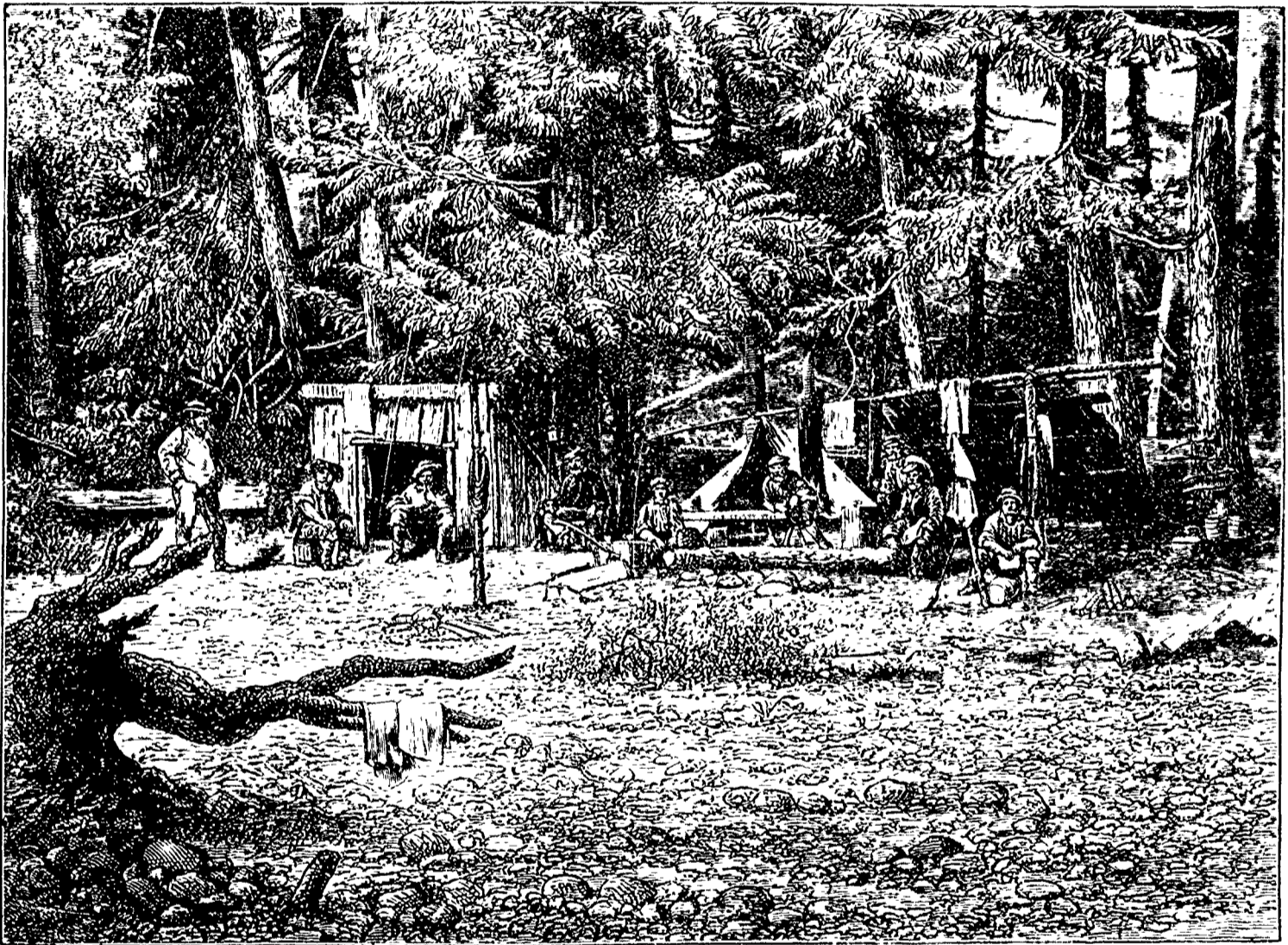


HOMER'S SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.]

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[No. 11.]



A LUMBER CAMP-BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Mission Work of the Methodist Church in British Columbia.

BY REV. DR. SUTHERLAND,

General Secretary of the Missionary Society.

THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, the most westerly Province of the Dominion, has a territory over 750 miles in length, from south to north, with an average width, including islands and water stretches, of nearly 500 miles from east to west. This gives an area of 375,000 square miles. In other words, British Columbia has a territory nearly equal to that of Ontario and Quebec combined. Nearly the whole country is mountainous, and comparatively little is fit for cultivation; but its fisheries and mineral treasures are practically inexhaustible, and its immense forests will be able to supply

the markets of the North-West with building materials for generations to come. Add to this the fact that some one of its ports must yet become the depot of the vast trans-Pacific trade (inasmuch as the distance from Yokokama to Liverpool via the Canadian Pacific Railway is more than 1,000 miles shorter than by way of San Francisco), and it becomes clear that British Columbia will yet play an important part in the history, not only of the Dominion, but of the world.

Compared with the extent of territory, the population is very sparse. According to the census of 1881, it numbered less than 50,000 souls, of whom more than 25,000 were Indians. To these should be added some eight or ten thousand Chinese. With a population so scant and so widely scattered, the progress of mission work

could not be otherwise than slow; but with the opening up of railway communication, and the consequent development of the country's resources, there is every reason to expect a rapid increase of population in the near future.

MISSIONS TO THE WHITE POPULATION.

Over twenty-five years have elapsed since the first band of missionaries, headed by the Rev. Dr. Evans, went to British Columbia. At the very outset they were confronted by difficulties of no ordinary character. The population was sparse and scattered; facilities for travel were few and costly; rates of living were enormously high. But they laboured on, and the result of their labours is seen to-day. Persons converted under their preach-

ing are still to be found all over the Province, and the names of Evans, and Robson, and Browning, and White, and Derrick, and Russ are still held in grateful remembrance by many who were benefited by their ministrations.

Many of those who first emigrated to British Columbia were actuated mainly, if not solely, by a desire to make money, and hence they became regardless of methods if only the end could be secured. The Sabbath was disregarded, and became a day of business or of pleasure; the house of God was shunned; old habits of prayer, and reverence for sacred things, were left east of the Mountains; saloons by the score lent their aid to corrupt the morals of the people. Add to all this the fact that from the first the Methodist missionaries have had to stand

almost alone in the fight against prevailing ungodliness, and the wonder is not that they have accomplished so little, but that they have accomplished so much. Labouring, as many of them do, in isolated places, among a scattered people, numbers of whom hate alike the missionary and his message, and uncheered by that frequent intercourse with fellow-workers which is enjoyed in older fields, is it any wonder if the toilers are sometimes discouraged by that "hope deferred" that "maketh the heart sick?" All honour to the faithful men who, in despite of such difficulties, stand manfully at their post, and wait patiently for the harvest that will yet come if their faith fail not.

Vancouver Island is large—some 300 miles in length, by an average of 60 miles in width, comprising an area of some 20,000 square miles. The climate is all that the most exacting could desire, and what soil there is may be described as fairly productive; but it is to be found only in limited quantities, the general character of the Island being mountainous.

MISSIONS TO THE INDIANS.

The work among the Indians on the Pacific Coast furnishes one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history of Christian missions. The striking contrast between the habitations, dress, appearance, and, in fact, the whole surroundings of those who have received the Gospel, and their still heathen neighbours, affords a most suggestive commentary upon the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to civilize and elevate a people; while the zeal displayed by many in carrying the Gospel to their countrymen, their fidelity in the face of temptation, no less than their consistency of life and conversation, proves that the Gospel has come to them, "not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

Nanaimo was our first Indian Mission on the Pacific Coast. It was here that Thos. Crosby first began his work as a teacher. It was here that the first converts were won, and the first separation of the Christian from the heathen Indians took place. It was here that David Salassellon, of saintly memory, found the Saviour, and from here he went up and down the coast and across to the mainland, as a flame of fire, urged on by a consuming desire for the salvation of his brethren, till the feeble body gave way beneath the ceaseless strain, and the ransomed spirit went home to God. It was here that the Indians first learned to prize the sacredness of home life, and a street of neat cottages was built, in striking contrast with the huge buildings in which the heathen herded together.

At Victoria we have a neat Indian church, and as large numbers are coming and going, especially at certain seasons of the year, someone should be on the spot to look after them. Victoria should not, I think, be made the headquarters of an Indian mission. The dangers and temptations are too many, and the Indians should be dissuaded as much as possible from going there at all; but as large numbers of them do go, on the way to or from other places in quest of work, the little church should be a haven of refuge to shield them from the dangers of the town.

Port Simpson, with which the name of Thomas Crosby and his devoted

wife will ever be associated, at once arrests attention as the foremost Indian mission. Twelve years ago this spot was the site of a heathen village, with all the darkness, poverty, filth, cruelty, and vice characteristic of such a condition. Now there is a Christian village of 800 inhabitants. All the old heathen houses have disappeared, and have been replaced by street after street of neat cottages of various designs. A rise of ground in the rear of the village is crowned by a commodious church, capable of accommodating seven or eight hundred people. On one side is the school-house, large and well built; on the other the "Girls' Home," with about a dozen inmates, and room for more. Near by is the Mission House, neat, comfortable, and attractive, with a reception room for the Indians, where they find ready access and welcome at all times. Here, in a word, where but twelve years ago all were heathens, we have now a civilized and well-ordered community, and a Church numbering 238 full members, and as many more on trial. We can but look on and say, "What hath God wrought!"

No sooner had the power of the Gospel been felt at Port Simpson than the people longed to spread the good news. This soon necessitated the appointment of other missionaries. The Naas was put in charge of A. E. Green, who for the past six years has been doing good service in that region. In the fishing season the Indians come from other places, and for several months in spring and summer vast numbers hear the Word.

I venture here to express the opinion that one problem in regard to the Indian work on the Pacific Coast will be solved by the staunch little mission steamer the *Glad Tidings*. The great problem has been how to reach the scattered thousands along the coast, with so few missionaries in the field, and no means of navigating the waters except the native canoe—a method very slow and very dangerous. A remarkable series of providences led to the building of the steam yacht above referred to; and a series of providences, equally wonderful, led to the conversion of the man who built her and is now her engineer. This man was indeed lifted out of "an horrible pit, and the miry clay," and from the hour of his deliverance his heart has been aflame with love to God and human souls. He thinks (and I quite agree with him) that the *Glad Tidings* should spend a good part of every year in cruising up and down the inlets and among the innumerable islands of the coast, with one or two missionaries on board, who would preach the Gospel to the scattered bands wherever the little vessel could penetrate, and thus convey the good news to multitudes who have not yet heard it. I think also that this man, Oliver, should be recognized in some way as a part of our regular missionary force. His whole soul is in the work, and his flaming zeal and devotion would make him a power for good.

MISSION TO THE CHINESE.

At the present time there are from 8,000 to 10,000 Chinamen in British Columbia, of whom upwards of 3,000 are in the city of Victoria. They are all from the Province of Canton, and all speak the same dialect. The majority belong to the labouring class, but some are merchants, and a few are

mechanics. Very few have their families with them, and in some parts of "Chinatown" they swarm together in large numbers, overcrowding the tenements and neglecting sanitary regulations. As a rule, however, they are quiet, peaceable, and industrious. Few of them patronize the whiskey-saloons; but opium-smoking and gambling are common, especially the latter.

Prejudice against the Chinese is strong and general, but for the most part it is both unreasoning and unreasonable. It is said that they do not bring their families with them, and do not intend to stay in the country; but I am persuaded many of them would do so if they could have any assurance that their families would be protected. The treatment they have received gives them no encouragement to bring their families. It is complained that their mode of living makes it impossible for a white man to compete with them in the labour market, and yet not a few who make this complaint do not scruple to beat down the small wage which the Chinaman now receives, and thus make the competition still more unequal. Besides, there are very few white labourers in the country; and if the Chinese were banished to-morrow many industries would have to stop for want of hands to carry them on. The complaint that John underbids the Anglo-Saxon in the labour or other markets is true only in part. He does not willingly take smaller wages or sell at cheaper rates than others; but if he cannot obtain the price he wants, he wisely takes what he can get rather than waste his time in idleness; while his white competitor, if he cannot get all he demands, prefers to lounge about the saloons, grumbling at the country and cursing the unlucky Mongolian. And all this time John is quietly "pegging away," saving up his earnings (if he doesn't gamble them away), and waiting for the time when he may go back to his own country and enjoy in peace and quietness the fruits of his toil. He has come to stay, and the only wise policy is to transform him into a useful citizen if we can. Let the Chinaman learn English (which he is very eager to do), and let him accept the Christian religion (which as yet he is averse to do, and no wonder, considering the treatment he has received), and he will make a safer and better citizen than some whose support is now eagerly courted by the politicians.

It has been a standing reproach to the Churches that in all the years since Chinese emigrants first came to our shores nothing has been done to give them the Gospel. This reproach is now to be wiped away. The providence of God has opened a way to this hitherto neglected people, and the voice of the Master is heard, saying, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat."

A young man named Vrooman, the son of a Presbyterian missionary who has spent twenty-three years in China, was living in San Francisco. The preceding part of his life had been spent in the Flowery Kingdom, and he spoke Cantonese like a native. Early last spring Mr. Vrooman received a letter from a Chinese firm in Victoria, asking him to come up to interpret for them in a suit which was shortly to be tried. He responded to the invitation, and while in Victoria saw how spiritually destitute was the condition of the Chinese in that city. He strove to enlist the co-operation of the local

churches in behalf of a union mission, but without success. He then turned to the Methodists, from whom he received some encouragement. So on after a school was organized, and soon reached the Mission Rooms that large numbers were attending the religious services held by Mr. Vrooman, and that it was important they should be continued, but it was doubtful if he could remain much longer. Instructions were immediately sent to engage Mr. Vrooman for the time being, until some one else, able to speak the language, could be found. This was done, and Mr. Vrooman is still preaching the Gospel to the people, and over-seeing the school. The results of his labours thus far are indicated in part by the fact that during my stay in Victoria I had the privilege of administering baptism to eleven Chinamen, who had been brought to Christ since the mission began.

Only an Earthen Vessel.

The Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The heavenly Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as He gently whispered—
"This shall do My work to-day."

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to Me;
It is small, but it is empty,
And that is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him.

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again,
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His labour had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers,
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more:
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before."

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water His flowers again."

THE use of tobacco is bad, but the smoking of cigarettes is worse. Physicians are speaking out with emphasis in condemnation of the practice. A prominent physician of Athens, Ga., says that "he has frequently of late been called in to see young boys suffering with diseased throats, and every case can be traced to cigarette smoking." Many of the youths, he says, are in a serious condition, as they have been poisoned with arsenic contained in the wrappers. This matter should have the proper attention of all parents.—*Pittsburg Advocate*.

The Dominion of Canada.

BY W. H. WITHROW.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and patient nation rearing herself like a strong man after sleep, and snaking her invincible coils; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes to the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."—Milton's "Arcopagica."

NATION, young, and fair, and strong I arise
To the full stature of thy greatness now!
Thy glorious destiny doth thee endow
With high prerogative. Before thee lies
A future full of promise. Oh! be wise!
Be great in all things good, and haste to
sow

The Present with rich germs from which
may grow

Sublime results and noble, high emprise.
Oh! be it hence thy mission to advance
The destinies of man, exalt the race,
And teach down-trodden nations through the
expanses

Of the round earth to rise above their base
And low estate, love Freedom's holy cause,
And give to all men just and equal laws.

Oh! let us plant in the fresh virgin earth
Of this new world, a scion of that tree
Beneath whose shade our fathers dwelt, a
free

And noble nation—of heroic birth.
Let the Penates of our fathers' hearth
Be hither borne; and let us bow the knee
Still at our fathers' altars. O'er the sea
Our hearts yearn fondly and revere their
worth.

And though forth-faring from our father's
house,

Not forth in anger, but in love we go.
It lessens not our reverence, but doth rouse
To deeper love than ever we did know.

Not alien and estranged, but sons are we
Of that great Father-Land beyond the sea.

Natural History Study.

Come, boys and girls, do not waste
this early spring weather. You can
sit in the house in winter and rainy
days, and learn much from books.
But take my advice and learn some-
thing from nature, too.

We cannot well do more than one
thing at a time, so we will now busy
ourselves with one animal. You know
there are animals which feel warm when
you put your hand on them—like cats,
dogs, chickens, and all birds; there are
also creatures which feel cold to touch
—such as fish, turtles, lizards, toads,
and frogs. This time we will study a
cold blooded animal.

FROGS AND TOADS.

Most of you perhaps already know
that the funny little tadpoles in our
ponds and ditches turn into frogs. Let
us now notice the remarkable changes
which take place before tadpoles can
pass in this way from the life of a fish
to that of a land animal.

We will begin with the eggs, which
are little black specks not larger than
shot, scattered through a lump of clear
white jelly. This mass is called "frog
spawn," and it is mostly attached to
sticks of grass in the water near shore.
The jelly holds the eggs together that
they may not drift away, and it also
supplies nourishment to the young
animals when first hatched.

If you should gather some of this
frog spawn in the spring, and put it in
a vessel of water with a few water
plants, you will have good entertain-
ment for several weeks. First the
round black specks begin to lengthen,
then soon to wriggle about. Gradually
the jelly mass disappears, and the young
tadpoles, with big black heads, dart
hither and thither, rapidly wagging

their long flat tails as they swim
through the water—a sight with which
all country children are familiar.

When they grow a little larger you
can discover feathery bunches hanging
at the sides of the head; these are out-
side gills. After a time the wide mouth
appears, and we find the tadpole trying
to nibble at things. Little by little the
outside gills ~~sim-~~ away, and the tad-
pole then breathes by taking water in
at the mouth end allowing it to run
out through slits in the neck. In this
way water passes over internal gills
the same as in fishes. Indeed, there is
but little, at this point, in a tadpole's
history to distinguish it from a fish, and
it bears little resemblance to the form
it is soon to develop.

Eyes and nostrils soon make their
appearance, and soon two little lumps
come on to the sides, which will grow
some day into hind legs. The front
legs do not show until later, and then
the tadpole is well supplied with limbs,
having four legs and a broad swimming
tail.

The odd creature will now be found
spending much time at the surface,
with its mouth out of water; for it is
trying still another plan for breathing.

While these changes have been
taking place on the outside of the
animal, still more important changes
have been going on within its body.
Lungs have been growing, and as the
tadpole accustoms itself to breathing
with the new lungs, the blood gradually
changes its course, and rushes to them
to be purified, instead of going to the
gills as before. Consequently the in-
ternal gills are no longer needed, and
they also shrink away.

This active little creature now de-
serves the name of frog. It swims with
its new legs, and takes such long leaps
that you must keep a close watch or it
will jump out of your artificial pond
and escape further observation. As
the tail is no longer needed, it shrivels
away little by little, like the gills, until
there is no trace of it left.

When they have reached this period,
frogs, in their native home, are ready
to hop boldly on shore, although most
of their time is passed in the water,
perched on some stick or stone. When
cold weather comes, they drop to the
bottom of the pond, and spend the
winter in a torpid state.

You have noticed how much longer
the frog's hind legs are than the front
ones. This arrangement answers very
well for leaping, and the long toes are
usually joined with a web to assist in
swimming.

The frog has no ribs, so it cannot
breathe as we do. Our ribs are raised
each time we breathe, and the air rushes
in through the nose and mouth to fill
the empty space made in our chests.
But as the frog has no ribs by which
to enlarge its chest, it simply closes its
lips and swallows the air which is in its
mouth. A frog has no other way of
breathing, and it is possible to suffocate
one by fastening open its mouth.

The long tongue of these animals is
fastened at the front of the mouth, and
the sticky point is turned over, so that
it can dart forward instantly, then fold
back to snap up living insects.

The history of toads is like that of
frogs, except that their eggs are laid in
long strings of jelly, which may be
found floating on ponds and ditches in
the spring. As their young ones can
live only in water, these animals lay
their eggs either in the water or on
trees and plants overhanging a pond

into which they are washed by the rain.
Large numbers of toads thus come to
perfection about the same time, and are
ready to leave the water together and
begin a new life upon the land. This
they usually do after a shower, when
all surroundings are moist and attrac-
tive to these dwellers in the marshes,
and, from the appearance of the toads,
it is a common belief that they have
fallen from the clouds with the rain.

Leading this double life, first in the
water, then on the land, frogs and toads
are called amphibious animals. They
start life with gills and a tail, both of
which they lose, and gain in their
place new lungs and a full set of legs.
—*Harper's Young People.*

From Kitchen to Cathedral.

ABOUT 280 years ago a clerk was
wanted in the parish church of Ug-
borough, a little village of Devonshire,
and one of the candidates was a young
lad about sixteen years of age, who
came from a neighbouring village. But
he did not get the place because of his
youth. He was very much cast down.
He was the son of poor but worthy
parents, and one of a large family of
brothers and sisters. He said to his
mother, with a heavy heart, "I must
not be a burden any longer upon father
and you. I shall set out and find work
of some kind or other elsewhere, and
support myself."

So he bade farewell to his father, and
brothers and sisters, and with a little
bundle in his hand he left his home.
His mother went with him two or three
miles of the way. When at length she
was obliged to turn back, she knelt
down with him at the roadside, and
asked God to bless him, and go with
him, and keep him from every evil way.
Then she took out some money, and
gave it to him for the journey. Then
the two kissed each other and, weeping,
parted.

By and by he arrived at the city of
Exeter. He went to the cathedral; he
wandered about the streets; he
called at the shops; but of all to whom
he applied that day no one had work
for him. At last he found himself
standing at the window of a book-shop,
looking at the rows of books on the
shelves within. At that moment,
happening to lift his eyes, he caught a
glimpse of the cathedral, and the thought
suddenly shot into his mind that there
was a connection between these books
and the cathedral. If he, poor though
he was, could become learned in books,
he might be worthy of a place, some
day, in a cathedral. It was a mere
thought, and it soon passed away from
his mind.

He left Exeter, and travelled on and
on till at last he found himself in Ox-
ford. He knew nobody there. But
having passed through Exeter, and
knowing that Exeter College was the
one to which Devonshire students went,
he knocked at the gates of that college
and asked if they wanted a lad like him
for any work he could do. They did
want such a lad as he, and in a short
time he was employed to scour pans,
to clean knives, to brush shoes, and in
other ways help in the kitchen.

John was a faithful servant, and soon
became a favorite with everybody about
the college. And as he had a great
many hours of leisure, he set himself to
learn Latin and Greek. And, by and
by, the dons, going past, saw the
kitchen-boy poring over loose leaves of
grammars, and would ask him, jokingly,

if he was reading Homer or the Latin
poets. But after awhile, one and then
another gave up joking at the lad, and
went near to him, and saw that by him-
self alone he had come very near to the
reading both of Homer and the Latin
poets. And then the dons took him
away from the kitchen, and made room
for him in the classes of their college;
and he became one of their foremost
scholars, and one in whom they all felt
pride. And, by and by, John was
made a Fellow, and then a Professor of
Divinity; and for 27 years he labored
in that college, as professor and writer
of books, where he had served as
kitchen-boy. And at the end of that
time he was made Bishop of Worcester,
and therein proved the truth of the
thought which shot through his mind at
the window of the bookshop in Exeter,
that there was a way through books to
a place in the cathedral.

Bishop Pridaux was never ashamed
of his early trials. He kept the leathern
clothes, in which he set out from his
father's house, to his old age. He loved
to revisit the village in which he was
born. He greatly loved his parents.
In his kindness he would plan surprise
visits. He would bring his doctor's
scarlet gown and put it on to please
them. He never tired of showing them
reverence. Often he would say to them,
"If I had got the clerk's place in Ug-
borough, I should never have been
Bishop in Worcester." He loved to
think that his mother's prayers had
been answered in the happiest events
of his life. And he did not think
differently when the happy years came
to an end, and the years of disgrace and
war came in their stead. Those who
triumphed in that war drove him from
Worcester; but he still felt and said
that all his life had been planned out
for him by God.—*Rev. Norman Mc-
Leod, D.D.*

Be Courteous.

NOT long since, while crossing the
river to Jersey City, I noticed an old
lady, neat but humbly dressed, who
was attended by a young gentlewoman.
That she was, though her dress indi-
cated one who could scarcely be in
comfortable circumstances in life. The
younger woman carried a basket of
considerable size, while the elder had a
bundle and a cane. She was quite
lame, and walked slowly. The thought
crossed my mind as I glanced at them,
"That woman is blessed with a kind
and loving daughter or niece." I
passed from the boat in advance of
them, and took my seat in a horse-car.
Presently the couple came to the same
car; and after comfortably seating the
elder lady and disposing of her basket,
the younger bade her a kind good-bye,
and went away. The old lady's eyes
were full, and her heart, too. Turning
to me, she said: "That's what I call
Christian courtesy. That girl is an
entire stranger to me, yet has come all
the way from the Eighth Avenue cars
with me, to carry my basket, and
would not even let me pay her fare." I
then recalled her quiet, happy ex-
pression. I believe I should know her
again, here, or hereafter; and I most
strongly believe that, if she lives to
old age, she will not be comfortless or
cheerless.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Success don't
consist in never making blunders, but
in never making the same one the
second time."

Spring Song.

The first English song ever set to music. date A. D. 1300.

Summer is comen in. Lhude sing cuckoo. Groweth feed and bloweth med. And springeth the ude nu. Sing cuckoo.

Awe bleateth after lamb, Lhouth after calve cu; Bulluc starteth, buck verteth, Mur's sing cuckoo. Cuckoo, cuckoo. Weil sings cuckoo; No swik thow nower nu Sing cuckoo.

Summer is coming, Loudly sings cuckoo, Groweth feed and bloweth meed, And springeth the wood now. Sing cuckoo.

Ewe bleateth after lamb, Loweth cow after calf; Bullock starteth, buck verteth, Merrily sing cuckoo; Weil singest thou, cuckoo; Nor cease to sing now, Sing cuckoo now, Sing cuckoo.

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Home & School.

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

TORONTO, MAY 22, 1886.

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FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

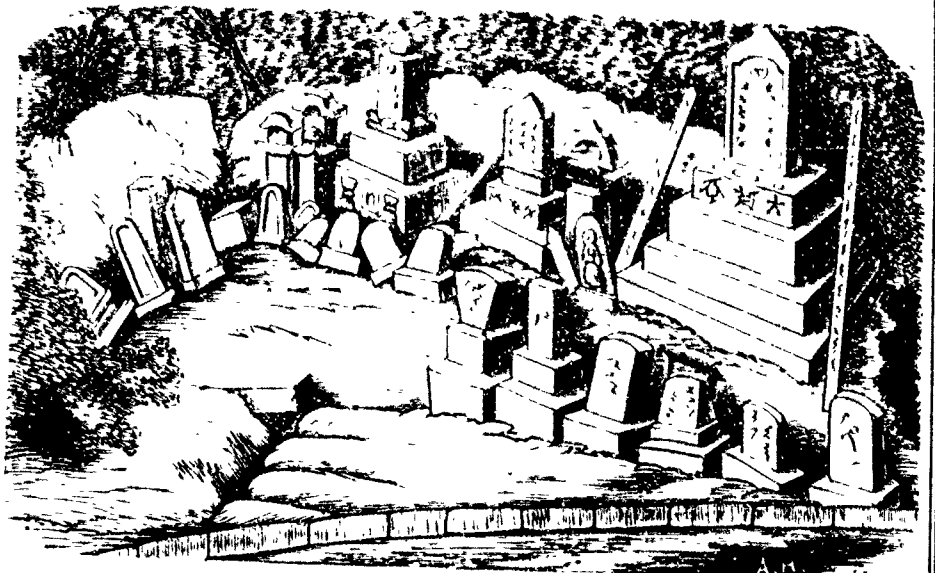
"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN," is the unvarying demand of God's Word. Nobody can have any real hope of heaven who has not been changed in heart by the Spirit of God. Nicodemus was apparently a very good man; but our Lord had no other word for him than that he must be born from above. So Paul tells us, if we are Christians, we are "new creatures; old things are passed away, behold all things have become new." Vain is it then for us to base our hopes on our own goodness, or the promises of the church, or anything else outside of the work of the Holy Spirit. It is this which is absolutely necessary to throw us into sympathy with our Saviour, and fit us for those heavenly mansions, where holiness and love reign supreme. The

question of all questions for each one to ask himself, or herself, is, then: Have I been born again? Have I been changed in heart by the Spirit of God? Blessed are those who can feel that this experience has been theirs; for we are told that, "He that hath begun the good work in them will carry it on until the perfect day." Nor is it difficult to secure such a change, since the blessed Spirit stands ever ready to do his work. If we really desire him, we have only to ask our Heavenly Father to send him, and he is sure to come; for the Father in heaven is more willing to send his Spirit to them that ask, than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children.

Rights of Labour.

In his last Monday Lecture Joseph Cook said: Labour is ascending the throne of politics. The age of the workingman has dawned for the whole English-speaking world. Universal suffrage gives even Lazarus a ballot. He is not likely to rest contentedly at the gate of Dives, without attempting to employ his political power for the amelioration of his condition. Face to face with the London riots, with vast national and international societies of workingmen, and with a breadth of suffrage which is at once the glory and the peril of modern civilization, it is hazardous to commit oneself to definite public positions on the topics of capital and labour; and yet it becomes every year more imperatively the duty of thoughtful citizens to have clear and sound opinions on these vexed themes. For one, I hold the following industrial creed; First, a fair day's wages for a fair day's work ought to be at least twice what the labourer must pay for his food, and more, according to his skill and the demand for it; secondly, fair wages, thus defined, tend to increase rather than diminish fair profits. For, thirdly, the chief mischief in the industrial world is not overproduction, but under-consumption. Fair wages broaden the market; starvation wages pinch it. Fourthly, the most effective Church help or State help for workingmen is that which leads to self-help; fifthly, neither capital nor labor, neither Church nor State, has a right to impair freedom of contract; sixthly, when rich and poor, under republican institutions, easily change places from generation to generation, the cause of the poor man is every man's cause, and the cause of the rich man is every man's cause.

AFTER three months of preparation The Currents, of Chicago, announces its Easter issue of 100,000 copies double the usual size. The list of authors is remarkable: Dr. J. Ridpath, Will Carleton, J. W. Riley, Professor Swing, and many others. The Chicago Typographical Union will furnish a prize labour article by John C. Harding. Gunther will write about his Shakespeare autograph. Space will not permit an enumeration of subjects, but each of the articles will have a value commensurate with the fame of its writer. It is doubtful if any Western publication ever before offered its readers a table of contents so varied and attractive.



PART OF A JAPANESE CEMETERY.

Part of a Japanese Cemetery.

FUNERALS among the Japanese take place very early in the morning. At many the services begin soon after day-break, when the funeral procession proceeds to a neighbouring temple, and thence to the cemetery. The coffin is a square box, of unpainted wood, the corpse being placed in a sitting posture. At some of the graveyards there are tea-houses or small restaurants, and after the burial is over all are served with tea and cake. Passing through a Japanese burial ground, you will notice there are no mounds to mark the graves, the gray stones and monuments being placed directly on top. On the flat stone at the base are placed offerings of flowers and food for the dead.

We are glad to see from the Lothbridge News that our friend, the Rev. A. Andrews, at a public meeting submitted the draft of a Prohibition Act for Alberta Territory, to take the place of the present liquor permits, which are greatly abused. The draft Act was approved with only one dissentient, and efforts will be made to procure its enactment.

THE superintendent, officers, and teachers of the Metropolitan Sabbath-school and their husbands and wives met in the parlours of the church recently to welcome Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Massey on their arrival home from their wedding trip. Mr. Massey is assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school, and Mrs. Massey, a sister of the Rev. Dr. Vincent, perhaps the most prominent figure in the Sunday-school work, and the welcome therefore was a most appropriate one, and, besides, was given in the warm-hearted manner for which the Metropolitan Sunday-school is so well known. The superintendent, Ald. J. B. Boustead, presided. The pastor, Rev. E. A. Stafford, in a touching speech welcomed Mr. Massey into the benedictine army, and the youngest teacher, Mr. Stafford, jun., passed him over from the bachelor fraternity.

We congratulate the Management of Ontario Ladies' College on the brilliant success of the concert given recently by the young ladies of that Institution in the Horticultural Pavilion, Toronto. It reflected the greatest credit on all concerned and is spoken of as one of the best concerts given before this music-loving community this season.

A Narrow Escape.

M. BOUTIBOUSE, the French savant, served in Napoleon's army and was present at many engagements. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was in the heat of the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket, he was shot down by a cannon-ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below his knees, completely severing them, for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground, and the man's senses were paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay, motionless, among the wounded and dead all night, not daring to move, when consciousness partly returned, lest, the loss of blood should be fatally increased. That he felt no pain he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock on his nervous system, and he was still mentally too numbed to be able to reason as to why he had not bled to death. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wounded.

"What's the matter with you, my good fellow!" said the surgeon.

"Ah, touch me tenderly, doctor," replied M. Boutibouse; "a cannon-ball has carried off my legs!"

The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then, giving him a good shake, said, with a loud laugh, "Get up with you; there's nothing the matter with your legs!"

M. Boutibouse sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he had thought lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said he, "than I had ever felt in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon-ball; but, instead of passing through my legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet, and had plowed a hole in the earth beneath at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs."

THE language of a penitent is, I am ashamed of sin, that ever I had to do with sin; but I have had enough of it, I hate it, and by the grace of God I will never have anything to do with it again; no, not with the occasions of it.



EMBURY'S HOUSE.

John B. Gough.

Through the long sable-shrouded street,
All vibrant with the throb of drums,
And thrilled by tread of marching feet
The pageant comes.

With tossing plumes and glint of steel,
And wave on wave of blue and red
They bring with slow and stately pomp,
The warrior dead.

By winding country roads it comes,
The simple train that follows thee;
Past pleasant fields thy living eyes
Had loved to see.

No stranger mourners swell the train;
But kinsman, neighbour, friend and guest,
And those who loved thee most, because
They knew thee best.

But who are these that follow close,
And stretch beyond our utmost ken—
Women with tears upon their cheeks
And sad-faced men?

They come from North, South, and West;
They throng across the Eastern sea;
And with one sorrow in their breast,
Press after thee.

They march not to the drum's slow roll;
They bear no banners floating free;
But worn, and scarred in brain and soul,
They follow thee.

Oh, uncrowned hero, Loyal knight!
Who kept the faith through steadfast years,
Thy record here is washed snow white
By grateful tears.

Why Not Now?

BY MRS. A. K. DUNNING.

"I know you are right, father," said Henry Dubois, with a gesture of impatience. "I mean to be a Christian, of course, but do not urge me to think about it now."

"But why not now, my son? This is the only time you are sure of. And if you have really decided, I do not see why you should risk delay."

The handsome, high-spirited young man was evidently nervous as he avoided the glance of his father's eye.

"I do not like to be urged, sir," he said; "in such a matter as this a man ought to be left to himself. There are so many things to think of! I should not like to take my stand for Christ and then draw back, neither should I like to be sorry for what I had done; and I could not be a hypocrite."

"Now, my dear Henry," said Mr. Dubois, "this is unworthy of you; you are evading the question, and you know it. I ask you why you do not truly and sincerely give yourself to Jesus, and take your place among His professed disciples and set yourself to learn and do His will; you tell me you mean to do it. Then I ask you, 'Why not do it now?' and you reply, 'I cannot be a hypocrite.' What utter nonsense!" Henry's face flushed.

"I have an engagement this evening," he said, "and I shall be late if I stop to talk with you any longer, sir. I will think of what you have said, and I will act upon it too. I am young; I have plenty of time."

There was a sound as of carriage-wheels upon the lawn, and a shout came through the open window. Henry gave an answering shout and caught up his hat.

"Coming, Bob, coming!" he cried, as he rushed out to join his friend.

"Hurry!" said Bob. "My horses do not like

to stand."

Mr. Dubois went to the window, and looked out just in time to see the light carriage whirled at the utmost speed of which two spirited ponies were capable.

"Light of heart and light of nature," he said to himself when he heard the burst of laughter from the friends as they disappeared from his view. "I am glad to know that they are happy, yet I wish that they had an earnest purpose in life." He turned away with a sigh.

A few moments later Mr. Dubois had occasion to go to the village; he walked rapidly, for he had important business to attend to. He was lost in reverie, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground. His thoughts were still with his son—his only son; he could not throw off the anxiety which weighed upon his heart.

"Why will he not decide?" he murmured. "I tremble at this disposition to delay. How can he know a moment's rest or pleasure till he is assured of the salvation of his soul?"

The sound of many voices aroused him, and he found himself in the midst of an excited crowd. So excited were the men, women and children who composed this crowd that they did not heed his presence. Many were eagerly talking; some of the women were crying.

"It was just here that the horses took fright," cried one; "it was a baby-carriage that startled them."

"Are the young men dead—quite dead?" said another.

"I should say so!" said a man who had just come out of a house which was close at hand. "I saw them thrown out; they had not a chance for their lives. It was all over with them when they struck the pavement."

The heart of the father gave a sudden bound; he caught the man by the arm.

"What is it?" he cried. "What has happened?" His voice was hoarse with pain and fright.

The man drew back as he recognized the questioner.

"Oh, how can I tell you, sir!" he said. "An accident has happened to your son. They have carried him in there;" and he pointed to the house.

Mr. Dubois rushed in. Upon a bed in a large room at the end of the hall lay the two young men, side by side. But an hour before, he had seen them gay, bright, overflowing with life; now their voices were hushed in the stillness of death. There were two forms extended there, yet he seemed to see but one. He staggered forward;

he caught at the foot of the bedstead to support himself.

"Oh, Henry!" he groaned. "My son, my son!"

A few days later, and there was a funeral. Sympathizing friends gathered in the church, where there were two coffins at the head of the broad aisle; there was sincere mourning for the young men, who had been favorites with all who knew them. The minister's voice trembled as he spoke in their praise. But the father was not comforted; all through the services he sat with his head bowed on his clasped hands in an agony of grief. He lingered in the churchyard; no one could persuade him to leave the spot. It seemed to him at that moment that in the grave which held his son lay buried all his hopes. His soul cried out after him. It was not sorrow for his own loss which was the sting of this sudden death; it was the doubt, the benumbing fear, which he dared not utter even to his most intimate friend. He knew that, no matter how much men might have loved his boy, there was acceptance for him in heaven through Christ alone.

"Oh, Henry," he groaned, "if I could but have heard you say, 'I give myself to Jesus. I begin to serve Him now,' this would not be so hard to bear."

In this world there are so many pleasures to tempt the young; there are many things which seem very important—to be rich, to be well educated, to get a good start in business, to be loved. These things are worth striving for, but beyond and above them all is the salvation of the soul and to have a part in the glorious work of establishing Christ's kingdom upon earth. Choose this service now; it is now that the call comes to every one who has ears to hear. The past can never return; the future is uncertain: now is the accepted time. Come to Jesus now—not through the fear of death, but through the glorious hope of an eternal life and a rich harvest of the celestial fruits which from faith and hope do grow.

BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.—THE SEED BEARS FRUIT.

FIVE busy years have passed away since the arrival of our Irish Palatines in the New World. The home longings for the land of their birth have been in large part succeeded by feelings of patriotic pride in the prosperity and rapid progress of the land of their adoption. Their religious prosperity, however, had not kept pace with that of their outward estate; and they had in large degree become conformed to the worldliness of the society in which they lived.

Now, however, the seeds of grace, long dormant, were to germinate and bring forth the first-fruits of the glorious harvest which was yet to fill the land. This happy result was brought about in this wise: Another company of Palatine emigrants, in the autumn of 1765, arrived at New York. Among them were Paul Ruckle, brother of Barbara Heck, Jacob Heck, her brother-in-law, and other old neighbours and friends. A few only of these were Methodists, the others were characterized by the worldliness of life and conduct which marked the period.

The renewal of old friendships led to much social visiting, not unmixed with hilarious and not always innocent amusement. One of the characteristics of the times was a passion for card-playing—a device of the devil for killing time in an age when books and intellectual occupations were few, but which has still less excuse amid the affluence of these occupations at the present day.

In this amusement, varied by talk of auld lang syne in the land beyond the sea, a social group was one evening indulging in the house of one of their number—although there is no evidence that any of them were Methodists or connected with Embury. Casually, or let us say rather, providentially, Mrs. Barbara Heck called at the house, which was that of an acquaintance, to exchange greetings with her old friends. She had faithfully maintained through all these years a close and constant walk with God, and her conscience was therefore sensitive to the least approach or appearance of evil. Seeing before her what she regarded as a snare of the devil for the ruin of souls, and inspired with a holy boldness, she snatched the cards from the table and flung them into the open fire-place, exclaiming:

"What, friends! will ye tamper with Satan's tools, and fear ye not to be sore hurt thereby? Touch them no more, I beseech you, and pray God to forgive you your sin and folly."

"Amen!" said one of the number, conscience-stricken at this reproof. "I repent that ever I touched them. I will pay back every penny I ever won; for it is not mine, nor honestly earned. God helping me, I will never touch the wicked paste-boards again."

"Shure, where's the harm of a quiet game among old friends?" said another, rather indignant at the unceremonious interruption of the game. "I never play for high stakes; and if I win sometimes, why, sometimes I lose; and that makes it all even."

"Can ye ask God's blessing on the game?" demanded the earnest-souled Barbara. "Can ye shuffle these paltry toys to His glory and for your soul's weal?" and she pointed with the majestic air of an ancient prophetess to the crisped and burning cards lying writhing in the flames. "If so, play on. But well I wot, your own hearts will say nay."

"Barbara is right," said her brother, Thomas Ruckle; "I never knew her to be wrong. God is speaking to us



CAPTAIN WEBB

through her. Let us listen to His voice. Let us take heed to our ways.

The little company dispersed, seemingly saddened and sobered by the fear and reproof of an honest and God-fearing woman, faithful to her convictions of duty and her intuitions of right. No more cards were played in that house, and deep religious convictions settled upon not a few minds of the company.

Nor did the results end here. Under a Divine impulse, Barbara Heck went straightway to the house of her cousin, Philip Embury, and appealed to him no longer to neglect his duty, but to exhort and warn and reprove the members of that Palatine community, of which God by His providence had made him the leader and religious adviser. With a keen sense of the spiritual danger of the little flock, she entreated him with tears, and exclaimed:

"Philip Embury, you must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hand."

"I cannot preach; I have neither house nor congregation," he replied, not without a feeling that, like Jonah, he was flying from the call of God.

"That shall not long be your excuse," interrupted this intrepid woman; "I will find the congregation and you shall find the house. Why, this very room in which we stand will do to begin in; and when it becomes too strait, the Lord will provide another."

With glowing zeal this new Deborah arose and went forth to begin the great work of organizing the first Methodist service in the New World. That day was kindled a fire which has wrapped a continent in its holy flame, and which, by God's grace, shall never be put out while the world shall stand. At the appointed time of service a little congregation of four persons was assembled in the humble parlour of Philip Embury, to whom, with penitent confessions of his own shortcomings and neglect of duty, and amid tears of contrition and a fresh dedication to God, he broke the bread of life.

"That little group," writes Dr. Stevens, "prefigured the future mission of Methodism in its widespread assemblies throughout the New World, as preaching the gospel to the poor. Small as it was, it included black and white, bond and free; while it was also an example of that lay ministrations of religion which has extended the denomination in all quarters of the world, and of that agency of woman, which, as we have seen, Wesley organized, and to which an incalculable proportion of the vitality and power of the Church is attributable. The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list; with her was her husband, Paul Heck; beside him sat John Lawrence, his 'hired man;' and by her side an African servant called 'Betty.' Such, let it ever be remembered, was the germ and type of the congregations of Methodism which now stud the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Mexican Gulf almost to the perpetual snows of the north; they could hardly have had a more fitting prototype."

At the close of this first Methodist service ever preached in America, Philip Embury organized his congregation into a class, which he continued to meet from week to week. The little company continued to increase, and soon grew too large for Philip

Embury's house. They hired a more commodious room, which was immediately crowded. "No small excitement," says Dr. Stevens, "began quickly to prevail in the city on account of these meetings." Philip Embury, toiling all the week for the bread that perisheth, continued from Sabbath to Sabbath to break unto the people the bread of life. As in the case of the Great Preacher, "the common people heard him gladly." He was one of themselves, and spoke to them of common needs and of a common Saviour, and their hearts responded warmly to his earnest words.

One day the humble assembly was a good deal startled by the appearance among them of a military officer with scarlet coat, epaulets, and sword. The first impression was that he had come in the King's name to prohibit their meetings. They were soon agreeably undeceived.

When the sermon was ended he made his way through the little congregation, who stood somewhat in awe of his official dignity, to the preacher's desk. He warmly clasped Embury by the hand and said:—

"Sir, I salute you in the name of the Lord. My name is Captain Thomas Webb, of His Majesty's service; not only a soldier of the King, God bless him, but also a soldier of the Cross and a spiritual son of John Wesley."

Warmly was the new comer welcomed as "a brother beloved," and he was courteously invited to address the congregation. Without any hesitation he complied, and in the easy manner of a polished English gentleman he briefly, in Methodist phrase, related his religious experience.

He had been a faithful soldier of King George, and bore in his person the marks of his devotion to his service. He wore over one of his eyes a dark shade, looking like a badge of mourning for the loss of the sight of that injured orb. He had rushed through the surf against a murderous fire at the siege of Louisburg, in Caps Breton, where he lost his right eye. He had been among the first to climb the heights of Abraham at Quebec, and had been severely wounded in fighting under Wolfe, in that memorable battle which closed the long conflict between English Protestantism and French Catholicism for the possession of this broad continent. Eight years later he heard John Wesley preach in Bristol, and forthwith recognized him as the spiritual leader under whose captaincy he was henceforth to wage a nobler warfare than that of arms. He considered that his life had been providentially spared in the day of battle to be fully consecrated to the service of his Divine Master. He used often, in conversation with his friends, to narrate with devout gratitude his deliverance in the hour of peril.

"As I was leading with my company," he used to say, "I suddenly felt a sharp pang, followed by a flash of light, and then all was dark. I was borne to the rear, and carried with the rest of the wounded to the boats and rowed to the British camp. I was almost gone, and had just consciousness to hear the soldiers say, 'He needs no help. He's dead enough.' I mustered strength to say 'No, I'm not dead yet,' when I fainted away, and all became black again. The surgeons say that if the ball had struck a hair's

breadth higher or lower I would have been a dead man. But God in mercy spared me. I was not then fit to die. And now I sorrow not at the loss of bodily sight, since He has opened the eyes of my mind to see wondrous things out of His law."

A CIVIL denial is better than a rude grant.

Through Death to Life.

BY HENRY HARRINGTON.

HAVE you heard the tale of the *Aloe plant*,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

HAVE you heard the tale of the *Pelican*,
The Arab's *Gimel el Bahr*,
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

YOU have heard these tales: shall I tell you
one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How He leas the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wallings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

HAVE you heard of this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew,
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain.
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

NOW hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

A Noble Woman's Act.

NOW THE LATE MISS BAYARD RESCUED
AN UNFORTUNATE CRIPPLE AND
MADE A MAN OF HIM.

A LETTER from Delaware tells a pretty story of Kate Bayard, the beautiful daughter whom death took so lately from the Secretary of State. Six or seven years ago her phaeton was a familiar sight in Wilmington and on the roadways thereabout; she was already known among her friends as a daring rider, and there were stories abundant of heroic exploits and dangers braved in the saddle. The horse that she used for her phaeton was spirited, but nobody ever worried for the fair driver's safety; she had too often shown her power to license a thought of danger. The horse seemed to know her; viciousness that was shown when others approached melted into gentleness at once

when she took up the reins, people who believed in the intelligence of brute creation pointed out this horse's actions as proof of their correct faith.

One summer evening, as Miss Bayard was driving alone on the outskirts of West Wilmington, her attention was attracted toward a lively group of boys at the side of the roadway. In their centre was a man, most forlorn in appearance, his face the picture of misery, his clothes all in tatters. The boys, in their silly thoughtlessness, were persecuting him. The girl's sympathies were called at once. Her carriage came to a standstill, and her voice rebuked the boys, who, staring one moment agape with astonishment, fell back a little, but they did not cease their taunts. The poor man against the roadside looked up as much amazed as had been his persecutors. It was not an inviting countenance, and yet there was something in it not wholly bad. Pebbles were fired at him by the retreating lads, and then as he tried to move, he revealed to the good Samaritan who had come to his rescue that he was a cripple. This brought her from her phaeton in a trice. A word to her horse, a pat upon its neck, and she left it to go within touching distance of the poor, hopeless fellow, despairing in this by-street of a town's suburb. "What was the matter?" "Why was he there?" "How had he fallen into such a plight?" These were questions that she asked in quick succession. And the reply that came was: "I am only a tramp." She didn't draw back. That wasn't the way of Kate Bayard. "But you are a man!" she said. He looked as if he were half afraid to assert that he could claim even this, and he drew back with a visible shudder as the brave girl said: "You must have somebody to care for you. Let me take you to the hospital." He smiled half thankfully, half doubtfully, and though no words were uttered, his eyes, taking on a new light, seemed to sparkle out, "You mock me." He did not know Kate Bayard any better than the world knows many other woman who, for her own heart's sake, does good deeds in secret. She bent and helped him to rise. One leg would not bear his body's weight, and he had hard work to muffle the groan that half escaped him in the pain of moving; but heroically, his ragged coat sleeve running through the arm of as lovely a girl as ever lived, he hobbled step by step to the phaeton's side and was lifted—virtually lifted as a mother tenderly would lift her infant—in through the wheels to the carriage seat.

Then came an exciting experience. She was half between the vehicle's wheels, when the horse, who had been standing quietly enough while he could watch his mistress, became angry. The boys, who had scattered, had not drawn out of sight, and their sport was being continued by showers of missiles thrown promiscuously in the carriage direction, and they were hooting and crying more loudly than ever. This it was that had unstrung the horse's nerves, and he pranced and reared, though he did not start to run. The wheels of the carriage caught the girl in their clasp and hugged her fiercely one moment, and then released her only for a second, when she rushed forward to the frightened horse's bridle. The alarm of the animal was intensified. Now he dashed away on a full run, whirling the light phaeton hither and thither over the roadway in a manner that boded speedy destruction. The hoodlums parted as the runaway

cut through their ranks, but not one was big enough or brave enough to try to stop the wild horse. On and on he plunged, but all the time the brave-hearted Kate Bayard clung to the bridle rein, and she swung through the air like a bird at the flying animal's side. Nor did she lose her self-consciousness. She called her horse by name, and her tone was as affectionate and calm as though he were standing still for caresses. A long time he paid no attention to this, and dangers on dangers were encountered and passed through till finally, half exhausted perhaps, the stalwart creature turned his head, neighed, and quickly came to a standstill. Nobody had been hurt, the carriage was whole, some harness had been strained and ripped, the man in the phaeton had fainted—his sufferings and excitement had conquered him.

That man was tenderly cared for by Kate Bayard and her friends, and eventually he went out into the world a well man and in a mind wholly different from that which possessed him on the day he was found a helpless victim of idle boys on a public roadway. No, there is no record of any heroic act by which this rescued man subsequently served her who saved him. Nor was there any need for any such act to add any color to this good thing that Thomas F. Bayard's daughter did.

He whom she lifted up was ever afterward a changed man. He had a history that had something of good in it. The wild son of a New York farmer, he had left college to go South as a soldier early in the war, and had fallen there into bad habits. That, briefly, was his story. Now he is a clergyman of the Methodist Church.

Anchor Watch.

"I OFTEN recall," says an old sailor, "my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we had put back under a point of land which had broken the wind a little, but still the sea had a rake on us, and we were in danger of drifting.

"I was the anchor watch; it was my duty to give warning in case the ship should drag her anchor. It was a long night to me. I was very anxious whether I should know if the ship really did drift. How should I tell? I found that going forward and placing my hand on the chain, I could tell by feeling it whether the anchor was dragging or not, and how often that night I went forward and placed my hand on that chain! And very often since then I have wondered whether I am drifting away from God; and then I go away and pray.

"Some time during that stormy night I would be startled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain, and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks on the bottom. The anchor was still firm. And sometimes now, in temptation and trial, I become afraid, and praying, I find that away down deep in my heart I do love God, and my hope is in His salvation. And I want just to say a word to you. Keep an anchor watch, lest, before you are aware, you may be upon the rocks."

Put self last. When others are suffering, drop a word of sympathy. Tell of your own faults rather than those of others. Hide your own little troubles, but watch to help others in theirs.

Burden Bearing.

ONE soft Sabbath morning in spring, a young girl walked slowly home from church, with a thoughtful look in her eyes. The earnest words of the minister had stirred her heart to its depth, and the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens," kept repeating itself over and over again in her thoughts, ever with a deeper significance.

As she neared her home in one of the small streets, the sound of angry crying and loud scolding, brought a shadow over her placid face which deepened, as, on opening the door, she saw her two small brothers perched on chairs in different corners of the room, howling dismally whilst her mother stood in the centre of it, flushed and excited. "What is the matter, mother?" she asked. "What have they been doing?"

"Worrying the life out of me all the morning," was the angry answer, "and when I sent them out into the street for a moment's quiet, what must they do but play soldiers with the Donohue boys. I happened to look out, and there was Tim, with your father's best hat slung around him for a drum, Dick with his umbrella over his shoulder for a gun; so I boxed their ears soundly, and have put them in the corner to teach them better manners than to be disgracing the family on Sunday."

Just then, as though some one had whispered them, came the words of the text again, "Bear ye one another's burdens;" and she suddenly sat down on the side of her bed, and thought for a few moments very intently. As the result of that thinking she went to her cupboard, took down her every-day dress, and exchanged it for the one she had on. By the time this was accomplished the dinner-bell rang, and she went quietly down stairs.

"Why, Mattie," said her lazy, good-natured father, who had spent his morning in bed, "you have changed your Sunday dress; what's that for, is there no Bible class this afternoon?"

"I am not going," said the girl quietly.

"Not back-sliding, I hope," and he laughed softly; for the piety of this young daughter, who, after working hard at her trade through the week, was willing to spend all her Sunday in church, was a source of some little pride to him.

"No," she answered, "but I intend to stay at home this afternoon and amuse the boys, and let mother have the chance of getting a good nap; I am sure she needs it."

"That's not a bad idea," said her father approvingly, "but I wish you joy of your task. The young rascals won't know themselves if they escape their Sunday-afternoon whipping. They are always sure to come to it before suppertime."

"They don't get half they deserve," said the wife, peevishly, "you would whip them every hour of the day, if you had to take charge of them."

"Poor little things," said Mattie, looking at them thoughtfully, "I will manage after this to dress them before dinner, and drop them at the Sunday-school on my way to Bible class; they are quite old enough to go."

It was always a treat to the boys to get into sister Mattie's room, although it was only an attic with sloping ceiling, and little, low windows, that you had to sit on the floor to look out of; but there were stores of painted texts, and picture cards to examine, and books,

and books of children's papers sewed together, that afforded an inexhaustible fund of entertainment. Mattie had no difficulty in amusing them, and although the garret was stuffy and hot, really enjoyed their funny little comments, and their keen appreciation of her stories.

When their mother's voice summoned them down stairs, she arose quickly to change her dress for the evening service. The minister had announced that he would preach the concluding portion of the text, "And so fulfil the law of Christ," and her mind was filled with pleasant anticipations. As she opened the closet door, the thoughtful look came again into her eyes. "That is asking too much," she murmured, "I have given up the afternoon." For a few moments she stood irresolute; then closed the door with a decided hand. "And so fulfil the law of Christ," she whispered.

"Mother," she said pleasantly, as she came down stairs, "I want you to go to church to-night."

"I go to church?" said her mother, "oh, no, that is quite impossible; the boys would murder each other, or have the house burned down before I got back—and besides I have nothing fit to wear."

"Your bonnet is plenty good enough," answered Mattie, "and you can have my shawl, for I shall stay with the boys to-night; I mean this to be a holiday for you. Do go," she said coaxingly, "if only to please me."

"Indeed I shall not let you stay from your church, when you have given up your whole afternoon," answered her mother, "so say no more about it."

"You will take her, father," said Mattie, turning to him with her most winning smile. "Let us make a holiday for her."

"It has been many a year since I have been inside of a church," replied her father. "Well, old woman," he said, turning to his wife, suppose we do go, and pretend to be courting over again; what do you say?"

When Mattie ran down to welcome them on their return, there was a look of rest on her mother's face that quite repaid her for her quiet evening, but her heart overflowed with gladness when her father said with unusual seriousness for him: "You were right about that minister, Mattie; he is a sensible fellow, and has a mighty good face. I guess we have not been fulfilling that law he talked about, as we ought to, lately, and I mean to go and hear him again."

—*Olive Leaf.*

Life-Cars.

IN a little gray house with a red roof, which stands on a desolate stretch of beach in Ocean County, New Jersey, there hangs an oval iron case which has a singular history. The house is a station of the Life-Saving Service, and the case is the first life-car ever used in the world. Its story is as follows:

After the organization of the Life-Saving Service as a branch of the Government, in 1871, its inspectors visited every part of the coast to examine into the condition of the station-houses and their equipments.

One of these officers was on the New Jersey coast during a heavy storm, when a ship was driven on the bar. He saw the desperate efforts of the surfmen to reach her in their heavy life-boat. They at last succeeded, and took off as many of the passengers as the boat would hold, but in returning, it was swamped by the furious break-

ers, and rescued and rescuers were washed into the sea.

For weeks and months afterwards the inspector went about like a man distraught, intent on devising a model for a boat which should be at once light enough to handle in such seas, and heavy enough not to be overturned by them. The problem was so difficult that he was in despair. But one day he startled his companions by exclaiming, "Swing it on a cable, and put a lid to it!"

The idea was at once carried out. The life-car was made,—an oval, airtight case closed by a lid which screws down, and hung by iron rings on a cable extended from the shore to the ship. On the first day it was used, two hundred persons escaped in it from the *Ayrshire*, a vessel wrecked off the New Jersey coast.

These cars, of an improved shape, are now to be found in every life-saving station. But this old battered veteran is regarded with a touching pride and affection by the brave surfmen.

"She has done good work in the world," they say; an epitaph which we would all be glad to share with the life-car.

A Word to the Boys.

WHAT do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they to be pitied and not blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? 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 sure to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; 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, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milk-sop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Oh, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth a half a dozen of that!" or you will 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 off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all this life! Boys, do not become drunkards.—*J. G. Holland.*

PROFESSOR to Student—What important change came over Burns in the latter part of his life? Student—He died.

A BOY, smoking a cigar end, became very pale. Throwing the end away, he said to his playmate: "There's something in that cigar that makes me sick." "I know what it is," said the other; "it's the tobaccoer." Some people don't know what it is makes them feel unwell after drinking. They lay the blame on sundry unproven adulterations of liquor. All the while we know what it is. It is the alcohol.

Fancy's Pictures.

BY REV. R. STRAGHAN.

WITHIN the realm of Fancy, Some wondrous things are wrought, Which though a fair resemblance Of real things, are nought. Such marvellous constructions As "castles in the air," And "bridges built of fancies," And "mines of wealth" are there.

All these are only pictures Which Fancy paints most fair; They are no more enduring Than bubbles in the air. Do not for pleasure travel O'er bridges built on nought; Seek something more substantial, E'en though more dearly bought.

Be careful where you're driven When Fancy holds the reins; Her greatest cheat is often Imaginary gains. Her fast increasing riches Will make your hopes expand; But draughts upon such prospects Are like a rope of sand.

MIDLAND, ONT.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 29.] LESSON IX. [May 30

JESUS FEEDING FIVE THOUSAND.

John 6. 1-11. Commit vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto him, I am the bread of life.—John 6. 35.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ has power to help us in every time of need.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 5. 19-47. Tu. John 6. 1-21. W. Matt 14 13-36. Th. Mark 6. 30-56. F. Luke 9. 10-17. Sa. Ps. 78. 1-32. Su. Ps. 107. 23-33.

TIME.—April, A.D. 29. Almost a year after our last lesson.

PLACE.—A plain on the north-east shore of the sea of Galilee, belonging to Bethsaida, which lies at the entrance of the Jordan into the sea of Galilee.

JESUS.—Aged 32-33 years; just beginning the last year of his ministry.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matt 14. 13-33; Mark 6. 30-52; Luke 9. 10-17.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Almost a year of Jesus' life comes between the last lesson and this, largely spent in Galilee.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—After these things—Spoken of in our last lesson. The interval was about a year. Over the sea of Galilee—From the western side, probably near Capernaum. He had just heard that Herod, in whose dominions he was, had beheaded John the Baptist (Matt. 14. 13).

3. Into a mountain—The mountainous region that bordered the plain of Bethsaida on the south-east. 4. The Passover—This year, April 16. 5. Saw a great company—5000 men (v. 10), besides women and children (Matt. 14. 21). They came by land from all parts. 7. Two hundred pennyworth—About \$30.00. A penny, denarius, is 15 cents, the price of a day's work. 9. Barley loaves—The food of the poorest. Fishes—Salted, and eaten as a relish, like sardines.

14. That Prophet—The Messiah, or his forerunner, whom the Jews were expecting to come and deliver them. 15. Make him a king—The expected Prophet was to be a king. Five and twenty or thirty furlongs—Three or three and a half miles, half way across the sea. Afraid—Thinking he was a ghost or apparition (Matt. 14. 26). 21. At the land—Capernaum.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Intervening history.—Why the multitude followed Jesus.—Jesus' power over nature.—The teachings of this miracle.—Jesus alone on the mountain.—The storm.—No fear when Jesus is with us.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much of Jesus' ministry intervenes between this lesson and the last? Where are the events recorded? In how many of the Gospels are the events of this lesson given? Have you read the account in each of them?

SUBJECT: JESUS' POWER OVER NATURE.

I. POWER TO SUPPLY OUR DAILY WANTS (vs. 1-14).—To what place did Jesus go? (v. 1. Luke 9. 10.) Why? Mark 6. 31; Matt. 14. 12, 13.) Who followed him? (v. 2.) How did they get there? (Mark 6. 33.) What did Jesus do for them? (Luke 9. 11.) What did the disciples propose toward night? (Luke 9. 12.) What did Jesus say to Phillip? For what purpose? What did Phillip reply? How much in our money is 200 pence?

How did Jesus feed the multitude? How many were there? How much was left after all had eaten? Why were the fragments gathered up? What does this miracle show as to Jesus' power? As to his care for our bodily wants?

II. POWER TO HELP IN TIME OF TROUBLE. (vs. 15-21).—Why did they want to make Jesus a king? Where did Jesus spend some time? (v. 15.) How long? (Mark 6. 45-48.) For what purpose? (Mark 6. 46.) What trouble came upon the disciples? What did they see when in the middle of the lake? Why were they afraid? What did Jesus say to them? What became of the storm when Jesus entered the boat? (Mark 6. 51.) Has Jesus still such power over nature? What comfort to us in this fact? (Matt 6. 13; Rom. 8. 28, 35-39.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Jesus ever has compassion on the multitudes. 2. Jesus is ever multiplying the little talents, spiritual life, power, faith of his people, for the good of the world. 3. When we freely give to others what God gives us, there is more left for us than if we had given none. 4. Jesus is able and willing to supply our daily needs. 5. We need much prayer, meditation, and communion with God. 6. Jesus is with us in our storms and trials. 7. Where Jesus is there is safety and peace.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

- 1. What miracle did Jesus work near Bethsaida? Ans. He fed five thousand on five barley loaves and two fishes. 2. How much was left over? Ans. Twelve baskets full. 3. Where did Jesus then go? Ans. To the mountain to pray. 4. What took place while he was there? Ans. His disciples were in a storm on the sea of Galilee. 5. What did Jesus do to help them? Ans. He came to them walking on the water. 6. What did he say to them. Ans. "It is I; be not afraid."

A.D. 29.] LESSON X. [June 6.

JESUS THE BREAD OF LIFE.

John 6. 22-40. Commit vs. 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lord, evermore give us this bread.—John 6. 34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus is the bread of life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 6. 22-40. Tu. John 6. 41-71. W. John 4. 1-15. Th. Ps. 42. 1-11. F. Ps. 84. 1-12. Sa. Ex. 16. 1-18. Su. Isa. 55. 1-13.

TIME.—April, A.D. 29. The day following our last lesson.

PLACE.—Capernaum, on the north-west shore of the lake of Galilee.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—This lesson follows naturally after the last, being the instruction Jesus gives the multitude, with the feeding of 5000 for a text and object lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—22. The day following—The one in which the 5000 were fed. 23. Howbeit, other boats—This is said to show how the people came across when it had just been said that no boats were left. 26. Not because ye saw the miracles—Not for the teaching of the miracles, but for the benefits they obtained from them. 27. Labour not—Do not make the wants of the body the chief end of life. The meat which endureth—The food of the soul, that gives it life, that enlarges and strengthens it, and satisfies its immortal wants. Nath the Father sealed—Attested as his Son and sent from him with the true message. Sealing to the ancients was like signing the name with us. 29. The work of God that ye believe—Faith is the source and fountain of all good works. 31. As it is written—Ps. 78 24. 32. Moses gave you not—It was not Moses, but God,

who gave the manna (Ex. 16). They implied that Moses had done what was more wonderful than Christ, for he fed many thousands 40 years with sweet manna. 35. Never hunger—With pain and unsatisfied desire. But only as in the Beatitude. 37. The Father giveth me—The divine side of salvation, life, desire, new hearts, come from God only. 39. Raise it up again—At the resurrection. Death should not destroy those who believe.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The meat that perisheth.—The bread of life.—The work of God.—What is it to believe.—Moses and the manna.—How Jesus is the bread of life.—What this bread does for us.—v. 37.—"Raise him up at the last day."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What two miracles of Jesus did we study in our last lesson? Where were Jesus and his disciples then? To what place did they go?

SUBJECT: THE BREAD OF LIFE.

I. SEEKING THE BREAD OF LIFE (vs. 22-27).—Why did the people wonder where Jesus was? Where did they find him? What question did they ask him? What did Jesus say was their object in seeking him? What should have been their motive? What earnest counsel did Jesus give them? What is meant by "the meat that perisheth?" Why should they not labour for this? Does this mean they are not to work for anything to eat? (2 Thess. 3. 10-12; Rom. 12. 11; Eph. 4. 28.) What is "the meat that endureth unto everlasting life?" Why should this be the chief object of their labour? How were they to obtain it? What is meant by "him hath the Father sealed?"

II. FINDING THE BREAD OF LIFE (vs. 28-35).—What question did they ask Jesus? What did he say was the work of God? Show how believing on Jesus is "the work of God." What proof did they ask? Why did they refer to the manna? What three marks of the true bread are mentioned in v. 33? Who is this true bread? How is Jesus the bread of life?

III. EATING THE BREAD OF LIFE (vs. 35-40).—What did Jesus promise those who came to him? How do you reconcile this with the Beatitude in Matt. 5. 6? Is coming to Jesus the same as believing on him? What promises do you find in these verses? What is God's will for those who believe on Jesus? From these verses and v. 54 what do you learn as to the meaning of eating the bread of life?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. The true purpose of life is that which belongs to the soul and the character. 2. The soul needs food as really as the body. 3. The food of the soul is that which gives it spiritual life, develops character, satisfies its wants, strengthens its faculties. 4. A new heart, given through faith, is the source of all good works. 5. The true bread is (1) from God; (2) life-giving; (3) for all the world; (4) satisfies the wants of the soul. 6. This true bread (1) satisfies; (2) continues; (3) gives salvation; (4) brings eternal life here; (5) gives eternal life beyond the grave. 7. The way to obtain this bread of life is by coming to Jesus, believing on Jesus, loving Jesus.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

- 7. Where did the people next find Jesus? Ans. At Capernaum. 8. What instruction did he give them from the miracle they had seen? Ans. (Repeat v. 27.) 9. Who is the bread of life? Ans. Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life. 10. How may we obtain the bread of life? Ans. By going to Jesus and believing on him. 11. What promises does he make to those who believe? Ans. "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out, but he shall have everlasting life."

WHEN we look on God's face we do not feel His hand.

HARRY and Charlie—aged five and three respectively—have just been seated at their nursery table for dinner. Harry sees that there is but one orange on the table, and immediately sets up a wailing that brings his mother to the scene. "Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" she asks. "Because there ain't any orange for Charlie!"

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