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# HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1884.

[No. 9.]

## A Chain.

BY MARIA WOOSTER.

She wore a chain of shining gold,  
With costly gems that sparkled rare;  
"I feel above no one," she said,  
"I wear my chain because 'tis fair."

"I'm better for the constant charm  
Of polished gold and purest gem,  
Their beauty all my life refines,  
I'm sure, I do not worship them."

I saw a beggar lame and old,  
Not worse than many of more weak,  
Yet in the wide and busy world  
None seemed his happiness to seek.

But one whose dress was not "in style,"  
Gave needed help of love and gold.  
The flushed cheek and brightening eye  
Spoke gratitude that words ne'er told.

The lady wore her jewelled chain,  
As coldly passed the needy by,  
Better to me than jewel's shine,  
The heart light in that beggar's eye.

A chain whose links are deeds of love,  
Has charms that will forever last;  
And o'er the path of future life,  
A glory like the sun will cast.

## Rooks' Nests.

This is the time for nest-building, and the rooks are hard at it. Rooks are a sort of crow that abound greatly in Great Britain. They live in large societies. Their resorts, called rookeries, are very extensive. One near Edinburgh contained 2,000 nests and about 30,000 birds of all ages. They are fond of groves near old mansions, where they are protected. They go many miles for food, and when hungry will pillage grain fields. They are very intelligent birds, and can be taught to imitate the cries of various animals. The nest is a clumsy-looking one, made of sticks, but makes a cosy home for the little rooks.

## Somers of Romsey.

BY THE HON. NEAL DOW.

In the New York Observer of the 4th October was an article headed "Romsey Abbey Church," which reminded me of a visit I made to that old town some years ago, which from its vicinity to Southampton and its connection with the South of England, where the results of the Conquest were first felt, has a history of its own. I was met at the station by a gentleman whom I had never seen before, and taken to his most hospitable home, where I was



Rooks' Nests.

placed immediately at ease, as strangers always are in English homes. On the morrow I was taken by my host about the town to see its antiquities, and then to his place of business, the largest by far in the town in his line, that of a draper. The town has

many breweries and public-houses—grog-shops—and our talk turned upon topics suggested by them and their relation to the general good. My host said: "On the first of April, 1840, I was a drunken journeyman tailor with a

wife and two children, and not a penny in my pocket, and with no credit by which I could obtain a loaf of bread. On that day I signed the pledge and have never tasted strong drink since. I sometimes had jobs of work on hand for myself outside my master's shop, and I had then a suit of clothes to make. I kept closely to my house until this was finished, and on carrying it home I received the price—thirty-six shillings and sixpence. On my way back I was seen and accused by two of my drunken comrades.

"Hallo, Somers," they said, "where have you been the week? We've not seen you at the White Hart."

"No; I've been busy at work."

"Come, old fellow, let's go in now and have a drink."

"No; I've done with that, no more drink for me."

"Whew! you don't mean it; you've not joined the teetotalers?"

"Yes, I have, and I'm bound to stick."

"What! have you signed the pledge?"

"Yes, and the best job I ever did."

Somers took the money from his pocket, all in silver, and showing it to them, said: "I've got that by it, any way, thirty-six and six, and by this time next year I'll make it thirty-six pound ten."

"O-o-o!" said his interlocutors; they had never seen before so much money at one time.

Within the year I made it ninety-five pounds, and this was the way of it. In my little home of only one room, I stuck closely to my work. Wife, children, I and the tailor shop, all in one room. A gentleman of the neighbourhood, who knew me as a drunken vagabond, pressed my shop every day, and occasionally stopped to exchange a few words with me, and in that way learned of me what my resolution was for the future. One day in passing he stopped and said:

"Somers, this place you have is a very poor one for your business."

"Yes, sir; I know that, but it's the best I can have at present; by and by, perhaps, I can venture to hire a better place."

"If you had some drapery and some ready-made clothing to sell, couldn't

you work it in with your trade and make something by it, without taking up much time."

"Yes, sir; I could do that, but I've no money to buy the stock, and I'll not run in debt, and besides, this place is not fit for such a trade, and at present I cannot hire a better."

"Do you know that little draper's shop in John street, that is just now vacant and isn't it in a good location and suitable for a tailor's shop?"

"Yes, it's in a very good place and is a very good shop, but I can't think of it."

"Somers, you go hire the shop and leave the rest to me."

"Sir, do you really mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it, go hire the shop."

This I did, and the gentleman supplied me with a small stock, everything that I wished, and within the year I had paid the rent, the interest and family expenses, and had ninety-five odd over. I soon paid the gentleman his outlay with interest, and have now the largest shop in the town. On the first of April, 1840, I was only a drunken journeyman tailor with a wife and two children and not a penny in the world. Now, I am what I am, and the difference comes only from this, that now I am a teetotaler, and then I was not. Then I was a miserable vagabond, and now I am a member of the town council, and am respected by my fellow-citizens, and am honoured by them by a seat in the council.

Lord Palmerston's house was near the town, and somehow he knew me or knew of me in my old drinking days, and being often in the town, he came to know me in my later and better days, and always had for me a pleasant smile and a kind word, so that the people imagined that his lordship was very much my friend. The Good Templars here had a poor old hall in a poor place, and Lord Palmerston had a public-house in a good place, the lease of which had fallen in, and he would not let it again for such a purpose. In the lodge room, one night, the brethren said to me:

"Somers, suppose you should go to Lord Palmerston and ask him to exchange with us, that place for this, and ask him to build a hall for us into the bargain."

"That will be asking too much of his lordship."

"Yes, but he'll do it for you; he'll do almost anything for you."

"I don't like to trespass upon his kindness, but I'll see what I can do."

When his lordship came down from London, I went to see him. He said: "Yes, I see; but, Somers, what shall I get out of that?"

"In fact, my lord, you'll get very little out of it, but we'll get a good deal!"

"Very well; be on the ground tomorrow at ten o'clock, and my man of business will meet you there; tell him what you want."

This I did, and his lordship made the exchange with us and built us a nice Good Templars' hall.

I was then a member of the town council. We needed a town hall very much, and we proposed, in order to get something out of the Government, to have a court house under the same roof. My associate said: "Somers, you must go to London and see Lord Palmerston about it; he'll give you £500." When I arrived at his lordship's London house, I found in the court-yard many carriages waiting, with

liveried coachmen and footmen; noblemen and gentlemen were waiting in the ante-room to see the Prime Minister. When I entered, the footman in waiting, asked me: "What name?"

"Mr. Somers, of Romsey,"

When the nobleman, then with his lordship came out, the footman in a loud voice said: "Mr. Somers, of Romsey." There were many noblemen and gentlemen waiting, while I, who had just come in, was summoned before them.

I found his lordship sitting before the fire. He said: "Well, Mr. Somers, I haven't a moment to spare, there's to be a Cabinet meeting, and my carriage is at the door; jump in and I'll introduce you to the Home Secretary."

As we were driving down to Downing street, tears, in spite of me, came into my eyes. Here am I, riding with the Prime Minister to see the Home Secretary, while he has left behind noblemen and gentlemen, waiting to see him. A drunken journeyman tailor on the first of April, 1840, despised by all who know me!

On arriving, Lord Palmerston whispered a few words to the Secretary, and turning to me, said: "Mr. Somers, you need not wait, the affair will be attended to." We got £1,000.

What has brought about this wonderful change? With the blessing of God, it is only the emancipation from the horrible slavery of the liquor traffic.

After more than twenty years of discussion, the House of Commons has adopted a resolution by a majority of eighty-seven affirming the right of the people in their several localities, to determine by ballot whether they will have grog-shops among them or not, and Mr. Gladstone has promised to bring in a bill to carry out the will of the House.

#### Coming.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning"

It may be in the evening,

When the work of the day is done,

And you have time to sit in the twilight

And watching the sinking sun,

While the long bright day dies slowly

Over the sea,

And the hour grows quiet and holy

With the thoughts of me—

While you hear the village children

Passing along the street,

Among those thronging footsteps

May come the sound of my feet;

Therefore I tell you—Watch

By the light of the evening star,

When the room is growing dusky

As the clouds afar;

Let the door be on the latch

In your home,

For it may be through the gloaming

I will come.

It may be when the midnight

Is heavy upon the land,

And the black waves lying dumbly

Along the sand;

When the moonless night draws close,

And the lights are out in the house,

When the fire burns low and red,

And the watch is ticking loudly

Beside the bed—

Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,

Still your heart must wake and watch

In the dark room,

For it may be at midnight

I will come.

It may at the cock-crow.

When the night is dying slowly

In the sky,

And the sea looks calm and holy,

Waiting for the dawn

Of the golden sun,

Which draw eth nigh;

When the mists are on the valley, shading

The rivers chill,

And my morning star is fading, fading

Over the hill;

Behold: I say to you—Watch,

Let the door be on the latch

In your home

In the chill before the dawning,

Between the night and morning,

I may come.

It may be in the morning,

When the sun is bright and strong,

And the dew is glittering sharply

Over the little lawn;

When the waves are laughing loudly

Along the shore,

And the birds are singing sweetly

About the door;

With a long day's work before you,

You rise up with the sun,

And the neighbours come in to talk a little

Of all that must be done;

But remember I may be the next

To come in at the door.

To call you from your busy work

Forevermore;

As you work your heart must watch,

For the door is on the latch

In your room,

And it may be in the morning

I will come.

#### The Minister's Visitors.

BY MISS BARBARA SEMPLE.

EDWARD and Amelia Baines, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen, had gone to visit their uncle, Mr. Calman, the clergyman of the parish of Riverend. There they saw a good deal of company; for people were kind to them out of regard for their uncle, and they had more invitations to evening parties and picnics in one fortnight than they had previously received in the whole course of their existence. Flattered with the attention they got they began to consider themselves very superior young people, and imagined that their social talents had hitherto been quite buried in the little town in which their father served his generation as a linen-draper. Now, to imitate our superiors is, no doubt, a laudable thing; but unhappily Edward and Amelia had not sufficient perception to lay hold of that which was most worthy of emulation, and only made themselves ridiculous by sundry affectations of the manners of their betters. It was, for instance, not the good sense and amiability of the rich Mrs. Senon which Amelia imitated; she preferred to adopt her lip, a defect which the lady had no doubt made every effort to overcome. Again, though Captain Albert, of the Royal Navy, was a brave and honourable gentleman, he had unquestionably a languid, indifferent air in general society, in consequence, possibly, of his being very much bored by seeing the same people at a perpetual round of cricket-parties and other entertainments. Still, every one said Captain Albert was a gentleman, and perhaps that was the reason Edward Baines formed himself upon him, and conducted himself with an affectation of nonchalance which so ill became him that he was only tolerated out of respect for his uncle.

The brother and sister had been at a boating-party, but returned to their uncle's house in time for luncheon. The minister was, however, engaged with a visitor in his study, just then, the servant told them, so they went into the drawing-room to wait till the lunch-bell rang. Great was their surprise to see in that apartment a middle-aged female, whose appearance struck them as being exceedingly vulgar. It is true that she was stout and red-faced, and had large, coarse hands. "Well, a high-born lady might be stout and red-faced," reasoned Amelia, "but she wouldn't have coarse hands." This person wore a gown of blue and white check, not the most suitable

pattern for such a figure as hers, and a large old-fashioned collar. "What a vulgarian!" thought Edward as he stared at her rudely. "What a guy!" was the mental reflection of Amelia as she looked from the stranger to her brother, and then pretended to smother a laugh in her handkerchief. With his most nonchalant air Edward stretched himself upon a couch, throw one leg over the back, and raising his eye-glass—since coming to Riverend he had discovered that he was short-sighted—he deliberately stared at the middle-aged person as if she were some natural curiosity. Amelia meanwhile began to hum a tune, and to drum on the table as if she were playing a piano.

"I don't know who you may be, young people," said the stranger, "but it strikes me you are ill at ease, and would feel more comfortable in the kitchen than in the drawing-room."

The brother and sister were both somewhat amazed at this reproof, and tried to cover their confusion by a forced laugh. At that instant Mr. Calman entered, and, after an angry glance at his nephew and niece, he turned toward his visitor, whom he addressed as Mrs. Abingdon, and treated her with marked respect. At length he led her into the dining-room to luncheon, while Edward and Amelia followed, looking very foolish. They had not been introduced to Mrs. Abingdon, nor did their uncle take the slightest notice of them during the meal. He was evidently displeased with them, and as they stood much in awe of him, they were both ashamed and distressed. At length it seemed to them that Mrs. Abingdon interceded for them; for they heard their uncle reply in an unrelenting tone,

"Rudeness to you, Mrs. Abingdon, is unpardonable."

As soon as the visitor had taken leave, however, Mr. Calman let his nephew and niece see in what light he regarded their conduct.

"Before I turned the handle of the drawing-room door," said he, "I knew by the laugh I heard that you were behaving disrespectfully to my visitor. On what grounds, pray, did you dare to do so?"

"We thought her a low, vulgar person, uncle, and one who had intruded into your house," said Edward timidly.

"Well, what did you consider vulgar in her manner or appearance? Her hands, you snob! Why there isn't a pair of hands in the country that has done more good than Mrs. Abingdon's. Many fine ladies wish their lily-white palms ought to humble themselves in the dust before her. Go and ask the sick folk whom she has tended and the poor whose garments she has made if they have any fault to find with the hands of my late guest. Do you not see that it was you who were vulgar in judging from mere externals, and insufferably ill-bred besides? I tell you I was so much alarmed of you that I had not the moral courage to induce you as my nephew and niece."

Edward and Amelia hung their heads as their uncle rebuked them. The lesson was not lost upon them.

When I see fair hands proffer the sparkling wine to the noble and gifted, I think what a terrible wreck their would be if the rocks were encountered, and I pray that the scales may fall from the eyes of the tempted so that they may stand out from the danger.

## The Ever-Blessed Name.

BY THE REV. THOMAS HARRIS.

The Name of Jesus is a tower  
In which the soul may hide:  
A shield, to screen from Satan's power,  
The saint while near His side.

His Name is ointment poured forth,  
Whose perfume lasts for aye;  
Its sweetness and its costly worth,  
Are proved from day to day.

On Christ, the rock and corner-stone,  
Believers firmly rest  
Their hopes while built on Him alone,  
With His sweet peace are blest.

The sheep, by their good Shepherd led  
In paths remote from harm,  
Are richly fed with living bread,  
And sheltered by His arm.

His Name is music to the ear,  
And thrills the fainting soul;  
No name can ever be so dear,  
It makes the wounded whole.

Three happy they who hear the voice  
Of Christ, their Priest and King;  
And daily in His name rejoice,  
Who did salvation bring.

Let all adore that blessed Name  
To earth's remotest bound  
Whose grace, for evermore the same,  
May now be sought and found.

Oh, Jesus! may Thy precious Name  
Be ever dear to me!  
My love to Thee a constant flame,  
Till I Thy face shall see!

Cocansville, Que.

## "A Pleasure Shared is a Pleasure Doubled."

THE coasting is just prime, mother,  
It's bright moonlight, so I won't be  
home till nine!"

"O mother, couldn't I go too?" urged  
Katy.

Hal looked up quickly, with a frown  
on his face—it would be too bad if he  
was to be bothered by a girl! He  
listened for the answer.

"I think you might go—if it wouldn't  
be too much trouble for Hal."

"But it would, mother—you don't  
know! Besides, it's dangerous for girls.  
Now do not tease, Katy. I'll take you  
some Saturday."

Poor little Katy, who, as one of three  
girls, was accustomed to be often put  
aside for this only brother, tried to give  
up pleasantly but—how lovely the snow  
would look in the moonlight, and what  
a good time she might have, if—and as  
Hal ran out of the house, tears filled  
the little girl's eyes.

"Hallo, Hal Wescott! here's your  
place! Now for a race—one, two,  
three!" And down flew the sleds, Hal  
just a little ahead. The hill was long  
and steep, but the boys, by crossing the  
fence, were in the road, and many of  
them could hook behind some sleigh,  
and so get pulled up. Indeed, I have  
known six boys to be hanging on a  
lady's cutter—rather an imposition, I  
must confess; but the sharp little fel-  
lows seem to know when it is a young  
mother who is driving, and feeling sure  
of her sympathy, they cluster round.

Hal went down again and again; the  
moon shone out, and the scene was so  
really picturesque, that parties of grown  
people had walked out from the village  
to look on. Hal, as he came up the  
hill, noticed a boy about his own age,  
with his sled by his side, standing  
among the spectators.

"What's up?" he said to himself;  
"why don't George come and coast?"  
Here, George, come along," he shouted.

A lady in deep mourning stooped and  
spoke to George, evidently urging him  
to go, and in a moment the boy came  
and joined the rest.

"Oh, you haven't your famous big  
sled this winter, have you?" said Hal.

"No!" answered George, in a tone  
that meant, "Don't talk about it." But  
Hal, who was not very thoughtful, did  
not take the hint.

"That's better, after all, than the big  
one. Ain't so heavy to haul up hill.  
Hallo, there! That boy—don't know  
how to steer, and he's got a girl on his  
sled."

A moment more, and the sled they  
were watching, ran down into the ditch,  
pitching both its riders into the snow.  
Most of the boys took no notice of the  
accident, except by a derisive shout;  
but George hurried to the spot. They  
were poor children, for their sled was  
evidently home-made, and their clothing  
was very coarse, though clean. The  
boy, a little fellow of ten, was shaking  
the snow from his little sister, and beg-  
ging her not to cry.

"I want to go home, Teddie," she  
said; "I'm afraid; you can't steer."

"But, Nora, if I take you home I  
can't come back. Do stay, there's a  
good girl. I'll never get a whole even-  
ing off again."

"I can take your sister with me,"  
said George, to Hal's bewilderment.  
Was George such a fool as to spoil his  
fun that way? "Come, sissy, I know  
how to steer, and you sha'n't get hurt."

The child hung back shyly, but Ted-  
die whispered something to her that  
seemed to give her confidence, and she  
started up the hill.

"Oh, you musn't walk! Come, Hal,  
let's pull her up."

Hal took hold rather ungraciously.  
To be sure, there were girls on the hill  
and boys to wait on them, but Hal took  
it for granted that they were forced to  
take care of their sisters. Nora enjoy-  
ed the ride and forgot their shyness,  
laughing and looking so bright, that the  
boys soon had to laugh back.

"Now see me go down alone, and  
then you won't be afraid," said George,  
and down he went, steering in and out,  
sometimes when it was quite unneces-  
sary, that Nora might see how safe she  
would be in his care. The little girl  
was only too eager to be off, and no  
longer said a word about going home.

At nine o'clock the boys all started  
back to the village. Hal had steered  
clear of George lest he should have to  
wait on Nora, but as the two boys went  
the same way, they walked together.

"Well, your pleasure was pretty well  
spoiled, by tugging that girl," said Hal.

George looked at him with wide open  
eyes. "Spoiled! It just seemed like  
old times. O Hal, I'd give anything,  
anything to have my sister back."

Then Hal remembered having heard  
how Alice Duncan had died away from  
home.

"I forgot," he said; "I didn't know  
your sister, though it seems to me I do  
remember her riding on your big sled."

"Yes. You know there wasn't much  
coasting last year, but she did enjoy it  
so much. And it pays to please a  
sister, I tell you. Her cheeks used to  
be like roses, and mother says she al-  
ways slept so after an hour's coasting."

Hal thought of Katy's pale face, and  
remembered that his mother was saying  
only that day that she must take Katy  
out of school if she kept on tossing—so  
much at night.

"Why, I've thought it such a nuis-  
ance to take a girl!"

"Nuisance! You try it once. Come  
to-morrow with your sister, and you see.  
Mother says a pleasure shared is a  
pleasure doubled, and that's the worst

of it—there's no one to share my plea-  
sures now. But I told that little girl  
that I'd take care of her to-morrow  
night. They must be good little things,  
for they wouldn't promise to come, and  
Nora said Teddie might have wood to  
split. What do you say to our turning  
in to-morrow and chopping wood for  
him? You see, he's at the grocer's  
store all day, and has to do his chores  
at night."

Hal, who had yet to learn the plea-  
sure of working for others, gave a rather  
reluctant consent, and they parted. In  
a moment more, Hal was in the sitting-  
room, looking critically at Katy, as she  
sat trying to amuse herself with her  
paper-dolls—she was pale, no mistake.

"Mother, if you're willing, I'll take  
Katy to-morrow night; George Duncan  
says it will make her sleep well."

Ah, boys! if you only knew how  
some such kindly, thoughtful speech  
cheers and warms your mother's heart!  
Katy dropped her dolls and looked up  
appealingly, the color mounting to her  
cheeks with pleasure.

"I have no objection," said the  
mother with a smile.

Then the little girl jumped up, too  
excited to sit still. She hung up Hal's  
coat and hat, and then whispered some-  
thing to her mother, who gave a pleased  
nod of assent. Katy disappeared for a  
few moments, and then brought back a  
plate of apples and crackers.

"Katy thinks you're hungry, Hal."

"And she's about right," said that  
young man, who wondered he had not  
noticed how sweet Katy looked before.

In her delight, the little girl gave  
brother Hal a good-night hug that was  
certainly not distasteful, though he  
thought it only manly to say, "There,  
there! you needn't make so much fuss."

The next night Katy was ready be-  
times. Though only ten years old, she  
was wise enough to make herself look  
as well as possible, and as her blue  
eyes danced with pleasure, and her  
cheeks had a little flush from excite-  
ment, "She isn't bad looking," Hal  
said to himself; which was as much as  
if some one else had said she was as  
sweet and pretty as she could be. Hal  
and George had chopped wood for  
more than an hour at Widow More's,  
so they were sure of Nora and Teddie.  
The friends met at the hill, and Hal  
was repaid for his afternoon's work when  
he heard Nora whisper to Katy, "Is  
that your brother? Isn't he just splen-  
did? Mother says he's a boy to be  
proud of."

Down they flew; Katy, who was too  
wise to show any fear, soon found she  
had no real cause for fear, and in her  
joy and gladness began humming to  
herself. One and another caught the  
air, and instead of rough shouts, there  
was pleasant singing, which Katy, who  
had a wonderful voice, led. Hal, in-  
stead of being worried with the care of  
Katy, had to share the pleasure, and,  
as he soon found it to be, the honor of  
having the bright little maiden on his  
sled with a number of other boys.

"Oh, you dear, good brother!" said  
happy little Katy, as she said good-  
night, "I think you are just too good  
for anything."

You may be sure that was not the  
last coast Katy had. Hal learned again  
and again how true it is that a pleasure  
shared is doubled.—*The Christian  
Weekly.*

COMMON sense does not ask an im-  
possible chess-board, but takes the one  
before it, and plays the game.

## An Era, and How to Mark It.

We take the following appropriate  
remarks from a late number of the  
*Halifax Wesleyan*:

"Our readers already know that in  
December next our American brethren  
will celebrate the centenary of organ-  
ized Methodism in the United States.  
Two or three links bind us to them in  
hallowed memories. Our William  
Black was a member of that Christmas  
Conference; and so were Frøeborn  
Garrettsen and James O. Crbmwell  
who preceded him on his return; and  
the single special financial effort—put  
forth among those American ministers  
and laymen at Baltimore was in our  
behalf. Dr. Oke thus briefly records  
it: 'On one of the week days, at noon,  
I made a collection toward assisting  
our brethren who are going to Nova  
Scotia; and our friends generously  
contributed fifty pounds currency—  
thirty pounds sterling.'

"It is not our purpose now to linger  
in contemplation upon the marvellous  
growth of Methodism on this continent.  
Marvellous indeed it has been—unpar-  
alleled. Its growth cannot be esti-  
mated by any statistics. One must  
watch its influence upon the creeds  
and ecclesiastical organization of other  
branches of the Church; he must think  
of the thousands who have been  
pointed to Christ by her teachers who  
have never borne her name and whose  
influence is ever expanding in other  
circles; and in the endeavour to do  
this he will find himself bewildered—  
astounded—because he essays on earth to  
solve a problem only to be understood  
in eternity.

"Shall we not mark this era, while  
we honor God and those ministers and  
laymen whose act will be recalled more  
vividly a few months hence, by resolv-  
ing henceforth to give what we have  
to give in accordance with divine pre-  
cept, and so allow ourselves and others  
to be free for more direct service to  
the Master in soul saving? Such a  
determination, closely adhered to and  
carried out in faith, would make this  
centenary an era to be ever re-  
membered."

At the Annual Meeting of the  
Ontario Branch of the Dominion  
Alliance, lately held in this city,  
Dr. Richard Snelling gave an address  
on "The Relation of the Church to  
the Temperance Cause." He said the  
work needed the Church and the  
Church needed the work. It was for  
the common interest of all to unite  
together and promote reformation in  
the matter of drink. Ministers would  
find that with the success of the tem-  
perance work the success of the Church  
would be increased in proportion. He  
spoke of the great success of the tem-  
perance organizations in connection  
with the Anglican Church, and of their  
continued growth. The work was not  
a question of party, but of Christian  
men: There was something more than  
that—there should be unity in the  
work between all the Churches of  
Christendom, and in the emancipation  
of the world from intemperance. Tem-  
perance work to be successful must be  
a religious work. The success they  
had in polling the vote upon the  
grocers' license question—the largest  
vote ever polled in Toronto—was  
achieved by the work done through the  
Churches. The relation of Churches  
to the temperance cause was not only  
practical, but it was compatible with  
the principle of the New Testament.

**Be Strong, O Heart.**

Be strong to bear, O heart of mine,  
Faint not when sorrows come;  
The summits of these hills of earth  
Touch the blue skies of home.  
So many burdened ones there are  
Close toiling by thy side,  
Assist, encourage, comfort them,  
Thine own deep anguish hide.  
What though thy trials may seem great?  
Thy strength is known to God,  
And pathways steep and rugged lead  
To pastures green and broad.

Be strong to love, O heart of mine,  
Live not for self alone;  
But find, in blessing other lives,  
Completeness for thine own.  
Seek every hungering heart to feed,  
Each addered heart to cheer;  
And where stern justice stands aloof  
In mercy draw thou near.  
True, loving words and helping hands  
Have won more souls for heaven  
Than all mere dogmas and mere creeds  
By priests or sages given.

Be strong to hope, O heart of mine,  
Look not on life's dark side;  
For just beyond these gloomy hours  
Rich, radiant days abide.  
Like hope, like summer's rainbow bright,  
Scatter thy falling tears,  
And let God's precious promises  
Dispel thy anxious fears.  
For every grief a joy will come,  
For every toil a rest;  
So hope, so love, so patient bear—  
God doeth all things best.

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**Home & School:**

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

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1884.

**A Temperance Revival.**

THE time was not so long since in Toronto when it was hard to get an audience at a temperance meeting. That time has passed, as will be seen from the following extract from the *Globe* of the 25th ult.:

"The great temperance meeting in the Pavilion on Monday evening was a sign of the times, and a very suggestive one. The place of meeting—the largest hall we have in the city—was crammed to the doors with people of all ranks and conditions, who were not coldly curious about the proceedings, but warmly and enthusiastically interested. The chair was admirably filled by Bishop Sweatman. The speaking was fresh, vigorous, and intensely in earnest. There was no attempt made by any one to sit on two stools, and when Mr. Ross in the most frank and unmistakable fashion came out in favour of prohibition pure and simple, he had the sympathies of the large audience heartily with him. The large-hearted and popular Bishop of

Huron was, if possible, still more pronounced. He would make no terms with the liquor traffic. Evidently he held with the late Dr. Guthrie that the true way was neither to muzzle nor muzzle the monster, but to pass the knife of total abstinence and prohibition directly to its heart. We can scarcely express in too strong language our congratulations to the Church of England, both here and in the Old Country, on the noble stand which so many of her most distinguished prelates and divines, as well as of her most prominent and influential laymen, are taking on this great, nay, in one sense, this all-important, liquor question. They have made it a Church question in the best sense of that often abused phrase, and 'with charity to all, and malice to none,' are working it out energetically on that line. More power to them, and may they have always more imitators and co-workers in this great and good work."

We are glad that our Church of England friends, who have long stood aloof from temperance work, are waking up to its importance. But it must be remembered that no Church has a more honourable temperance record than our own. Forty years ago, when temperance was very unpopular in this country, it was its staunch advocate. A hundred years ago John Wesley denounced with burning words the liquor traffic. Many of our foremost ministers—Dr. Williams, Dr. Nelles, Dr. Jeffers, Dr. Dewart, Dr. Sutherland, William Scott, Edward Barrass, and many another—won their earliest laurels on the temperance platform. The Methodist Church is today the only Church, so far as we know, which makes total abstinence one of the first conditions of membership. Our conferences, our ministers, our members, are among the foremost in temperance; and we want every boy and every girl in all our schools to be pledged abstainers. Teachers, friends, parents, get the children enrolled in the temperance army, and within fifteen years the liquor traffic will be destroyed. May it not be destroyed within five?

**The S. S. Aid and Extension Fund Collection.**

THE Discipline of our Church requires that "an annual collection in aid of Sunday-school work shall be taken up in all our schools, to be called the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund Collection" (*Journals of General Conference of 1883, page 144*, which is but a re-enactment of clause 301 of the Discipline of 1882). Superintendents of Circuits are required by the Discipline to see that such collections are taken up. As the spring District Meetings—at which all financial returns must be made—will shortly be held, it is urgently requested that no school fail to have this collection taken up in time to report to the District Meeting.

**Hints and Helps for Busy S. S. Teachers.**

THE Rev. John McEwan, the energetic Secretary of the S. S. Association of Canada, has been holding a series of S. S. Institutes for the benefit of the teachers of the city of Toronto, in four several churches of the city. Several ministers and S. S. workers also kindly consented to address these Institutes.

The following was the programme for each of the four Institutes:

I. (1) Prelude: "The Claims of the Bible on the S. S. Teacher's Attention." (2) Institute Exercise: "The S. S. Teacher's Working Plan of the Bible."

II. (1) Prelude: "The Great Aim of Bible Teaching." (2) Institute Exercise: "God's Educational Method in Giving the Bible."

III. (1) Prelude: "The Teaching of the Bible, on the Lines of its Presentation and Propagation of the Truth." (2) Institute Exercise: "The Process of Teaching."

IV. (1) Prelude: "The Revival of Missionary Zeal, and Teaching Effort of the Nineteenth Century." (2) Institute Exercise: "The Process of Teaching."

A Question Box was open, and answers given from time to time during the Meetings.

Such Institutes, under such efficient management, cannot fail to be of great benefit to all who take advantage of them.

DON'T FORGET  
TO TAKE UP THE  
**S. S. AID & EXTENSION FUND**  
COLLECTION  
IN TIME FOR THE  
MAY DISTRICT MEETING!

**The Matter of Attention.**

ONE of the sorest evils of our Sunday-school service, and one of the severest trials of an honest and earnest Sunday-school teacher's patience, is manifest inattention of many of the scholars. It ought not, perhaps, to be wondered at in the case of the younger children; for at their time of life, it is natural to look for restlessness, both of the mind and body. One great object of all the long and laborious processes of what we call education, is to make the reluctant powers submit; to give us such command of our faculties, that we can converge them to a focal point, and hold them there as long as is needed for its thorough comprehension. And as this is the last and highest result of education, we need not be overmuch discouraged, if, in this particular, we find some difficulty with those whose education has just begun.

Some of us have seen a brood of little chickens clustered with absorbing interest around the hen that was scratching so industriously for their benefit; and every now and then she would stoop to pick up some choice tid-bit, in the shape of a worm that she had just unearthed, and as she uttered her motherly cluck, and lifted the trophy up in her beak, there seemed no lack of interest in the encompassing youngsters. And yet, if she scratched and scratched and scratched, on a sterile sand-strip or ash heap, and seemed not to know how to scratch, or where to scratch, and with all her scratching never found a morsel worth the eating; we can well imagine that that youthful brood would but indifferently watch; nor would we blame them greatly if they should take it into their heads to wander away in their disgust, and look



READING FOR THE SICK.

about to see, perchance, what they might be able to pick up for themselves. We have rarely or never seen a teacher that really and thoroughly got hold of the lesson that did not also get hold of the class.—*Baptist Teacher.*

**Reading for the Sick.**

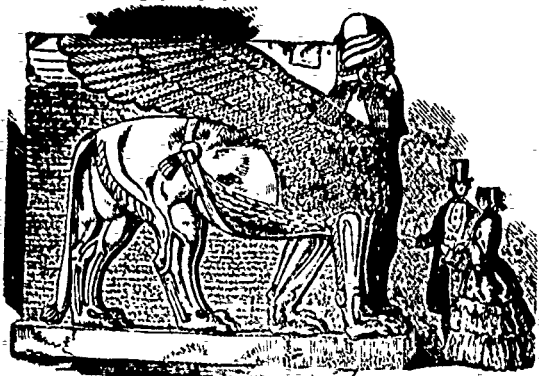
FEW people know how wearily the hours drag during a long sickness save those who have experienced it. To such, few things are so delightful as cheerful and interesting reading. Impressed with this fact, and with the great waste of reading matter that takes place, a lady has had a box, like that in the picture, placed in the Union R. R. Station, Toronto, in which travellers may, like this little girl, put the papers and magazines that they are done with for the sick in the hospitals. Some months ago the Editor of HOME AND SCHOOL collected, through the kindness of a few friends—who generously contributed money for the purpose—some two tons of reading matter, which was distributed to the hospitals, asylums, and prisons of Canada, from London on the west to Halifax on the east. Very many letters and expressions of thank were received for the great good thus accomplished.

**Review of Books.**

*The Bowsham Puzzle.* Published in Funk & Wagnall's (10 & 12 Dey St. N.Y.) Standard Library 110. Price, paper, 25 cents. William Briggs, sole agent for Canada.

Mr. Habberton's ingenious mind has evolved a plot which at once excites and evades the reader's curiosity to a most amusing degree. In reading the riddle he takes us through some rather exciting events, and brings us into contact with some interesting characters. The chief merit of Mr. Habberton's work consists in its portrayal of village life. There is a homely humour underrunning the story that adds much to its interest.

THE *School Supplement* is a new educational monthly, well printed on excellent tinted paper, and intended, as the name implies, to add interest to study by supplementing the ordinary school work. It is published by Messrs. Eaton, Gibson & Co., Toronto. Price \$1 a year. The illustrations are very fine, and the handsome printing is a credit to our publishing house, by which the work is done.



THE WISDOM LION.

**Building and Being.**

The king would build, so a legend says,  
The finest of all fine palaces.

He sent for St. Thomas, a builder rare,  
And bade him to rear them a wonder fair.

The king's great treasure was placed at hand,  
And with it the sovereign's one command:

"Build well, O builder, so good and great,  
And add to the glory of my estate.

"Build well, nor spare my wealth to show  
A prouder palace than mortals know."

The king took leave of his kingdom then,  
And wandered far from the haunts of men.

St. Thomas the king's great treasure spent  
In worthier way than the master meant.

He clad the naked, the hungry fed,  
The oil of gladness around him shed.

He blessed them all with the ample store,  
As never a king's wealth blessed before.

The king came back from his journey long,  
But found no grace in the happy throng.

That greeted him now on his slow return,  
To teach him the lesson he ought to learn.

The king came back to his well spent gold;  
But no new palace could he behold.

In terrible anger he swore, and said  
That the builder's folly should cost his head.

St. Thomas in dungeon dark was cast,  
Till the time of his punishment thro' were passed.

Then it chanced, or the good God willed it so,  
That the king's own brother in death lay low.

When four days dead, as the legend reads,  
He rose to humanity's life and needs.

From sleep of the dust he strangely woke,  
And thus to his brother the king he spoke:

"I have been to Paradise, O my king!  
And have heard the heavenly angels sing.

"And there I saw, by the gates of gold,  
A palace finer than tongue has told.

"Its walls and towers were lifted high  
In beautiful grace to the bending sky;

"Its glories there in that radiant place,  
Shone forth like a smile from the dear Lord's face.

"An angel said it was builded there  
By the good St. Thomas, with love and care.

"For our fellow-men, and that it should be  
By palace of peace through eternity."

The king this vision pondered well,  
Till he took St. Thomas from dungeon-cell.

And said, "O builder! he most is wise  
Who buildeth over for Paradise."

Servants have frequently written  
The lives of their royal masters, but the

Queen's new book is the first instance  
In which a great sovereign has conde-

scended to write the life of a servant.

**The Winged Lion.**

THIS is a representation of a curious piece of sculpture which Mr. Layard dug out of the ruins of Ninevah. It has the body of a lion, the wings of an eagle, and the head of a man. It is very large, as you can see by comparing its size with that of the gentleman and lady who are looking on. Sometimes the body is like that of a bull, and is the symbol of strength, as the lion is of fierceness. A fine copy of a winged bull, probably 4,000 years old, is in the Normal School Museum at Toronto.

**Curious Needles.**

AMONG other curiosities to be exhibited at the Needlework Exhibition, which opens the first week in July at the Crystal Palace, there will be a couple of items which will make not the least attractive objects on view. One of these is a famous needle presented to the German Emperor last year, under circumstances of interest. The old Kaiser had paid a visit to the great needle factory at Kreuznach, in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marvelled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in his respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the working man—whose business it is to bore the eye in these needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile, tempered, perhaps, with a consciousness that it could not well be spared. He placed it at once under a boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnishing it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king. The second curious needle is in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the Column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened. It contains a number of needles of small size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.—*Young Lady's Journal.*

They truly mourn that mourn without a witness.—*Byron.*

**Seal Catching in Newfoundland.\***

BY THE REV. W. B. SECORDE,

*Methodist Missionary, British Columbia.*

TOWARDS the close of the month of October or the beginning of November, the cod-fishing season may be said to be over on the north and north-east coast of Newfoundland; and the fishermen having disposed of their summer's catch, and received some little "supplies" from the merchant, begin to "overhaul" their nets and prepare for another kind of catch, namely, the seal. About this season of the year larger numbers of seal leave their home in the north and come along the Labrador coast and the eastern coast of Newfoundland, and go away south as far, at least, as the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The nets used to catch the seal have larger meshes, and are made of heavier cordage, than either the salmon or herring nets. Some of the seals caught are seven or eight feet long and weigh eight or nine hundred pounds. The seal does not put its head through the mesh like the salmon or herring, but simply gets one or both of its "flippers" (fins) caught, and not being able to extricate very readily, it flounders till eventually it rolls itself up into the net and is soon strangled, for you must remember that the seal, like the whale, has to come to the surface to breathe.

At this time of the year it is usually very stormy on the Atlantic coast. Sometimes a whole week or even fortnight elapse before the fisherman can get to his nets, though they may be only a few hundred yards from the shore. When about to tend his nets, the "skipper" calls his men, usually four in number, and launch the skiff. A bread-box containing a few cakes of hard bread, an axe, and a gun are put on board. The men all dressed in oil-clothes, take their place at the oars, and away they pull. Soon they are at the nets, and the work of lifting begins. From the shore we can see them rise and fall out of the skiff. If a seal is in the net it is soon brought to the surface, and one of the men fastens a boat-hook into it to make it the more secure. Great difficulty is sometimes experienced in getting the seal into the boat; frequently they fill the boat with water and are well-nigh being swamped. They have to watch their opportunity and act accordingly. The "skipper" says, "I think we'd better wait a minute or two, boys, or we'll swamp her." So saying he stands erect in the boat, and looks away to the windward over the angry waves, and presently it seems a little smoother, and turning to his comrades he cries out, "Now, my boys, in with him; in with him;" and the black shining monster comes over the gunwale into the boat. Seldom, however, are they fortunate enough to get hold of a seal that is not partially eaten by the sharks. So numerous are these fish, and so fond are they of the seal, that almost as soon as one gets into the net its puruer is feasting on its flesh.

The seal is surrounded with a thick coating of fat underneath the skin. This with the skin is usually taken off together and is valuable, while the carcass is given to the dogs, which are ravenous over it as if it were fresh beef.

\* Beside the process of seal hunting by regular sealing steamers, as described in an illustrated article in a late number of the *Methodist Magazine*, there are also other methods adopted, as narrated in this article.—*Ed.*

Thus the work of seal fishing goes on till hindered by the ice. About the middle of January the "northern jam" comes up, when far as the eye can reach there is nothing but ice. Now the fisherman is unable to work his nets, but gun in hand he wanders forth upon the ice, and discovers here and there holes where the seal comes up to breathe. Near one of these holes he builds up some blocks of ice, behind which he cowers down and waits the appearance of the seal. Presently something pops up, which at a little distance looks like a man's hand lifted out of the water. Instantly the gun is levelled and fired, and in another moment the fisherman runs, gun in hand, and pulls the seal upon the ice.

But what affords the fisherman the greatest remuneration is handling the "white coats," the young seals from ten to twenty days old. The seals have their young on the ice about the latter part of February. Should there be a heavy fall of snow upon the young "white coats," they will be quite warm and thrive and do well; but if, on the other hand, they get a heavy fall of rain, they will cry and appear to be very uncomfortable. As soon as March comes in the fisherman pays particular attention to the weather and the way the winds blow, and begins to make his calculation as to where the seals will strike the shore or no. About the seventh or eighth of the month, men will begin to visit Quirpon and other outlying places so as to have a good chance should the seals come within reach. The ice on the ocean is often moving about, carried here and there by the wind and tides, so that any hour a piece bearing seals may come in contact with the land. The people all along the shore are on the alert, ready to start off in any direction at a few minutes' notice. Every now and again some one goes out on some headland with a glass, and looks out upon the ice to see if there is anything to be seen. Every stranger who happens to pass by is interrogated as to whether he hears of any seals being taken anywhere. By and by news arrive that seals are at Cape Norman, or Cape Quirpon, or some other place. Then all is bustle and hurry to be off. Some one is dispatched with all speed to let all in the cove learn the welcome news. The dogs are called, and harnessed, and fastened to the "comatic," or dog sled. A little sealskin bag is taken down from where it hung on the wall, in which are placed a few cakes of hard biscuit. Then some butter is put on a lobster-claw, a little tea into a tin-caddy, and some molasses into a bottle; this, too, is placed in the bag and fastened on the "comatic." Then the fisherman fastens a belt around his waist, to which are attached sheath-knife and steel. Then taking gun and gaff he fastens them to the comatic, and last of all he puts a couple of plugs of tobacco into his pocket, and is off. Away go the dogs yelping and barking and running at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. But this kind of work does not last long; they soon begin to slacken their pace, and the driver tries to cheer them on. Now a little powder is put into one of the guns and fired off; at the report of the gun they start again, and the driver, pointing ahead, cries at the top of his voice, "See the crow! See the crow!" This one way and another the dogs are cheered from time to time, and soon a distance of fifteen or twenty

miles is made. Arriving at their destination, if report is true, no time is to be lost. The "comatic" is turned upside down, and woo be to the man who dares to interfere with anything connected with it. The hauling rope is fastened around the body, resting on the right shoulder and passing under the left arm, a cako or two of biscuit is put in the pocket, and gaff in hand, the fisherman walks out upon the ice to the work of death. The young seals look up into the face of their pursuer and cry piteously; the large tears roll down their face as from the face of a child. But there is no mercy; a blow is dealt them over the nose with the gaff, and instantly the knife enters the throat, and a deep cut is made right down to the tail. The skin and fat are taken off together, and is called "scalping" the seal, while the carcass is left upon the ice. As soon as six or eight are killed the "swiler" takes the rope from his body, lace the pelts together, and, throwing the end over his shoulder, he strikes out for the shore. In the course of the day a good many seals can be landed, if they are plentiful and not too far off. Some trader is generally on hand to purchase the seals, and take them off to his store or vessel, so that all the men have to do is to land them above highwater-mark.

Seal hauling is very hard work, and frequently some poor fellow becomes so completely exhausted as to give out upon the ice, and but for the timely aid of his comrades would soon perish. It is also attended with great danger. The ice, as we said, is generally moving about and frequently the poor fellows are carried off the land. Sometimes they are fortunate enough to be picked up by some seal-hunting vessel, or possibly, after being carried about by the tides for days, they may again come in contact with the land and walk ashore; but it sometimes happens that when thus carried off they are never heard of again.

#### Five Cents a Drink.

Five cents a drink! Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink? "Five cents a glass!" I hear you say, Ah, no indeed! 'tis a very small sum You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb; And if that were all you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to pay!

The price of a drink? Let him decide, Who has his courage lost and his pride, And lies, a grovelling heap of clay, Not far removed from a beast to-day. The price of a drink? let that one tell, Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell, Honour and virtue, love and truth, All the glory of pride and youth, Hopes of manhood, the wealth of fame, High endeavour, the noble aim; These are the treasures thrown away, As the price of a drink, from day to day.

The price of a drink? If you want to know What some are willing to pay for it, go Through the wretched tenement over there, With dingy window and broken star, There poverty dwells with her hungry brood, Wild-eyed creatures for want of food; There shame, in a corner, crouches low; There violence deals its cruel blow; The innocent ones are thus accursed, To pay the price of another one's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would, indeed, be small! But the money's worth is the least amount We pay; whoever will keep an account Will learn the terrible waste and blight That follows that ruinous appetite. "Five cents a glass!" Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink?

—Western Waver.

#### A Missionary Revival.\*

BY THE REV. ALEX. BURNS, D.D., LL.D.,  
President of the Wesleyan Ladies'  
College, Hamilton  
I.

It is more than eighteen hundred years since the Church received the Divine commission, "Go, disciple all nations," yet two-thirds of the human family have yet to hear the Gospel. When a writer declares it as his profound conviction that the sixteen years that yet remain of this century are more than enough to "preach the Gospel to every creature," he may be expected to give a reason of the hope that is in him. Now, not merely do I believe that the remaining years of this century furnish abundance of time for the accomplishment of this work, but I am thoroughly satisfied that its consummation would involve no more sacrifice than is now cheerfully made for any object really desired. More, that the Church at home would be richer in every way for the undertaking.

The Church has before her the original commission. Never has she appeared so attractive or so impregnable as when she has marched in obedience to that command. The necessities of the world cry as loud today as they ever did. These wants are more intelligible now to eye and ear than they ever were, and the Church has no conceivable apology for deferring action, or for a weak and narrow policy.

Reliable statistics tell us that the non-Christian portion of the earth number at least eight hundred millions, or about two-thirds of the human family. There is added annually to this non-Christian population a number greater than that which leaves their ranks to join the Christians. There will be more heathen next year than there are now. The present effort of the Church to diminish their ranks are more than compensated by the natural increase of population.

When Christ sent forth His disciples, their instructions were, "Go into all the world." And when the apostles addressed the people, the response to those who asked the way of life was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Such was the implicit belief of the apostles—a belief that generated and sustained a heroism second only to the Master's. They were all things to all men, if by any means they might save some. Such also has been the faith of the Christian pulpit in all ages, and in none more than the present. Our appeals, our hopes, our prayers, all centre in Christ. Such being our position at home, how can we justify our treatment of the heathen? If faith in Christ is necessary to our salvation, let us put the Pauline interrogatory: "How can they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?"

By the majority of Christians, I presume, no other apology would be offered than inability. It will be

\* Some months since the Rev. Dr. Burns contributed to the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* two articles on this subject, which produced a very decided impression and were widely referred. A strong desire having been expressed that the substance, at least, of these articles might receive a still wider circulation, they are here reproduced in a greatly abridged form, in the hope that they may arouse—especially in our Sunday-schools—increased enthusiasm in the all-important subject of Christian Missions.—ED. HOME AND SCHOOL.

affirmed that, whatever may have been the case with former ages, we can advance no faster than we are now moving. A comparison of what is now contributed for Missions with the offerings of fifty or one hundred years ago renders this reply somewhat plausible. Not blind to the indications of progress here referred to, I nevertheless unhesitatingly believe that, considering the commands of the Saviour, the necessities of the heathen, and especially the ability of the Church, what has been done is the merest trifle compared with what could and should have been done—merely the beginning of what must be done before we expect to see the knowledge of Christ cover the earth.

No exaggeration is required to prove the formidable character of the fearfully dense heathen mass to be reached and moulded by missionary effort. Neither am I disposed to underrate missionary sacrifice and enthusiasm. The best blood of the Church is on the foreign field. But as we look at the struggling band toiling against such fearful odds, we involuntarily exclaim: "What are they among so many?" The past half century has witnessed the grandest aggressive movements of the Church since apostolic times, and on the line of light marking her conquests may be seen proof of the full possession of her pristine vigour and virtue. But evidence forces upon us the unwelcome fact that numerically our victories have been so inconsiderable as to make little or no impression on error's ranks. To-day a denser mass confronts us than when first we entered the field. The Church has more to convert than the apostles had. Who that heard the great commission from the Master's lips could have anticipated the present condition of our earth? Fifty-five generations have passed away since then. Fifty-five times has the earth buried her cheeleless inhabitants. Yet two-thirds of her children remain unvisited by those specially commissioned to bear them their Father's message of life and love.

Has the Church met the issues that were thrust upon her as she heard in the great commission her order, "Forward!" Has she given her sons until the draft for the front has affected the other callings in life? Have her trained soldiery rushed to the scene of conflict, to the thickest of the fight where their services were needed the most, entrusting to God, the home guard, and the war-worn veterans the guardianship of all dear to them? Have the different wings of the Church vied with each other in their eagerness to join in the fray, and to support each other in the presence of the common enemy?

Instead of being weakened by the draft for the foreign army, we have sent so few that they are not mixed at all; and if it were not for missionary anniversaries we should hardly know that we had undertaken the conquest of the world. No! The cry of the heathen has not exhausted the strength of the Church. The call for men and means has neither thinned her ranks nor depleted her treasury. It has not even diminished her luxuries, much less affected her comforts, or even hinted retrenchment.

A few figures taken from reliable sources will suffice. In 1832 American Methodism gave two cents per member. In 1836 it gave ten. In 1844 it reached twelve. In 1852 it gave

twenty-four cents. In 1856 it reached thirty. In 1860 the same. In 1864 it gave sixty in largely depreciated currency. In 1870 it fell to forty-five. In 1875 it fell below forty. In 1880 it gave less than forty cents for missionary purposes. The above is the best that American Methodism has done for missions, and five cents a month is the heaviest sacrifice we have ever made.

I have tried to find some little luxury that would equal this gift, but have failed utterly. There is nothing in all the range of our desires, natural or acquired, that will be dwarfed to such dimensions; no luxury of such microscopic insignificance. Were we to let all our missionary collections go to the heathen, still the average is so nearly microscopic as to be absolutely unfelt by the Church.

#### Varieties.

A LITTLE incident has just transpired, which is creditable to Gov. Robinson, of Massachusetts. Being asked why he did not make his son his private secretary, he replied: "Because I think too much of my boy to set him tiding on top of a bubble; he must prepare for honourable work in life; besides, my family are not going to be fitted out with offices."

The *Christian Woman* tells the following: At a church meeting some of the members complained that nobody spoke to them, whereupon a brother submitted to their attention this emendation of Dr. Watts:

Whene'er I take my walks to church,  
How many folks I see,  
And 'cause I never speak to them,  
They never speak to me.

"How do you like the squash pie, Alfred?" asked a young wife of her husband a few days after marriage. "Well, it is pretty good, but—" "But what? I suppose you started to say that it isn't as good as that which your mother makes." "Well, yes; I did intend to say that, but—" "Well, Alfred, your mother made that pie, and sent it to me."

A MAN rushed up to a woman looking in a show-window, and grasping her by the arm, angrily exclaimed, "Come on; I'm tired of waiting for you." Then, noticing he had made a mistake, he drew back with, "O, I beg your pardon, madam, I mistook you for my wife." "I thought so," she answered with a scornful sneer, and passed on.

WHEN the Abbe Lizzt was once asked whether he thought a certain pianist was talented or not, he replied, smiling, "He is a good man, at least, according to Bible respects; for it can be truly said of him that his right hand knoweth not what his left hand is doing."

A LARGE public meeting in Wyoming Territory has requested the President to appoint a woman as Governor. Is this is done, will she be Governor or 'Governess'? And will she be "Her Excellency" or "Her Sweetness"?

THE most knowing are the most desirous of knowledge; the most virtuous are the most desirous of improvement in virtue. On the contrary, the ignorant think themselves wise enough; the vicious are, in their own opinion, good enough. Which is the best, children: Wisdom and virtue, and goodness of heart, or ignorance and vice?

**As the Drunkard Dies.**

BY MRS. M. J. SMITH.

He died as the drunkard dies!  
With foaming lips and bloodshot eyes;  
In anguish untold he perished at last;  
With the shadow of infamy over him cast.

Died with a curse on his tongue,  
And prayers, by anxiety wrung;  
Were horribly mixed with blasphemous  
oaths,  
And scraps of obscenity pur-ly loathes.

"Oh, 'twas a terrible sight:  
In the blackness and darkness of night;  
From the one dim lamp that we brought to  
his bed,  
With shrieks of wild terror he covered his  
head.

He died as the drunkard dies!  
And that man had been learned and wise  
As the world goes. He had drunk of fame,  
And the laurel and bay twined wreaths for  
his name.

That man was his mother's pride!  
The honored choice of a beautiful bride;  
A father's hope in the gathering years—  
A sister's joy, pride, love, hope—now shame  
and tears.

For the agonizing wail  
Goes up from the lips that are shrunk  
and pale;  
And where is the hand to successfully bear  
A balm to those spirits that drink of despair?

Oh, curse that is blighting our land,  
Tyrant, demon! Say, where is the hand  
That dares to bridle? Who dares to lie  
down  
While the demon sweeps over the country  
and town?

Up, brother! go work to-day!  
Sister, be earnest! go labor and pray,  
Till every saloon, with infamous brand,  
Is swept from the face of our glorious land.

**Only One Scene.**

BY EARNEST GILMORE.

It was a drear, miserable morning;  
a heavy fog hung over the wretched  
street; the rain had fallen continually  
through the night, and still drizzled in  
a forlorn way. Pedestrians jostled  
along, occasionally hitting one another  
with wet umbrellas and sloshing the  
mud right and left over the dirty pave-  
ment.

Crossing a filthy street, where the  
thick, black mud entered the soles of her  
sodden shoes and clung with tena-  
cious about her thin ankles, was a  
young girl of thirteen or thereabouts.  
She seemed utterly indifferent to  
the rain. And why should she be  
otherwise? For when one is thoroughly  
wet and worn a few drops more or less  
either of water or trouble make no dif-  
ference. She hurried around the  
corner, and a shiver passed through  
her frame with the cutting blast of  
wind. She shuffled on as fast as possi-  
ble, considering her soaked feet, held  
the poor, wet garment closer to her as  
if for protection, and soon turned up a  
dark court, opened a creaking door in a  
rickety tenement-house, and entered.  
How cold and dark and damp! although  
just what she expected. A deep sigh  
escaped her. The "bundle of rags"  
(called father) on the straw in the  
corner did not move, and she softly  
opened the door into another smaller  
one and looked in. All was hushed  
and still. On a low couch of straw,  
covered with a thin, patched army  
blanket, lay a little girl of seven, pale  
and faded; but, though the clammy  
sweat stood upon the fair brow, one  
could not but say, how lovely! Yes;  
though a drunkard's forsaken child,  
Lena Croft's pinched features were  
classically beautiful. Amy knelt down  
by her side, took the little thin hand  
in her own, and, poor child, although

she did not intend to awaken her sick  
sister, the hot tears that fell from her  
eyes had that effect, and the blue eyes  
opened and fastened upon her implor-  
ingly. She had begged her father  
with all the strength and pathos of her  
young voice to call a physician for  
Lena, even getting down upon her  
knees before the degraded man with  
her earnest pleading; but no, this  
heartless father turned away from his  
eldest-born's prayer, and took the  
money that, with God's will, would  
have brought relief to his sick child  
and gave it willingly to the cruel rum-  
seller, who was licensed to flood his  
home with poverty, hunger, and per-  
haps something worse.

"I am so glad you have come, Amy!  
I'm so hungry! Can I have something  
now?"

Amy looked at the thin cheek so  
touchingly white, at the blue eyes that  
had once beamed with laughter, and  
her heart sunk within her. She felt  
such a weight of oppression that she  
could not speak. She had promised  
to get something for the sick child and  
had failed. She had rung at many  
basement doors, but the servants had  
bade her begone. "Shure," said one,  
"oi've enough to do without waitin'  
on the loikes of yez."

"You may, dearie; you shall; my  
little lamb! Just wait a minute.  
And out again she bounded (that freez-  
ing, wet, starving child), resolved  
that she would ring the front-door bells  
and see the ladies themselves as a last  
resort.

Thinking only of Lena, her poor,  
tired feet seemed shod with wings.  
She hurried through the streets and  
rung the front-door bell of the first  
respectable house. A tidy housemaid  
opened the door, and in answer to  
Amy's pleading, "Please may I see the  
lady?" she received, "You dirty girl,  
to come up these clean steps with your  
muddy feet. Begone this instant!  
And the door slammed in her face.  
She turned despairingly but resolutely  
(the sad eyes at home haunting her)  
and pulled the next bell. As the ser-  
vant opened the door Amy said quickly,  
"My little sister is starving; please  
give me something for her."

"Beggars should go to back-doors,"  
angrily answered the girl, and was  
about to close the door when a gentle  
voice called: "Let her step in on the  
oil-cloth so that I can see her."

"But, shure, she's drimpin' wet,  
ma'am, and covered with mud."

"Do as I say; let her in."

The door was opened reluctantly and  
Amy stepped in.  
"Oh! how lovely," thought the  
poor outcast. "How bright and how  
nice everything is!" And her eyes  
wandered to the sweet-voiced invalid  
lying upon the crimsoned hall couch.

"My poor girl, what can I do for  
you?"

"O, ma'am! something for my  
sister; my poor little sister is sick and  
dyin', and starvin'."

"Poor child; poor little girl! Katy,  
tell the cook to give her part of my  
beef-tea in a bottle, a cup of jelly, and  
some bread and meat. And be quick  
about it."

The poor girl received the package  
with a thankful heart, and the world  
looked brighter to her young eyes as  
she ran to the hovel she called home,  
although the rain fell pitilessly. As  
she entered the door the tattered heap  
in the corner moved, and the miserable  
father raised himself with difficulty

to a sitting posture and looked at her  
with an ill-tempered leer. He had  
grown so bitter and revengeful in his  
dissipation that Amy shuddered with  
dread.

"What you carryin' so sneakin'?"  
he fiercely demanded.

"Something for Lena; she's starvin',  
father."

"Bring me what you've got; I'm  
starvin' and thirstin' too."

"O, father! I can't; Lena's dyin',"  
moaned Amy, trying to pass the mis-  
erable wreck on the floor; but he raised  
himself slowly and uttered a threat so  
terrible, ending with the word, "Pity  
ye wan't both dyin'; ye better look out  
or ye will; bring me the basket, I say,"  
that Amy trembling handed it to him.  
Snatching it from her, he swallowed the  
beef-tea as if famished, then greedily  
followed with the meat and as much of  
the bread as he could possibly eat;  
then he rose with difficulty, and wrap-  
ping the cup of jelly in paper, tottered  
to the door. Amy stood looking with  
horrified eyes, but with great effort  
asked: "Where are you goin' with  
the jelly, father?"

"To Washburn's for a drink."

"O, father! leave me the jelly or  
Lena will die." And poor Amy wrung  
her hands in agony.

"Pick up the crusts that I left;  
they're good enough for such brats as  
you are." And the brutal father turned  
away.

Amy opened the bedroom door  
trembling. How could she face her  
little sister without food again and tell  
her there was none? But there was no  
need; Lena had heard all. Through  
the little broken window came a feeble  
ray of light, revealing a smile on the  
white lips, sweeter and lovelier than  
sunlight. She held out her thin hand  
to Amy, and the heart-broken girl  
caught it between her own and covered  
it with scalding tears as she broke forth  
into convulsive sobbing.

"Don't cry, Amy, my good Amy.  
I'm sleepy; but I love you, sister Amy.  
Kiss me, Amy, for I'm goin' to mamma.  
I won't be hungry any more, nor cry  
any more, will I, sister?" Amy's tears  
were falling faster than the raindrops  
outside, but her heart was too full to  
speak.

"I'll ask God to come for you, sister,  
soon—soon. No tears there—mamma."  
And the little sinless sleeper was at  
rest.

One little tried heart has found  
peace; up the golden stairs her little  
feet have gone. But, O Father! *the  
other.*

BELIEVE me, upon the margin of  
celestial streams alone those simples  
grow which cure the headache!

It is easier to suppress the first de-  
sire than to satisfy all that follow it.—  
*Franklin.*

We come to be skilful doers through  
the bungling, yet earnest, efforts of the  
beginning.

To succeed in any of life's endea-  
vours, be our talents what they may,  
we require persev-ence, decision and  
tenacity of will to reach the full  
measure of success.

A SECULAR paper says that the acacia  
flowers found in the coffins of the  
Pharaohs are exactly like those that  
now bloom on the banks of the Nile,  
and the mummies of 1900 B.C. are  
exactly like the bodies of men of 1884  
A.D. Evolution, it thinks, gets on very  
slowly.

**Puzzledom.**

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

- 92.—1. Longfellow. 2. Tantomount.  
93.—Ocean Grove.  
94.—1. Rio Grande. 2. Mississippi.  
95.—Endure trials patiently.  
96.—

T  
T A R  
T A P I R  
R I P  
R

**NEW PUZZLES.**

97.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. A grove; to join; exactness;  
agitation; conditions.  
2. A disturbance; a number; a root;  
sovereignty; intervening.

98.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. A boy's name; a mark; a convey-  
ance.  
2. A river in Europe; a preposition;  
a letter.  
3. A girl's name; a family; a particle.

99.—DIAMOND.

- A letter; a morass; a handsome  
lady; a mountain emitting fire and  
lava; a soft fleshy organ; to finish; a  
letter.

**Brevities.**

"WHEN in society never talk of  
yourself," is the injunction of an  
authority on etiquette. People in  
society never do—they run down other  
people.

A PARTY of young men dined sumptu-  
ously at a restaurant in Dublin, and  
each one insisted on paying the bill.  
To decide the matter it was proposed to  
blindfold the waiter, and the first one  
he caught should pay the bill. He  
hasn't caught any of them yet.

A COUNTRY shopkeeper said: "Here,  
my friend, those balls of butter I bought  
of you last week all proved to be just  
three ounces short of a pound." And  
the farmer innocently answered:  
"Well, I don't see how that could be,  
for I used one of your pound bars of  
soap for a weight."

FREDDY'S Mamma (who is subject to  
bad headaches)—"Why, Freddy dear,  
what is the matter with you? What  
are you crying about?" Freddy—"Oh,  
mamma, I've got such a awful head-  
ache in my stomach!"

"I SAY, Parker, what's the difference  
between a ripe watermelon and a de-  
cayed head of cabbage?" "Give it up;  
can't tell." Brown laughed softly, as  
he said, "You'd be a nice man to send  
to buy a watermelon, you would!"

"WON'T you cut a penny open for me,  
father?" said a little girl when she came  
home from school one day. "Cut open  
a penny! What do you want to do  
that for?" asked the father. "Cause,"  
said the little girl, "our teacher said  
that in every penny there are four  
farthings, and I want to see 'em."

A LITTLE boy was interested in the  
Christmas-tree that was to be placed  
in church, during this Christmas-season,  
for the poor boys and girls that get no  
Christmas-gifts at home. On returning  
from church his mother asked him:  
"What will you give for the Christma-  
s-tree?" His face lighted up with the  
affatus of self-denial: "I'll give  
sister's India-rubber doll!"



LESSON NOTES. SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A. D. 57.] LESSON V. (May 4. CHRISTIAN LOVE.

I Cor. 13. 1-13. Commit to memory vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.—Rom. 13. 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Love is better than gifts, and the best of virtues.

TIME, etc.—See last lesson.

INTRODUCTION.—This chapter is called the "Psalm of Love." In chapter 12 Paul has been discussing the various gifts by which we may aid God's cause, and now shows them something better, which all may have, and which will do more good than all others.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. speak with tongues—As on Pentecost. 2. sing psalms—Better than the best of men can speak. 3. prophecy—Love, as sound of glass. Mere noise, with almost nothing. 4. knowledge—Not saving faith, but faith that could work physical wonders. 5. charity—Because it does not make the character good, or do much good to others. 6. it profits more—Heaven is the home of love and goodness, and all other things without love will not fit us for heaven. 7. it is more powerful—Beats injuries and opposition without revenge. 8. it is more patient—Is not proud and self-seeking. 9. it is more courteous—Concited. 10. it is more courteous—It is courteous and well behaved. 11. it is more patient—Does not impute evil motives to others, believes the best things possible of them. 12. it is more powerful—Is patient with others' infirmities. 13. it is more courteous—It loves the best possible about others, is faithful, and trusting. 14. it is more powerful—because they become fulfilled, and are no longer prophesies. 15. it is more courteous—Tongues—The gift of tongues. 16. it is more powerful—because there will be no more need of them. 17. it is more courteous—because it is imperfect, and full knowledge takes its place, as what we see in twilight vanishes before the vision in the full dawn of day. 18. it is more powerful—this is an explanation and illustration of how knowledge vanishes away. 19. it is more courteous—A mirror. Their metal mirrors were very imperfect. 20. it is more powerful—In an enigma, which we can only guess. 21. it is more courteous—These three, none of them good unless even in heaven; they are eternal. 22. it is more powerful—(See Practical Suggestions.)

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The connection between this chapter and the one before it.—Why gifts of tongues are nothing without charity.—Why knowledge.—Why benevolent deeds and martyrdom.—What charity is not.—What charity does and is.—Knowing in part.—Seeing through a glass darkly.—How faith and hope abide.—Why charity is greatest.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.—What is the subject of the previous chapter? What were some of the gifts? Why should they be sought earnestly? What did he say he could show them (last verse)? What is that more excellent way?

SUBJECT: CHRISTIAN LOVE.

I. LOVE, THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE (vs. 1-3).—What is meant by "charity" as used in this chapter? What was the gift of speaking with tongues? (Acts 2. 4-8.) What is the difference between music and the noise of sounding brass or cymbals? How is the gift of tongues, without love, like these? Show how one with knowledge and faith is nothing without love.—Can one give generously and even die as a martyr from other motives than love? Why do such acts profit us nothing without love? Why can no gift add to a man's merit? (1 Cor. 4. 7.) Why is love so essential? What reasons can you give why love is a more excellent way than gifts? Meaning of the Golden Text. What does Christ say about love? (Matt. 22. 30-40.)

II. THE DESCRIPTION OF LOVE (vs. 4-7).—How many things are named in these verses that love is not? Show how charity is not envious, nor selfish, nor proud. Why does not love ever behave unseemly? Why is it not easily provoked? What is meant by its thinking no evil? What are the qualities

which describe what love is? What does it suffer long? Why is it kind? In what does it rejoice? Meaning of each of the four phrases in verse 7. Is this love worth seeking for? How may we attain it?

III. THE SUPERIORITY OF LOVE (vs. 8-13).—In what respect is love superior to gifts? Why do gifts of prophecy and tongues fail? Show how our earthly knowledge will vanish away.—What reason does Paul give for this? (vs. 9, 10.) What illustration does he give? (v. 11.) Can you think of any examples or illustrations of this truth? What is meant by "seeing through a glass, darkly"? What do we see in this way? When shall we see things as they are? What three things are eternal? Show how we can use faith in heaven, and hope, and love. Why is love greater than the others?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Love is better than gifts, because: (1) it can have it; (2) it does more good; (3) it is of nobler nature; (4) it never fails; (5) it makes us most like God who is love. 2. Many gifts we cannot have, but all can have love. 3. This picture of love shows us our sinfulness and need of a Saviour. 4. It shows us what we can do to make this world like heaven. 5. Our treasures should be in the things that endure. 6. Many things now mysterious in God's providence will be made plain in heaven.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in Concert.)

- 1. What is more excellent than all gifts? Ans. Christian love. 2. Why? Ans. Without charity I am nothing. 3. What quantities are contrary to love? Ans. Envy, pride, conceit, impoliteness, selfishness, bad temper, passion, evil-thinking. 4. What are the quantities love possesses? Ans. Patience, kindness, courtesy, love of truth, good temper, hope, faith, long suffering. What is said of its greatness? (Repeat v. 13.)

A. D. 57.] LESSON VI. (May 11.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

1 Cor. 15. 50-55. Commit to mem. vs. 55-58.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Death is swallowed up in victory.—1 Cor. 15. 54.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ gives us eternal life and glory through the resurrection of the dead.

TIME.—Written early in A. D. 57.

PLACE.—From Ephesus.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY. Acts 19.

RELEAS.—Nero, emperor of Rome, 4th year. Felix, governor of Judaea.

INTRODUCTION.—In the former part of the chapter Paul discusses the resurrection, giving proofs that it will take place, and showing its nature. This latter is continued in the lesson for to-day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—50. Flesh and blood—Our natural bodies. Cannot inherit—Have by their nature no part or place in the Kingdom of God, the heavenly world after death. Neither, etc.—This gives the reason of the previous statement. 51. It's shall not all sleep—In death, and be buried. 52. It shall all be changed—Our natural bodies will become spiritual bodies, as explained in the previous verses. 53. They are the same after the change, but there is a change like that of a seed into a plant and flower, an acorn into an oak. 54. It's shall be raised up—The trumpet, the one which assembles the people on the last day. The dead—Shall be raised with spiritual bodies. We are living at that time, shall be changed, as to our bodies, into spiritual bodies. 54. No, etc.—The new bodies will be (1) incorruptible, (2) eternal. The saints that inherit—See Isa. 25. 8; Hosae. 13. 14. The words following are not a quotation of words, but of ideas. Death is swallowed up in victory—Because those who seemed dead have been restored to life, and rescued from death. 55. O death, where is thy sting—That which makes it terrible. 56. Sting of death is sin—The parting, the pain of death is sad, but only guilt, a foreboding of punishment, makes it terrible. Sting of sin is the law—(1) The law condemns us to punishment. (2) The law, by its holy standard, shows us how sinful we are, and gives sin power to control

us. (3) It shows us what we might have been, in contrast with what we are. 57. Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ—(1) The proof of the resurrection is by His resurrection. (2) It is His power that will give us the resurrection life.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The proof of the resurrection.—The change that takes place in us at the resurrection. The sting of death.—The strength of sin.—The victory over death.—How by Jesus Christ.—The moral effect this truth should have upon us.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.—What is the subject of this whole chapter? How does Paul prove that there will be a resurrection? (1 Cor. 15. 1-20.) What illustrations does he give of our resurrection? (1 Cor. 15. 35-49.)

SUBJECT: THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

- I. RESURRECTION A VICTORY OVER DEATH (vs. 50-56).—What do you understand by the resurrection? Is it the resurrection of the body? Why cannot our present bodies go to heaven? What objection do some people make to the doctrine of the resurrection? (1 Cor. 15. 35.) How does Paul answer it? To what does he liken our resurrection bodies? What qualities has the plant which the seed has not? May it be the same with our spiritual bodies? What hints have we in the Bible as to our spiritual bodies? (Matt. 17. 2; Phil. 3. 21; Rev. 1. 12-16.) What mystery did Paul reveal to us? When will this change take place? (1 Thess. 4. 16, 17; Rev. 20. 11-15.) Show how the resurrection is a victory over death. What is the sting of death? Why? How "the strength of sin—the law"? What change do our souls need before we are fitted for this resurrection? (Rev. 20. 6; 21. 27.) II. THE RESURRECTION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST (v. 57).—Who gives us the victory over death? How does it come through the Lord Jesus Christ? What does Jesus say of himself? (John 11. 25.) How does he prepare us for this happy resurrection? (1 Cor. 15. 22, 23; 2 Cor. 5. 1.) What must we do in order to enjoy it? (John 6. 37, 40; Rev. 20. 13.) III. DUTIES AND COMFORTS IN VIEW OF THE RESURRECTION (v. 58).—What three things does Paul exhort us to be in view of this great truth? What is to be steadfast? What to be unmovable? What is the work of the Lord in which we should abound? What promise follows? What comfort does the doctrine of the resurrection bring us—for ourselves? for our friends? Shall we know one another in the other life? What comfort especially for those who have poor and sickly bodies?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. We all have a longing for immortality. 2. This doctrine proves immortality, and points out the way to make it blessed. 3. We need change both in body and in soul before we are fit for the heavenly life. 4. We see the infinite possibilities of progress and glory before us. 5. We shall meet our friends redeemed, and know them in heaven. 6. Christ is our only hope of eternal life.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in Concert.)

- 6. What great doctrine is taught in this lesson? Ans. The resurrection of the dead. 7. How is it proved? Ans. By the word of God, and the resurrection of Christ. 8. What change will take place in our bodies? Ans. From natural and corruptible to spiritual and immortal bodies. 9. What change do we need in our souls? Ans. From sin to holiness. 10. Who will give us this victory over death? (Repeat v. 57.) 11. What should we do in view of this truth? (Repeat v. 58.)

KEEP good company, and thou shalt be of the number.

The population of Ireland is 4,000,000 less than it was thirty-eight years ago. It has declined almost one-half.

A MAN who is unable to discover any errors or mistakes in the opinions he formerly held, is not likely to advance very fast in the acquirement of knowledge.

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