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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

ROLPH SMITH - CO TORONTO

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1888.

[No. 2.]

Vol. VI.]

The Victims of the Arctic Seas.

THE *Jeannette*—a name that will never be forgotten while history records the deeds of brave men—sailed from San Francisco on July 8th, 1879, with a crew of thirty-three men, all told. About the end of September the party had really entered upon the dangers and difficulties of arctic exploration. They were in the midst of great fields of ice, which shifted with the varying winds and currents, so that, though the ship was itself active, it was carried over great distances.

In January, however, the ship sprang a leak, and all hands were kept busy at the pumps to keep the water down, and for eighteen months the pumps never ceased working. At last, however, the fight could be kept up no longer. On June 10th, the *Jeannette* sank, and the crew were left encamped on the ice, and no other prospect of return than that which their three boats afforded.

Thus left almost destitute, Commander DeLong had no other course opened to him than to retreat. And what gallant movement that was!

The three boats were two cutters and a whale-boat. The first, commanded by DeLong, was twenty feet in length, and carried fourteen persons; the second, under Lieut. Chipp, measured sixteen feet, and carried eight persons; and the whale-boat, which was larger than either the others—twenty-five feet long—was accompanied

by eleven persons, under the command of Engineer Melville. But though they had the boats, the gallant party could not launch them. They were in the midst of a sea, indeed, but it



CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

was a sea of solid ice; and for weeks the boats did not touch water, except for a short ferrage here and there, where a break in the ice left a narrow slip of open sea. The boats were

placed upon rudely-built sleds, and for fifty-three weary days the resolute men dragged them over the ice.

Some days they would make a mile; on others scarcely more than half that

distance. Great hillocks of ice were to be surmounted and cracks to be crossed, nearly every one of these being so wide that the sleds had to be let down into them and then hauled up on the other side.

Nor were these the only hardships the retreating band had to encounter. The cold was intense, as may be imagined. Short rations and their fearful labour had reduced the strength of the men, so that one-quarter of the whole party had to be carried helpless on sleds; while almost all were suffering either from frost-bite or from the effects of the ice upon their eyes.

At last the retreating company reached comparatively open water. The boats were launched, and the party set sail for what they hoped would be a milder climate and a more hospitable shore.

Now, however, the perils by which they had been beset were increased. The cold was still as great as that which they had previously encountered, and it made itself more intensely felt now that the men were confined within the limits of small boats, and deprived of the active exercises which alone had kept the warmth in their bodies. The food supply was running so short that but scanty fare could be allowed, and the danger of drowning was added to that of perishing by cold and hunger.

For a few days all went fairly well, but during a gale that arose in the night the boats became separated, and in the morning the company

on board the whale-boat scanned the dreary waters in vain for the sails of the boats manned by the crews of Commander DeLong and Lieutenant Chipp. Engineer Melville's boat touched land

on the delta of the Lena—a river which, flowing northward through Siberia, discharges itself into the arctic seas. Here the boat's crew met with hospitable treatment by the natives of the bleak and barren shores, and were all saved.

Not so, however, the occupants of the two cutters. Lieutenant Chipp's boat has not since been heard of. It was a smaller boat than either of the others; and though commanded by a young officer, who enjoyed in an unusual degree the confidence and love of his men, it is not probable that he was able to bring his crew to a place of safety, even though he succeeded in making the land.

The sad story of the fate of DeLong and his companions was told several months later by two seamen, named Noros and Ninderman, both of whom had served on board the *St. Mary's* school-ship.

On September 18th, Captain DeLong's boat, although its mast had been carried away, got within two miles of the Siberian coast, when it struck ground, and the captain ordered the men to get into the water, so as to lighten the load, and tow the boat ashore. Only half of the distance, however, had been traversed when it was found to be impossible to bring the boat nearer, and so they collected the food, arms, ammunition, and papers, and waded ashore.

Having rested for two days, the party started southward, each man carrying heavy burdens, though all but the most important articles had been abandoned. In the first ten days' march, the travellers made no more than twenty miles, so difficult was the country: but during those days they enjoyed the luxury of a meal of deer's flesh, which, but for the crippled condition of several of the men, would have put new life into the whole party.

Then Captain DeLong determined to send Ninderman and Noros ahead, for they were in better condition than any others of the party; and when they left on their perilous mission they bade a sad farewell to a gallant, yet almost helpless band of men, whom no one ever saw again until, nearly six months later, Mr. Melville found their dead bodies.

"The Captain," says Noros, "read divine service before we left. All the men shook hands with us; and Collins, as if knowing that their doom was sealed, said simply, 'Noros, when you get to New York remember me.' They seemed to have lost hope, but, as we left, they gave us three cheers. That was the last we saw of them."

Wholly without food—for the supply they had saved from the boat was exhausted, and the fresh meat which had been procured was soon consumed—the two brave seamen pushed on. They supported life by chewing their leather moccasins and breeches; and after a few days they came upon two deserted huts, in which they found

some mouldy fish, which they ate with relish. Here in these huts they rested for three days, when a native found them; but they were unable to make him understand that they had left eleven surviving comrades behind.

At length the governor of the province, who lived at a town called Bulun, arrived—but he did not understand their sign language, and so he sent no aid.

He cared for the two seamen, however, and sent them to Bulun, and there it was that they fell in with Engineer Melville, whose boat's crew were by this time in safety. Melville at once started out in search of the ill-fated crew, and the result of his search was told briefly in a despatch, dated March 24th, and received in New York on May 6th: "I have found DeLong and his party—all dead."

Thus ends the first chapter of this melancholy story of arctic peril. The last chapter may never be told, and the fate of Lieutenant Chipp and his crew never revealed.

An Ancient Hymn.

HERE is a translation (by the Rev. J. M. Neale, 1862) of a hymn which is more than one thousand years old. Its author, Stephen of St. Sabas, spent more than a half-century in a monastery near the Dead Sea. He died about 794. The hymn was written in Greek:

Art thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in vesture surety,
But of thorns."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Delays are Dangerous.

WHILE engaged in mission work in this province I was called one evening to visit an aged man who was quite ill. I spoke to him of Christ and of his power to save; but the man's mind was so shattered that he could not talk upon one subject for a moment. I read from the Book of Life, and knelt down to pray with him; but, while I was praying, he wandered about the room. Although ninety years of age, he had never given his heart to God. The experience of that evening made a great impression on my mind. I inwardly thanked God that early in life I was led to embrace his service. This little note may attract the attention of some young man who has not yielded himself to God. If so, let him remember it is dangerous to delay. "Now is the accepted time."—*Glad Tidings.*

[HOME READING UNION.]

Stories of Early Methodists.

CHARLES WESLEY, THE FIRST
"METHODIST."

CHARLES WESLEY, a younger brother of John, was sent to Westminster High School, where his brother Samuel was one of the younger assistant-teachers, and who paid his younger brother's course of study. Little Charles was a spirited lad, well-knit, active, and afraid of nothing, which qualities not only made him a favourite—for boys are always hero-worshippers—but gained him the title of "Captain of the School." His leadership, however, was of a different sort from that which would have led him to rob his inferiors, cringe to his superiors, and fight his equals. He had a heroic spirit, and was as generous as he was brave.

Dr. Smith mentions a case in point: "There was a Scotch laddie at school whose ancestors had taken sides with the Pretender—as the Papist claimant to the throne was called—and who, in consequence, was greatly persecuted by the other boys; but the little 'Captain,' Charles Wesley, took him under his charge, defended him, fought for him, and saved him from what would otherwise have been a life of intolerable misery. This lad was James Murray, afterwards the great Baron Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of England."

While Charles was a pupil at Westminster, a wealthy Irish gentleman, Garret Wesley, Esq., wrote to the Rev. Samuel Wesley, inquiring if he had a son named Charles—giving out that he wished to adopt a boy of that name.

The result was that for some years the school-bills of the lad were paid on the stranger's account by his supposed agent at London; but when the question was submitted to the young man himself, whether to go to Ireland as the adopted son of Garret Wesley, or to stay in England and take his chances as the son of a poor clergyman, he made choice of the latter—a decision which his brother John called a "fair escape;" and another boy became the heir of the Irish Wesley's name and fortune.

Charles Wesley followed his brother John to Christ Church College, Oxford, six years after. He is said to have spent the first two years in anything else except study. When reproved by his elder brother for his folly, he would reply, "What! would you have me to be a saint all at once?" But soon after John had gone down to Epworth to assist his father, Charles became deeply serious. In a letter to his brother, asking such advice as he had so lately scouted, he says:

"It is owing in a great measure to somebody's prayers—my mother's, most likely—that I am come to think as I do, for I cannot tell how or when I awoke out of my lethargy, only it was not long after you went away."

Charles' piety first showed itself in honest hard work with his books, then in attendance upon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper every week; and, being now desirous of doing something more by way of working out his own salvation, he persuaded two or three of his young friends to join him in a systematic effort to obtain a state of absolute holiness. They adopted a system of rules for holy living, apportioned their time exactly among their various duties, allowing as little as possible for sleeping and eating, and as much as possible for devotion.

It was this regularity of life that earned them the name of "Methodists," a term derived from a Greek word which signifies "One who follows an exact method."

John Wesley afterwards defined the word "Methodist" as one who lives according to the method laid down in the Holy Scriptures.

It thus appears that the "Holy Club" was organized by Charles Wesley, while his elder brother was absent at Epworth; but when John returned to Oxford, Charles and his two friends, Kirkham and Morgan, received him with great delight, and by reason of his superior age and acquirements, he at once became the head of the little fraternity. — *Illustrated History of Methodism.*

LABOURS OF THE HOLY CLUB.

Mr. Morgan, the son of a gentleman in Wales, was of a benevolent disposition, and led the way in many charitable undertakings. Pity led him to Oxford Castle, as the jail was then called, to visit a man who was under sentence of death for murdering his wife.

On his return he tried to enlist his companions in prison visitation, and after a little hesitation, this was added to their duties.

In those days the laws were unreasonably harsh upon debtors. However small the debt, it was in the creditor's power to cast a poor man into prison, and keep him there until the debt was paid. In many cases it was impossible for him to raise the money while kept away from his business; and for weeks, months, or even years, he might languish in poverty and despair. To these unhappy men the visits of kind, godly sympathizers were peculiarly welcome.

Many of the debtors were freed by the kindness of the "Methodists," who by lending money without interest, or by freely giving it to the more needy, enabled them to carry on business once more. An instance of this kind of Christian help may be mentioned here, though it happened many years later: An artist had often asked leave to take a cast of Mr. Wesley's face, that he might make busts for sale. At last he overcame the good man's reluctance, by promising him ten guineas for a sitting, to be given away as Mr. Wesley liked. On leaving the studio, Mr. Wesley

remarked to a friend who was with him: "Well, I never till now earned money so speedily. What shall we do with it?"

They had not gone far before they found a poor woman begging on Westminster Bridge. Her husband had been taken up for a debt of eighteen shillings, and she, with her three children, were reduced to poverty. One of the ten guineas quickly changed hands, and the debtor was released. They next went to the Giltspur Street Prison, where they found a man who had been kept there for months for the lack of ten shillings. His sufferings had not made him thoughtless for others; and his first act, after receiving Mr. Wesley's bounty, was to beg him to go to another prisoner he named, if it were not too late to help him. On going upstairs they found the wretched victim, reduced to skin and bone. His wife was slowly dying of starvation on a little heap of straw, with a dead child lying at its mother's side. Of course a doctor was brought at once, but the poor woman was too far gone to recover, and the man required careful attention for weeks. This case swallowed up the rest of the ten guineas, and even more, for Mr. Wesley collected enough to set the young man up again when he was restored to health. He had owed money to several creditors, all of whom were willing to give him time except one. This man insisted upon his arrest, and gratified his spite to his own cost and at the expense of all the other creditors, who were kept out of their money while the debtor was languishing in jail. The released debtor was afterward very successful in business, and not only paid all his debt, but endowed a fund for the relief of those who were liable to imprisonment for small sums. The cruel creditor was the first to apply for relief!

But to return to the Holy Club. Besides visiting the sick and prisoners, they established schools, gave away tracts, bibles, etc.; and were forward in every good word and work. Lest it should be thought they were intruding where they had no right to go, they asked the Bishop for his approval. He granted it; and Samuel Wesley also highly approved of his son's deeds; but from other quarters ridicule, envy, anger, and opposition poured in.—*From the Father of "Methodism."*

A WORD IN SEASON.

At the age of thirty-two, John Wesley, with his brother Charles and two friends (Ingham and Delamotte), went out to work in a colony in Georgia. General Oglethorpe was at the head of this colony, and showed great kindness to the four earnest young missionaries.

Oglethorpe was irritable, but noble-hearted and generous. One day John Wesley, hearing an unusual noise in his cabin, entered to inquire the cause, on which the angry soldier cried:

"Excuse me, Mr. Wesley; I have

met with a provocation too great to bear. This villain, Grimaldi—an Italian servant—has drunk nearly the whole of my Cyprus wine, the only wine that agrees with me, and several dozens of which I had provided for myself. But I am determined to be revenged. The rascal shall be tied hand and foot, and be carried to the man-of-war—for I never forgive."

"Then," said Wesley, with great calmness and gentleness, "I hope, sir, you never sin."

Oglethorpe was confounded. His vengeance was gone. He put his hand into his pocket, pulled out a bunch of keys, and throw them at Grimaldi, saying, "There villain! take my keys, and behave better for the future."

Another incident of this portion of his life is related:

"Some of the boys in Mr. Delamotte's school were too poor to wear shoes and stockings, on which account those who could boast of being shod used to tease them for going barefoot. The teacher tried to correct this small cruelty, but failed; and reported his want of success to Mr. Wesley.

"I think I can cure it," said Wesley; "and if you will exchange schools with me I will try."

"Accordingly, the next Monday morning the teachers exchanged schools, and what was the surprise of Wesley's new scholars to see their teacher and minister coming to school barefoot. Before the week was ended it began to be fashionable in that school to dispense with shoes and stockings, and nothing further was heard of persecution on that account."

A STRANGE PREACHING PLACE.

When John and Charles Wesley began ranging through the kingdom, preaching everywhere, they were often excluded from the church. They took, therefore, to the fields and highways and the market-places of the towns. Often a large barn, or brewhouse, or maltkiln, or private house, was employed. The picture on the next page shows an odd contrivance adopted at Nottingham to enable Charles Wesley and his brother John to address a double congregation. A trap-door was made in the ceiling, and the preacher—mounted on a chair upon a table—could address an audience of men above and of women below. The old-fashioned "coal-scuttle" bonnets of the women, and the knee-breeches of the men, would create a sensation in a modern meeting.

THE consumption of intoxicating liquors in Maine is not to-day one-fourth so great as it was twenty years ago; in the country portions of the state, the sale and use have almost entirely ceased; the law [prohibitory] has created a temperance sentiment which is marvelous, and to which opposition is powerless. Our remarkable temperance reform of to-day is the legitimate child of the law.

The Child-Crusade.

HAVE you heard of the children's army—
How once in the long ago
They started forth to the Holy Land,
To fight with the heathen foe?
Have you heard of those little children,
And the pitiful vows they made,
For the sake of the Saviour's sepulchre
To serve in the child-crusade?

But the children were weak and feeble,
And the way was hard and long,
And history tells that too many failed
Of that poor little helpless throng;
And they laid them down in peace to die,
But methinks the dear Lord knew
(Though the children's hearts had made
mistakes)
That their love was brave and true.

Have you heard of our children's army,
Have you heard of the ringing call,
That summons forth at the present time
The children one and all?
Come out in the morning of gladness,
Come out ere life's blossoms fade,
Come, take your place in the ranks of war,
And fight in the child-crusade!

You need not travel by land and sea,
Nor far from your dear ones roam;
Look up to God, and you shall not fail,
Though the foe be close at home.
We have named our ranks the Band of Hope,
And we march unto victory fair!
For though our foe be the giant Drink,
Our strength is in earnest prayer.

And do you belong to our army,
So steadfastly passing on
Where the standard waves o'er temperance-
fields,
And merciful deeds are done?
God bless you, dear little warrior,
New soldiers we pray you seek;
For the Master smiles on the child-crusade
That cares for the lost and weak.
—Margaret Haycraft.

The Dangerous Path.

CROSSING the Mer de Glace, which forms the largest glacier in Switzerland, we are told that the traveller comes to a path which is called the "Mauvais Pas" (the dangerous path). It runs along the side of the mountain. It is scarcely a foot wide; above it is a wall of rock; below, at the depth of some hundred feet, is a glacier, with its sharp points of ice and rocks. We may call it a path, but in many places it is in reality nothing but a sharp jut, and inequalities of the face of the precipitous rock. Only let your foot slip, and it is a sheer leap into another world. The poor body, as it lies a bleeding mass away down on the glacier below, becomes a loud and piteous pleading to those who, with careless step, endeavours to cross the narrow path on this side of that mountain of rock.

But we are told that there is no particular danger. Why? Because around the face of the rugged rock, and within your grasp, the Alpine guides have fixed a rope, fastened with iron staples, to the great granite wall. So long as the traveller grasps the friendly rope, he knows that he is safe; his feet may slip, but the trusty rope saves him from a fate which makes one shudder.

In every life there is a dangerous path on which the whole of the present and the whole of the future often

depends. How many a once promising life has been dashed out while crossing the dangerous path! Without a guide—without the rope—many have come up to the critical point, and the one false step has blasted their whole career. Many are coming up to that fatal point every day.

Brethren in Christ, reach out the hand of a warm and loving sympathy, and by all possible means help those who are in need—in danger of falling and becoming poor, helpless wrecks by the way.

Blessed Master, thou art the Rock of Ages, and united to thee by a living faith, we may become the means of help and salvation to many who are crossing the dangerous pass to-day.—
W. H., in "Glad Tidings."

A Large City.

If any one were to walk one way through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of two thousand six hundred miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of what would have to be done in order to see even the greater part of London.

In our approach to this city, as well as in our rambles through its streets, we shall not be struck so much by its splendid and imposing appearance as by its immensity. Go where we may, there seems to be no end to the town. It is fourteen miles one way, and eight miles the other, and contains a population of nearly four million people, which is greater, indeed, than that of Switzerland or the kingdoms of Denmark and Greece combined. We are told on good authority that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, and more Jews than in Palestine, with foreigners from all parts of the world, including a great number of Americans. Yet there are so many Englishmen in London, that one is not likely to notice the presence of these people of other nations.

This vast body of citizens, some so rich that they never can count their money, and some so poor that they never have any to count, eat every year four hundred thousand oxen, one and a half million sheep, eight million chickens and game birds, not to speak of calves, hogs, and different kinds of fish. They consume five hundred million oysters, which, although it seems like a large number, would only give, if equally divided among all the people, one oyster every third day to each person. There are three hundred thousand servants in London, enough people to make a large city; but as this gives only one servant to each dozen citizens, it is quite evident that a great many of the people must wait on themselves. Things are very unequally divided in London; and I have no doubt that instead of there being one servant to twelve persons, some of the rich lords and ladies have twelve servants apiece.

Marah.

When Israel came to Marah's spring
And of its treasures quaffed,
Alas! what cherish'd hopes took wing!
Alas! the bitter draught!

Dying of thirst they could not drink
The bitter waters there,
They murmuring stood upon the brink
Of sadness and despair.

But God who made his people free
Was at the mercy-seat,
And with a simple desert tree
Made all those waters sweet.

And then they quaffed the liquid up,
Their thirst no longer burned;
They raised to heaven a brimming cup,
Their grief to joy had turned.

And thus it is with pilgrims now
In life's drear wilderness;
In disappointments oft they bow
By Marahs of distress.

But God still lives their cries to hear
When they for comfort yearn,
And every bitter woe and tear
He will to sweetness turn.

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1888.

Liquor and Tobacco.

LET any one try to estimate the amount of waste, and worse than waste, involved in these two items—tobacco and intoxicating liquors, and let him say if we ought not to be ashamed of ourselves. And who in these two particulars are the great wasters? Evidently and confessedly—the men. The quantity of intoxicating liquors consumed by women is comparatively insignificant. If women were in these respects doing as the men do we should be beginning to think that everything was rushing fast to destruction. It would not be easy to say why, for if such things are good for men they can not be bad for women. Still the men would take up their lamentation all the same, and with some reason, we must acknowledge.

Women busy themselves with mission, White Cross, and temperance work; while the men, in general, find

themselves more at home in drinking and smoking. Is this as it ought to be? Is this what might be expected after all the profession of zeal for education, morality, and religion, that is everywhere rife?

How the world would stare if our wives and sisters and daughters, to say nothing of our mothers, crowded the bar-rooms and treated all round! Yet, why not? If it is right for the one-half of the race it can not be wrong for the other.—Globe.

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The Glad Tidings.

IN this number we give several extracts from *Glad Tidings*, an excellent little paper published by the Rev. W. W. Brewer, of St. John, N.B. It is brim full of the Gospel and cannot fail to do much good where read. It costs only two cents a number, or fifty cents a year. Our friends cannot do better than subscribe for it, unless it be to send from \$1 to \$5, for a large quantity to distribute gratuitously.

Wholly and Only.

ONE day, when a boy, I was in great danger of being drowned. Carelessly playing on the edge of a sea-wall, I fell over, and had only time to catch hold of a rope fastened to an iron ring in the wall. Clinging to this, I was for the time kept from going down into deep water, some feet above which I was suspended.

But my situation was very precarious. No one was near, and I did not know that any one could see me where I was; and it was certain that I could not remain long in that position, the entire weight of my body hanging on my arms and hands.

Providentially, however, a vessel was riding at anchor some distance out, and from the deck of this I was seen dangling to and fro, so that measures were immediately taken for my rescue.

Presently, therefore (but, oh! how long it had seemed!) I heard the sound of oars in the water, as of some one pulling very fast. Then a voice fell upon my ears, "Hold on a bit, my lad, and I'll soon have you in." And so the sailor brought his boat under me, and, reaching up, he caught hold of me, adding, "Now, then, let go the



A DOUBLE-DECKED MEETING HOUSE.—(See page 10.)

rope." But my fears prevented me, and made me cling to it tenaciously and firmly.

"You must let go," said he; "now, don't be afraid. Trust yourself to me, and I'll get you safely into the boat; but I can't while you hold on to the rope."

Poor fellow! his patience was sorely tried by my timid apprehensions, for if I did let go the rope, and he should be unable to support my weight—so I thought—I should surely be drowned.

At length I suddenly let the rope go. The strong arm of the sailor held me fast, and the next minute I was lifted into the boat and saved.

Now, my object is not merely to narrate an incident in my early life, but, by God's help, to serve a higher and better purpose. I wish to say that, in danger of being lost, as we are, because of sin, if we hope to be saved we must make Jesus our trust—Jesus wholly, Jesus only.

There are many in soul-peril as anxious to be saved from eternal death, as I was from temporal destruction when I hung over the deep waters, clinging to the frail rope, and yet when, by the Gospel, the mercy of a loving Redeemer comes to them, they require to be reasoned with that their fears may be quelled, their faith encouraged, and every other trust quitted, in order that Christ himself may save them. He both can and will do this, for "he is able also to save them

to the uttermost that come unto God by him." "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "The Son of man is come," said he, "to seek and to save that which was lost."

Dear reader, do you know your danger? Do you see that you are perishing, and must perish, if without help? And is it Jesus wholly, Jesus only, who is now your hope and dependence for your soul's salvation? Jesus is the Saviour of all those, but of those alone who

"Quit the hopes they held before,"

and lay hold of him, by a believing trust in his merits.

Are you doing so, or are you trusting the safety of your precious soul to anything else—to anything less than Jesus—to anything besides Jesus? If so, forsake it all at once, or he cannot be a Saviour unto you. Receive the Gospel message. Here it is: "Be not afraid; only believe." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There was nothing for me to do but simply "let go the rope" to which I was clinging while the deep waves rolled beneath, and trustingly commit myself to the sailor who had hastened to be my deliverer.

And so the Lord Jesus Christ becomes the actual Saviour of perishing sinners, who, in their utter helplessness, listen to his voice, cast off every other hope, accept his offered grace, and, with a believing trust, venture their souls on him.

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HOMES OF THE POOR.

Holiday and Birthday Gift-Books.

THE following beautiful gift books, issued by the celebrated publishing-house of George Routledge & Son, New York and London, came to hand too late for notice before the holiday season. But they are suited not merely for the holidays, but for the whole year round. We consider them both a great improvement on the frivolous or sensational story books which so often furnish the reading of young people. These are as instructive as they are interesting and beautiful.

The first is a large and elegantly bound book of 681 pages, cloth, full gilt, entitled, "The Wonderful Cities of the World." By Helen Airlie Smith. Price \$3.00. It describes, in an exceedingly interesting and instructive manner, all the great cities of the ancient and modern world, with the manners and customs of the people. The most attractive feature for young people will be the 375 engravings—many of them full-page—illustrating those cities. Our own continent receives very ample treatment, and several engravings are given of Canadian cities.

Another book of similar character,

from the same house (Geo. Routledge and Sons, New York and London), is "Stories of Persons and Places in Europe." By E. D. Benedict. It is a quarto volume, of 485 pages, in illuminated boards. It has hundreds of engravings of the most celebrated places and persons in European history, with descriptions and interesting stories, illustrative of those places and persons and the events with which they were connected. We venture to say that any intelligent boy or girl will derive more knowledge of geography and history from these books than from six months or a year of the ordinary school instruction. And even "grown-up folk," though they may have travelled far and read much, will find here a great deal that is as novel and instructive as it is interesting.

Both of these books may be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

LIGHT wines—nothing so treacherous! They inflame the brain like fire, while melting on the palate like ice. All inhabitants of light wine countries are quarrelsome.—*Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton.*

Homes of the Poor.

HOMES! Strange sort of home that is where the wretched poor cower and huddle on the cold stones of filthy alleys, as shown in our picture. Yet that is the only home the thousands—yes, thousands—of poor boys and girls, wretched men and women, in London, ever know. Mr. Stephenson tells about one of his midnight hunting expeditions after homeless boys. He found one in a pile of packing-boxes, and asked if there were any more there. "Yes," said the boy; and with a little effort he turned out. I think the number was fifty seven—homeless boys, who had taken refuge in the packing-cases.

As the bull's-eye of the policeman's lantern flashes the light on the slumbering groups, it reveals a poor boy and his sister, lying in the London slums, like the "Babes in the Wood," only even worse off in their surroundings than they. And this is the wretched result of drink.

Mr. Stephenson, the founder of the Children's Home, was brought, as a minister, from country duties to reside in the midst of London; and eighteen years ago or more found himself in Lambeth, in the neighbourhood of the notorious New-cut. "I soon saw little children," he says, "in a condition that made my heart bleed. There they were—ragged, shoeless, filthy; their

faces pinched with hunger, and premature wretchedness staring out of their too bright eyes; and I began to feel that now my time was come. Here were my poor little brothers and sisters, sold to hunger and the devil, and I could not be free of their blood if I did not at least try to save some of them." Long before, he had been brought to the conviction that "the religion which does not fathom the social deeps, and heal the social sores, cannot be Christ's religion."

A few friends were first consulted, and a beginning made, by way of "private venture." A house was taken that was little more than a cottage. "A stable at the back was made the dining-room and lavatory. The loft above became a dormitory; and the only playground was a patch some four yards square, with a gateway, meant for the passage of a single cart. And this was workshop too!" But here they contrived to receive and shelter twenty poor lads. The work rapidly grew upon them, and in like proportion the means came in, so that week by week all debts were paid. A small committee was formed; and a year had hardly passed when the adjoining house was taken, and the number of

boys under care increased to thirty-seven. The more that was accomplished, the greater seemed the need; the applications for admission were soon too numerous; children were being turned almost daily from the doors; and beyond them and around them was a great world of wretchedness all untouched. Another effort was made, and premises at length found on the site of the present buildings, which were adapted to the purpose, and gradually fitted to the still growing work.

The institution has since developed into a wider field, it has now a Certified Industrial School associated with it, near Gravesend; it has a Farm Branch near Bolton, in Lancashire; and it has a Reception Home in Canada. Mr. Stephenson is widely known as a Wesleyan minister, and his special work—gradually demanding his almost exclusive attention—could not but be recognized with thankfulness by his brethren in the ministry. The Children's Home has, therefore, been adopted as a Methodist institution. Let Mr. Stephenson's account of one case serve as an illustration of one aspect of the work that he is doing:—

"One night I had been out on a search-expedition; and, after visiting several likely places, but without success, I was moving home ward about one o'clock in the morning, with feet very weary and heart rather heavy. I came at length to the Mansion House, and was just turning up Threadneedle-street. . . . Just at the corner of the Bank of England stood a group of three boys, and a little further on were two others. It was a strange and moving sight. There, of all places in the world, to meet five boys as thoroughly heathen as any savages in Africa! . . . I went up to them, and got into conversation with them. They told me many lies and some truth. But this was plain enough: That they needed a friend and a home—some one to tell them of God and to teach them a trade. So I offered them a supper, and then took them to one of the very few eating-shops that were still open. There they had as much to eat as they liked; and then, with one accord, they came with me through the silent streets and the now grey dawn to the Children's Home. There they soon had a welcome; for at any hour of night or day, when God sends us a poor waif, we manage to open the door and spread a table for the famished and forlorn wanderer.

"The eldest of these boys—whom we will call 'Big Joe'—had been for a long time friendless, save for one brother, whom he saw occasionally. For months before I met Joe he had been living by his wits—sleeping in low lodging-houses when he could get the money, and coiling himself in any temporary refuge when he had not the necessary pence at command for a bed. His face was sullen and forbidding;

yet now and then it would brighten up with the gleam of a kindly heart on it. And we did not despair, for what need is there that God's grace cannot meet? So, thinking that Joe's strong limbs would best be employed in subduing the earth, and that Joe's Bohemian instincts would be most likely to be tamed if he were sent to the quiet and regularity of country life, we despatched him to our farm. It was hard work for our brethren there to love Joe, as they wished to do, and to bear with him as they were often compelled to do. His sullenness, his waywardness, his selfishness, were terrible to see. But at length the flow of his life became steadier; he was less liable to those half-insane fits; and now and then, when the Bible was being read, or words of peace were being spoken, Joe's eyes, fixed upon the speaker, would tell that the Word was finding lodgment. And at length the day came when I stood on the deck of the ship at Liverpool, with Big Joe's hand in mine. What a contrast that parting from our first meeting! Now Joe was a strong, healthy-looking young man, with respectable clothes—partly paid for out of his own earnings—with a face from which the hang-dog look was gone—with the fear of God before his eyes. He was just about to put the broad ocean between himself and his miserable past. . . . A few months afterwards I saw Joe in Canada, standing beside his master, an intelligent, Christian farmer, who told me that Joe was doing well, and giving promise of a useful and respectable life."

A branch of this excellent Institution is in Canada, near Hamilton. In a future number we will give a picture of it and an account of the work it does.

Be Thankful.

THE other day a very old man said, as some one was complaining about dull weather, "I am very thankful we have any weather at all!"

You may feel inclined, my readers, as we were at first, to smile at the simplicity of the old man. But look into it a little more fully, and you see in it the key to contentment and the spirit which contributes to a calm, settled, peaceful, and happy life. It is far easier to cultivate the old man's spirit of cheerfulness than to be ever going about with a pout on the lips and repining in the heart. Praises would then take the place of murmurings. Gratitude for mercies would then be substituted for complainings about the ills of life. This is the human condition, and the Divine ground of increased and continued blessings. The grateful heart is the receiving one. Count your mercies, and with the whole soul praise God for them. "Let th' redeemed of the Lord say so."—W. L., in *Glad Tidings*.

We die that we may die no more.

A Mother's Remorse.

BY RENA M. HURD.

I've been thinking of a story
Which I read in childhood's day,
Of a mother, who, impatient,
Sent her little one away,
Speaking crossly and in anger,
Bidding her to tease no more;
So the little one, astonished,
Trotted out the open door;
And the hours went by in silence,
And the father's work was done,
But no baby voice did greet him
At the setting of the sun.

As the shadows of the evening
Fell o'er valley and o'er hill,
Anxious grew the waiting mother,
And the house seemed strangely still;
But she said, when asked the father
"Why his Bessie did not come?"
"She has gone to some near neighbour's,
Who will doubtless bring her home."

And I read how just at darkness
Footsteps sounded by the door,
And a little covered figure
Strange men gently, sadly bore;
And they told how they, while fishing,
Heard a frightened, childish cry
Ring out o'er the silent waters;
How they found her, by-and-by,
Golden tresses, damp and matted,
On the baby's lovely brow,
And the little marble features
Never seemed so fair as now.

Hushed forever was the laughter,
For the lips were cold and white;
And I thought, O mother, could you
Have your child for one more night,
Would those little baby-lispings
Vex you as in days of yore?
Would you speak again those cross words
Which now make your heart so sore?

O, ye mothers, when impatient,
Fretted with your work and care,
Think that hushed may be the voices;
Be ye patient and forbear.

Ben's Room.

"WHAT a hideous green you are putting in that tidy!" said Belle to her "very best friend," as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it," said Kate, good-humouredly. "You see I bought it one night, and began to work on it by lamplight, and thought it looked pretty well. But some colours are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know one thing I can do with it—I'll give it to Ben."

"Why—will he like it?"

"Oh, I don't know; I guess so. It'll help make him out for Christmas, and do well enough for his room. We stuff everything there." And Kate gave a little short laugh, then flushed suddenly, as she saw Belle's blue eyes bent wonderingly upon her.

"Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion, "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly into the parlour as into Brother Frank's room; he is so choice of it."

"Oh, well, boys are different," stammered Kate in confusion.

And Belle, feeling that she was treading on forbidden ground, adroitly turned the conversation. Yes, she knew that Ben was different from her brother, and oh, how thankful she felt for that difference—thankful that Frank was strong and manly, kept

above temptation—sorry for the great contrast in her friend.

"You must all do something to try to keep Ben at home these evenings," said his father one day. "I don't like the way he is spending his time."

And Kate, as she heard the words, wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was a great overhauling of furniture up stairs, and by supper time quite a transformation had taken place in Ben's room. There were pretty, bright chromos and one or two choice engravings on the wall, hitherto bare; dainty white mats on the bureau, fresh muslin curtains draped back from the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it.

"Now," she said, "I wonder if he'll notice it."

"Have you a headache, Ben?" she asked, as she passed his door that evening, and saw him sitting with his head bowed upon his hands.

"Oh, no," he answered; "only 'hinking of going down town, but it looks so pleasant and homelike up here, I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay; and it wasn't the last time, either. By-and-by he began to invite some of "the fellows" to come and see him at the house, and with great satisfaction would ask them to "step up" to his room. Was it strange that from these little gatherings more than one went away feeling that it was a grand good thing to have a home, and be worthy of it!—*Selected*.

A Ministering Angel.

THE following incident is related of a little girl only six years old:—

Her uncle was brought home very sick, and the doctor told the family he could not live. The little girl heard it, and, at a time when no one was in the sick room, she went in and up to the bedside, put one hand on the cheek of the man, and reaching up, pressed her face close to his, and whispered, "Cast your sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God."

His bodily distress had been very great, a moan coming with every breath; but at her whispered words the flood-gates of his soul were unlocked, and he burst into tears. The little girl went about her play, not telling any one that she had been in the room. His mental anguish was as great as his bodily suffering. All through the night he lay praying for mercy and forgiveness of sin. The next day the little messenger God sent watched her chance, and again went to the sick man, whispering with winning tenderness:

"Did you do as I told you, Uncle William?"

"Yes, I did, I did! He has washed away my sins."

Only a few hours before he died he implored God's richest blessing upon "his little angel," as he called her, for teaching him the way of Jesus.—*Glad Tidings*.

A Touching incident.

A VERY touching incident occurred at Gouverneur Hospital, New York City, recently. Little Annie Ashpurvis was sent by her parents, who live at No. 36 Hester-street, to the cellar for some firewood. The child, who was but six years old, took a lighted lamp in her hand, and, while descending the stairs, her foot slipped and she fell, breaking the lamp, and the flames of the burning fluid soon enveloped her entire body. As soon as the surgeon was called, the little sufferer was wrapped in what is known as a "Stokes' prepared sheet," and driven in the ambulance to the hospital. The child was put on a sofa cot, and the surgeon did all he could to alleviate her suffering, but it was impossible to save her life. Under the influence of a narcotic, she soon fell asleep. Thus she lay slowly breathing for some hours. Her face was so swollen she could not open her eyes. About half-past two in the morning she showed signs of returning consciousness. The watchful nurse asked her would she take a drink. She distinctly answered "Yes."

In a moment the house surgeon, Aspel, was beside her cot. He felt the pulse; but shook his head, and turned to go away. As he did so, the little creature moved her body. She turned half round. The dim light of the candle shone on the blackened face. The swollen lips pushed out, and in a clear, sweet voice, the dying child began to sing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee." The doctor and the nurse stood transfixed. The other patients in the silent, darkened ward leaned on their elbows, and drank in the sweet melody. The first verse completed, she gradually sank back on her pillow. Her strength began to fail, and with it her voice, and only humming, like distant music, of the air of the hymn could be heard. How sweet, how weird, that humming sounded! The candle lent its meagre light, the big clock in the corner told out its seconds, as the sweet little soul passed out to its Maker. The humming ceased. All was over. The doctor turned away—his handkerchief sought his eyes. The nurse gazed into the flame of the candle. She seemed to read the little one's death there. She heaved a sigh, and no doubt offered a prayer. The remains were buried on Friday, from the hospital. The coffin was strewn with flowers, offerings of her little schoolmates, with whom the dead child had been a great favourite.—*The Evangelist*.

On human beings as nature leaves them, education can do a transforming work; but on human beings as intemperance leaves them, education falls as water upon flint. . . . Intemperance is a upas tree planted in the field of education; and before education can flourish, this tree must be cut down.—*Horace Mann*.

The Battle of Life.

BY JOHN INRIE.

Not where deadly bullets rattle
Is the only hero-ground,
Not upon the field of battle
Are the most of heroes found;
There are lives both noble and great,
Yet we never hear their name,
Martyrs to duty—yet their fate
Illumes not the page of fame!

In the daily struggle for bread
There are scenes of direst woe,
The aching heart and throbbing head
Doth company keep, we know;
Life's great battle goes bravely on,—
We hear but a smothered sigh;
The cross is kiss'd—the crown is won—
As the vanquish'd heroes die!

Labour's pay is meagre and scant,
The poor are but slaves to wealth;
The hardest wrought know most of want,—
May starve when broken in health;
Dives still looks at the palace gate
Where Lazarus moaning lies,
Nor seeks to ease his brother's fate—
Through neglect and want he dies!

Oh! there are lives so fraught with grief
And the sum of human woe,
In sleep alone is found relief
From the cares that overflow;
Yet on they plod from day to day
Treading the Slough of Despond,
Hoping 'gainst hope—but to give way
To the aching void beyond!

Oh! for the heaven beyond earth's cares,
The love that dispels our fears,
God's answer to our fervent prayers
And the Hand that wipes all tears;
The more of trial on earth we know
The greater our joy in heaven,
Our empty hearts shall then o'erflow—
The crown for the cross be given!

Dr. Talmage's First Cigar.

THE time had come in my boyhood which I thought demanded of me a capacity to smoke. The old people of the household could abide neither the sight nor the smell of the Virginia weed. When ministers came there—not by positive injunction, but by a sort of instinct as to what would be safest—they whiffed their pipe on the back steps. If the house could not stand sanctified smoke, it may be imagined how little chance there was for adolescent cigar puffing.

By some rare good fortune, which put in my hands three cents, I found access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the long, narrow, fragrant box opened, and for the first time I owned a cigar, my feelings of elation, manliness, superiority, and anticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sensation. When I put the cigar to my lips, and stuck the lucifer match to the end of the weed, and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, my satisfaction with this world was so great my temptation was never to want to leave it.

The cigar did not burn well. It required an amount of suction that tasked my determination to the utmost. You see that my worldly means had limited me to a quality that cost only three cents. But I had been taught that nothing great was accom-

plished without effort, and so I pulled away. Indeed, I had heard my older brothers, in their Latin lessons, say: "Omnia vincit labor;" which, translated, means, if you want to make anything go you must scratch for it.

With these sentiments I passed down the village street, and out toward my country home. My heart did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it became rather uncertain to me which side of the street I was on. So I crossed over, but found myself on the same side that I was on before I crossed over. Indeed, I imagined that I was on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams were driving between. I met another boy, who asked me why I looked so pale, and I told him that I did not look pale, but that he was pale himself. After some further walking, I sat down under the bridge near my house and began to reflect on the prospects of early decease, and on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations. I had determined to smoke the cigar all up, and thus get the full worth of my money, but was finally obliged to throw three-fourths of it away. I knew, however, exactly where I threw it, in case I should feel better the next day.

Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded of me an explanation as to my absence, and the rather whitish colour of my complexion. Not feeling that I was called to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase my parents' apprehension that I was going to turn out badly, I summed up the case with the statement that I felt miserable at the pit of my stomach. Mustard plasters were immediately administered, and I received careful watching for some hours. Finally, I fell asleep, and forgot my disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of my first cigar.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

"Is it Too Late, Sir?"

SUCH was the dying enquiry of the son of some, perhaps, praying and pious Scotch mother, who had often asked, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" Her Scotch laddie, in the years gone by, had left the Highland home with her Bible in his hand, her blessing on his head, and her kiss on his lips—the farewell kiss, so bitter-sweet, which lingered on his parched lips to the last. He marched away to the sound of music of the bagpipes, in the bloom of an unstained life. But what a terrible transformation! He was living in one of those places whose chambers lead to death. He shortened his days by evil, and was cut down in the prime of an ignoble and misspent manhood and life. Not "too late," my brother, while God's love is changeless, his compassion un-failing, his mercy infinite, and while Christ lives to intercede, and you desire salvation.—*Glad Tidings.*

A Secure Fastening.

AN old sea-captain was riding in the cars, and a young man sat down by his side. He said, "Young man, where are you going?"

"I am going to Philadelphia, to live."

"Have you any letters of introduction?"

"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the old sea-captain, "have you a church certificate?"

"O yes," said the young man. "I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to look at that. As soon as you reach Philadelphia, present that to some Christian Church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it is my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—*Glad Tidings.*

Girls, Look Up!

With gracious mien and face serene,
The future rises, clad in sheen,
While unto her the ages lean.
Look up, dear girls, look up!

With outstretched hands she, smiling stands,
Welcoming to her sunny lands
A myriad happy, girlish bands.
Look up, dear girls, look up!

Her accents rare, float on the air—
"I hold in trust rich guerdons, fair
Jewels for you to win and wear."
Look up, dear girls, look up!

"There's work to do, be brave, be true;
The harvest waits, reapers are few;
The world's sweet hope lies wrapped in you."
Look up, dear girls, look up!

"By sin hurled down, souls gasp and drown,
And you, the fair—creation's crown—
Heedless of gibe, or sneer, or frown,
Must help me raise them up."

I hear the beat of answering feet,
As maidens, innocent and sweet,
With purity and strength replete,
Speed to the work with courage meet—
The world moves on, moves up.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 29] LESSON VI. [FEB. 5
THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Matt. 17. 1-13. Memory verses, 4-5

GOLDEN TEXT.

And there came a voice out of the cloud,
saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.
Luke 9. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. The Three Disciples.
2. The Two Saints.
3. The One Saviour.

TIME.—29 A.D.

PLACE.—Mount Hermon.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story of Matthew goes straight on, passing over only six days, and brings us to this most wonderful scene in the life of Christ which had yet been enacted.

EXPLANATIONS.—Six days—Matthew and Mark say definitely six. Luke says, "about an eight days." Six full days between the day of Peter's confession and the day of the descent from the mountain make the two accounts agree. A high mountain—Probably Mount Hermon, and not Mount Tabor, as sometimes still maintained. Transfigured—Changed in figure or in the appearance of his figure. Three tabernacles—Three arbors or three forest tents. Bright cloud—Not an ordinary cloud of mist lighted, but doubtless the same as the pillar of cloud of the wilder-

ness, showing the real presence of God. The vision—Not dreams; but miraculous sight, or spectacle.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Three Disciples.
Can you find any other occasion when Jesus took Peter, James, and John with him away from the other disciples? Had he done this before this time? Had he given them any warning of what was to occur? What did they see and make careful note of in this scene? What did they hear? What else? Of what does their question in verse 10 show they were now convinced? What was the only thing that made them wonder how it could be as they were beginning to believe?
2. The Two Saints.
Who were the two saints? When and where had Moses last been seen? Under what circumstances had Elias last been seen? What does their appearance after so many centuries prove concerning immortality? Of what did these two visitors talk with Jesus? Luke 9. 31. What was the appearance of these men? When did the disciples lose their sight of the two saints?
3. The One Saviour.
For what purpose had Jesus gone into the mountain? What changes came to him in this transfiguration? When did it begin? What does Mark say about its brilliancy? What may have been Peter's hope when he proposed to build the three tents or booths? When had "the holy cloud," the Shekinah, last been seen? Of what was it then and at this time also a symbol? What testimony came from it to confirm the growing belief of these disciples? How did Jesus dispel the little doubt they still had? verses 11, 12. What was the one presence that filled their sight when the cloud had passed?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Twelve disciples, but only three to witness his glory.

Moses, "drawn from the water." That wait was worth saving. Such immortality awaits the saint to-day. The voice from the cloud said, "Hear him." Have you heard him?

How near the supernatural is! Here was heaven on earth. We may have it if we will. 1. We must keep near to Christ. 2. We must have our souls filled with the Spirit. The great lesson: "JESUS ONLY."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Commit to memory this story to verse 9. Every one should know this by heart.
2. Compare it with the account in Mark 9 and in Luke 9.
3. Find the reasons, or think out the reasons, why Jesus said, "Tell to no man."
4. What train of thought was in the disciples' minds when they came down from the mountain?
5. Find the reasons that make some teachers say that the transfiguration occurred at night?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What wonderful scene is described in our lesson? The transfiguration of Christ.
2. When did it occur? Six days after Peter's confession.
3. Where did it occur? On a high mountain peak.
4. Why did it occur? To show forth Christ's glory.
5. Of what would the exhibition of his glory convince the disciples? That he was the Son of God.
6. What did the voice from the cloud also tell them? "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Immortality.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. And what was the last and greatest proof? His rising from the dead, as he himself foretold.
John ii. 18, 19, 21. The Jews therefore answered and said unto him, What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things? Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. . . . But he spake of the temple of his body.
Acts ii. 32. This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we all are witnesses.

A.D. 29] LESSON VII. [Feb 12
JESUS AND THE LITTLE ONES.
Matt. 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 2-4

GOLDEN TEXT.

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. 19. 14.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Children's Friend.
2. The Sinner's Saviour.

TIME. - 29 A.D.

PLACE. - Capernaum.

RULERS. - Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS. - After they had come down from the mountain Jesus and the twelve lingered yet a little time in the neighbourhood of Caesarea Philippi. The wonderful miracle that healed the lunatic boy once more astonished the assembled multitudes. Jesus still sought solitude. He resumed his journeyings, and remained in quiet in Galilee and Capernaum. He gave no public teaching, but still taught his disciples the great principles on which his kingdom was to be founded. Our lesson brings one of them prominently forward.

EXPLANATIONS. - Kingdom of heaven - Here used by the disciples concerning the expected earthly kingdom. Ye be converted - Turned directly about; become in all things exactly opposite to what you are. As little children - That is, humble, simple, innocent, and harmless. Kingdom of heaven - This time used by Jesus with reference to his true spiritual kingdom. Shall receive - That is, into spiritual fellowship. Shall offend - Cause to make a spiritual decline or to fall into sin. Their angels - A belief in guardian angels was at this time very common, and Jesus recognizes it in these words.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Children's Friend. What spirit was displayed by the disciples in their question in verse 1? Of whom were they evidently jealous? What new occasion had there been to give Peter prominence just before this time? What others were ambitious to be greatest in the kingdom of heaven? What was the doctrine which Christ now for the first time preached? What does the New Testament mean by one's "being converted"? How can one become as a little child? By what figure did Jesus teach a similar truth to Nicodemus? Does Jesus mean here that we ought to receive one little child in years, or one little child in spirit?
2. The Sinner's Saviour. What connection can you see between a little child and one who is lost? Who are lost? Are there any who are not? How does the parable show our Lord's wonderful mercy? What is the will of God concerning every human soul? If any are lost, whose will will be at fault? How does the doctrine of "predestination to condemnation" appear in the light of this lesson? What is the great purpose of Christ's coming? What are the great sins against which this lesson warns, and from which Christ would save us?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The little child is simple, humble, joyous, pure in heart, happy, without care, artless, frank, and loving. Except we are such we cannot enter the kingdom.

The shepherd sought one lost sheep. So Christ seeks one lost soul. Is yours that one? God wills that we be saved; what do we will? Even he cannot save us if we will not.

W' a friend! He would save that which was lost. That is I. That is every "I" of the world. Are you lost, or found?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Find out of this lesson proof that Christ did not make Peter greatest of the disciples when he said "upon this rock."
2. Write out your own idea of what verses 8 and 9 mean.
3. Find proof here for the doctrine that they who cause others to sin will receive penalty.
4. Apply this doctrine to the liquor traffic in all its phases: to those who apologize for it in any way, or who favour the use of intoxicating drink as a beverage.
5. Find where it is taught that God's watchful care extends to the least of his creatures.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does the disciples' question show that they expected? An earthly kingdom of heaven. 2. What does Christ's answer teach concerning human ambition? That it cannot enter heaven. 3. What must every citizen of this kingdom be like? Like a simple, artless child. 4. Who does Christ declare will be the greatest in his kingdom? He who is most childlike. 5. What reason did Jesus give for desiring the children of the people to follow and to hear him? "Jesus said, Suffer little children," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION - Humility.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. Have believers an internal evidence that Christ came from God? They have, according to their faith, the witness and the fruit of the Holy Spirit in their hearts. John xiv. 20; 1 John iv. 13; Gal. v. 22, 23.

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