might indeed  
have sent her to these little neglected  
ones. The harsh-voiced woman's face  
softened as she brought water for the  
flowers, and soon the room was gay with  
the brightness which comes only from  
loving hands which delight in loving  
offices.

Ruth did not go to see the large col-  
lection of flowers sent to the city. No  
one knew now faithfully she had joined  
in the labor of love. But as she walked  
home there was a music in the song of  
the birds and in the breath of the wind  
which seemed in harmony with a whis-  
per in her heart which came in the  
sweet reminder, "Ye did it unto me."  
—Sydney Dayer.

## "A Lie is a Lie," said Lizzie.

WHAT! not tell an innocent fib to escape  
From a harassing bore when you're busy,  
Or to get yourself out of a troublesome  
scrape?"

"No; a lie is a lie," said Lizzie.

"But a little white lie now you wouldn't  
attack—

A rat's not an elephant, is he?"  
"No; a rat is a rat, whether white, gray,  
or black;  
And a lie is a lie," said Lizzie.

"By subtle distinctions some may be per-  
plexed,  
Some brains made by argument dizzy;  
But I know I am right, and I'll stick to my  
text:  
A lie is a lie," said Lizzie.

## What Toadstools Did.

DID you ever think how strong the  
growing plants must be to force their  
way up through the earth? Even the  
green daisy tips and the tiny blades of  
grass that bow before a breath have to  
exert a force in coming through that,  
in proportion to their size, is greater  
than you would exert in rising from  
under a mound of cobble-stones. And  
think of toadstools—what soft, tender  
things they are, breaking at a touch!  
Yet, I can tell you, they are quite  
mighty in their way.

Charles Kingsley, the celebrated  
writer and clergyman, was a very close  
observer of Nature. One evening he  
noticed particularly a square flat stone  
that, I should say, was about as long  
and as broad as the length of three big  
burdock-leaves. He thought it would  
require quite a strong man to lift a  
stone like that. In the morning he  
looked again, and lo! the stone was  
raised so that he could see the light  
under it. What was his surprise to  
find, on closer examination, that a crop  
of toadstools had sprung up under the  
stone in the night, and raised it up on  
their little round shoulders as they  
came! This shows what can be done  
by uniting our forces. The little pieces  
of money given by children, put  
together, will do great things for the  
world.

DRUNKENNESS calls off the watch-  
men from their towers; and then all  
evils that proceed from a loose heart,  
an unbridled tongue, and a dissolute spirit  
we put upon its account.

**The Master Wants Workers.**

The Master wants workers, His harvest is white,  
His command, "Go ye forth," is to all;  
Go work with a will and let not the dark night  
On an ungathered harvest field fall.  
The Master wants workers and calleth for you,  
There is work for the smallest and weakest to do.

The Master wants workers, and that which is right  
He will give at the end of the day;  
So trust in the sickle and work with thy might,  
If not gathered ripe grain will decay.  
The Master wants workers, then why will you not  
Begin now to serve Him? 'tis not a hard lot.

The Master wants workers, each service He knows,  
And not one is too small to record;  
Even he who a cup of cold water bestows  
In His name shall not lose his reward.  
The Master wants workers, oh, why still delay?  
Begin in His service to labour to-day.

The Master wants workers, the night cometh soon,  
When the weary shall rest from all care;  
When those who have toiled through the heat of the noon,  
Shall no longer its weariness bear.  
The Master wants workers, think what He has borne,  
That you might His crown of rejoicing adorn.

The Master wants workers, His harvest is great,  
'Tis the world with its millions untaught;  
A multitude vast rushing on to their fate,  
Knowing not what the Saviour has wrought.  
The Master wants workers, a host of true men,  
To lead them to Jesus from hill, plain, and glen.

—F. J. Stevens.

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**Home & School.**

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 28, 1886.

**How and Where?**

How and where do you intend to educate your children? is one of the great questions of the age. Ignorance is rarely bliss in these days of intelligence and knowledge. Once wealth covered a multitude of intellectual defects, but at the present day men are wont to peep behind the golden veil, and ask the mental value of the man. He, therefore, who bequeaths to his children wealth while he condemns them, by neglecting their education, to a back seat in all society worthy of the name,



SHINTO TEMPLE, JAPAN.

is doing them a wrong which only filial regard or self respect will prevent them at some time from asserting with sorrow.

The question How and Where, in relation to education, has a broader application than it once had. A few years ago some of our readers might have looked at their boys alone before giving a reply: to-day they include in their answer their daughters as well. No fact promises more for the future than this. Woman's progress in education will be the measure of the general progress in intelligence. Her participation in the intellectual advantages of to-day has been marked by a steady advance into the occupation of those posts of service which have hitherto been regarded as beyond her province. No parent, as he looks around his family circle, whatever its comforts, can tell when some whirlwind may tear up the tent pins and scatter the group. To keep them ignorant is to make them for ever dependent; to educate them is to prepare them for independence through personal effort, whenever such effort may be necessary.—Halifax Wesleyan

To the above judicious remarks of Bro. Smith, we would merely add that Methodists: parents need not go beyond Methodist schools, which will give a guarantee of sound religious instruction for their children. By writing to the manager of the Academy or University at Sackville, N.B., of the College at Stanstead, P.Q., of the College at Belleville, of the University or High School at Cobourg, or to the ladies colleges at Sackville, Belleville, Whitby, Hamilton, St. Thomas, full information will be obtained.

**The Shinto Religion of Japan.**

BY REV. FRANK S. DOBBINS.

THE Shintoism of Japan is an ancient system of nature worship. As far as Japan can be said to have a national religion, Shintoism is that faith. Buddhism has more followers, but Shintoism claims the Royal Family and nobility among its adherents, and it derives some support from government aid. The Mikado is esteemed the chief of the religions of the Shintoists, and the head of the religion. The sacred books of the Shintoists are

the chronicles of the history of ancient Japan. These books were committed to writing more than eleven hundred years ago, though they were composed before that many hundreds of years.

These works are full of stories about the gods; some of them not fit to be read to decent ears. The books describe the creation of the world as beginning in Japan, where the god Izanagi dipped his long, jewelled spear into the ocean, and from the drops which trickled from it, the country of Japan was formed. After this other lands were formed, and then the god Izanagi made eight million lesser gods to occupy the country. The Mikados are believed to be the direct lineal descendants from the god Izanagi.

In the Shinto temples the only object of worship is a metal mirror. There is a very pretty story connected with this, which is described in the sacred books of the Shintoists. Once upon a time the goddess of the sun was offended, and ran away, concealing herself in a cave, of which she closed the entrance. Then the country became dark, and all sorts of disturbance and noise resulted.

So the gods held a council, when they determined to entice the Sun-goddess forth by means of a mirror. So the Blacksmith-god made a mirror, round like the sun, with iron brought from heaven. The first mirrors he made were unsatisfactory, but the third was accepted. Besides this, the gods planted hemp and the paper mulberry, and from their fibre and bark wove clothing for the Sun-goddess. They also cut down trees, and built her a magnificent palace. A giant god then pulled up a great tree, and stood it up before the cave. On this tree they hung a necklace of crystals, the metal mirror, and the cloths they had woven. Then a great strong god was placed at the mouth of the cave to pull away the stone that filled the entrance, at the proper time. Uzume, a beautiful goddess, then prepared to dance before the cave when the bonfires were lighted, and when the cocks should crow. By-and-by the signal was given; Uzume began her dance; the gods began to laugh and shout; the fires burned brightly; and joy and merriment were rife. The curiosity of the Sun-goddess was excited, and she opened the door a

crack to peep out, asking what all the hilarity meant. She was told that a more beautiful being than herself was present, and the mirror was turned towards her; stepping forward to look into it, the giant god pulled the stone entirely away, and placed a rope of straw across the entrance. The Sun-goddess was overcome by her appearance in the mirror, and suffered herself to be led away to her palace.

From this incident comes the custom of using the mirror in Shinto temple worship. At Ise, which is the Mecca of Shintoism, in the centre of the innermost shrine of the most sacred temple is a box, said to contain the very mirror in which the Sun-goddess looked. On festival days this box—but not the mirror—is exhibited. Strictly speaking, the mirror is the only object of worship in a Shinto Temple. Strips of paper (representing the clothing used by the Sun-goddess) are used in worship.

The temples are very plain structures, built of wood, with roofs of thatch. They contain no idols, and have no relics. Once in a while one sees in an outer room, or in the temple enclosure, some images of animals. In 1874 the Government sought to revive Shintoism, and ordered the priests and temple-keepers to avoid the use of any Buddhist forms of worship, and to practise only pure Shinto.

Before the temples, or one side of them, stand peculiar gateways, made of two upright posts with two horizontal beams on the top. These are called "torii," or "roofs," and were originally used for the cocks to roost upon to awaken the sun-worshippers. The worshipper passes through the "torii," and standing in front of the temple (he never enters it) strikes his hands together, and then kneels in prayer. It is a very vague sort of worship; indeed, a vague sort of religion; prominent Japanese scholars do not feel sure that it is a religion at all; so uncertain is its history and teaching.

SAM JONES, in a Chicago discourse on Sunday, referred deprecatingly to a last season's communistic picnic, where one of the flags bore the inscription, "Our Children Cry for Bread," and the picnickers drank 1,400 kegs of lager.



AN ORIENTAL BAZAAR.

## Music of the Spheres.

BY F. D. W.

HAVE ye read the legend olden,  
That the gems of heaven, the stars,  
Set within their orbs of crystal—  
While no earthly discord mars—

Chant sweet music as they shine?  
Ever shine and ever sing,  
Ever sing and ever shine,  
Fill our souls with thoughts sublime!

Oh, the music of the spheres!  
It rolls on thro' endless years,  
While our joyous hearts beat time  
With the music of the spheres!

Oh, thou arch of throbbing heaven,  
Organ of eternity,  
Waiting sweet, celestial music,  
While the stars all sing for thee.

Oa, roll on, eternal organ,  
Organ that no mortal hears,  
Thrill our soul with sweetest music,  
With the music of the spheres.

Oh, the music of the spheres!  
It rolls on thro' endless years,  
While our joyous hearts beat time  
With the music of the spheres!

Inspiration of the poet,  
Unheard melody divine!  
Filling all the worlds with music  
As ye roll, and sing, and shine,—

Tho' we cannot hear, we feel,  
While the heav'nly choir leads,  
Mortal hearts, in tune, are lifted  
Near to God and noble deeds.

Oh, the music of the spheres!  
It rolls on thro' endless years,  
While our joyous hearts beat time  
With the music of the spheres!

In my dream methinks I hear it!  
List, oh list, the heavenly choir  
Bursting into rapturous music,  
Kindles with celestial fire.

Gazing on their glowing faces,  
Listening, I am drawn from them  
As they sing His glorious praises  
To the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, the music of the spheres,  
It inspires, ennobles, cheers!  
Singing to the Star of Stars  
As it rolls thro' endless years.

*The Popular Science Monthly* for August opens with a richly illustrated article of great economic value, entitled "Woods and their Destructive Fungi." The author, Mr. P. H. Dudley, a civil engineer of rising reputation, has for several years been studying the structure of those woods most commonly employed in the arts, with reference to the agencies concerned in their deterioration. The results of his investigations put quite a different aspect from the generally accepted one on the process of decay, and promise to be of vast industrial importance in their practical application.

A PRIZE of one thousand dollars, for the best book on "The Christian Obligations of Property and Labour," is offered by The American Sunday-school Union, of Philadelphia. The book must contain between 60,000 and 100,000 words, and all competing MSS. must be sent in by November 1, 1887. Such an offer ought to stimulate writers and thinkers to produce work that will be of great service in the solution of the complicated questions involved.

## Oriental Bazaars.

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

BAZAARS, in the East, often extend for miles, or for the entire length of a street running through a great city, from suburb to suburb.

The houses, on both sides the street, are simply cottage dwellings; each having in front a stall-like shop, where the shopman sits all day, tastefully arranging his wares, and selling them with eager zest, as customers drop in.

During the day, the whole front is thrown open, and the various wares so arranged on the other three sides of the room, as to show to best advantage; only a narrow stairway being partitioned off, to give access to the upper or dwelling portion of the house. As soon as the sun has set—for there is no twilight within the tropics—all the shops are brilliantly lighted by earthen or brass lamps, fed with cocoanut oil; and then begins the busiest part of the day's trade, as on account of the intense heat while the sun shines, most persons prefer the night for both business and pleasure.

The shops have no counters, and as a rule, no shelves; but the shopman sits cross-legged, on a sort of divan, with his merchandise spread out before and around him.

Many of the shops—especially those kept by Chinamen—are models of neatness and good taste; while the owners, with glossy braided hair, and silken garments, sit in their places of business, like princes in their drawing-rooms, always dignified, quiet, and even courteously, both in manner and speech. They seem never in a hurry, are seldom excited, and cannot easily be provoked to anger or unseemly words. Toward Europeans, under ordinary circumstances, they are very respectful; and the missionaries find grand opportunities in these bazaar shops for collecting a little group, and telling that "old, old story" of Jesus' life and death, and inviting their hearers to come to Him and be saved.

The shops are so numerous, that every line of merchandise is duly represented. Silks, teas, fancy goods, jewelry, lacquered, and inlaid wares, precious stones, cut and uncut, time-pieces, plate, books, pictures, and musical instruments, have each their distinct makers and dealers; though, occasionally, in the establishment of some very wealthy merchant, there may be found a varied assortment of costly goods, and even works of art of considerable merit.

One such representative shop was that of the venerable Sao Qua, on Old China Street, Canton. Both shop and owner will be readily recalled by many an old tourist among the cities and villages of Southern China. Huge silken lanterns hung at the entrance to Sao Qua's domicile; and at the upper end was the inevitable altar which is sure to be found in every well-regulated Chinese dwelling, or place of business. Fresh offerings of tea, cakes, and fruit were laid thereon, every morning, and the fumes of rare incense rose perpetually from massive golden censers. The old merchant used to say, complacently, that the incense had never once ceased to burn since the days of his grandfather, who built and furnished the house, to which, in the third generation, Sao Qua had duly succeeded, and which his own son would inherit after him.

Said "son" was, in those days, a frolicsome little five-year-old, brimful of mischief and fun, the child of Sao Qua's old age, and his inseparable companion. It was beautiful to see them together—the dignified old patriarch with his fringed hair, and long robe of dark silk, and the beautiful boy, all dimples and graces, in his butterfly adornments and winsome ways. The hoary old sire seemed to grow young again in watching his child's merry pranks; and the little one's manner grew always more tender and gentle, as he approached the doting father, whose years and infirmities were an enigma his fresh young nature tried in vain to understand.

But all the "shops" or stalls that go to make up these great, busy bazaars, are not equally attractive, clearly, or costly. Some have a long line of brightly-colored silks and muslins ready made, with sarongs and jackets such as are worn by the natives of the country, with handkerchiefs, scarfs, and shawls of every imaginable shade and design. The boards of another will be covered with the shoes and hats of different nations; and perhaps the next with the dried roots, leaves, and blossoms that, all over the East, constitute the only medicines known to the natives. Here and there will be seen a "money-changer," sitting with scales in hand, and his bags of gold, silver, and copper, outspread before him, and as his next neighbor, perhaps, a dealer in cigarettes, betel, and tobacco—wares that are in very general use, all over the East, by both sexes and all ages.

Stalls for the sale of cakes and confectionery are also very numerous, and the variety of sweets offered to tempt customers almost endless. The quantity of such wares sold and eaten by Eastern nations is almost incredible; for, though Orientals drink their tea without sugar, nearly every man, woman and child you meet is munching sweets of some kind, from morning to night. Shops for paints, oils, crockery, glass, tin and iron-ware, basket work, tools and utensils of all kinds; writing materials, meats, fish, poultry, vegetables, fruit, rice, cooking utensils, fuel, and in fact, almost everything that is

used in the country at all, may be purchased in these Oriental bazaars, and generally on very reasonable terms.

Of all the stalls, those for the sale of fruits and flowers are the most attractive. They are usually enlivened by numerous cages of singing birds, while the dealer sits among his dainty wares, serving them out, with a courtesy so genuine, and words so gracious, that a foreigner can never for a moment forget that he is among Orientals—so utterly unlike is all this to the matter-of-fact buying and selling of his own land.

Passing along the Singapore Bazaar, one warm afternoon, I noticed a Chinese fruit peddler, with the most luscious-looking pineapples I had ever seen, outspread before him. They were so peeled as to have the bur removed entire, and each fruit was placed by itself, on a plate of delicate porcelain, surrounded by fragrant flowers. It was certainly a sight to feast the eye, as well as to tempt the appetite, while the intense heat of that vertical sun gave new zest to my desire for the ripe, luscious fruit.

Stopping in front of the stall, I carelessly inquired the price, proceeding at the same time to help myself to the delicate viands before me. But mine host, raising his joined hands, proceeded in deprecatory tones to inform me that he had not been able, on that particular day, to purchase his fruit at the usual price, and that having "to pay so large a sum for these extra-sized pines," he was "compelled to sell them very high," for which offence he humbly craved "pardon of the foreign lady," who, he trusted, would "not prosecute (him) for the misdemeanor." And, after all this harangue, the price demanded was the enormous sum of just half a cent each!

So abundant are the fruits of the tropics, that ordinarily four large pineapples may be bought for a single cent; five or six delicious oranges for the same sum; and bananas enough to serve a man a day, without any other food, for one or two cents.

One class of shops always seemed to bring up before my mental vision the old tumult raised by Demetrius against the Apostle Paul, because the shrine-maker's craft was brought "in danger," while he would fain have had the credit of disinterested regard for the glory of "the great goddess Diana," and the fear lest "her magnificence should be destroyed." So, even in these days of enlarged Christian effort, and despite the encouraging fact that so many poor among the heathen are every year turning from their idols to love and serve our blessed Saviour, yet the new epoch has by no means banished the old; and one still sees in all those great populous cities of Asia many a shop where "gods" are made and sold for gain. "Idols of gold and silver" they are, "the work of men's hands," yet the people pray to them, and believe in them; even "warrant" them, as did a Chinese dealer in offering to sell me a "god of wealth," and as inducement, added: "He sure to make ma'am glow lich (grow rich) berry quick!" There are "gods of the field" for the farmer, of "fair weather" for the sailor, "of the household," "the garden," and "the wayside," "of health," and "plenty," and "prosperity." But, alas! they are no gods after all; and we ought to pray very earnestly to God to enlighten these darkened minds, and help the poor heathen to receive the dear Saviour as soon as they hear of him. And if our prayers are sincere, we shall do all

we can send, or carry them, the "good news" of salvation, through Jesus our Redeemer, who died that all men might be saved.

### "The Mother's Room"

I was awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe; he's that boy that lives with his aunt, you know;

And he says his house is filled with gloom because it has got no "mother's room." I tell you what, it is fine enough. To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff, but the room of rooms that seems best to me, the room where I'd always rather be, is mother's room, where a fellow can rest. And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about, and sometimes startle my aunt with a shout? It is mother's room, and, if she don't mind, to the hints of others I'm always blind. Maybe I lose my things—what then? In mother's room I find them again. And I've never denied that I litter the floor with marbles and tops and many things more;

But I tell you, for boys with a tired head, it is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now, poor Jack Roe, when he visits me, I take him to mother's room you see, because it's the nicest place to go. When a fellow's spirits are getting low, and mother she's always kind and sweet, and there's always a smile poor Jack to greet.

And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow more brightly in mother's room, I know, than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom

Or any old shadow in mother's room.

—Harper's Young People.

## BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER IX. — QUAKER AND CAVALIER.

A somewhat wider range of characters now comes upon the scene of our little story. The second year after the settlement of the Palatine Methodists on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the little community received a reinforcement of its numbers. Towards the close of a sunny day in May, the snowy sails of two large batteaux were seen rounding the headland that shut off the view of the lower reaches of the river. The batteaux made for the shore, and almost the whole population of the little hamlet went down to the landing to give the new-comers a welcome; for this was the most notable event which had happened since their own arrival.

In the bow of the foremost boat stood a venerable-looking man, with a snowy beard and long iron-grey hair resting on his shoulders. He wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and a butter-nut-coloured coat with strait collar and cutaway skirt. Rowing the two bows were a number of younger men, but they all wore the same antiquated costume and were marked by the same gravity of expression. The women, of whom there were five or six of different ages, wore comfortable brown stuff gowns and drab-coloured deep "poke-bonnets," but quite innocent of bow or ribbon, save that by which they were tied. Even the children nesting in the boats wore a garb remarkably like that of their elders, and had a strangely old-fashioned look.

"Peace be to this place and all who dwell here," gravely said the old man, as the batteaux grated on the shingle.

"We bid you welcome in the name of the Lord," replied Paul Heck, who was the recognized head of the little community, at the same time extending

his hand in greeting. The younger men took hold of the batteaux and dragged them up on the beach, and assisted the voyagers to disembark.

"We have been moved to seek homes here in this little loyal province," spoke the old man, "and to cast in our lot with the faithful subjects of our lawful King."

"Fain and glad we are to see you," said Paul; "a goodly heritage has the King granted us in this fertile land—a land which, like Osaan of old, may be said to flow with milk and honey."

"We desire no goodlier land than the one we left on the banks of the Schuylkill, where we and our fathers sojourned since the days of William Penn. But we do desire to dwell in a land of peace, where we shall never hear again the dreadful bruits of war."

"We are of the same mind in that," replied Paul. "Come and 'bide this night in my house with your family. To-morrow we will find your allotment, which must be higher up the river."

"Thanks, good friend, for thy hospitality. We gladly accept it. This is Hannah Whiteside, my wife," he said, introducing a silver-haired old lady, with sweet benignant expression of countenance; "and these," he added, with a sweep of his arm to the younger groups, "are my sons and my sons' wives, and their little ones, and my daughters. The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me, as with His servant Jacob. It was borne in upon me to seek a home in this northern land, and if the Lord prosper us, our kindred in Pennsylvania will shortly follow us."

"You belong, I see," said Paul as they walked to the house, "to the people called Quakers. For them I have a great regard, for their peace principles are like my own."

"The people of the world called us Quakers," replied Jonas Whiteside—for that was his name—"at first in derision and scorn. But we resent not the word, although we prefer to be called Friends."

"And very good friends we will be, I hope," said Paul. "I will use the name that you prefer."

"Nay, thee meant no harm, and we desire to be friends with all," replied the patriarch. "Peace be upon this house and household," he added, as he was ushered into the large living room of the Heck family.

"We wish you peace, in the name of the Lord," said Barbara Heck, giving them cordial welcome and busting about to provide for their entertainment.

"Dear heart, you must be tired with your long journey," she said to the silver-haired matron, as she relieved her of her bonnet and shawl.

"It more than makes amends to get such kindly greeting where we expected to see naught but red deer and red men," was the soft-voiced answer. "I like thee much. What is thy name?"

"Barbara Heck, and my good man's name is Paul Heck."

"We who are of the Friends' persuasion use not the world's titles. Be not offended if I call thy husband, Friend Paul, and thyself Barbara; and I prithee call me Hannah. It will seem more home-like in this far-off place."

The two women soon became fast friends. They had much in common—the same unworldly spiritual nature; the same habitual communion with the unseen; the same moral sensitiveness

to the illumining of the "inner light." But there was a greater mental vigour in Barbara Heck; and pleasant it was to see Hannah Whiteside, with her smooth and placid brow unwrinkled by a single line or mark of care, listening to the words of shrewd practical wisdom of Barbara Heck, amid whose once raven hair the silver threads of age had now begun to appear.

Lodging was found for the younger women in the capacious attic, while the men were gladly content with the dry clean beds of straw in the barn.

The "Quaker Settlement," as it came to be called, was only a couple of miles further up the river, and their coming imparted a comfortable sense of good neighbourhood which took away much of the sense of isolation which during the first year had been at times oppressively felt by the Methodist pioneers.

Soon another company of settlers arrived, whose presence added still greater variety and colour to the social life of the little forest community. These were several Virginia families of wealth and position, who, for services to the Crown during the troublous times of the war, had received liberal land grants in Upper Canada. With them they brought several of their domestic slaves, whose presence literally added "more colour" to the social life, and contributed not a little to the social amusement of the young people of the settlement. Slavery had not then become in America the system of cruel oppression which it was even then in the West Indies, and which it afterwards became in the cotton and sugar States of the Union. The light-hearted, careless creatures had been the farm and house-servants of easy-going masters, who would have shrunk from the thought of personal unkindness and oppression—beyond the great and grave oppression of holding an immortal being in bondage, like a beast of burden or a mere chattel. But of that they thought not. No one thought. Even good and philanthropic men like George Whiteside deemed it no harm to own slaves; but, of course, they felt it a duty to use them kindly.

It was not till 1793 that the Provincial Legislature of Upper Canada, by an Act passed at Newark, forbade the further introduction of slaves, and decreed that all slave children born after the 24th of July in that year should be free on reaching the age of twenty-one. But those who were already in the country remained the chattels of their masters. But their numbers were few, and public opinion secured their good treatment. In fact, slavery cannot flourish in a northern climate, where thrift and careful industry are essential pre-requisites to prosperity. These can never be attained by enforced and unpaid labour. It is only in southern climates, where the prolific soil yields her increase in response to careless tillage, and where shelter and clothing are almost superfluous, that from the thriftless toil of purchased thews and sinews can be wrung a thriftless compensation. It is the blessing, not the bane, of our northern land that only by the strenuous toil of unbought muscles can the earth be subdued and made the free home of free men.

The leading member of this company of Virginia loyalists was Colonel James Pemberton, a man of large and portly person, who to the politeness of a perfect gentleman added great dignity of

bearing. He had served on the staff of Lord Cornwallis in the Royalist army, on which account he was always spoken of by the honorary title of "Colonel" Pemberton. His sores had also served as volunteers in the same army, but only in the untitled capacity of "full privates." By the disastrous surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the Pembertons became prisoners of war, but after having been released on parole they were at length exchanged for some leading insurgents who were confined on board the hulks at Halifax. The vast Pemberton estate on the Upper Potomac, and all the broad domains, yielding a rich annual revenue in tobacco and grain, with the stately country-house in which the gallant colonel had been wont to dispense an open-handed Virginian hospitality, were, however, confiscated by "those rascally rebels," as the old gentleman called the successful insurgents. He had managed to secure, however, a considerable amount of ready money in solid English guineas, together with the valuable jewels of his wife and daughters, including a necklace of considerable cost, though of rather tasteless design, which had been a present from good Queen Anne to his own mother—who had been one of the Queen's maids of honour—on her wedding day.

His large troop of slaves were of course confiscated with the estate. But through some oversight or informality, two old "body-servants," who had acted respectively as valet and butler, together with their wives and brood of "pickaninies," were permitted to share the fallen fortunes of their master. This the faithful creatures gladly did, for they felt that upon their fidelity depended very largely the dignity and honour of the house. These sable satellites rejoiced in the somewhat pompous names, bestowed by the classic taste of the Governor's father—who had been an Oxford graduate—of Julius Cæsar and Cæcilius Pompey; but they were for the most part more briefly designated as "You Jule," or "You Pomp"—or Uncle Pomp, or Jule, as their master preferred to call them. And very patriarchal those faithful old servants looked, their heads as white as the bursting bolls of the cotton plant, or as the large globes which surmounted the gate posts of the hospitable mansion, when covered with a cap of fleecy snow.

Much more important members of the household, however, and equally faithful in sharing its fallen fortunes, were the wives of these classic magnates—"Mammy Dinah," the ancient nurse of a generation of young Pembertons; and Aunt Chloe, the oracle and priestess of the kitchen, who had presided at mysteries of the cuisine in the palmy days of routs and parties and lavish hospitality. Their names were popular corruptions of the whimsical cognomens bestowed by their former master, Diana and Cleopatra.

"Hav my liberty, eh?" said Mammy Dinah, when told by Colonel Pemberton that she and her husband were free to go where they pleased. "Not if I knows it. I heint' aused Mas'r George and Mas'r Ned and the young ladies when they wuz little pickaninies, through mumps and measles, to lose sight on 'em now. No Mas'r, ye don't get red 'e me that a-way, no how!"

"Laws, honey!" cried in Aunt Chloe, "what 'ud Missus ever do wid-out me, I'd like to know! Couldn't even make a corn dodger or snap jack

without ole Ohloe. Ye can't do widout me, no how. De ting's onpossible!"

"No, indeed, Mammy and Aunty," said Mrs Pemberton, a delicate little woman, with a low, soft voice, "I don't know what we'd do without either of you. I'm so glad you don't want to leave us. But we've lost all our property, you know, and we will have to go away off to Canada, to the wild backwoods, where nobody ever lived before."

"All de more need for ole Mammy and Ohloe to go wid ye, and nuss ye, and care for ye and Mas'r," said the faithful Dinah. "We can die for ye, honey, but we can't leave ye."

So the whole household, with these faithful servants, took passage in a schooner down the Potomac to Hampton Roads, where they were transferred to a British ship which had been sent to convey the Virginia loyalists to the port of Halifax, in the loyal province of Nova Scotia. It was a small and crowded vessel. There were many refugees on board, and the autumnal equinox had brought with it fierce Atlantic gales. Three weeks they beat about that stern inhospitable coast—these delicately nurtured women suffering all the discomforts and privations of sea-sickness, and of the crowded cabins and short allowance of water and provisions, before the almost shipwrecked vessel, with tattered canvas, guided, like a storm-tossed bird with weary wing, into the harbor of refuge, where the fair city of Halifax now extends her spacious streets and squares. The town was very different from the stately city which we to-day behold—a row of wooden warehouses near the water, and on the rising slope irregular groups of houses, barracks, and a fort, all surrounded by a palisade. In the broad Chebucto Bay lay slumbering on the wave half a score of those

Oak leviathans whose hugo ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of [the sea] and arbiter of war.

And as the lightning flashed from their oaken sides, and the thunder rolled over the wave as they saluted the loyalist refugees, these exiles for conscience' sake felt with a proud thrill that they were once more under the protection of the dear old flag for which they had endured so much.

It was on the verge of winter. Many of the refugees were suffering from lack of clothing, and many of them were without money to procure either food or shelter. Among them were men and women of gentle birth and delicate nurture, ex-judges of His Majesty's courts, ex-officers of His Majesty's army, clergymen of Oxford training, planters, and country gentlemen, all reduced from competence to poverty on account of their fidelity to their conscience and their King. But the best provision that it was possible to make for their comfort was made. The King's stores were thrown open, and ample supplies of food, blankets, and tents were furnished, and accommodation was provided as far as possible for the refugees in the barracks of the troops and in private houses.

Some took up land in Nova Scotia, among them the paternal ancestors of the present writer, who were loyalist refugees from North Carolina and Virginia. Others—among them Colonel Pemberton and his family—preferred to make the journey to the more distant wilds of Canada. These had to remain in camp or barrack through the long

and dreary months of a winter of unusual severity. In the spring, when the ice was thought to be out of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, a transport was sent to convey them to Quebec and Montreal. But the spring was late. The ice floes were unusually heavy and numerous; and much delay and discomfort were experienced before the transport cast anchor beneath the fortress-crowned height of Quebec. But the troubles of our refugees were now almost at an end. As if an omen and augury of their future prosperity, the month of May opened warm and sunny. A sudden transfiguration of the face of nature took place. A green flush overspread the landscape. The air was filled with the pollen and catkins of the larch and willows. When our travellers landed on the river bank at Montreal, they found the blue-eyed violets blooming under the very shadow of the "ice shove," where the frozen surface of the river had been piled up upon the shore; and before the snow-drifts had melted from the hollows a whiter drift of apple blossoms had covered as with a bridal veil the orchard trees.

The welcome of the Virginia loyalists at the Heck Settlement, as it had begun to be called, was no less cordial than had been that of the more peaceful and less aristocratic Quakers of the previous year. They had all suffered for a common cause; and community of suffering is the strongest bond of sympathy and friendship. Hence it was that in the early days of the settlement of Upper Canada—

All men were as brothers  
In those brave days of old.  
Then none was for a party,  
And all were for the State;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great.

#### Tribute to Canada.

The following is from the reply of the Knights of Pythias to the address of welcome.

Now my friends of the land of the Maple Leaf, and from every quarter of the Dominion of Canada, again allow me to express the grateful tributes of the heart of every Knight within the circle of the Supreme Jurisdiction for this kindly and princely reception. We do not wonder now that you have an honest pride in this charming metropolitan city with its 120,000 fair women and brave men, its immense lake commerce, its iron arteries of trade reaching out in every direction, its palatial and costly private residences, elegant public buildings, wide, spacious, and beautiful streets and avenues, massive school buildings, colossal manufacturing enterprises, healthful climate, grand church edifices, and chivalric Knights, possessing every element of a great, prosperous, and cosmopolitan city, the legislative and judicial centre of your splendid Province, the most important factor in the Dominion of Canada as formed less than two decades since. Our people have never so fully appreciated your wide domain, comprising as it does over 3,000,000 square miles of territory, and covering over one-third of the entire area of Great Britain, and including nearly one-half of this continent. Without including the area covered by the great lakes there are 3,470,392 square miles, or about 40 per cent. of the whole British Empire. England, Wales, and Scotland together form an area of 88,000 square miles. You could out forty

such areas out of Canada. New South Wales contains 300,175 square miles, and is larger by 162 square miles than France, Continental Italy, and Sicily. Canada would make eleven countries the size of New South Wales. There are (in extent)

#### THREE BRITISH INDIA IN CANADA,

and still enough left to make a Queensland and a Victoria. The German Empire could be carved out of Canada, and fifteen more countries of the same size. With a commerce traversing nearly every sea, the fourth maritime Power in the world, with untold universal and agricultural wealth, with great lines of railway like so many pulsating arteries on the land, the enterprising emigrant wending his way over soil of prairies and forests, where the moose and deer have roamed undisturbed for centuries, the land of magnificent distances, with crystal lakes flashing like jewels upon the bosom of beauty—who can fully estimate its glorious destiny?

#### Text, Sermon, and Application.

HALLO, old man, what are you holding up that tree for!" shouted the leader of a band of young students, to a worn-looking, trembling man, who was leaning against a tree by the roadside. They were a company of collegians, on a geological and botanical expedition, but who just now seemed particularly interested in a specimen of the animal kingdom.

"Never mind, lads; it's the other way—the tree's holding up me! But don't make fun of a poor, miserable fellow-student! For I know you to be college-born and college-bred. Hold on to your hammers, young men; crack out the crystals, run over your quartz, and your jasper, and your stalactites, and petrifications; and dig out your roots, and pack your tin boxes with your ferns, and lady's-slipper, and Indian turnips. Have you got a Homer abroad, or a Virgil? I can help you to a bit of rare poetry, and give it to you as smooth as a senior!"

A loud laugh and "hurrah" came from the group, as a copy of Homer was produced, and handed to the singular genius they had encountered. To their astonishment, not a place could they turn to but their "miserable fellow-student" could, indeed, render quite as fluently, and with as much correctness, as the best of them. They all gathered about him, when another of their number produced a Virgil, from which he immediately proved himself as much at home in Latin, as in Greek.

"Don't be mistaken, boys; don't think ragged coat-sleeves, and knees that are 'able to go out,' and 'high rents' in overcoats, and a low-crowned hat, belong always to a brainless man. No! I've made my scientific expeditions, and tramped with the best of you; but I got started with too much wine aboard, and it's brought me—well, just against this old tree, hardly able to tell which supported the other! Don't laugh! It's a serious business." And here he put his handkerchief to his face; and they were obliged to stop their mirth before the poor man's grief. Then he continued: "It's a serious business! I'm ruined! And I've ruined part of my family; but by God's mercy to a poor sinner, I've saved a part. I don't expect to save myself; but I'll try, whenever I'm sober enough, to save somebody else. And my text and

heads, and whole sermon, and application, is this: 'Keep temperance men temperate!' Now, boys, if you think you're safe, and haven't signed the pledge, you're not safe. A glass of wine is more tempting to a scholar than to a wood cutter, or a farmer. And a glass of brandy upsets a student's wits quicker than a blacksmith's. There's no safety if you once begin. So I say: 'Keep temperance men temperate!' Begin with the boys. There's safety for you. Yes and the girls—for, did you never hear it, women will sometimes drink; the girls, too—they're temperate to begin with—keep them so."

"My friend, you said you had saved a part of your family," said one, as the man seemed lost in thought, after his unexpected temperance harangue.

"Ruine!—yes, I said ruined a part, and saved a part. I killed my wife by my cruelty, and my eldest—my first born—I taught in my own way, until he was suddenly brought to the grave. Two other boys I have, I hope, saved from following my sad example, by having them sign the pledge. They are temperate—Heavenly Father, keep them so! And now, as you are going to leave me, take this word from one who can preach better than he can practice. Touch not, taste not the drink. Sign the pledge; do all you can for the lives of men by getting others to sign it. I haven't much hope for the poor drunkard—do what you have a mind to for him. Laugh at him, pray for him, try to save him, if you have faith enough; but begin where your work is easy, and where it is sure—Keep temperance men temperate!"—*Band of Hope Review.*

#### The Missionary and the Infidel.

"I REMEMBER many years ago listening with great delight to a story I heard from a missionary in North Canada," says the Bishop of Saskatchewan. "He said that some years before then a humble missionary was travelling through the Canadian backwoods. He lost his way, but presently was rejoiced at the sight of a glimmering light. Upon reaching it, to his surprise he found a large congregation of settlers gathered round a fire listening to an able discourse. To the horror of the missionary, he found the man was trying to prove that there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no eternity. A murmur of applause went through the audience as the orator ceased.

"The missionary stood up and said: 'My friends, I am not going to make a long speech to you, for I am tired and weary, but I will tell you a little story. A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of the river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress, and, to my horror, I saw a canoe drifting down the stream and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat. In a short time he would near the waterfall and be gone. He saw his danger, and I heard him cry for mercy to God. I heard him scream, 'O God, if I must lose my life, have mercy on my soul!' I plunged into the water and reached the canoe. I dragged it to land, and saved him. That man whom I heard, when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the very man who has just addressed you, and has told you he believes there is neither God nor heaven nor hell.'"



The Hour of Comfort.

SOMETIMES there comes within the life, This checkered life of ours, So much of loss and pain and strife That our sad eyes, with tear-drops rife, Look up and see no flowers.

A sudden sorrow clouds the day And the tired heart grows faint, For strength and courage die away, And lips that have been firm to pray Can only make complaint.

And life becomes at such a time An unattractive thing; There is no sound of cheery chime, The days move on in dreary rhyme And bring no heart to sing.

If some such time should come to thee— And somewhere in the years For every one its pain will be— Do not despair, but try and see Some sunshine through the tears.

And know that he whom sorrows teach Receives a gift from heaven; His tenderness some hearts may reach To whom the glad in vain might preach And joy through him is given.

Oh, then, be thou a comforter To some more sad than thee; And while thou thus dost minister, Strange bliss in thine own heart shall stir And grief forgotten be.

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 30.] LESSON X. [Sept. 5.

JESUS THE TRUE VINE.

John 15. 1-16. Commit vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the vine, ye are the branches.—John 15. 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Abiding in Christ is the source of the Christian life, its fruits and blessings.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 15. 1-16. Tu. John 15. 17-27. W. Psalm 80. 1-19. Th. Isa. 5. 1-7. F. 1 John 2. 1-14. Sa. 1 John 4. 1. 21. Su. 1 John 5. 1-15.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6, ten or eleven o'clock, immediately after the last lesson.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—At the close of the last chapter, the whole company arose and prepared to leave the room; but Jesus had more to say, and while they were standing, he spoke chaps. 15 and 16, and uttered the prayer in chap. 17.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. True vine.—The source of life to all his disciples. Husbandman.—The founder and owner of the vine, who cares for it, and whose is the fruit. 2. Every branch.—Each individual Christian, each church, is a branch. Purgeth it.—Cleanseth it, by pruning, by taking away any insects or fungus that hinders it, by culture, by new life. So Jesus does with his disciples. He gives new life, trains and teaches, and removes whatever hinders fruit-bearing. 4. Abide in me.—By believing, by loving, by communion, by obedience, by studying his Word. 5. Much fruit.—The fruits are a holy character, good life, noble deeds, the conversion of others, the world made better. 7. Ask what ye will, etc.—This promise is to those who abide in Jesus and live according to his Word, for such will ask what is right and wise. 9. Continue ye in my love.—By obedience (v. 10). 11. My joy.—Joy of doing good, of loving, of free, healthy activity, of communion with God, of faith and submission, of heaven and all its delights. 15. Henceforth I call you not servants.—They were to do his will; but not in a servile manner, because they must, or merely from a sense of duty. I have called you friends.—He tells them his plans; he works with them as friends, and they serve him because they love him.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The analogy of the true vine.—What is abiding in Christ.—The fruit they are to bear.—How to continue in his love.—The joy of religion.—Not servants, but friends.—For what God has chosen us.

QUESTIONS.

Give the time and place of this lesson. How is it connected with the last lesson?

SUBJECT: ABIDING IN CHRIST.

AN ILLUSTRATION (vs. 1-4).—To what is Christ compared? Who is the husbandman? Who are the branches? What was done to the branches that did not bear fruit? What to those which bore fruit? What is meant by "purgeth it?" In what way does he do it? What is it to abide in Christ?

I. FIRST EFFECT OF ABIDING IN CHRIST.—Fruit (vs. 4-8).—What is the fruit the branches are expected to bear? Why cannot they bear fruit unless they abide in Christ? What becomes of those who will not abide in him?

II. SECOND EFFECT.—Answer to Prayer (v. 7).—What promise is made to them? What must they do to claim it? Why can only those who abide in him have the certainty that their prayers will be answered?

III. THIRD EFFECT.—A proof of discipleship (v. 8).—How is the Father glorified in his children? What would prove them the true disciples of Jesus? Why?

IV. FOURTH EFFECT.—Abiding in the love of Jesus (vs. 9, 10).—How much does Jesus love us? What comfort and help in this? How may we continue in his love? How does he show this by his own experience?

V. FIFTH EFFECT.—Fulness of joy (v. 11).—What was one reason he had spoken these things to them? What is Christ's joy? Is this the highest and truest joy? How much joy may we have? Does religion make us happy?

VI. SIXTH EFFECT.—Love to one another (vs. 12-14).—What is the great commandment of Jesus? When did we study about this before? (ch. 13-34.) How much should we love one another? What is it to lay down our life for others?

VII. SEVENTH EFFECT.—True service (vs. 14-16).—Is it our duty to serve Christ? What is the difference between serving him as a bond-servant and as a friend? How may we know whether we are his friends? (v. 14.) How has he chosen us? What for?

REVIEW EXERCISE.

3. To what does Jesus liken himself? Ans. To a vine bearing clusters of grapes. 4. Who are the branches? Ans. All his true disciples. 5. Why are they so called? Ans. Because all their life, strength and usefulness is for him. 6. What blessings flow from abiding in him? Ans. (Repeat the headings of the lesson.)

A.D. 30.] LESSON XI. [Sept 12.

THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.

John 16. 5-20. Commit vs. 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He will guide you into all truth.—John 16. 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The mission of the Holy Spirit is to convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and to guide disciples into all truth.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 16. 1-20. Tu. John 16. 22-33. W. Acts 2. 1-21. Th. Acts 2. 22-43. F. Acts 24. 10-27. Sa. 1 Cor. 15. 1-20. Su. John 14. 15-31.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6, A.D. 30. The night before the crucifixion, immediately after our last lesson.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—This lesson is a continuation of the discourse in our last lesson. HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—7. It is expedient for you that I go away.—Why? (1) Because only when glorified in heaven could they see him as he is in his divine nature. (2) In bodily presence he could be with but few at a time; now he can be with all alike at all times. (3) By his going away the Comforter came. (4) Because they needed to be trained to live by faith, not by sight. (5) Only by going away (by the cross) could he make atonement for sin. The Comforter.—The Advocate. One who pleads, convinces, instructs, as well as comforts. I will send him.—First on Pentecost, two weeks later, and ever after. 8. Reprove.—Convince, convict. 9. Of sin, etc.—(1) Rejecting Christ is rejecting all goodness, for he is the sum of all. (2) It is rejecting God. (3) Only a very sinful heart could resist his love. (4) Christ is a perfect standard, and by seeing him, we are convicted of our own shortcomings. (5) Unbelief shows great ingratitude. 10. Of righteousness.—Of God's goodness, and what we ought to be. (1) Jesus,

going to his Father, made men see his goodness in its true light. (2) By dying on the cross he showed perfect obedience. (3) By his death for us he showed how much he valued our becoming good. 4. By his going the convicting Spirit came. 11. Of judgment.—Their false views and standards, and God's true and just judgment, and that God will judge us for all the deeds done in the body. The prince of this world.—Satan. Is judged.—Condemned; the mark of disapproval put upon him; his plans thwarted and defeated. 13. Guide you into all truth.—So that they would be inspired in their writings, and in their plans for the new Church. Not speak of himself.—The Father, Son, and Spirit are all in harmony. The Spirit unfolds the things to come.—The Book of Revelation, and new developments of truth through all the history of the Church, unsearchable riches of Christ. 16. A little while, etc.—They would behold him no more in bodily form, but they would see him after his resurrection, and then in his Spirit of Pentecost, and his working all through the ages.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Why expedient for Jesus to go away.—The work of the Spirit in the world.—Convincing of sin.—Of righteousness.—Of judgment.—His work in the disciples.—A little while.—Sorrow turned into joy.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give the time and place of this lesson. Its connection with the last lesson. The circumstances.

SUBJECT—THE MISSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I. THE PROMISE OF THE COMFORTER (vs. 5-7).—Why were the disciples filled with sorrow? What did Christ promise them for their comfort? Give reasons why it was expedient for him to go away. Who is meant by the Comforter? Why is he so called? When was this promise fulfilled?

II. THE WORK OF THE COMFORTER ON THE WORLD (vs. 8-11).—What three things does the Spirit do for the world? What is meant by "the world?" Meaning of "reprove" here? How does the Holy Spirit convince of sin? What is the need of being convinced of sin? Is unbelief so great as sin? Why? What is it to convince of righteousness? What is the need of this? What is it to convince of judgment?

THE WORK OF THE COMFORTER FOR THE DISCIPLES (vs. 12-20).—Why did not Jesus tell his disciples all they needed to know? (v. 12.) Who would guide them to all truth? How does this teach us the inspiration of the New Testament? What would the Spirit teach them? How is this a test of influences whether they are from the Holy Spirit? May we have this guidance? What must we do to receive it? What did Jesus mean by "A little while" and they should behold him no more? When should they see him again? In what ways? (1 Cor. 15. 5-8; Acts 2. 32, 33; Comp. John 14. 16-18; Acts 1. 11.) How many texts can you find showing the work of the Holy Spirit?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Sorrow comes at some time to all. 2. But the sorrows God sends are expedient for us, for only through them can come the fulness and perfectness of joy. 3. One great need of the world is to be convinced that they are sinners and need salvation. 4. Then they need to be convinced that there is real goodness, and that it is possible for them to have it. 5. They need to be convinced that judgment will come upon them unless they forsake sin and become righteous. 6. The greatest sin, the source of many sins, is refusing to believe in Jesus Christ. 7. Those who wholly commit themselves to the guidance of the Holy Spirit will be guided into all truth. 8. We can test whether we are guided by the Spirit, because what the Spirit teaches always agrees with the teachings of Christ.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

7. Where was Jesus soon going? Ans. To his Father in heaven. 8. Whom did he promise to send to his disciples? Ans. The Holy Spirit, the Comforter. 9. When was this promise first fulfilled? Ans. On the day of Pentecost, two weeks after the promise. 10. What does the Holy Spirit do for the world? Ans. (Repeat v. 8.) 11. What does he do for Christians? Ans. (Repeat v. 13, f. c.)

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