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HOME & SCHOOL

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1883.

[No. 6.]

A Buddhist Garden.

The accompanying illustration is a representation of the neighbourhood of a Buddhist temple in Ceylon, and of the rich vegetation by which such buildings are surrounded. They are generally situated in a well-wooded grove, and in a neighbourhood in which water is abundant.

Jessamine, and the shrine of the deity, the pedestals of His image and the steps leading to the temple are strewn thickly with the blossoms of the Nagala and the Lotus. At an earlier period the profusion in which these beautiful emblems were employed in sacred decorations appear almost incredible. It is related that the Ruan-

ent flower." Another advantage conferred by Buddhism on the country was the planting of fruit trees and esculent vegetables for the gratuitous use of travellers in all the frequented parts of the island.

Our illustration shows a noble Talipot palm, the leaves of which are used by the Buddhist monks—prepared in

for covering huts and making temporary tents. It is the noblest of the palm family, growing often to the height of 100 feet. It only flowers once and then dies.

Every temple must have its sacred "Bo Tree," as shown in our drawing, taken from the ancient tree at Androjapoor, planted there by Buddha or



A BUDDHIST GARDEN.

One peculiarity in the Buddhist ceremonial served at all times is to give a singular impulse to the progress of horticulture. Flowers and garlands are introduced into its religious rites to the utmost excess. The atmosphere of the temples is rendered oppressive with the perfume of the Champac and

welle, which was 270 feet in height, was on one occasion "festooned with garlands from pedestal to pinnacle till it resembled one uniform bouquet." Among the regulations of the temple built at Dambadenia, in the thirteenth century, was "every day an offering of 100,000 flowers, and each day a differ-

small, narrow strips—as books on which to record their sacred writings. The history and poetical writings of Ceylon have been for ages past written on these narrow strips of palm leaves, known to the natives by the term of *Olas*. The leaves of this palm are also used as umbrellas and sunshades, also

his followers, and said to be one of the oldest trees in the world; they are usually planted in some conspicuous place in front of the temple.

Ceylon, the ancient *Taprobane*, is an island in the Indian Ocean. It was invaded by the Portuguese *Almeida*, 1505, but it was known to the Romans

in the time of Claudius, 41. The Dutch landed in Ceylon in 1602; they captured the capital, Colombo, in 1603. Intercourse with the British began in 1713. A large portion of the country was taken by them in 1782, but was restored in 1783. The Dutch settlements were seized by the British, 1795. Ceylon was ceded to the British by the peace of Amiens in 1802. The British troops were treacherously massacred or imprisoned by the Adigar of Candy, at Colombo, June 26, 1803. The complete sovereignty of the island was assumed by England in 1815.

Easter Carol.

BY DEAN ALFORD.

THE calm of blessed night
Is on Judea's hills;
The full-orbed moon with cloudless light
Is sparkling on their hills:
One spot above the rest
Is still and tranquil seen,
The chamber as of something blest,
Amidst its bowers of green.

Around that spot each way
The figures ye may trace
Of men-at-arms in grim array,
Girding the solemn place:
But other hands are there—
And, glistening through the gloom,
Legions of angels bright and fair
Throng to that wondrous tomb.

"Praise be to God on high!
The triumph hour is near;
The Lord hath won the victory,
The foe is vanquished here!
Dark grave, yield up the dead;
Give up thy prey, thou earth;
In death He bowed His sacred head,—
He springs anew to birth!

"Sharp was the wreath of thorns
Around His suffering brow;
But glory rich His head adorns,
And angels crown Him now.
Roll yonder rock away
That bars the marble gate;
And gather we in bright array
To swell the Victor's state!

"Hail, hail, hail,
The Lord is risen, indeed!
The curse is made of none avail!
The sons of men are freed!"

An Easter Talk with the Children.

BY A. CLEVELAND COXE, BISHOP OF
WESTERN NEW YORK.

THEY used to say that the sun dances on Easter morning. Of course, it is a mere expression, that means only this: when we are glad, everything in nature seems to rejoice with us. When one is swiftly sailing in a boat, the shore appears to move, you know. Trees, houses, churches, whatever we see on the land looks as if it were in motion, and we ourselves hardly feel that it is we that are going so rapidly forward. So, on a bright Easter morning, we seem to lend our delight to the shining sun. The sun leaps up the morning sky, and seems a faint emblem, in all his glory, of the glorious Redeemer, breaking from the tomb, and rising to give light to the world. Well may we rejoice in his light. It is the only light upon the dark, dismal grave. Take away the knowledge of Christ and of his resurrection, and nothing is left to us but mortality. Death has the victory. But if we know, and love to know, that Christ is risen from the dead, then there is no great terror about the tomb. The Lord is the Master of death, and those who belong to him are promised a share in that mas-

tery. If the Head has risen, the members of his body shall rise; and we are his body, if we truly belong to Christ. He has put a new song into our mouths, a perpetual Easter song.—"O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!"

Our dear Lord himself reminds us that if a corn of wheat falls into the ground and dies, then only does it live again and bring forth fruit. Thus he teaches us one of the parables of nature, just as when he says "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." We are to observe that the death and corruption of the wheat is the process of restoration, renewal and harvest. All this his blessed apostle St. Paul more fully unfolds, when he teaches us about the resurrection body; it is not quickened, or made to live, "except it die." The miracles of nature, then, teach us how easy it is for the God of Nature to raise us up from the dead; to give us a new body, in the resurrection, even as he gives to every seed its own body, and brings forth a beautiful flower out of a seed that seems as nothing, until it is "sown in corruption and raised in glory."

All nature is full of such parables but I will only mention one or two, because just at this season we begin to see what I shall speak of, and because even poor heathens saw in such things a parable of life, and learned from it the probability of life after death.

You know the butterfly. How beautiful it is, as it lights upon the flowers in a garden! It seems like a flower springing to a better life than plant-life: no more rooted in the ground, but soaring to the skies. Now we all know that the butterfly is at first a mere worm. He wraps himself up in a sort of shroud and seems to sleep the sleep of death. But up he springs again: no more a worm, but a winged thing; so beautiful and so different from what it was; yet, after all, the same worm. Now, if our God does all this for so poor a creature, need we doubt that he can do more for his dear children, who sleep in Jesus?

I think there is a parable in every bird's-nest of the same sort. That's why children have Easter-eggs given them. Who would think those little pebbles, for such they seem, were full of life? But, after a while, they break open, and forth comes the singing bird that very soon flies up toward heaven, and fills the air with his Easter song. Think of it, dear children, for in the song of the birds we have another parable that teaches us a far better song than theirs. And we may be sure that he who made the birds to fly in the bright skies and to fill them with sweet music, will not less delight in the Easter carols of his dear children, when they rejoice in him who is their strength and their salvation. It is expressly said that children shall come again "from the hand of the enemy;" children, if they are called to die in their infancy, shall have a glorious part in the resurrection of the dead.

Let all children, then, learn to triumph over death, and not to fear him. Let them love their dear Saviour, and think often of "the firstfruits," and then of the harvest. And, as if waving the wheat-sheaves of the ancient people of God, let them exult and sing:—

"Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies."

Songs in the Night.

"Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs
in the night."

BY HARRIET ANNIE W.

THE hours of midnight had swept past,
The city bell to led thee,
The moon had sunk behind the clouds,
No rustling in the tree;
All, all was silent as the grave,
And memories of the tomb
Had banished sweet sleep far away:
All spoke of tears and gloom.

When suddenly upon the air
Rang out a sweet bird's song;
No feeble, weak, uncertain note,
No plaint of grief or wrong,
No "Miserere Domine,"
No "Dies Iræ" sad,
But "Gloria in Excelsis" rang
In accents wild and glad.

How could he sing? A birdling caged,
And in the dark alone,
And then methought perhaps he saw
Some vision from the throne.
The little birdling's eyes were bright,
While mine with sleep were dim.
Had some bright watcher passed me by
And spoke of joy to him?

Then I remembered what Christ said,
The God of Love's dear Son,
"Not one of these small birds forgot,
Beneath the glorious sun."
They have no load of grief to bear,
Of sin no deep dark stain,
And yet in patience take their share
Of storm and frost and rain."

Ah! can it be, unknown to us,
Without a human word
The Universal Father soothes
The death-bed of each bird?
"The whole creation roareth," yet
These pure things of the sky,
Are they not "nearer to the Gates,"
Than mortals such as I?

Yet while I mused, it seemed some form,
Ere yet I was aware,
Bent o'er my pillow, dried my tears,
And turned to song my prayer:
Some subtle presence unrevealed,
Seemed to repeat the words
"Fear not, for you are dearer far
Than many little birds."

I do not ask what seemed to speak,
Whether the angel blest,
Who hath been my appointed guard
In calm or wild unrest;
Or whether some sweet voice I love,
But hushed to me awhile,
Came down, on gentle mission sent,
To give for tears, a smile.

It matters not! God knows Faith's wings
Droop sometimes in the dust,
While hands grow numb and lose their hold
On Hope's firm anchor trust;
And so while sending dew and rain
And glowing sunbeams bright,
God giveth unto all who hear,
Songs in the darkest night.

HAMILTON, ONT.

Dying a Thousand an Hour.

THERE are no new methods of missionary work; no recent discovery in that line. What is the problem before the Church to-day? It is this: There are more than 800,000,000 souls in the darkness of heathenism, still unevangelized, not even nominal Christians: China's 400,000,000; India's 252,000,000; Africa's 200,000,000; Japan's 35,000,000. What of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, where, as in the case of Java, a single island has over 18,000,000 inhabitants? What of Central Asia; of the needy parts of Europe; of South America; of the still needy islands of the Pacific? Making allowances for the sprinkling of Christians over these lands, it is nearly within the truth to say there are still 800,000,000 beyond the pale of Christendom. How can these be reached and saved?

Can we honestly say, in any fair and reasonable use of words, that the

work is being accomplished? Ontario, with a million and three quarters of people, has from twelve to fifteen hundred Protestant Christian ministers. The North India Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has within its bounds about nineteen or twenty millions of people, and its force of American missionaries is but nineteen or twenty. A missionary to a million! There are spots in India where a single missionary has many millions in his cure. How would Ontario fare if in all her borders she had but a couple of itinerants to attend to the spiritual wants of the people? Yet this is the proportion of men allowed to India.

For more than a century in India, consecrated cobblers and other consecrated servants of Christ have been pegging away at this work. The missionaries have made grammars and dictionaries and translations of the strange languages of that land. The Bible, in twenty-five of the great languages of India, is an everlasting monument to the energy, patience, and honest toil of the missionaries of the regular missionary societies of the church. Five hundred thousand converts organized into churches are no less a monument to their work and proof of God's seal to their labors. There are no new methods of missionary work. As far as India is concerned, it is all siege work. Some one must dig the mine and lay the powder; to fire it is the work of an hour; to prepare for the day of final victory is the work of perhaps centuries. Missions to nominal Christians are or are likely to be self-supporting from the first. Missions to the heathen are sure to be self-supporting when they have passed out of the evangelistic into the pastoral period of their history. In proportion as the transition occurs, we fully demonstrate the truth of this to-day.

There is not in all the history of missions a single example of a man giving his whole time to regular mission work and meeting with support from a heathen people like the Brahmins of India. He is tearing down their religion: will they feed him under such circumstances? He may divide his time between an English congregation and the heathen, he may divide his time between an indigo plantation or a carpenter shop and the heathen, and thus be supported on the field. He may give all his time to an English congregation and carefully train them to go out as missionaries; and this is all right. But the Church must not be misled into the idea that this is either a new discovery in method or the directest kind of mission work. If a generation pass away in thirty-three years, then the unevangelized heathen are dying at the rate of sixty-six thousand a day. If the infants are left out we have still over thirty thousand souls perishing every twenty-four hours, or more than a thousand every hour; and no method of work can change this appalling fact. None, so far, come up to the demands of the case. More men, more women, more means, more prayer, more faith, more appreciation of the value of a soul,—more for Christ, less for self,—and then we expect to see daylight through this question.

THE years write their record on human hearts, as they do on trees, in hidden, inner circles of growth which no eye can see.—*Sane Holm.*

The First Easter.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

Upon that day, fount fairest of all days,
When first the skies thrilled to the Easter
sun,
And angels and archangels bowed in praise
For marvellous victory by the Lord Christ
won.

What songs had earth?
What joyful mirth?
What ointment sweet
For those pierced feet?
Did not all nations listen with rapt ears?
And kingdomless Jerusalem with tears?

No sound of shouting men, with victor's
palms,
No singing maidens with triumphant lay,
No splendid priests with offerings and psalms,
Went forth to keep with Christ first Easter
Day.

Poor Mary's sigh,
Her joyful cry,
Her flying feet
Her message sweet
Unto the brethren in their bitter need:
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen,
indeed!"

This was the pealing song, the Easter cry,
The thunder in the trumpets that should
blow

The joyful news to lands both far and nigh,
Till every sky with Easter light shall glow,
And every race
Know Easter grace,
In every tongue
Be sweetly sung

The Easter song that Mary still doth lead:
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen,
indeed!"

All deaf and dumb! Paphos loved Venus
then;

Delphi—nor Delos in its Aegean home;
Nor Greece, the land of gods and godlike men;
Nor sage nor augur in Imperial Rome
Knew Easter Day.

They brought no lay
Honey nor fire,
Nor rich attire,
Pale wines, or bruised myrrh, for offering
Unto Lord Christ, the Unknown God and
King.

Nay, even Zion—who his coming prayed—
Kept smoking temples pleading with the
skies;

And priests who on the altar victims laid,
Unmindful of the risen sacrifice;
And Urin pale,
And riven veil,
And Gentle face
In holy place,

And empty cross amid that awful gloom,
And soldiers watching by that empty tomb.

Daisy's Eggs.

A German Easter Story.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

"DAISY!" But no answer was heard.

"Daisy! Daisy! Where can the child be!" said the voice; but again there was no answer, and the tired feet were fain to climb the long stairways, their owner looking in at open doors, as she passed from landing to landing, and again and again calling "Daisy!"

Now Daisy heard perfectly well all the time, but she had reasons of her own for not acknowledging that she did so. Something had been said at dinner-time about sending a basket of good things to Widow Gretchen, and as Daisy was the usual carrier of such baskets, she had an intuition of the purpose for which she was wanted, and also, I am sorry to say, a strong sensation of unwillingness to go. Not that Daisy was usually a very selfish little girl, but to-day she was particularly busy, and to go out before tea would spoil all her plans. In one end of the long, low garret-room she was making a baby-house, and displaying all her treasures to the best possible advantage—and every one knows what a fascinating occupation that is.

But our readers must not suppose Daisy's treasures at all compared with those which they have gathered by the accumulation of the Christmases and birthdays of their lives. German children do not fare so well, or at least are not treated so lavishly. But then, possession is always comparative, and Daisy, having more than her companions, thought herself a very rich little girl.

"To-morrow there will be new ones, and as I'm ten years old this Easter, they're sure to be the handsomest I ever had." And just as she reached this conclusion, her mother's head appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Why, Daisy, I've been calling you for ever so long; didn't you hear me?"

"Yes, little mother, but—but I didn't want to come," with a sudden burst of honesty. "I don't want to carry a great heavy basket down to old Gretchen. If she is so poor that we must give her her Easter dinner, she might at least send for it herself."

"So she always did till Gotthold broke his leg; you know there is no one else to come. I am ashamed of my little daughter's selfishness; she should find it a pleasure to care for the sick and poor on Easter eve, when the dear Lord who gave up his life for us all lay in his rocky sepulchre. But she must go, nevertheless, for I promised, and I have no one else to send."

As there was no help for it, Daisy put her *sabots* (wooden shoes) over her boots, slipped on her cloak, and tied her long woollen hood tightly, and taking the basket went down-stairs, and with no very good grace was soon trotting down the steep and stony street. Her rosy, good-natured face looked as cross as it could look, and she muttered to herself:

"It's too bad, I haven't half finished my baby-house; it will be dark by the time I get back. I don't see why I should be made to wait on beggars, and I don't see what business Gotthold had to break his leg."

But by the time she had thought all this, Daisy had reached the high arched and painted stone bridge, and as it was an ever-new delight to look over the stone parapet upon the swiftly running water as it roared and dashed around and over the boulders and pebbles far below, or to watch the sunset colours setting the mountains on fire and gilding all the city steeples as they did to-night, she was in a somewhat better humour by the time she had climbed to the fifth story of the quaint old house to the apartment in which old Gretchen lived with her grandson, Gotthold.

"A thousand blessings on you, *fraulein* (young lady), said the old woman, as Daisy set down her basket on the clean black oak chest, which served at once the purposes of wardrobe, dresser, and table. "It'll be all the better resurrection to you that you had pity upon the poor."

Daisy felt the praise was undeserved, and blushed, as she turned to ask Gotthold—a pale, blue-eyed boy, a little older than herself—how he was to-night.

"Better," he said, making an attempt to hide some object he had been at work upon with a paint-brush.

The bones were beginning to knit, and the doctor thought in six weeks he could be about again, at least on crutches. Next Easter she wouldn't have to bring the cakes and eggs. He would be able to get for them himself,

though the doctor said his leg would never be straight again as it once was, and he could never jump or run or skate again.

Daisy felt very sorry for him as she walked up the hill again towards her home, and considerably ashamed of herself, so, like a good many impulsive people who go from one extreme to another, she began to plan what she could do to make the six weeks of Gotthold's confinement less tedious. She would carry him her prettiest story-books; she would go and tell him about all the excursions to the woods; and when the flowers came, as they soon would now, she would carry him a fresh bunch every day, for she knew how much the artist-boy loved flowers. All the-e things were very pleasant to do, they involved no self-denial; and she went to sleep quite restored to her own good opinion, while the same Paschal moon looked into her window which had long ago lighted the Eastern garden, and the "new sepulchre" wherein lay the crucified Lord.

"Christ is risen! he is risen indeed!" rang through the German household, and Daisy opened her eyes to see the Easter sunrise in its crimson glory through the uncurtained casement of the room.

It did not take the little girl long to dress and hurry down to the breakfast table, where, according to the family custom, the Easter-eggs given by each member of the family to each other member, were placed upon the plates and covered with snowy napkins. When, the Easter grace having been sung, these napkins were removed, there were general exclamations of delight at the beauty of colouring and taste in decoration and selection displayed. But it is only with Daisy's share of the exhibition that we have to do.

Around her plate was a complete circle of eggs; eggs of all pure colours, variegated, striped, gilded, painted with flowers and birds, made of sugar, of ivory, and of painted wood; but on the plate stood a little gilded chariot, to which were harnessed two tiny hares (an ancient German symbol of the resurrection), and in the chariot lay an egg of pure iridescent mother-of-pearl, which, divided into two sections by a gold rim, opened upon hinges and displayed nestling in a bed of rosy cotton a lovely little silver dove. It was so beautiful that it almost took away Daisy's breath, and quite took away her appetite; indeed, there was very little breakfast eaten by anybody, as the early church bells began to ring and every one hurried off at once to attend the service.

Daisy now began to plan something else to do for Gotthold. She would go, after church, and carry him one of her new eggs. Which should it be,—the sugar egg embossed with silver and gold flowers; one of those painted in rainbow stripes; that curious egg of red ivory which opened and showed a smaller blue one, that again enclosing a yellow one, and so on, till in the very centre was a little white egg, about the size of a pea; or should she give away the beauty, the pearl and silver and gold? Could she? Gotthold liked beautiful and delicate things even more than she did, and he had so few; but she meant this new treasure to fill that space in the baby-house she had left for it yesterday; could she? And the two voices of selfishness and generosity began to talk so loud in her heart that

she did not hear a word of the prayers, or the hymns, the gospel, or the sermon, till suddenly these words which the minister was saying struck upon her ear: "Yes, my people, Christ's resurrection gift was no mean one. He gave the best he had, his life, that we might have the best; we could have even life eternal. Let us offer him to-day no half-way sacrifice."

"Gotthold," said Daisy soon after, beaming all over with smiles and dimples, "here's the most beautiful egg you ever saw. Mother said I might give it to you; but don't open the box till I am gone." For the brave little girl was afraid her resolution might give way if she took another look.

"Here, Daisy," called out Gotthold, as she was running away, "is an egg I painted for you; carry it carefully, and don't open it till you get home."

Daisy took the little soft roll of cotton and tissue paper, carried it home tenderly, and when she opened it found a veritable egg-shell, out of which the contents had been blown through two small holes at either end, and on the surface of which was painted a wreath of tiny ferns tied together on one side by a bunch of Easter lilies. Out of one end projected a loop of narrow blue ribbon, which, on being pulled, drew out a little roll of paper, on which was printed in delicate German Text letters, a verse which may be translated thus:

"Who doth himself in Christ's grave lay,—
Shall rise with Christ on Easter Day.
Who conquers self for other's need,
Hath risen with Jesus, risen indeed.
Who selfishness at the cross lays down,
Shall share with his Saviour the throne and
the crown."

"How could he know! Gotthold, I mean," said Daisy, looking with glad yet astonished eyes at her mother.

"He did not know, it was only a coincidence. But Jesus knew all about it,—the sin, the repentance, the struggle, and the victory. I think Daisy, my Easter flower, understands the meaning of Easter better than she ever did before."

"Oh, yes! I don't think I was ever so happy before," said the little girl. "I feel like saying all the time, 'Christ is risen; he is risen indeed.'"

He Would Have Liquor.

On Saturday afternoon a little girl informed the officer on duty at the Agnes street police station, Toronto, that her father was selling her clothing and other articles in order to obtain money. The officer immediately went to the house, and found a second-hand dealer with his large hand-cart, into which he was putting valuable clothing which he had purchased from the father, George Scarlett, for twenty five cents. The constable ordered him to return every article he had put into the cart, after which he received his twenty-five cents and departed, evidently glad to have got off so easily. Scarlett was told that if he again attempted to thus dispose of the property of his family he would be arrested, as this was not the first offence of the kind. About an hour later he was observed with a parcel under his arm by a policeman on the beat, who instantly gave chase, captured him, and brought him to the station on the charge of drunkenness. The parcel he was carrying he threw into a yard when he saw the policeman coming towards him. It was recovered, however, and on examination found to contain a quilt.

Lessons of Easter.

SA, my soul, what preparation
Makest thou for this high day,
When the God of thy salvation
Opened through the tomb a way?
Dwellest thou with pure affection
On this proof of power and love?
Doth thy Saviour's resurrection
Raise thy thoughts to things above?

Hast thou, borne on Faith's strong pinion,
Risen with thy risen Lord?
And, released from sin's dominion,
Into purer regions soared?
Or, art thou, in spite of warning,
Dead in trespasses and sin?
Hath to thee the purple morning
No true Easter ushered in?

O, then, let not death o'ertake thee,
By the shades of night o'erspread.
See! thy Lord is come to wake thee,
He is risen from the dead.
While the time as yet allows thee,
Hear, the gracious Saviour cries:
" Sleeper, from thy sloth arouse thee,
To new life at once arise."

See, with looks of tender pity,
He extends His wounded hands,
Bidding thee, with fond entreaty,
Shake off sin's enthralling bands:
" Wait not for some futuro meetness,
Dread no punishment from Me;
Rouse thyself and taste the sweetness
Of the new life offered thee."

Let no precious time be wasted,
To new life arise at length;
He who death for thee hath tasted,
For new life will give thee strength.
Try to rise, at once bestir thee,
Still press on and persevere;
Let no weariness deter thee,
He who woke thee still is near.

See! thy Lord himself is risen,
That thou mightest also rise
To emerge from sin's dark prison
To new life and open skies.
Come to Him who can unbind thee,
And reverse thy awful doom;
Come to Him, and leave behind thee
Thy old life—an empty tomb!
—Spills, trans. by R. Massie.

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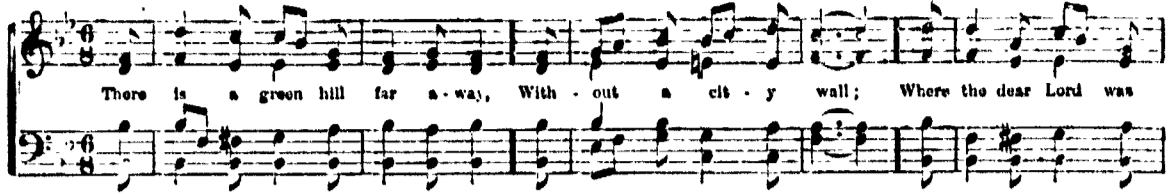
TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1883.

The Dominion Hymnal.

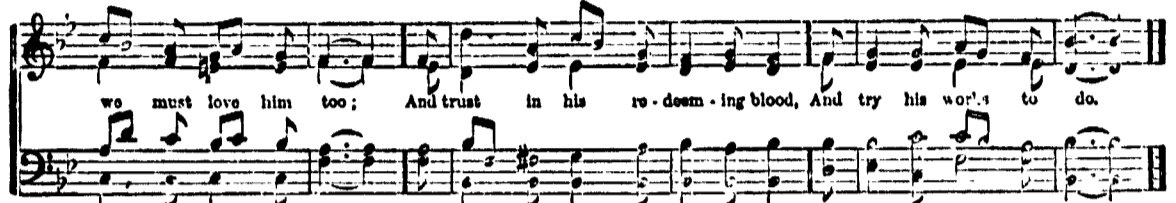
THE new Sunday-school Hymnal is now ready. It contains 302 hymns. We consider it the best book, for its designed purpose, with which we are acquainted. The Rev. Dr. Sanderson has bestowed a great deal of labour on the book, and to him is due its admirable arrangement and the exceedingly appropriate mottoes or texts for each hymn.

There is a Green Hill.

RICHARD STOKES WILLIAMS.



REFRAIN.



1 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough,
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

This is a book for which our Schools have long been waiting—and it is worth waiting for. It is one of the very best Sunday-school Hymnals extant. What strikes one in opening it is the exceedingly clear and legible type of both music and words. Every page has been electrotyped in copper, and is as sharp and clear as copperplate engraving. Of the music we are personally incapable of judging, but from the distinguished reputation of the musical Editor, the Rev. Dr. Williams, who has prepared some of the most successful music books ever published in the Dominion, we are confident that it will meet the just expectations of all lovers of good music. Now that our Schools have an authorized Hymnal of unsurpassed excellence, we hope that the great variety of unauthorized and inferior ones will speedily be superseded by the Dominion Hymnal. We give on this page a specimen of the music.

Missionary Retrenchment.

BY DR. SUTHERLAND.

WHERE, then, shall retrenchment begin? Let it begin where it should have begun long ago; in the business ambition which, not content with a moderate competency, seeks to add house to house, or build up a colossal fortune, and hence has little or nothing to spare for the cause of God. Let it begin with the misdirected love which lays a snare for your children's feet, by bequeathing them riches which they know not how to use aright. Let it begin at the vices which still cling to some who bear the Christian name; at the decanter and cigar-box where more is spent every year than would support a Missionary in every parish of the Province of Quebec. Let it begin with the needless expenditure for dress and jewelry; with the costly entertainments where you show your love for your friends by giving them dyspepsia and nightmare. Let it begin in the spirit of a young man converted in one of our cities not many years ago, who gave \$100 to the Mission cause, and who, when some one spoke of it as a large amount, replied, "Why, I was reckoning up the other day, and I

found it used to cost myself and wife fully that amount for balls and parties and theatres; and I would be ashamed to spend less in supporting God's cause than I used to spend in needless, not to say sinful indulgences."

In a word, let retrenchment begin with the cutting off of every needless or hurtful luxury; then give the Mission Board control of the money thus saved, and in five years we will send a Missionary and a Teacher to every band of Indians from Ontario to the Pacific; we will plant a church in every settlement formed by the hardy immigrant; we will sustain a Missionary (God sending the men) in every parish of Quebec, and we will send such reinforcements across the Pacific as will, by God's blessing, take Japan for Christ before the end of the century. —Outlook.

Zig-zag Journeys in the Occident; the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Ezekiah Butterworth. Quarto, pp. 320. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, boards, \$1.75; cloth, \$2.25.

It was a happy idea of Mr. Butterworth, who is almost the pioneer in this kind of literature, to set out with a party of young friends in his "Zig-zag Journeys" in Europe, the East, and classic lands. The sterling value of the series is shown by the fact that nearly 100,000 volumes of them have been sold, and they have been largely used in schools for collateral reading. The resources of the great publishing house by which they are issued are employed in the sumptuous illustration of the volumes. A glimpse of Canada is given in the young folks' visit to Montreal. The wonderland of the Yosemite and boiling springs is well described with pen and pencil.

A Home in the Holy Land; a Tale Illustrating Customs and Incidents in Modern Jerusalem. By Mrs. Finn. pp. 491. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The writer of this charming book enjoyed the advantage of several years'

residence in Jerusalem, and its chapters were all written in the early morning hours in that city. It gives in the form of an interesting story a vivid account of Modern Jewish life in Palestine—which after all is very much like ancient Jewish life as well. Few even of modern travellers have had the insight into the home life of the people which this book reveals. The tourist sees only its outside and the street life. The author takes us into their houses, and makes us for the time one of the family. This will be an admirable book for Sunday-school libraries.

A Family Flight over Egypt and Syria. By the Rev. E. E. Hale, and Miss Susan Hale. Fully illustrated, 2nd Edition. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., Toronto: William Briggs. pp. 388. Price, \$2.50.

We are glad to hear that the holiday gift-books for young people are taking a much more instructive, and not less interesting form than the fairy tales and Munchausen stories of our own boyhood. In the volume under notice, for instance, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, one of the best writers of New England, and his accomplished daughter, describe the adventures of a party of tourists in a "Family Flight" over those old historic Bible-Lands, Egypt and Syria. The story is charmingly told, a great amount of useful information is given, and the profuse and handsome illustrations—there are over 250 of them—teach through the eye and cultivate the artistic taste. The cover is fairly ablaze with vermilion and gold.

The prince of young folks, monthlies, "Wide Awake," by the same publishers, is clubbed with the *Methodist Magazine* for \$1.50, full price, \$2.50.

LIFE is too short to be worrying as to who likes you and who does not. Press on through the shadows that hang over these low grounds to the bright mountain-tops over yonder, where you will not have an enemy.



THE RESURRECTION.

Resurrection.

EARTH, held so long in Winter's chill embraces,
Lured by the Sun, comes slowly forth again,
And soon will vanish all the icy traces
Of the old monarch's grim, despotic reign.

The soft spring airs and gentle summer showers
And running brooks once more will glad
our eyes,
And dear, familiar faces of the flowers
Will look up smiling to the smiling skies.

The exiled bird, from some far-off dominion,
Where, in sweet patience, it has waited
long,
Will hasten home, on swift returning pinion,
To build its nest and sing its matin song.

So Nature, with her myriad happy voices,
Will wake the tuneful echoes far and near,
While in her new-born freedom she rejoices,
And waits the crowning glory of the year.

But oh, the friends, the friends so loved and
cherished,
We call in vain, the grave will not restore,
They have gone from us like the dreams that
perished,
They will return to us, ah, nevermore!

O, Angel of the better Resurrection,
Rebuke all doubt, bring faith and hope in-
stead,
And change our tear-washed garlands of af-
fection
To crowns of joy for our beloved dead.
S. E. S. in Sackville Argoay.

Easter Eggs.

BY LAURA A. BEATTY.

COLOURING Easter eggs is a delight-
ful pastime, and when nicely done and
more or less decoration added the eggs
make pretty little presents, to be
exchanged among friends.

To begin with, the eggs should be
put in cold water and let come to the
boil gradually, for, if dropped into
boiling water the shells will crack.
After they are boiled hard they are
ready to colour. Besides colouring in
various designs by sewing plaid ribbon
or figured calico, that will fade, around
the eggs, and boiling until the colour
comes off, they can be made almost any
shade desired, by using different dyes.
The skins of red onions will make a
yellow and shades of brown. Aniline
purple gives a lovely violet; fuci, shades
of crimson varying with the length of
time the eggs remain in the dye. Five
cents' worth of either will colour dozens
of eggs. They should be dissolved in
water and the eggs boiled in them until
the desired shade is obtained.

Cochineal makes a pretty pink; and
indigo dissolved in water and a tea-

spoonful of oxalic acid added to about
a quart of the dye makes a good blue.
Extract of logwood colours shades of
brown.

By using red and violet ink and
applying it with a brush many fancy
designs can be put on the white or
coloured eggs. If a figure or a name
is drawn on the egg with tallow before
it is coloured, in most cases the dye
will not penetrate the tallow, and the
figure will remain white or very light.
After they are coloured, writing or
figures can be put on the eggs by using
a pen or brush dipped in oxalic acid.

A pretty way to decorate the eggs
after they are coloured is to paste or
gum on them small embossed pictures
and the cunning little pictures which
are used for filling up the odd corners
of scrap-books. Transfer pictures can
be used, and give much the effect of
hand-painted eggs.

Any one who is so fortunate as to
be able to paint can make a great
variety of decorations. A very pretty
little gift is made by filling a shell with
candy and sealing it up again, so that
it looks like an ordinary coloured egg.
To do this, remove the white and yolk
from the egg by making a very small
hole in one side of the shell. Insert a
knitting-needle and break the yolk,
then by shaking it will come out easily.
Stop up the hole with hot sealing-wax
and put the shells into the dye. Do
not let them boil hard enough to melt
the wax and let any of the dye inside
the shell, for some of the colouring
stuffs are poisonous. After the shells
are coloured, remove the wax and make
the opening a little larger than a dime.
Now fill it with any kind of candy that
will go through so small an opening.
After the shell is full (the candy must
not come quite up even with the shell
at the opening, but should be firmly
packed at each end), tuck in a small
piece of tissue paper, so it will be one
thickness over the candy and pour on
enough melted beeswax to fill up even.
Round it nicely as it hardens, and
when it is cold glue over it a picture,
or else a star cut from gold, silver, or
coloured paper. The egg will not show
that it has been opened, and the recipi-
ent must be given a hint that he is to
open it at a certain time, or let him
wait until accident reveals the sweets
in store for him.

SAID a man who was always giving:
"I feel that I am but God's steward.
I am afraid to die rich."

Sunday-Schools in India.

CLOSELY connected with the
work of evangelization is the
work of the Sunday-school. Our
Sunday-schools have 14,000
scholars; a triumph of numbers
gained in no other mission. At
the last conference it was con-
ceded that these results had been
obtained largely through the
attractive picture papers and
cards and larger pictures which
had been given as rewards. In
India there are 53,000,000 child-
ren. Within the bounds of our
old North India mission there
are over 4,000,000 children, of
whom only 14,000 are yet under
a Christian influence. What a
field for the press in this line of
youthful publications! Not only
to draw the dear ones from the
error of their mistaken parents;
not only to give these millions
a chance of living spiritually,
but to send through them light

and cheer into the darkness and sad-
ness of their homes, would we see our
facilities for printing these picture
papers immensely increased. Here is
a little incident that illustrates the
point: On one occasion of my going
into the Sunday-school, I placed a num-
ber of our Sunday-school papers on
the table. There was a general grab
for them. Seeing this, I asked several
boys to go home and bring their old
ones, wishing to find out what care
was taken of them. The boys brought
their papers, which clearly showed that
for a number of years—one for five
years—the papers had been carefully
kept. I further asked who could ex-
plain what was in them, when a num-
ber of hands went up in a moment.
The examination commenced, and to
my astonishment, as I mentioned the
heading of an article in a paper pub-
lished three years before, the boy who
was asked gave a synopsis of the article.
Asking how these incidents and anec-
dotes were so well

remembered, I was
told that after read-
ing these papers for
their own pleasure,
the boys were called
upon to read them to
their mothers and
sisters, and any
friends who might
come in from a dis-
tance to see the fam-
ily. What a bright
ray of sunshine this
was to me! An at-
tractive Sunday-
school picture-paper
in that dark home;
the mother, and sis-
ters, and friends from
 afar listening to a
telling anecdote, il-
lustrating the love,
mercy, and forgive-
ness of God through
Jesus Christ. No
other messenger ad-
mitted in that home!
The old Hindoo
father set and deeply
prejudiced, could not
allow his wife or
daughter visited.
They must be kept
in the inner apart-
ment—a dungeon
like place—dreary,
sad, and desolate.
But the boy may go

out; anyhow, the little fellow runs off
for an hour, and now comes back with
his Sunday-school paper, to diffuse the
light without in the darkness within.
Then comes the colored picture. What
an influence these have in India! Mil-
lions of pictures of the gods are painted
by the hand. And in millions of
houses where there is no chair nor
other comfort, there are several pic-
tures of the gods. One work we have
tried to do is to displace these pictures
for the better executed pictures of
Daniel in the lions' den, Christ blessing
little children, and many others, bought
in England. To make these useful,
there is printed on each in the native
language, the scripture in point. About
30,000 of these have been sold or given
away as rewards in Sunday-school.
Seeing one or two on the walls of a
shop or house, I have asked the father of
the boy who brought them home what
they were, and have found that he had
well learned the story from the boy.

Easter, 1883.

L. A. D. B.

We hail thee, bright, auspicious morn,
Day of great joy, this Easter morn!
High, glorious day to all the earth,
Let us rejoice!—"Be glad, O Earth!"
Sing, all ye lands, for Christ arose,
Triumphant o'er his foes, arose!
Behold the tomb robbed of its gloom,
Christ laid there, where is now the gloom?

When we have lain there we shall rise,
Up to our conquering Saviour, rise!
His resurrection's power we know—
Yes! here below, heaven's raptures know!
And we have all this joy through faith—
In what "He saith," thrice precious Faith?
For only here by faith we stand,
On this firm Rock, securely stand!

Partakers of a glorious hope,
"Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring Hope!"
That we shall see that heavenly land,
In Canaan dwell, the Promised Land!
We taste such pure, heart-quickening love,
The love of Christ, what matchless Love!
Our feast 'twill be through eternity,
Long, rapturous, blest Eternity!



ECCLES. HOPE.

Good Friday.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."
—*Lam. 1: 12*

I DREAMT that all the world made holiday;
The Spring had come, and every hill was
fair;
Upon the grass the folk had met to play;
I, too, methought was there.

But as the day wore onward, fierce and loud
Their mirth became; and I, in heart oppress'd,
Halted upon the outskirts of a crowd,
And turned aside to rest.

I looked around me: know ye what was
there?
A rounded hill, a rugged cross of wood;
A Man was nailed thereon; his wounds were
bare,
And slowly trickled blood.

As I crept near, I heard Him speak and sigh
(His patient eyes were sad with love divine):
"Behold and see, all ye that pass me by,
What sorrow is like mine!"

"What have I done, my people, unto thee?
And wherein have I wearied thee? O stay!
Turn for a moment's space and look at me,
Before the close of day."

Whene'er He spake, the soldiers mocked
afresh:
Here had He hung thro' all the heat of
noon.
Thorns pressed His forehead; rods had torn
His flesh;
All would be over soon.

"This is for you, my people: look; for I,
Because I love you, did my heaven resign;
Behold and see, all ye that pass me by,
What sorrow is like mine!"

Then I, with tears, and head bowed low, and
hand
Stretched out with reverent haste, bewailed
their loss,
And cried: "They see Thee not, or they
would stand
With me beside Thy cross.

"Forgive us, that we saw not." Then said
He:
"Child, they have passed me oft, upon
this hill.
Are their eyes holden? will they never see?
Yet do I love them still."

The earth grew dark, as though the sun had
set:
I saw no more the nails, the thorn-crowned
head.
And then I woke—and found my pillow wet
With tears that I had shed.

I woke, but found my dream was truth in part:
The Spring was here; the folks kept holiday;
I passed through crowded streets and busy
mart,
Where every face was gay.

Till, in the throng, one raised his voice, and
said:
"Bethink ye, careless people, what ye do:
This is the day whereon Christ's blood was
shed:
To-day Christ died for you."

As in my dream, then some passed scornfully,
But others said, "Yea, we will turn aside
Upon this day, dear Lord, to look on Thee,
How Thou wast crucified!"

"Bend from the cross Thy patient face of woe:
Teach us the triumph of Thy Calvary!
Beneath this hill the crowd may come and go,
But we will stay with Thee."
—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

The Salvation Army.

It is still attracting much attention in England. It is but a short time since a large number of the best and influential journals in London discussed the methods of this religious organization, and without exception, we believe, denounced the attacks of the "roughs" upon the processions. These attacks had become frequent all over the country. The hoodlums of the towns did not hesitate to worry the rank and file, applying all sorts of epithets to them; but frequently attacked them

with stones and kicks, the soldiers of the Salvation Army, who were often women, making no resistance, except by an appeal to the protection of the law by the prosecution of the assailants. The work of the Salvation Army is a good work, so far as it goes. That is the testimony of every one competent and candid enough to give a valuable opinion. It deals with the lowest class wife beaters, drunkards, street-thieves, and the pariahs of society generally, and redeems very large numbers from their crimes and vices, and makes them respectable, good citizens through the power of the religion which its soldiers preach.

The methods of the Salvation Army are wholly unique and startling; and the opposition to it arises almost wholly on this ground. The aim of the leaders of the Army seems to be to make its work striking, and in this effort it succeeds. Processions of men and women march through the principal streets headed by a big drum, a fife, a bugle, and sometimes a fiddle, making much noise and little music, but compelling all eyes to observe the strange sight. The demonstration terminates by entering the hall into which, usually, a considerable number of idle curiosity hunters also enter. The religious exercises consist largely of the relation of the experiences of the soldiers, told in few but forcible words, and there are few meetings where some souls are not converted and express a desire to join the Army. The organization is military throughout. It has in Great Britain 240 stations under nearly 500 officers, who hold nearly five thousand services each week. General Booth, the commander-in-chief, is making an effort to purchase the London orphan asylum, at a cost of about \$100,000, to be used as a training-house for cadets, or those who shall be taught to carry on the work. This asylum contains a great central hall, capable of accommodating nearly five thousand persons.

A short time spent in reading *The War Cry*, the organ of the Salvation Army, will give a good idea of the methods of work employed. This paper is published in London, claims to have a circulation of 300,000, and is full of reports from captains, sergeants, majors, colonels, of the battles, skirmishes, reconnaissances and victories of the various detachments of the Army. At Peckham, the procession had a fight with "mud larks," on the Sunday before Christmas, and Capt. Luke Robinson reports: "After I had been three or four minutes in the ranks, one side of my face was covered with mud, but I was still able to say 'hallelujah;' it was the first time that I had had my eye full of mud, for the sake of Christ. I expect to see some of these people fighting under the Army flag. We got the side-drum smashed in both sides, and one or two of the soldiers with eyes and faces out and blood flowing. The soldiers stood to it nobly, singing, 'We're Marching on to War.' In the old Kent road I got knocked down by seven or eight men, and kicked about in a most cowardly and brutal manner. Thank God, he was able to bring me out all safe, with only a few knocks and plenty of mud. The reason we conquered was, we had God, and they only had the devil and drink." These people never return blows for blows, having adopted the New Testament teaching of non-resistance.

How She Contrived It.

In a certain Sunday school, no matter where, there was a class which had been the despair of successive teachers. One after another was frozen out by the elegance, or was it by the stiffness of the half-dozen beautiful girls who composed the exclusive circle. Bound together by congenial social relations, the young ladies remained, apparently indifferent as to whether they had a teacher or not, and equally polite and uninterested with the new teachers who came from time to time, as they had been with the old.

The Superintendent grieved over their lack of class feeling. They were in the school, and not of it. It was suggested to him to press them into service as teachers. They one and all declined the office. During the opening and closing exercises, they behaved with propriety, as grown up girls should, and when they had no one to teach them, they spent the time appointed for study in talking to each other, with evident enjoyment, but as evidently about anything else rather than the lessons.

One day, a little, dark-eyed woman entered the school and offered her services as a teacher. She stated that she had recently come to live in the neighbourhood, and wanted to work for Christ.

"We have a young ladies' class," said the superintendent, with some hesitation—thinking, good man, of the rich and rustling silks worn by the class in question, and of the plain attire of the woman before him. "It is an unpopular class," he continued; "nobody succeeds in it; but you might try for to-day."

Looking in her direction a little later, he could hardly believe his eyes. The ice had melted. The class had forgotten itself over the Bible, and was a unit in its eager attention to the lady, who was speaking to them in a low, soft voice, and as if what she had to say was worth their hearing. And, yes indeed, he could see that they were asking questions as well as replying to them.

Sunday after Sunday, the stranger who soon grew to be a friend, was in her place; but ere long the six had grown to twelve, and then to twenty; and in three months the number had increased to thirty-five. A little unused room, not much more than a recess, was set apart for the class, which could no longer establish itself in its old quarters.

The original six were as well dressed as ever, but very much less exclusive. For, among the additions to their ranks was a pretty German Bertha, who was a nurse in a neighbouring family; a Swedish Katrine, who was a seamstress; and Irish Nora, who lived as a maid of all works in the home of one of the deacons; and at least a dozen young women who earned their living in shops and factories.

There was besides, a teacher in one of the public schools, a young art student who had come from the country to pursue her favourite branch, and a pale girl who was writing for the papers.

A more miscellaneous set could not have been imagined. Yet they did not seem ill-assorted. There was no patronage in the manner of Floribel N., the judge's daughter, not the least servility in the air of Dulcie W., who was folding sheets for books daily from eight until five.

"Tell us your secret," said some of the teachers one day to Miss ———. It was at a little afternoon meeting of the lady teachers, informally assembled to talk over methods. "How do you contrive to hold those girls?"

"I have no secret," was the reply. "I pray for my girls daily. I name each individual at some time, every week, to my Master, and I also study the lesson with my whole heart and soul. I try to make it a living lesson, not a story of the past, but a vivid stirring story for to-day. I try to find out what is back of each girl—what home influence she has, what are her surroundings, and to what key her life is set. Then I seek to discover whether she is happy or discontented, whether she feels herself of use, and what work she can do, and my constant refuge in every doubt and perplexity is my Saviour. I know these young lives are very precious to Him, and I cannot be satisfied to let them slip in worldliness, when they ought to be consecrated to Him."

"But how do you conquer the caste feeling so completely?"

A light came into her dark eyes, kindling the expressive face into rare beauty.

"I think nothing about it. Caste must go down when the cross is the central thought. Why, Elsie D. brought Katrine in, having asked permission of her friend, who was Katrine's employer; and Nora came because Katrine, who lived next door, asked her to; and Miss Jenny F., a gifted young creature who is very much alone in the vast city, was invited by Carrie P., who also studied with Professor ———. Once we had set the ball rolling, there was no trouble. The only secret," said the little woman, smiling, "is that I bear my scholars on my heart night and day, and I set them at work, and that I get them to be wide awake with interest in the Bible, which is the most interesting book in the world. And then I trust in one who never breaks His word. He is with us always."—*S. S. Times.*

The Scott Act.

REFERRING to the above subject the *Georgetown Herald* says:—"Since the enforcement of the Scott Act our Magistrate's Court has had scarcely anything to do, and the falling off in fines is so great that our council calculated for the shrinkage in making an estimate of the available revenues at their disposal. Our town has certainly improved morally. Business has not suffered. Drunkenness has been decreased to a minimum, and the benefit to our homes and churches cannot be properly estimated."

Similar statements to the above are made in every part of the county. The temperance people of Halton are more determined than ever to enforce the Scott Act, and the success which has attended their efforts during the past few weeks, is certainly satisfactory.—*Acton Free Press.*

The gales of free thought toss its branches, and now and then a dead limb falls, but the heart of the Methodist-tree is sound, and it is striking its roots deeper and still deeper into the confidence and affection of mankind.

It is what the child does, and not what is done for him, that makes him what he becomes.

Easter Day.

Now the Lenten fast is ended, Holy Week has passed away,
And we throng the holy temple, welcoming glad Easter Day;
On the tomb and on the altar Easter lilies are entwined,
And the organ's solemn music quieteth each troubled mind.

Soon we hear God's chosen servant telling us this Easter morn
How the Lord of life and glory, who in Bethlehem was born—
He who knew our human weakness, and who died for our souls to save—
Now hath won His glorious triumph—Christ is risen from the grave!

Christ the Passover is offered, therefore let the feast be kept;
From the grave our Lord hath risen, great first fruits of them that slept.
Christ is risen, and forever from death's sting has set us free;
Once to sin He died, hereafter He shall live eternally.

Oh, that, like these Easter lilies, pure and white our souls might be,
And our hearts become henceforward one eternal melody!
That the teachings of this season in our hearts and lives might stay,
And the world might be the better for the church's Easter Day.

By Thy special grace preventing make us long to do Thy will,
Thy continual help still aid us all our duties to fulfill,
Till our work is calmly ended, and life's Lenten fast is o'er,
And we keep the Heavenly Easter with Thee, Lord, forevermore.

A Touching Offering.

A WESTERN pastor sends the following to *The Congregationalist*:—Last fall the spirit of God was poured out in mighty power upon our congregation. Night after night the people thronged the house of God, and numbers turned to the Saviour. Our hearts were so amazed and gladdened, and humbled, at the manifestations of God's great goodness, that we could hardly believe the testimony of our senses.

The first one that became a Christian was a middle-aged man in whom we had felt a deep interest. Possessed naturally of a noble nature, by evil associations in the mines of California, he had become rough, profane, passionate and thoroughly sceptical. His wife, a godly woman, for five long years had been praying and hoping, for her husband's conversion. Never can we forget the thrill that passed through the audience that evening, when, rising to his feet, with great deliberation and firmness, he said, "Come weal or woe, come life or death, it is my determination to serve the Lord."

A few days afterwards, when coming out of church, his wife put into our hands a little package, quietly saying it was a thank-offering to God for the conversion of her husband, the avails to be applied to the cause of missions. It was hard to keep back the tears as we examined the contents of that package. There was a heavy gold bracelet, a wedding gift from her uncle, bearing the date of her marriage. There was a delicately wrought gold chain, a bridal gift from her father; a heavy belt-buckle of pure gold, the material of which had been dug by her husband. There, too, was a pair of clasps from the eldest daughter, the gold of which had been dug by her father, and which often had looped up her sleeves when a babe. There were two rings, one each from her two younger daughters, who

were delighted to testify their gratitude that their dear father had become a Christian; and more precious than all was the lady's wedding-ring, bearing her initials, and the date of her marriage.

The articles seemed so sacred to us that we protested against her parting with them, and urged her taking them back. But she said no; she wished Jesus to have her best. Almost against her will the wedding-ring was redeemed, and returned to her, but the rest was sent to the United States Mint, and the avails consecrated to the "Home" in Japan.

But this is not all. Her husband, out of gratitude for his own conversion, has set apart nearly a thousand dollars to send an evangelist to labour a year among the miners of California; and now, every week, the hearts of this husband and wife are cheered by tidings of his labours there. Such devotion God will bless. Conversions are constantly occurring among those brought under their influence; and both California and Japan will be blessed by their prayers. Are there not others who wish "Jesus to have their best?"

How Can Children in the Sabbath School be Best Taught the Missionary Spirit?

BY REV. P. F. LEAVEN.

WHY try at all to cultivate the missionary spirit in children? One will say, because their accumulated mites make an appreciable addition to the resources of the mission board. Another will say, because some one of them may have a vocation to be a missionary, and we must stimulate all in order to bring out the individual. We prefer to say, Because the cause of missions will want in the next generation a body of intelligent supporters, embracing every church-member in Christendom. Workmen and money will follow when the mass of the church is intelligently consecrated.

This being our view, the study of the world becomes the broad groundwork of our methods. We have pondered the significance of the fact that Carey's interest was excited by reading "Cook's Voyages." When he saw the world as it was, the desire to give it the gospel sprang up spontaneously.

We are willing to advance, then, with the children from the geography lesson of the day-school. We sit down with them, and say that we want to know all about the lands of the globe: China, Japan, India, Turkey, Africa, and the islands; how to get to them; their climate, scenery, natural features, productions, and animals; the peoples, their languages, usages, industries, civilizations, religious practices, and what not.

We take one country at a time, say Japan, and study it for a year. Of course we consult maps, encyclopedias, and books of travel. One day a gentleman in the silk business, brings into our meeting cocoons and a hank of raw silk to illustrate a talk upon an important industry of the Japanese. Another may hold up a bit of lacquer-ware, and tell of Japanese skill in its production. The story of Commodore Perry's expedition will of course be related. Whatever will engage an active mind in the land or the people is legitimate.

Then we have something on missions. A tried friend of the cause tells what is in the heart of a missionary,

why he goes to a far-off land, and illustrates, perhaps, by the story of some one whom he has known, or in whose biography he has been absorbed. Incidents in mission life, work, trial, and success are interspersed freely.

As to specific methods:

1. We had a "Children's Missionary Society," but we have improved by making it the "Sabbath School Missionary Society." Its articles of organization are few and simple. Its officers are distinct from those of the Sabbath school, and its machinery is "light-running."

2. We took a fancy to the German conceit of a "Mission-stunde," and so we called our monthly meeting "The Mission Hour." This service is prompt, informal, often conversational, full of variety and vivacity, and not wanting in the devotional element. Here too we present our offerings.

3. In the "Mission Hour," children and youth read brief articles and extracts previously furnished them. Adults make short talks on topics such as we have referred to. Formality is so completely abandoned that it is not "speaking in meeting" for a lady to sit before the children and talk about some thing that she has read, or seen, or heard, or thought; and it must be owned that some of these conversations by the mothers and sisters go closest to the hearts of the children.

4. The minister has a part. It is his function to keep a rich store of missionary literature, so that he can supply innumerable topics, reading, and lines of inquiry. It is not enough that he should take the missionary magazine of his denomination. The people read that periodical. He should read half a dozen or more, representing the work of other denominations, especially the organs of some of the English and Scotch societies. The minister should have some knowledge of the whole field of missions, and he should be so full of the subject that he can talk well at any time.

5. We think much of our anniversary on a Sabbath evening in June. We make sure of a representation from some foreign land. One year it was a young student from Mexico. Hardly more than a child himself, the sight of him was as a speech. Again we heard a missionary from Siam. After a year's study upon Japan we were able to introduce to the children the Rev. Kumaga Kimura, a well educated Japanese clergyman.

6. It is truthful to say that we encounter discouragements. Our practice is to toss them aside and push on. We accomplish less than we desire, and yet we gain year by year, and get blessing to our hearts in our efforts.—*Progress.*

THE man who adopts the modern nonsense that the Bible is inspired "in spots," feels like a boy skating on a pond with patches of thin ice here and there. He is afraid to move. The true believer feels that under his feet is the solid rock.

THE expression, "grieving the Holy Spirit," is one which, prayerfully pondered, will touch the inner deep of any soul in which there is the least spark of heavenly light. The heart of our Father in heaven throbs in the words.

"One soweth, and another reapeth," is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.—*George Eliot.*

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

14.—Hu-po-mi.

15.—Choke-damp.

16.—

R I N G
I D O L
N O N E
G L E N

17.—Madam, adam, dam, am, im.

18.—Daniel Webster.

NEW PUZZLES.

19.—CHARADE.

A musical note; the ocean. Authority.

20.—HIDDEN RIVERS.

Oh! I opened the wrong one.
Miss, our indelible pencils are gone.
This came from Ware, Dan.
Andrew abashed Kate much.

21.—DIAMOND.

A letter; to catch; relating to ships; a division of the German Empire; naked; a cover; a letter.

22.—WORD SQUARE.

A male child; a number; a permission.

Boys' and Girls' Temperance Lesson.

LESSON VI.

Alcohol and the Human Brain.

QUESTION. What is the brain?

ANSWER. The brain is a soft, gray and white mass enclosed in the skull.

Q. Of what is this white mass made?

A. It is made of the same material as the nerves.

Q. What relation does the brain bear to the nerves which are found throughout the body?

A. The brain is the centre of the whole nervous system of organized life.

Q. Do these nerves of the body connect with the brain?

A. They do. They run from every part of the body to the brain.

Q. Is the brain supplied with blood like the other parts of the body?

A. It is; and some of the veins through which the blood passes are as fine as the threads of a spider's web.

Q. How is the brain easily reached?

A. The brain is easily reached through the nerves, and through the stomach by means of the blood.

Q. When alcohol is taken into the stomach what immediately follows?

A. The nerves which are in the lining of the stomach, telegraph instantly its presence to the brain.

Q. Is this all?

A. It is not. The stomach rids itself of it as soon as possible, by sending it out of itself and mainly into the blood.

Q. What then becomes of it?

A. The disturbed heart, sympathizing in the nervous agitation, with its rapid strokes, forces it all over the body.

Q. What effect has the alcohol as it passes through the body?

A. It irritates the inner surface of all the blood-vessels.

Q. What portion of the blood-vessels does it irritate most?

A. It irritates most those portions that are most tender and sensitive.

Q. What is the effect of this irritation?

A. Always unnatural action, and frequently disease, that embitter life and often destroy it.

Ancient Hymn.

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 very surety,
But—of thorns.

If I find him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.

If I still hold closely to Him,
What shall be 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.

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims,
Answer "Yes."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

REVIEW. (Mar. 25.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

And art built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.—Eph. 2. 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ has a visible church on the earth.

SUBJECT FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Give one lesson to each of the scholars.

QUESTIONS.

SUBJECT: THE BIRTH OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

1. PREPARATIONS (Les. 1).—Who wrote the Book of the Acts? When and where was Jesus crucified? When did he arise again? What proofs are there that he arose from the dead? How long did he remain on the earth before his ascension? When did he ascend? What did they do after this? What two promises did Jesus make them?

2. THE BEGINNING OF THE CHURCH (Les. 2).—How long after the ascension was the day of Pentecost? Where were the disciples at this time? What happened? What were the effects? Who is the Holy Spirit? How did such effects follow his coming? How many were converted? Of what prophecy was this a fulfilment? Why may this be called the beginning of the Christian Church?

3. THE CHARACTER OF THE CHRISTIANS (Les. 3, 7).—What is it to be a Christian? What two things must we do to become Christians? How do repentance and faith make us better? What was the character of the early Christians? What is said of their benevolence? of their feelings toward God? of their daily lives? of their joy? of their worship? of their courage? of their abiding under the influence of the Holy Spirit?

4. THE WORKS OF THE CHRISTIANS (Les. 3, 4, 5, 7, 11).—What did they preach? What did they do with their property? What miracles did they do? What about their attendance at religious meetings? What did they suffer for Christ's sake? Give instances of faithfulness in speaking the truth to their enemies? Which one prayed for his enemies?

5. DANGERS FROM WITHIN (Les. 8, 10).—What two hypocrites crept into the Church? What did they do? What was their motive? How were they punished? What was the effect of this punishment? What division and partiality arose? Who complained? How was this danger overcome? Was it overcome in a Christian spirit? What good resulted?

6. DANGERS FROM WITHOUT (Les. 6, 7, 9, 10, 11).—Who were the first ones imprisoned

for the sake of the Gospel? Did it prevent them from preaching any more? Were they frightened? What did they say to their persecutors? For what did they pray? How were they released at one time? Who was the first martyr? How was he killed? By whom? How did God show his approval of him? What persecution arose after this? Did it prevent the spread of the Gospel?

7. RESULTS.—Over how many years of the Church do this quarter's lessons extend? How many disciples were there at the beginning? What is said of their numbers now? What was the effect of their trials? To what city had the Church hitherto been chiefly confined?

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A. D. 37.] **LESSON I.** [April. 1.]

SIMON THE SORCERER.

Acts 8. 14-25. Commit to memory verses 20-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy heart is not right in the sight of God.—Acts 8. 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Only the faith that changes the heart makes true Christians.

TIME.—Early summer of A. D. 37. Not long after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Samaria. The exact city unknown, perhaps Sychar or Samaria.

RULERS.—Caligula, emperor of Rome. Vitellius, governor of Syria. No governor over Judea, Pilate having been removed. Jonathan was high-priest.

SIMON MAGUS, i.e., the Magician or Sorcerer.—Probably born in Citium in the island of Cyprus. He pretended to be a great prophet and to do wonders. He probably had a knowledge of natural science, and used it as fortune-tellers, and sleight-of-hand performers, and spiritual mediums do now.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—This Simon was producing a great sensation in Samaria, when the persecution which arose after the martyrdom of Stephen drove the Christians into the countries surrounding Judea, and Philip the deacon went into Samaria and preached. Great numbers were converted, and among them was Simon Magus, who was baptized as a convert.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—14. *They sent Peter and John*—To endorse the movement, to help it on, and to see that the Samaritans were true converts. The Jews hated the Samaritans, so that there was great prejudice to be overcome. 15. *Receive the Holy Ghost*—i.e., not the ordinary influences, but such as appeared at Pentecost, some visible power of tongues, or healing, or experience to fit them for their work in spreading the gospel. 20. *Thy money perish with thee*—Not a curse or wish of evil, but a statement of fact, that Simon was lost if he kept such a heart as he had. *The gift of God, etc.*—This was a total misunderstanding of the nature of God's gift. 22. *Repent*—There is hope for the worst of sinners if they repent. *If perhaps*—But there is danger that they will not repent. 23. *In the gall of bitterness*—The bitterest of the bitter. The gall was the seat of venom in poisonous serpents. Such is the bitterness of sin. *In the bond of iniquity*—i.e., chained and fettered by sin. 24. *Then answered Simon*—Simon was sorry for his danger, not for his sin.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Philip.—Simon.—Sorcery.—The Gospel among the Samaritans.—Why the gift of God cannot be purchased.—The gall of bitterness.—Simon's request.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the chief event of our last regular lesson? What followed? (8. 1). How did this lead to the spread of the gospel? (8. 4). To what places was the gospel carried? (8. 1; 9. 2).

SUBJECT: TRUE AND FALSE CONVERSION CONTRASTED.

1. **FIRST CONTRAST,—OF MEN.**—Who carried the gospel to Samaria? (8. 5). To what city? Was this Philip the Apostle? Who was it? What do you know about him? Who had been to this city of Samaria before him? (8. 9). What can you tell about this Simon? What is a Sorcerer? What effect had he had upon the Samaritans? What was the result of Philip's preaching? Was Simon

among the converts? What did Simon believe? (8. 13). Was he a true Christian? What was the matter with his faith? (James 2. 19, 20).

2. **SECOND CONTRAST,—OF WORKS** (vs. 14-17). What kind of works had Simon done in this city of Samaria? Did they do any good, or help any one, or make any one better? What kind of works did Jesus do through Philip? (8. 7). Are these works worthy of true religion? Is this contrast of works a good example of the different effects of false and true religions? Who were sent from Jerusalem to Samaria? Why? What great prejudices did they have to overcome? (John 4. 9) How had John once felt toward these Samaritans? (Luke 9. 52-55). What did Peter and John impart to them? Had they not received the ordinary influence of the Spirit? (John 3. 3, 5) What more did they now obtain? (Acts 2. 1-4, 17, 21). What word in verse 18 shows that there was some visible manifestation? What two things did the apostles do in imparting this gift? Was the gift theirs? How will it be manifested in us? Can we have the gift of the Holy Ghost?

3. **THIRD CONTRAST,—OF HEARTS** (vs. 18-25). What did Simon ask of Peter and John? What was his motive? What was Peter's reply? Was this a curse on Simon, or a statement of fact? Why cannot the gift of God be purchased? How did this question show that Simon's heart was not right? What was it to be "in the gall of bitterness"? "in the bond of iniquity"? How might even Simon be forgiven? Why does Peter say "if perhaps"? What was Simon's reply? Did he truly repent? When is the heart right in the sight of God? What did the apostles do on their way home?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The wonders of false religion are such as to excite astonishment; those of Christ's religion do good.
2. Bad men think all others are as false hearted as they.
3. The false convert still seeks himself in his religion. The true convert seeks God and the good of his fellow men.
4. The best things, as love, faith, salvation, truth, cannot be purchased.
5. The fruits of sin are exceedingly bitter.
6. There is an unpardonable sin, because there is a sin that will not be repented of.
7. False repentance is sorrow for the sufferings of sin. True repentance is sorrow for the sin.

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

1. How far had the gospel now been preached? **ANS.** As far as Samaria.
2. Who appeared among the converts there? **ANS.** Simon the Sorcerer.
3. Who were sent to them from Jerusalem? **ANS.** Peter and John, that they might receive the Holy Ghost.
4. What did Simon ask them? **ANS.** That he might buy the power of imparting this gift.
5. What did this show? **ANS.** That Simon was not truly converted.
6. In what three ways was this shown? **ANS.** (1) He did not understand true religion; (2) He still lived for selfish ends; (3) He was sorry, not for sin, but only for the suffering from sin.

Cuddle Doon, My Bairnie.

Cuddle doon, my bairnie,
Sleep ye soon, my bairnie,
While I croon, my bairnie,
A wee bit sang to thee,
Cozy nap, my bairnie,
In my lap, my bairnie,
Nae mishap, my bairnie,
Ever need'at thou drear.

Sleepin' noo, my bairnie,
Bonnie doo, my bairnie,
Could I lo'e my bairnie
Dearer than I dae,
Lay ye doo, my bairnie,
An' aroun', my bairnie,
Ane aboon, my bairnie,
Safely watch o'er thee.

—*Georgina J. Gordon.*

THE man or woman who teaches a Sunday-school class without being able to bear personal witness that Jesus is the Saviour of sinners must feel, at times at least, a keen sense of incongruity, or do very shallow thinking.

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