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# WELCOME AND VISITORS

Do unto others  
As ye would  
That they  
Should  
Do unto  
You.

ROLPH, SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1887.

[No. 13.

## Life's Furrows; or, The Fallow Field.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down;  
The night mist shroudeth the sleeping town  
But if it be dark or if it be day,  
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,  
Still here on this upland slope I lie,  
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field;  
Never a crop my acres yield.  
Over the wall at my right hand  
Stately and green the corn-blades stand,  
And I hear at my left the flying feet  
Of the winds that rustle the bending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red  
I list for our master's eager tread,  
He smiles at the young corn's towering height  
He knows the wheat is a goodly sight,  
But he glances not at the fallow field  
Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shout of the harvesters  
The sleeping pulse of my being stirs,  
And as one in a dream I seem to feel  
The sweep and the rush of the swinging steel,  
Or I catch the sound of the gay refrain  
As they heap their wains with the golden grain.

Yet, O my neighbours, be not too proud,  
Though on every tongue your praise is loud,  
Our mother Nature is kind to me,  
And I am beloved by bird and bee,  
And never a child that passes by  
But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head the skies are blue;  
I have my share of the rain and dew;  
I look like you in a summer sun



LIFE'S FURROWS.

When the long bright days pass one by one,  
And calm as yours is my sweet repose  
Wrapped in the warmth of the winter snows.

For little our loving mother cares  
Which the corn or the daisy bears,  
Which is rich with the ripening wheat,  
Which with the violet's breath is sweet,  
Which is red with the clover bloom,  
Or which for the wild sweet-fern makes room!

Useless under the summer sky  
Year after year men say I lie.  
Little they know what strength of mine  
I give to the trailing black-berry vine;  
Little they know how the wild grape grows,  
Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill  
For the mosses creeping under the hill;  
Little they think of the feast I spread  
For the wild wee creatures that must be fed—  
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,  
And the creeping things that no eye may see

Lord of the harvest, thou dost know  
How the summers and winters go.  
Never a ship sails east or west  
Laden with treasures at my behest;  
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God  
When I give my gold to the golden-rod.

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

Now that you are a follower of Christ and a member of his Church, there is work for you to do—some special work that will remain undone if you do it not. This work will come right to your hands if they are willing hands, and in the doing of it you will be strong and grow.

### The German Emperor's Birthday.

GREAT Emperor! on thy natal day  
We would our humble homage pay  
To thee, to whom, by grace of Heaven,  
The glorious privilege was given  
Of re-uniting in one State,  
So many people of the great,  
Though much divided Teuton race,  
Which in Europe holds the far'most place.

Four score and ten the years have been  
That thou the light of earth hath seen;  
Four score since thou, a playful boy,  
Wore thy first uniform with joy.  
Yet, 'ere seven years, you had to face  
The giant of the Frankish race,  
Who brought your country bitter woe,  
But to his own begot a foe.

Six and twenty were the States,  
Which, as history relates,  
Singly opposed his onward course;  
Combined, they had sufficient force;  
To have withstood his knavish tricks,  
But as a bundle of strong sticks,  
When bound together, can't be broken,  
Singly, each, easily as words spoken.

In unity there must be strength,  
Long parted people owned at length,  
So seventeen years ago, a king  
Did to a German Emperor spring,  
You, then a king of but one State,  
Became the Emperor of the great  
Confederation, that combined  
To revenge the ills of all their kind.

For all the great Teutonic race  
Had met the Giant Taton to face,  
Had each been conquered in his turn,  
So every patriot heart did burn  
To have revenge upon that nation,  
One time the scourge of all creation;  
And anxious yet to raise the pean  
As chief of nations European,

But you who led them in the fight,  
You showed much nerve in your might.  
You only changed the frontier line,  
Made German both sides of the Rhine;  
And made the Frankish people pay  
What they'd previously taken away,  
With interest thereon, well computed,  
And thus their arrogant boasts refuted.

### Sunday School Mission Work in Toronto.

A VERY fair audience of Sunday-school teachers assembled in the lecture-room of the Metropolitan Church, the occasion being the meeting of the Methodist Sunday-School Association. The first subject discussed was

#### TEMPERANCE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS,

which was introduced by Ald. Bousstead, who gave a characteristic temperance talk, illustrating the manner in which he introduces the temperance subject in the Metropolitan school, of which he is superintendent. He was followed by spirited five minutes' addresses from teachers and Sunday-school workers in the different schools. The next subject, Sunday-school work

#### AMONG THE NEGLECTED CHILDREN,

was introduced by Mr. George H. Flint. This paper was followed by one read by Mrs. Sheffield, who is doing an important work in St. James' Ward. She said:—This subject is one of the most important that can come under our notice from whatever standpoint we may view it. The lowest motive that can actuate us in giving early

attention to it, and yet one that cannot be ignored, is that of self-defence. If we fully realized the condition of things we would stand appalled at the prospect before us. Here we have the coming criminals and beggars of our city and country unless now, while they are still young, something be done to counteract the pernicious domestic and street education they are receiving. This work is more hopeful now than it ever will be in the

#### FUTURE OF THESE YOUNG OUTCASTS.

There is no time to lose, and thoughtful Christian men and women should not be satisfied until all are provided with the means of rising from their sin, degradation and poverty to self-respect, good citizenship and usefulness in the community. Speaking only of cases that have come under the writer's observation, in the centre of this city, where may be seen daily on our street corners scores of girls and boys selling papers, sweeping crossings, cleaning boots, etc., the lives of these poor little waifs are scarcely better than those of domestic animals. To speak of the houses they live in as "home" is cruel irony. There may be one or both parents, but drink, that curse of our country and age, destroys the comfort and peace that should be found there. Filth and brawling make the place hideous, and the street, with its cold and wet, is preferable. These children early learn to swear, lie and steal. It is impossible for those who have never mingled with them to imagine the cunning and utter disregard of truth which is habitual with them. You really cannot be sure, as a rule, that anything they tell you is true. But this is not all; it is

#### THE HIGHEST AMBITION

of some of them to be burglars, as was shown by one little fellow, only about seven years old, who boasted to the writer of having robbed a safe of \$200 and of tucking the bills under his vest until, as he said, "he stuck out all around." He told of this purely imaginary exploit before a number of other boys, one of whom he honoured as an accomplice, but this lad refused to be considered a partner in the transaction, and declared the whole story a fabrication. Our young hero, whose name is Johnnie, then said, "Well, we broke into a peanut stand and stole peanuts." This assertion the other did not deny, but admitted the theft. The ability to obtain and imbibe a large quantity of whiskey is

#### CONSIDERED ANOTHER ACCOMPLISHMENT.

One Sunday little Johnnie made an effort to secure the admiration of the assembled boys by saying that he drank a bottle of whiskey the day before. When he failed to convince the teachers of his statement on this point, at least as to quantity, and was expostulated with on the terrible future he was preparing for himself, he was undaunted and unabashed. On being asked what he wished to do when a

man, meaning what occupation he would prefer, he replied, "to bum the streets," whatever that may mean; I fear it is nothing very praiseworthy. He claimed to possess fifty cents on the day he drank the whiskey, with which he bought it. That boy preferred to buy whiskey to either food or clothing, although he was in a most ragged and filthy condition in midwinter. He has three brothers, one of whom appeared in the Police Court a short time ago, and it was said of him that he had been in the habit of stealing ever since he knew how to use his fingers. This is only one of many such cases. Perhaps, however, no pernicious habit has as great a hold on them as the use of tobacco, and never is this disgusting practice more offensive than as it is carried on by these lads. Some of them seem to

#### PREFER TOBACCO TO SWEATMEATS,

a most unnatural taste for a child. They chew it constantly, and, until forbidden, used it in the Sunday-school. But just here it is necessary to say a word for the encouragement of those who may fear to come in contact with this class, especially to ladies, who may feel that they could not undertake such work. These boys, as a rule, try to please their teachers, though it may be in rather a rough way. To illustrate this an instance may be given from the Sunday-school already referred to, which shows the rather peculiar way in which these youths desire to be agreeable. When they first came to school last October they all had quids of tobacco in their mouths. With its attendant filthiness this practice became intolerable, and they were told how much the teachers disliked the use of tobacco at all, and were requested not to chew any more in school. They instantly put the offensive weed out of sight, and next Sabbath none of these boys attempted to use it in school. However, a new boy, who had not been there before, was present, and when he did what they had done only a week before they took him by the collar and

#### LED HIM OUT TO EMPTY HIS MOUTH,

and then brought him back again. Since then the boys themselves have attended to this department of the work, and have assisted their teachers in abolishing this nuisance from the school, so that, with one or two exceptions, the matter has not required a rebuke from the teachers. A few have signed the pledge against both liquor and tobacco. Though rough, these boys seem to possess a sort of native gallantry, and not one of them has ever been rude to one of us. Each one seems to consider himself a policeman, and very often the efforts of one to keep others in order, while very amusing, only increase the disturbance. It is kindly meant, though we could do without the assistance thus rendered. They are very severe in their judgment of each other, and if they had the passing

of sentences, there would be little leniency. Many interesting incidents might be given, but from the foregoing the state of these children may be imagined. As a mission field, this is

#### A WORK AT OUR OWN DOORS,

and we cannot shirk the responsibility that has been laid upon us of teaching and helping these uncared-for ones. As we look into the faces of precocious, restless, dirty children, we cannot but think of the grand possibilities in their future, and we long for wisdom and patience and love, as well as faith, to deal with them so as to foster whatever good there may be in them and to implant a yearning after a better and higher life. How to really help them, body and soul and mind, is a problem that many in our city are now, happily, striving to solve. To help the body without pauperizing, to help them to help themselves, is

#### THE POINT TO BE REACHED.

Whole families are quite willing to be beggars, and it is a delicate and difficult matter to help without hurting their independence—to help judiciously. There is no doubt many come to school for what they get, but we care not for motives at first; they may learn something that will in time change the motive. They seem to have no ambition to be more respectable in appearance, and are as happy in rags as anything else; at least, so it would appear, for they sometimes warn us against each other, that clothing given may be sold. It is scarcely possible to do much good if these children are only brought under healthy influences for one hour a week, and it is therefore desirable that a Band of Hope night school, mothers' meeting and savings bank be started as soon as practicable. There is also much visiting to be done. Here are

#### FIELDS OF USEFULNESS

for those who, because they love Christ, love those he died to redeem. While there is so much to do we cannot be held guiltless if we neglect to work in some part of the Lord's vineyard. It is nothing less than a duty. To the unemployed Christian we extend a cordial invitation to join us and help in this work. There is enough variety to give you a choice as to what share you will undertake. But beyond its being a duty, I believe all who will give it a trial in the spirit of earnest, persistent Christian work, will find it a pleasure. It brings its own reward with it, even in the present; but how unspeakable will be our joy in the future if we have been the means of bringing even one soul from darkness to light, and we hope to see many of these children become centres of influence for good which will reach beyond any calculations we can make. This is possible, and this is what we are striving for and aiming at. And then how our hearts will glow when we hear the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye

brethren, ye did it unto me." It is necessary to enter on this work with thoughtful and prayerful consideration. There is

#### NOTHING ROMANTIC ABOUT IT.

It must not be taken up for a while to be laid aside in a short time, because we have grown tired of it. We must not work only when we feel like it, because at all times we may not possess the same amount of enthusiasm. We must settle it whether this be our work, and then go forward, no matter what discouragements cross our path, acting on principle rather than impulse. Before beginning it is well to understand that there is a good deal more prose than poetry in it. Still the work is interesting in the extreme, and if we ask we shall have help that we "grow not weary in well-doing."

This subject then was discussed in five minute speeches. It was informally decided that the subject was of paramount importance, and that means must be taken to capture the neglected children for the Church.

#### A Hospital Story.

White faces, pained and thin,  
Gathered new pain—as at some sight of slaughter—

And waiting nurses, with their cups of water,  
Shrank, when they saw the bargeman's little daughter,  
From Hester Street, brought in.

Caught by the cruel fire,  
In act of filial duty, she had tasted  
Death even then. The form that flame had  
wasted,  
In vain, to save, the swiftest helpers hasted,  
With love that would not tire.

And all that skill could do  
Was done. Her fevered nerves, with anguish  
leaping,  
The surgeon soothed at last; and, left in  
keeping  
Of tender eyes that night, the child lay  
sleeping  
Until the clock struck two.

The streets' loud roar had died.  
No angry about was heard, nor drunken  
ditty;  
From Harlem to the bay, peace held the city  
And the great hospital, where holy Pity  
With Grief's fuel, side by side.

The watchful nurse leaned low,  
And saw in the scared face the life-light  
waver.  
Poor Annie woke. A cooling draught she  
gave her,  
And called the doctor; but he could not  
save her,  
And soon he turned to go.

Calm, as from torture free,  
She lay; then strangely, through her lips,  
sore wounded,  
Broke warbled words, and the tones swelled,  
and rounded  
To a clear hymn, that like an angel's  
sounded—  
"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

One stanza, strong and sweet,  
Of that melodious prayer, to heaven went  
winging  
From the child's soul; and all who heard  
that singing  
Gazed through quick tears, or bowed, like  
suppliants clinging  
Around the Mercy Seat.

Then to a slender hum  
Sank the soft song, too feeble to recover;  
But the sick heard, and felt it o'er them  
hover  
Like a saint's blessing—till the scene was  
over,  
And the young voice was dumb.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"  
God heard. He loosed from earth, in his  
good pleasure,  
That little life, and took it for his treasure;  
And all his love—a love no mind can  
measure—

Answered poor Annie's plea.  
—Theron Brown.

#### Missionary Life in North-west Canada.

We cannot forbear without even asking permission of the author to print the following extracts from our private correspondence. It is written by Rev. Egerton R. Young, Methodist missionary in Canada. The rest will be explained by our quotation:

"It was our privilege to labour for nine years several hundred miles north of the city of Winnipeg. Our nearest post-office was 400 miles away, and so was our family physician. My circuit was 550 miles long and 350 miles over it. I travelled in summer in a birch canoe and in winter with dog-trains. On an average I used to sleep out in snow thirty nights each winter, with the mercury from thirty to fifty degrees below zero.

"My work was among the Indian tribes of that 'wild north-land,' and I am thankful that during the late unhappy disturbance in that great North country all of our Christian Indians were loyal and quiet. While the pagan and Roman Catholic Indians have cost our Government vast sums of money, and required constant supervision by our mounted police, our Christian Indians have never at any of their reservations required the official visit of a single policeman or constable.

"I had under my care several thousand Indians, many hundreds of whom were happy, converted people, living consistent lives and making rapid progress in civilized life.

"Enclosed I send you a leaf from my Cree Indian hymn-book, printed in what we call the syllabic character. This wonderful invention is the sole work of one of our Methodist missionaries. Each character stands for a syllable. We have the whole Bible printed in these characters. Difficult as they look, yet an intelligent Indian can be taught to read God's Word in his own language in a few weeks. It is a wonderful invention, and as the result of it thousands are reading in their own tongue the precious volume."  
—Northern Christian Advocate.

MAKE God thy last thought at night  
when thou sleepest, and thy first when  
thou wakest; so shall thy fancy be  
sanctified in the night, and thy un-  
derstanding be rectified in the day;  
so shall thy rest be peaceful, and thy  
labours prosperous.

#### The Praying Mantis.

In far Brazil there is a very curious insect which has received from the Brazilians the strange name of the "Devil's riding-horse." It is more commonly known, however, as the "Praying Mantis," from its peculiar habits, and the position in which it is usually found. It has long forearms, which are folded back upon themselves, while the ends are lifted up like hands in supplication. So it will remain in a motionless attitude for hours.

In shape it resembles one of the forest leaves so closely that it is hard to distinguish them. From its appearance and perfect stillness no one would suppose it was not only instinct with life, but the most bloodthirsty of all creatures.

Presently a mosquito or common fly alights on a twig near. Then the mantis may be seen to turn its head, with an almost imperceptible motion it begins to creep toward its prey. When within striking distance it suddenly throws out its long forearms, and in a moment seizes its victim, which is speedily torn to pieces and devoured.

Does this not remind us of the subtle enemy of our souls—Satan? He "transformeth" (or changeth) "himself into an angel of light" until he gets us into his power. Let us not be "ignorant of his devices." He would persuade us we need not care for our souls, that at least we may put off the thought of eternity. Do not listen to him, and rest in a false peace. You are not safe till you come to the Saviour.

#### The Rattlesnake Lesson.

"Tits way, boys! there she is!  
Don't you see her, Charlie?"

"No, I can't say that I do, but—  
Oh, what is that? Look quick!"

Two boys and one dog came to a halt upon a grassy knoll overlooking a little tangle of bushes and undergrowth on the outskirts of a low-lying swamp merging into a muddy pond farther on. On the grass beneath a clump of tall weeds was curled a large rattlesnake just ready for a spring, its prey a small bird which had been charmed by the glittering eyes of the reptile, and although "squawking for life," as Charlie said, had no power to break the fatal spell.

"Poor little creature! Do you think we can save it, Will? I wonder if my hand is steady enough to fire?"

"Hush! the snake will have us instead of the bird if you are not careful. Here! help me with this gun; my hand is steady, I know."

"Now, the second I fire we must drop so his snakeship won't catch a sight of us."

"All right! fire away!"

A puff of smoke, a sharp report, down went the boys, not quite sure of having despatched the reptile. They had forgotten Chloe in their excitement, but the faithful dog had no idea of shirking her duty. Without wait-

ing for the signal to be given, away she flew to "pick up the game." The game, however, refused to be picked up; it was not dead, but wounded, and presented a fearful spectacle as it writhed in agony. Will called the dog back just as the fangs of the enraged snake were darting toward her. Finding its prey gone, it plunged the fangs into the coils of its own body several times in quick succession, then, with a convulsive wriggle, died. Just as the rattlesnake fell lifeless on the grass, now all matted and stained with blood, a shout was heard close by:

"Clar to goodness, if dis yere darkie wasn't skairt! Dat war a rattler, sure! Reck'n he's dead now, or foolin'—eh!"

"Oh, he is dead enough; he isn't a 'possum, you know," said Charlie, laughing.

"Let us go and count his rattles."

"All right! Shall we take him home?"

"I'se gwine to tote de ole chap for you if dar isn't no life in him."

The boys assured him of the creature's death, and Nelson slung the long, limp body on a pole and carried it in triumph to the house. The rattles, thirteen in number, were preserved as trophies of the "hunt." The little ones were much interested in the description given by Will and Charlie of the manner in which the rattlesnake was charming the bird, asking repeatedly why the bird could not fly away.

"It reminds me," said Mr. Folsom, "of a different kind of serpent and the way in which it fascinates its victims—the serpent coiled at the bottom of the wine-cup. Once allow yourselves to come within range of the baneful influence exerted by this terrible serpent, and not only is your body in danger, but your immortal souls also. You all remember our young friend James Peck who used to visit us two years since?"

"Indeed we do, father. He used to tell us what a gay time he was having in the city, and pity us for living in the country."

"I heard this morning that he had been killed in a drunken brawl in a saloon in that same city. Often I urged him to attend to his soul's salvation; I even went to his boarding-house the last time I was in town to talk with him, but could not find him. Oh, my dear boys, beware lest you too put off too long the taking of Christ as your Saviour."—Ruth Argyle.

Nothing can persuade me that the pleasure caused by taking drink is an equivalent to the human race for the disease, the squalor, the misery, the madness, the premature deaths with which drink, by indisputable evidence, floods every region of the world, decimates savage tribes, and degrades civilized countries to a greater extent than any other substance in the civilized world.—F. W. Farrar.



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## Home and School

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

TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1887.

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FOR THE YEAR 1887.

## Maskepetoon—A Triumph of Grace.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

THE following striking illustration of the power of Divine grace I had from the Rev. Egerton R. Young of the Canada Methodist Church, who was for nine years a missionary among the Cree Indians of the far Northwest in British America. He had the incident from his predecessor in that field, the Rev. Geo. McDougall, under whose eye it occurred. So that it can be relied upon as in no degree apocryphal or exaggerated. I give it in a form somewhat condensed, but nearly in Mr. Young's own words.

The most powerful chief of the Cree Indians at the time of McDougall's stay among them was Maskepetoon, or "the crooked arm," so called from the fact that his arm after being fearfully hacked in battle had remained crooked. It was the missionary's custom to live with the Indians, sometimes for months together, travelling with them and mingling, so far as possible, in all their pursuits. He always had religious service every evening where they camped for the night.

One evening he read of the crucifixion of Christ and his prayer for his murderers. Knowing well the Indian spirit of revenge, he dwelt strongly upon the point, and told them plainly that if they really expected forgiveness from the Great Spirit they must forgive their enemies as Christ did. Maskepetoon was observed to be deeply moved under the sermon, but nothing was said either to him or by him that evening.

The next day, as the great company consisting of many hundreds was riding along, an Indian chief rode up

quickly to the side of McDougall and in quiet but excited tones asked him to fall back to the rear, as they did not wish him to witness the torture and death of a man who was in the little band of Indians that was approaching them in the far distance.

Months before, Maskepetoon had sent his son across the mountain range to bring from a sheltered valley a herd of horses which had there wintered. He selected one of his warriors as his son's companion to aid him in the work. The man, having a chance to sell the horses, and being overpowered by his cupidity, murdered the chief's son, disposed of the horses and concealed his booty. Returning to the tribe he told a plausible story, how that as they were coming across one of the dangerous passes in the mountains, the young man lost his foothold, fell over one of the awful precipices, and was dashed to pieces, while the horses, he alone being unable to manage them, had been scattered on the plains.

This story, there being no one to contradict it, was accepted at first. But, unknown to the murderer, there had been witnesses of the tragedy, and so, after a while, the truth came out. And now, for the first time since the truth was known, the father was approaching the band in which was the murderer of his son. No one doubted but that dire vengeance would at once be wreaked upon him. Hence the missionary had been asked to fall back.

He did not do so. On the contrary he quickened his pace, and rode up as near the chief as he could. It was no time to speak, but he kept praying that the wrath of man might be turned to the praise of God. When the two bands approached within a few hundred yards of each other, the eagle eye of the old warrior instantly detected the murderer, and, drawing his tomahawk, he rode up until he was face to face with the man who had done him the greatest possible injury. With a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling, and yet with an admirable command over himself, Maskepetoon, looking in the eye the man who had nearly broken his heart, thus sternly addressed him:

"You have murdered my boy, and you deserve to die. I picked you out as his trusted companion and gave you the post of honour as his comrade, and you have betrayed my trust and cruelly killed my only son. You have done me and the tribe the greatest injury possible for a man to do; you have broken my heart; you have destroyed him who was to have succeeded me when I am not among the living. You deserve to die, and but for what I heard from the missionary last night at the camp-fire, before this I would have buried my tomahawk in your brains. The missionary told us that if we expected the Great Spirit to forgive us we must forgive our enemies, even those who have done us the greatest wrong. You have been my

worst enemy and you deserve to die, but as I hope the Great Spirit will forgive me, I forgive you."

Then speaking more quickly and loudly he added: "But go immediately from among my people, and let me never see your face." Hastily putting up his bonnet over his head his forced calmness gave way, and quivering with the suppressed feeling that tore his heart, he bowed down over his horse's neck in an agony of tears.

He lived for years afterward the life of a devoted Christian. All his old warlike habits were given up. Having mastered the syllabic character so as to read the Word of God, that precious book became his solace and joy. He spent the remainder of his days in doing good.

The manner of his death is especially touching and significant. Anxious to benefit his old enemies, the Blackfeet, and to tell them the story of the Saviour's love, he went to them fearlessly and unarmed, with the Bible in his hand. A bloodthirsty chief of that vindictive tribe saw him coming, and, remembering some of their fierce conflicts of other days, seized his gun and deliberately shot him down.

Thus perished Maskepetoon, truly a wondrous trophy of the cross. The power of the Gospel enabled him to conquer the most closely besetting sin of the Indian character, and even under the most extreme provocation. The whole current of his life was arrested and turned back at once. Thus will



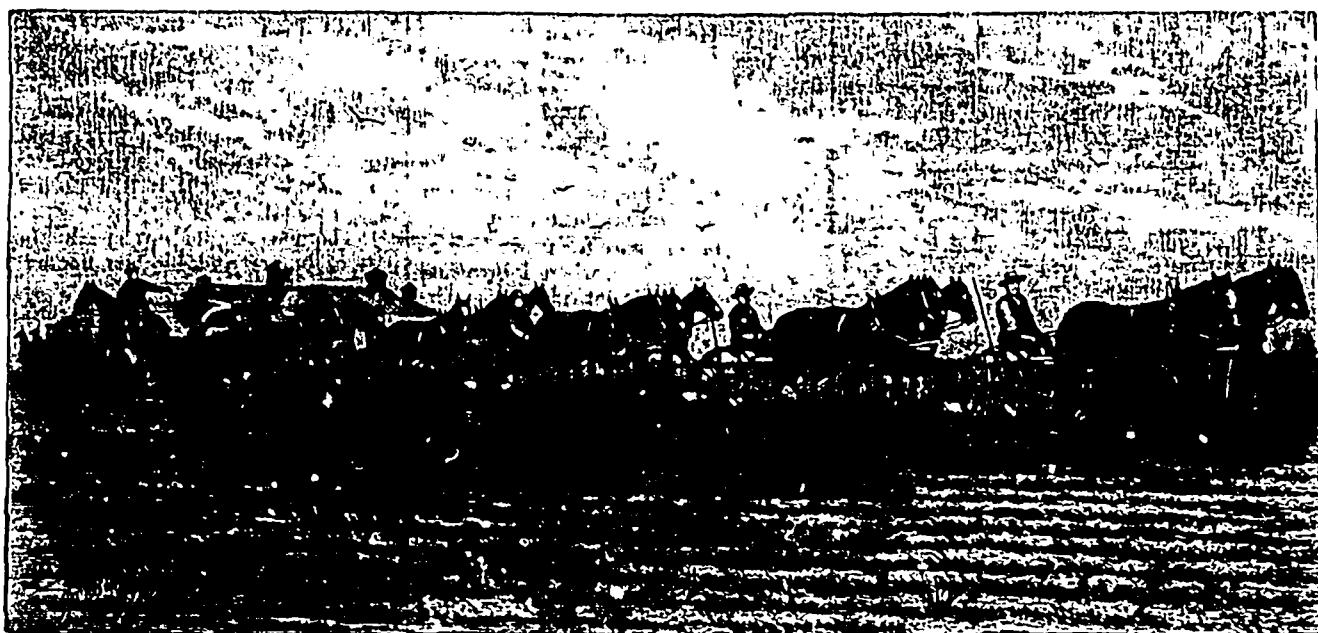
REV. E. R. YOUNG, IN TRAVELLING DRESS.

it always do when it is allowed to have full sway upon the heart. How sad that in such multitudes of cases it is kept from its complete work by our wilfulness and unbelief.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

## Mark Twain's Latest Success.

MARK TWAIN has struck a success in "English as She is Taught." He read extracts from the book at the Author's Readings in Boston for the benefit of the Longfellow Memorial Fund, and Dr. Holmes, who sat upon the platform and who was wholly unprepared for what was coming, laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks to hear himself described by a well-meaning, but altogether inaccurate school-boy, as "a profligate and amusing author," while the clergymen in the audience joined in the laugh created by the remark of a similar boy that "there are a great many donkeys in theological gardens." The little book from which Mr. Clemens made these extracts was a success before Messrs. Cassell & Company published it.

ETHEL used to play a good deal in the Sabbath-school class. One day she had been very quiet. She sat up prim, and behaved so nicely that after the recitation was over the teacher remarked: "Ethel, my dear, you were a very good little girl to-day." "Yes'm, I couldn't help being good; I dot a tiff neck."



PLOUGHING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

**Methodist Sunday Schools in Canada.**

We reprint the following from a late issue of the *Toronto Globe*:

"We have been long aware that the Methodists of the Dominion are distinguished for their zeal and persevering energy in Sunday-school and every good religious work; but we were scarcely prepared for a statement, made by the Rev. Dr. Withrow in the current number of the *Sunday-School Banner*, to the effect that during the last conference year the Sunday-schools of the Methodist Connexion had increased by 142, the officers and teachers by 1,349, and the scholars by 10,785. This shows an amount of zealous, persevering and successful work which we scarcely think has a parallel in the Dominion. But there is another statement made by the same gentleman, in the same connection, which is still more interesting, and even startling. He says that the Methodist Church of Canada has already more Sunday-schools, more teachers and more scholars than all the other Protestant Churches in the Dominion taken together. Now what does this mean? Evidently that the Methodist Church is taking possession of the young of the country, and that it is therefore only a question of time, and of comparatively a very short time, before that Church will be the Church of the great majority of the Protestants of the Dominion. According to last census the Methodists were in numbers very little ahead of the Presbyterians alone. But if they have more Sunday-school scholars than all the other Protestants put together, how will the case stand in another ten or fifteen years? The children of to-day will be the men and women of that time, and the bend that children take in the Sunday-school they generally keep for life. Long ago the Jesuits said, and said wisely, "Give us the children, and you can do what you please with the grown-up people." It is the same thing to-day and in all

days. The Church or the cause which manages to secure the ear of the young wins the battle. Their forces are always coming to the front, while those who look more to the old and full-grown find their upholders gradually disappearing. There is no room for jealousy in the matter. Not one bit. It is a pleasure to think that the young are more and more coming under religious and Sunday-school influence, and it is but right and proper that the most zealous and devoted should in such a race be forging ahead. The matter is simply a religious and social phenomenon, and let those explain who can this curious fact that a Church which does not by any means include within its bounds anything like a majority of the Protestants of Canada, should have more Sunday-schools and a larger Sunday-school population than all the rest put together.

"There is plenty of room in this wide, fair land for all Christian workers, and no one interferes with entire freedom of action. If in such circumstances the Methodists or any other body manage to secure the lion's share, the natural inference must be that their plans of operation are most in accord with the genius and wants of the population among whom their operations are carried on. There is no use in any person or any church complaining of their neighbours' success in this matter. All that can be done is to put into the work still more zeal, still more intelligence, still more patience, perseverance and prayer. In such a rivalry there can be nothing but gain all round; at least there ought not to be. If the young are properly cared for and trained—that is the great thing. There never was a time when this was being done more generally or more zealously than it is now."

**STATISTICS FOR ONTARIO.**

In addition to the above remarkable statistics for the whole Dominion, we beg to add those for the Province of Ontario, tabulated by J. J. Woodhouse,

Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Sabbath-school Association of Ontario, from the returns of the year 1886, for the International S. S. Convention in Chicago, ending June 1st.

DENOMINATION.	Schools.	Teachers on Roll.	Scholars on Roll.
Methodist .....	1,908	18,679	145,996
Presbyterian .....	823	6,388	60,022
Episcopalian .....	472	4,481	42,479
Baptist .....	310	2,330	21,836
Congregational .....	64	662	5,833
Evangelical Association .....	83	1,058	5,868
Lutheran .....	52	306	2,879
Friends .....	26	114	828
Reformed Episcopal .....	7	57	600
Union Schools (estimated) .....	150	750	6,000
	<b>3,899</b>	<b>34,825</b>	<b>292,391</b>

Omitting from this list the estimated number of Union Schools, teachers and scholars, in which we have good reason to believe the Methodist Church has at least as large a share as any other Church, the totals for Ontario are as follows:

	Schools.	Tch'rs.	Sch'l'rs.
Deduct the Meth. Schools:	1,908	18,679	145,996
and we have schools .....	<b>1,991</b>	<b>16,146</b>	<b>146,395</b>

leaving an excess for the Methodist Church over all the other denominations taken together of 67 schools, 3,283 teachers, and 5,601 scholars.

These figures are not quoted in a spirit of denominational boastfulness, but in a spirit of devout thanksgiving to God for the grand opportunity to sow the good seed of the Gospel in the hearts of the oncoming generation of children. If we can but capture the children we shall soon capture the world for Christ.

**HOW IT IS DONE.**

In bringing about the grand result above outlined, we believe that the chief agency in connection with the labours of the devoted ministers and Sunday-school workers throughout the Connexion has been our Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund. With very little machinery, with no expense for management, but not without a large amount of labour and a very

extensive correspondence, this fund is every week helping the planting of several new schools. We have had applications for help for as many as six new schools in a single day. Yet we have still many preaching appointments where we have as yet no schools. Let an earnest effort be made to plant a Sunday-school wherever a dozen children can be gathered together and a loving heart to teach them the way of life. This can only be done by the hearty co-operation of the brethren on the remote missions and circuits. In these extensive outlying regions, reaching from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, no travelling Sunday-school agent can accomplish the work. But without extensive, travel or other expense, the missionaries in the vicinity can overtake the work and are accomplishing it. And the Sunday-school Aid and Ex-

tension Fund will liberally help with grants of books, papers, teaching helps and other Sunday-school requisites. For forms of application for help address Rev. W. H. Withrow, Secretary of the Sunday-school Board, Toronto.

**Woman's Work.**

Our great cities swarm with children exposed to a worse fate than the baby Moses among the flags. Legislation and official charity have far too rough hands and too clumsy ways to lift the little life out of the coffer, and to dry the tears. We must look to Christian women. First, they should use their eyes to see the facts, and not be so busy about their own luxury and comfort that they pass the poor pitch-covered box unnoticed. Then they should let the pitiful call touch their hearts, and not steel themselves in indifference or ease. Then they should conquer prejudices of race, pride of station, fear of lowering themselves, loathing, or contempt. And then they should yield to the impulses of their compassion, and never mind what difficulties or opponents may stand in the way of their saving the children. If Christian women knew their obligations and their power, and lived up to them as bravely as this Egyptian princess, there would be fewer little ones flung out to be eaten by crocodiles, and many a poor child, who is now abandoned from infancy to the Devil, would be rescued to grow up a servant of God. She, there by the Nile waters, in her gracious pity and prompt wisdom is the type of what Christian womanhood, and, indeed, the whole Christian community, should be in relation to child life.

LITTLE four-year-old Mattie complained to mamma that her buttoned shoes were "hurting." "Why, Mattie, you've put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: "What'll I do, mamma? They's all the feet I've got."

## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

## IV.

To-day Hugh Spencer called on his way from Cornwall to Oxford.

At first he called me Mrs. Kitty, and was very ceremonious. But I could scarcely help crying. I was so glad. It was like a little bit of home. But he did not bring a very good account of mother, and that made me cry in earnest. And when he saw that he dropped naturally into his old manner—always so kind, and like truth itself.

When he was gone, Evelyn asked me who he was, and why I had not said more about him.

"He looks," she said, "a man one could trust."

But why should I? He is only like one of ourselves.

I am so glad and thankful. Aunt Beauchamp is going again to Bath for the waters. And from Bath, father or Jack—to fetch me home.

I am so happy, I can scarcely help singing all day. I hope it is not ungrateful. They have all been so very kind to me in London.

To-day Evelyn went with me to wish good-bye to Aunt Henderson. Aunt Henderson was very kind in her hortatory way. She told me she had heard with thankfulness that Evelyn had become serious. But she advised her not to run into extremes. Young people brought out of the world were very apt to run into the other extreme of fanaticism. She hoped Evelyn, if she was indeed sincere, would keep the golden mean. It had always been her endeavour to do so, and she had found it the wisest plan.

At home again! With what longing I have looked forward to the moment when I should be able to write those words. And now I can scarcely see to write them through my tears.

For mother looks so ill, so terribly gentle, her step, always light, so noiseless, her voice, always soft, so low and sweet, her smile so tender, not like the dawn or the echo of happy laughter, but like the light struggling through tears.

Can these few months have made such a change, or have I been blind? Father does not seem to see it, nor Jack. Can it be, after all, only that, coming out of the glare of that brilliant London world, everything in our quiet world at home looks pale for the time?

Because the house and the furniture, and all look so different. I never saw before how the bit of carpet in the parlour is worn and colourless; nor how the chintz curtains are patched; nor how mother's Sunday dress itself is faded.

And these cannot have changed much in a few months.

It was the tender anxiety in mother's eyes that I should find everything especially pleasant and bright, that so nearly turned the smile in mine own into tears whenever I looked at her. It was the ostentatious exhibition of all the grandest things that gave me the little pang when father took off his best coat, which he had put on to welcome me, and mother took it from him, and folded it so carefully in its white covers, and laid it on its shelf in the cupboard.

For it is no grievance to have to take care of one's clothes; I am sure none of us feel it so. And I would not, if I could, have our dear old furniture sink into the mere decorative ciphers such things are in rich men's houses, instead of being the dear, familiar, old letters on which so much of the history of our lives is written.

No; it was just the strain to be at high-holiday pitch which was too much for the carpet, and the curtains, and our precious mother, and me.

After writing these words my heart was too full for any more, and I closed the Diary, and prepared to go to sleep, lest mother should see my candle burning too late, and be anxious about me. But it was too late already. The soft touch was on the latch of the door, and before I could possibly extinguish the light and hide my tears in the darkness, mother was beside me.

"My darling!" she said, a rare word for her, "you are overtired. You are not well. You should be in bed before this. We must come back to our homely, old, country ways."

"Indeed I am not tired, mother," I said, trying to speak steadily.

"Has anything troubled you, darling," she said, "while you were away?"

"Oh, no," I said: "everyone has spoiled me with kindness."

"Spoiled you for the old home, Kitty?" she murmured.

She had given me a right to cry, and I sobbed out, "Oh, mother, it is nothing but you; you are so pale, and things have been troubling you, and there has been no one to see it."

She was too truthful to comfort me with a deception. She only smiled, and said, "Does no one see but you, Kitty? Well, supposing I say I have missed you day and night, and never knew what you were to me till you went away, will that comfort you, Kitty? Shall we cry because it is all right again?"

"I will never leave you again, mother, as long as I live," I said passionately.

"As long as we both live, darling," she replied very quietly. "If it is God's will, and not very selfish in me, I do trust not."

I was calmed by her words. It was only after she had seen me safely in bed, and closed the door, and come back again to give me another kiss before she left me, that her words came back on me with another meaning.

"As long as we both live."

And then they echoed through and through my heart, like a passing bell through a vault. And I tossed to and fro, and could not sleep, until I remembered I had not said my prayers.

The first night of my coming home! the thing I had prayed for evening and morning, and often in the day, ever since I had left home, and I had gone to rest without a word of thanks to God!

I was appalled at my own ingratitude. I rose and knelt by the window in the moonlight, which quivered through the branches of the old elms, and shimmered on the leaves of the old thorn, and chequered the floor through the diamond lattice panes.

It was that I wanted—only that—prayer with thanksgiving. It did me good from the moment I began.

And what wonder? Prayer is no soliloquy. The Bible says, when we call on him, God bends down his ear

to listen, as a father bends down to listen to a little child. Yes, God listens! He heard me as I confessed my ingratitude and my distrustful fears. He heard me as I gave him thanks; he heard me as I committed mother to his care.

Ungrateful! God had been watching mother all the time, understanding her inmost cares, and caring for her.

"And he will care for us, as long as we both live." Yes, when I breathed even those words into his ear, the terrible death-chill seemed to pass from them.

"As long as we both live" here on earth, and then, when we have no more cares to cast on him, he will still care for us both forever and forever.

"I have heard that parson that the other parsons can't abide," said Betty next day, "and who turned my brother-in-law into a lumb; and he said we are all born idolaters, no better than the heathen, unless we love God. And then he went on to say what were our idols. At first I thought he was going to let us all off easy. For he spoke of the rich man worshipping his riches, and I thought of the old miser at Falmouth, who counts out his money every night; and then he spoke of the great man worshipping his acres, and I thought, there was a hit at our squire, who wouldn't let master have that bit of a field that run into ours; and then he spoke of the foolish young hussies making an idol of their ribbons, and I looked around on a many such that were there, to see how they liked that."

"Then the parson, after all, said nothing which particularly suited you, Betty?"

"Suited! no, Mrs. Kitty, he did not surely; as little as a red suits a fool's back. And a fool I was to go, when Missis warned me not."

"You did not like what he said, then?"

"I should think not, she replied. I should like to know who would like to be stuck up in the stocks before the whole parish, and pelted with dirt and stones, not in a promiscuous way like, but just exactly where it hurts most!"

"How was it, Betty?" I ventured to ask.

To my great amazement, Betty's voice suddenly failed, and she began to cry. Never before had I seen her show any sign of feeling, beyond a transient huskiness of voice, or a suspicious brushing of her hand over her eyes. She was wont to be as much ashamed of tears as a schoolboy. But now her tears became sobs, and it was some little time before she could speak.

"Mrs. Kitty," she said, "it was just as I was thinking who he'd hit next, and smiling to myself to see the poor folks sobbing and fainting around me, when down came the word like an arrow right into the core of my heart; and there I had to stand writhing, like a fish on a hook, while the parson drove it in; and he as quiet all the time as if he'd been fixing a nail in the right spot to a hair's-breadth, in a piece of wood that musn't be split. I could have knocked him down, Mrs. Kitty; but there I stood, fixed and helpless as a worm with a pin through it."

"But what did he say, Betty?"

"Mrs. Kitty," she said, "he made me feel I was no better than a natural-born heathen, and that the idols I had been worshipping, instead of God,

were things an Indian savage would have been ashamed of."

"What were they then, Betty?"

"Why, just my dairy, and my kitchen, and myself," she said; "the very pats of butter which must be better than any in the country, and the stonelfoor I've been as angered to see a footmark on, as if it had been the King's footstool."

"The parson did not speak about pats of butter and kitchen floors?" I said.

"Not in so many words," she replied; "but I knew well enough what he meant, and so did he; the passions I've been in with Master Jack and you about your tricks, and with old Roger about his dirty shoes, and all."

"But, Betty," I interposed, "Jack and I and Roger were provoking and wrong often; and the kitchen and the dairy were the work God had given you to do, and you ought to care about them."

"What's the use of struggling, Mrs. Kitty!" Betty replied, hopelessly shaking her head. "It's no use; the wound is there and the word is there, working and rankling away in it like a rusty nail. I'm a poor, sinful woman, Mrs. Kitty, and that's the end of it, and I see no way out of it."

"But, Betty," I said, "did you not go again, and try to get comfort?"

"I did indeed, although I had little hope of getting comfort," she said.

"All the time he was speaking, he looked at me through and through like, but I never flinched. I looked at him back again; and I set my face, and said in my heart, 'You've caught me now, but I'll never let you try your hand on me again.' But when he had stopped and I had got away, it seemed as if something were always drawing and drawing me back, like a moth to a candle. So at last I went again. A lot of folks from the mines and the fishings were met on the side of the moor, and a man preached to them from the top of a hedge. But this time it was not the parson, Mr. Wesley; it was a chap from Yorkshire—a stout, tall fellow, strong enough to throw any wrestler in Cornwall. At first I thought he was speaking a foreign tongue; but when I made him out, I found he was worse than the other.

The parson drove that one nail home into your heart, and kept it there in one spot, struggle as you might; but the Yorkshireman knocked and pounded you about until there was no sound place left in you from top to toe. He made me feel I had been doing, and speaking, and thinking, and feeling wrong every day of my life, and was to this day. And that was all the comfort I got for not minding Missis."

"But, Betty," I said, "there is comfort, there is balm for such wounds: that was not all these Methodists said!"

"No," she replied, mournfully "folks say they spoke wondrous gracious words about our Saviour and his death and his pity. But all I know is, it all turned to gall for me. They say sugar turns to vinegar when folks' insides are wrong; and I suppose the sweetest words man or angel ever spoke would be sour to me, as long as my heart is all wrong. Why, the very thing that makes me worse than the Indian savages, is the Lord's pity and what he went through for me, for they never heard of it, and I have."

"But, Betty," I said, "there is prayer! You can pray."

"I always thought I could, Mrs.



Kitty," she said, "until I came to try. I've always said the Lord's Prayer every night, and the Belief and the Commandments on Sundays. But when I came to want something and ask for it, it seemed as if I could not pray at all; pray, of course, I might, but it seems as if there were no one there to mind."

"Betty," I said, "I think you really do know our Lord's pity and grace as little as the Indians. Ye speak as if you were all alone in your troubles, when all your troubles are only the rod and staff of God bringing you home."

"Maybe, Mrs. Kitty," she said; "but I can't see it. I only feel the smart and the bruises, and they worry me to that degree I can barely abide Roger, or Master Jack, or you, or Missis, or anybody. I even struck at old Trusty the other day with the mop—poor, harmless, dumb brute—as if it was his fault. But he knew I meant no harm, and came crouching to lick my hand the next moment."

"Oh, Betty," I said, "the poor beasts understand us better than we understand God! They trust us."

"And well they may, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty, "for they never did any sin. But the Almighty never made us to bury our souls in pats of butter and pans of milk, and forget him, and fly into rages about a bit of dirt on a kitchen floor. And until that can be set right, I don't see that anything is right, or that I can think with any comfort of the Almighty."

I should make a bad historian. I have never said a word about our journey home from London.

Not that there is much to tell, because, after all, we came from Bristol by sea, father and Hugh Spencer and I, and I was so full of the thought of home, that I did not observe anything particularly. The chief thing I remember is a conversation I had with Hugh.

It was a calm evening. Father had rolled himself up in his old military cloak with a foraging cap half over his eyes, and Hugh and I were standing by the side of the ship watching the trail of strange light she seemed to make in the waves. There was no one else on deck but the man at the helm and an old sailor mending some ropes by the last glimmerings of daylight, and humming in a low voice to himself what seemed like an attempt at a psalm tune.

"Do you know what he is singing?" Hugh asked.

"Not from the tune. I do not see how anyone could; but the quaverings seem of a religious character, like what the old people sing in church."

"It is a Methodist hymn," Hugh said. "He said it through to me this morning." Hugh always has a way of getting into the confidence of workmen, especially of seafaring people. The old man had been in the ship which took Mr. John Wesley and Mr. Charles Wesley to America. Several religious people were there also from Germany, going out as missionaries. They called themselves Moravians. At first he despised them all for a Polish psalm-singing set. But they encountered a great storm on the Atlantic, and the old sailor said he would never forget the fearless calm among these Christian people during the danger. "It was," he said, "as they had fair weather of God's blessing around them, be the skies as

foul as they might." He could never rest until he found out their secret. When he went ashore he attended the Methodist meetings everywhere, "and now," he said, "thank the Lord and Parson Wesley, my feet are on the Rock aboard or ashore."

"These Methodists find their way everywhere, Hugh," I said. "It does seem as if God blessed their work more than anyone's."

"And what wonder," he said; "who work as they do?"

"But so many people—even good people—appear to be afraid of them," I said. "Are they not sometimes too violent? Do they not sometimes make mistakes?"

"No doubt they do," he said. "All the men who have done great and good work in the world have made mistakes, as far as I can see. It is only the easy, cautious people who sit still and do nothing who make no mistakes, unless," he added, "their whole lives are one great mistake, which seems probable."

And then he told me something of what he had seen in the world and at Oxford; how utterly God seemed forgotten everywhere; how scarcely disguised infidelity spoke from the pulpits, and vices not disguised at all paraded in high places; how in the midst of this John and Charles Wesley had stood apart, and resolved to live to serve God and do good to men; how they had struggled long in the twilight of a dark but lofty mysticism, until they had learned to know how God had loved us from everlasting, and loves us now, and how Christ forgives sins now; and then, full of the joyful tidings, had gladly abandoned all the hopes of earthly ambition for the glorious ambition of being ambassadors for Christ to win rebellious and wretched men back to him.

"Morning, noon, and evening," he said, "John Wesley goes about proclaiming the tidings of great joy in Ireland, America, throughout England, among colliers, miners, and slaves; in prisons, to condemned criminals; in hospitals, to the sick; in market-places, pelted with stones; in churches, threatened with imprisonment; reviled by clergymen, assaulted by mobs, and arraigned by magistrates. They go on loving the world that casts them out, and constantly drawing souls out of the world to God to be blessed."

"It seems like the apostles," I said.

"It is wonderful."

"Kitty," he said fervently, "when I think, I can not wonder at it. The wonder seems to me that we should wonder at it so much. If we believe the Bible at all; if not now and then by some strange chance, but steadily, surely, incessantly, the whole world of living men and women are passing on to death, sinking into unutterable woe or rising into infinite inconceivable joy; and if we have it in our power to tell them the truths, which, if they believe them, really will make all the difference to them forever, if we find they really will listen, what is there to be compared with the joy of telling these truths? And the people do listen to Whitefield and Wesley. Think what it must be to see ten thousand people before you smitten with a deadly pestilence, and to tell them of the remedy—the immediate remedy, which never failed. Think what it must be to stand before thousands of wretched slaves with the ransom-money for all in your hand,

and the title-deeds of an inheritance for each. Think what it must be to see a multitude of haggard, starving men and women before you with the power such as our Lord had of supplying them all with bread here in the wilderness, and to see them one by one pressing to you and taking the bread and eating it, and to see the dull eye brightening, colour returning to the wan cheek, life to the failing limbs. Think what it would be to go to a crowd of destitute orphans and to be able to say to each of them, 'It is a mistake, you are not fatherless. I have a message for every one of you from your own father, who is waiting to take you to his heart.' Oh! Kitty, if there is such a message as this to take to all the poor, sorrowing, bewildered, famished, perishing men and women in the world, and if you can get them to listen and believe it, is it any wonder that any man with a heart in him should think it the happiest lot on earth to go and do it, night and day, north and south, in the crowded market-places, and in every neglected corner where there is a human being to listen?"

"I think not, indeed," I said; "but the difficulty seems to me to get people to believe that they are orphans, and slaves, and famishing."

"That is what Whitefield and the Wesleys do," he said. "Or rather they made them understand that the faintness every one feels at times is hunger, and that there is bread; that the cramping restraint, the uneasy pressure we so often feel, are from the fetters of a real bondage, and that they can be struck off; that the bewildered, homeless desolation so many are conscious of is the desolation of orphanhood, and that we have a Father who has reconciled us to himself through the blood of the Cross."

As Hugh spoke, a selfish anxiety crept over me, and I said,—

"Shall you go then, Hugh; and forsake everything to tell the good tidings far and wide?"

"If I am called," he said, "must I not go?"

There was a long silence, the waves plashed around us and closed in after us as we cut through them, with a sound which in the morning light would have been crisp and fresh, and exhilarating; now, in the dimness and stillness of night, it seemed to me strange, and dull, and awful.

Then Hugh began to be afraid I felt the night air chill, and brought me a little seat, and placed it at father's side, and wrapped me up in all the warm wraps he could find. And we neither of us said anything more that night.

I have had a great pleasure to-day. A letter from Cousin Evelyn, the first letter I ever received, except two from mother in London; and the very first I ever received at home from anyone.

It would have reached me before, only it had met with many misadventures.

The King's mail had been robbed on Houndslow Heath; the postman had been wounded in the fray, and this had caused a delay of some days. Then there had been a flood over some part of the road, which had swept away the bridges; and finally, when the letter reached Falmouth, the farmer's lad, to whose care it had been committed, forgot for whom it was meant, and not being able to read,

judiciously carried it back to the post-office nearest him.

The unusual clatter of horse's hoofs had brought father into the court, and nothing would satisfy him but that the bearer should have his horse put up and remain to dinner with us. And then he had much to tell that interested father and Jack.

Father heard his narrative with very mingled emotions. He was cheered to think that the Duke of Cumberland had put down "those canting Scotch;" but his satisfaction was diminished by the military successes of those "rascally French."

He sympathized with the London mob who, when the Hanoverian court-lady deprecated their wrath by explaining in apologetic tones from her carriage-window, "My dear people, we come for all your goods," retorted, "Yes, and for our chattels too."

But his spirits were again depressed by hearing of Methodist lay preachers, who drew crowds around them in every country, from Northumberland to the Land's End. "Sir," he said, "in my time we should have made quick work with idle fellows who left the plough, or the mason's trowel, or the tailor's goose, to preach whatever canting trash they pleased. We should have dispersed the congregation, sir, at the point of the bayonet, and set the preacher in the stocks to meditate on his next sermon. Sir, the Papists manage to keep down such seditious fanatics; and shall we be outdone by the Papists?"

"No doubt, sir," replied the stranger; "but would you believe it, on my way here I met a fellow who is reported to be one of the worst among them, John Nelson, the Yorkshireman, who told me he had met Squire Trevelyan, and that he was a most hospitable gentleman; for he had given him the pasty he was carrying for his own dinner, and had invited him to take his bread-and-cheese and beer at his house whenever he came that way."

Father looked perplexed for a moment at the contrast between his fierce denunciations against the Methodists in general, and his tolerance of the only Methodist he had encountered in particular, but he soon rallied.

"Sir," he said, "that fellow is a true-born Englishman, as true to the Church and King as you or I. A fellow, too, with such a chest and such muscle as would be worth the King's troop of those beggarly Hessians you spoke of. And he had been knocked down and trampled on by a mob of cowardly ruffians just before I saw him. Sir, they knocked him down, and beat and kicked him till the breath was well-nigh out of him; and his head bleeding; and then they dragged him along the stones by the hair of his head, and would have thrown him into a draw-well; but for a high-spirited woman who stood by the well and pushed several of the cowardly bullies down. I would take off my hat to that woman as soon as to the King. And then he got up, and very soon mounted his horse again, and rode forty miles that very day as if nothing had happened."

(To be continued.)

If we take care of the present as we should, there is no occasion for worrying about the future. The present, ours, the future is God's.



**Sleeping and Waking.**

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

God giveth his beloved sleep;  
They lie securely neath his wing  
Till the night pale, the dawning break;  
Safe in its overshadowing  
They fear no dark and harmful thing;  
What does he give to those who wake?

To those who sleep he gives good dreams;  
For bodies overtasked and spent  
Comes rest to comfort every ache,  
To weary eyes new light is sent,  
To weary spirits new content;  
What does God give to those who wake?

His angels sit beside the beds  
Of such as rest beneath his care.  
Unweariedly their post they take,  
They wave their wings to fan the air,  
They cool the brow and stroke the hair—  
God comes himself to those who wake.

To fevered eyes that cannot close,  
To hearts o'erburdened with their lot,  
He comes to soothe, to heal, to slake;  
Close to the pillows hard and hot  
He stands, although they see him not,  
And taketh care of those who wake.

Nor saint, nor angel will he trust  
With this one blessed ministry,  
Lest they should falter or mistake;  
They guard the sleepers faithfully  
Who are the Lord's beloved; but he  
Watches by those beloved who wake.

Oh! in the midnight dense and drear,  
When life drifts outward with the tide,  
And mortal terrors overtake,  
In this sure thought let us abide,  
And unafraid be satisfied—  
God comes himself to those who wake!

**LESSON NOTES.**

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

B.C. 1490] [June 26  
Lev. 10. 1-11. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body. Rom. 6. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. The Fire of Sin.
2. The Fire of Wrath.

TIME.—1490 B.C.

PLACE.—Mount Sinai.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The law had been given, the tabernacle had been set up in accordance with Divine command, the consecration of Aaron and his four sons to the sacred priesthood had occurred. In the regular ministrations of the tabernacle Nadab and Abihu dared to disobey God's express command, and the prohibition which immediately followed warrants the general opinion that these two erring priests were intoxicated.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Nadab, Abihu*—Sons of Aaron and priests of God. *His censor*—The vessel prepared, in accordance with God's command, into which coals from the altar were to be put, and incense sprinkled upon the coals in the daily service. *Strange fire*—Fire not from the brazen altar, but from some unconsecrated source. *Fire from the Lord*—Lightning. *Devoured*—Struck them down dead. *Aaron held his peace*—Awe-struck and overwhelmed by this vindication of Divine honour. *Mishael, Elzaphan, Uzziel*—Relatives of Aaron, of whom nothing else is known. *Carried them in their coats*—Buried them just as they were struck down. *Eleazar and Ithamar*—The remaining sons of Aaron, and associates in the priestly office of the two who had been slain. *Uncover not your heads, etc.*—Give no visible signs of mourning. *Let . . . Israel bewail, etc.*—The sorrow was to assume the form of a national outpouring for sin.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The fire of Sin.*  
What is the story on which this lesson is founded?

Who were Nadab and Abihu?  
What is meant by "strange fire?"  
Why was this offering sinful?  
What is it commonly supposed was the cause of their sin?  
What leads to that conclusion?  
What is the cause of the most crimes of to-day?  
What is the duty of every servant of God in this matter?

2. *The Fire of Wrath.*

How were Nadab and Abihu punished?  
Who recognized the punishment as just?  
What is the universal attitude of Scripture toward drunkenness?  
What are Paul's declarations concerning the intemperate and riotous? 1 Cor. 6. 10.  
If the wrath of God against the sin of these priests was so terrible, what may we expect, in view of our greater light?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here were two consecrated priests, yet what intoxication did for them—  
It made them disobedient to God.  
It brought swift death to them.  
It made them a spectacle to the ages.  
It filled their father with sorrow.  
It brought Israel into humiliation before God.  
It lost them their inheritance in the promised land.  
It put them into dishonoured graves.  
Will it do less for you?

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. And what is said concerning the bondage of sin?  
Our Lord said: "Every one that committeth sin is the bondservant of sin." (John viii. 34.)  
Romans vi. 16; 2 Peter ii. 19.]

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

B.C. 4] LESSON I. [July 3  
Matt. 2:1-12. Memory verses, 7-11.

THE INFANT JESUS.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins. Matt. 1:21.

OUTLINE.

1. The Wise Men.
2. The Young Child.

TIME.—4 B.C. The era called the Christian ought to begin with the birth of Christ. Scholars who fixed the date of this event, and so furnished the dates of the years of the centuries since, were mistaken in certain data upon which they based their calculations as to the birth of Jesus. Really it was four, or four and a half, years earlier than it was by them reckoned. To correctly date his birth we must go back to a point more than four years before the close of the era called B.C. So we say Christ was born 4 B.C.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Bethlehem.

ROLES.—Herod, king of Judea; Augustus Caesar Octavianus, emperor of the civilized world.

INTRODUCTION. We are to study for six months the most wonderful story of time. A story with which we are all familiar, yet which we shall never fully know. A story that is foolishness to the unbeliever, but full of the truest wisdom to him whose heart is teachable as that of a little child. It begins in Bethlehem with the helpless baby. As he could not come to men except he came by way of the little child, so men cannot come to him except they become like little children. Let us approach the study like little children, meek, humble, and teachable.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Jesus was born*—He came a helpless baby, born as are all men: never forget it. *Wise men from the east*—Legend gives their names, Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar. They were those called in Daniel *Magi*, and they came from the home of the Magi, Persia, or some far Eastern land. *Born King*—Herod was not a born king; he was made so by the Romans. Jesus was born to be a king. *His star*—Those were the days when the learned were astrologers, and believed that each man was born under the influence of some star. His star was doubtless a miraculous light, but the star was no more a miracle than the question they asked. *Written by the prophet*—Written

in Micah centuries before, and well understood by all students of the Scriptures in that day. *Among the princes*—Among the towns of Judah. *Inquired . . . diligently*—That is, inquired carefully as to the exact time of the appearance. *What time the star appeared*—That is, how long since it first appeared. *Frankincense, and myrrh*—Fragrant and costly gums, valuable as perfumes and symbols of devotion when offered.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Wise men.*

What is the story of the wise men as told in legend?  
What was the course which they had come?  
How long would the journey from Persia to Judea occupy?  
How must their question have sounded to the people?  
If they were led by a star, why did they go to Jerusalem and ask?  
To what public official announcement did the question of the wise men lead?  
How many distinct announcements were thus made that Jesus had been born?  
What classes of the world's society were thus informed that the King had come?  
What are the supernatural elements in this story?

2. *The Young Child.*

Where did the Magi find the King they sought?  
Were they disappointed in finding only a child?  
Do the circumstances afford any hint as to his age?  
What was the supreme act of these men's lives?  
Was this child ever worshipped again in his life?  
Of what was this first worship typical?  
How was the star itself an illustration of Christ's work for men?  
What did Jesus call himself when, years afterward, he taught in the temple?  
How is Christ the light of the world?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

These wise men sought the king where they supposed the king would be, in Jerusalem. *He was not there.* We often think we seek God when we go where earthly wisdom prompts, and fail to find him.  
We must seek the lowly home at Bethlehem.  
These wise men gave the best they had to give, gold, frankincense, myrrh. And we give, what?  
These Eastern heathen, we should say, told the Church that the King was born. The Church gave answer where he should be born: the heathen sought him, the Church forgot him. Whom are we imitating to-day: Church or wise men?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read this story carefully. It is simply told. Think carefully about it. Why is it here? John does not tell it. Why does Matthew?
2. Learn what you can from secular history about Herod? What Romans had he known? What had he done?
3. Bethlehem was a historic town. How was the past history of Israel connected with it?
4. Study the condition of the times which made it possible for Herod and all Jerusalem to be troubled; that is, to be aroused.
5. This first lesson is one of the important ones of the quarter. If we never have before, let us now learn the small particulars about the life of Jesus, so that he may become real to us.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

1. What is redemption?  
Redemption is the deliverance of mankind from the curse and penalty of sin through the death of the Redeemer.  
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Divine guidance.

"It is better to turn back than to go astray." Those who get on a wrong course had better try, as soon as possible, to get on the right way.

A LITTLE boy being asked the question, "How many Gods are there?" replied, "One." "How do you know that?" said the friend. "Because," said the child, "there is only room for one; for he fills heaven and earth."

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