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HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1884.

[No. 2.]

The Gate of Palestine.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

ALL steamers and sea-going vessels must anchor outside the ancient harbour of Joppa, the ancient Jaffa, the sole sea-port of Judea, and all passengers and merchandise must be carried in small coasting crafts over the reef of jagged rocks, that most likely formed the pier of Solomon's harbour. We had a delightful morning for landing. Except in the calmest weather the surf breaks with tremendous violence over the long and rugged lines of rocks; but for us the sea was quiet and placid, as a molten mirror, and amid the usual clamour and bustle and gesticulation of yelling, howling, bare-legged Arabs, ourself and baggage were safely stowed away in boats and rowed to shore. Jaffa, or Joppa, is a very ancient city. It is said to have been named after Japhet. Ptolemy declared it to have been standing before the flood and it is popularly believed to have been the city where Noah dwelt and built his ark. It is the port from which Jonah started on his whaling expedition, for "flouring from the presence of the Lord, he went down to Joppa and found a ship going to Tarshish, so he paid the fare thereof, and went down unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord."—Jonah 1. 3. It was the port to which Hiram sent the cedar-wood for Solomon's magnificent temple, and to which the materials for the rebuilding of the temple were brought. It was the principal landing-place of the Crusaders, when they were sent forth to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels; and for a thousand years it has been the spot on which pilgrims from every land first set foot on the sacred soil of Palestine. It looks beautiful from a distance, set as it is upon a hill, with the long bright sweep of the Mediterranean in front and the dark chain of the Judean

mountains behind; but when you enter the city, you find that the streets are dirty and narrow, the houses wretched, and the people abominable. As soon as you set foot upon the sacred soil, everything about you gives the assurance that you are treading upon Eastern ground. The very moment the boat struck the wet sand we were

the filthy beings of both sexes that squatted around us clamorously demanded a gift. "Backsheesh!" "Backsheesh!" That Arabic word is a very familiar sound in the East, and having once heard it, you will not be allowed to let it slip from your memory.

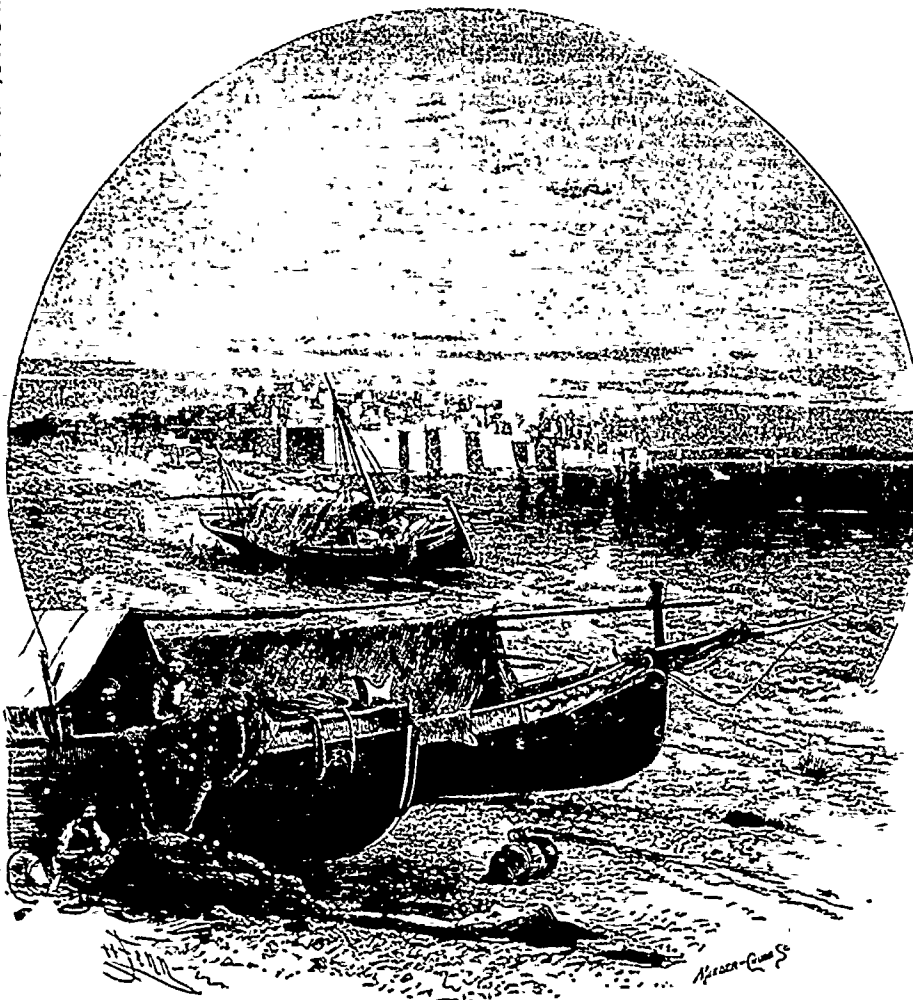
While we were waiting for these slow Turkish officials to do their work,

we were like children in a toy-shop where each object caught sight of is hailed with delight, and the most trivial things afford a fund of entertainment. I noticed, in particular, a big, turbaned fellow, with loose flowing robes, baggy trousers, rich dress, and the *distingue* air of a merchant, who got into a quarrel with one of the officials, and such high words, such gestures and bawling, I never witnessed. He was frantic and diabolical. I expected to see bloodshed. Now and then he would pause from sheer exhaustion, and then renew the war of words and demoniac gesticulations. But his passion at length exhausted itself and he became quiet. And this in the "Holy Land!"

At length we were permitted to enter a carriage, and threading our way through the steep, narrow, and unsavoury alleys of the old town, we reached wider and clearer spaces, and drove rapidly through streets and bazaars to the Jerusalem Hotel, which is beautifully located amid gardens and sweet smelling orange groves. We were in first class condition for breakfast, but that did not prevent our appreciating the rare beauty of the situation. Before us lay the clear dark-blue of the Mediterranean, north and south stretched the long coast-line of white sand—a noble panorama—the eye sweeping from Gaza to—

"Where Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies"

Around us groves of orange, lemon, citron, and fig, vineyards and gardens separated by high, thick cactus hedges; stretching inland the vast fertile and flower-enamelled plain of Sharon, bounded on the east by the mountains of Judah and Ephraim, which set their bluepeaks against the clear and solemn Syrian sky. And, down upon sea and shore, mountain and plain, the sun shimmers its beams, with all the warmth and brilliancy of summer. A lovely picture, but we have not satisfied "the keen demands of appe-



JAFFA, OR JOPPA—THE GATE OF PALESTINE.

caught up, by a half-naked Arab and carried up the black, slimy steps, that led to the custom-house. Here we had to wait amid foul sights and smells, surrounded by wretched, chattering creatures, until all the baggage was passed. As we stood amid mud and squalor,

we had ample opportunity to watch the attitudes, gestures, and occupations of the ever-changing groups about us—a multitudinous mass of men, women, and children—black, brown, and white; beasts of burden, camels, horses, and donkeys. The confused noise is over-

rite," and while waiting we look over the hotel register, and have the satisfaction of seeing the familiar Canadian names of Rev. Donald G. Sutherland and his sister, Mrs. Strong, who pass through the Lord's land a few months before.

The first day in the Holy Land is one of the greatest events and of the grandest memories in a life-time. It is a realization of the dreams and longings of many years. As soon as breakfast was over we sauntered out into the busy life of the town, through the bazaars and along the narrow, irregular, and dirty alleys that are called streets. What tumultuous emotions are awakened as we tread the soil pressed by the feet of God's ancient worthies—the feet of patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, yea, by the feet of God's incarnate Son! Somewhere within the circuit of these walls were the disciples gathered when Tabitha died, and they sent for Peter, who was at Lydda. We visited the traditional house of Simon, the tanner, with whom Peter tarried many days after the raising of Dorcas. The tradition as to the location cannot be far wrong. The house is "by the sea-side," and among tanneries of great antiquity. An old well of never failing water is in the outer court-yard, and an ancient stone trough that may have done service from the time of the apostle's visit.

We climbed the rude broken stairs to the flat roof, and as "the Great Sea" stretched in unbroken expanse before us, we thought how appropriate a spot for the marvellous vision that was here vouchsafed to the apostle. Below is the busy harbour: there, come and go the white-winged ships of Tarshish. It was the point of contact between the Jewish and Gentile world, and from this place the supernatural and symbolic communication is made to Peter, that the Gentile world, with its diversities of race, is as admissible to the privileges of Christianity as the Hebrew people; that what the Jew esteemed unclean and profane, is not to be called common; that every ceremonial barrier and partition wall is broken down; that God is no respecter of persons, and that salvation by Christ is for all nations and all men.

As we gazed along the shore the spot was pointed out where that most infamous tragedy of modern times occurred, the butchery in cold blood of four thousand Turkish and Albanian prisoners of war by Napoleon Bonaparte. There, on these white sand heaps, on the 10th of March, 1799, was heard for many hours the rattle of musketry and the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the dying. Think of the name of this selfish, ambitious, and blood-thirsty man associated with the scenes and the land of the Bible! Yet so it is. Mount Tabor's virgin bosom has been desecrated. From a spot not many miles above us the overturner of thrones and dynasties, pointing to Aere, said to Murat, "The fate of the East depends upon yonder petty town." But under the wall of that petty town he was foiled. Eight times he led his veteran soldiers to the assault; the struggle was desperate, the bravest of his officers fell under the Mameluke sabres; British soldiers, too, were under Sir Sydney Smith. The French were driven back in defeat. The dream of Constantinople and the Indies, of a new and brilliant empire in the East was shattered for-

ever; and of the English General, Napoleon bitterly said, "That man made me miss my destiny!"

Plucking a few wild flowers that bloomed on the flat house-top, and a few leaves from a fig-tree that overshadowed it, we descended and made our way to Miss Arnott's school for girls. The building is a very substantial one, and has a commanding view of the town, with its white walls and domed roofs, the groves and gardens of the plain, and the distant mountain summits flushed with soft and rosy light. As I looked upon the little ones and heard them sing our Christian hymns, I felt that the work being done was a counterpart of that given to Peter to do when in a vision at Jaffa he saw the great sheet let down from the skies.

But the charming visit of the morning was to an orange garden, of which there are upwards of four hundred in and around Jaffa. What a delight to go into a field crowded with orange trees, each one loaded with the yellow, delicious fruit, and to hear the injunction "Fall to!" How that luscious oval fruit, each as large as your two fists, disappeared before us! The trees were in full leaf and blossom while the branches were bending with the weight of the large, luscious fruit. These oranges were three times the size of those we buy at home, and seemed all the more delicious because of the green leaves and beautiful, white, fragrant blossoms that encircled them. The air was loaded with the mingled perfume of orange, lemon, and citron; and to stand in February in an orange orchard and pluck and eat the juicy and richly-flavoured fruit is a privilege one can never forget. The wife of the gardener, a dark-eyed, clever woman, stood near us, and gave me as a special favour a loaded branch, and that cluster of fruit served me on the way to Jerusalem. Each was expected when leaving to give in return, for the pleasure and benefit received, a gratuity, and my female friend who held out her hand for the "backsheesh," made quite a joke. One or two who led the way had given each a piastre, about three cents, and she said in Arabic, "The fruit is very large, but the pieces of money very small." This was a hint to those who came after, who followed with half-francs, much to her delight. She was handsomely rewarded, for oranges here are sold at the rate of eight or ten for a cent.

Returning to our hotel, luncheon is discussed with a relish, for even in the Holy Land poor flesh and blood cannot dispense with creature comforts. Now we mount and start for the Holy City. The horses are selected according to number, and the steed that fell to me was as lony and lank as Don Quixote's famous Rosinante. But he is not to be judged by first appearances, for he turns out to be an excellent walker and an easy trotter. The caravan is in motion. What a spectacle our cavalcade would have presented on St. James Street, Montreal, or King Street, Toronto! Solemn-looking camels, with long, slow, steady stride, neck depressed, head elevated, and carrying piles of heterogeneous articles—tents, bedsteads, mattresses, bedding, linens, carpets, rugs, tables, provisions, dishes, saucepans, baggage; the loaded train stepping to the music of several cowbells; donkeys bearing packs, their rumps bestrided by long-legged Arabs whose toes almost touch the ground; horse-

men and women, each with hat or bonnet wrapped in a *yugaree* of white muslin which covers the head and floats down over the shoulders; each rider wielding a whip and determined "to witch the world with noble horsemanship;" dragoonmen, on spirited Arab chargers, dashing away; mulattoes shouting; and excitable Arab servants shrieking, yelling, scuffling, and scampering along. We force our way along the crowded thoroughfare, jostling busy citizens, foreign pilgrims, camels, mules, donkeys, sheep, and goats; running over women muffled up to the eyes and waddling about "like animated bundles of dirty clothes," as Mrs. Brasseley has it. Passing the gate we find a noisy, chattering rabble in squalour, rags and filth. O the filth of this people! We visited extensive soap factories in Jaffa, but surely every particle made is exported out of Syria. Now, our way is through narrow, shady lanes, bordered by the richest and most beautiful gardens of orange, lemon, citron, quince, apricot, plum, and apple trees. These groves, separated from each other by gigantic cactus hedges, cover an area of many miles and loaded the air with delicious odors, while here and there—

"The stately palm-tree lifts head on high,
And spreads its feathery plume along the sky."

We pass a fountain with several large sycamore trees in front and a few cypress trees behind. The structure is of Saracenic beauty, and some point out this place as the spot where Dorcas was raised to life. Benevolent woman! How her coats and garments are still needed in Jaffa! Charmed with the fertility and beauty we ride along until we are on the Plains of Sharon. Our party is a large one, and each heart is in high glee. All is new, strange, exhilarating, delightful! We are amid the scenery of the Bible and customs of the patriarchs.

[From *Toward Sunrise*, a charming book of Travel in the East by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.25. This book should be in every Sunday-school library.]

"I Come Quickly"

"When ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled; for such things must needs be." Mark xiii. 7.

He is coming—coming quickly,
To this sorrow-stricken earth;
Though the shadow fall so thickly
O'er the land which gave him birth;
Though the vine-clad hills of Judah
Lie in misty darkness dim,
Stretching out no hands of greeting
Eagerly to welcome him.

He is coming—coming quickly,
And his feet once more shall set
On the dusky hill-top shaded—
Purple-crowned Olivet;
For where once despised, rejected,
Where for man, as man he trod,
He shall stand the manifested,
Mighty Saviour, Son of God.

He is coming! Like the lightning
Shining out from east to west,
He will come through clouds of darkness—
Sun of Righteousness confessed;
For these wars and darkness rumours,
Are but thunder-claps before;
Loud Jehovah's voice is speaking,
"Jesus Christ is at the door!"

He is coming! They who listen
Hear the tinkling golden bells;
See the distant white robes glisten
Which the High Priest's advent tells:
Smell the sweet pomegranate's fragrance
Stealing on the laden air:
Know the spotless feet are pressing,
Lingering, willing still to spare.

Then though waves of sea are roaring,
Men's hearts failing them for fear,
Looking for the things which, coming,
Cast foreshadows dark and drear—
We will trust that our redemption,
Promised long, is drawing nigh;
For they say to patient watchers,
"Christ the Lord is coming by."

He is coming! And the trumpet
Mightily afar shall sound,
Calling to the wondrous meeting
All who rest in Christ around.
We may hear him any moment,
Calling all his ransomed home,
He is coming—coming quickly!
Even so, Lord Jesus, come!

—London Christian.

A Golden Motto For Every Earnest Teacher.

THE old Bible truths are the freshest, after all. They have a perennial grandeur, like the Alps, at every view of them; they have a perennial sweetness, like that honey which is set before you every morning on your Swiss mountain rambles. Many of these truths are condensed into portable mottoes that may be carried in every man's memory. I find one of these golden watchwords in the twelfth chapter of Isaiah: "I will trust."

No word is interwoven more closely in the warp and hoof of the Old Testament than this word "trust." It is connected with the word of God no less than eighty-six times. In the New Testament the Greek verb which corresponds to it is "believe," and the Greek noun which corresponds to it is "faith." These vital words occur more than a hundred times. There is no duty commended so often in God's word as the duty of trusting; with none are linked more exceeding great and precious promises.

This motto holds good for every decision we have to make and for every duty we have to perform. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He will bring it to pass." This means what it says: give the Lord the direction of your steps. Paul, when he felt drawn to Rome as a witness for Jesus, did not trouble himself whether he went there as a passenger or as a prisoner in chains.

In a Chinese Christian family, at Amoy, a little boy, the youngest of the three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young; that he might return to heathenism if he made a profession of religion when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply: "Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. I am only a little boy; it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This was too much for the father; he took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother, and three sons—are all members of the mission church at Amoy.

Sydney Smith was once dining in company with a French gentleman who had been before dinner indulging in a number of free-thinking speculations, and had ended by avowing himself a materialist. "Very good soup, this," said Mr. Smith. "Oui, monsieur, c'est excellent," was the reply. "Pray, sir, do you believe in a cook?" inquired Mr. Smith.—Dr. Cuyler.

Oh how hard it is to die, and not to be able to leave the world any better for one little life in it!—Abraham Lincoln.

An Incident in Paris,

Connected with Miss Leigh's Mission Home.

It haunted me for a week and more,
In the Paris streets with their roar and
whirl;

It will haunt me now till my day is o'er,
The home-like face of that English girl.
Had I ever seen her before that night?
Have I never seen her on earth but once?
So many come to me in sorrowful plight;
But she was a lady you saw at a glance.

Times were bad in our *Quartier* quarter,
And we had to open a kitchen there
For those who had nothing to buy with or
barter;

But what brought her to our pauper fare?
She came with the rest, but not like them,
Pushing to get her a foremost place,
But timid as she who touched the hem
Of His robe unseen, for its healing grace.

Surely I knew that face before;
Or was it only our English style,
Seen at rural church, or on ball-room floor,
And everywhere seen like a sunny smile?
I must speak to her and I must find out
How she came to be in our *Quartier*; then
One plucked my gown, and I turned about
To a group of chattering, bearded men.

When I shook them off, and looked again,
For the home-like look of that English
face,

I searched each group, but I searched in
vain;
And the light seemed gone from the sunless
place.

"Had any one seen when she went away?
Could any one tell me what was her
name?"

No; they noted nothing, had nought to say,
Except of the hunger that gnawed in
them.

I said next week she will surely come;
And all through its days she haunted me,
As I wandered about in street and slum,
Mid the sorrowful sights that were there
to see.

But next week came, and they came in
scores,
Pushing and chattering, eager-eyed,
And I stood and watched by the opening
doors;

But she was not there, and my whole heart
died.

I know not why, but I felt at once
Something had happened I should regret,
Something had lost me a God-given chance,
And I never could pay to that soul my
debt.

Oh, sweet pale face, that came over me
Like a letter straight from an English
home,

Or a breath from an English clover leaf,
Where now do thy wistful glances roam?

I stood up before them, described her look,
Her shrinking manner, her scanty clothes;
Did any one know her? Then some one took
Courage to say, it must be "Miss Rose"
Yes; she had seen her going about:

No; she knew nothing about her more,
But thought, perhaps, that she could find
out

Her room from the woman that kept the
door.

That night, for I could not rest nor sleep
Till I knew the truth, I was at the place.
The concierge said, "Mon Dieu! I weep
When I think of that girl with the kindly
face

She comes not down one day last week,
Nor next, nor again, and I wonder why.
Was she out of work? Was she, maybe,
sick?

But we let another two days go by.

"Then, yes, the police, they break open the
door;

Ah! she is dead in her cold little room,
Four days lying there on the floor,
And they carry her off to the pauper's
tomb:

Just some rough boards like a packing-case,
Then a hole where they heap up many
dead.

But the *Don Dieu* searches the horrible place,
And he knows where His own little ones
are laid."

The patent has been obtained in
America for the manufacture of water-
proof paper. It will be no uncommon
thing, by-and-by, to carry a quart of
milk home in a bag.

Ten Thousand Dollars.

"GENTLEMEN," said a repentant
drinking man, at a temperance meeting
held in —, during the Murphy
excitement, "gentlemen, it has cost
me \$10,000 to bring my nose to its
present state of perfection." Ten
thousand dollars! And what did he
have besides his red nose? An aching
and remorseful heart, a pain-racked
and diseased body; a home where a
miserable woman probably dragged
her weary life along in wretched, hope-
less apathy, crushed and bowed to the
earth by the shame of being a drunk-
ard's wife. "Ten thousand dollars!"
wrote the recording angel, and turned
in stern sorrow from the page. "Ten
thousand dollars!" chuckled the rum-
seller; "I am that much richer; am I
not a lucky man?" "Ten thousand
dollars," whispered a little boy away
back in the corner, whose father was
killed in a drunken brawl; "\$10,000
would make my mother happy, and I
wouldn't have to sell newspapers for a
living, and stay out of school when my
heart is hungry for books." "Ten
thousand dollars!" soliloquized the
young man who drank a little; "I
can't afford that." And he signed the
pledge, though he did not mean to.

The confession was like a spark that
sprang into the flame, and rang with
vivid tongues of fire through the vast
audience. The little boy went forward
with the throng with all the manliness
of twenty-five. He wrote his name as
well as he could, and proudly took his
pledge card. When he thought him-
self unnoticed, he wrote slyly on its
back: "Ten thousand dollars saved for
mother by not drinking." That was
exactly the way he wrote it, so you
need not laugh. Maybe his own father
had wasted as much over his cups, and
now his child had no time to learn to
spell. He was busy all day at any-
thing to turn an honest penny, and
nights, poor fellow, he was too tired
and sleepy to even look at a book.

How do I know what he wrote. In
passing out, his precious card was
brushed from his hand. He could not
go back, for the throng pressed on.
It was picked up by the janitor, given
to one of the officers in charge, and
was next day posted on an immense
blackboard, and served as a text for
one of the most magnificent lectures
of the course. What a lot of wet
handkerchiefs there were when the
speaker was through! How red the
ladies' eyes were—almost as red as the
drunkard's nose! And Jimmy—there,
I didn't mean to tell one bit of his
name—who had stolen back to get his
treasured card, and see if he could sell
a few books and papers, trembled like
a leaf with excitement to think that
he was the hero of all that grand talk,
and the colour went in and out of his
cheeks with just that quiver you have
seen in the sky when the northern
lights wave and tremble. By-and-by
the gentleman called his name, and
somebody put him on the platform, and
then there was such a stamping and
clapping as you never heard of before
in your life. And how did it all end?
Why, good people interested them-
selves in the child and its mother, and
Jimmy goes to school now, and his
mother is matron in a "temperance
house;" and some day, if you don't
study hard, boys, Jimmy will be at
the top of the ladder while you are
just beginning to climb. I want you
to remember the man—for he was a
real living man—who said: "It cost

me \$10,000 to bring my nose to its
present state of perfection;" and
think of the boy, a drunkard's orphan,
who resolved to save \$10,000 for his
mother "by not drinking," and if you
are tempted to drink, see if you cannot
make and keep a good resolution.

Keeping his Head Clear.

A NOTED operator in stocks declined
on invitation to take a glass of wine.
"Why, you used to drink," remarked
his friend: "I did when I was in the
dry goods business; but since I have
gone into Wall street I find that I
must keep my head clear, and I can't
do it and drink," was the reply.

The following story shows that
another great operator has the same
opinion, and puts tobacco among the
things not to be used:

William H. Vanderbilt was a great
smoker in his youth. One day in
1853, as the family was on the way to
St. Petersburg, on board the steam
yacht "Northern Star," the father
and son were walking on deck. The
latter was puffing away his afternoon
cigar.

"I wish you would give up that
smoking habit of yours. I will give
you ten thousand dollars if you do,"
said the commodore, abruptly.

"You need not give me any money,
your wish is sufficient," answered the
son, throwing the cigar overboard.
And he has never smoked since.

The command which Mr. Vanderbilt
has always had over himself in matters
of this kind is quite remarkable. He
was, for example, like his father, very
fond of a game of whist, and, like
him, considered himself to be one of
the best of players.

When he removed to New York
and became connected with the Har-
lem railroad, he used to spend three
or four evenings in a week at the
Union Club. But he noticed that
tobacco smoke and midnight hours
interfered with the clearness of his
head next morning, and he at once
gave up both club and whist.

The same happened to wine. He
likes a glass of champagne, but having
discovered that his head felt it next
day, he never touches wine now, not
even at public banquets and dinner
parties at his own house. As to
spirits, they were out of the question
with him.—*Exchange.*

Supplies Cut Off.

WHY should a thing that does so
much mischief as intoxicating drink
be made at all? Is it not a great sin
to permit men to make it by the
thousand barrels, and allow others to
sell it and tempt people to drink it all
over the land?

If some man with a great deal of
money, were to start a large establish-
ment for manufacturing poisoned bread,
that nobody could eat without being
made sick, and that would be sure to
kill hundreds every week, would it be
right to give such a man permission by
law, to go on making as much bread
of that sort as he liked, if he only
paid in to the Government a large sum
of money, every year, for the privilege?
Would not every man, woman, and
child, cry, "Shame on such conduct!"
No matter how many foolish people
there might be who were fond of the
poisoned bread, would there not be a
stern demand that such a murderous
establishment be put down by law?
Now, such a manufactory as that would

be no worse, nor even as bad, as the
distilleries and breweries that are
sending out floods of poison, that is
killing tens of thousands both body
and soul.

There was once a superintendent
physician in a lunatic asylum, who
had a plan of his own of testing his
patients who were recovering, to find
out whether they were fit to be dis-
charged from the asylum. He had a
good sized water trough supplied with
water through a pipe from above, with
a stop-cock by which the water could
be turned off or on, as was desired.

He brought his patients out to this
trough, and asked them, one after
another, to empty the water out of the
trough. Some of them would seize a
pail and begin to bale out the water,
not paying any attention to the fact
that all the time they were baling out
the water with the pail, it was coming
in through the pipe above, about as
fast as they were throwing it out.
These patients he sent back to the
asylum, as far from being cured.
Others would at once notice the pipe,
and would go the very first thing and
turn off the supply of water coming
in, then they would very soon have
the trough empty. These he con-
sidered fit to leave the establishment.
Now, that is about the way it is with
the liquor traffic. As long as the dis-
tilleries and breweries are allowed by
law to send out liquor in streams into
the community, it seems almost like
foolishness for temperance people to
try to do away with the evils of in-
temperance. If a few drunkards are
reformed, the taverns and saloons are
always making plenty more to take
their place, and thus the great army
of inebriates is kept full, and the hor-
rible iniquity goes on. Let the stream
of alcoholic liquors be cut off at its
source; let the manufacture of these
liquors be branded by law, as it ought
to be, as an infamous nuisance; and if
men dare to make or sell any more,
let them be put in prison, like other
criminals, and there will be some
chance to empty society of this over-
flowing curse. Boys and girls, what
say you to that? When you grow up,
will you not, in the name of the Lord,
determine as far as you can help,
that this shall be done?—*Rev. J. C.*
Seymour's Temperance Battlefield.

Satan's Snares for our Boys.

It is no uncommon sight to see boys
ten, twelve, fifteen and seventeen years
old, with a little hesitancy, shown by
the hasty glance up and down the street,
stepping into the saloon. These boys
have a desire to see the inside of a
saloon. There may be boys who,
having seen, are satisfied to turn their
feet in another direction, and shun these
places forever. These boys perhaps,
have received a proper education in
regard to alcohol, or they may be boys
of marked character for good. But
what becomes of those who yield to
the temptations the saloons offer them?
They meet other good boys and men
there—good, in the common acceptance
of the term. Having gone to see, they
go next to enjoy themselves; to be bad
never! Step by step they drift away
from their boyish purity, from mother's
influence. Some night, with a guilty
start, they jump into bed and do not
say their usual prayer; they heard
such things ridiculed in the saloon that
day as babyish. Oh, Satan has set his
snares for our boys. They are in our
licensed saloons.—*Our Herald.*

A Quiet House.

BY MARY ANNE DEVLIN.

My house is quiet now, so still
All day I hear the ticking clock,
The hours are numbered clear and shrill,
Outside the robins sing and trill,
The sunshine sleeps upon the sill,
My house is quiet now, so still

But silence breaks my heart: I wait,
And waiting yearn for call or knock,
To hear the creaking of the gate,
And footsteps coming soon or late
To greet me, sitting desolate.
The silence breaks my heart. I wait

All through the lonely house I go,
From hall to hall, from room to room.
What should I seek to find to know?
The brooding shadows spread and grow,
The startled echoes mock me so,
As through the lonely house I go

Ah! blessed Heaven, if I could hear
Sweet noises in the tranquil gloom,
Soft broken songs and laughter clear,
The joyous murmur, glad and near,
That loved me many a happy year—
Ah! blessed Heaven, if I could hear!

Ah! blessed Heaven, if once, once more
My longing eyes might see the stain
Of little footprints on the floor,
And grouped like roses at the door
The sweet child-faces gone before
Ah! blessed Heaven, but once, once more!

My house and home are very still
I watch the sun, I watch the rain,
The winter days come white and chill,
And years go on. . . . Perhaps Death will
Life's broken promises fulfill
My house my home, my heart are still!

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Home & School:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1884.

Enthusiastic Teachers.

VIEWING a Sunday-school from the superintendent's desk during the half hour devoted to the Scripture lesson, it is quite easy to discriminate successful from unsuccessful teachers. The listless attitude, the dull eye, the expressionless features, the languid speech, with the inattentive class, proclaim who are inefficient. On the other hand, the earnest movements, the kindled, perhaps tearful, eyes, the rapt expression of features, the flushed cheeks, the calm yet vigorous words, with a group of boys or girls listening with strained attention, mark the successful teacher. Over the former dull stupidity reigns. Over the latter enthusiasm presides; not the enthusiasm of the fanatic feeding on the conceits of an unbridled imagination, but the enthusiasm kindled by the grand ideas

of the lesson which have taken possession of the imagination and set the heart on fire. Of the former class of teachers the Sunday-school has too many; of the latter it can never have enough. Go, therefore, O teacher, to the cross, and abide there until thy soul is a living flame! Then thou, too, wilt be numbered among successful teachers.

Book Notices.

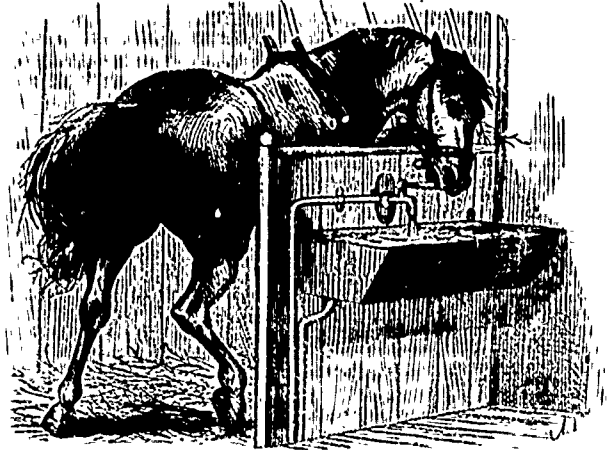
The After-School Series. Preparatory Latin Course in English. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. Svo., pp. 331. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

The After-School Series is one of the most ingenious and useful contributions of the fertile brain of Dr Vincent, the parent of the C. L. S. C. idea. The initial volume on the Preparatory Greek Course was a great success. We consider this volume an improvement even upon that. By its study the average English reader may become as familiar with the amount of Nepos, Salust, Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil, that is read in a college course as the average college student. Nay, more familiar. The judicious chapters on the city, language, literature, and people of Rome; the admirable running commentary on the authors, the comparative poetic translations of the sweet Mantuan bard will give a better insight into the spirit of those writings than most students get. We confess that we have enjoyed the outline of Virgil here given better than when plodding away as a school boy at the *Æneid* as task work. The author does not claim that this book is a substitute for a study of the language, but for those who cannot prosecute that it is the next best thing.

Our Christmas in a Palace. By Edward Everett Hale. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Paper, 12mo, 25 cents; in neat cloth binding, \$1 00. Toronto—William Briggs, sole agent for Canada.

It is unanimously conceded that Mr Hale has no superior in this country as a writer of short stories. Those who have read his later works, and especially this one, will go farther and claim that he has no equal. His humour is irresistible in its freshness and refinement, and a kindly heart and a teeming mind guide his pen into a realm of thought where both the child of leisure and the busy man of the world may find wholesome delight. The stories in this book are distinct, each being complete in itself, but they are knit together in an ingenious manner which we shall not forestall the reader's delight by divulging.

The *Atlantic Monthly* occupies a place in American literature somewhat like that of *Blackwood* in Great Britain. It relies exclusively upon its high-class character apart from illustrations. It announces for 1884 attractions unequalled by any other Magazine.—Contributions by The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Henry James, jr, W. D. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Whittier, Lowell, Aldrich, and a host of the foremost writers in America. The *Atlantic* is the best Magazine that comes to our table. It will be clubbed with the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* at \$3.20—the regular price is \$4.00.



OLD JIM.

Diana. By SUSAN WARNER, author of "Wide, Wide World," etc. 12mo, pp. 160. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto—Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is one of those stories of New England life for which Miss Warner has won such a distinguished reputation. It describes such familiar scenes and themes as the Village Sewing Society, the New Minister, the Minister's Wife, Parish Work, "The Party," and the whole round of rural social life. To say that the picture is admirably sketched in, is only to say what all readers of Miss Warner's books well know without our saying. The grand religious lesson of the book is this.

"Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whatever thou fearest;
Round them in calmest music rolls
Whatever thou hearest.

"What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth;
And not on a blind and aimless way
The Spirit goeth."

The End of a Coil. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." Pp. 718. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Miss Warner's books have all a high moral purpose. They can be placed without hesitation in the hands of young people—a most important desideratum at this time, when so much utterly frivolous or positively pernicious literature abounds. The leading incidents of the story, the author assures us, are actual facts—"even to the most romantic and unlikely detail." Perhaps this is what gives the book its fascinating interest. For advanced classes in Sunday-schools it will be found very attractive.

The Letter of Credit. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." Pp. 739. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is a rather long but very interesting story of home and school life. The scene is laid largely in New York and its vicinity. The story describes the aspirations and disappointments and moral traits and triumphs of a young girl, with their ennobling and purifying effect upon her heart and life. There is, of course, the record of the course of true love, with the inevitable happy marriage at the close; but it is a pure and wholesome story for either home or school.

Old Jim.

JIM is a fine large horse. He lives in the engine-house, and draws the horse-carriage. His stall is so made that, when the alarm bell strikes, it opens in front of him, leaving the way clear for him to rush out and take his place in front of the horse-carriage.

One night, the horseman (who sleeps upstairs, so as to be all ready if there should be an alarm of fire) heard a great noise down below,—stamping and jumping, as if the horses were getting ready to go to a fire, when there was no alarm at all. He went softly to the stairway, and looked down; and there was Jim, jumping over the shafts of the horse-carriage, first one way, and then another, just to amuse himself.

One day Old Jim was in the yard behind the engine-house, and a man went out to catch him, and lead him in. But he rushed and pranced around the yard, and would not be caught. Then the man set out to drive him in; and what do you think Jim did?

Instead of going in at the open door, he made a leap, and went in at the open window, without breaking a glass, or hurting himself in the least. No one who saw the window would believe that such a great horse could possibly have gone through it.

Outside of his stall, on one side, is a watering-trough, where Jim is taken to drink. The water comes through a pipe, and is turned on by a faucet. Two or three times the water was found running, so that the trough overflowed, when no one had been near to meddle with it.

At last the men suspected that Jim was the rogue, and they kept very still, and watched one night till Jim thought he was all alone. Then they saw him twist himself almost double in his stall, stretch his long neck out, take the faucet in his teeth, turn on the water and get a good drink. But he could not shut it off again.

Jim is a brave horse to go to a fire; but there is one thing that frightens him dreadfully, and that is a feather duster! He is not afraid of anything he sees in the streets, and the greatest noise will not scare him; but show him a feather duster, and his heels will fly up, and he will act as if he were going out of his senses.

The firemen think Jim a most amusing horse; and they sometimes say that he understands as much as some people do, and can do most everything but talk.



MIDNIGHT IN LONDON.

Midnight in London.

Those poor boys live in the city of London. If they have parents, they are no better off than orphans; for the parents are too poor or too idle to take care of them.

The boys have become the owners of an old coarse broom. They have been sweeping the crossings of the streets. One of them would sweep while the other would hold out his hat to the passers-by. Few and far between were the coppers dropped into the hat.

At night they would not have money enough to pay for a lodging: so they would go to the baker's, and buy a loaf of bread, and take it to a place under an arch on one of the river's quays. There they would eat the bread, and then, sitting by each other's side, would fall asleep on the stone bench.

Poor little fellows! They have no shoes, and are poorly clad. Many such young wanderers there are in our large cities. Let us think of their hard lot, and do what we can for their relief. In every large city there should be a large building for homeless children. The good citizens of Toronto have such a building, and thereby many poor, neglected children have been saved from suffering and death. I hope that other cities will follow the good example.

The following verses pathetically describe the sufferings of the two little waifs in the picture:

I don't know what we'll do Jim; the rain's a-coming fast;
I haven't no money, and it's twelve o'clock or past;
Let's sit down in a doorway, the first as we can see,
We can may-be get to sleep there, if the "copper" let's us be.

Here, come a little closer, Jim, you're youngest d'ye see,
And the rain won't get so near you if you shelter behind me;
Put the matches in that corner, lad, and then they won't get wet.
There might be some covo come along as wants to buy some covo yet.

Does the rain come nigh you there, Jim? It doesn't? That's all right,
I wish we'd had a crust of bread to eat, this cold, wet night;
I don't care much about myself, but I must keep you alive,
And if I can go without at ten, you can't at only five

D'ye see that star up there, Jim, a shinning in the sky?
I wonder what the people does, as lives up there so high,
D'ye think our mother went up there to live inside a star?
I wish we could go, too, lad, but it looks so very far.

I'm afraid we'll not get there, Jim; but then, we scarcely know!
Tom, what lived in Seven Dials, died not very long ago,
And he said, when he was dying, that he saw a place all light,
And he heard 'em singing, and saw folks all dressed in snowy white.

Do you feel the cold a deal, Jim? your hands are just like lead,
And stiff—why Jim? poor little Jim—ah, what!—he isn't dead?
Oh, Jim, it can't be—nay, he's gone—Jim's seen his last wet day,
And his soul's gone flying upward to the starlight far away

Our Sorrow at Wood-Green.
BY UNCLE JOHN.

We are not a great people at Wood-Green Methodist Church. Our church is small, and there are no rich people belonging to it, but there are some truly pious ones. Our pastor is as able and intellectual as most ministers; and we have a nice Sunday-school, with a truly capable, loving superintendent, Mr. Edmund Jenkinson, and a right steadfast and worthy staff of teachers. We have at the proper seasons our anniversaries, concerts, and Christmas-trees, like others; and the young hearts connected with our school are just as happy and hopeful as those who are possessed of thousands. But just now we are in sorrow—in VERY GREAT SORROW.

You are ready to ask, What has happened you? Have any of the leading men among you been called away? No; but we have had a death—a sudden, cruel death—which has plunged us all—the school, the church, and neighbourhood in the deepest sorrow. True, it is only the death of a little boy we mourn; little, I say, for though he was just turned of fourteen, he was small of his age; and his small, regular features, clear, white skin, blue eyes, and pretty auburn hair, made him look still more juvenile. His name was Alfred, but somehow, though I knew him well and nearly all his short life, I never had possession of his right name till he was unable to answer to any name, but I always called him "Jemie," to which he always responded. I don't think that he thought his name, or anything else about himself, was of much account; for he was, though affectionate and even responsive to the greeting of his friends, a very modest, diffident boy. He never consented to be the orator of the school, or to lead in any recitation. No prodigy was Alfie. He learned slowly, but well. He always got well his lessons for both week-day and Sabbath-school, so say his teachers in both.

He was kind, amiable, and playful like another child, and excited no envy among his schoolmates. He did not set up to be better than others, but always avoided the company of rough, bad boys. A very steady, trustworthy little fellow was he. A true Christian, too, was little Alfred. The superintendent believes he had met with a true change of heart. He was always present at the class meeting for lads; and when it began to decline, clung to it till the last. After school hours he was very useful to his father, who is in the shoe business, in carrying parcels to the customers, being so obedient and reliable. What temptations and dangers he might have been exposed to, or what sins he might have fallen into had he lived, we know not. If Omnipotent Wisdom foresaw any such danger, he was "taken from the evil to come." It was a singular coincidence that, on the afternoon before his death, his affectionate mother, while leading in prayer at the female class, was observed to repeat most piteously the petition, "Lord, save my boy! Lord, save my boy!" No doubt the prayer was answered, but in a way different from what the mother expected. Soon after the class-meeting ended he returned from school, and his father sent him some half-a-mile or so up the railway track to return some work. He went with his usual un-demonstrative obedience, and about six o'clock was brought home in the arms of Mr. George Logan, unconscious and dying. A returning locomotive, loaded with navvies who had been employed in ballasting the new track, through some confusion of his as to the true place of safety for him, struck his heel behind, causing him to fall backwards violently against the cow-catcher, from which he rolled off into the ditch. He received various injuries, any one of which, perhaps, was enough to cause his death. He never knew what hurt him. He breathed heavily for an hour, and then breathed out his life. That was a very sorrowful night to all who knew of the sad event, especially to his stricken parents, who are among the best members of our church. This lamentation con-

tinued three nights and nearly three days, and then we laid him in the Necropolis, on a sunny bank overlooking the winding stream of the Don, the coffin of a little sister, who went before him a few months, being taken up and laid on his breast. There lie the eldest and the youngest of Brother and Sister Adams' little flock.

The local papers make the following report:—

Yesterday afternoon a large crowd of sympathizing residents of Riverside, etc., assembled to attend the funeral of the unfortunate little Alfie Adams, who was accidentally killed on the G.T.R. railway track on Thursday evening. About 100 fellow-Sunday-school scholars of deceased, under the charge of their superintendent, Mr. Jenkinson, followed the coffin to the grave in a body. The services at the grave and the house were affectingly read by the Rev. Dr. Carroll, who also delivered an impressive address to the young, exhorting them to cultivate friendship among themselves, and to be obedient to their parents, reminding them that the deceased Alfie was performing an act of obedience when called away from their midst.

The following were the verses sung at the grave:—

"Gone to the grave is our loved one,
Gone with a youthful bloom;
Lowly we bend, schoolmate and friend,
Passing away to the tomb.

CHORUS.

They are going down the valley,
The deep, dark valley.
We'll see their faces never more,
Till we pass down the valley.
The dark, death valley,
And meet them on the other shore.

"Oft we have mingled together,
Sometimes in prayer and song;
Now when we meet, thus one we greet,
Never again in our throng.
Choro.—They are going, etc.

"Sweetly the form will be sleeping
Under the cypress shade;
Sad though we be, fondly will we
Cherish the name of the dead.
Choro.—They are going, etc.

"Down in the valley they're going,
Down to the other shore;
But with the blest—fair land of rest—
Weeping will come never more.
Choro.—They are going, etc."

This is the way the *Orillia Packet* proposes to reform the spelling:

"The union of the Methodist Churches in Canada will lid tu konsentreshon or efort in verius direkshunz. Our old and familiar frendz, the organz ov the numerikali smoler branchez ov the Methodist Church, wil merj ther identiti in our gud nebor, *The Gardian*. The *Kanada Kristian Advoket* publish in Hamilton for men i yiz as the organ ov the Methodist Episkopal Church; the *Kristian Jurnal*, Toronto, organ ov the Primitiv Methodist Church, and the *Observer*, Bowmanville, organ ov the Beibel Kristian Church, wil be diskontinuid. The publishing interests ov the yuneited bodi wil be sentered in Toronto, with Rev. Wm. Briggs at the hed of the biznes department, Rev. Dr. Dewart, editor, and the Rev. Dr. Stone, asoshiet editor ov the *Kristian Gardian*.

A GENTLEMAN entered a hotel in Glasgow, and finding that the person who appeared to act as waiter could not give him certain information which he wanted, put the question, "Do you belong to the establishment?" James replied, "No, sir; I belong to the Free Kirk."

The Children We Keep.

The children kept coming one by one
Till the boys were five and the girls were three.

And the big brown house was alive with fun
From the basement floor to the old roof-tree.

Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care;
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew;
They blossomed in beauty, like roses rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And leaning his head on his mother's breast,

He said, "I'm tired and cannot play,
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
She cradled him close to her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song.

And rapturous love still lighted his face
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl with her thoughtful eyes,
Who stood where "the brook and river meet,"

Stole softly away into Paradise.
Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet.

While father's eyes on the grave are bent,
The mother looked upward beyond the skies,

"Our treasures," she whispered "were only lent,
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by and the children began
With longing to think of the world outside.

And as each in his turn became a man
The boys proudly went from the father's side.

The girls were wondrous so gentle and fair,
That lovers were speedy to woo and win,
And with orange blossoms in braided hair,
The old home was left, new homes to begin.

So, one by one, the children have gone—
The boys were five and the girls were three.

And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
With but two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together at eventide,
And say, "All the children we keep at last
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

Zenana Teaching.

BY MRS. KEER, TORONTO.*

THE natives of India, in the great mass apathetic, lulled in the belief that Christianity is for Christians, as Mahomedanism is for Mussulmans, seek nothing but what has been theirs for ages—the old customs, the old religion.

Women in the Zenana are often very happy, for like birds born in captivity they have never known any other life. As a family of sons grows up each son brings his girl-wife to his father's house, and there she becomes a daughter, submissive to the rule of her mother-in-law. The youthful husband himself remains subject to his mother and obeys her in all things. Nor is this to be wondered at as long as child-marriages are the rule. Who could imagine a boy and girl of eleven and fourteen, who had never seen each other until after the marriage ceremony, setting up an independent establishment together.

There is generally plenty to do in the Zenana. Where so many human beings

are associated together there must be frequent subjects of interest to break monotony. Cooking, bathing, religious observances, attending to the children, and the necessary siesta, fill up the time. The couples have separate apartments, the rooms open on a verandah and overlook a court. Some great families contain about sixty women; in all about two hundred persons live in one connected group of houses, verandahs, and courts. Aunts and cousins there are innumerable dependent on their relatives. When a young native clerk applies to his European employer for a rise of salary he always makes the complaint that he has "a large family to support." For curiosity's sake a gentleman asked a "baboo" to give him a list of all the people almost entirely dependent on him. The list was perfectly marvellous. No wonder the poor man was oppressed with the care of so many!

Now-a-days, when it is so common for natives to have their wives taught, either from the praiseworthy desire to see them elevated and able to think like their husbands, or from no higher motive than to follow the fashion when a "baboo" (native gentleman, pronounced ba-boo, accentuating first syllable) makes up his mind to have his wife instructed, he calls at a mission wife and makes his request for a teacher to visit his Zenana. The reply is soon given, the teacher accepts the charge, on one condition, however, and that is that the Bible be used as a class book. Perhaps the baboo demurs, but the lady is firm. She has her orders from home and must obey; at the same time she is not afraid to say that her sole reason for being in India is that she may tell the women of Jesus. The baboo gives a little shrug, smiles to think of the stronghold of Hinduism that his wife is entrenched behind, and consents.

As the native ladies are generally not at leisure till the baboos have gone out to their daily work as clerks, merchants, students, advocates, mechanics, etc., etc., the Zenana teacher starts in her *gharri* about ten o'clock. It is a closed conveyance of Indian build, with narrow, sliding side doors, cane seats, no glass, and ventilating wooden sides. The piercing sun makes her glad to shut the doors and keep out all the light she can. After rattling through tortuous lanes with open drains on either side, she peeps out and shouts in Hindustani to the driver to go "right" or "left" till at last she calls for a halt at a certain brick building with a verandah, supported by pillars of the same small red brick from which the melancholy coating of plaster has long since fallen. The teacher alights. Putting up her white covered umbrella to keep off the stinging ray, she glances down the narrow lane. There is a goat nibbling at any leaf it can find, even a bit of paper seems not unwelcome to its palate, so tasteless is the food it habitually feeds on! Some poor women are passing carrying water in earthen vessels on their heads, talking at the pitch of their shrill voices, clothed in cloth that once might have been white, now brown with work, and wear, and soapless washing.

Going up a stair the teacher knocks at a door; a smiling face meets her and she is invited within. The hour has been looked forward to for two days. In the house there seem to be only two women and one child; if there are other

females in the dismal looking courts and apartments, they do not show themselves. The husband is absent for weeks at a time. The family used to be rich, now they are poor, but still the appearance of the ancestral mansion remains the same. It could hardly change. A bare cement floor with a little grass mat on it and an idol print in gaudy colours on the wall is luxury enough for the lady of the house. Yes, *lady*, she is indeed you feel that the moment she enters the doorway. Life is lonely for this couple, much wrapped up in each other and the delicate child, whose eyes have been blackened all around by the eyelashes with a pencilling of antimony, supposed to strengthen the eyes, and to add beauty to the face.

The fancy-work lesson in tatting or crochet is an amusement. A box in another room contains wool work, cushion pieces, slippers, etc., never to be made up—of what use could they be in a house devoid of furniture—but just to be preserved as trophies of education! The Bengalic reading lesson is all out of the Bible, and, whether for its own or the beloved teacher's sake, it is evidently enjoyed too. The sums on the slate are presented for inspection, also the copy book. A short lesson out of the little reader will be prescribed for preparation for the following visit, and the teacher has to go. She passes along the verandah where the long yards of the native *saree* (dress) are hanging in the sun to dry. The affectionate trio accompany the teacher to the stair, there the bare feet stop, and the European friend waves her attached pupils farewell; as she vanishes the wistful eyes strain to follow her.

In the next house to be visited English perhaps will be the main study, for the Bengalis are linguists by nature, and when they read or speak English they delight in it. Our teacher finds her single pupil, a sweet, sad woman, translating "Jessica's First Prayer" from English into Bengali. The contrast between the London scenes and the Indian surroundings makes one smile. She repeats the verses she has committed to memory, and as the teacher converses with her about Christ there comes a look of spiritual understanding into her face that surely is from heaven. Her manner as she makes short answers, indicates more belief than perhaps she herself would admit, for how could she leave her husband and home and come to Christ, even if she does believe in Him? Dear woman, one cannot help loving her! Her quiet face and reverential demeanour suggest an early Christian woman in Roman attire, so graceful, suitable, and modest, is the *saree* when properly worn. It serves as a perpetual veil over the head which is never exposed, at the same time its voluminous yards of white cotton form a convenient and neat dress. On great occasions this "web" is exchanged for one of silk gauze, brocaded with gold thread, but the women of Bengal as well as the men are clothed in white robes. When the silk web is worn out the gold is melted over again, and made up afresh into thread, to be interwoven in a new garment as it was before.

Five is a common number to find of young wives in a house willing to learn; and out of these five one will likely be absent every lesson, so little method and stamina have the women of the Zenanas. Besides the wives called

"bows" (pronounced bo) there may be the last remaining unmarried daughter of the house. The teacher makes haste to instruct her and catch her wayward attention. Soon she will pass into the married seclusion of another home, and the dreaded future mother-in-law may refuse to open her Zenana to a contaminating Christian teacher.

Music and singing are so connected with what is evil in India that it is not customary for ladies to sing or to play on the native instruments. However they like to listen to a sweet-voiced teacher singing vernacular words to English tunes, or a native Christian chant with its endless repetitions of one idea and weird winding of melody—a kind of music of which Westerns can form no idea.

Our teacher may have to visit a "Casto Girls' School" on her way. An earnest native Christian lady has her life-work here in a room full of young girls, of what we would call "gentle birth." From the centre cartilage of each little nose there hangs the small maiden pearl drop. After marriage this will be exchanged for a large ring in one nostril, removable at will. Dear little sober faces have these little women, with large brown eyes, regular features, smooth pale-brown skin, marked eyebrows, long lashes, and black hair. They repeat their Bengalic lesson in a peculiar sing-song. The Bengalis are a finely-made people and have both a supple grace and a dignity about them. The school may contain one married girl. Next year she will have vanished. It would not be proper for her to quit the Zenana, although each child is carefully brought to school by a woman whose business it is to fetch the children, and as carefully deposited at home again after school. It is a wonderful privilege to drop the seeds of divine truth into soil so comparatively fresh as those young hearts.

THE native Christians in Cairo held a daily prayer-meeting during all the excitement and perils of the late war in Egypt.

"WHEN was Rome built?" asked a school teacher of the first-class in ancient history. "In the night," answered a bright little girl. "In the night," exclaimed the astonished teacher. "How do you make that out?" "Why, I thought everybody knew that Rome wasn't built in a day!" she replied.

An editor in Chicago recently ordered a pair of trousers from the tailor. On trying them on they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night the tailor's shop was closed, and the editor took the trousers to his wife, and asked her to cut them off and hem them over. The good lady, whose dinner had perhaps disagreed with her, brusquely refused. The same result followed on application to the wife's sister and the eldest daughter. But before bed-time the wife reluctantly took the pants, and cutting off three inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and restored them to the closet. Half an hour later the daughter, taken with compunction for her unfilial conduct, took the pants and cut off three inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally, the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she, too, performed an additional surgical operation on the garment. When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday the family thought a Highland chief had arrived

* Mrs. Keer, as the wife of Major-General Keer, of the Bengal Staff Corps, had special opportunity for becoming familiar with Zenana work. We condense the following account from an interesting paper read by her before the Woman's Missionary Society of the Canada Presbyterian Church.

A Reformation Hymn.

THE following hymn, by Rev. Horatius Bonar, has been set to music by Dr E. W. Bullinger, and is issued by the Luther Commemoration Committee, in London :

For the dayspring of the nations,
Of the kingdoms wide and far ;
For the rising over Europe
Of the bright and morning star ;
For the blaze of heavenly sunshine,
For the hues of a glorious day,
Coming up behind the shadows
Of the ages long and gray :

Blessed be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word and it was done!

For the broken chains of Europe,
For the prison-doors unbarred,
For the freedom of her peoples,
By the freedom giving Word
For the battle bravely foughten
With the powers of hellish night,
For the scattering of the darkness,
For the victory of light.

Blessed be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word and it was done!

For the ended sleep of Europe,
For the rousing of her sons,
For the shivering of her idols,
For the ruin of their thrones ;
For the shout of joyous wonder
As she looks around and sees
The far flag of living freedom
Floating far upon the breeze ;

Blessed be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word and it was done!

For the rainbow-beaming promise
Of our Europe's better birth,
For the thunder-song of gladness
O'er a liberated earth ;
For the Book of Peace unfolded,
Lifted up and set on high ;
For the torch of truth lighted,
Nevermore to dim or die.

Blessed be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word and it was done!

For the franchise of the conscience,
For the mmer man unchained,
For the intellect embodied,
And the soul's high birthright gained ;
For the keys of heaven recovered
From the robber-hands of Rome,
For the kingdom's open gate-way,
And the sinner's welcome home :

Blessed be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word and it was done!

For the light of ancient spectres,
That had shaded with their gloom,
Both the castle and the cottage,
Both the cradle and the tomb ;
For the hour of holy triumphs,
In the eyes yet to be ;
For the pledge to captive millions,
Of release and jubilee :

Blessed be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word and it was done!

For the watchward of the prophets,
That "the just shall live by faith,"
For "the church's ancient symbol,
Of the life that comes thro' death ;
For the standard of Apostles,
Raised aloft and full unfurled,
Glad deliverance proclaiming,
To a crushed and trampled world :

Blessed be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word and it was done!

For the martyr's song of triumph,
On the wheel, or scorching pyre,
For the strength of meek endurance,
On the rack, or torturing fire,
For the noble witness bearing
To the Christ the Lamb of God,
To the one unchanging priesthood,
To the one atoning blood :

Blessed be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word and it was done!

For the brave protest of Europe,
Gainst the iron rod of Rome,
Gainst the old Italian spoiler,
Gainst the wolf of Christendom ;
For our Europe's bold confession,
Of the one true faith and Lord,
For the Church's bondage broken,
And her ancient rights restored :

Blessed be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word and it was done!

For the everlasting gospel,
Which in splendour has gone forth,
Like a torch upon the mountains,
Of a re-illuminated earth ;
For the temple flung wide open,
At whose gates the godly train
Of the nations had been knocking,
But in vain, so long, in vain :

Blessed be God, our God, alone,
Our God, the Everlasting One,
Who spake the word and it was done!

Who is to Die ?

"STAND by to lower the boat!"
shouted the captain; and then he mut-
tered gloomily to himself, "It's our
only chance now."

It was indeed. For three days the
French brig, St. Pierre, homeward
bound from the Isle de Bourbon, had
fought against as fierce a gale as ever
swept around the stormy Cape of Good
Hope. Captain and crew had done all
that men could do to save the ship, but
in vain. Their only chance now was
in taking to the one boat that the
storm had left them.

As Captain Picard turned around
from giving his orders he found himself
suddenly face to face with a pale,
delicate-looking lady in deep mourning,
who had just come up the after-hatch-
way with a little boy in her arms.

Poor Madame Lachaux! She might
well look worn and sad. Her husband
had gone home, an invalid; her only
daughter had died a few weeks before;
and now, just as there seemed a chance
of her seeing home and friends once
more, death, in his worst form, was
hovering over herself.

Captain Picard broke to her, as
gently as possible, the fatal news that
the ship was sinking, and that their
only hope was to take to the sea in a
small boat. At this announcement the
poor mother's sickly face grew paler
still, and she pressed her child convul-
sively in her arms.

"Ma'amelle no fear," said a huge
Senegal negro, emerging from the
hatchway at that moment; "old
Achille and Pierrot take care of her
and Monsieur Henri too—Monsieur
Henri, come to Achille!"

He took the child in his arms as he
spoke, while a second negro came up
to help the captain in lowering Mad-
ame Lachaux into the boat, which
was so fiercely tossed by the surging
waves that it was no easy matter to
reach it.

At last the boat was full, and they
shoved off. Hardly had they got clear
of the ship when she gave a violent
roll, plunged forward, rose again, and
then, with a sound like distant thun-
der, the in-rushing water blew up the
decks, and down went the doomed ship
head-foremost.

But those in the overloaded boat
found that they had only exchanged
one danger for another. The huge
waves that broke over her every mo-
ment, drenching them all to the skin,
filled the boat faster than they could
bale her out; and crowded together as
they were, they had no room either to
row or to make sail. The sailors whis-
pered together and looked gloomily at
the lady and her party, and at last one
was heard to mutter:

"Better get rid of them—that can't
work than of them that can, anyhow."

"Our lives are as precious to us as
theirs are to them," growled another.
"If the boat's got to be lightened,
they're the ones to go."

The captain, who had heard and un-
derstood, felt for his pistol, but it was
gone. Several sailors were already on

their feet to fling the helpless mother
and child overboard, when the two
gigantic negroes stepped between.

"Look, see, you men," cried Achille,
"you want lighten boat. Black man
heavier than white lady. Suppose you
swear lot madame and Monsieur Henri
live, I and Pierrot jump overboard."

It was all over in a moment. Scarce-
ly had the savage crew, moved in spite
of themselves, given the required
pledge, than the brave fellows, kissing
their mistress' hand and embracing
little Henri, with a quiet "good-bye,
little master," plunged headlong into
the sea.

The heroic sacrifice was not made in
vain. The boat, thus lightened, could
be more easily managed, while the gale
began at length to show signs of abat-
ing. On the following afternoon they
were seen and picked up by an English
schooner, and a few weeks more saw
Madame Lachaux safe in her husband's
house at Lyons.

Three months later madame and her
sick husband were on a visit to St.
Malo, the fresh sea-air of which was
thought better for little Henri at that
season than hot, dusty Lyons. The
child and his mother (this time accom-
panied by Monsieur Lachaux himself)
were sitting on a bench under the trees
of the boulevard, facing the harbour,
when the lady's attention was attracted
by a few words that fell from a rough-
looking man in a well-worn pilot-coat,
who was talking to a friend a few
yards off.

"And now that they are here," said
he, as if finishing a story, "I don't
know what to do with them, for they
don't even know where their mistress
lives."

"Where did you say you picked
them up?" asked his companion.

"A bit to the south-west of the Cape,
hanging on to some broken spars that
must have floated off from their vessel
when she foundered. When I found
out that they were Senegal negroes I
offered to put 'em ashore there on the
way to France; but no, they must
come home to find their mistress, and
I can tell you they worked their pas-
sage like men. But how they're to
find her, I can't think, for they know
nothing except that her name is Ma-
dame Lachaux."

"And here she is," broke in the lady
herself, stepping up to him.

A few minutes later the faithful
negroes (thus rescued as if by a miracle
from the death to which they had de-
voted themselves) were embracing their
"little Monsieur Henri" with uproar-
ious cries of joy; and from that day
until their death, thirty years later,
they were the happiest as well as the
best carefree servants in the whole
South of France.—*David Ker, in Har-
per's Young People.*

WHEN the repartee proceeds from
some unexpected source, to the discom-
fiture of the sharp-tongued person who
has invited it, the result is even better
than when two wits are equally
matched. The quick response extin-
guishes the brilliancy of the flash that
provoked it. "How is it, Mr. Scully,"
said Lord Monck to a gentleman of
that name, "how is it that some of
your friends rob you of the final syllable
of your name, and call you 'Scully'?"
"I suppose," was the answer, "they
take the 'y' from the end of my name
to add it to yours, Lord Monck." The
nobleman was deservedly punished for
the bad taste of his allusion.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

67.—Ivanhoe.

68.—CEDAR
RIPEN
NEVIS
DENIS
LEPIS

69.—Thousand. Benefactor.

70.—ERAS GRANT
ROBE RYDER
ABEL ADORE
SELL NERVE
TREE N

LEND
EMIR
NICE
DRED

NEW PUZZLES.

71.—CHARADES.

To obtain, a portion. Merry.
Animated, a weight. A great states-
man.

72. DIAMONDS.

A letter, a color, a son of Judah, one
of the twelve tribes, a letter.

A letter, appropriate, not dark, an
article, a letter.

Brevities.

THE water that has no taste is purest;
the air that has no odour is freshest;
and of all the modifications of manner,
the most generally pleasing is simpli-
city.

SIR Peter Lely made it a rule never
to look at a bad picture, having found
by experience that whenever he did his
pencil took a tint from it. Apply the
same rule to bad books and bad com-
pany.

LITTLE Arthur had been to church.
"How did you like the sermon?" asked
his sister. "Pretty well," responded
the youthful critic. "The beginning
was very good, and so was the end;
but—it had too much middle."

IN speaking of hats and what they
cover, we are reminded of a German
anecdote. "There goes Fritz," said a
soldier to another as the King went by.
"What a shabby hat he has on!"
"Yes," replied the other man, "but
what a fine head he has under it!"

A DANBURY man resolved recently
that he would conquer himself in all
things for one whole day. He gave up
about three o'clock in the afternoon.
He says he did not know that there
was so much of himself, and when he
again aspires to conquer anybody he
will not take a man his own size.

AN attorney, about to furnish a bill
of costs, was requested by his client, a
baker, "to make it as light as possible."
"Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's
what you may say to your foreman,
but it's not the way I make my bread."

BERTIE—"Papa, when I grow up
may I be what I like?" Papa—"Yes,
my boy, you can choose your own pro-
fession." Bertie—"Then I'll be a
sweep, for I shall never have to wash
my face."

A GEORGIA preacher said: I once
loaded a cart and ox to some boys to go
to camp meeting. They tied a nubbin
of corn to a shaft so it would be a few
inches ahead of the animal's nose. He
came near running himself to death
trying to get it. Brethren, the devil
keeps a dollar just ahead, and many of
you are killing yourselves to get it.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A.D. 45.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 27

LIVING IN GOD'S LIGHT.

James 1: 7-17. Commit to memory vs. 18-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.—Jas 4. 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God dwells in those who draw near to him.

TIME, PLACE, &c.—Same as last lesson.

INTRODUCTION.—St. James continues his practical advice as to the way in which Christians should live. The evils, against which he has warned us in the last lesson, can be cured by living near to God.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES. 7. Submit yourselves.—As loyal subjects of his kingdom, to his laws, to his will as wise and good.—Resist the devil.—Satan cannot enter any heart without his permission. Any person can successfully resist him. 8. Draw nigh to God.—By conscious love and service, by seeking to please him, by prayer and communion.—Cleanse your hands.—i.e., Have your deeds clean and good, only so can you draw nigh to God. Double-minded.—Un- decided, unfixed in choice to do right, and therefore exposed to temptation. 9. Be afflicted.—For your sins. 11. Judge his brother.—Forms an unfavourable opinion, imputes unworthy motives, puts the wrong construction on what he does. Speaketh out of the law.—the great law of love. In the name of the law he violates the very spirit of the law, and so brings it into disrepute. Judge the law.—Decides what the law means, referring to questionable matters, as of forms and ceremonies, on which even good men may differ. Not a doer of the law.—Your speaking evil of your brother is a worse violation of the law than is the act which you condemn. 13. Go to now.—As we say, "Come now. Ye ought to say, If the Lord will.—God only knows what is wisest and best, and therefore the Christian commits all his ways into his hands.

SCRIPTURES FOR SPECIAL REPORTS. Submitting to God.—What it is to be near to God.—How to draw nigh unto God. Judging others.—How such judge the law. Why they are not doers of the law.—Ye are a vapour.—"If the Lord will," etc.

QUESTIONS.

SUBJECT: LIVING NEAR TO GOD.

I. WHAT IT IS TO LIVE NEAR TO GOD (vs. 7-8).—What is the first command in these verses? What is it to submit to God? How will it help us to live near to God? Who is the great opposer to our living near to God? How may we escape his power? What is the third command in these verses? What is it to draw nigh to God? How may we do it? What will God then do for us? What texts teach us about God's abiding with us? (John 14: 16, 17, 23; 15: 1, 10, Rev. 3: 20.)

II. THE WAY TO LIVING NEAR TO GOD (vs. 8-10).—What is the character of God? (Isa. 6: 3; 1 John 4: 7, 8.) How does he feel toward sin? (Psalm 5: 4, 5, 45: 7.) What therefore must we do first in order to live near to God? (v. 8.) What was the first preaching of John and of Christ? (Matt. 3: 2; 4: 17.) What is meant by "cleansing the hands"? How may we purify our hearts? Who are double minded? For what should we be afflicted and mourn? What is the way to be exalted in goodness and joy? (v. 10; Matt. 23: 12.) Why are repentance and humility necessary before we can live near to God?

III. FRUITS OF LIVING NEAR TO GOD (vs. 11-17).

(1) Right Treatment of our Neighbour.—Why should we not speak evil of our neighbour? What is meant here by "judging his brother"? How do those that so do speak evil of the law? How is it true that those who speak evil of others are not doers of the law? What law do they break? (Matt. 5: 43-45; 22: 39; Gal. 5: 14.)

(2) Trust in God's Guidance.—How do some speak of their plans for the future? Why is this wrong? How should they speak? Is it always best to want to do the Lord's will? Why? Will God guide in the wisest and best way all who commit their ways unto him? (Prov. 3: 5, 6.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

4. Yielding ourselves to God as our Lord is to become a part of his kingdom, to be sustained and defended by all the infinite wisdom, love, and power of the King of kings.

2. The place of happiness, of usefulness, of safety, is near to God.

3. We may be near to God by sympathy, love, working for the same ends, having the same character, by prayer and communion.

4. God helps us to live near to him, by his ordinances, by the Scriptures, by meditation, by the Sabbath and its services, by private devotions, by doing all for his glory.

5. We cannot live near to God without casting away the evil that is hateful in his sight.

6. Those who are near to God will speak and act kindly toward their neighbours.

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

15. How ought we to live? ANS. Near to God. 16. What must we do to reach this blessing? ANS. Repent of our sins, and put away all evil. 17. What is said of the humble? ANS. (Repeat the Golden Text.) 18. How will those who live near to God treat others? ANS. They will speak kindly of them. 19. How will they act toward God? ANS. They will acknowledge him in all their ways.

A.D. 50.] LESSON V. [Feb. 3

PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Acts 16: 55-41, and 16: 1-10. Commit to memory verses 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come over into Macedonia, and help us. Acts 16: 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The progress of the Gospel through imperfect instruments.

TIME.—Paul started on his second missionary tour in the autumn of A.D. 50.

PAUL. Aged about 48.

PARALLEL PASSAGE.—Gal. 4: 13-15; with v. 6.

THE SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY.—(1) From Antioch. (2) From A.D. 50-53, three or four years. (3) His first visit to Europe, extending to Athens and Corinth in Greece. (4) The two Epistles to the Thessalonians were written from Corinth on this tour.

INTRODUCTION.—We now return to the regular course of the history where we left it in Lesson I. After the decision of the conference at Jerusalem, Paul and Barnabas return to Antioch, with a delegation from Jerusalem bearing the letter of the Church.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—35. Antioch.—Of Syria, 300 miles north of Jerusalem.

36. Some days. Probably a few months. 37. Barnabas determined.—Made up his mind. John.—Mark.—Cousin of Barnabas. (Col. 4: 10.) A native of Jerusalem. His mother's name was Mary (Acts 12: 12) 38. Paul thought not good, etc.—On the first missionary journey Mark had started with them as a helper, but left them just as they were entering the dangerous part of their journey and was most needed. Paul would not risk this again, (1) because it was a longer and more dangerous journey (2) He may have had premonitions of that sickness which detained him in Galatia not long after this. 40. Paul chose Silas.—Shortened form of Silvanus, one of the men who came with Paul from Jerusalem. 41. He went through Syria.—He started north from Antioch in Syria, through northern Syria to Cilicia, then around the head of the gulf and west to Tarsus. Confirming the churches.—(1) By the decrees of Jerusalem, (2) by new instructions; (3) by inspiring new zeal and courage, (4) by news of the great progress of the Gospel. 1. Derbe.—The farthest point east of the first tour, and hence the first reached in coming by the opposite route. Timothy.—Timothy. His mother was Eunice, his grandmother, Lois. A native of Lystra. Converted on Paul's first tour; instructed in the Scriptures from a child (2 Tim 1: 5, 3: 15) 4. Delivered.—the decrees.—See Lesson I. 6. Galatia.—Here Paul was taken sick, probably with his "thorn in the flesh," the Oriental disease of the eyes. (See Gal 4: 13-15.) 8. Passing by Mysia.—i.e., Going through it without stopping to preach. Troas.—The old city of Troy, rendered famous by Homer; the seaport of the Hellespont.—9.

INTRODUCTION.—To what part of the history of the Apostles do we now return? What was done at the conference at Jerusalem? What letter was sent back with Paul and Barnabas to Antioch? (15: 23-29) Who were appointed to accompany them? (15: 22.) Which one of them remained at Antioch?

SUBJECT: THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.

I. THROUGH IMPERFECT INSTRUMENTS (vs. 35-39).—How many contentions did Paul have with his brethren about this time? What was the first one? (Acts 15: 1, 2.) Was Paul right in this? What contention with another apostle followed soon after? (Gal. 2: 11-14.) What was the occasion of the third contention? What plan did Paul propose? Whom did Barnabas want to take with them? What may have been one reason? (Col. 4: 10, "sister's son" here should be "cousin.") Why did Paul oppose this? When did this failure of Mark's occur? (Acts 13: 13.) Was Paul right in rejecting Mark? What was the result of the contention? What was Paul's fault in these contentions? Was he a wonderfully good and useful man for all this? What was Barnabas' fault? Was he a good man? What was Mark's fault? Did he overcome it? Did Paul come to love and honour him? (Col. 4: 10, 11, 2 Tim. 4: 11.) Why does the Bible record these imperfections in Christians? Would they have appeared great faults in ordinary men? Should we ever look at the faults without also seeing their victory over them? What do you think of people who imitate the faults of good and great men, and not their virtues?

II. BY ESTABLISHING CHRISTIANS IN THE FAITH (vs. 40, 41; 1: 7).—When did Paul's second missionary journey begin? How long after the first? Who went with him? From what city did they start? In what direction? Trace out their journey. In what three ways did they establish the churches? (vs. 4, 5.) What promising young man did they find at Lystra? Give some account of Timothy. What in his early training fitted him for his life-work? (2 Tim 1: 5; 3: 14-17.) What had he been doing for Christ? How did this fit him for his great work, and open the door to it? What happened to Paul in Galatia? (Gal 4: 13-15.) Can people even in feeble health do much for the Lord?

III. BY THE CALL TO NEW WORK (vs. 8: 10).—How had the apostles been guided? Are difficulties and hindrances a proof that God wants us to do something else? Where was Troas? What vision appeared here? How did Paul know that it was a man of Macedonia? What was the call? How did Paul interpret it? Is there a call to us from the heathen? How should we answer it? Why? Is there a call to any other work?

A man of Macedonia.—A vision, or an angel, known to be Macedonian by his appearance, dress, and words. Macedonia.—A famous country north of Greece.

SCRIPTURES FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Paul's contention with Peter (Gal. 2: 11-13)—With Barnabas.—Was he right?—John Mark.—The second missionary journey; its time; its extent.—Timothy, establishing the churches.—Paul's sickness in Galatia.—The call to Macedonia.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.—To what part of the history of the Apostles do we now return? What was done at the conference at Jerusalem? What letter was sent back with Paul and Barnabas to Antioch? (15: 23-29) Who were appointed to accompany them? (15: 22.) Which one of them remained at Antioch?

SUBJECT: THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.

I. THROUGH IMPERFECT INSTRUMENTS (vs. 35-39).—How many contentions did Paul have with his brethren about this time? What was the first one? (Acts 15: 1, 2.) Was Paul right in this? What contention with another apostle followed soon after? (Gal. 2: 11-14.) What was the occasion of the third contention? What plan did Paul propose? Whom did Barnabas want to take with them? What may have been one reason? (Col. 4: 10, "sister's son" here should be "cousin.") Why did Paul oppose this? When did this failure of Mark's occur? (Acts 13: 13.) Was Paul right in rejecting Mark? What was the result of the contention? What was Paul's fault in these contentions? Was he a wonderfully good and useful man for all this? What was Barnabas' fault? Was he a good man? What was Mark's fault? Did he overcome it? Did Paul come to love and honour him? (Col. 4: 10, 11, 2 Tim. 4: 11.) Why does the Bible record these imperfections in Christians? Would they have appeared great faults in ordinary men? Should we ever look at the faults without also seeing their victory over them? What do you think of people who imitate the faults of good and great men, and not their virtues?

II. BY ESTABLISHING CHRISTIANS IN THE FAITH (vs. 40, 41; 1: 7).—When did Paul's second missionary journey begin? How long after the first? Who went with him? From what city did they start? In what direction? Trace out their journey. In what three ways did they establish the churches? (vs. 4, 5.) What promising young man did they find at Lystra? Give some account of Timothy. What in his early training fitted him for his life-work? (2 Tim 1: 5; 3: 14-17.) What had he been doing for Christ? How did this fit him for his great work, and open the door to it? What happened to Paul in Galatia? (Gal 4: 13-15.) Can people even in feeble health do much for the Lord?

III. BY THE CALL TO NEW WORK (vs. 8: 10).—How had the apostles been guided? Are difficulties and hindrances a proof that God wants us to do something else? Where was Troas? What vision appeared here? How did Paul know that it was a man of Macedonia? What was the call? How did Paul interpret it? Is there a call to us from the heathen? How should we answer it? Why? Is there a call to any other work?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God uses even imperfect instruments in carrying on his work. 2. The faults of Paul would seem trivial in ordinary people; and seem great only in contrast with his radiant goodness. 3. The blessedness of early training in the Scriptures. 4. Faithfulness in small things prepares us for greater. 5. Teachers should aim not only at converting the impenitent, but establishing the converted. 6. God often shuts us out from some good works we desire, only to lead us to greater. 7. The whole world is calling, "Come over and help us."

REVIEW EXERCISE.—(For the whole School in concert.)

1. What did Paul now begin? ANS. His second great missionary tour. 2. How long did this tour last? ANS. Three or four years, A.D. 50-53. 3. Where did it extend? ANS. Over Asia Minor, and into Europe. 4. Who went with Paul? ANS. Silas, and, after a time, Timothy. 5. What led them into Europe? ANS. (Repeat v. 9.)

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