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HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1884.

[No. 8.

Easter Mission Concert Exercise.

BY MRS L G M'FAN

In fair Japan, a thousand flowers
Wear lovelier forms and hues than ours,
But saintly pale, and pure as snow,
Our Easter lilies bloom, to show
That One has risen to realms of light,
Whose love can make our souls as white.

And in the Southern skies, afar
Beams many a strange and glorious star—
Planets to Northern heavens unknown.
But we, more blest, can call our own
The radiant Star of Bethlehem,
Brighter than Orient's richest gem.

City of Corinth.

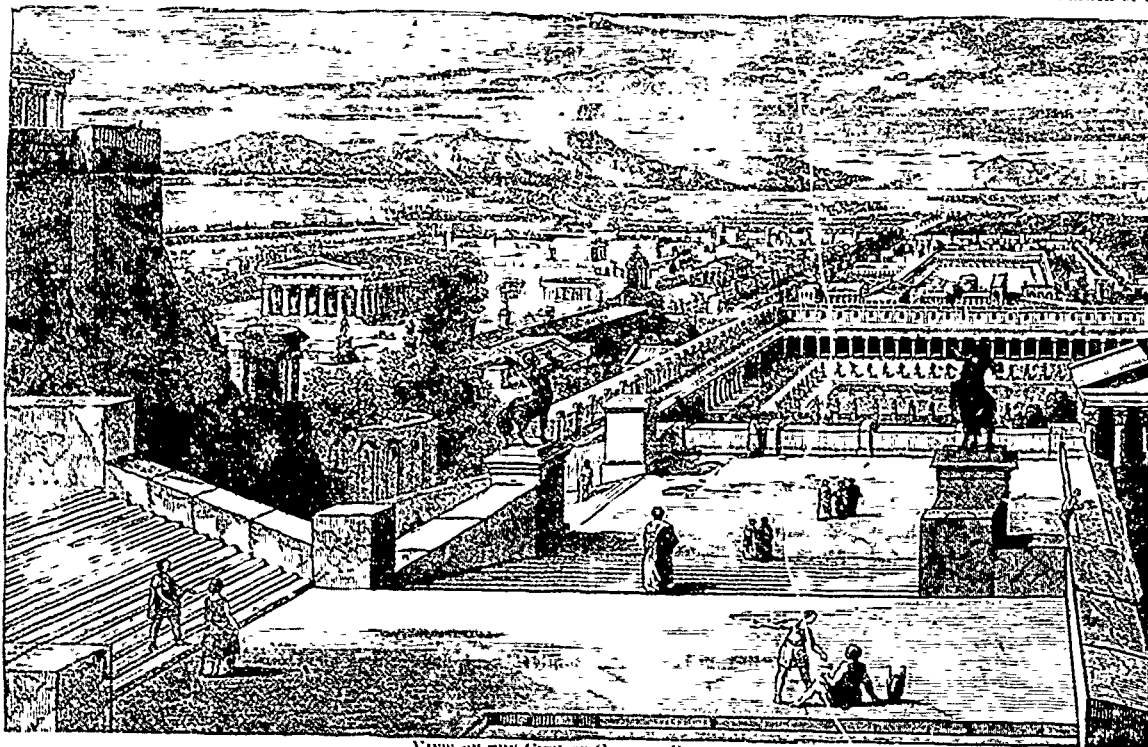
THIS was the renowned and voluptuous city of Greece, referred to in the lesson for March 9th. It is about twenty-five miles west of Athens, in which Paul resided a year and a-half, and where he founded the Church to which he afterwards wrote two of his epistles. It possessed singular advantages for commerce, and became celebrated for its wealth and magnificence, as well as for the learning and ingenuity of its inhabitants.

had become corrupted. Yet even here in this wicked city where Satan's seat was, a Christian Church had been established, and the Christian Church throughout the world and throughout all time has been enriched by the Epistles of St. Paul addressed to the Corinthian Christians.

ABOUT two-fifths, or 100,000, of the 260,000 Indians, have discarded blankets, and now wear citizen's dress.

amount of sewing and knitting, so that spring found the family unusually destitute.

In October Mr. Flack moved into a house beside them, and his only child, George, soon made acquaintance, through the garden palings, with the rosy-cheeked German children, and they were back and forth all winter; but as Mrs. Flack was quite an invalid, the children played in the nursery, under care of the nurse, and she had never known much of them.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF CORINTH RESTORED.

On India's dusky children, shine
Jewels from many a priceless mine;
But we can never envy them
Ruby or diamond diadem;
For, through God's love, we may behold
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold

The bulbul sings in Persian groves,
Close hid beside the rose he loves,
But sweeter music we can hear,
As all around us, ringing clear,
The sacred chime of Sabbath bells
Upon the air of freedom swells.

This flower, and star and gem, and song,
Unto the Christian faith belong
Send forth the Word to other climes,
That never heard our Sabbath chimes,
The banner of the Cross, unfurled,
Means happiness for all the world.

The splendour of its arts and architecture was almost incredible. But whilst its commerce made its people wealthy, it also made them luxurious and licentious. In the large picture which we give, a restoration is attempted of the ancient glories of Corinth, with its stately temples, porticos, and statues. The most beautiful style of Grecian architecture is still called the Corinthian style. This gay city had an evil reputation in ancient times, somewhat like that of Paris or Vienna to-day, and to say that a man had become Corinthianized was to say that his manners and his morals

Hans' Golden Easter Egg.

BY M. H. JAQUITH.

GRETCHEN and Hans were the little children of a German widow. She was a good Lutheran, and her husband had been a preacher of that faith, but he had died soon after coming to this country. He had bought with his scanty savings a little place in a small town, and the wonderful vegetables that the mother and children coax out of the one-acre garden, and sent to the great city near by, were their main subsistence.

Mrs. Meyer had had a bad cough all winter, and could not do her usual

The day before Easter, the nurse-girl being gone, the three came to play in Mrs. Flack's room, and she heard the following conversation:

"I am going to have such nice Easter eggs to-morrow," said George.

"Ah, but when mine father was not dead we too had the nice Easter eggs!" exclaimed Gretchen, sighing.

"I wish the old black hen would lay a golden egg the morrow morning, as you read to me," spoke up Hans.

"That was a fairy story, and it was not the true story," answered Gretchen.

"But the good Lord could make her lay one if he wanted to," persisted Hans.

" Ah! He could, but He does not any the more."

" In the Book, this morning, our mutter read us that He make the money in the fish's mouth to pay the taxes."

" That was true when He was on earth, but now that He is up in the sky, no more He does that way."

" He was no more strong on the earth than in the sky, and mutter says He knows we need some shoes, else after the Easter we cannot go to the school, till comes the weather warm, and we go with the bare feet, at the night I shall pray the good Lord to let the black hen lay a golden egg, and Him's great blue eyes glowed with excitement at the thought."

" A true golden egg would buy much of the shoes, it is but one dollar for each pair that wants Mr Green's store for shoes," said Gretchen

George had been listening attentively as well as his mother, but just then Mr. Flack, who had been away for a week, came in; the children politely made their funny little courtesies, and saying " Goot morgen," went home.

That afternoon George and his mother had a long talk. He had two gold dollars, and he decided to give them to his little friends. His mother made a small hole in each end of some eggs, she blew the contents out, pasted a paper over the end, and filled the shells with melted maple sugar, dropping a gold dollar in each of two of the eggs.

When the sugar hardened she gilded the shells, and early Easter morning George slipped into the coop and laid them in the old black hen's nest. She was already on the nest to lay, and her cackling brought the children out. From behind a barrel George heard Hans cry, " Ah, but the good Lord has made the black hen lay two golden eggs, and now we can have our shoes! Did I not tell you so He could if I prayed to Him?"

And the apple checked children pattered round in their stout shoes all the spring, and many a comfort went into the good widow's house, because of Hans' faith in " the good Lord up in the sky."

Everything Frozen Solid?

THE markets of Irkutsk are an interesting sight in the winter time, for everything on sale is frozen solid. Fish are piled up in stacks like so much cord wood, and meat likewise. All kinds of fowls are similarly frozen and piled up, many of them being stuck up in corners, in fanciful attitudes. Some animals brought into the market whole are propped up on their legs and have the appearance of being actually alive, and as you go through the markets you seem to be surrounded by living pigs, sheep, oxen, and fowls standing up and watching you as though you were a visitor to the barnyard. You can scarcely realize that they are dead, so natural and life-like do they appear. But, stranger yet, even the liquids are frozen solid and sold in blocks. Milk is frozen into a block in this way, with a string or stick frozen into or projecting from it. This is for the convenience of the purchaser, who can take his milk by the string or stick and carry it home, swung across the shoulder. There is no need for milk cans or pails to take it to market in Irkutsk. Other liquids are sold in the same way, and so in a double sense, such as is unknown in other countries, a man can buy his drink " with a stick in it."

Make Way.

AN EASTER CAROL.

Open on your golden hinges, gates of morning;

Throw wide your jealous leaves, ye doors of day;

Holl back your cloudy curtains, tardy dawning—

He comes! the King of Light!

Make way! Make way!

Foul shapes, that cringe and creep about hell's portals,

Unlock those prison gates, for well ye may,

Strike off the chains wherewith ye bind in mortals—

He comes! death's conquering Lord!

Make way! Make way!

Archangels, round the throne of God supernal,

In glory which can never pass away,

Pause in your chorals, jubilant, eternal—

The Everlasting comes!

Make way! Make way!

Friends, wheresoe'er ye be, in shine or sadness,

In careless couching, or in deadly fray,

Throw wide your life gates, that with Easter gladness

The Life of Life may come!

Make way! Make way!

Hearts of the weary, desolate and sinning,

Seeing through tears hope's rainbow as ye pray,

Cares, fears, doubts, sorrows, all your thoughts are winning—

The Burden-Bearer comes!

Make way! Make way!

Souls that of greed and selfishness are dying,

Bounding your outlook by life's little day,

Look up and see earth's shadow-empire flying—

It comes! Christ's kingdom comes!

Make way! Make way!

O Earth! Lent-shrouded long in mourning,

This night is vanishing, behold the day!

Lift thy glad front to hail the Easter dawning—

Christ comes! Hell, Earth, and Heaven,

Make way! Make way!

The Duty of the Hour.

REV. E. ROBERTS,

President of the Bible Christian Conference.

" There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

On it, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

Thus wrote the great dramatic poet of England, and its truthfulness and importance are worthy of our serious attention. How anxiously the mariner who has to sail up rivers, or pass through narrow straits affected by the tides of the ocean, watches for the first indication of the favourable current, that he may lift his anchor, spread his sails, and proceed on his voyage, and his success largely depends upon his taking advantage of each auspicious circumstance.

Never, perhaps, during any period of Canadian history has the subject of checking, resisting, and eventually destroying the traffic in intoxicating drinks been more fully discussed, and awakened deeper interest and created intenser feeling than at present.

The alarming increase of want and pauperism in our towns and cities, the evident connection there is between the violations of criminal law and the use of strong drink, the crowded state of our jails, houses of correction, reformatories, and asylums, testify that some powerful, corrupting, degrading agency is at work in our midst, endangering the social fabric, and tarnishing the

* We take from the Observer the substance of a vigorous article by the Rev. E. Roberts on this subject.

nation's honour. The wretched homes, the ragged, uneducated children, the revolting scenes on the streets and in police courts, suffering humanity, insulted philanthropy, opposed Christianity, and dishonoured Deity, all appeal for instant and energetic action until the evil be abated, and the curse removed.

We deem the present a very fitting time for an onward movement along the whole line of temperance organization and effort. During the past few years, those engaged in the manufacturing and vending of what Rev. Robert Hall called "distilled damnation" have manifested unusual activity in resisting the efforts of temperance men. As long as those efforts were simply confined to rescuing the drunkard, or by moral suasion striving to keep the young from becoming drunkards, they remained passive, knowing full well the hopelessness of the one, and the inefficiency of the other, while the liquor traffic was in full operation, with its mighty temptations and alluring deadly influences. But as soon as temperance men, convinced that the liquor traffic had to be fought like every other man-destroying and God dishonouring practice, by law and penalty, and evoked the assistance of legislation for its suppression, then, knowing their craft was in danger, every means were employed to oppose and render ineffectual the efforts of temperance men. They were branded as agitators and fanatics, threatened, and in some instances assaulted, and their lives actually placed in danger. A successful attempt was made to form a wealthy and powerful organization to resist all temperance legislation, to which the name was given, "The Licensed Victuallers' Benevolent Association," a more hypocritical title could never have been selected, or a better illustration given of men "stealing the glory of Heaven to serve the devil in," than for men engaged in the liquor traffic to associate either victuals or benevolence with such a ruinous and soul-destroying employment. This association hired and sent out agents, men as devoid of shame as they were of principle, to resist in country, town, or city all effort to limit the traffic by legal enactment, and when, in some instance, the law known as the Dunkin Act was adopted, every means were tried to resist its enforcement and impair its efficiency.

The temperance men are now marshalling their forces for securing amendments to the Crooks Act to make it more efficient, and soon we hope to see the saloons follow—the liquor groceries into oblivion. We are pleased to see that other places are acting in accord with Toronto in seeking to suppress the sale of intoxicants, and that the counties of Oxford, Ontario, and Prince Edward are going to follow noble Halton and others in passing the Crooks Act.

We ask all lovers of humanity and all worshippers of God to aid in those grand enterprises. Let the liquor traffic, like slavery, perish from the earth. We wonder that men tolerated the one so long and that they now uphold the other. But patriot, philanthropist, and Christian arise, and in the might of truth and right advance to the overthrow of this terrible evil. Then shall the drunkard bless thee for his emancipation, his wife and children honour thee for the restoration to them of home with its comforts. Our coun-

try be freed from what now "impoverishes, dishonours, and puts her to shame, and the Church of God no longer be hindered in her work to save humanity from the darkening enslavery and brutalizing influence of strong drink.

We believe the Church of God has largely this matter under her control in Canada. If her members abstain, if her ministers will take the interest in the matter its importance demands; if societies are organized on the broad principle of promoting temperance legislation, if we form Bands of Hope for the rising generation, and in our homes, business, and daily intercourse, seek by precept and example to inculcate and uphold temperance principles, then success will crown our efforts, and our land be as noted for its sobriety as it is for its material advantages and educational facilities. God hasten the downfall of intemperance!

Beaconsfield's Wife.

THE late Earl Beaconsfield was greatly aided in his career by his wife, a lady of wealth, who, it is said, encouraged him to woo and win her. He always regarded her as the founder of his fortunes and the co-partner of his fame. The following anecdote illustrates the grateful affection with which he treated her:

She was fond of travelling with him, and on his more public occasions witnessing the exhibitions of triumph and honour which greeted him.

A friend of the Earl and of the present writer was dining with him, when one of the party—a member of the House for many years, of a noble family, but rather remarkable for raising a laugh at his buffoonery than any admiration for his wisdom—had no better taste or grace than to expostulate with Disraeli for always taking the viscountess with him.

"I cannot understand it," said the graceless man; "for, you know, you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock whenever your wife goes with you."

Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively, and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it, B., I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could even in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude."

Happy Living.

THE divine art of happy living is to live as God's dear and blessed child. Your Father is so rich that He owns everything. He is so mighty that He can do everything. He is so generous that He will not withhold any good thing from them that love Him. He is so compassionate that He can never be indifferent to any pain or sorrow felt or feared by His child. Having such a Father to provide for every want, you can surely dismiss all care, you can silence every murmur, you can keep your heart in perfect peace.—Rev. Dr. March.

THE Observer, the able organ of the Bible Christian Church, is giving a series of illustrated articles on the leading men and institutions of Canadian Methodism. This is an admirable way by which to make this important constituent of the now Church acquainted with the personnel and institutions of the larger body.

Not Unto Himself.

[AN EASTER ASPIRATION]

"For none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself."—Rom. 11. 7.

BY M. E. WINSLOW

Up from the dead He comes; no bands might bind Him
Who came death's captives from their chains to save;
And those who in the morning seek to find Him
Only behold a lonely, rifled grave.

Fresh from the dead He comes; amid the flowers,
Brighter, more fragrant, and more pure than they;
And those who bring their spices these early hours,
An angel bids to look where Jesus lay.

Up from the ground it comes; the green grass springing
Dead winter cannot hold in its embrace;
Nor can the ice forever hush the singing
Of streamlets rippling through that garden place.

Up in our hearts it comes,—the new life throbbing
Which Jesus wrested from death's ghastly hand.
No more the dirge-like wail of Lenten sobbing
May mar the music of Immanuel's land.

Not for itself it comes, the spring's fair greenness,
The fruit and beauty of the summer's life,
But that, far off in autumn's ripened keenness,
Our barns with grain and fruitage may be rife.

Not to themselves they live, the golden sunshine,
The myriad marvels of earth, sea, and air;
The teeming life of forest, hill, and prairie,
Each ministers to each and everywhere.

Not for Himself Christ rose that Easter morning,
Not to Himself the Conqueror liveth now;
Not that His head alone might wear the crowning
Placed He the diadem above His brow.

For us, for us His mighty wonder-working,
For us He trod the wine-press all alone,
Eurst the rock gates, and, through the garden taking
His path, passed grandly upward to His throne.

For us He lives through all the passing ages,
Dropping through unclosed hands His gifts to men,
The angel who records them on its pages—
Finds only loving deeds to us to pen.

For us His grace, a treasury un-failing
Of wisdom, faith, and love, and inner light.
For us His instant prayer, and, all prevailing,
For us His armor proved in every fight.

Not to ourselves we live the life He giveth,
His resurrection life, our own to-day;
He only in Christ's resurrection liveth
Who gives, as Jesus gave, his life away.

Then gladly come we, this fair Easter morning,
Bringing such spices as our lives afford,
Not to an empty grave, but no man scorn-
ing—
To those He rose for, and our risen Lord

Clara's Easter.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

CLARA PETIT's father was not rich. Clara wished he was if only for to-day when all the girls in the Sunday-school class except her were going to buy lovely flowers to decorate the school for Easter. Beth Burnet's father had given her a silver dollar for Easter buds, so had Daisy Chester's and Lulu Danforth's. But it was out of the question entirely for Mr. Petit to give Clara a whole dollar for flowers, indeed he could scarcely afford half that amount, although he had fully decided she should have it.

"She has been such a darling in our home, such a ray of sunshine brightening us all," was what her loving father thought.

"Here, Clara," he said cheerily, "here is a silver half dollar for some rosebuds for the school, or for some pretty eggs if you prefer, or for anything else you like."

"Oh, thank you, father," she answered joyfully, kissing her father a loving payment for his generosity.

"Clara, I think you will have to carry this little basket to old Grandma Wick to-day. I do not feel quite well enough for the long walk."

"Does she want it to-day, mamma?" asked Clara anxiously, for Beth Burnet was waiting in the hall for her to go out and select the flowers.

"She needs it to-day, dear," answered Mrs. Petit softly. "But you can buy your flowers first, indeed the basket is not quite ready."

Soon afterward Clara and Beth were in the florist's rooms looking about with admiring eyes at the beautiful flowers on every side. Beth soon had bought her dollar's worth of fragrant flowers and felt very happy. Clara as yet had purchased but one flower—a sweet, white rosebud, to which the florist added some pretty, sweet-smelling leaves—all for ten cents.

"What did you buy that one little rosebud now for when you have not chosen your other flowers? And why don't you get all you want right away?" Beth inquired as the two children closed the florist's door after them.

"I wanted to use this one little bud now, that is the reason I bought it," Clara said, looking lovingly at the rosebud, "and I don't get all my flowers now because I would not have time to carry them to the school and go to Grandma Wick's both before dinner, and they might all be faded if they had to wait until I get back from there."

"Get the flowers now. Let old Granny Wick wait, she's a cross old thing anyway."

But Clara thought differently. She went home, showed her mother the sweet rosebud wrapped in tissue paper and got the well-filled basket.

"It's for little Patty Holden, mamma," she said smilingly. "Don't you think she will be glad?"

"Yes, I know the poor little sick girl will be glad. I am glad, too, that you are so thoughtful of Patty," her mother answered.

When Clara arrived at Mrs. Holden's she found her very busy ironing some finery for a lady boarder at the hotel.

"Ah," she said with a smile at Clara, "you've come again to see Patty. Thank you, dear, for not forgetting our sick girl, go right into her little room, she'll welcome you, sure."

Clara went up the short flight of stairs which opened directly into Patty's room. She found the little girl looking very sad, with tears rolling down her thin, pale face.

"Not crying, Patty!" Clara said cheerfully as she entered the room and kissed Patty's cheek.

"I was crying, but I won't cry now," Patty answered, a bright glow coming into her eyes and cheeks at sight of Clara's sweet, merry face.

"That's right, don't, and see what I've brought to you, Patty. Isn't this a sweet rosebud, this Easter bud?"

"Oh, how sweet it is," Patty said, smelling of the fragrant blossom, and then pressing it gently to her lips.

"Oh, how good of you, Clara dear, to

remember me. I was crying because I was so lonely. Mother has to work so hard that she can't stay with me much, but I'll not be lonely now with the sweet flowers. I believe I'll remember now that "Christ is risen."

"I wish you could see the stores, Patty, with the windows full of eggs and cards. Down to Downing's they have the prettiest cards the real Prang chromos. There is one I wish you could see, Patty. It is a broken egg filled with daisies, with two little chickens harnessed up before it pulling it along."

"Oh, how pretty it must be," said Patty delightedly, leaning on her elbows to watch Clara's face. "Tell me about another, Clara."

"Well, there is one with beautiful white lilies on a golden ground, and besides the flowers are the verses.

"Easter buds, as now, were growing,
Ages ago.

Easter lilies then were blooming
By the water's flow.

And in nature all was bright,
Bathed in holy, radiant light.

For Christ the Lord is risen."

"Oh, Clara, that must be lovely. I wish I could see that."

"Perhaps you can. I'll ask Mr. Downing this afternoon to let me bring it over just for you to look at," Clara said. "And now I must go to Grandma Wick's."

"Sure enough, the Lord is risen," said granny, reverently. "I don't deserve this, though, not at all," she added, tears dropping upon her palsied hands. "I've been reppin' all mornin' just cause I'd lost my Easter verses."

"What were they, granny?"

"Somethin' about 'Chime softly, bells of Easter.' Oh, I thought so much of them verses. I cut 'em out of a newspaper long ago, but I can get along without 'em an' remember my Lord is risen, but I do long for 'em after all," granny said, softly.

"Granny, are these the verses?" and Clara repeated some that she knew, beginning with "Chime softly."

"Them's the ones—ain't they cheerin'?" granny asked, with joyful yet trembling voice.

"Yes, they're lovely, and you shall have those verses again before night."

As Clara started homeward she paused for a moment by a fence surrounding a wild park belonging to Esquire Daniels. If she dared to go through the woods the long, tiresome walk around the park would not have to be taken, but then they were private grounds, she did not think it right to cross. Just as she was starting around the park Mary Daniels overtook her. Miss Daniels was driving her little pony, and the phaeton in which she sat was the bearer also of some lovely white flowers.

"Ah, Clara," she said smilingly, "are you in search of Easter flowers, too? I see you have your basket."

"No, ma'am," laughed Clara. "My basket has been on some other business—but I'm going to buy a few flowers after I go home."

"Look here, Clara," Mary said, holding up a basket of white flowers, "aren't these lovely?"

"Indeed they are."

"If you want some like them I'll tell you where to find them."

"I should be rejoiced to get them," Clara spoke, joyfully.

"Just climb the fence then and go across the woods—you can have all the flowers you can carry—if it is a bushel,"

and Miss Daniels, with a happy laugh drove on.

That afternoon Clara spent her remaining forty cents. Shall I tell you how? Twenty cents paid for two beautiful Easter cards, the other twenty for a sweet pink hyacinth in a bit of a pot.

But, are you wondering whether Clara did not furnish any fair flowers to celebrate the joyous Easter day? Glance into the school the next morning, the bright Easter morn. Do you see that great pure pillow of snowy trilliums? Clara Pettit sent that. It was made by her own hands from the flowers gathered from Mary Daniels' wood. Do you see that lovely trailing arbutus with its waxy pink buds winding about the flower tables? Clara obtained that from the same source.

But about the cards. Little Patty has one, the one she wanted, with the fair lilies on it. It is pinned upon the wall near her bed and the sweet pink hyacinth is on the stand beside her. There are no tears on her face now, only smiles, and she says, with deep feeling: "Oh, mamma, isn't Clara a darling?"

"She surely is, God bless her," her mother answers fervently.

The other card is at Granny Wick's. As she looks at the sweet blue bells she reads the verses beside them:

"Chime softly, bells of Easter,
Ring out your holiest lay;
For Christ the Lord is risen,
'Tis Resurrection Day"

"I'm so glad my Lord is risen," she says softly. "And, my Lord, bless little Clara Pettit."

"Smiles."

LITTLE Mary was reproving her younger brother for fibbing. "Now, Russell," she said, drawing down her face and frowning threateningly on the tiny culprit, "dust you remember, never, never to tell another of your wrong-side-out stories to me."

"I want to get a dog's muzzle," said a little fellow entering a hardware store. "Is it for your father?" asked the cautious storekeeper. "No, of course, it isn't," replied the little fellow indignantly. "It's for our dog."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when a printer boy in London, would drink no beer, and his companions called him the water-American, and wondered that he was stronger than those who drank beer. His companions at the press drank six pints of beer every day, and had it to pay for. He was not only saved the expense, but he was stronger than they, and better off in every way. If he had gone to drinking beer at that time, like the other printer-boys, it is likely he should never have heard of him.

A FARMER's wife in Germany, making some cherry brandy, threw the remains of the fermented fruit into the yard. Her ten geese ate them all, and became dead drunk. She had forgotten about the cherries, and when she found her geese all in the gutter she concluded they had been poisoned and would not be good for food, but she picked all their feathers off for market. What was her surprise and sorrow to find her geese next morning as well as ever, but cold and shivering. Let us hope she and the geese both learned a lesson, that cherry and other brandy is apt to take the feathers off the backs of geese and the clothes off the backs of people.—*Christian Witness.*

"The Lord is Risen Indeed."

BY MRS. WILLIAM FAWCETT

WHAT glorious truth is this,
That fills the soul with bliss,
The Lord is risen—a victor o'er the grave
The stone is now unsealed
And death is made to yield
The Lord of life! He lives! mightily to save.

The Lord is risen indeed,
Come, sorrowing ones, and feel
On this life giving, blessed truth to-day;
Hope, o'er your cherished dead,
Hope, though your hearts have bled,
They will the resurrection call obey.

The Lord is risen indeed,
Bright gem of Christian creed,
Shine on our souls, and banish every fear,
For Death's dark tombs are risen
By Christ, the King of heaven,
And we, too, in His victory shall share.

The Lord is risen indeed,
Strength for our time of need,
Are in these words giving us life and light,
Rejoice my soul and sing,
With earth's returning spring,
He lives. Death has no sting, and all is bright.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1884

Easter Sunday.

AFTER the sorrow of Good Friday comes the joy of Easter morning. Why? Because on Easter morning Jesus broke the power of Death and came out of the grave, which could not retain the Master of life. Wasn't it wonderful?

You know that after He was dead loving friends took His body from the cross and carried it into a new tomb. Then the wicked men who had caused His death rolled a big stone against the tomb, and set soldiers to guard it. But on the Sunday morning after Good Friday, just before daybreak, a glorious angel came from heaven, frightened the soldiers out of their senses, and rolled away the stone. Then our dear Lord rose up, full of life, beauty, and power. He was stronger than Death, mightier than the grave. He walked forth, met hundreds of His friends on several occasions, and, after forty days, ascended into heaven.

These are the facts—you are to think of on Easter day. It should be a day of joy and gladness. Let us, dear children, on this glad Easter day, give Him the service of a loving heart. Here is an old Easter hymn. Commit it to memory!

"This holy morn, so fair and bright,
Shall hear our praises swell;
For O, what joy prevails on earth,
What wild despair in hell!"

"In vain they sealed His sepulchre,
And watched around His tomb,
The Lord hath gained the victory,
And death is overcome."

"Then calm your grief, dismiss your fears,
Let no more tears be shed;
The mighty Vanquisher of death
Is risen from the dead."

"O Jesus! may we ever live
From sin and sorrow free;
Then let us ever die to sin,
And ever live to Thee!"

How to Cook.

COOK-BOOKS, though not taking very high rank as literature, are very important in their way. We know of few more necessary things for young women to learn than the art of cooking. It will go further to make home happy than a good deal of French or music. We don't profess to be a connoisseur of this kind of book, but the head of our home-department reports very favourably upon the volume under review.* It is an aid in making house-keeping a pleasure, teaching beginners to furnish a good table at moderate expense, and opening up a new vista for the experienced. A chapter of helps and hints for the nursery, sick-room, etc., will be found very valuable.

PHILLIPS & HUNT, New York, have brought out a new edition of Rev. Dr. B. St. James Fry's "Property Consecrated, or, Honouring God with our Substance." It is an inquiry into the will of God in relation to property, and an examination of the temporal and spiritual advantages arising from its right use. It is a prize essay, and is introduced to the public by the late Bishop Jesse T. Peck. Price 10 cents.

Juvenile Missionary Collections.

WE are glad to learn the missionary offerings of our Sunday-schools, after a period of depression, have greatly revived, and have reached a larger aggregate sum, and a larger proportion of the ordinary income, than ever before. These results must be attributed, we think, to the increased attention given to diffusing missionary information and to cultivating a missionary spirit among our young people. And one of the most effective means for this purpose has been the issuing of the graded series of missionary reward books by Dr. Sutherland, the energetic Secretary-Treasurer of the Missionary Society of our Church. This handsome series before us comprises the following books:—

- No. 1.—For Collectors of less than One Dollar, "My Missionary Box and I."
- No. 2.—For Collectors of One Dollar and upward,—"Missionary Readings, Third Series."
- No. 3.—For Collectors of Two and a-half Dollars and upward,—"The Field and the Work." By J. Semmens.
- No. 4.—For Collectors of Five Dollars and upward,—"Indian Stories," &c. By A. L. O. E.
- No. 5.—For Collectors of Eight Dollars and upward,—"Family Fortunes." By Edward Garrett.
- No. 6.—For Collectors of Twelve Dollars and upward,—"The Land and its Story." By Dr. Burt.

* *Nonpareil Practical Cook Book* By Mrs. E. A. M. Pp. 435 Chicago: Jansen, McClung & Co. Price \$1.50.

It is hoped that the giving of these beautiful presents will not only encourage the young friends who have thus helped the Society during this year, but serve as a stimulus to still greater effort in the future.

Three of these books are expressly prepared for this purpose, and printed at our publishing house. One of them we especially commend to general readers and to Sunday schools—*Mission Life in the North-West*, by the Rev. John Semmens.

It gives a graphic and interesting account of missionary adventures and trials and triumphs throughout that vast region both among the whites and Indians. It is well illustrated, and its reading must quicken an intelligent interest in our mission work in that land. The *Wrath of Indian Stories*, by A. L. O. E., introduces the reader to the wonder-world of Britain's Indian Empire, and describes mission work there. *The Land and its Story* is a large and beautifully illustrated book on

"Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
That eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

The following figures show the remarkable increase in the missionary givings of our schools:—

Year	Amount	%	of entire ordinary income
1874-75	\$22,051	15 1/2	" " " "
1875-76	19,750	11 1/2	" " " "
1876-77	18,264	13 1/2	" " " "
1877-78	16,733	12 1/2	" " " "
1878-79	16,091	13	" " " "
1879-80	15,823	13 1/2	" " " "
1880-81	17,054	13 1/2	" " " "
1881-82	21,580	14 1/2	" " " "
1882-83	23,215	15 1/2	" " " "

During the last three years the graded system of presents has been in force.

The year 1874-75 was the first year after union, and the ordinary income was larger than in any succeeding year until 1881-82, when it went up \$21,000 at a bound, yet the proportionate increase in juvenile collections was still greater. In 1882-83 the entire increase in ordinary income was \$2,712, of which \$1,655 was from juvenile offerings.

The introduction of the weekly subscription plan in many schools during the past two years has doubtless had its effect. While much has been done, still more remains to be done. In England the juvenile givings amount to about one-third the entire income. To reach that standard the proportion in Canada must be doubled.

Egypt.

THE declared policy of the British Government is to reform the native government of Egypt, and to retain British garrisons and military forces in Egypt until those reforms have been so far accomplished, and until that government is so far secured as that their military support may be safely withdrawn. Egypt is a link in the chain of communication between Great Britain and India. British interests have forced England to take virtual possession of Egypt, and the same interests will compel her to remain there, perhaps, for many years. It may take



A GEODE.

a century to train the Egyptians, and to imbue them with correct ideas even of self-government. Such an experiment with other Oriental peoples has once or twice been tried, but has never yet succeeded. England must always retain a large foothold in Egypt, but where Western and Eastern influences meet no equal authority is possible. One must be master. And in such a case England will be the master. When, two years ago, Mr. Gladstone announced that the English Government meant to restore Egypt to the Egyptians he fully intended it. And he intends it still; but he sees now more clearly than then that in justice to the Egyptians themselves this cannot be done until Egypt recovers somewhat from the effect of many centuries of enslavement, and is a little more fit than she now is to manage her own affairs.

A Geode.

THE picture represents a stone that is very rough and irregular on the outside, but full of beautiful crystals within. You can see where one part of it has been broken off, showing the many-sided crystals in the inside. Such a stone is called a geode. It looks like a miniature cavern, and if you should hold it up to the light of the sun or of a lamp, you would be delighted with the sparkling crystals, looking like diamonds.

There are many people in the world just like geodes—rough and unattractive on the outside, but beautiful within. It is well to have outside polish if you can get it—it is not by any means to be despised—but the inward beauty of the heart, which comes from piety, is of more importance.

Decisive British Victory in Egypt.

A DECISIVE victory was won near Suakim by the British troops, under Gen. Graham, over the rebels, led by Osman Digma. The fighting lasted three hours. It was a series of desperate hand-to-hand fights, but the defeat of the rebels was complete, and the British drove them from their encampments and captured their camp, where a large quantity of loot was found. The British loss is stated as 100 killed and 150 wounded, the rebels 2,400 killed.

This is the Tel-el-Kobir of the Sudan. It breaks the backbone of the rebellion, and will doubtless have the effect of bringing the Mahdi into agreement with the British policy of re-establishing the independence of the old native states.



THE RESURRECTION

Easter.

BY ELLA A. SMALL.

ALL hail to thee, glorious morning!
The emblem of triumph to men,
Since first in thy earliest dawning
Christ rose and now liveth again.

In the distant East where He rested,
Angels came at the dawn of the day,
And with heavenly power invested
Rolled the stone from His tomb away

In the hush of thy faintest appearing,
Fair morning, in sorrow and pain
Two women with perfumes are hearing
The spot where their Saviour has lain

Hear their language so plaintively spoken,
"My Lord they have taken away;"
While with boxes of ointment unbroken
They gaze at the place where He lay

Lo! the question in tenderest feeling,
"Why seek ye Him here 'mong the dead?"
Then the answer His mission revealing,
"He is risen, even as He has said."

Blessed words through the centuries ringing!
Thrice welcome, then, Easter to men;
To this truth the redeemed still are clinging,
Christ is risen, and now liveth again!

The Risen Lord.

It is the season of resurrection. Nature's burial time is well-nigh past. She comes out of her sepulchre, throws aside the white burial clothes in which she had been laid, and with beauty for ashes and joy for sadness she stands before us victorious and triumphant. Already the snow is gone, the frost is out of the ground, the maple buds are swelling and reddening, a fresher green brightens the pollard willows, the tulips and daffodils are pricking above the soil in the garden border, and under the dead leaves on the wooded hillside you can find their purple and their pink tinged the tips of the peeping liverwort and arbutus buds that will be in early bloom a week later. For Nature's resurrection day has dawned.

And the Lord is risen. He whom the grave could not hold has burst the bonds of death. The cross, the spear, the burial, the great stone at the door—all these could not hold the majesty which veiled itself in voluntary humiliation and put aside its infinite power for a little while, only to claim it again when it seemed that God himself had forgotten that He was very God. If the cross is our redemption and our peace, the resurrection is our glory.

We, too, are risen with Christ; we have conquered because He has conquered death, for now is Christ risen and is become the first-fruit of them that slept. This is our resurrection, also, and our souls shall feel the new life and shall bud and blossom in faith and hope.

The miracle of Nature's resurrection depends on a cause whose very simplicity is a mystery. The air grows warm, the osier buds burst to-day from their sheaths and shine in gray silver, and yellow gold, and tomorrow you will be gathering pink and fragrant blossoms, and the explanation of the marvelous change is marvelously simple. What has happened? Only this: the earth has turned its face to the sun. It had turned away and it was cold; now it has turned back, and the earth is warm

again—nothing else; nothing more; that is all. And it is enough. When the earth turns to the sun, opens its bosom to the sun's light and warmth, that is enough. Then comes Spring. Then come flowers. Then come sweetness and comfort and plenty.

What means our parable? The gladdest Easter morning dawns on the soul, when it first turns toward its Master, its Sun. God calls us, draws us. He calls us, He draws us by His own infinite love, expressed in the good news of eternal life through His dear Son. He has called us, He has drawn us through these days, when we have been reminded of his death and burial. Now, on the Sabbath of our Lord's resurrection, shall not every grateful soul turn itself toward Him, accept the love that streams down from the divine goodness and accept gladly the promise of His grace? He offers forgiveness, peace, and help. He only asks of us that we take from Him the motive and influence that shall make us what we know we should be. Let every grateful heart accept the consecration and say, "Here am I! Send me."

The Deaf and Dumb.

Few things appeal more strongly to our sympathy than the condition of the deaf and dumb—cut off as they are from so many of the pleasures and means of instruction in life. From the Official Report of Mr. Christie, Inspector of Public Charities, we find that last year 293 pupils have been under instruction at the Institution at Belleville. One of the most interesting features of the report is a series of papers by the Professors and teachers of the Institution on the best modes of deaf-mute instruction. One of the ablest of these is that by Prof. Watson, who brings to his work the ripe experience of many years. He writes on "How to Awaken the Interest and Attention of Deaf-Mutes," and from his able paper we quote the following sentences:—

"Few persons, except those who are actually engaged in the work of instruction, can have any just conception of the difficulties under which teachers of the deaf and dumb labour to create in the minds of their pupils an interest in their studies.

"When we take into consideration that the two chief avenues through which the mind holds communion with the outer world are, in the case of the deaf-mute, sealed, that all the knowledge he has of what is transpiring in the world around him has been derived from ocular observation, and even that has been in a large majority of cases circumscribed within the limits of the family circle and his own immediate relations, and that, although possessed of the same feelings in common with those in the enjoyment of the sense of hearing and the faculty of speech, yet he knows not the name of a single object in creation. Need we wonder then at the chaotic state of his mind when he first comes under the care of the instructor?"

Mr. Watson proceeds to point out the many difficulties in the way and the best means of overcoming them. The Institution is fortunate in having the services of such intelligent and devoted teachers. The papers of Mr. Denys and Mr. Greene are also of much interest. Mr. Denys quotes the opinion of Lucretius, who wrote:—

"To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach,
No care improve them and no wisdom teach."

But Christian philanthropy has accomplished even this difficult task.

One of the most interesting papers was that by Elsie Terrill, on

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF DEAF MUTES.

The word "deaf-mute," she says, is easy of pronunciation, but what a sad, deep meaning it conveys to the heart-stricken mother, who for the first time hears it addressed to her beloved child, and how difficult to comprehend its full significance even to those who, in full possession of all their faculties, have made the subject one of life-long study.

In each deaf-mute we see not only a soul enclosed in a material frame, but a soul imprisoned. The two chief avenues by which the intellect is reached are closed to it; therefore, the deaf-mute comes to the instructor with his mind undeveloped—a perfect blank, or, even worse, full of erroneous impressions. In the twenty-second annual report of the American Asylum at Hartford, are annexed several questions addressed to a number of the pupils.

"Before you were instructed in the Asylum, had you any idea of a Creator?"

(The answers are given of a number of the pupils, which are substantially alike.)

"No; I had no idea of God at all before I entered the Asylum." "Had you reasoned or thought about the world, or the beings or things which it contains?" "I never attempted to suppose who had made the world, or how it had ever come into existence."

"Had you any idea of your own soul?" "I never conceived such a thing as a soul, nor was I ever conscious that my mind had faculties or operations different and distinct from those of my body."

The deaf and dumb are susceptible in a very high degree to religious and moral training, and to their credit, he said, that in our country a trial of a deaf-mute for crime is a thing almost unknown.

It is our bounden duty to teach our pupils to love God and their neighbour; to be temperate, obedient, honest, and truthful. We should seek to lead them to Christ and teach them to love Him. Let us kindly win these "children of silence," whose infirmities isolate them, and upon whose ear no gentle mother's voice ever fell in tones of loving admonition. Lead them to respect and love the Sabbath. Lay aside all secular books and place in their hands simple religious works (according to their capacity), and an abundance of illustrated Sunday-school papers. Deaf-mutes, so active on a week-day, are restless on Sunday. Their attention can be gained by the relation of short stories, illustrated by a pretty bright-coloured print, fully and graphically explained in their own beautiful language. In the matter of religion we must touch the heart as well as the intellect. Direct them in prayer, not at first by a form of prayer, but the simple requests of a child's heart.

Indeed, these processes will apply to the instruction of deaf children as well as to that of deaf-mutes.

S. S. Convention.

Through the courtesy of the Rev. John McEwen, General Secretary of the S. S. Association of Canada, we have received a copy of the Report of the eighteenth Provincial S. S. Convention. It is an exceedingly interesting pamphlet of 140 pages. The addresses by the Revs. J. McEwen, Dr. Nelles, Dr. Wild, A. Andrews, Mr. Burnfield, Dr. Parsons, S. H. Blake, Esq., and others, are of permanent value. Copies of the pamphlet supplied by the Rev. J. McEwen, 165 Huron St., Toronto—price, 25 cents. We have pleasure in reprinting the closing remarks of the Rev. Dr. O'Meara (Church of England), Port Hope.

"The Lord Jesus Christ prayed the Father with almost His last breath that His followers should be one, even as He and the Father were one. Well, the infidel will point to that sneeringly, and will say, Was that prayer answered? He whom you call Master, He whom the Father doth hear always, has He heard Him in that? I say yes. He asks for proof; I will not give him the proof in words, but I will meet him in this Convention, and I will point out the fact that here we are, Christians of all denominations—Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, and Episcopalians, though last, not least. And what are we talking about? We are carrying out the most important charge the blessed Jesus gave unto His Church with His last breath. We are here talking about how we shall discharge that obligation. I am of opinion that the most sneering scoffler would fail to discern in one of our assemblies who is an Episcopalian or Methodist; but I will defy him, at least, to do so in this Convention. We are all here with one heart and with one mind, set upon how we can do the Master's work and advance the salvation of these little souls that are committed to our care. One in heart, one in hope, one in every essential doctrine of Christian truth, and one, we know, by the blessed experiences of this Convention, in the desire to fulfil, to the very utmost, the precious injunction left us by the Master, to feed His lambs."

Easter Angels.

BY ERNEST W. SUTCLIFFE.

Through morning's purple depths of air
A golden tinge of sunlight falls,
And, like a spirit voice of prayer,
The wind through nature's temple calls.
The flush of dawn is on the hills,
And from the sun—great fount of light!—
A glory breaks abroad, and fills
The skies with streams of beauty bright.

And lo! the Easter angels come
With shining brows and smiling eyes!
Through pathless ether's azure dome,
They leave the temple of the skies.
O'er lonely valley slopes they throng,
Where nature dreams of winter dew;
The low, sweet music of their song
Awakes the wondrous flowers from sleep.

They enter sorrow's shadowed ways,
Where death has brought a lingering tear;
The mourner's stricken head they raise
With whispered words of hope and cheer.
With peace they come, in peace they go,
As voiceless as the passing air,
And only in our hearts we know
The tender tidings that they bear.

Oh, sweet the hours of Eastertide,
When angels join their hands with ours,
And tell how all our loved, who died,
Have risen in beauty like the flowers.
Then lift your eyes, O grieving souls,
See where the day from darkness breaks!
Thus life's eternal ocean rolls
From streams that flow from Death's dark
lakes.

The Risen Life.

"The Brigant banks are fresh and fair,
And Gretna woods are green."

sang a sweet voice in one of the London streets.

"I have thought a hundred times
that I would stop and speak to that
boy," said Prof. Craik, as, arm in arm,
we walked towards St. Paul's.

The boy in question stood under an
awning, with his hands full of printed
songs. Some of these he sang, and
the crowd, idle or busy, could not help
looking, listening, and sometimes
buying the ballads which the child so
patiently plodded through.

"Do you notice—I often have"—
said my friend, the professor, "what
sweet tones there are in that voice, and
how the small volume of sound pours
forth without any apparent effort?
He must be very poor."

The professor was a Christian man,
and one who regarded sympathy with
the unfortunate as one of the best
services he could render to Christ.

"Who taught you to sing, my lad?"
he asked. "My mother, sir," was the
reply, with an eager look.

"Where do you live?" was the next
question. The boy mentioned a place
that seemed familiar to the professor.

"I am coming to see you, my lad.
I may be able to do something for you.
I like your voice."

"It is a cool, breezy morning," the
professor said, as we left our apartment
a day or two afterwards. "Suppose
you accompany me to see my old nurse."
I consented, and we walked briskly
down the street in the direction of the
wharves.

"It's not a very pleasant locality,"
he said, as we neared the lower part of
the town; "but old Mrs. Davis lost a
son at sea, and she thinks she can't be
happy unless she can look out on the
ships; so here she is anchored."

We had arrived at a block of tall,
grimy stone buildings that went by the
name of "Ridley's Folly." In the last
one, overlooking the water, up two
flights of stairs, we found old Mrs.
Davis, once a domestic in the professor's
family. We spoke to her of the boy.

"You must mean 'Singing Davy,'"
she said. "Poor boy! I pity him and

his poor mother. A sweet voice do-ee
have, my dear, as ever I heard, and a
sweeter and his mother. We've been
trying to raise a little money among us,
for the landlord is a-ther' atoning to
turn 'em out, and she in her bed."

Following the widow's directions, we
went up two flights of stairs and landed
at the attic, a miserable place, stained
with the rain that leaked in through
broken skylights, and in a ruinous
state of dilapidation.

A faint voice said, "Come in," at our
knocking. The room was clean, and
there was even a poor attempt at
ornament. On the bed, dressed, and
wrapped in a faded red shawl, a woman
reclined, whose hectic cheeks and glit-
tering eyes proclaimed her to be in the
last stages of consumption.

There were tears shed at that bedside.
The poor creature there had been reared
a lady, no pains being spared for her
education, and had been cradled in the
lap of luxury for twenty happy years.
When her father failed, she went on
the stage to sing. She was *fit*,
flattered, admired; married a famous
singer, went abroad, was ill treated by
her husband, and at last abandoned by
him—she and her little child.

"But all that is over," she said,
sorrowfully. "I am dying, and poor
little Dave! what will become of him?
I don't want him to be a public singer;
I had almost rather he would die.
I pray God to raise him out of the
influences that now surround him."

On the following day I left London.
Five years passed. When I returned, I
chanced to be in Westminster Abbey, and
there, almost the first person I met,
was the professor. It was Easter
Sunday. Just then a voice so thrilling
and almost divine burst out in the
"Te Deum," that I started with delight.

The professor was radiant.

"Did you ever hear it before?" he
asked.

"Never."

Soon came another burst of choral
song, and a flute-like tenor rose above
it in an obligato passage,—

"Vain the stone, the rock, the seal,
Christ has opened the gates of hell!"

"Never, since I heard Jenny Lind,
has it been my privilege to listen to so
wonderful a voice."

"But you have heard it, unless you
have forgotten all about little Singing
Dave!"

"And his mother?" I said, after we
left the church.

"Died a few days after we saw her.
Do you know, it seemed to me that she
must be here, listening with us to these
almost angelic tones. Her last prayer
is answered."

Davy had indeed been lifted above
the influences that surrounded him: I
was told that his life was manly and
Christian, and that he was preparing
for holy orders. For weeks his voice
haunted me, especially one grand line
of hope:

"Christ has opened Paradise."

So help leads to help, and kindness
becomes the messenger of Christ and is
followed by a risen life.

PRESIDENT NOTT once said: "I want
to give you this advice, my children—
Don't try to be happy. Happiness is a
shy nymph, and if you chase her you
will never catch her. Just go quietly
on and do your duty, and she will
come to you."

Effects of Union.

The *Canada Christian Advocate*, the
organ of the Methodist Episcopal
Church, has recently had an admirable
article on the effects of Methodist
union, from which we make the follow-
ing extracts:

"That there are financial advantages
to come out of union, we can very
readily see and appreciate. We can
understand how union is to remove
that long standing—we were going to
say disgrace—but certainly an unjusti-
fiable policy of having from two to four
Methodist churches in a village of from
two to four hundred of a population.
It will do away with this waste of men
and means, in the cultivation of God's
vineyard. But it will not reduce, one
 iota, the obligation of each one to do
our utmost to promote the kingdom of
Christ in the world.

To support the feeble cause and
maintain a show of respectability,
taxed the resources of the people to
the utmost, while the constant effort to
watch and forestall the rival Churches
laid our vigilance and ingenuity under
a strained contribution, that was not
always productive of the fruits of the
Spirit, prominent among which are
"love" and "gentleness." All this union
will happily remove.

"But, while we may be delivered
from this unnecessary and unprofitable
strain, there will surely come to us
opportunities, duties and obligations of
a broader and more important charac-
ter. God has in store for the United
Methodism of this country a grand
work, and the faithful prosecution of
this work will tax her energies to the
utmost. This certainly is no time to
be indulging in any narrow thoughts
or plans in regard to the future.

"There is a wide, varied and rich
field before the Methodism of this
Dominion already 'white unto the
harvest.' There are in all our towns
and cities especially, thousands who are
without Christ, and who are but sel-
dom seen in our churches. These
should be now sought after, with a
heartiness to which, we fear, we have
all been comparatively strangers in the
years past. Methodism still has a
great field to cultivate within these
lines. Now that she is uniting her
forces and gathering up her energies
for greater conquests, she must seek a
new baptism of her ancient spirit, and
fulfil, in a broader and more glorious
sense than ever, our Lord's words,
'The poor have the gospel preached
unto them.' This work cannot, should
not, be left to the ephemeral and un-
certain methods of the Salvation Army.
This work will likely involve increased
agencies and means, but it must be
done. From this source, we apprehend,
are to come to future Methodism
her most numerous accessions and
greatest triumphs.

"Then there is in the Province of
Quebec, among the French Canadians,
an inviting field, the demands of which
she has not yet been able to meet.
This is a promising missionary enter-
prise, and will yield a rich harvest in
the future. The cry, 'Come over and
help us,' has been increasing in inten-
sity for a few years past, and Canadian
Methodism must return an affirmative
response.

And we have said nothing, as yet, of
the recent but imperial demands of the
great North-West. We need not dwell
upon this land of promise, whose broad
prairies have been levelled, cleared,
and enriched by the Almighty, and

hidden away for centuries, waiting for
the incoming millions of the Old World
and the surplus population of many
parts of the New. Other Churches
are on the ground, and, with their set-
tled pastorate, are preaching the blessed
Gospel to those who come to hear; but
it will require the Methodist itinerant,
with his proverbial ubiquity and fleet-
footed horse to keep pace with the
advancing tide of immigration.

"Now, with all these enlarged op-
portunities and resultant obligations,
let us talk no more about our having
to pay less. There are many of us who
have not yet learned even the alphabet
of scriptural giving for religious pur-
poses. Some people are not, under the
most favourable circumstances, swift
to learn lessons of this character, and
our hitherto divided state and our un-
seemly rivalries were not well calcu-
lated to develop in us all the scriptural
idea of giving.

"United Methodism will have a
tendency, we believe, to enlarge many
people's hearts. They will be thrown
into the society of men who have been
in the habit of giving largely to the
Church. They will be called to live
and act in a different atmosphere.
They will imbibe the prevailing spirit
around them, or they will likely expe-
rience a feeling of discomfort. Men
are usually influenced, more or less, by
their surroundings, and because of the
operations of this law we shall look
for a glorious enlargement in some
quarters. They will be lifted to a
higher plane, and will look at things
through a clearer atmosphere, and will
consequently get enlarged conceptions
of duty and service. Such we conceive
to be one important result of Metho-
dist union."

Breivities.

UNDER the sceptre of the Czar of
Russia live thirty-eight different nation-
alities, each speaking its own language,
which is foreign to all others.

ADOLPHE MOXOD has well said
that consecration is not something
done once for all, but is a maintained
habit of the soul. A consecrated day
is a framework ready prepared, in
which God alone has to act in and
through us.

A POPULAR writer in the religious
world, who sometimes has a bad
"spell," wrote the name of the illus-
trious author of "Pilgrim's Progress,"
"John Bunion." His witty publisher
suggested that it be put in a *foot-note*.

HAIL, ye small, sweet courtesies of
life! for smooth do ye make the road
of it, like grace and beauty, which
beget inclination to love at first sight,
'tis ye who open the door and let the
stranger in.—*Sterne*.

In the year 1830 there were only
eight insane asylums in the United
States; now there are more than
ninety. Just in proportion as the sale
of intoxicating drinks increases over
the country, insane asylums multiply;
and yet there are men professing intel-
ligence and philanthropy who contend
for the license system.

The highest waves in the Atlantic,
from trough to crest, rarely exceed, if
they reach, fifty feet. In westerly
gales the North-Atlantic waves aver-
age eighteen feet, in the Pacific the
waves in storms run about thirty-two
feet; in the Mediterranean about
fifteen feet; in the North-Sea about
fourteen feet.

Easter Lilies.

BY PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

White lilies! pure white lilies!
Spring's Resurrection token,
We bid them bloom about the tomb,
Which Christ our Lord has broken.
Bury our grief, O Lord, in Thy tomb,
Let our joy with Thee arise and bloom.

White lilies! pure white lilies!
The earth is strewn with blossoms,
Sweet floweret bright, dropped cold and
whit!

From mournful mothers' bosoms,
But Christ will gather the scattered bloom,
And bring them up from the silent tomb.

White lilies! pure white lilies!
Each with a gold starred chalice,
Fainter than they, the souls to-day,
In the Saviour's royal palace.
Purer than lilies, the hearts must be,
Our Saviour King, that bloom for Thee.

White lilies! pure white lilies!
Emblems of Resurrection,
Our risen Lord, from death restored,
We greet with glad affection
Bury our souls, O Lord, in Thy tomb,
Let our joys with Thee arise and bloom.

—Christian Standard.

"Butter-Week" and "Easter" in Russia.

EASTER is a long and grand festival in Russia.

It begins about the middle of February, with eight days of merry-making, which is called "Butter-Week," and truly it is a week of butter.

At other times meat and fish, and almost everything else is cooked in oil, but during this week everything is cooked in butter.

Butter-cakes and butter sauce abound in every house, from the palace to the cottage; but there is one cake, like the Hot Cross bun of Good Friday in England, that is eaten at no other time of the year and is called "Blini."

It is a kind of pancake baked in butter, eaten with butter-sauce, and is the breakfast dish throughout Russia during this festive week.

"Butter-Week" is a week of rare sports and games as well as of feasting in butter; you may then have a swing in the *Katscheli*, or a slide down the *Rutschberg*, or a "see-saw" on beautiful elastic planks, or a whirl through the air on the "round-about!"

"Such splendid out-door fun and sports in the grand "Admiralty Square," which is more than a mile in length.

The favourite sport of a Canadian boy or girl would very likely be sliding down the *Rutschberg*.

For some time before Easter everything is hurry and bustle preparing the different pastimes, and this is how the "cascading mountain" is made.

A scaffold is built thirty or forty feet high, on the top of which is a gallery with steps on one side to go up; on the other side is the steep descent, which is made of huge blocks of ice laid on sloping planks, over which water is thrown until it is all smoothly cemented or frozen together.

The whole forms a beautiful, transparent ice-mountain smooth as glass, down which the boys and girls, in their ice sledges, rush like flying arrows.

There are generally two of these *rutschbergs* opposite each other, covered with these flying sledges, which are cut out of the ice in the snags of ships or boats; in the hollow they put straw to sit on, and in front a hole is bored for the rope.

They do not have much sunshine at St. Petersburg—not more than ninety or one hundred sunny days in the year

—and perhaps that's the reason that they are so fond of gay, bright colours. And so, though the children's sledges are generally white and transparent, the boys' and girls' fur coats and pelisses are trimmed off with the brightest of colours, and their faces are so sunshiny and rosy, and their laughter and shouting so joyous, that you wouldn't mind the dull gray sky or the stinging cold any more than those merry little Russians do.

At the all this feasting and merry-making come the six weeks of fasting, which we will pass over.

Then as the great clocks strike the midnight hour on the Saturday before Easter Sunday—"Christos voskress!" *Christos voskress!* bursts forth in song from the illuminated churches; from the thousands who throng the brilliantly-lighted streets echoes the cry "Christos voskress!" (Christ is risen!) Then the reply, "Voskre u voskress!" (Is He really risen?) And amidst the booming of cannon, the rushing of rockets through the sky, and the joyous ringing of countless silver-bells, is ushered in the grand festival of Easter in St. Petersburg.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

88.—1. Indolent; 2. Apennine.
89.—1. Jesse, honey, swell; John Wesley. 2. Belt, bet, ten, near, van, hear, tear; Better late than never.

90.— T O P A Z
O V E N
P E N
A N
Z

91.— S I N C E R E
A B H O R
C A B
M
B O W
C R I S P
R A N S A C K

NEW PUZZLES.

92.—CHARADES.

1. To desire earnestly; a person. A poet.
2. To make brown; a consonant; sun. Equivalents

93.—ESIGMA.

1, 4, 7, to propel; 8, 9, 10, 5, indispensable to a baker; 6, 7, 4, 2, 3, a divine gift. A sea-side resort.

94.—HIDDEN RIVERS.

1. Was the trio grand, Edna?
2. The young miss is sipping her tea.
3. Oh, I owe you a letter.

95.—DROP LETTER MANIM.

n-u-e-r-a-s-a-i-n-l

96.—DIAMOND.

A letter; a resinous substance; an animal; to tear; a letter.

THE official returns show that the healthiest class of people in Great Britain are the inmates of prisons, where simple diet, regular hours, and exercises are compulsory. But the cases of insanity among the convicts are out of proportion to the number of other ailments.

Bookseller and Skeptic.

ROBERT AITKIN, a bookseller of Philadelphia, was the first person who printed a Bible in that city. While he kept a bookstore, a person called on him and enquired if he had Paine's "Age of Reason" for sale. He told him he had not; but having entered into conversation with him, and found that he was an infidel, he told him he had a better book than Paine's "Age of Reason," which he usually sold for a dollar, but he would lend it to him, if he would promise to read it; and after he had actually read it if he did not think it worth a dollar, he would take it again. The man consented; and Mr. Aitkin put a Bible into his hands. He smiled when he found what book he had engaged to read, but said he would perform his engagement. He did so; and when he had finished the perusal, he came back and expressed the deepest gratitude for Mr. Aitkin's recommendation of the book, saying it had made him what he was not before—a happy man; for he had found in it the way of salvation through Christ.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A. D. 57.] LESSON III. [April 20.

PAUL'S PREACHING.

1 Cor. 1. 17-31. Commit to memory vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness.—1 Cor. 1. 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ crucified is the central truth and power of Christianity.

TIME.—1 Cor. was written early in A. D. 57.

PLACE.—It was written at Ephesus, toward the close of his three years' stay there.

AUTHOR.—St. Paul, aged 55, on his Third Great Missionary Journey.

CORINTH.—See Lesson X., 1st Quarter.

THE CHURCH IN CORINTH was founded by Paul early in A. D. 52, five years before this Epistle was written. Paul remained in Corinth a year and a half.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The family of a matron named Chloe, belonging to Corinth, came to Ephesus and reported the state of the Church there to Paul. There were some contentions and scandals there, which stirred up Paul to write a letter to the Church for their correction.

INTRODUCTION.—Paul greets the Corinthians heartily, then praises them for the much good he finds, and then proceeds to correct their errors, calling their attention to the great centre of Christianity.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—17. *Not to baptize*—He believed in baptism, but his part of the work was to preach. 18. *Foolishness*—It seems so in the eyes of the unbelievers. *It is the power of God*—It is the greatest manifestation of God's power in the world. 19. *It is written*—Isa. 29. 14. *Destroy the wisdom of the wise*—By showing that God's plan was so superior to all that their wisdom could devise. 21. *By the foolishness of preaching*—Not by foolish preaching, but by a means that seemed so utterly unable to do the work. 23. *Christ crucified*—to the Jews a stumbling-block—Because he was so different from the Messiah they expected,—a crucified malefactor instead of a king,—a dead man instead of eternal greatness on a royal throne,—an invisible kingdom, obscure and despised, instead of a kingdom with pomp and glory, and armies and worldly power. *To the Greeks foolishness*—Because his whole aim and plan were so entirely different from those proposed by their wisdom and learning. 26. *Wise men after the flesh*—Christians were wise, but not after the flesh, i. e., human wisdom. 27. *The foolish things*—Those that seemed so to men. *To confound the wise*—By doing what the wise failed to do, in saving men. 30. *Christ Jesus... made unto us wisdom*—He

gives better wisdom than the world, wisdom for this life, and for eternity. *And righteousness*—For his sake we are treated as righteous, justified. *And sanctification*—Actual holiness of heart and life. *And redemption*—Salvation from all evil, including the other three.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Corinthian Church.—The first Epistle to the Corinthians.—The subject of Paul's preaching.—Christ the power of God.—Christ the wisdom of God.—Christ crucified, a stumbling-block to the Jews.—To the Greeks foolishness.—Verse 30.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When was the first Epistle to the Corinthians written? By whom? From what place? When and by whom was the Corinthian Church founded? (Acts 18, 1, 11.) What circumstances led him to write to them? (1 Cor. 1, 11.) For what does he praise the Corinthians? (1, 4-7.) For what does he then reprove them?

SUBJECT—CHRIST, THE WISDOM AND POWER OF GOD.

I. CHRIST CRUCIFIED, THE POWER OF GOD (vs. 17, 18, 24).—What had Christ sent Paul to do? Why not to baptize? Does this throw any slight upon baptism? What is the Gospel? How is it connected with the "cross of Christ"? How would "wisdom of words" make the cross of none effect? To whom does the cross seem foolishness? Why? What is it to those who are saved? How does Christ crucified show the power of God? What wonderful changes has Christ made in the world? What has he done for us as individuals? What are the sources of this power?

II. CHRIST CRUCIFIED, THE WISDOM OF GOD (vs. 19-25).—How did Christ crucified seem to the Jews? (v. 23.) Why was this? How did he seem to the Greeks? What was there in "Christ crucified"? What made men, and still makes them, look upon this plan as "foolishness"? What is meant (v. 20) by "the foolishness of preaching"? How do you explain verse 25? How is "Christ crucified" the wisdom of God? What marks of wisdom do you see in this plan of salvation?

III. THIS TRUTH PROVED BY THE FACTS (vs. 26-31).—Of what class were most of the Christians? Why did not the worldly great believe? What is the difference between being *wise* and *wise after the flesh*? (1) What have these Christians, without worldly power, done in the world? Does the growth of Christianity in the world prove the wisdom of God's plan? How did this "confound the wise"? How is Christ himself an illustration of verses 27, 28? How is this illustrated in Daniel? (Dan. 2, 31, 35, 41, 45.) (2) What four things does Jesus Christ do for us? How is he made unto us "wisdom"? (2 Tim. 3, 15; Dan. 12, 3.) How righteousness? (Rom. 5, 1; 8, 1.) Sanctification? (Eph. 2, 1; 4, 13, 24.) Redemption? (Gal. 1, 4.) How does what Christ does for us show the wisdom of God? Why does God work in this way? (vs. 29, 31.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. CHRIST THE WISDOM OF GOD.—(1) In seeking the best object, the redemption of our souls; (2) in overcoming the obstacles to the forgiveness of our sins; (3) in being God, and therefore able to save to the uttermost; (4) in being man, and therefore sympathizing with us, reaching down to us; (5) in showing the evil and guilt of sin that costs such a sacrifice; (6) in manifesting the love of God; (7) in answering the longings of the soul; (8) by setting a perfect example by having in him all that can touch the heart; (9) in sending the Holy Spirit.

II. CHRIST THE POWER OF GOD.—(1) Christ has power to overcome the evil in the heart because in him is every source of power that can take hold of men and make them better,—love, hope, fear, duty, revelation of God, conviction of sin, a perfect example; (2) Christ is shown to be the power of God by what he has done for the world already; (3) He has done this at great obstacles; (4) He is the power of God for overcoming sorrow, sin, death, temptation, ignorance.

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

12. What letter did Paul write at Ephesus? Ans. The first Epistle to the Corinthians. 13. When was it written? Ans. A. D. 57; toward the close of Paul's three years at Ephesus. 14. What was the sub-

"OH! TO BE READY."

Words by I. M. HARTSOUGH.

Harmonized by Miss ALICE HARTSOUGH.

- 2 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready God's word to obey,
Shunning the path of danger,
Seeking the one narrow way.
- Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to suffer His will,
Whom the Lord loves He char'ens,
Chastens for good, not for ill.
- 3 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to go at His call,
Over the cold, dark river,
Flowing so near to us all.

- Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready my dear one to meet,
Shouting the Saviour's praises,
Casting their crowns at His feet.
- 4 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to join in the song,
Filling the courts of glory,
Sung by a numberless throng.
- Oh to be ready, ready,
Ready with Jesus to dwell;
Saved evermore in heaven,
Saved evermore from hell.

ject of Paul's preaching? Ans. Christ crucified. 15. How did Christ appear to many? (Repeat the golden text.) 10. What is Christ to those who believe? (Repeat v. 24.)

A. D. 57. LESSON IV. [April 27]
ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

1. Cor. S. 133. *Can you remember 10 19*
GOLDEN TEXT.

If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth 1 Cor. 8. 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH:
We should deny ourselves for the good of others.

TIME. 1st Corinthians was written early in A. D. 57.

PLACE. At Ephesus, toward the close of Paul's three years' abode there.

AUTHOR.—Paul, aged 55.

CORINTH.—See Lesson No. 1st Quarter.

INTRODUCTION.—In this chapter Paul discusses a question of great practical importance to the Corinthian Church. The principles involved, though not the exact form, apply to many questions of the present day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *As touching things offered unto idols.* Where a sacrifice was offered to idols, a large part of the animal offered was eaten by the offerers or by the priest. Sometimes this meat was offered for sale in shops where Christians might buy. Much of it was used in social feasts, weddings, etc., to which Christians might be invited. The question was, Whether it was right for Christians to eat such meat? *On the one hand*, it would be said, (1) The meat was not harmed by having been used as a sacrifice. (2) Christians

should be above such superstition as to care what had been done with it. (3) To refuse to eat would shut them out from social intercourse with their heathen neighbours. (4) It would interfere with the liberty of Christians. (5) It would repel heathen from the Gospel. *On the other hand*, (1) To eat was forbidden by the Council at Jerusalem (Acts 15. 29.) (2) It was distasteful to their Jewish brethren. (3) It would seem to endorse idolatry. (4) It would lead them to temptation to join in the sinful orgies of the feast where this meat was eaten. *Knowledge puffeth up*—Makes conceited, if without love. *Charity*—Love, *edifyeth*, builds up the individual and the Church. 4. *An idol is nothing*—There is no real God or spirit in the image. 6. *One God, the Father*—i.e., the Author, the Creator of all. *Christ, by whom all things*—God created all things by him (John 1. 13.) *And received him*—We are Christians, children of God, by his salvation. 7. *Some, with conscience of the idol*—By familiarity with idols in their past life. *Their conscience being weak*—A weak conscience (1) imagines things to be wrong; (2) it is not clear as to what is right or wrong; (3) it is not able to prevent the person from yielding to temptation. *Is debilitated*—(1) when it cherishes sin; (2) when it has a sense of guilt. 10. *Be emboldened*—Contrary to his own convictions. 12. *Sin against Christ*—(1) by injuring his children; (2) therefore by wrong against himself; (3) by injuring his cause and kingdom. 13. *My brother to offend*—i.e., to stumble, to fall into sin.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Meats offered to idols.—The question at issue.—Reasons for eating.—Arguments against eating.—Knowledge and love.—Verse 6.—Idols are nothing.—A weak conscience.—A defiled conscience.—Paul's decision.—The reasons he gives for it.—The light thrown on this lesson by 1 Cor. 10. 19-31.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.—Who wrote the Epistle to the Corinthians? When? Where? What was the character of the Corinthians? (See Les. 10, 1st Quar.)

SUBJECT: HOW THE STRONG SHOULD HELP THE WEAK.

I. A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE (vs. 1, 1).—What difficult practical question arose in the Corinthian Church? What did the Corinthian heathen worship? What was done with the sacrifices offered to idols? How would the Christians be tempted to eat of these sacrifices? What two opinions were held in the Corinthian Church as to whether this was right? What arguments could be given in favour of eating such food? What arguments could be given against it? What one is recorded in Acts 15. 29? What argument in 1 Cor. 10. 20, 21?

II. KNOWLEDGE VERSUS LOVE, A BASIS OF SETTLEMENT (vs. 1-3).—What did they all know? What is the effect of knowledge without love? What is meant here by *charity*? What does charity do for the individual and for the Church? Meaning of *edifyth*? How should those who know more and have brighter minds treat those who are slower and duller? How will this edify? Can we have the true knowledge by means of the intellect only? What can we learn only by the heart as well as the head? (See Practical Suggestions.) How can we know God? (v. 3; Eph. 3. 17 19.)

III. RIGHTS VERSUS DUTIES, THE PRACTICAL ANSWER (v. 6-13).—How does Paul show that there is no harm in eating things offered to idols? What does he say idols are? What is God to us? How are all things by Jesus? (John 3. 1-3.) How are we by him? (John 3. 14, 15; 1 Peter 3. 18.) What does Paul say of rights as to this matter in 1 Cor. 10. 19, 23, 25, 27, 30? How did others feel toward this question? What is a weak conscience? What is a defiled conscience? What would Paul have the strong Christians do? (v. 13.) Meaning of *offend*? How does he state their duty in 1 Cor. 10. 23, 24, 27 31? What is the first reason for so doing? (v. 8.) What is the second reason? (vs. 9, 10.) What is the third reason? (v. 11.) What is the fourth reason? (v. 12.) How is sinning against a Christian a sin against Christ? (See Matt. 23. 40, 45.)

IV. APPLICATIONS.—How would you apply Paul's principle to temperance? To amusements? To social customs? Sabbath keeping? Does it mean that we are never to do anything that others disapprove or think wrong?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The cultivation of the head and the heart should go together.
2. The world will never be made better by education of the mind, without education of the conscience and heart.
3. Only by the heart can we gain the highest knowledge of the best things, as of God, of man, of righteousness, of heaven.
4. The good man knows his rights, but does not always use them.
5. We should consider our influence on others in all that we do.
6. The more knowledge and power we have, the more carefully should we use it to help the weak.
7. Christ cares for the weakest Christian as for himself.

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

17. What troublesome question arose in the Corinthian Church? Ans. Whether it was right to eat meat that had been offered to idols. 18. What did Paul say? Ans. It might be right in itself, because idols were nothing. 19. How did some feel? Ans. That it was wrong. 20. What then ought the others to do? (Repeat the Golden Text.)

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