

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

HONEY AND SCHOOL

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 31, 1890.

[No. 11.]

A Skilful Packer.

WE have all read, in "The Arabian Nights," how a gigantic genie came out of a small pickle-jar. If we look about us this spring we will see this wonder undone by any hedgerow.

These lilac buds are no larger than the tip of a woman's little finger; yet some of them contain a spray with several leaves, and from others there will come a great spire of flowers.

The sticky horse-chestnut buds will open to let out into the sun four or five great spreading leaves surrounding a pyramid of blossoms.

How snugly they are folded away in these little brown buds! No shop man could wrap parcels half so cleverly as Mother Nature does. No French maid ever packed her mistress' finery with half the skill which Nature has shown in the folding of baby blossom or tender leaf.

Girls know that dresses which have been lying for a long time folded away in a drawer or trunk are creased when they are taken out.

So are the leaves, when they have come out of the buds where they have been tightly folded for so many months. After a while the breezes will shake out all these little wrinkles, but when the foliage is new and fresh we can see them plainly.

Some leaves have been rolled like music in a portable case, or like a window-shade around its roller. Some have been folded like fans, and some have been doubled lengthwise down the middle as a school girl folds her composition. May-apple leaves come up looking like closed umbrellas, and then open just as umbrellas do. The crinkled spring foliage is very pretty and interesting, too, for the creases show how Mother Nature contrived to get so many leaves into so small a parcel.

And where is the food which has been prepared for these awakening buds? Growing leaves and flowers, like growing children, need plenty of nourishment, and Dame Nature has provided whole storehouses full of food just such as young foliage and baby blossoms need.

The crocus and daffodil get their food from little storehouses underground.

If we dig up a root early in the spring, before the flowers have opened, we shall find it white, firm, round, and fat. The flower-stem is able to



SWIMMING IN THE SURF.

shoot up so fast, because it is nourished by this abundant good fare, just as a boy who is outgrowing all his clothes is doing it by means of unnumbered breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. The blossom owes much of its beauty to this stored food; and if the supply were to give out, the colours of the flower would grow dim.

By the time the blossom dies the little storehouse will be emptied, but then the crocus will have found long leaves and active roots, and will be able to gather enough nourishment from the soil and the air to satisfy all its wants.

The lilac leaves grow so fast, because they are well fed on food that has been saved on purpose for them all winter long. It has been stored away just under the bark, so that the lilac's storehouse is in its branches.

All the boughs which are now beginning to put forth leaves and flowers are full of gum and sap. These juices have been "saved up" all winter in

the wood and bark, and now they feed the swelling buds, the unfolding leaves, and the opening flowers.

There is plenty for all, and each is getting just the sort of food it needs, for Nature, like a wise and loving mother, guards the slumbers and provides for the wants of her children.

A Word for the Boys.

If we are to have drunkards in the future some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing, and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! of course you don't.

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise tomorrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. This is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting in practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would; but your temptation will come, and it, probably, will come in this way. You will find yourself sometime with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that," or will you take the glass with

your own common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go on with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

VISITOR—"Well, my little man, have you any brothers?" Freddy—"Yes, I have one, and my sister Stella has two." "Why, how can that be?" Freddy, in some astonishment—"Me and my little brother, of course?"

The Fatal Tree.

Poetic legends say the aspen was the tree on which Jesus of Nazareth was crucified, and that it has ever since shuddered with the inherited memory of the anguish it upbore. The legend says of the crucifiers:

"They plunged into the forest lone,
Which felt the coming agony,
And through the depths sent up the groan,
'Oh, which shall be the accursed tree?'"

"The great oak quivered to its heart,
And shot its sap-root deeper down,
And quailed as though the lightning's dart
Had rent in twain its kingly crown.

"The sweet mimosa closed each leaf
At the approach of those dark bands,
Shrinking, with tender pain and grief,
From touch of those stern, murderous hands.

"And low the willow's limbs were trailed,
Down prone in abject misery,
As through each vibrant leaf it wailed,
'Oh, choose not me—oh, choose not me!'"

"Then first the strong pine breathed its moan,
Which its descendants still prolong—
A weird, remittless monotone
Like to sad Rachel's wailing song.

"Still through the trembling wood they trod,
And paused beside the aspen-tree,
It pleaded: 'Must I bear my God—
Oh, must I feel his agony?'"

"Then quivered every leaf with shame—
An agonizing, ceaseless thrill—
Ages have fled, yet 'tis the same—
The awe-struck leaves are trembling still."

"Calf-Shirt."

THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

BY THE REV. J. M'LEAN, PH. D.

ONE of the first men to welcome me when I began my work amongst the Blood Indians was Calf-Shirt, a shrewd and intelligent man. Sitting in his lodge I have listened to his glowing recitals of brave deeds upon the battle-field, and I have seen the strong man bowed down with grief at the loss of his friends. Oftentimes I visited his lodge for the purpose of learning the Blackfoot language, and upon one occasion, the idea seemed to take possession of him, that he was acting the part of a teacher or interpreter, and therefore ought to be paid. After he had explained to me some words, he said, "You owe me one dollar for that." "All right," I said "wait until I am done." When I had finished he said "You now owe me three dollars." I said nothing to him about the money but began to tell him about the sea, the home of our Queen, the great ocean steamships, the British navy, and other matters of interest. When I had half finished my narration, I said "You owe me two dollars." He smiled, and I continued. So soon as I was done I said, "Now you owe me five dollars. You can give me one dollar and we shall then be on equal terms!" He laughed, and shook his head, but I was determined to teach him a lesson, so I was inexorable and demanded my money. Having explained to him how long it took me to learn to read, and the amount of money I had to spend in order to obtain all this information he became serious. I did not get any money, nor would I have taken it, but I was never afterward troubled with demands for pay by the Indians for every petty thing which they did for me.

Calf-Shirt became a famous "Snake-charmer" and this increased his influence amongst the Indians, insomuch that this added to his natural ability secured for him the chieftainship, after the death of "Button Chief." I have often been in his lodge and have seen a large rattlesnake in a cavity made in the floor near his bed. He always

kept his tobacco-board placed over the cavity, that the dangerous inhabitant of the lodge might not escape. By some peculiar method he was able to go alone upon the prairie and secure very large rattlesnakes, one of which he would carry inside of his blanket coat, where it would lie composedly until taken out by its master. He does not extract the fangs, but possesses some mysterious influence which subdues the venomous reptile. Many times have I seen him take a large rattlesnake, place it in an erect position upon the ground where it remained guarded very carefully by its master. He would hold it in his hand and show it to visitors at his lodge or to the curious inhabitants of the towns or villages, by means of which he was enabled to make some money.

The Indians are afraid of snakes and the power possessed by Calf-Shirt increased their regard for him. They were not alone in this, for we all respect the man who can do one or more things that are beyond our ken.

I took with me one day a young friend to the chief's lodge and asked him to show us the snake. He took a very large rattlesnake from inside his coat and placed it about three feet from where I was sitting, and as the reptile coiled itself on the ground then raised itself up and threw out its tongue and shook its rattles. I did not feel that I was in a very safe position. It remained there, however, the chief watching it closely and never for a second taking his eyes off it. The Indians in the lodge seemed to be in great dread lest it might attack some of us. Sometimes he would place the head of the snake in his mouth, and in his hands it seemed to be powerless to do any harm. When one snake dies he goes off alone to the prairie and in a day or two returns with another.

When a new teacher had been sent me to help carry on our work amongst the Blood Indians I took the stranger around to introduce him to the Indians. We called on Calf-Shirt, who had just returned from a scouting expedition and was pleased to meet us. He told us that he was glad after so long a time a teacher had been sent. I answered that it was difficult to get properly qualified men for the position, and that we had waited long, that a man possessed of piety, common sense and teaching ability might be secured. The chief, scanning my friend from head to foot said, "He has a good body and a good looking head, and I should judge from his appearance that he has a kind heart, so that he will suit very well."

Shortly after the rebellion a report was spread abroad in the East that the Blood Indians were going to war against the white people. A newspaper reporter came to our country and made enquiries, which resulted in a series of letters to the press. Several Indian chiefs were interviewed, and among their number was Calf-Shirt, who said "Last spring at the sun-dance there was a little trouble, and the Indians moved up (the river), but I stayed back. They brought stolen horses into camp but I took them from the people and gave them to the Mounted Police. Red Crow called the chiefs together and they talked about the Crees. I told Red Crow to have nothing to do with the Crees at all (meaning in a friendly way or otherwise) that the Bloods got along all right and if the Crees were in trouble with the Government to have nothing to do with them. I told Red Crow we had no guns or ammunition and that we had lots of old people and children who could not fight; we only had axes to fight with. The whites treat us good, let the Crees fight if they like, we will not. Our young men wanted to go to war last spring, and I told Red Crow if he saw a young man going to war to take away his gun and hide it, I said we

should help the police and keep war-parties back. I have not been up to Red Crow's camp for three months, but the Indians in the lower camp are all right, and there is no trouble going on at all. But Red Crow may tell you some news I do not know. All the Indians are now pretty quiet, and there is no trouble going on. I'll let the whites know if there is any bad news. I didn't hear any lately. Last summer and spring the chiefs did their best to keep war-parties from going across the line and none have gone since. The whites need not be afraid of any trouble, if the Indians are fed and get their rations as they do now. The Indians are getting along all right. All know Calf-Shirt to be honest and when any trouble comes I will try to stop it and talk to my own people. I have a good heart and when I hear bad news I tell the whites and don't lie. I tell the truth. One Indian named White-Man-Left carries bad news to the police but he tells lies, I don't want whites to listen to him, I tell you all I know."

For years I have held service in Calf-Shirt's lodge, and have learned to respect him. He is one of many who are striving to do what is right amidst temptations and difficulties of various kinds. May his life be blessed and pure and his reward abundant.

A True Hero.

LET me now give you an instance of wonderful heroism, rising to meet the demands of a sudden crisis.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central Station was full.

The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum comes from without. A city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie, belonging to one of the emigrant groups, went from one to another wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good-natured friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling. While all this was going on, a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn on to the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the Eastern express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd. Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog, with head erect, and fixed eye, saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted towards the child. The baby, frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing, as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crunching noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound and turned away.

When they looked again, the babe was toddling across the platform, crawing and laughing, and the crushed dead body of a dog lay on the track. "Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago and the West. Passengers for Baltimore, Richmond and the South," so the cry went on, and the surging crowd passed out, never to all meet again in this world. But the faces of men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some. The poor negro and the millionaire, tottering old men and frolicking boys, had been helped onward, upward, by the friendly, cheerful life and heroic death of a dumb dog.

The Workers at Rest.

The workers were always busy,
And their heads were bent with care;
On their hearts lay many a burden,
Heavy and hard to bear;
They carried the griefs of others,
And their eyes were often dim,
And they looked on the world's great trouble,
Or joined in a prayerful hymn

The workers were brave of a spirit,
And would not succumb to fear;
They kept at their posts of danger,
Though the days were dark and drear;
Their hearts were strong and patient,
And they lived for truth and right,
And they met their work with courage,
And did it with their might.

The workers were often weary,
And they, sometimes sighed for rest,
But the calls of life were urgent,
And they needs must do their best;
So the loyal-hearted servants
Worked on from day to day,
And, as those who wait for a guerdon,
Pursued their onward way.

At last to the faithful spirits
Came a whispered word, "Well Done,"
And, finding the work was over,
They vanished one by one,
Leaving the tasks to others,
And, ending life's weary quest,
They sought the feet of the Master,
And entered the place of rest.

O! glad in that calm reposing
Are the workers who have gone!
Do they send a thought of pity
To us who still toil on?
Can they think of the burdens we carry,
Nor a shadow dim their smile?
If they spoke they would say "Take courage,
It is but for a little while."

Who weeps for the labours ended?
The hills were steep that they pre't,
But the tedious journey is over,
And now they have won their rest;
So they send us a cheery message,
Though still we are kept in thrall,
The peace and the joy of Heaven
Will make amend for all.

The Merchant's Dream.

BY MARION.

It was Sunday morning—a bright, sunny day in April. The sunshine, softened by the rich lace curtains, lit up the elegant parlours of the Houghten mansion. In one of these parlours, and reclining in one of the puffy cushions of an easy-chair, sat Charles Houghten, Esq., owner of several stores, mills, and factories.

Yes! Charles Houghten, Esq., was a rich man—this fact never slipped from his memory; and though he was too sensible to be offensively haughty, yet somehow he managed to let the public bear well in mind that he was the great man of the town. He was a shrewd, active, business man, who looked well after his own interests, and was considered by his friends as being "Not a bad sort of fellow."

He was very kind to his family, he was agreeable in society, and with his numerous employees, too, so long as they performed their duties faithfully. He was also an adherent of one of the leading churches, and hoped that, somehow, he would manage to enter heaven when he died.

On this particular Sabbath, and in the comfortable attitude previously mentioned, he perused, through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, the newspaper. He had been occupied with business until late the previous evening, and was, therefore, too weary this morning to accompany his wife and daughter to church.

It was not long before Nature began to assert her rights, and the dignified head soon nodded in a very undignified manner, the paper fell from his hand, when, all at once, a golden light of radiance seemed to fill the whole room, stultifying the merchant by its brilliancy. On looking up, he was surprised to see a stranger standing near him.

There was something so mysterious about the presence of this person, that Mr. Houghten was strangely awed. Curiosity, however, prompted him to speak. He was about to do so when the visitor, by a sign, stopped him, and bade him follow him. After a short journey, by a very strange road, his guide conducted him to a wonderful scene. It seemed as if he had been suddenly translated into another sphere. The sight presented to his view was one of great beauty. He heard sounds of exquisite music and glad voices. A large number of happy looking people were there—some of whom he recognized as former acquaintances. They appeared surprised to see him there; and, indeed, he felt somehow so unsuited to the place that—although in the midst of so much happiness—he became greatly depressed and uncomfortable.

He noticed that there was One who seemed to be the centre of all attraction, and whom all regarded with great love and honour. His countenance was of surpassing majesty and brightness. It was also expressive of infinite love and tenderness.

"Who is that?" he asked of his guide.

"That is the King! This is his kingdom, and these happy people are his sons and daughters."

Strange to say, though every one seemed so glad to be near this great King, our friend was far more unhappy than ever when he became aware of the presence.

He saw that there were new comers continually entering. All seemed glad to get there. As they approached the King, they brought something or some person with them.

One came whose forehead was wreathed by a laurel crown. Taking it from his head, he calmly laid it down at the feet of the King, saying: "I have given thee the highest of what I deemed my earthly fame."

Another came, with harp in hand, out from an eager crowd, joyously exclaiming: "I have won these souls for thee by song."

Then another came, saying: "I have given largely of the wealth entrusted to me for thy glory."

And then the merchant saw one whom he remembered as having been a young servant in his household. As she drew near the throne, dressed in shining garments, she brought with her a companion. This one the merchant recognized as an orphan-girl, who had formerly worked in one of his factories. Said the first: "I had neither wealth nor genius, but I saw one who was sick and friendless. I cared for her, and I have brought her to thee."

All had received a smile of gracious approval and loving welcome; but when the last one brought her trophy, an expression of infinite tenderness spread over the countenance of the King, as he said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these least of my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

Then cheer after cheer echoed through the place, but everything seemed so perfectly harmonious that the merchant was now sure that this place was heaven.

"What have you brought for the King?" his guide asked of him.

"Alas, nothing!" he replied, hanging his head for very shame. "I never in my way extended a helping hand to any struggling brother. I never

made an effort to better the condition of those around me. I attended a fashionable church, partly because it was respectable to do so, and partly because I considered it good business policy. I criticised the preacher, but out of all my wealth I contributed but a trifle for the support of the Gospel. I have lived a selfish life, and I have had my reward. Take me out of this place, I pray you, for I am most unhappy here."

He hid his face in his hands for a moment. When he looked up, the strange scene had disappeared, and all the company—his visitor included; and he found himself back in his own parlour. The French clock was ringing the hour of twelve.

Shortly after, his wife and daughter returned from church. They noticed the unusual paleness of his face, and anxiously inquired if he were ill.

He made an effort to appear calm, and parried their questions with some inconsequential answers; but the impression of that dream clung to him all day with such persistency that he could not shake it off.

After a while he told his wife about it. Said he: "While I was alone this morning I fell asleep, and dreamed a most singular dream, which has strangely impressed me with the mean, selfish life I am leading. It was so exceedingly vivid, that I can scarcely consider it anything but a reality. I am a thousand times thankful to awake and find that I have still a chance to become a better man."

Mrs. Houghten was much impressed. "I think," said she, solemnly, "it was a voice from God."

Shortly after this, revival services were conducted in the church which the Houghtens attended. Everybody was so surprised to see Mr. Houghten attend these meetings, and publicly take upon him the vows of a Christian. How the good portion of the community rejoiced! There were some of another class, who jeered; but the merchant paid no attention to them—and even they became quiet in time; for Charles Houghten did become a changed man. He now proved to be an earnest, practical, benevolent, Christian gentleman.

His good principles really helped to increase his business. The public soon found that they were more fairly dealt with. His kindness won for him a new respect from his employees, and caused them to be more faithful in the discharge of their duties, so that in the end he found himself a richer man than ever.

Five years later, in the spring of the year, when the trees were bursting into leaf, and all Nature seemed rejoicing in a new resurrection, Mr. Houghten lay dying. There was sorrow in the town. Many testimonies were heard, which proved that the merchant had, during these five years, endeavoured to benefit those about him. Much sympathy was felt for the family; and many anxious glances went up to the Houghten mansion by its passers-by. Inside, anxious hearts were watching and waiting, but to both living and dying these last hours were brightened by the Divine presence.

"Do you regret your decision of five years ago?" asked his minister of him.

An emphatic "No!" came from the dying man's lips. "My only regret is, that I did not take that step long before. These five years have been the happiest years of my life."

He lay for some time in a stupor, then, all at once he opened his eyes and exclaimed: "I come, Lord! Here are some sheaves that I bring thee." Then he closed his eyes to open them no more until the resurrection morning.

"Truly," said one, "'The Lord works in mysterious ways.'"

A Mighty Fortress.

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper in the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he:
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,
We tremble not for him,
His rage we can endure,
For lo, his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 9 pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 39 to 26 Temperance St., Toronto.

O. W. COATES,
3 Bleury Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HUESTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Home and School.

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

TORONTO, MAY 31, 1890.

How to Pray.

If you would offer true and acceptable prayer, seek for the grace of the Holy Spirit to enlighten your mind and to move your heart as well as your lips. Let every petition be offered through Christ. We have boldness and access by faith in his blood who is the great High Priest, and the "one Mediator between God and men.

There must be an entire reliance on his merits, as the ground and reason why you should receive mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. There must be repentance and forsaking of sin, for "if you regard iniquity in your heart, the Lord will not hear you."

You must draw nigh with a loving heart, for cold and languid prayers are of little worth. Hope in the divine compassion must be felt whilst you utter the cry of the penitent: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

And with all there must be a forgiving spirit: "for if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

A Word to the Boys.

I HAVE made up my mind to speak to you about a little matter, for I believe you want to do what is fair. Now, when the girls study just the same books you do, and often go far ahead of you at school; when so many of them become teachers, doctors, missionaries, etc., what right have you to sit about—as lazy as a cat—and let these girls work and tug till they are tired out, for your comfort, and to do things which you should attend to yourselves. Don't they like to run and play as well as you do? Don't they need the exercise and fun that you get in the great, splendid outdoors, just as much? Are you not physically stronger, and better able to bear the heat of the kitchen, and the breathed over-and-over air of in the house, than they? Ought you not, then, in your big, hearty, good natured fashion, to "give them a lift," and take care of your own room, if they do of theirs? It seems to me this is just a "fair divide."

Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up, and to earn the money with which to do it. So these young fellows set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practicing economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her eldest boy—only fourteen—treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron, and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do, and the two youngest ones followed his example right along.

Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer, or cards. They kept at work, and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too—full of fun—and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them.

All the girls in town praised them, and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything boys like better. They all married noble and true women; and to-day one of those boys is president of a college, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my "beloved physician;" while the third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Colorado, and a member of the city council.

I tell you: Boys who are good to their mother and sisters in the house, always grow up to be nice men. Now, I am not blaming you boys, nor anybody else. I know that any number of you are good and generous as you can be; and I know, too, that you haven't been taught to think about these things.—Miss Willard, in Union Signal.

How Life is Made Nobler.

You have read Longfellow's popular "Psalm of Life?" Yes? Very good. Then you recollect the stanza which reads:—

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

Do you know what these lines mean? Not exactly, eh? Then I will tell you. The first two lines teach us that the end for which we were born



SWALLOW TIME.

is not either to "have a good time," or to sit, with long faces, brooding over our sorrows. The last two mean that we ought to put such deeds of kindness, love, duty, and self-control into our lives each "to-day" as will cause us to be nobler, better, nearer to God and heaven each "to-morrow."

This is a very beautiful sentiment. And, more than this, it states a very solemn duty. What, then, let us ask, are we putting into our lives "to-day?" Love, diligence, and self-denial, or hate, idleness, and self-will? If the latter, then we are going backward—we are further from goodness, nobleness, and God than we were yesterday, and "to-morrow" will find us more ignoble still. But if the former then we, as the poet says, are farther to-day than we were yesterday on the road to moral beauty and to the dear God who loves us. By keeping thus we shall at last reach that glad to-morrow which will be our first day of everlasting bliss.—Our Youth.

God's Wonders in Nature.

WHERE the untrained eye will see nothing but mire and dirt, says Sir John Lubbock, science will often reveal exquisite possibilities. The mud we tread under our feet in the street is a grimy mixture of clay and sand, soot and water. Separate the sand, however, as Ruskin observes,—let the atoms arrange themselves in place according to their nature,—and you have the opal. Separate the clay, and it becomes a white earth, fit for the finest porcelain; or if it still further purifies itself, you have a sapphire. Take the soot, and if properly treated it will give you a diamond. While, lastly, the water purified and distilled will become a dew-drop or crystalize into a lovely star. Or, again, you may see in a shallow pool either the mud lying at the bottom or the image of the sky above

STATISTICS of Wesleyan Methodism in England for the past year show that the majority of new members added to that body have come from the Sunday-school, and that but for these accessions the membership would have diminished instead of increased as it has. The Wesleyans propose a closer alliance between their Sunday-schools and churches, so that the former may have representation in the councils of the latter, and the latter have more influence in the organization and work of the former.



THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

The Christian Martyr.*

EARLY in the morning the army of slaves who had charge of the Coliseum, were hard at work. Some at the very summit of the building, with much shouting and pulling of ropes, were stretching the great *velarium* or awning, as a protection from the rays of the sun. Others were sweeping the sand of the arena to a smooth and even surface. Many cart loads of fresh sand were heaped around the wall for the ghastly purpose of being spread upon the blood-stained surface after each act of the sanguinary drama of the day. Others were decorating with garlands of flowers, and with gold and purple bannerets, the seats of the Emperors Diocletian and Galerius, and those of the senators and other persons of distinction. The structure seemed even more striking in its vastness, as a few score figures crawled like flies over its empty seats, than when filled with its tumultuous throng of spectators. It was an immense oval six hundred and fifteen feet in its longer diameter, and five hundred and ten feet in the shorter. The circling seats rose tier on tier to the giddy height of one hundred and fifty feet.

As the present writer climbed those cliff-like walls, now crumbling into ruin, he tried to re-people those long-deserted seats with the eager and excited throngs which had often filled them to overflowing, when twice eighty thousand cruel eyes were wont to gloat upon the dying martyr's pang, "butchered to make a Roman holiday."† Then he

* From Valeria, the martyr of the Catacombs. By W. H. Withrow, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Illustrated, price 75 cents.

† On this very arena perished the venerable Ignatius, linked by tradition with the Saviour himself as one of the children whom he took in his arms and blessed. "Suffer me to be the food of wild beasts," he exclaimed, "by whom I shall attain unto God. For I am the wheat of God, and I shall be ground by the teeth of wild beasts, that I may become the pure bread of Christ."

wandered through the vast vaulted corridors and stairways, eighty in number, still bearing the old Roman numerals by which access was gained to the different galleries. These were so capacious that the whole multitude could in a few minutes disperse, and were thence called *vomitoria*. He then explored the dens and caves for the wild beasts, and the rock chambers in which the gladiators and martyr victims awaited the signal that called them to their doom. The row of seats just above the *podium* was reserved for the equestrian order; those higher still, for the *populus*, or common people; and the highest of all, for persons of the lowest rank. Early in the day, multitudes of spectators began to arrive, mostly arrayed in gala dress, and many wearing the colours of their favourite gladiatorial champion. With a loud flourish of trumpets the great gates of the imperial entrance opened, and the chariots of the Emperors and their respective *suites* entered and took

their places in the grand tribune reserved for these august occupants.

At a flourish of trumpets, the iron-studded doors of the cells in which the Christians were confined were thrown open, and the destined martyrs walked forth on the arena in the sight of assembled thousands. It was a spectacle to arrest the attention of even the most thoughtless, and to move the sympathy of even the most austere. At the head of the little company walked the good presbyter, Demetrius, his silvery hair and beard and benignant expression of countenance giving him a strikingly venerable aspect. Leaning heavily on his arm, evidently faint in frame but strong in spirit, was his daughter Callirhoë. Roved in white, she looked the embodiment of saintly purity, and in her eyes there beamed a heroic courage which inspired a wonder that so brave a soul should be shrined in so frail a body. Adauctus, Aurelius, and other Christian confessors condemned to death, made up the little contingent of the noble army of martyrs.

The prefect Naso, from his place in the tribune, near the Emperors, read the sentence of the court, that the accused having been proven by ample testimony to be the enemies of the Cæsars and of the gods, had been condemned to death by exposure to wild beasts.

"Nay, not the enemies of the Cæsars," exclaimed the aged Demetrius. "We are the friends of all, the enemies of none.* We pray for the Cæsars at all our assemblies."

"Will you do homage to the gods?" demanded Diocletian. "Will you burn incense to Neptune? Here is his altar, and here are his priests."

"We worship the true God, who made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them

is, repud the venerable man, with uplifted and reverent countenance, "and him only will we serve. They be no gods which are made by man's device, and 'tis idolatry to serve them."

"Away with the atheists," cried the priests of Neptune; "they blaspheme the holy gods."

"The Christians to the lions!" roared the mob; and at the signal from the Emperor to the master of the games, the dens of the wild beasts were thrown open, and the savage brutes, starved into madness, bounded into the arena. The defenceless martyrs fell upon their knees in prayer, and seemed conscious only of the presence of him who stood with the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, so rapt was the expression of faith and courage on their upturned faces.

The fierce Numidian lions, and tigers from the Libyan desert, instead of bounding upon their prey, began to circle slowly around them, lashing their tawny flanks meanwhile, glaring at their victims from bloodshot, fiery eyes, and uttering horrid growls.

At this moment a loud shout was heard, and a soldier, clad in burnished mail, and with his drawn sword in his hand—one of the body guards of the Emperors, leaped from the tribune and bounded, with clashing armour, into the arena. Striding across the sand, he hurled aside his iron helmet and his sword, and flung himself at the feet of the aged priest, with the words:

"Father, your blessing; Callirhoë, your parting kiss. I, too, am a Christian. Long time have I sought you, alas! only to find you thus. But gladly will I die with you, and separated in life, we are united in death and forever."

"*Nunc dimittis Domine!*" exclaimed the old man, raising his eyes to heaven. "'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" And he laid his hands in blessing on the head of his long-lost son.

"Ezra, my brother!" exclaimed Callirhoë, folding him in her arms. "To think we were so near, yet knew not of each other! Thank God! we go to heaven together; and, long divided on earth, we shall soon, with our beloved mother, be a united family forever in the skies. 'And God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.'"

"Amen! even so, come, Lord Jesus!" spake the young soldier as he enfolded, as if in a sheltering embrace, the gray-haired sire and the fair-faced girl.

The utmost consternation was exhibited on the countenance of the old Emperor Diocletian. "What! have we Christians and traitors even in our body-guard? Our very life is at the mercy of those wretches!"

"I would feel safer with them," said the more stoical or more courageous Galerius, "than with the *delators* and informers who betray them," and he glanced, with mingled contempt and aversion, at Naso, the prefect, and Furca, the priest. "When a Christian gives his word, 'tis sacred as all the oaths of Hecate. I want no better soldiers than those of the Thundering Legion."*

Meanwhile the wild beasts, startled for a moment by the sudden apparition of the mail-clad soldier, seemed roused thereby to tenfold fury. Crouching stealthily for the fatal spring, they bounded upon their prey, and in a moment crunching bones and streaming gore appeased the growing impatience of the cruel mob, who seemed, like

* The *Legio Tonans*, tradition affirms, was a legion composed wholly of Christians, whose prayers, in a time of drought, brought on a violent thunder storm, which confounded the enemy and saved the army.

* This famous phrase dates from the time of Tertullian, in the third century, and is also recorded in the Catacombs.

the very wild beast, to hunger and thirst for human flesh and blood.

We dwell not on the painful spectacle. The gallant young soldier was the first to die. The brave girl, bound to a stake, with a queenly dignity awaited the wild beast's fatal spring. She was mercifully spared the spectacle of her father's dying agony. Her overstrung nerves gave way, and she fell in a swoon. Demetrius met his fate praying upon his knees. Like Stephen, he gazed steadfastly up into heaven, and the fashion of his countenance was suddenly transfigured as he exclaimed: "Lord Jesus! Rachel, O my beloved! we come, we come!" And above the roar of the ribald mob, and the growl of the savage beasts, fell sweetly on his inner ear the song of the redeemed, and burst upon his sight the beatific vision of the Lord he loved, and for whom he gladly died.

So, too, like brave men, victorious o'er their latest foe, Aductus, Aurelius, and the others calmly met their fate. When all the rest were slain, a lordly lion approached the prostrate form of Callirhoë, but she was already dead. She had passed from her swoon, without a pang to the marriage supper of the Lamb—to the presence of the Celestial Bridegroom—the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely—to whom the homage of her young heart had been fully given. She was spared, too, the indignity of being mangled by the lion's jaws. When the king of beasts found that she was already dead, he raised his massy head, gave a mournful howl, and strode haughtily away.

In the great gallery of Doré paintings, at London, is one of this Flavian Amphitheatre, after a human sacrifice such as we have described. There lie the mangled forms upon the gory and trampled sands. The satred wild beasts prowl listlessly over the arena. The circling seats rise tier above tier, empty and desolate. But, poised in air, with outspread wings, above the slain, with a countenance of light and a palm of victory, is a majestic angel; and sweeping upward, in serried ranks, amid the shining stars, is a cloud of bright-winged angels, the convoy of the martyrs' spirits to the skies. So, doubtless, God sent a cohort of sworded seraphim to bear the martyrs of our story blessed company, and to sweep with them through the gates into the city.

The Unopened Letter.

MR. SCROGGIE relates: "I heard recently of a poor lad who, getting among fast companions, began to go to the theatre. Having once begun, he felt he must keep it up. He could not afford it, but in order to pander to his evil desires, he took some money from his master's till; then fearing he would be found out, he ran off and joined the army, and soon, to the distress of his widowed mother, was ordered to India. His mother wrote to him regularly, filling her letters with good advice and motherly love. This so annoyed the son that at length he wrote, telling her that as there was nothing but religion in her letters, he would not open them again; and when the next letter came it was tossed unopened into his box. Sometime afterwards he was attacked by fever, and brought very low. A Christian comrade sat down by the sick man's bed, and opening his Bible began to read. His sick comrade interrupted him, saying, 'Oh, if you are going to read, just get my mother's letter out of my box.' He got it, and the first words it contained were to the effect that now she had saved enough money to buy his discharge, and enclosed was an order for the money. When he heard this the poor soldier exclaimed, 'Is it true? is the money there?' Being told that it

was, he exclaimed, 'If I had only known, I might have been in Scotland now instead of lying here dying of the fever. Oh! if I had but known.' Like that mother's letter the Bible is lying neglected in many a house, and those who might learn from it that Christ has purchased their discharge from sin and Satan, remain in bondage, unconscious of the blessing within their reach."

His First Love.

His first love? Yes, I knew her very well—
Yes, she was young and beautiful, like you;
With cheeks rose-flushed, and lovely eyes that fell
If people praised her ever much, but true
And fearless, flashing out as blue eyes can
At any cruelty to beast or man.

Her voice? 'Twas very gentle, sweet and low,
With tones to hush a tired child to sleep;
In every cadence clear, its silvery flow
Beside a sick bed had a charm so deep
Its spell could banish creeping waves of pain,
Bring easeful quiet to the fevered brain.

Her hands? Well, dear they were not quite so small
As those that trifle with your dainty faces;
A little browned, perhaps, they had such call
To carry sunshine into shady places;
Less delicate than yours, and yet I doubt
If one who loved her ever found it out.

Her feet? Sure never steps so swift and steady
Went straight as arrow flying to a goal;
If duty summoned her, the ever ready
To minister to any ailing soul.
Dear feet that followed where the Master led,
And set their prints where first He'd left His tread!

His first love? Oh, you do begin to see
That he might love her dearly, and that yet
His manhood's love to you might guerdon be,
Upon your woman's brow, its coronet.
Dear girl, accept the gift. There is no other
First love so holy as she gained—his mother.



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

TOPICS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

SECOND QUARTER, 1890.

June 1. *Who is my Neighbour?* Luke 10. 29; 10. 36, 37; Rom. 13. 9; 1 John 3. 18; 4. 7; 2 Cor. 8. 9; Matt. 20. 28; Gal. 6. 2; Eph. 4. 32; Deut. 15. 7; Rom. 14. 13; 1 Pet. 1. 22; Gal. 5. 13, 14; Matt. 5. 44; Luke 6. 35.

June 8. *How to pray.* Luke 11. 1; 11. 9; John 14. 6; 14. 13; Jer. 29. 12, 13; Heb. 4. 16; 1 Thess. 4. 17; Luke 18. 1; Matt. 6. 6; Phil. 4. 6; Jas. 5. 15: 1. 6; Mark 11. 24.

Convention of the Toronto Methodist Young People's Societies.

This note has been crowded out of earlier numbers. The above was held on Monday, February 24th, in McCaul Street Church, and on Tuesday, 25th, in Broadway Tabernacle, and was presided over by R. W. Dillon, M.A., the President of the Combined Associations of the West-End.

The Chairman's opening address dealt with the progressive tendencies of the age, and on the necessity for Christian people opening their houses to the young men and women who come up from the country to the city, and whose lives are most solitary when they most need counsel and help. His concluding remarks were on the advisability of the churches opening their parlours during the

week as reading-rooms and places for social intercourse, under their supervision. He hoped, at the conclusion of this convention, that every one would go out and live in the common sunshine that consecrates work done for Christ.

Among the topics ably discussed were the following:—

"Does the Church perform her duty to our Young People's Associations?" Paper, by Mr. Anderson, Central Methodist Church.

"Representation on Quarterly Official Board." Paper, by Mr. Flint, The People's Church.

"Social Work; or, Bringing New Members—especially non-religious, into the Society," Paper, by Mr. J. Hanna, Queen Street Church.

"Finances; or, The Most Desirable Method of Raising Funds for Association Work." Paper, McCaul Street Church.

"What Proportion of Religious and Secular Work, respectively, should form the Duties of a Society?" Paper, by Mr. Hunt, Broadway Tabernacle.

Address, Dundas Young People's Association.

"Development of Latent Talent, and the Best Methods of Inducing Young Members to take part." Paper, by Dr. Galloway, Euclid Avenue Church.

Address, by Mr. H. Pim, Elm Street Church.

"Annual Change of Officers" Paper, by Mr. Chas. Pearson, Sherbourne Street Church.

"Epworth League." Rev. Dr. Withrow.

After each subject had been introduced with a paper or an address, an open discussion followed, the criticisms being both lively and spirited.

The young people were well pleased with the result of the Convention, this being the first of the kind held in Toronto; and they believe that much enthusiasm has been created, and considerable new life infused into association work generally.

The great need for more missionary work among our young people, was a feature brought out in connection with the discussion, and it is hoped that associations will turn their attention to this line of work.—*Christian Guardian.*

A League Sermon.

SIXTEEN hundred people listened intently to Rev. A. B. Kendig, of Hanson Place church, Brooklyn, as he preached a sermon to the Epworth League, which we give in brief:

The text was Exod. 2. 5, 6. After briefly describing the finding of Moses the preacher went to speak of the "latest born baby of Methodism." He catalogued some of the elder children of this prolific mother, such as the Missionary Society, the Church Extension Society, etc., and then said in substance:

This new child was born in May, 1889, and though only ten months old it numbers 1,500 chapters and 75,000 members; it is a growing child.

The League has a badge—a white ribbon with a scarlet thread; emblematic, the white of purity, the red of the blood through which purity is attainable.

The life of this child is imperiled. Somebody says there are enough societies in the Church already. Shall he live? Yes. His sisters—the missionary and benevolent societies of the Church—should stand by this young brother and nurture him; and the mother, this Church, should nurse him and care for him. Our own boys and girls are in this new-born society, and we should provide for his necessities.

Do you say how? Let me suggest. First, speak kindly of it. Don't be in indecent haste to kill it and bury it. Give it a chance to prove its worth. Judge it by its worth. Attend its meetings. Four

presence will encourage the young people and check any tendency to improper proceedings. Unite with it. Become a part of it, and stand or fall with it. Remember the large field of usefulness it opens up, and stand ready to do your share. It has six departments of work. Volunteer for service in some line. Contribute to it; first, by prayer; secondly by your talents. The Epworth League is fathered by intellectuality and mothered by spirituality; the offspring is "consecrated religiousness." Pray for it at home, speak and sing and play and recite at its meetings. Thirdly, by your money. Be willing to pay for the benefits you derive from its services. Don't be mean enough to take it all in fees.

What are the inducements to its support? Apart from the social and intellectual elements the speaker considered only the spiritual work: religious activity in the Church, house visitation, especially boarding-houses, looking after those who manifested a desire for a better life, tract distribution, and open-air services. He spoke of the reflex influence of this activity in the lives of the members, and closed with an earnest exhortation to the League to live up to their motto, "Look up, lift up."

Calvary.

Cast thine eyes on yonder mount,
And tell what thou canst see;
Ah, 'tis the Saviour's dying form
That hangs on Calvary.

With eyes upturned in anguish sore,
He to the Father cries,
Oh, Father, canst thou spare this cup,
Is there no other sacrifice?

But oh, the bitter dregs he must
In untold misery drink,
To bring his loved ones back to God,
Who stood on death's eternal brink.

Me thinks I hear that trembling voice,
In tones of sweetest love,
Imploring pardon for his foes,
At the great white throne above.

Oh, what a sight was that to see,
The Son of God hang there!
Who could in Heaven's glory be,
But came the sinners death to bear.

Then why should we at such a price,
Resist the Saviour's love?
Why not live daily for his sake,
At last to live with him above?

Smith's Falls, Ont.

A. S. S.

Willie's Adventure.

WILLIE was a youngster between seven and eight, as fond of fun and frolic as most boys of his age. At the time we are speaking of he was at the seaside with his papa and mamma, enjoying the fresh free breezes that came sweeping from the sea, digging in the pebbly sands on the shore, and getting as much enjoyment out of the long sunny days as he could. "But he wasn't alone, was he? I hear some one say. Oh, no, he wasn't alone. Boys, as a rule, don't care to have all their pleasure by themselves. They are thoroughly social, and manage to find company everywhere. And Willie had a playmate who joined him in his rambles and doubled his enjoyment.

"Doubled his enjoyment," did I say? Yes, and doubled his peril, too, when he got into danger. And this was how it happened.

One day, as the tide was coming in, Willie and his friend were climbing on the rocks which lie along the shore, below high-water mark. They did not notice the stealthy waves coming nearer and nearer. All absorbed as they were with what they were doing, they were easily overtaken. The tide made scarcely any noise, it gave them no loud warning,

but flowed quietly along till it came beneath their feet. Still they gave no sign of retreating, and now the water, as if aware of these presumptuous invaders of its territory, creeps slyly round the rocks along the channel, which its continual ebb and flow had made.

Hark! a piercing cry—a distressful wail rends the air. Ah! now Willie's companion realizes the perilous position they are in, and Willie, pale with fear, with lips sealed, looks anxiously for deliverance. Men and women from the pier are looking heartlessly on. The danger is not to be despised. Wave after wave rises higher, leaping to seize its prey. But now Willie's papa has come to the rescue across the widening channel: he lifts the boys and lands them in safety beyond the reach of the tide. So the day ended cheerily, and all were glad at this happy termination of the boys' adventure on the rocks.

To them, and to us, and to all, our story furnishes a serious lesson. Beware of danger. Keep on the look-out for what would hurt your mind, as well as for that which would hurt or destroy your body. Sin is like the stealthy tide which surrounded the boys, it catches us unawares, and then it seeks to destroy us. We are by nature as careless about sin as Willie and his friend about the incoming water; therefore, let us pray to Christ our Saviour against it, and say, "Let not the water-flood overflow me; neither let the deep swallow me up." (Psa. lxxix. 15.)

What She Did.

CHRISTIANA DICKSON, the wife of one of the first settlers of Erie County, Pennsylvania, was a small, blue-eyed, low-voiced woman, extremely timid. But she had a horror of drunkenness.

She lived in days when the use of liquor was universal. But when her sons were born she resolved to put a stop to whiskey-drinking in her home. Her husband being absent, her brothers called for the help of the neighbours, according to custom, to put up a barn needed on her farm. They all assembled and went to work, while she prepared to get dinner. After an hour or two, whiskey was asked for. She refused to provide it.

Her brothers, and at last an elder in the church, came to reason with her—to tell her that she would be accused of meanness. Without a word the little woman went to the barn, and, baring her head, stepped upon a log and spoke to them.

"My neighbours," she said, "this is a strange thing. Three of you are my brothers, three of you are elders in the church—all of you are my friends. I have prepared for you the best dinner in my power. If you refuse to raise the barn without liquor, so be it. But I would rather these timbers shall rot where they lie than to give you whiskey."

The men angrily went home. The little woman returned to the house, and for hours cried as though her heart would break. But the next day every man came back, went heartily to work, enjoyed her good dinner, and said not a word about whiskey.

This led to a discontinuance of the use of whiskey at barn-raising in the county. Her sons grew up strong, vigorous men, and did good work in helping to civilize and Christianize the world. Their descendants are all of a high type of intellectual and moral men and women. If she had yielded this little point, they might have become, like many of their neighbours, drunkards.

Our stout-hearted pioneer forefathers redeemed the land and drove out the wild beasts and serpents; but there are vices and malignant customs still to be conquered, for which we need women of high souls and gentle spirits, like Christiana Dickson.

The Weavers.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

We sit, each one, at the loom of life,
And early and late a web we weave;
The pattern is placed before our eyes,
And the task that is set us we may not leave.

Sometimes half-careless the shuttle flies,
For our ears are filled with the din of earth,
And our eyes away from the pattern turned
So oft that our work is of little worth.

And then in a passion of keen regret
We eagerly bend to our toil once more;
But spite of our patience the threads go wrong,
And tangle and cross till our hearts are sore.

We may not see how the tapestry looks,
For ever the wrong side lies to view,
With lines all broken and rough and mixed,
And here and there with tears stained through.

Yet ever the loom clangs on and on,
Till Death, the warder, at set of sun,
The shuttle takes from our failing hand,
And says, "It is finished; the web is done."

And then, ah, then, as we trembling lay
The work of our life at the Master's feet,
How happy and blest if we hear him say,
In love and mercy, "Your work is meet."

Bits of Fun.

—"So long as Ireland was silent under her wrongs England was deaf to her cries."

—"George, dear, what kind of fruit is borne by an electric-light plant?"

"Electric currents, of course."

—Mistress—"Why, Nora, how dusty the chairs are!"

Maid—"Yes, mum, there's nobody sat on them to-day, mum."

—A waggish cabinet-maker, who repaired chairs as an accommodation, advertised thus: "All kinds of chairs, and bills contracted therefor, receipted with pleasure." His wit and wisdom turned him in a deal of cash-trade.

—Pat (in gaping wonder at the letters on a Hebrew butcher's sign)—"Here, Mike, 'tis yerself has the foin l'arnin'. Can yez rade that now?"

Mike—"I cannot, but if I had me flats here I believe I cud play it."

—Robert Browning's first attempt at rhyme was at the age of four years. When his mother was about to give him a dose of medicine he struck an attitude and said:

"All people, if you wish to see
A boy take physic, look at me."

—Proud father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?"

Little son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison."

"Yes. Why?"

"Cause he ain't dead."

—Little Elsa, who has learned that it is night in America when the sun is shining in Germany, and vice versa, hears that an aged lady is preparing to go to her son in America, and asks:

"How will the old lady ever get used to living there when it is night in the day-time and day in the night-time?"

—New Yorker—"I suppose a horse can be kept very cheaply in Texas."

Texas—"That all depends on circumstances, stranger. A neighbour of mine had to pay pretty high for keepin' a hoss."

"How so?"

"It cost him his life, and he didn't keep the hoss long, either. It was my loss he was tryin' to keep."

A Reflection.

We all remember the story,
So full of interest fraught,
Of the little child who so boldly
The end of the rain-bow sought
Which shone so brightly in heaven;
For she had heard it said
A pot of gold at the end hung,
So she eagerly pressed ahead,
Not stopping to find a smooth pathway,
But presciently hastening on
Till she looked and beheld with sadness
The rainbow had faded and gone.

We to-day are like little children,
Not content with the blessings that come
From the hand of the loving Father,
But, straying away from our home,
We search for some hidden treasure
Whose brightness entices us on,
And not till the journey is over
We find that the rainbow has gone.

It is then we recount our blessings,
And our trials each help us to prove,
That all joys and sorrows he sends us,
Are permitted because of His love,
The blessings that come in such richness,
Are ample, without seeking more,
Be content; God gives all his children,
Enough from his plentiful store,
Yes, enough and to spare does he give
To supply all our wants that are right,
And can we not trust him in all things,
And strive to do right in his sight?

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 29 or 30] LESSON X. [June 8

TEACHING TO PRAY.

Luke 11. 1-13. Memory verses, 9-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Luke 11. 9.

TIME.—A.D. 29 or 30.

PLACE.—Possibly Bethany.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The prayer here related by Luke is not precisely the same as that mentioned by Matthew; and, indeed, it is not likely that it was given at the same time. The date of very few of the incidents in this later portion of Jesus' public life can be given with absolute precision.

EXPLANATIONS.

Teach us to pray—Give us a form. As John also taught—How ritualistic John was in his instructions to his disciples we have no means of knowing. When ye pray, say—But this prayer was not given merely as a formula always to be repeated, rather as a type. Hallowed—Reverenced; Thy Kingdom—God's control over everything. Daily Bread—Spiritual food, as well as nourishment for the body. Forgive us—But on what conditions? He who does not forgive cannot offer this prayer. Lead—Bring. Do not permit us to be tried above what we are able to bear. Evil—Sin. Lend me three loaves—Such a request would not be as singular amid Oriental surroundings as it would be in our own country. Children are with me—The Eastern families frequently sleep in one room. Importunity—Persistent purpose generally wins, even in secular endeavour; and Jesus, by this parable, teaches that we should have at least as much persistent purpose in our spiritual life as in our ordinary buying and selling and borrowing. Ask . . . seek . . . knock—The great majority of those who are without the great blessings of God, lack them because they have never earnestly and persistently sought them. Bread . . . stones—Stones on the eastern side of the Jordan resembled the ordinary bread of that region. How much more shall your heavenly Father give—And yet, though nineteen hundred years have passed since Jesus said these tender words, most people have a good deal more confidence in their earthly relations than in their heavenly Father. Holy Spirit—Long life, health, and wealth, always seem

desirable, but they are not always really the best for us; but God's presence brings with it all real blessings, temporal and spiritual, and the Spirit of God may be ours at all times for the asking.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *What to Pray for*, vs. 1-4.
What request did the disciples make of Jesus?
How had Jesus been engaged?
What is the prayer called which he gave the disciples?
To whom is it addressed?
What three things does it ask about God's glory?
What three things about human need?
2. *How to Pray*, vers. 5-9.
What illustration of prayer did Jesus give?
What reason was given for the request for aid?
What was the friend's answer?
What led him at last to give all that was asked?
How, then, should we pray? (Golden Text.)
Can you mention an example of importunate prayer? See Mark 7. 24-30.
3. *How to Receive*, vers. 10-13.
What is promised to him who prays in earnest?
What question is asked about bread?
What about a fish and an egg?
What does this teach about God's willingness to bless us?
What is the best gift we can receive from him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What request did the disciples make of Jesus? "Lord, teach us to pray." 2. What prayer did he give them? "The Lord's Prayer." 3. What did he say about asking? "Every one that asketh receiveth." 4. What did he say about every one that seeketh? "He findeth." 5. What did he say about every one that knocketh? "To him it shall be opened." 6. What did he say about the love of earthly parents for their children? "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine Fatherhood.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What is repentance?
Repentance is true sorrow for sin, with sincere effort to forsake it.
Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions.—Ezekiel 18. 30.
Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance.—Luke 3. 8.

A.D. 29] LESSON XI. [June 15

THE RICH MAN'S FOLLY.

Luke 12. 13-21. Memory verses, 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.—Luke 12. 15.

TIME.—A.D. 29.

PLACE.—Uncertain.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The remarks of Jesus recorded in the last chapter, seem to have followed each other closely after a dinner with a certain Pharisee who criticized Jesus' neglect of the Pharisaic ablutions. A multitude crowded so closely together to hear Jesus that they trod on one another. In their presence Jesus speaks of the universal providence of God, and the folly of worry. He is interrupted in his discourse by a man who sought to have him pass a favourable judgment on a legal question concerning his brother's inheritance.

EXPLANATIONS.

One of the company—A random hearer. Master—It was customary to choose a rabbi for arbitrator. Divide the inheritance—The law of inheritance among Jews differed from ours in many respects. Precisely what difficulties had arisen in this case we cannot tell. Who made me a judge?—At another time he said, "My kingdom is not of this world." The Church has nothing to do with secular disputes. Beware of covetousness—It is more nearly universal than any other sin, and if one breach of God's law can be worse than another, this is

morally the worst. "The love of money is the root of all evil." Balaam, Achan, Gehazi, Judas Iscariot, and Ananias, did their worst deeds from motives which today would be called "good business principles." Robberies, forgeries, swindlings, oppression of the poor, strikes, and lawsuits, will be no more when all classes are "ware of covetousness." A man's life consisteth not—And yet Christians ask, when a man dies, What was he worth? forgetting that his worth was not to be tabulated in dollars, but in virtues. What shall I do?—Ninety-nine men out of every one hundred are perplexed as to what to do with their wealth. I have no room where to bestow—St. Ambrose, centuries ago, beautifully wrote: "Yes, thou hast, too. The bosoms of the poor, the houses of widows, the mouths of infants—these are thy barns." My—"My barns," "my fruits," "my goods," "my soul." See how selfish he is! Fruits—Produce of all sorts. Goods—It is a singular fact, that in nearly every language secular possessions have been called "goods," so prone are we to ignore the intrinsic worthlessness of wealth, and the genuine worth of character. Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry—Indulge in indolence, gluttony, drunkenness, and licentiousness. But God said—God's voice is an unwelcome interruption to every undevout ear. Thou fool—In the Bible, the "fool" is always the man who wants moral sense. So is he—Everybody who lays up treasure for himself, in place of laying it up for God, is as much a fool as was this rich man.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Christ's Question*, vers. 13-15.
What request did a hearer make of Jesus?
What was Christ's question in reply?
What warning did he utter? (Golden Text.)
What does Paul say that covetousness is? Col. 3. 5.
What reason did Christ give for his warning?
With how much ought we to be content? 1 Tim. 6. 8.
2. *The Rich Man's Question*, vers. 16-19.
About whom did Jesus speak a parable?
What is said of the fruitfulness of this man's grounds?
What question did he ask himself?
What did he resolve to do?
How then would he comfort his soul?
What does Solomon say of such selfishness? Eccl. 11. 9.
3. *God's Question*, vers. 20, 21.
What did God say about this man's soul?
What was God's question to him?
Who is like this rich fool?
What says Jesus about the value of the soul? Mark 8. 30, 37.
How may one be rich toward God? See 1 Tim. 6. 17-19.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What perplexed the rich man of whom Jesus told? "How to dispose of his wealth." 2. What did he decide to do? "To build greater store-houses to keep it all." 3. What ought he to have done? "Given it to those who needed it most." 4. What did God say? "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." 5. What did Jesus say about those who lay up treasure on earth? "That they are like that bad rich man."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The true aims of life.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. Can we repent of ourselves?
No; it is the grace of the Holy Spirit which gives the sinner to know and feel that he is a sinner.
Him did God exalt with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins.—Acts 5. 31.
Then to the Gentiles also hath God granted repentance unto life.—Acts 11. 18.

Enjoy the littles of every day. The great favours of fortune come to but few; and those that have them tell us that the quiet, homely joys, which are within the reach of all, are infinitely best. Then let us not cast them away, but rather treasure every sunbeam, and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.



A complete line of Epworth League Recommended Readings in the different courses now in stock, and will be shipped promptly as ordered. Epworth League Badges and Ribbons ordered and will soon be in stock.

Young People's Prayer-meeting Topics from January to July, ready; 25 cents per hundred.

Epworth Leaflets, Nos. 1, 2, 3, ready; 5 cents per dozen. Samples free.

For goods write WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

For sample Epworth Leaflets, write W. H. WRIGHTON, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

NOW READY.

A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS.

— STANLEY'S —
THROUGH THE DARK
CONTINENT.

Cloth Bound, Gilt Back and Side. 35 Cents, Post-paid.

Note.—This is not Stanley's recent work, but the cream of his first or original book. There are seventy-eight illustrations and is emphatically the cheapest work now issued of Stanley's first explorations.

THE STORY OF EMIN'S
RESCUE

AS TOLD IN

STANLEY'S LETTERS.

Edited by J. Scott Keltie.

With a map of the route. Stiff Paper covers.
30 cents, Post-paid.

The above books are all one requires to obtain a knowledge of Stanley's expeditions into the heart of Africa. "Through the Dark Continent" describes his first expedition, and the latter work gives a glowing and vivid account of Stanley's recent "Heroic Relief of Emin Pasha."

THE TWO BOOKS, POST-PAID, 60 CENTS.

PANSY'S BOOKS.
SPECIAL AMERICAN EDITION,

CLOTH, 50 CENTS EACH.

Her Mother's Bible.
Six O'clock in the Evening.
A Word to Little People.
The Browning Boys.
Gertrude's Diary.
Stories of Remarkable Women.
Stories of Great Men.
Story of Puff.

ENGLISH EDITION,

PAPER, 12 CENTS EACH.

Four Girls at Chautauqua.
Chautauqua Girls at Home.
Ruth Erskine's Crosses.
An Endless Chain.
Ester Ried.
Ester Ried yet Speaking.
The King's Daughter.
Wise and Otherwise.
Three People.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

29 to 33 Richmond St. West,
30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.