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Home and School

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 17, 1890

[No. 10.]

The Leaven.

BY MATTIE DYER BRUTE.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."—Matt. 13. 33.

Most of our little readers have seen the way in which our bread is made—by putting a small quantity of yeast into the flour, and know that the yeast will work and cause the dough to swell to a large lump.

The woman in our picture is just placing the leaven in her jar of meal, and she is sure it will cause her bread to become leavened all through. She has only to put it there and it will do its own work.

Leaven is used in the verse we give you as showing the work of the Gospel, how it changes everything it comes in contact with. It means that if we have God's grace hidden away in our hearts, it will influence and shape our whole lives, making us more Christ-like.

The word leaven is not always used to represent a good influence. It occurs very often in the sacred Scriptures as the emblem of sin. And justly so, for sin changes the nature very quickly, and transforms a man into a raging demon. Once started, it is next to impossible to stop its deadly work, or get away from its power.

How important it is, then, that the leaven which is in us, and will go from us to influence others, should be the mild and gentle leaven of the Gospel, working in us to will and to do the Master's pleasure! God says: "My son, give me thy heart,"—not "thy money," or "thy good name," or "thy learning," but "thy heart,"—going at once into the very inner man, because if the tree is good, the fruit will be good, without doubt.

How much of this heavenly leaven have we in our hearts to day? Have we felt its power in our souls? Are we being changed by it into the image and likeness of our blessed Saviour?

Let us all try to be as good, sweet leaven in our



THE LEAVEN.

homes, among our schoolmates and associates, in the neighbourhoods around us, in the church and everywhere. Every Christian, whether old or young, should be a lively leaven, a central power, from which should radiate a life giving power to all around. If this could only be so, how long would it take to change the whole world?

Our religion does not consist of how much we give to the church, how regular we are in attendance, or what denomination we belong to, or how loud are our professions of piety. It is in the

heart. If the love of Christ be there, if his grace has entered into our lives, then will it show, like leaven, in all our actions, and we shall indeed be true followers of the meek and lowly and loving Jesus.

Let us avoid the leaven of evil thoughts, of bad books and bad companions, as we value our happiness here and hereafter, and let our daily lives be as a wholesome leaven upon those with whom we are associated, and verily we shall not lose our reward.

Word Twisting.

"My dear boy," once asked a head master of a Philistine member of his sixth form, "do you mean to say that you have never heard of that magnificent statue of Michael Angelo, by Moses?" Clergymen seem especially addicted to this habit, perhaps because their excessive anxiety to be correct renders them nervous, and to those of their congregation who are gifted, fortunately or unfortunately, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, such slips are excessively trying from the impropriety of openly testifying appreciation.

"Sorrow may endure for a joy," so an Irish clergyman is reported to have read with the utmost feeling; "but night cometh in the morning!" With the transposition of initial letters a new field of solecism is opened up, in which a living cleric, in other respects intelligent and accomplished,

works with an involuntary assiduity that is most upsetting to his hearers. "My brethren," so ran one of his most startling announcements, "we all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish (that is, half-formed wish) in our hearts." With him, however, the mischief goes further, extending to the mutual entanglement of words which is terrible to contemplate. He has been known to speak of "Kinquering congs," and on one occasion, ever memorable to his interlocutor, addressing himself to a gentleman who had intruded upon his seat in

church, he politely remarked, "Pardon me, sir; but I think you are occupying my pew." Here we are next door to the carrying out of the portmanteau principle, a proximity illustrated by the facts of two other clergymen, one of whom gave out his text from "the Colosse to the Epissians," while the other read "knee of an idol" for "eye of a needle." The rector of an Irish country parish, whose church the writer has frequently attended, was liable, out of nervousness, to contort and entangle his words in strange fashion. Thus we have heard him speak of the "imperfurities" of man, when it was quite obvious that he could not make up his mind between "imperfections" and "impurities," and ended by amalgamating the two words into one.—*The Spectator*.

A Long Voyage.

BY ELIZABETH H. FENN.

He came I say one summer day,
And we remember him
As we remember all things bright
When the great world is dim.
He said good-bye with beaming smiles,
In youthful life and light,
And shining waters marked his path
As he sailed out of sight.
Now many lives that long to see
Where his pure soul has gone,
Have caught a glimpse of holy heaven
And hope to follow on.

Ah! that is not a broken heart
That pains your heavy breast,
Father and mother! Heart strings ache,
But ye indeed are blest.
No wandering way shall ever wait
To lure his feet astray;
But pity parents who must see
Their dearest grow away
From light and life, with God's good law
All trampled in the dust
Where souls are lost, and I still must say,
The dreadful end is just.

Forever safe! Heaven bless the boy!
We do not need to say,
For he is blest above the grief
That pains your hearts to-day.
Forever safe! He cannot mourn,
Nor ever sigh nor sin;
The cares that throng around your path
Can never trouble him.

How far he sailed! But they sent back
The semblance that he wore,
While fairer waters than the lake
His spirit ventured o'er—
The mystic sea of endless life
That spreads before the throne.
Now he is heaven's. Make heaven sure,
For he is still your own.

Ten Pages a Day.

BY BISHOP J. H. VINCENT, D.D., LL.D.

ONE page of good literature a day, thoughtfully read, must produce beneficial intellectual results, even though the reader find it difficult to recall at will the full thought of the author, or to reproduce a complete sentence in which that thought, or any part of it, was expressed. Even slight effort at "giving attention" will increase power of concentration. The world opened by that single page, may awaken a new intellectual interest, quicken curiosity, sharpen appetite, and suggest thoughts of his own in the mind of the reader.

The simple passing of well expressed ideas across his mental horizon will enlarge his world, enrich his mind, refine his tastes, increase his vocabulary, and give him a new interest in the people he meets and in the topics which obtrude themselves upon his attention in these busy days, when everybody is thinking, and when great events are crowding into

the wonderful history now being made. One page a day guarantees so much gain of knowledge and power to the attentive and interested reader.

Of course the result of one page will be scarcely appreciable. One day's toil will build no temple. But seven days make a week, and four weeks make a month, and twelve months contain three hundred and sixty-five days. One page a day will, therefore, grow in one year into a volume of three hundred and sixty-five pages. Now, at three hundred pages to a book, one may read in ten years twelve stout volumes. He who in a decade reads with interested and inquiring attention twelve volumes, is no mean student; and if the reading in five minutes of a single page should stimulate thought, that keeps hammering or digging or singing in the reader's brain during the day when he is at work and his book is shut, at the end of ten years such reader and thinker will deserve some reputation as a "scholar." He may be, in some sense, a master of twelve big books. And if they be the right books, no master of a larger library can afford to overlook the claim upon his recognition of this man who reads well one page a day.

There is one better thing that the coral-building process of scholar-building has done for the busy man who gave to books five minutes a day. It has trained him to system, steadiness, and fidelity. He has done one thing regularly. He has brought his will to bear on a worthy object, and has done it with persistency and system. As a consequence, his character is more stable, his faith in the power of purpose and of habit more firm, and his daily life more fully under the law of duty. He is worth more in business. He makes a better husband and father; and his church life gains in manifold ways.

If our page a day sage be a banker or a blacksmith—both useful and respectable occupations, and neither one a whit more honourable than the other, if the hands that finger the iron or the silver be honest hands—the wide range of reading secured by a well-chosen dozen of best books, will place him in a large, varied, and productive world, and save him from the belittling and petrifying effects of "business." He will be first a man and then a toiler—not merely a machine in the form and with the unused forces of a man, a sort of man-hammer or man-calculator, or one horse-man power let out to employers for so many dollars a day. He will be a husband—a house-band of gold to his beloved. She will forget the trade he works at, as she rejoices in the grace and manliness of him who works at it, but is not worked out or worked down by it. He will be a father, of whose knowledge and skill in books and in questions of the day, his children can be proud; and the more they know, and the higher they rise, the prouder they become of the man they call "father." He who thus reads votes more wisely, prays more reverently, talks more intelligently, gives more liberally, lives more steadily, and his most discriminating friends—who knew him before and who know him now—say, with an approving and enthusiastic nod of the head, "A page a day did it."

There is another thing to be said about our "five-minute man." It will not be long before his eyes run from the finished page to the next and the next. Within thirty days you will find five minutes growing into fifteen or twenty, and five pages taking the place of one. "I can't wait," he says. "One page a day don't keep the thinking-machine in grist."

While he works with his hands he asks questions, and wonders how the author would answer them, and thinks on his own account along the lines of his inquiry, and puts questions to men and women whom he meets, stirring them up to ask the same

and other questions. Thus strengthened, stimulated, and afire, he goes on and grows on, and at the end of the first half of his first decade he has averaged more than thirty minutes a day, and the books he has read and marked and re-read stand on his shelves, decorate his house, break windows through the walls and skylights in the roof, and make his home a bright centre of the universe. His children go to the public-school, but are taught as much and as well by their parents as by their professional teachers. His children stay through the high-school course, and then they advance to the college. What did it? I will tell you what began it: a page a day.

Now, can this scheme be systematized? Wanted: A course of voluntary reading for the out-of-school multitudes, requiring no rigid examinations, allowing outline memoranda to be examination-papers for those who desire self-testing, depending for real "study" upon the desire to know which the mature mind once awakened is sure to feel, and the perusal of good books sure to excite.

If this scheme could present in attractive form, and in pure English, the subject matter of the ordinary college course, so that graduates might review, preparatory students preview, and non-graduates enjoy the "college outlook," we should bring more closely together the homes and the colleges of the land, secure more sympathy from parents with the higher education, more students in the universities, more popular favour, more government appropriations, more domestic, religious, and social prosperity; and thus "one page a day" would grow into public libraries, widespread reading habits, and busy school-life, successful and expanding colleges, and the nation would gain in strength and glory as the people became more thoughtful, reverent, stable, and independent.

Is "Chatauqua" unknown to your readers, dear Mr. Editor? And is there one of them who has never heard of "The Chatauqua Literary and Scientific Circle?"—*S. S. Times*.

How to do Little Things.

A very sensible writer says to young persons, "Whatever you do, if it be only to put on your hat or throw aside your gloves, do it decidedly and earnestly, eschewing all listlessness." Don't laugh at this little bit of advice, for, simple as it is, I assure you it is more important than you imagine. Why? Because if you are listless in little things you will be listless also in great ones. And if you put energy of will into small matters you will acquire the energy of will requisite for the doing of important duties. Without such acquired energy of will you cannot give that attention to study and work which is essential to success. Remember that the main thing in achieving results is attention; close attention, energetic attention, continued attention. To gain this power you must will to do even little things with an energy which while it uses also increases strength. Be strong-willed, therefore, but be sure that you are also right-willed.—*Our Youth*.

RIFLE bullets are now photographed in their course. The camera is taken into a dark room, which the bullet is made to traverse. As it passes the camera it interrupts an electric circuit, and produces a spark, which illuminates it for an instant, and enables the impression to be taken. The wave of condensation in the air before the bullet, and the refraction behind it, are visible on the photograph, and can be studied by experts, thus enabling the form of ball or rifle which minimizes the resistance of the air to be selected.

Longfellow.

From over the wild Atlantic
And wash of the Western seas
A voice came like the murmur
Of summer among the trees.

As sweet as the innocent laughter
From children at their play,
Yet fraught with the deepest wisdom
Of men of an older day.

And never an English household
But felt its tender thrill,
Like the weird Aeolian music
Of a harp on the window-sill.

It came to man and maiden
Like the swelling of midnight chimes,
And they knew that the heart of the singer
Was beating in the rhymes.

It came to the careworn toiler
As he stood mid the smoky throng,
And his tears would start in rapture
At the marvellous gifts of song.

For it told the beautiful story
That memory still keeps green
As the murmuring pines and the hemlocks—
The tale of Evangeline.

It told of Hiawatha
And of Laughing-Water's grace,
In the lay that for future ages
Embalms a vanished race.

And the flower of German legend
Was culled by the master's skill,
And offered a fragrant posy,
That all may keep who will.

The new world and the old world
Join hands in each liquid line,
Where the myrtle of classic culture
Was wreathed with the Western pine.

And never a word he uttered,
But straight to the heart it flew,
As soft as the summer gleaming,
As pure as the morning dew.

O dear dead voice of the singer
Whose magical notes are o'er,
Our hearts are true to the music
That echoes forevermore.

O poet, thy runes are symbolled
By thy grave-plot's sacred flow'rs.
O Death, where is thy conquest?
His immortal songs are ours.

The Dyer's Hand.

YOUNG people are apt to be charmed by the wit, the merriment, and the sportiveness with which vicious youth are sometimes gifted. Having been rightly trained they shrink from the bad words, the vile allusions, and the irreligious spirit of those so-called jolly fellows, yet, because they are full of fun, continue to be their companions. "We don't mean to do as they do," they say to their conscience when it whispers, "You ought not to go into such company." O foolish youths! They forget that "evil communications corrupt good manners," that by choosing to mingle with coarse, wicked fellows, they will, insensibly at first, perhaps, but surely grow like them. Shakespeare makes one of his characters say,

"My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

And such, sooner or later, will be the feeling, if not the confession, of the youth who finds pleasure in the society of evil-minded associates. His soul, like the dyer's hand, will "inevitably be subdued into the moral likeness of his bad companions."—*Our Youth.*

An Indian School at Battle River, near
Edmonton, N.W.T.

OUR Indian Sunday-schools would be a novelty in Toronto. To the right sit the men and women, able to read in syllabics, reading under a teacher the *Berean Lesson*, in the Cree Testament. Each prepares, as well as he can, the lesson at home, and brings his Bible to church. In the centre the day-school teacher, Miss De Graff, has her class of boys and girls studying the same lesson in the English Testament. Another class is composed of young men and women learning the syllabics from the lately-printed Cree cards, and with the use of the blackboard.

The day-school is an interesting source of amusement and industry and knowledge. Both boys and girls have become infatuated with the knitting exercises, taking home their knitting, in order to finish articles more rapidly. In this way large and small socks and stockings and mitts, are supplied the various families sending their children to school. Yarn and needles come to us through the Indian Department.

It is surprising how much English the pupils learn, and how little of it they will talk!

I wish to thank the friends who sent rolls of Illustrated Bible Scenes. These fine pictures have been given of late to families that have a taste for and an interest in them. Beauty and use are combined in these works of art. For instance, to day I called at the home of Joe Sampson, whose wife keeps a clean and tidy house, in which I found two of the pictures decorating the walls. One represented Pilate delivering Christ to the Jews to be crucified; the other, Jesus bidding Lazarus come forth. Joe, knowing that these pictures illustrated Bible History, first showed me where he was reading in St. Luke, and then asked me to find and mark the chapters explaining the illustrations, that he might read them for himself.

I wish to mention the large case of clothing forwarded me last autumn, by the ladies of one of the Hamilton churches, through Mrs. Dr. Briggs. When we examined the contents, comprising ready-made clothing, etc., etc., we were uncertain as to the best plan of distributing the articles made for all sizes and both sexes. It has taken time and judgment to choose on the needy.

The smaller skirts and dresses, underclothing, hats, scarfs, mitts, stockings, and shoes, have been appropriated chiefly by the day-school children, and other members of the same families, who are delighted to receive such well made and warm clothing. The women would adopt at once under-skirts and dresses, but they look with disgust on the fashionably-made jackets. One-half of the case is yet undistributed, though the articles are being given out each week.

I need say no more about the Christian motives and kind thoughtfulness of the ladies who collected and sent the clothing, than repeat the Scripture: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The industrial turn the children have taken in the day-school, guided by the lady teachers, creates a demand for material to be cut and made into clothing by the children. We are in need of print, serge, wincey, shirting, jean, and heavier cloth for pants, with which to clothe the pupils, and further train them in making their own garments.

Perhaps some friends will give this idea consideration, and make up a case of material to employ twenty children, and clothe them.

E. B. GLASS, *Teacher.*

Whistle Them Away, Boys.

HAVE you any petty cares, boys?
Whistle them away,
There's nothing cheers the spirits,
Like a merry roundelay.
No matter for the heart-aches,
'Neath silk or hodden-gray,
For the sake of those who love you,
Just whistle them away.

'Tis strange how soon friends gather
About a cheerful face;
That smiling eyes and lips count more
Than beauty, wealth or grace;
But I have seen it tried, boys,
When trouble comes to stay,
The brave heart leaps to work, and strives
To whistle it away.

Then as you climb life's hill, boys,
Put music in your toil,
Turn to your traitor trials,
A whistle for a foil;
Be steadfast in the right, boys,
Whatever the world may say,
Temptations never conquer those
Who whistle them away!

The Baby Witnesses.

A poor, pale seamstress was arraigned in Paris for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day, and stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I am going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless, she was carried to the commissioner of police, and he ordered her to be sent to the police court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she replied: "The day I went to my employer's, I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I wasn't paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantlepiece; and, unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe this story. They upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavouring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. They besought her, for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect but to oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at some loss to discover what decision justice commanded.

To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. The gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

VENTURE not on the threshold of wrong.

Christ the Sheltering Rock.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER, PH. D.

WHEN weary and fainting, and ready to die,
To the Rock in the desert for safety I fly;
There 'neath its cool shadow, when sorely afraid,
My soul is refreshed by its life-giving shade.
Oh, come, all ye weary, and blissfully prove
That Christ is the Rock, and its shadow his love!

When hot drifting sands wildly hurtle my path,
And deadly siroccos sweep by in their wrath;
There safely I rest as the terrors leap by,
And cool zephyrs lull with the breath of a sigh.
Oh, come, all ye weary, and blissfully prove
That Christ is the Rock, and its shadow his love!

When scorching and blistered, my tongue all aflame,
The moisture and marrow all dried from my frame,
I cry for a draught that my soul can restore,
And lo! from the Rock see the live waters pour.
Oh, come, all ye weary, and blissfully prove
That Christ is the Rock, and its shadow his love!

When trembling with doubts, and the ground where I
stand
Seems sinking away like the drift of the sand,
A refuge there is that withstands every shock,
'Tis Christ the eternal and unshaken Rock!
Oh, come, all ye weary, and blissfully prove
That Christ is the Rock, and its shadow his love!

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Home and School.

Rev. W. J. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 17, 1890.

How to Study the Bible.

BY BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

OWN a Bible, a substantial reference Bible, with ample margins, good index, clear maps, such as the American Tract Society's Teacher's Bible, or Bagster's.

OWN a second Bible. The one already described is for use at home, and in the sanctuary, the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting; the other should be small in size, suitable for carrying in your pocket to the shop or on the railway train, that the Word may be always with you. King Alfred the Great carried in his bosom the whole book of Psalms which he had himself copied; and it is said that Oliver Cromwell gave a Bible, or a portion of the Bible to each of his soldiers to carry with them. It is possible to utilize for the purpose of Bible study and mental and spiritual improvement much of the time spent in travelling by American Christians.

Read the Bible daily. This will require a little resolution. Neither circumstances nor states of feeling should be allowed to interfere with the



PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.—Luke xviii. 9-14.

habit. Resolve to do it, whether so inclined or not. It is said of the Virgin Mary in an old tradition that she spent a third part of her time in reading the Scriptures. "Sure it is," remarks Trapp, "she was excellently well versed in them, as is proved by her song." Dr. Johnson on his death-bed said to a young friend: "Attend to the advice of one who has had some fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker. Read the Bible every day of your life."

Begin the day with the Bible. Before you retire at night open the book on the table or bureau where it will first catch your eyes in the morning, and as you dress feed upon some portion of divine truth. Let the resolutions, thoughts, and impulses of the new day be inspired by the word itself.

Daily commit something from the Bible to memory. Precious mottoes of Scripture thus stored in the mind are short swords to be used in daily warfare. They are gems of the rarest value which, in the course of a life-time, one may collect, preserve, and use.

Methodism.

METHODISM in the city of Toronto is a power. There are over thirty churches, valued at \$1,042,815. Their seating capacity is 27,675; fifteen of them will seat from one to two thousand, and eight will seat over five hundred each. The Presbyterian church comes next to the Methodist; the seating capacity of their churches, however, falls below the Methodist's by ten thousand.

The total membership of the Methodist churches is 11,295. They contributed for missions last year the magnificent sum of \$24,264. They have fifty-eight Sunday-schools; and the entire ministerial force, including editors and Conference officials numbers fifty. As might be inferred from the above, all the interests of the Church are in a most healthy condition. Their publishing house is a great success, and all their periodicals, the *Christian Guardian*, *Methodist Magazine*, etc., are conducted with marked ability.

Toronto is regarded on this side as a model Christian city, where religion thrives. On a recent rainy Sunday the Protestant congregations were counted and it was found that the total attendance at the morning and evening services was 77,320.

The Sunday newspaper has not yet arrived.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate*.

Kicked for Christ's Sake.

AN Evangelist said: "A little girl of eight years was sent on an errand by her parents. While on her way she was attracted by the singing at a Gospel meeting in the open air, and drew near. The conductor of the meeting was so struck with the child's earnestness that he spoke to her and told her about Jesus. She, being the child of Roman Catholics, did not know much about Him, but the gentleman told her of His love to her. On returning home her father asked what had detained her. She told him, and he cruelly beat her, forbidding her to go to any such meetings again. About a fortnight afterwards she was sent on another errand, but she was so taken up with what she had previously heard of Jesus that she forgot all about her message. She saw the same gentleman, who again told her more about the Saviour. On her return home she again told her father, as before, where she had been, and that she had not brought what she had been sent for, but that she had brought Jesus. Her father was enraged, and kicked the poor little creature until the blood came. She never recovered from this brutal treatment. Just before she breathed her last she called her mother, and said, 'Mother, I have been praying to Jesus to save you and father.' Then, pointing to her little dress, she said, 'Mother, cut me a bit out of the blood-stained piece of my dress.' The mother, wondering, did so. 'Now,' said the dying child, 'Christ shed his blood for my sake, and I am going to take this to Jesus to show him that I shed my blood for his sake.' Thus she died, holding firmly the piece of her dress stained with her own blood. The testimony of that dear child was the means of leading both father and mother to Christ."

AN AMERICAN PASTOR writes of the illustrated Sunday-school papers published by the Rev. Dr. Briggs, Toronto, Canada: "Our Committee were delighted with them. I have never seen any that approached them. They are peerless." Specimens sent to any address—free. Address W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

SOME children can be very nice and polite when auntie or cousins are visiting at the house, but as soon as they are gone their good manners are gone. Their politeness did not spring from the heart, but from vanity or ambition to please.

How Honest Munchin Saved the Methodists.



JOHN WESLEY AT WEDNESBURY.

A CENTURY ago there stood, in a retired spot, within a stone's-throw of the High Bullen, at Wednesbury, an antiquated hostelry, known as "The Cockfighter's Arms;" a great resort of the "cocking" fraternity, for whose exploits Wednesbury was so famous in the days of "auld lang syne." Here, after the excitement of the cock-pit, gamblers resorted to discuss the merits of their favourite birds, and to adjust the stakes they had severally lost or won.

Here, too, were settled—amidst plentiful potations of spiced ale—programmes of future encounters. The exterior of the house was dingy enough. The windows were dark and heavy; the low, old-fashioned porch, was rapidly dissolving partnership with the main building; and the overhanging signboard—on which a brace of fighting birds, in grievous art, had long since melted into love, and become ethereal as to colour—creaked dismally in response to every gust of wind. Few sober-minded people cared to cross the threshold of the "Arms," for Nancy Neale, the hostess, was an Amazon whose salutation only the initiated had the courage to encounter.

On a dull autumn evening, about the middle of the last century, a group of toppers, well-known members of the "fraternity," sat around Nancy's broad oaken-table, discussing the prospects of their favourite pastime.

"I'll tell thee what, lads," observed a corpulent, bull-necked fellow, pet-named the "Game Chicken," out of compliment to his prowess, "if we don't put a stop to these rantin' Methodys, as goes about preachin' and prayin', there'll be no sportsmen left us by-and-by."

"That's well said, Chicken," chimed in another inveterate cocker, "Hosey" by name, as he lifted a huge pewter pot to his lips.

"Why," resumed Chicken, "just look what they've done for Honest Munchin! Whoever could have thought it? As game a chap was Munchin as ever handled a bird, an' a pluckier cove to bet I never see."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed the company, in a chorus of assent.

"But, la!" continued the first speaker, "jist behold him now! as funky as a turtle dove; an' I b'lieve, if he wor to see a cock die, he'd want his pocket-handkercher to wipe his eyes."

A roar of laughter, which greeted this sarcastic hit, encouraged the speaker to proceed.

"Well, I was goin' to say, lads, as this John Wesley—as they call him—is a-comin' to-morrow to preach agin Francis Ward's house, we oughter show him what sort o' blood there is in Wedg-bury. What say you, Mr. Mosoley?"

The person thus appealed to, although of superior mental training to any of his pot companions, was an inveterate gambler, and his air of shabby gentility intimated a luckless career. He had, indeed, had such a run of misfortune that a fine estate, which he had inherited on the borders of Wednesfield, was so hopelessly encumbered, and so stricken with poverty, as to be popularly known in the neighbourhood by the name of "Fighting Cocks' Hall."

"Here," said the gambler, raising his fishy eyes, and leering like an ogre, "here is a crown-piece—the last I have left—to buy a basket of stale eggs. Chicken'll know what to do with 'em."

"Aye, aye," chimed in Nancy, who stood with folded arms against the door, "an' I'll give another, for these Methodys is for closing every tavern in Wedg-bury, accordin' to Munchin's talk; but we'll show um what stuff we're made on, won't we, Chicken?"

At this unexampled sacrifice for the cause of cocking and tipping, the applause became uproarious: and, by general consent, Mr. Wesley was to have such a reception on the morrow as was to convince him that "Wedg-bury blood was game." So inspiring became this lively theme, that the morning sky was flushed with the red streaks of dawn before the revellers brought their orgies to a close.

On the afternoon following, the alley leading to the "Arms" was filled by a crowd of roisterers, headed by the Chicken and his *confrères* of the night before. The enthusiasm of the mob in their denunciation of the Methodists was heightened by sundry jugs of ale, liberally dispensed by Nancy. The multitude was composed of the lowest class of labourers, not a few of them being armed with sticks and staves. As the starting time drew near, such eggs of the required antiquity as had been procured were distributed among the noisy multitude, the excitement rose yet higher, and at length vented itself in a song, common at that period, of which the refrain was—

"Mr. Wesley's come to town,
To try and pull the churches down."

The preliminaries being now all settled, the throng—at a given signal from the Game Chicken, who led them—started on their evil errand. Marching through the High Bullen, on which the gory evidence of a recent bull-bait was still visible, they approached the modest-looking homestead of Francis Ward.

As they neared the spot, they found a vast assemblage of men, women, and children, gathered round a venerable-looking man who was preaching to them, in the open air. The preacher was John Wesley. His locks were waving in the breeze; his eye glanced kindly on all around him; and his voice, distinct and clear, was pleading, as for dear life, firmly yet tenderly, with the assembled crowd—not a few of whom were melted into tears.

On either side of the great evangelist stood Honest Munchin and Francis Ward. The former drew Wesley's attention to the advancing mob, and the preacher, suddenly raising his voice, and gazing earnestly at his assailants, said: "My good friends, why is it that you wish to raise a rout and a riot? If I have injured any man, tell me. If I have spoken ill of any, I am here to answer. I am come on an errand of peace, and not of warfare. Lay down your weapons. I am all unarmed. I want to tell you something worth the hearing. Will you listen?"

All eyes were turned to the Chicken, who for a moment seemed abashed, and hesitated to give the word of command; but, urged on by the jeers of his comrades, he gave the signal, and in a moment

the frantic mob sent a volley of unfragrant missiles at the preacher and his supporters; and, breaking through the ranks of the worshippers, they rushed toward the temporary platform, overturned it, smashed the tables and chairs—hurling the fragments in all directions; and pursued Mr. Wesley—who had found refuge at Ward's house—with such violence as to endanger the safety of that domicile, and it was not until the preacher had quietly surrendered himself that they were in any degree restored to peace.

Making his appearance—with Ward and Munchin—at the door, Mr. Wesley asked what it was they wanted with him.

"You maun come along to the justice," roared the rabble in reply; and the echo was taken up again and again: "The justice! the justice!" Such few of Mr. Wesley's adherents as had the courage to stand by him in this peril, now flocked round him; and after a short conference with Ward, the preacher expressed his readiness to accompany the mob.

The justice to whom it was decided to convey Mr. Wesley was the Squire of Bentley—Lane by name—and a descendant of the famous Colonel Lane, who concealed and otherwise befriended the luckless King Charles II. during his romantic game of "hide and seek" with the Roundheads.

It was quite dusk when the evangelist and his persecutors left Wednesbury on this strange pilgrimage. Munchin, Ward, and about a dozen other staunch Methodists, including three or four women in Quaker-like bonnets, were all the body-guard Mr. Wesley had against the menacing mob of ruffians, numbering threescore. Resistance was perfectly useless, and Munchin's remonstrances with his former companions, though often urged, were met with scoffs and jeers. In this extremity—without consulting Mr. Wesley, and confiding his secret to only one or two confederates—Munchin devised a scheme to dampen the courage of the ringleaders of the fierce and insolent mob. During a short pause at Darlaston, ordered by Chicken, that he might quench his burning thirst for alcohol, Munchin was enabled to arrange the preliminaries of his ingenious device.

After the lapse of a few minutes, the Chicken, who had evidently made the most of his time, came staggering down the steps of "The White Lion," and the march was resumed. The night grew darker, a drizzling rain began to fall, and not a few of the mob—whose spirits had been damped—here turned back, but the rest quickened their pace toward Bentley.*

* The idea of going to the "justice" was a very natural one to the mob, since several summonses had already been issued against Mr. Wesley in various parts of the country, and divers rewards were offered to any one who could procure his conviction. The following is the text of one of the "justices' papers" issued about this period:—

STAFFORDSHIRE:

"To all high constables, petty constables, and others of His Majesty's peace officers within the said county.

"Whereas we, His Majesty's justices of the peace for the said county of Stafford, have received information that several disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist preachers, go about raising routs and riots, to the great damage of His Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of our lord the King:

"These are in His Majesty's name to command you, and every one of you, within your respective districts, to make diligent search after the said Methodist preachers and to bring him or them before some of us, His Majesty's justices of the peace, to be examined according to their unlawful doings.

"Given under our hands and seals, this 12th day of October, 1743.

(Signed)

"J. LANE.
"W. PERSHOUSE."

In due time the pretty little village of Bentley was reached, and the crowd paced expectantly up the long avenue leading to the hall. Mr. Lane and his family, who kept good hours, had retired to rest, and were annoyed not a little at such an intrusion on their repose. Appearing at the window in undress, Mr. Lane shouted:—

"What means all this—eh? Get about your business!"

"An' please y ur worship," answered the Chicken, "we've got Mr. Wesley here, wot's bin a prayin' and a psalm singin' at Wedg-bury yonder, an' makin' a disturbance on the king's highway, an' please your worship, what would you advise us to do?"

"To go home quietly," rejoined the justice, "and get to bed," with which judicial advice he fastened the window, and put a stop to the conference.

At this unexpected rebuff the crowd grew clamorous, and were only silenced by the voice of Chicken, which bade them proceed with Mr. Wesley to Walsall, where a justice of late hours might be found; adding, that he and his lieutenants would be with them presently. The crowd, on hearing this, began slowly to retrace their steps down the gravel path; while Chicken, with two or three confidential comrades, sought to obtain another interview with the justice—thinking that, when the mob had departed, he might plead with his worship more successfully. Munchin, who was an attentive witness to this arrangement, withdrew unseen from Mr. Wesley's side, and was soon lost amongst the shadows of the dark beeches which skirted the hall.

The Chicken tried in vain to rouse the somniferous justice a second time, and after trying the strength of his lungs and his patience until the case was hopeless, he went cursing and muttering away. Arm in arm, he and his three companions pursued the path taken by their confederates on before, with as quick a step as their previous liberties would allow. The night was dark and still. Only the distant murmur of the onward mob disturbed the prevailing calm, save a faint breeze from the westward, which bore the silvery chimes of a distant church-tower.

"That's ten, by Will'nall clock, Chicken," remarked one of the group.

Chicken made no answer, but was felt to be trembling from head to foot. At length he said, with a spasmodic effort, pointing to the beeches:

"O gracious heaven! What's that?"

The other three turned their eyes in a moment to the spot, and saw—in the dark shadow of the trees—a tall figure clothed in white, slowly advancing toward them. The four men then fell instinctively on their knees, and probably for the first time in their lives, stammered out a prayer.

"The Lord preserve us, sinners as we are!" gasped the Chicken, and the others repeated the cry.

Still the figure slowly advanced, and their terror increased a thousandfold. They grew speechless and motionless. When within a few yards of them, the spectre paused, and lifting an arm beneath its snow-white shroud, it said, in a voice sepulchral, calling the Chicken by his real name:

"Dan Richards, is that you who art become a persecutor of God's saints?"

"The Lord preserve us, sinners as we are!" again groaned the Chicken, with a violent effort, and fell back in a swoon.

"Amen!" gasped his terrified comrades, in con-

fusion with the wogor slowly disappeared, without further parity, and the three men managed, as well as they were able, to restore their helpless leader. When

he was at length able to walk, the four started as quickly as their trembling limbs would allow in the direction of Wednesbury, resolved on leaving the mob to fare as best they may.

"What a fearsome sight we've seen!" groaned the Chicken at intervals. "It will haunt me to my dying day."

"Cheer up, comrade—doan't turn coward," urged his companions, who, in truth, were as fearful as their leader, starting at every object that they met along their dark and silent way.

Meanwhile, the mob had conveyed Mr. Wesley to Walsall, and as they were just ascending the hill leading into the town, Honest Munchin, to the glad surprise of his friends—who had not seen him since they left Bentley—again joined them. But Munchin kept the ghost affair a secret, save to the two or three already initiated; and carried the white sheet unperceived beneath his arm, rejoicing that his knowledge of the superstitious fear of the Chicken and his companions had supplied him with an effectual means of victory over them.

On arriving at Walsall, no justice was to be found at home, and the mob—worn out by fatigue and disappointment—seemed half resolved to let their captives free; but, urged on by a boisterous company just emerging from the cock-pit, who came flocking round, they commenced an uproar, a picture of which shall be given in Mr. Wesley's own words:—

"Many endeavoured to throw me down, well judging that if, once on the ground I should hardly rise any more; but I made no stumble at all, nor the least slip, until I was entirely out of their hands. Although many strove to lay hold on my collar or clothes, to pull me down, they could not fasten at all—only one got fast hold of the flap of my waistcoat, which was soon left in his hand. The other flap, in the pocket of which was a bank-note, was but half torn off. A lathy man struck at me several times with a large oaken stick, with which one blow at the back of my head would have saved him all further trouble. But every time the blow was turned aside, I know not how. Another raised his hand to strike, but let it drop—only striking my head—exclaiming, 'What soft hair he has!' A poor woman of Darlaston, who had sworn that none should touch me, was knocked down and beaten, and would have been further ill-treated, had not a man called to them, 'Hold, Tom, hold!' 'Who's there?' asked Tom. 'What! Honest Munchin! Nay, then, let her go.'"

The crowd now grew more furious, and stones and sticks were brought into such plentiful use that Wesley and his few brave followers were in the utmost peril, when suddenly the Chicken and his three companions, who had retraced their steps—being conscience-stricken—appeared upon the scene once more.

"Hold! I say!" roared the Chicken, "No more of this. Hold, there!"

The voice was at once recognized, and produced an instant truce to battle.

Advancing to Mr. Wesley's side, the Chicken—who was deadly pale—shouted to his bewildered followers: "Now, ladies, look ye here! The first as lays a finger on this gentleman an' his friend, shall feel the weight of this staff, I promise yer. We've all been a-doin' the devil's work this day." Then, turning to Mr. Wesley, he shook hands with him, and begged his forgiveness; and also grasped Munchin's fist, with all the ardour of bygone years, little dreaming, however, that he was thus paying court to the veritable ghost he had seen at Bentley. The influence of the Chicken's determined action was all powerful. The uproar ceased. The mob—

dispersing—wended homewards, and Mr. Wesley was conducted to a place of refuge.

Never after were the Methodists troubled by the Chicken or his friends; but Munchin kept the ghostly stratagem almost wholly to himself, as a weapon of defence to be used whenever future occasion might require it.

It never was required—and never will be now—and so I have not scrupled to disclose the secret of a hundred years, and to make known how Honest Munchin saved the Methodists.—*Methodist Magazine for April.*

When I am Dead.

BY THE REV. J. LAYCOCK.

WHEN I am dead and in my coffin sleeping,
The dreariness sleep beneath some flower-clad mound;
Will some fond friends thy memory still be keeping,
And for love's sake my grave deem hallowed ground;
Shall deep regrets be heard midst bitter weeping,
For one, whose life to them was counted dear,
And shall my influence evermore be re-aping
A harvest that shall bring to me no fear.

When o'er my resting place the birds are singing
Their songs of gleefulness in early morn;
Shall some loved child of mine be gladly bringing
Mosses and vines to cover o'er thy form;
And when the setting sun at eve is swinging
From branch'd censer, beams and hues of gold,
O'er all the landscape, shall some one be singing
Of him whose faded form the urn doth hold?

When tempests gather and o'er earth are sweeping,
And autumn winds are chanting, midst the gloom
A funeral dirge, and thus are truly keeping
Their seasonable vigils o'er my tomb,
Shall strangers then my lowly bed be seeking,
To drop their tears o'er one they 'll call well,
Who gave them aid and charitable greeting,
In bygone days when hardship them befell.

When winter's clouds over the earth are flinging
Their robes of crisp hoar frost and glittering snow;
Shall some defy the chill winds toy stringing,
Seek out the spot where I am lying low?
And in their inmost hearts shall there be ling'ring,
Sweet reminiscences of past and joyous days;
When with the dead, their voices intermingling
They sent to heaven incense of prayer and praise.

I fondly trust that when my soul is winging
Its nobler flight midst scenes of endless life,
Loved ones from my false sowing won't be reaping
A crop of infamy or worldly strife.
Yes, when my dust with the red clay is mingling,
Thus do I pray not in a selfish mood,
That friends with godly sorrow may be weeping
For one whose life on earth told for their good.
Waterford, Ont.

Keep Holy the Sabbath.

BY T. CLEWORTH.

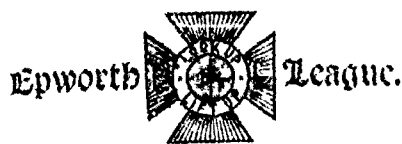
HAIL, sacred day of holy rest,
Bring sweetest calm to every breast;
God-like with us let labour cease,
And heaven dispense us joy and peace.

No day on earth so grand as this,
The emblem of eternal bliss;
The reflex of abiding love
In the triumphant world above!

It comes as dropt from angel wings,
To lift us up to higher things,
And show our feet the glorious way
That leadeth to eternal day.

Spend all its hours in blest employ,
In duties crown'd with growing joy,
Till ripe for heaven thy soul goes free
And God's own Sabbath dawns on thee.
Thomasburg, Ont.

"THERE is something in this cigar that makes me sick," said a pale little boy to his sister. "I know what it is," answered the little girl; "it's tobacco."



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

Leagued in Mercy.

BY THOS. OLEWORTH.

LEAGUED in mercy let us sing
Glory to our Saviour King!
Son of God and son of man,
Worker of Redemption's plan,
In our circle ever dwell
Glorious Lord Immanuel!

Move and actuate the whole;
Thou the soul of every soul,
Clothe us with Thy loving might;
Guard us with Thy hosts of light!
Let us in Thy footsteps tread,
Tasting Thee our living bread.

Kindred spirits one with Thee,
Let us all Thy goodness see,
Leagued for battle in Thy cause;
Write on all our hearts Thy laws,
Make us wise, and strong, and true,
All Thy will on earth to do.

By the power of Christian hope
May we steadfastly LOOK UP!
Let us in Thy spirit's might
LIFT UP others to the light.
Help Thy blood-washed hosts to swell
Holy King Immanuel!

Thomasburg, Ont.

TOPICS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

SECOND QUARTER, 1890.

May 18. *Where it is good to be?* Luke 9. 33; Exod. 33. 18, 19; 33. 22; 20. 24; Psa. 4. 6; 16. 11; 63. 1, 2; 23. 6; 84. 4; John 20. 19, 20; Matt. 18. 20; John 14. 2, 3; 17. 24; Isa. 33. 17; 2 Cor. 5. 8; 1 Thess. 4. 17.

May 25. *Workers for the harvest.* Luke 10. 2; John 4. 35; Rom. 10. 14, 15; Psa. 68. 11; Eph. 4. 11, 12; Matt. 10. 16; Eccl. 9. 10; Neh. 4. 6; Heb. 6. 10; Luke 22. 35; 1 Thess. 2. 19, 20; Rev. 22. 12; John 4. 36; Dan. 12. 3.

Epworth League Conventions.

THE following is taken from an account of an Epworth League Convention in Iowa: It is not too much to say that in warmth of social intercourse, in depth of spiritual power, and intensity of enthusiasm it far outstrips the session of the Annual Conference, and in the numbers who attend it is proportionally far in advance of the Annual Conference.

Those young people were there. They represented many charges. They were gifted and intelligent ladies and gentlemen, and they were profoundly interested not only in the organization of the District League, but in all the work of the district. They heard the discussions upon our missionary campaigns, upon all our benevolent work, upon revival work and methods. They saw how the work of the Church was investigated on every charge. In short, they were brought into immediate contact with the great, warm, throbbing heart of Methodism. They were shown that the Church was looking to them and depending upon them as one of the most powerful divisions of its great army, and that she was opening wide to them a door of opportunity which she expected them to enter. The effect was perfectly manifest. Those young soldiers responded instantly and enthusiastically.

The District Meeting was not slow to perceive the advantage of their presence, and the possibilities

for the future growing out of the connection of the League with it. Therefore it was provided that there should be a semi-annual meeting of the League, to be held at the same time and place as the District Meeting, to which each Chapter in the district is entitled to send two delegates.

Vive L' Epworth League.

THIS young people's movement in the Methodist Church is in the nature of a great reform, and such movements are proverbially slow in their progress. Let us secure such advantages as we can, keep and utilize what we get, and continually agitate for more. Wisdom and practicability will evolve from experience. This Epworth League should be set on fire with the Holy Ghost. Spiritual pyrotechnics should illuminate all the sky. Flashing, booming, crashing cannonades of righteous truth should be hurled at the enemy continuously. Every Church should contain one of these powder-magazines—a live, holy, working Epworth League. Its ammunition must be used on the enemy. The magazine must be proof against satanic fire. No place must be given to dissension or schism, but the work of each League should be carried on in harmony with the regular work of the Church, and as its, most efficient aid.

We do not need more meetings, but better ones; not more officers and societies, but holier ones. The Epworth League ought to set fire to everything it touches. Our only danger lies right here—we are likely to drift into a set of social clubs, literary societies, or respectable religious reading circles.

Epworth League Notes.

—Once a month a "progress meeting" is held at which the active members are expected to speak concerning their progress in Christian life. This meeting alone is led by the pastor, the young people having charge of the others. Several members are taking the reading courses.

—The leaguers are the main support of the young people's class, the young ladies' missionary society, and the flourishing Sunday-school.

—This chapter has increased the prayer and class meetings in the interest and attendance; it has encouraged young people to do their duty; the older folk have caught the inspiration, and so the League throughout does more effective service for the Master.

—The chapter has had a splendid effect upon the young folks, and its influence is not lost on the Church.

—On Sunday evening the hour before preaching service is devoted to song and prayer. The pastor states that the young people take an active part in these meetings, and give him hopes for good results.

—The League meetings have done a great deal for the young people of our Church. At first but a few of us could lead, now nearly all can and willingly do take hold without being urged or coaxed. It has not only done us good, but we have brought in outsiders and set them at work.

Confessing Christ at the Pit's Mouth.

RICHARD WEAVER says: "Many young converts immediately after their conversion to Christ are sore afraid of confessing him. Well do I remember the first morning after I was converted. As I went up to work the men were seated around the pit mouth, and as soon as I came in sight they began to look at each other and laugh. I almost knew what I was going to get, but I said nothing. I had not been afraid of men before my conversion, and God helping me, I was not going to be so after it.

So simply praying. 'Oh, God help me.' I was preparing to go about my work, when one of them said, 'Is it true, Richard?' 'What's true?' I asked. 'That you are converted?' 'Yes.' I said, 'it is true.' 'What are you going to make of it?' was the rejoinder, but the next moment over half a dozen of the men cried, 'Would to God it was so with us!' We started an inquiry-meeting there and then, and six of them were rejoicing with me in the salvation of Christ."

"A Boy of His Word."

You may sing of the heroes of yore,
You may speak of the deeds they have done,
Of the foes they have slain by the score,
Of the glorious battles they've won;
You may seek to eternize their fame,
And it may be with goodly success;
But it is not the warrior's name
That my heart and my spirit would bless.
Though oft at their mention my soul hath been stirred,
Yet dearer to me is the boy of his word.

You may speak of the great ones of earth,
Of prelates, of princes, and kings;
I doubt not there's something of worth
In the bosom of all human things;
But dearer to me than the whole
Pageantry, splendour, and pride,
Is the boy with a frank, honest soul,
Who never his word hath belied.
Yes, prized above all that this earth can afford,
Though lowly and poor, is the boy of his word.

Bits of Fun.

—She—"Lan' ob the liben, Brudder Eli! Did you come on the kyars or by private conveyance?"
He—"Private conveyance, chile—I walked."

—Blind beggar—"Do you know that man coming down the street?"

Deaf and dumb beggar—"Slightly, just merely to speak to. Do you know him?"

Blind man—"Not personally, only by sight."

—Between meals.—Woman (who has given a cold bite to tramp)—"You don't look very healthy."

Tramp—"No, ma'am, it's indigestion, caused by eating between meals—other people's meals."

—Observing little girl—"Mamma, who is that young man on the other side of the tram?"

Mamma—"I don't know, dear. Why?"

Observing little girl—"He looks so queer. He has three eyebrows!"

Mamma—"How do you make that out?"

Observing little girl—"He has one over each eye, and one over his mouth."

—Speaking with a young lady, a gentleman mentioned that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age.

"For instance," he said, "I don't know at all how the incandescent electric light, which is now used in some buildings and in railway cars, is procured."

"O, it's very simple," said the lady. "You just turn a little button over the lamp and the light appears at once."

—"Johnnie," said his mother the other day, catching the young gentleman in the act of propelling pebbles in the direction of neighbour Jones' windows, "Johnnie, do you know that it is very wrong for little boys to throw stones? Never let me see you do it again."

Johnnie looked into his mother's face with that calm assurance which comes of a sense of innocent intent and said,

"Mamma, 'sposing David's folks had been so particular, wouldn't it have been a bad thing for the Israelites?"

Nothing to Pay.

Nothing to pay! Ah! nothing to pay!
Never a word of excuse to say!
Year after year thou hast filled the score,
Owing thy Lord still more and more.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Ruined, lost art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt!"

Nothing to pay! The debt is so great;
What will you do with the awful weight?
How shall the way of escape be made?
Nothing to pay! Yet it must be paid!
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
All has been put to My account,
I have paid the full amount."

Nothing to pay! Yes, nothing to pay!
Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand!
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free!
Now I ask thee, lovest thou Me?"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 28] LESSON VIII. [May 25

THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY.

Luke 10. 1-16. Memory verses, 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.—Luke 10. 11.

TIME.—A.D. 28.

PLACE.—Somewhere in Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The exact date of this lesson cannot be given, nor the exact order in which this act was related to the other incidents told of this year of Jesus' life. From the peculiar phrasing of the first verse it would seem that Jesus chose seventy, possibly seventy-two, men, and sent two at a time, whenever he chose, as messengers before his face.

EXPLANATIONS.

Seventy—Like the seventy elders of Moses. *Sent them*—As heralds. *The harvest truly is great*—The opportunities are many. *The labourers are few*—Most opportunities are lost. *Lambs among wolves*—The wolf is the symbol of cunning and malice; the sheep is the symbol of simplicity and purity. *Purse*—People of the East carried their money in purses in their bosoms under their girdles. *Scrip*—A leathern pouch hung about their necks, in which they carried provisions. *Shoes*—Go forth unencumbered with unnecessary luggage. *Salute no man*—The Eastern salutation is a long-winded, wearisome affair. These men were on an errand, and must rapidly do their duty, regardless of the mere formal courtesies of life. *Peace*—The ordinary salutation. *Son of peace*—A peaceful man; a man of good reputation. *The labourer is worthy of his hire*—The messengers of God should be maintained. *Heal the sick*—By a special power given to the apostles of Jesus. *Kingdom of God is come nigh*—The King himself was but a few hours off. *Wipe off*—This was a peculiar custom of the Jews, who expressed so many of their sentiments by ceremonies. It was as if they said, You are so very bad, even your mud would contaminate us. *Notwithstanding*—At any rate. *That day*—The day of judgment. *Sackcloth and ashes*—Another typical action, but as easily understood, because as common in those days, as regimentals or mourning dress is by us. *To hell*—To ruin, to overthrow and destruction. *He that heareth you heareth me*—Good men nowadays should be so good that this sixteenth verse of the tenth chapter of Luke would be true of them. They should be mouth-pieces for the living God.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Workers*, vs. 1-9.
What workers besides the twelve did Jesus select?
How did he send these out?

What prayer were they told to offer, and why?
What shows that they were sent into danger?
How were they told to conduct themselves? Matt. 10. 16.
What were they forbidden to carry?
What was to be their greeting on entering a house?
When would their blessing abide on the house?
Where were they to stay as guests?
When welcomed to any city what were they to do?

2. *The Warning*, vs. 10-16.
If not welcomed in a city what were they to do?
What were they bidden to say?
What great blessing was offered to the people? (Golden Text.)
What did the Saviour say of such a city?
What "day" did he here mean? Matt. 11. 22.
Upon what cities did he pronounce a woe?
Than what places would their fate be worse?
What reason is given for this woe?
What doom was spoken against Capernaum?
Who really spoke through these disciples?
Who, then, was rejected when they were spurned?
By whom was Jesus sent? John 5. 23.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How many messengers did Jesus send forth? "Seventy." 2. What did he say was great? "The harvest." 3. Who did he say were few? "The labourers." 4. How were they to go? "Without any provision." 5. What were they to say? "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." 6. What would happen to those who did not believe? "They should be ruined."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The gospel ministry.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. Who were the first preachers of the Gospel?
The apostles of our Lord, whom he called to be witnesses to both Jews and Gentiles of his resurrection.
Of those must one become a witness with us of his resurrection.—Acts 1. 22.

A.D. 29] LESSON IX. [June 1

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke 10. 25-37. Memory verses, 33-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—Lev. 19. 18.

TIME.—A.D. 29 or 30.

PLACE.—Probably in Perea.

CONNECTING LINKS.—We cannot tell exactly the order of the events told in this part of Luke, but Jesus was at this time making a tour through Perea, the region on the eastern side of Jordan, and it was probably in some village of that place that the lawyer asked the question that led to the telling of this important parable.

EXPLANATIONS.

Lawyer—Not in the modern but in the Jewish sense; a teacher of the law of Moses. *Tempted him*—Challenged him to an argument for the purpose of seeing which was the smarter. *The law*—The sacred books of Moses. Jesus always refers inquirers to the Scriptures. *He answering said*—This was a wonderful summary of the whole law. It is found in Deut. 6. 5; 10. 12; and Lev. 19. 18. *To justify*—To take his own part. *From Jerusalem to Jericho*—A road notoriously infested by robbers. *Thieves—Robbers*. *His raiment*—His rich outer garment. In the East, clothes bore a much larger proportion to one's wealth than clothing often does now and because of their flowing draperies could easily be removed. *By chance*—By coincidence. The Greek word means that. There is no such thing as chance, and there is no such phrase in the Bible that intimates that there is. *A priest*—Of whom kind heartedness might be expected. *The other side*—As far as he could get. *A Levite*—A servitor of the law, not in quite so honourable a position as that of the priest, but nevertheless bound by his very position to care for the needy. *Samaritan*—An alien by race and a heretic in religion. One who was under the curse of every righteous Jew. *Had compassion*—His creed was imperfect, but his heart was right. *Oil and wine*—The usual medical

remedies of that day. *His own beast*—Probably a donkey. *Brought him to an inn*—His heart must have throbbled while he did so. At any minute the robbers might return. *Trea purse*—The average pay of a labourer for two days. Enough for a meal of twenty five hearty men. See Mark 6. 37. *Go, and do*—Stop talking and reasoning and arguing about what you ought to do, the best way, the best methods, etc.; go, and do.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Law*, vs. 25-28.
What Jewish officer came to test Jesus' wisdom?
What questions did he ask?
What was Jesus' reply?
What duty does the law require toward God?
What duty toward men? (Golden Text.)
What does James call this law? Jas. 5. 8.
What did Jesus command?
What says Paul about love and the law? Rom. 13. 10.
2. *The Illustration*, vs. 29-35.
What question did the lawyer ask?
Why did he ask this question?
Of what journey and misfortune did Jesus tell?
Who first saw the wounded man, and what did he do?
How did a Levite treat him?
Who showed compassion for him?
How did the Samaritan show his compassion?
What further illustration did he give the next day?
3. *The Application*, vs. 36, 37.
What did Jesus ask about this parable?
What was the lawyer's reply?
What application was made of his answer?
Who, then, is our neighbour?
What is Paul's rule about helping others? Gal. 6. 10.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who asked about eternal life? "A lawyer." 2. Where did Jesus send him? "To the Scriptures." 3. What command did the lawyer find there? "To love God and man with all his heart." 4. What question did he ask Jesus? "Who is my neighbour?" 5. Which did the lawyer say was neighbour? "The merciful man." 6. What did Jesus say to him? "Go, and do thou likewise."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human brotherhood.

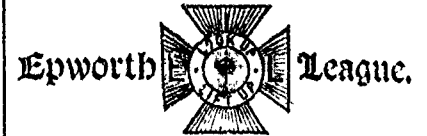
CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. What commission did Christ give to his apostles before his ascension into heaven?
He said unto them: "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Matt. 28. 19."

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