

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

MONEY AND SCHOOL

[Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

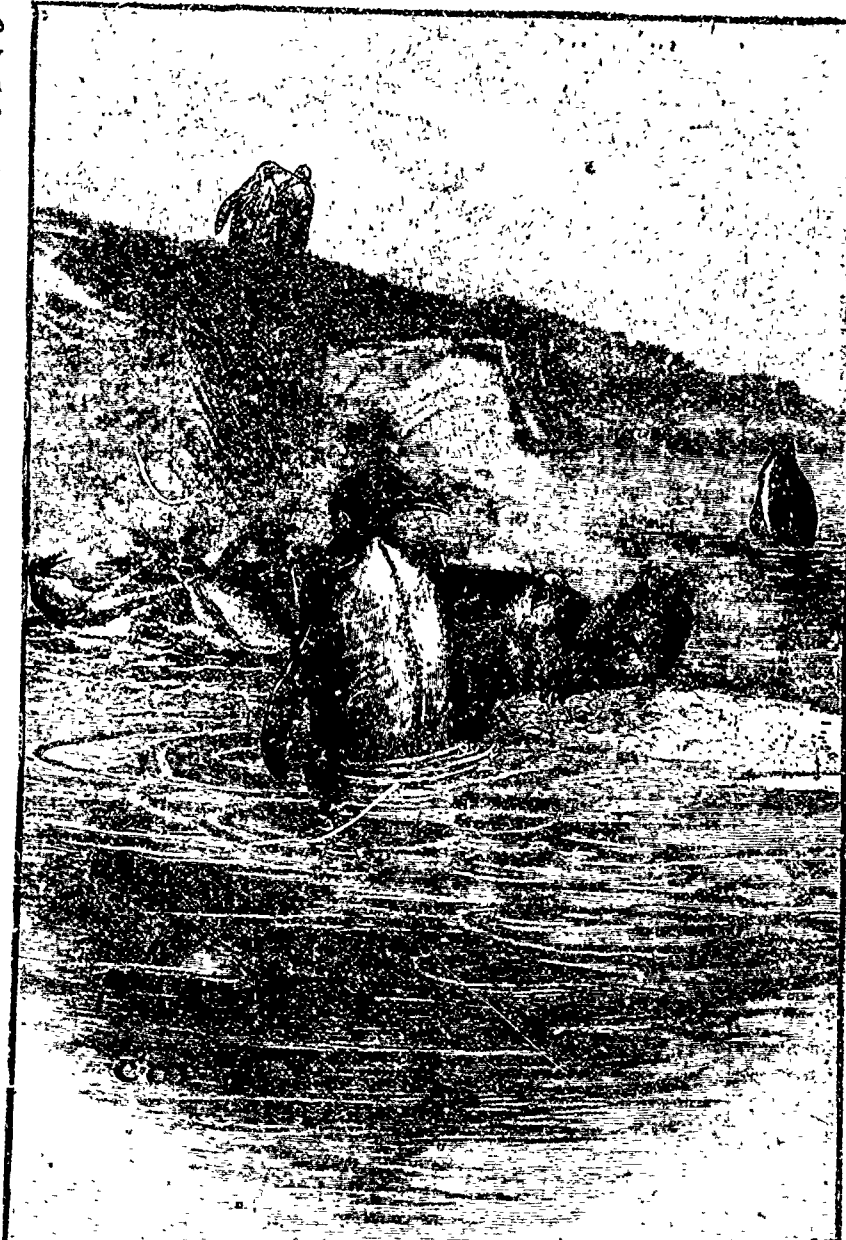
[No. 3.]

Auks.

AUKS, as we might expect from the name, are very awkward, ungainly waddling birds. They waddle about in a very ridiculous manner, and their legs are so short they cannot fly. In their native element, the stormy sea, they are perfectly at home. When ranged along a cliff they look like a lot of school-children with white pinafores on. I was greatly amused at one I saw in the Zoological Gardens at London. He was such a comical looking fellow. They have a dense covering of warm downy feathers that they can withstand the utmost cold of the arctic seas. The picture on page 21 shows the manner in which sailors hunt for the eggs of these strange birds.

"Almost Fell."

"MOTHER, I almost fell to-day."
 "What do you mean, my son?" asked the weary, care-worn mother.
 "Why, I did. I almost fell into an awful sin. I was almost dishonest," and the childish voice was lowered, and the face flushed with shame.
 "Thank God, you resisted, my child. Tell me all about it."
 "Well, mother, you know I sell papers at the depot every morning, and there is one very pleasant, kind gentleman, who buys a paper of me almost every morning, and always speaks so pleasant. He always seems to have lots of money in his pocket, and takes out a handful of change. Several times he has only had nickles, pennies, and has told me to keep the extra three cents for myself. One morning he had nothing but two quarters and two silver dollars. He handed me one of the quarters, and said, in his pleasant way, 'Got any change, my boy?' I looked, but did not have enough. So he said, 'Never mind—you remember it to-morrow.' The next day was Sunday; and Monday, to-day, you know, I was standing outside the depot, and I saw him coming. I thought to myself, he will never remember the twenty-three cents I owe him if he can't see me, and I do want it so much; I will hide till he has gone. So I went across the street. I somehow could not hold my head up as I usually do, and I went into a blacksmith's



AUKS.

shop, and peeped out of a crack. I saw him looking as if for some one, and then he said, 'Where is the paper boy this morning? I will have to buy a paper of the boy on the train. Poor little fellow! I hope he isn't sick—he looks delicate.'
 "Oh, mother, you don't know how his kind words cut me, and how ashamed I felt. I had felt ashamed before, but after that, I felt that money was stolen—that I, your Tommy, was a thief. I rushed across the street, and he was still talking to a gentleman, but I pulled him by the sleeve, and gave him the change. He said, 'That is right.

I am glad you are an honest boy.' I felt my face getting red. I felt as if he must read how wicked I had been in my thoughts, and how I meant to cheat him."
 The mother's eyes filled with tears as she folded her boy in her arms and kissed him.
 "Thank God! I still have an honest boy to kiss, Tommy," said she. "Let it be a lesson to you, and the shame you felt at the dishonest thoughts ever stay in your memory, and keep you from falling—or even almost falling—again."
 "Pray that you enter not into temptation.' Our dear Lord said these words to his disciples just before he was crucified. He knew just how weak we all are, and only by praying to him for strength can we conquer. In time of temptation, pray from your heart, 'Jesus help me,' and he always will hear and answer."—Selected.

Discoveries by Accident.

THE *Well-Spring* tells us of several valuable discoveries that have been made, and valuable inventions suggested, by the veriest accidentists.
 An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain.
 The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighbouring church-spire.
 The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smouldering ruins, he noticed that his poorer neighbours were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profit- ing by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a peculiar name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.
 The process of whitening sugar was discovered

in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were, the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that white clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The origin of blue tinted paper came about by the mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp.

"The Daughter of a King."

BY CORA E. HOWES.

I KNOW no earthly king or queen,
Nor any royal personage grand;
And yet a "heavenly King" and I
Walk hand in hand.

I, who am of humble state,
And have not much to call my own,
But yet the King that walks with me
Has promised me a throne.

My earthly pilgrimage is short,
But for a "heavenly" I am bound;
And when I reach that happy place
I shall be crowned.

Sometimes, in my waywardness,
I try to journey on alone;
But, oh! the way is dark and drear;
I bruise my feet on thorns and stone.

But He who leads me knows the way;
He is indeed a royal Guide;
And now I am content to live
And walk close to his side.

My garments all are travel-stained,
Bedraggled with the dust and heat.
A robe of white awaits me there,
And I can "rest my weary feet."

My King can calm the rushing waves;
The winds are stilled at his command.
What other king can do the same,
O'er this broad land?

I wish that I could see his face;
I know it is not stern or fierce;
But such a glory round him shines
These earthly eyes can never pierce.

But when I reach the "promised land"—
The land to which my footsteps haste—
There I shall know him as he is,
And see him face to face.

The King and I—oh blessed thought!
And if I'm faithful till I die,
I am an heir to great estate—
A mansion in the sky.

Up the Skeena.

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—An account of a trip up the Skeena River may be of interest to you. I went to Aberdeen, at the mouth of the Skeena, by the steamer *Sardonyx*, August 21st, hoping to meet the Hudson Bay Company's canoes with freight for the Upper Skeena, in two days; but, on account of stormy weather on the coast, they did not get to Aberdeen till Saturday, August 25th, at noon. The tide was fair, and the men all ready to go on, so I had to get aboard at once, and we were off.

We had two canoes in company—five men in each, and each canoe carries about two tons of freight. We went on about ten miles, when the boys stopped for mid-day meal. After lunch we went on, calling at Skatsop—a camp of our Port Simpson people, where they fish salmon, and sell them to the canneries. I visited nearly every house; all seemed glad to see the missionary, and we were soon on our way again. The boys worked

hard, keeping time with their paddles and poles till nearly eight o'clock. It was a dull, showery night. We had just passed a camp of two canoes of up river people, which proved to be a party that left Aberdeen twenty-four hours before we did, but they had a heavy load, and could not get on fast. The Rev. Mr. Field, of the Church Missionary Society, and Mr. W. Green were with them.

Here we camped for the Sabbath. On either side of the fire a large sail is stretched over poles, to make a rude tent, and under each sail five men sleep; while a third sail is fixed up to one side for the writer. Every one is tired enough to sleep till late the next morning. I went down to the neighbouring camp, where I preached, at 9 a.m., to about twenty in all. Mr. Field led us in prayer. Back to our own camp, and had preaching with our own men; again, at 6 p.m., had service with our up-river friends, followed by a closing service in our camp. Thus we spent a happy day, though it rained nearly all the day. I thought, how different this from the old days in Old Canada! A large rock just above our camp, I was told, the Indians used to worship, and throw food to it in passing. Now they are bowing to the God we love.

Monday morning was wet, and we did not leave camp till after eight o'clock, and were sorry to leave our friends behind. We called at the Kit-sees camp, where a number of our people are getting food for winter. Had service with them.

On the boys pushed, wet through from the rain and poling up the rapids. It was nearly eight when we camped. There was plenty of wood at hand; and a fire, about ten feet long, was soon on, and a camp at each side of it. Supper and prayer over, we retired.

Next morning I awoke at half-past four, and had time to do some writing before the boys were up. We left camp at half-past seven. The weather looked better, and the boys were in good spirits. We soon had the first tug at the towline for a short distance. On the point of the bar the boys jump out, leaving one in the bow, and the captain, with his long oar—about fourteen feet long—to steer, and getting hold of a rope, pull the canoe over the bar. This is done for miles when we get further up the river, where the banks are steeper.

We push on, and soon a fair wind springs up, to the great satisfaction of the men, who quickly hoist a large sail. This helped us over the rough places, and we went on at a fine rate. Now, one of the boys got a hook attached to a pole, and, as we rushed along, he took out three salmon in a few minutes.

The wind increased, and a second large sail was put up, which brought me work to hold the sheet rope, and we did bound away! not without danger, as it was hard for the captain to steer with his long oar, as the canoe ploughed up against a strong current. These canoes are made of a single cedar-log, hollowed out. The one we had was forty-two feet long, by five and a half feet wide, and has been on the river for four years. It is ribbed, and has been well cared for, or it would not stand so long. Charles, the captain, is a good, faithful man. Each man is paid \$20, and the captain \$22, with as much for the canoe, for the round trip of about four hundred miles, which usually takes two weeks or more. A fair wind, such as we had, shortens the time by two or three days. The weather was rather cold for the season. Already fresh snow on the mountains.

About half-past six we were opposite the Indian village of Kitsom-kalam, when the people called to us to come over. This is a dangerous place in the river, but our captain crossed at once. We found the people in great excitement. The Sunday afternoon before, a child had been lost from the

camp up the river. She had been playing outside the house, and another child said she saw a strange man carry her off. They supposed some wild people from the mountain had taken the child, and the father and others had gone in search. I told them I was sure the child had not been stolen, and exhorted them to look to Jesus in their grief. While I was speaking, we heard the report of a gun, which was repeated several times. Soon one of the Hudson Bay Company's large canoes came in sight, with a small flag flying at half-mast. The captain called out, "Be ready for the news. We have found the child you had lost;" and then he told how, after a fruitless search through the wood, he and his men were in their canoe and leaving the place, when he caught sight of the little body stranded on the shore. The child had been drowned. I shall not soon forget the sight of that poor mother, as she clasped the dead body of her child to her breast, and her frantic cry, "Oh, my child! my child!" I exhorted them all to thank God that the body was found; and told the poor mother to think of her child so safe in heaven; and was glad to see her soon sit down quietly by the child, now laid on a blanket, and hear her say, "Oh, Jesus, you gave me this child, and it is you who have taken it!" This family learned of the blessed Jesus at our Mission at Essington. We were all soon gathered in a large camp, for meeting, when I preached of Jesus and the resurrection.

The next morning we were on our way again, and the following day brought us to the Kit-seelash canyon, where the river runs through a very narrow channel. You would wonder how it would be possible to get those large freight canoes through. Indeed, at certain stages of the water this freight has all to be taken out, and the canoes pulled over the rocks or falls.

I was put ashore, and directed to a rough trail leading to the houses on the bluff. We had a service with the few people I found there, and by the time this was over, our men had their canoes through the canyon. One canoe had been split a little with a bang against the rocks. Now the river is narrow, and the whole volume of water is to be met. It is hard work to get over some of the bars—the boys at the towline are up to their waists in water. At 7 p.m. we camp. There is plenty of brush to lay under our blankets, and soon we have a good fire, supper cooked, and the boys dry their clothes, and we close the day with a good sing and prayer. It was wet all night; and, right in the midst of a heavy shower, the tent fly, or sail, all came down on the other side of the fire; but the poor fellows were up, and had it all fixed again, with only a remark from one man: "I would like to know who knocked my house down!"

Two days more brought us to a place where the Rev. R. Tomlinson, formerly with Mr. Duncan, of Metlakatla, has begun a mission on an industrial plan. He farms some lands, has a saw-mill, etc. A number of Indians are building houses around him. It was pleasant to stop awhile and have a chat. The men were in a hurry to go, as the wind was fair. We had two large sails up, and every one had to look out for a time. It was so strong that we could run the rapid bars of the river. On Saturday evening we reached Kit-won-gah, one of the largest villages on the river. The conjuror's drum was beating, but we were kindly invited into a chief's house, and a supper was soon ready, by a good fire, for all our party. Here I met a man who was converted ten years ago, at Port Simpson, and I gave him a Bible. He has been trying to hold on all these years against great odds, and has recently lost his wife, who was a great help to him. We had a talk about what we should do on the Sabbath. The chief offered his house, in case the

meeting-house should be too small. After our evening devotions, in which all joined, we prepared for the night. In that house of about forty by fifty feet, there were soon thirty people sleeping. A large party from the interior were staying there, as well as our party of eleven.

Sunday morning I took a walk from house to house, visited some sick, and pointed them to Jesus. At 11 a.m. I preached to the people about heaven; and in the afternoon Charles preached, and again I visited the sick. The chief's wife provided a good meal for me; and at 7 p.m. we had service again, followed by a fellowship-meeting—a good service. This over, we all took to the floor again.

The next morning the men rose early, took up their beds, and walked to the canoes. They are at the towline a good part of the day. We pass several canoes of up-river people returning, with the proceeds of their labour, from the coast, where they work during the summer. At half-past twelve we reached Kit-ye-quelk, where I met our missionary, Bro. Pierce, who joined us, and we were soon on our way. Shortly after leaving, we came to the worst part in the river, where the crews of both canoes unite and pull first one canoe and then the other over the rapids. We ran on with a good wind till half-past seven, when we made our camp, had supper and prayer, and were all down by ten o'clock.

Next morning, about ten, we arrived at our new mission, at the mouth of the Hugwil-get river. Mr. Pierce and I soon had letters and other things ready to send home by the canoes. We preached to the people, and went back to the Forks, where we had a meeting of all the Indians at night. Next morning we were off, on foot, to Kish-pi-ax, and on the way met Mr. Spencer, our missionary at that place. He turned and went back with us, and we had a blessed meeting with his people. I was glad to see that several nice little houses had been put up since I was here before, and others are about to build. A great change has taken place. This is a lovely place for a village.

Next morning was foggy, but it soon cleared off, and was fine and very warm. After service with the people, and looking at some logs for a house, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Pierce, and I, walked down to the Forks. We called on the Church Missionary Society's missionary, and took supper with the Hudson Bay Company's agent; and then we found a canoe ready to start down the river; so we got aboard and came down as far as the junction of the Skeena and Hugwil-get rivers, where we stayed for the night. This is the site of our new mission—a beautiful place. We had a good service, and then Bro. Pierce and I got ready to proceed down the river, while Mr. Spencer returned to his post. We visited some fishing-camps by the way, and came as far as Kit-ye-guela—Bro. Pierce's mission. Here we had two meetings with the people—one being to consider the building of a new church. We were now on our way home, and six o'clock next morning saw us off. We called at Krit-on-gah for breakfast, visited some sick, and were soon on our way again. We reached Kit-sum-kalum by 10 p.m.

It was a lovely, moonlight night, otherwise it would not have been safe to run the bars at night. This was Saturday night, so here we spent the Sabbath. We had a good day—three services, and a large number of people. God bless them! On Monday morning we continued our journey. A fair wind, and the current with us, brought us to Port Essington, at the mouth of the river, by 8 p.m. Next day we were home, glad to find all well.

There are hundreds of poor people up that river who have no teacher. Who will go to carry them the light?

Yours truly,

T. CROSBY.

Gallant Boys of the Evanston Methodist University.

MEY who have sailed on the great lakes for forty years, pronounce the general gales of last week the severest during their experience. The wind was heavy, the waves were mountainous, and, withal, there was a driving snow-storm, which made it almost impossible to see sea or shore.

On the day before Thanksgiving, a large steam-barge, carrying a crew of eighteen, came ashore opposite Fort Sheridan, near the Lake Bluff camp ground. The vessel was leaking, and, as the water was about to put out the engine-fires, she was intentionally "beached." The stranded steamer's lights were noticed from the shore during the night, and word was sent to the light-saving station at Evanston, whence the crew arrived with their surf-boat, by train, on the shore opposite the wreck, at daybreak.

An effort was made with the apparatus to fire a line aboard the vessel, but the shots fell short. Captain Lawson, in charge of the crew, then ordered the life-boat to be launched, though it seemed as if it could not live in the breakers a half-hour. Briefly stated, the boat, with infinite labour and danger, made three trips to the wreck, carrying six rescued men each time.

The entire crew of the wrecked vessel were brought safely to the beach, and were fed and warmed by the hospitable garrison at the fort. The banks at the place are very high, and much labour was necessary to get the life-boat down to the water's edge without harm. The soldiers gave vital aid. When the boat was ready, the crew took their places on the thwarts, oars in hand, and the soldiers fairly by hand shot the boat out into the boiling surf. Strong arms, and as strong hearts, enabled the boat's crew to stem the tempest, and, foot by foot, to fight their way out to the helpless, shivering, weary, and, but for these heroes, hopeless, shipwrecked eighteen men. The rescued crew, without exception, declare the heroic salvation to be the bravest thing they ever witnessed.

That life-saving crew is made up of university students, who are paid and drilled by the Government for this very duty. All honour to the gallant young men who, as we have often noted in the past, have done equally fine work. The only one in the crew who is not a student is Capt. Lawson, who has been in charge of the station for years. The crew proper changes from time to time, as the students leave school and others come, but the change is gradual, and the high standard is maintained.

The life-saving station, which stands on the university grounds, is always ready for service from the first of April to the middle of December. That service, in general, is one of the most honourable and beneficent among the many arms of governmental organization.

The total number of stations on sea and lake-coasts is 225, and, from the proper point of estimate, the service is self-supporting. The Evanston crew has made a fine record, and we heartily congratulate it for this last splendid instance of gallantry. Only those who are accustomed to the sea when in a rage, can fully appreciate the blessings of this last resort for the wrecked. In fact, the rage of the lakes is almost more terrible than that of the wider ocean. The waves on the inland seas are savage, and more dangerous because of the shallower water and shorter distances between wave-crests. Thousands live to bless the gallant crews which have snatched them from the very jaws of death.—*North-Western Christian Advocate.*

THE unselfish leader becomes the popular one.

Perfect Trust.

[These lines were written by Mrs. Ellen J. Martin, of East Coleraine, Mass., a short time before her death. The shore was nearer than she knew. Suddenly her boat struck land. We could not see for the mists that hid her, but we feel sure she has anchored in the haven of eternal rest—L. M. H.]

My boat is on the open sea
Which storms and tempests toss,
I do not know the ills I'll meet
Before I get across.

I do not know how long or short
The checkered way may be,
But patient I'll abide His time
Who built the boat for me.

'Tis fully manned in every part,
Hope is the anchor fair;
The compass that it bears is faith,
And every oar is prayer.

Sometimes I see the breakers nigh,
The ocean madly roars,
But all I do is simply this—
Bend closer to the oars.

Sometimes the waves dash mountain high,
And threaten me to strand;
I fear not, for He holds them in
The hollow of his hand.

The fog at times obscures my course,
And clouds shut out the light,
But well I know I cannot drift
Beyond the Father's sight.

I know not where the shoals may lie,
Nor where the whirlpools be,
It is enough, dear Lord, to feel
That they are known to thee.

And thus content I glide along,
If either slow or fast,
Well knowing He will bring my boat
Safe into port at last.

The Priest and his Dinner.

AN Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him:

"O, Father O'Leary, how is your riverence?"

"Mightily put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! Who'd put out your riverence?"

"Ah, you don't understand; that is just it. I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it is nearly one o'clock."

"O, is that all?" was the reply. "Just now be aisy, your riverence; I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away flew the good natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and enquired:

"Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed: "No; bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here; but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, saying:

"All is right, your riverence; you dine at forty-three, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"O Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your riverence! I have got your malady. I only wish I had your cure."

We think Pat deserved an invitation to dinner after that, though a man with his shrewdness might manage to pick up a dinner in some way.

When the Children are at Rest.

WHEN the household cares are over,
And the quiet zephyrs pass
Through the crimson heads of clover
And the daisies in the grass;
Then the mother's busy fingers
Do their silent labour best,
Toiling fast while daylight lingers
And the children are at rest.

In the sunny hours of morning
She had other work to do,
Softly chiding, gently warning,
Watching all the noontide through.
Love and strife and pain and pleasure
Crowd within one little nest;
Mother hearts can find no leisure
Till the children are at rest.

While we sleep the Father waketh,
Working, watching for us all;
In his mighty hands he taketh
All the tasks that we let fall.
We have wrangled, toiled and striven
Through a long and weary day,
Lo! we rest, and help is given,
And the pain is soothed away.

He who loves us will not slumber
While our feeble hands are still;
Blessings that we cannot number
All the hours of darkness fill,
Till the broken links are mended,
And the worst becomes the best,
And the toilsome task is ended
While his children are at rest.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

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

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

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

G. W. COATMAN,

2 Bleury Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HUNTER,

Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Home and School.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

What Is It To Be a Christian?

REV. J. L. WITHROW, D.D.

1. ONE must have broken away, and earnestly set his purpose against such bad doings as conscience disapproves. If there has not been a revolution in the life which has brought conscience to the throne, little reason has any one to count himself a convert to Christ.

2. There will be an increasing sensitiveness of conscience to prove to one that he is a Christian. So that what in the earlier years of profession may not have distressed the disciple of Christ, if he fell into a devious or doubtful way, will pain him much later on. Any church member who lives less religiously and more in conformity to the world's ways, and is comfortable in so doing in later life, may well raise the question whether the experience he had in the beginning was more than a flutter of feeling, for if one is a Christian:—

3. He will feel an increasing anxiety to be right

with God down deep in his inner life, and in the dark, where no eyes of man can see. It was a sweeping condemnation when Christ charged the Pharisees with practising religion to be seen of men. We may well suspect that religion of being spurious which does not take more care of the thought and heart feeling of its possessor, than it does of his parlour manners or Sabbath-day proprieties.

On the other hand, if nearly every other evidence of the reality of any one being a Christian should fail, yet if he can say: "Thou God knowest that my daily desire and care is to live pure and true and right in my secret thoughts, and where no human eye sees," then has such an one an evidence of the highest value that he is a renewed son of God and an heir of glory.

One who has these internal evidences of being a Christian, will add this:—

4. He will make some progress in such graces as unselfishness, generosity in giving, charity in judging others, and a desire to do what in him lies to help his fellow-men. Mr. Spurgeon has wittily said, that progress in Christian life is like riding a bicycle—you must either keep going or fall. One who is no more obviously a Christian after he has been a church member ten or twenty years than he was when he united, has probably never been a real Christian at any time, in the judgment of Jesus.

Let me add only one more matter: To be a Christian—

5. One will have a condition of mind that responds with glad emotions at news of the success of Christ's cause. If Christianity means anything, it is that Christ, who was crucified on Calvary, became the head of a religion which he declared shall one day cover the earth. The whole genius and spirit of his Gospel is progress and prevalence over the whole earth. Until we catch that zeal for a world-wide kingdom which consumed Christ, we have not begun, or more than begun, to be Christians after the model he set us.

The supremacy and potency of this possession and evidence of a genuine Christianity in any one may be seen by this, that if one is aflame with prayer and purpose for the progress of Christ's Church and crown rights, he will absolutely surely be a man of high moral character and admirable every-day life. It is morally impossible for any one to live deceitfully, or dishonestly in business, or basely in social sinning, or wickedly in any way, and at the same time show an ardent interest in revival news and missionary progress.

Who, then, is in doubt whether his religion is genuine? Let him inquire what pleasure it gives him to know of Christianity's progress here and there. The measure of that pleasure is probably the measure of his piety and part in the Lord Jesus Christ.

If we do our best; if we do not magnify trifling troubles; if we resolutely look, I do not say at the bright side of things, but at things as they really are; if we avail ourselves of the manifold blessings which surround us, we cannot but feel how thankful we ought to be for the "sacred trusts of health, strength, and time," for the glorious inheritance of life.



LESSON PICTURE.

THE MINISTRY OF JOHN.—Luke iii, 7-22.

A Word to Young Christians.

THE movement for organized religious activity among the young people of the various evangelical churches has been hailed with joy by those ministers who are quick to appreciate the helpfulness of young people in Christian work. It would seem not too much to hope that the very first and most effective response to the call from the pastors at this season of the year for earnest and effective support in revival services will come from the young people. With their religious sympathies quickened by their association and counsel in conventions, and by their home meetings for mutual improvement, they will, it would seem, be ready to begin the work of direct and special labour for the conversion of their young associates. We trust our young people will justify the hope which their pledges and apparent interest in the salvation of souls have awakened.

"Lives of Great Men."

A SWEDISH boy fell out of a window, and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The King, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his house, in the Tyrol, with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings on his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Richter, the great German philosopher.

Do you know, children, what these examples mean? Why, simply this: That in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil that make men or women good or otherwise. Take heed, then, what traits you foster and allow to grow. The highest possibilities are open to us in youth, and, as a great American poet declares:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."



AUK HUNTING.

Pass it on.

HAVE you found the heavenly light?

Pass it on!

Souls are groping in the night,

Daylight gone!

Hold thy lighted lamp on high,

Be a star in some one's sky,

He may live who else would die—

Pass it on!

Be not selfish in thy greed,

Pass it on!

Live upon your brother's need,

Pass it on!

Live for self, you live in vain;

Live for Christ, you live again;

Live for him, with him you reign—

Pass it on!

The Ant-Lion.

The ant-lion begins life as a clumsy, ugly insect, living in a rounded hole in the ground, which he digs out and shapes for himself in places frequented by the ants on whom he feeds. He likes best a light, dry, sandy soil, into which he can readily force himself, and which he finds no difficulty in tossing out of the hole as he digs, thus increasing its size, and enabling him to sink it to the depth he desires. When his work is completed, he finds himself at the bottom of a little cave, shaped like a funnel, where he lies in wait for his prey.

As he takes care to locate himself where there are plenty of ants, he does not have to wait long before some unwary little insect of that species finds itself slipping into the trap dug for it, and before it can escape up its sloping sides its enemy catches and devours it without mercy. The ant is so small, and so quick and agile in its movements, that its slow-moving, clumsy foe could never capture it but in some such way as this, which gives the poor little insect no chance of escape.

The life of the ant-lion is a much longer one than that of most insects, who rarely outlive a single season. This creature exists for two years as described; then, by means of a glutinous fluid which it produces, it covers itself with grains of sand, presenting at last the appearance of a ball of sand. Inside of that it remains for twenty days,

to all appearances dead and buried. At the end of that period a new life stirs within it, and it comes forth a much prettier, more graceful creature than before, but still engaged in catching and devouring ants.

Epworth League.



The Epworth League in Toronto.

A SECOND MASS MEETING ADDRESSED BY MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

We copy this report from the *Toronto Globe*:—

A second mass meeting in favour of the Epworth League was held in Spadina Avenue Methodist Church. Rev. Dr. Parker ably presided.

Rev. Dr. Withrow, the Secretary of the League, led the opening devotional exercises, and made the opening address, which his thorough knowledge of the League made eminently fitting. A touching reference to the recent death of Rev. Dr. Williams, who was so fully in sympathy with the movement, was found in the Secretary's first words; and then he addressed himself to meeting the objections that had been made against the League. In answer to the query, What good is the League going to do us? he said this was hardly the way to put it. They should ask, What good will the League help us to do others? and to this the reply would be, Much, because of the organization of the whole Church for these objects. The fear that the League will multiply meetings was ill-founded, for it may easily absorb several of the present church meetings, thus really reducing the number. He explained the marvellous ease by which ordinary Young People's Societies may become branches of the League, the *modus operandi* being simply to send in a request for organization to the central office, Toronto, when they will speedily find themselves in line with the rest of young Methodism. A sketch of the rapid growth of the League throughout the Province and in the Provinces by the sea made a closing of a very satisfactory description.

Rev. J. E. Lanceley spoke strongly in favour of the League as cultivating true manhood.

Mr. R. W. Dillon, M.A., felt that the Epworth League had been evolved from the necessities of the times, and proceeded to outline its excellences in the following line—the religious element of the League, the provision of a good course of literature, and its attention to our social and literary requirements.

Rev. Manly Benson said that he liked the Epworth League in that it was more than a society for social entertainment. It built up the manhood of its members and emphasized the religious work of the Church.

Rev. J. V. Smith devoted his ten minutes to a consideration of the literary department of the League, which he declared to be a sumptuous banquet of twenty-six courses.

Mr. John T. Moore claimed that the Epworth League was just the thing that the laymen's meeting at the last Toronto Annual Conference expressed a desire for. They urged that the Young People's Societies be given some connection with the Church, and the League stepped in and supplied that very need.

Rev. Dr. A. Sutherland described this movement as one of those about which, after they are started, everybody asks: Why did not some one start this before? It was needed to bridge over the critical period between childhood and the Church, just when a young man thinks that he knows more than any one else in the world. The connexional nature

of the League was to him, perhaps, its strongest point, which he held was the basic principle of Methodism.

Rev. A. M. Phillips believed that the League is a link not so much between the Sunday-school and the Church as between the older and the modern methods of Church work. All other enterprises had changed their methods of work during the later years. He urged that the Church could not counteract the theatre and the saloon while it was closed all day and opened its doors an hour or two on an occasional evening. He would have under the direction of this Epworth League places of recreation, reading rooms, gymnasiums and places where young men could go to talk over the news of the day without hanging about a saloon. They had tried some such thing in his neighbourhood, and fitted up a gymnasium and a reading-room in the basement of his church, which had resulted in the gathering in of a large number of young men whom before they could not touch. There should be no need of fraternal societies outside the Christian Church.

The following resolution was unanimously passed: "We devoutly recognize the new social and religious organization known as the Epworth League, which is being so rapidly adopted throughout this Dominion and this continent, as a providential movement signally adapted for quickening the religious zeal and promoting the intellectual activities of young people, and for guiding them into wise methods for helping one another in the Christian life, and of building up the Redeemer's kingdom in the world, and as such we cordially recommend its adoption by the Young People's Associations of the Methodist Church."

How May Young People Aid the Church?

BY N. A. WRIGHT.

To us, down through the long ages,
Comes ringing our Lord's command:
Go work to-day in my vineyard;
And shall we then idle stand?
And while fields are white for harvest
Shall we say "No man doth hire,"
And grudge or withhold the service
That our Master doth require?
How then shall we work for the Master,
How gather the grapes or grain,
That when he seeks the fruit we bring
He shall not look in vain?
We must bring home what we gather
When the shades of evening fall,
For God will call his servants
And reckon with each and all.

We belong to God. Young people if they would help the cause of God must recognize God's original claim upon them. Upon body, soul and spirit, upon every faculty and power of human nature, has the redeeming blood been sprinkled, and we are not our own, "we are bought with a price." In the work of the Church there is a place for each of us that no one else can fill. Though the place may not be such a one as you would choose, yet for the willing and obedient the duty that lies nearest us is the duty for the hour.

We may help by faithful co-operation with the pastor and the older members of the Church in all departments of Church work. The Sunday-school is especially a field for our work, both as students and teachers. We may also aid by inviting into our Sunday-school those other young people and children who have no home elsewhere. If you find any such, and you are always sure to in the day-school, ask them to go with you. It will cost you nothing, but it may be to them eternal life. Help in the Sunday-school by giving to the superintendent and teachers your hearty support.

And then in the prayer-meetings,—what a power

for good the young people may become. The enthusiasm and earnestness of their warm hearts have an influence that is especially their own. Their fresh young voices add such a charm to the singing, and the kindly greetings and respectful attention from them may do much to cheer hearts grown weary with the burden and heat of the day.

Much the same thought applies to the love-feast and the class-meeting, while we in return may gain from all these much needed help and strength for our own daily Christian life.

We all know how important the presence of the young is to the success of the public and social gatherings of the church; for their absence would rob such occasions of brightness and enjoyment.

"The opportunities for personal Christian work among young people should not be forgotten. The young can influence the young as others cannot. The companionship of young people is peculiarly open to confidence concerning the solemn matters of personal piety, which the young are very reluctant to disclose to persons more advanced in life. A word from you may be the word that will win that soul to the Saviour. Be watchful for opportunities and be much in communion with God, that your labour with others may be free, the spontaneous outgoing of your own heart."

Young people in general are like a company of raw recruits in an army. They need to be organized and trained, trained both in the theory and practice of their calling. A foremost demand of our day is that of a training-school for Christian workers, where they can learn how to do good work for God and put their knowledge and skill to the test by doing it. Is not that demand being supplied through the numerous young people's societies which are forming all over our broad land? And is not that what we want our Epworth League to be—a school where we young people can be organized, trained and fitted in every way to aid the Church in all her departments, every one doing his part and not letting the burden come on a few?

But as character must be the foundation of all successful Christian work, let us take to ourselves Chancellor Sims' noble words, "Under all, over all, in all, carry the earnest purpose, the loyal heart, the devout spirit. Seek the favour of God, enter into loving communion with him, give him your hearts and your lives, and he will bestow on you the perfect good."

The Epworth League, an Agency to Save the Young.

At the Epworth League mass meeting in London, Ont., among other able speeches was that of Mr. Fred W. Matthews. He said that he had just come fresh from the fragrance of a gathering of Class No. 13, in the sister church at Dundas Street Centre, a class whose work was right in line with the chief aim and purpose of the Epworth League. With an extremely large attendance; with the presence of One whose presence only can make such a meeting a success; with right royal, ringing, up-to-date testimonies from the boys, testimonies full of assurance that they were firmly settled in their purpose to fight the good fight of faith, they had felt that the meeting was the house of God and the very gate of heaven to their souls. He trembled as he thought of the tremendous possibilities that lay wrapped up in the lives and energies of those youths and young men. The Methodist Church in the Province of Ontario stands before an open door of opportunity such as has rarely, if ever, been placed before any religious organization. With her seventy Sunday-schools more, with her 3,000 Sunday-school teachers more, with her 25,000 Sunday-school scholars more, than the com-

bined Sunday school forces of all the other Protestant denominations of the Province of Ontario, it needed not the wisdom of a prophet to attest that, if she but enter this open door, a decade shall not pass ere she shall move in majestic monarchy over the spiritual forces of the Protestant Province of Ontario. But if she hesitates and falters, if she fails to make the decisive step in advance, she will find the door shut by One who has said, "I am he that shutteth and no man openeth."

He had not the least fear that she would fail at this juncture; he knew that she would not be false to her traditions, but that she would grasp the opportunity by the forelock, ere it passed her, when it could only be viewed from the rear, as it vanished in the distance. The meeting showed how the hearts of the Methodist fathers and mothers, as well as the hearts of the Methodist youth, beat responsive to the Church's call to organize for the defence and for the spiritual and intellectual development of the young people within her borders. He was delighted at this Epworth League movement, as he would be delighted with any concerted movement of the Church, no matter by what name it was called—though there were historic associations clinging to the name of "Epworth" that made it particularly precious to Methodists—that had for its object the aims of the Epworth League.

Never was there a finer array of young people, in point of intellectual and moral worth, than is gathered under the banner of Methodism, and the duty of the Church to them is plain, positive and imperative. Personal piety, intellectual culture, and practical Christianity were the rallying cries of the League, and he was pleased that personal piety had been made the corner-stone of the structure, for the basilar stone of all should be Christ. He hoped that personal piety would be maintained as the prime object of the League, and that the work of soul-saving would not be sacrificed to that of shekel-getting. He said that the Church wanted the boys and girls for Christ; and, to this end, Christians must no longer quietly sanction, if not openly avow, the belief that our youth must sow their "wild oats" as a preface to a life in the Master's service, or, in other words, that they must come to Jesus *via* the devil. It may be said that these words were strong, but they were just as strong as fact, and it is a pity that they were.

He asked, Is it not a fact that many have looked upon youthful piety as an evidence of mental weakness, or as a promise of an early death? But the times are changing. We're ringing out the old; we're ringing in the new. We're ringing out the false; we're ringing in the true; and the time has dawned when the youth are being given that place in the Church militant which was secured to them by the sacrifice of Christ, but which they were not sufficiently encouraged by the Church to go up and possess. He said that an experience of nearly four years as leader of a class has shown him that numbers of young men could be gathered into Christ with but very little exertion. They had found that an uplifted Christ has all the old-time power, as in the early days of the Church, when the Lord added to it daily such as should be saved.

There is a fact, but there is no fun in it: The cost of firing one shot from a cannon of the largest size now made is sufficient to maintain a missionary and his family in Japan for more than two years.

A VERY little girl's mamma used to shiver whenever she took medicine, and cry "Ugh!" This greatly amused the child. Once her mamma failed to say "Ugh!" and the little one called to her, "Mamma, make a face out loud!"

The Why and How of Boys' Mission Bands.

BY ALICE A. CHOWN.

GIRLS' Mission Bands are an established fact. But are not the boys being overlooked in many of our churches? Our bright merry boys have more temptations and more leisure time than their sisters.

Instead of continually saying "don't" to them, would it not be well to say "do" occasionally? When a boy first gives his heart to Christ, he longs for some definite work to do for Christ. We answer this longing by telling him to do all his work for Christ. But to his sister we give work to be done for the poor, the sick, and the heathen, "in his name." Why not do the same for the boys? Organize them into Mission Bands. Give them a definite object for their self-denials and their prayers. Teach them to study about "the lands that sit in darkness," that they may know how to pray for them.

How may this be done? Let one who loves God and loves boys gather the boys around him. Encourage your boys to make motions and discuss business. Always give them a five minutes' talk on missions, illustrating with charts, maps, black-board, photographs, or curiosities. Keep before the Band the thought that Christ is our Commander and our foes are twofold,—our own faults and the forces of heathendom.

If your boys have lost their military ardor, and no longer dream of being soldiers, have a Missionary Parliament, giving each boy a country to represent. Let them have debates on such a subject as "Systematic giving is the best way in which to raise money for Christian work;" or, "Foreign missions are a benefit to the commerce of our country;" or, "We owe a debt to our Indians which we can only repay by giving them the Gospel;" or, "Our duty to foreign missions is equal to our duty to home missions." Let them discuss such questions as the opium traffic; the Government's duty to the Indians; the slave-trade in Africa, and Christian nations' attitude toward it; what constitutes a call to be a foreign missionary. Emphasize the spiritual side of missions, that the power is of God; study with them God's promises and commands regarding it.

A bonfire is always the delight of a boy's heart, and a missionary bonfire, to which every boy who comes must bring a real missionary story,—no make-believes,—is a splendid way to interest boys. In winter time, when a bonfire is impossible, a large, old-fashioned hearth, piled with logs, or, failing that, a grate fire burning brightly, around which the boys can group themselves on the floor, and tell about their favourite missionary heroes, is a charming way to entertain boys when you give them a social evening. The lamps should not be lit; for boys as well as girls talk best in half darkness. One more suggestion,—throw as much responsibility as possible on the boys. Let the leader be the head, the boys the feet. Make as many offices for the boys as possible. Have one or two vice-presidents, corresponding and recording secretaries, treasurer, auditor, organist, one to gather Sunday-school papers and distribute to destitute missions, and a librarian,—for, if you have no books, you will have magazines and scrap-books. You might offer small prizes for scrap-books on missions. No boys' meeting would be complete without a newspaper with one or more editors. Whatever plans you adopt, pray about them. While watching for results in the daily life of the boys, be content to wait till they have grown to manhood for the full fruit. Be sure that in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.

The Burial of Moses.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes, when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves:—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bold old eagle
On grey Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
Or the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay,
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—
At the great Judgment Day;
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these anxious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

The Tiger and the Bracelet.

ONE day, a pigeon feeding in a southern forest saw an old tiger, who, having bathed, was sitting, with kusa grass in his paw, on the brink of a pond, and was calling out, "Ho, ho, traveller, come and take this bracelet of gold."

Whereupon a certain traveller, attracted by avarice, thought with himself, "Wherever contact with poison is, there even the beverage of immortality tends to death; yet everywhere in the acquisition of wealth, enterprise is a risk. I will therefore examine the bracelet a little." He then said to the tiger, "Where is thy bracelet?" The tiger, stretching out his paw, displayed it.

Then the traveller said, "How can trust be put in thee, a ferocious creature?"

To this the tiger replied, "Listen, O traveller. Formerly indeed in the state of youth I was very mischievous. Because of the slaughter of many cows, Brahmans, and men, my children in great numbers died, also my wife. I am now without a family. A very religious person told me to practise the duty of liberality. Through his advice I am now a practiser of ablutions, and am also generous and merciful; besides which I am old and my claws and teeth are decayed; am I not then a fit object of confidence? To such an extent am I free from selfishness that I am willing to give any one this bracelet of gold. It is difficult to forget the old saying 'The tiger devours man,' but I have been studying religious books, and my old nature is changed, so fear not, but having bathed in the lake, take this bracelet of gold."

When the traveller heard the tiger's words, he entered the lake with great confidence, but immediately stuck in a quagmire, and was unable to escape.

Then the tiger, seeing him in the mud, said, "Ha, ha, thou art fallen into a great slough, I will help thee out." Saying this he drew near, and seized the traveller.

Then the traveller thought of the old saying, "Confidence ought never to be put in rivers, in those with weapons in their hands, in animals having claws or horns," and whilst thus meditating he was killed and devoured by the tiger. So true it is that avarice destroys men.

A New and Striking Argument for Teetotalism.

BY THE REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D.D.

THE anecdote is told of Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, that, by a simple experiment, he convinced an intelligent young man of the importance of total abstinence, when argument or appeal might have been in vain. The young man was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," as he called it, and saying that it not only did him good, but that he could not get through the day without it.

Without attempting a direct reply, Dr. Richardson said: "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I am standing here?"

He did so, and the doctor said: "Count it carefully, and tell me what it says."

"Your pulse," was the reply, "beats seventy-four to the minute."

The doctor then sat down in a chair, and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said: "It has gone down to seventy."

The doctor then laid himself down on the lounge, and said: "Now count it again."

He did so, and exclaimed: "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

The doctor then said: "When you lie down at night, that is the way Nature gives your heart rest. In sleep you know nothing about it, but that beat-

ing organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up, you will see at once it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less every minute than before. Now multiply that number by sixty, and it is six hundred; and multiply that number again by the eight hours you may give to sleep, and, within a fraction, it is five thousand strokes less than when you are awake. And as the heart throws out some six ounces of blood at every stroke or pulsation, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces, or nearly nineteen hundred pounds, of lifting during the night, or nearly eleven millions of ounces, or almost seven hundred thousand pounds, of lifting in a single year—and this by so delicate an organ or instrument as the human heart.

"When I lie down at night without alcohol, that is the rest that my heart gets. But when you take your wine or whiskey, or grog of any kind, you do not get that rest, for the effect of alcohol, or spirit, is to increase the number of strokes; and instead of getting this rest, you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, or some ninety thousand ounces of extra lifting, in a single night; and the result is that you rise up weak and exhausted, and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken another drink, which, in the end, increases the exhaustion, and rapidly wears away the life itself."

The young man acknowledged that all this was perfectly true, though it had never before struck him in that light. He carefully reckoned up the figures, and finding what it meant to be the lifting up so many extra thousand ounces whenever he took a drink, he became a total abstainer, with every benefit, as he admits, to his purse, his health, and his happiness.

Is there not here a most striking and conclusive argument for teetotalism? Let every young man ponder it.—*British Workman*.

Finish Your Jobs.

MANY persons seem always to be in a hurry, and yet never accomplish much. Others never seem to be hurried, and yet do a very great deal.

If you have fifty letters to answer, don't waste too much time in looking over to find which one should be noticed first. Answer the one you first lay hands on, and then go on through the whole pile as fast as possible.

Some begin a thing and leave it partially completed, and hurry off to something else. A better plan is to complete whatever you undertake before you leave it, and be thorough in everything. The going back and forth from one thing to another wastes valuable time.

Another thing. Deliberate workers are those who accomplish the most work in a given time, and are less tired at the end than many who have accomplished half so much. The hurried worker has often to do his work twice over, and even then it is seldom done in the best manner, either for neatness or durability.

It is the deliberate and measured expenditure of strength which invigorates the constitution and builds up the health. Multitudes of firemen have found an early death, while the plough-boy lives healthy and lives long, going down to his grave beyond three score and ten.—*Industrial World*.

A good rule for the guidance of a girl through the years when she is the object of admiration and flattery, is to do nothing which she would not be willing to tell now to her mother and hereafter to her husband. Life may be made tamer for her by observing that rule, but it will assuredly be more pure, womanly and safe.

When to Pray.

Ere the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away;
Ere the silent evening close
Your wearied eyes in sweet repose,
To lift your heart and voice in prayer
Be your first and latest care.

He to whom the prayer is due,
From heaven his throne shall smile on you;
Angels sent by him shall tend
Your daily labour to befriend,
And their nightly vigils keep
To guard you in the hour of sleep.

When through the peaceful parish swells
The music of the Sabbath-bells,
Duly tread the sacred road
Which leads you to the house of God;
The blessing of the Lamb is there,
And "God is in the midst of her."

And oh! where'er your days be past;
And oh! howe'er your lot be cast,
Still think of him whose eye surveys,
Whose hand is over all your ways.

Abroad, at home, in woe, in woe,
That service which to heaven you owe,
That bounden service duly pay,
And God shall be your strength alway.

He only to the heart can give
Peace and true pleasure while you live;
He only, when you yield your breath,
Can guide you through the vale of death.

He can, he will, from out the dust,
Raise the blest spirits of the just;
Heal every wound, hush every fear;
From every eye wipe every tear;
And place them where distress is o'er,
And pleasures dwell for evermore.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A. D. 26] LESSON VII. [Feb. 16

THE MINISTRY OF JOHN.

Luke 3. 7-22. Memory verses, 16, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Matt. 3. 2.

TIME.—A. D. 26. The opening of the year preliminary to Christ's preparatory work, called the Year of Preparation.

PLACES.—Wilderness of Judea, and the banks of the Jordan not far north of the Dead Sea. The castle of Machærus.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Many years passed between the last lesson and this. Jesus was then twelve years of age, now he was a grown man about thirty. His cousin, whom at that time he probably had not seen, had been trained in the wild desert, and now suddenly presented himself in rough and startling guise, as a great reformer. People went out to hear him by the thousand. His fame spread to the very ends of the land, and Jews and Gentiles alike were terrified by his sermons, and tried to live better lives after-hearing him.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Generation of vipers*—Brood of serpents. *We have Abraham*—These hypocritical people believed that because their ancestor was a good man they could read their title clear to all good things in this world and the next. John simply says it makes no difference who your father or grandfather was, the question is, What sort of a man are you? *Bring forth fruits*—Everything you do and say is the fruit of your life, and a man is judged by his conduct. Never forget that. Hasty tempers, deceptions large or small, dishonesty, trickery, meanness of every description, all the faults that you notice in your friends, and that your friends notice in you, are simply so many fruits, and boys and girls are not known by their dresses or their neckties, but by the outcome of their hearts—by the words they speak and the actions they perform. Even men judge them that way; God sees the heart itself. *Fan*—That is the winnowing fan, a small tool with which the Jewish farmer separated the wheat from the chaff. The One mightier

than John, who was to come, was to winnow out the people, keeping the good and rejecting the bad. *Latchet*—The old-fashioned Eastern shoes were peculiarly fastened, and John says, This man whom I am telling you about is so much greater than I that I am unworthy to fasten his shoes on his feet. As a man might say nowadays, He is so much greater and better than I that I am not worthy to be his bootblack. *Praying*—Remember that Jesus himself needed that. Remember, too, that it was when Jesus prayed that the heavens were opened. It was when Jesus prayed, two years after this, that the great transfiguration scene came to him with its blessing; it was when Jesus prayed in the dark garden of Gethsemane that angels came and comforted him, and what Jesus experienced in his life we may experience in ours. When we pray, the heavens will open, though not in the same way.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Fruits of Repentance*, vs. 7-14.

Of whom did the multitude seek baptism? What question did John ask of them? What did he demand that they should do? What did he say about Abraham's children? What about trees and fruit? What question did the people then ask? What was John's reply? What Roman officials came to be baptized? What did John bid them to do? Who else asked a question about conduct? How did John answer the soldiers? What universal duty did John proclaim? (Golden text.)

2. *The Forerunner of the King*, vs. 15-22.

What were the people thinking about John? How did John baptize the people? What did he say of one who would come after him? What would this one do with the wheat and the chaff? What else did John say in his preaching? What ruler did he rebuke? Why did he rebuke Herod? What did the ruler do to John? What noted person came to be baptized by John? What was Jesus doing as he was baptized? What wonderful sight appeared? What message from heaven was heard? On what other occasion was this voice heard? See chap. 9. 35.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did the multitude throng to hear? "John the Baptist." 2. How did John describe Jesus? "One mightier than I cometh." 3. What wonder happened when Jesus was baptized? "Heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended." 4. How did the Divine Spirit descend? "In a bodily shape, like a dove." 5. What words were spoken from heaven? "Thou art my beloved Son: in thee I am well pleased."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Repentance from sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. What do we know of our Lord's youth?

That in his twelfth year he was in the temple: "in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions."

And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions.—Luke 2. 46.

A. D. 27] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 23

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Luke 4. 1-13. Memory verses, 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted. Heb. 2. 18.

TIME.—A. D. 27.

PLACES.—The wilderness, probably beyond Jordan. The temple at Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The temptation of Christ seems to have come immediately after his baptism and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him, as narrated in our last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Full of the Holy Ghost*—A higher experience than even the Son of God had thus far been blessed with. *Into the wilderness*—A wild, uncultivated land, not necessarily a sandy desert. *Afterward hungered*—His mind seems to have been so absorbed by spiritual matters that he did

not recognize the pangs of hunger until the temptations had passed. *Pinnacle*—A high point. *For a season*—A phrase which shows that Jesus was tempted through all his ministry.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *In the Desert*, vs. 1-5.

With what was Jesus filled at his baptism? By whom was he led into the desert? How long was he there? What company had he? What did he eat during that time? What did the devil tempt him to do? How did Jesus repel the temptation? From what book did he quote? See Deut. 8. 3.

2. *On the Mountain*, vs. 6-8.

Where then did the tempter lead Jesus? What was shown to him? What offer was made to him? What was asked in return? How did Jesus reply to this temptation? From what writing did he quote this time? See Deut. 6. 13.

3. *On the Pinnacle*, vs. 9-13.

Where then was Jesus brought? Where was he placed? What was he bidden to do? What Scripture was quoted to tempt him? From what book were the words quoted? See Psa. 91. 11. How did Jesus reply to this temptation? From what book were these words quoted? See Deut. 6. 16. What did the devil then do? Who came to Jesus when the devil departed? Matt. 4. 11. Of what benefit to us is the temptation of Jesus? (Golden Text.)

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When did the devil tempt Jesus? "During forty days' fast in the wilderness." 2. What was the first of these three temptations? "To distrust God, and satisfy his hunger by a miracle." 3. What was the second? "To conquer the earth, by submitting to Satan." 4. What was the third? "To tempt God by leaping from the pinnacle of the temple." 5. How did Jesus conquer all these temptations? "By the Word of the Lord."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority of Holy Scripture.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. What does this record teach us? That he is a pattern to all the young, in saying, "I must be in my Father's house." And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business.—Luke 2. 49.

Neither.

"WELL, I can not understand why a man who has tried to lead a good moral life should not stand a better chance of heaven than a wicked one," said a lady recently, in a conversation with others about the matter of salvation.

"Simply for this cause," answered one. "Suppose you and I wanted to go to a place of amusement where the admission was a dollar. You have half a dollar and I have nothing. Which would stand the better chance of admission?"

"Neither."
"Just so; and therefore the moral man stands no better chance than the outbreaking sinner. But, now, suppose a kind and rich person who saw our perplexity presented a ticket of admission to each of us at his own expense! What then?"

"Well, then, we would both go in alike. That is clear."

"Thus then the Saviour saw our perplexity, he came, he died, and thus obtained eternal redemption for us, and now he offers you and me a free ticket. Only take care that your half-dollar does not make you proud enough to refuse the free ticket, and so be refused admittance at last."



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

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

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

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

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

Sunday-School Lesson Helps

FREE!

Schools not now taking our Lesson Helps—*S. S. Banner, Pleasant Hours, Home and School, Berean Leaves*, etc.—and unable to pay for them wholly or in part, will receive grants of these helps FREE for three months, or longer if necessary, as funds of the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Society will afford.

Schools able to pay only part of cost of these Lesson Helps will receive free grants proportionate to their needs.

Write for forms of application to Rev. W. H. WITHROW, Sec. S. S. Board.

Little Lord Fauntleroy Stationery:

FOR CHILDREN'S USE.

35c. PER BOX.

Each box contains 20 Envelopes and 20 Sheets of Fine Paper.

Each sheet of paper has a beautifully coloured illustration from "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

S. S. LESSON HELPS FOR 1890.

PELOUBET'S SELECT NOTES.

8vo, cloth. Price \$1.25.

QUESTION BOOKS, in Three Grades. Price, each, 20c. net, or 17c. each by the dozen.

ALSO,

VINGENT'S SELECT NOTES

on the International S. S. Lessons, With MAPS, ILLUSTRATIONS, etc.

8vo, cloth, net, \$1.25.

QUESTION BOOKS, in Three Grades. Each, 20c.; 17c. each by dozen.

Monday Club Sermons on the S. S. LESSONS.

12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

Dr. Pentecost's Commentary on the S. S. Lessons for 1890.

12mo. Invaluable for Teachers. Paper covers, 50c.; cloth bound, \$1.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

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

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

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