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# WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

ROLPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1888.

[No. 1.

## Hundred Years to Come.

Don't press for gold this crowded street,

A hundred years to come? He'll tread this church with willing feet,

A hundred years to come? He, trembling age and fiery youth, and childhood with its heart of truth, the rich, the poor, on land and sea, here will the mighty millions be,

A hundred years to come? All within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come; A loving soul for us will weep, A hundred years to come. At other men our lands will till, and others then our streets will fill; That other birds will sing as gay, and bright the sunshine as to-day, A hundred years to come.

## Feeding the Multitude.

This picture illustrates our last Sunday's lesson. Jesus and his disciples had gone away to rest upon the quiet green hillsides—for "desert" then meant lonely, not barren and sandy, as we use it. But crowds of people followed Jesus even then—people who wanted to be healed, or helped in some way—and all day long Jesus talked to them about their sin-sick souls, that needed healing far more than their bodies. Then, instead of sending them away hungry, as his disciples wanted to, he showed them how surely he could take care of both soul and body, by giving them this wonderful supper. Think of those thousands of people sitting down on the green grass, and of Jesus—after he had asked a blessing—breaking five loaves of bread into piece after piece till every one had eaten all they wanted. Who brought the loaves and fishes there? John wrote that down, I think, because he loved children, and wanted to teach them how much good only a penny may do, if given to Jesus. He wrote also what Jesus said about the "pieces" that were left.

For health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.



FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

## Extra Expenses Exemplified.

My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because F. Murphy gets \$150 a week for temperance work, seems to think it is

all right when the bar-keeper takes in twice as much money in a single day. The labourer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as he is upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your immortal soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Wasn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and

society as the bar-tender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad?

Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn-whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a "full hand" at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you're mean enough to dead-beat your lodging in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars every time; fifty cents for the circus, and a penny for the little one to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre, and a pair of old trousers frayed at the end, and baggy as to the knee, for the Michigan sufferers; the race-horse scoops in the \$2,000 the first day, and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out \$40 in debt.

Why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself.

Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy; and when the money it does get is flung into its face, like a bone to a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and should not be grateful. It is insulted. —Robert J. Burdette.

Most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both—for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

### The Frost Spirit.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—

You may trace his footsteps now  
On the naked woods and the blasted fields  
And the brown hills wither'd brow.  
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees

Where their pleasant green came forth,  
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,  
Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—

From the frozen Labrador!  
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas,  
Which the white bear wanders o'er;  
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,  
And the luckless forms below,  
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere,  
Into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—

On the rushing Northern blast.  
And the dark Norwegian pines have bow'd,  
As his fearful breath went past,  
With an unscorch'd wing he has hurried on,  
Where the flies of Hecla glow  
On the darkly beautiful sky above  
And the ancient ice below.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—

And the quiet lake shall feel  
The torpid touch of his glazing breath,  
And ring to the skater's heel;  
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,  
Or sang to the leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain,  
And in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—

Let us meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire  
His evil power away;  
And gather closer the circle round,  
When that firelight dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend,  
As his sounding wind goes by!

—John G. Whittier.

### A Mission Journey in British Columbia.

LETTER FROM MISS REINHART.

Bella-Bella, B.C., Oct. 20, 1887.

DEAR DR. WITROW,—As this is the season of missionary anniversaries, a few notes from this mission, through your valuable HOME AND SCHOOL, might help on the good cause. Not only are funds needed for this mission work, but workers also. "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few."

"Who will answer, gladly saying,  
Here am I, send me—send me!"

True, the missionary work, in many aspects, is most trying—not in our case because of destitution. The Lord gives us all needful things; but no mere observer can conceive the trials of faith and patience, nor the pain of witnessing the heathen practices and the worse than heathen vices learned from the white man; nor the patience needed to toil on so slowly, so monotonously—repeating the same lesson perhaps fifty times—nor the grace required to bear with or correct a fault till "seventy times seven;" and often, when your brain reels and your head aches, after a hard day's work, some

one will say, "Why don't you teach us more singing? You very soon get tired!"

Ingratitude is certainly the fault of the Indian. So far as others are concerned, he fully believes the text which reads, "And when ye have done all, say ye are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do."

This is the dark side of the picture; but there is a bright side. It is well to have the dark side, so that any one entering the work may not come expecting all sunshine, and finding it different, become discouraged. Better come with eyes wide open.

We have witnessed some happy deaths lately; and to stand by the bedside of the dying, and hear their last words of unfaltering trust in God, and the bright prospect of a home in heaven, seems abundant reward for any isolation or toil or trial.

I should like to tell you about the last days of little Paul and of Mary Ann Starr, but space will not permit. Not many days since we had some glorious testimonies of the saving, elevating power of the gospel of Christ, while visiting the Bella-Coola Mission, seventy-four miles distant. The journey was made by canoe. Perhaps you would like to hear about it. Our party consisted of the Rev. J. Calvert, Mrs. Calvert, and myself, with two sturdy Indians—Alfred Brown and Bob Lawson—to pull the oars. We left home on Wednesday, Oct. 5th, at 9:30 a.m., but as there was a strong head-wind we camped at 3.30 p.m., not more than fifteen miles from home. A great fire was soon blazing and crackling and our tents pitched; then, after a hearty meal and evening devotions, we retired for the night—my first night of camp-life. We slept fairly, rose early, breakfasted, and were off again.

The head-wind still prevailed, but not so strong, so we made a better run this day, and camped again for the night. Up at 2.30 next morning, and after a pull of five hours camped for breakfast. Then off again. About 11 a.m. a favourable wind sprung up; all sail was spread, and now we were hastening on at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. Occasionally the canoe scooped in a few pailfuls of water, but we heeded not that, so glad were we to be speeding on. A smart rain was falling, which made it rather unpleasant. Thanks to the welcome breeze, we reached Bella-Coola before dusk on the evening of Friday, where we were gladly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas, who are in charge there. Mrs. Nicholas had seen a white woman but once before during the year.

We had just time to get warm and dry before service. Let me whisper to you what kind of accommodations there are at Bella-Coola. The mission-house consists of two small rooms, which have to serve for dwelling, school, and church—all too small for any of these purposes.

Next day we visited the people in their houses. The contrast here shows the elevating power of the gospel. The village is built on both sides of the very swift-flowing Bella-Coola river. All the Christians live on one side, and most of the heathens—the majority of the tribe—on the other. Oh, the filth witnessed here! The people, scantily dressed in dirty blankets, lounging about the doorways, smoking, or huddled round the fire, eating. Nothing but the grace of God could enable any one to live and labour amongst them. Much credit is due Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas for their patience and perseverance. They already have some "souls for their hire."

Now take a glance at the Christian side: Neat houses, with garden-plots attached, are taking the place of the old ones as fast as means will allow; the people are respectably dressed and comparatively clean, and move about as though they meant to accomplish something, and are always ready when the bell calls to service.

Saturday evening we had a singing practice. How fond all Indians are of singing! They never tire. The Sunday services were times of refreshing. The Master was present. At the morning service, the Rev. J. Calvert baptized six children and eleven adults, and four couples were married according to the Christian rite and ceremony—one couple a grandfather and grandmother. This was the first time such a service was witnessed in Bella-Coola. After the evening service, we, with Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas, renewed our covenant with God, by partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On Monday a strong head wind, with rain, prevailed—so our stay was prolonged. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Calvert formed a class. How ready, simple, and earnest were the testimonies! "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." They used Chinook, but the jargon contained no adequate words to express their gratitude to God for rescuing them from their wretched heathen state; and the burden of their hearts was for their friends across the river. It was, indeed, "good to be there."

We started for home on Tuesday, with renewed courage for our work; thankful for having witnessed "what the Lord had wrought" at Bella-Coola. The day was beautifully fine, and our minds were in a proper frame to behold the beauties Nature has strewed all along the way: the lofty mountains and deep ravines; the leaping, rushing streams; and the snow-capped peaks, presenting varied hues as they glistened in the sun. By noon we reached Mesache Nose (Bad Point). This is a huge promontory of solid rock, towering abruptly many hundred feet above the sea-level—great pieces overhanging as though ready to fall at the slightest disturbance, yet great storms have not budged them; grass

or moss or trees spring out of every little crevice—one wonders how they got there, or where they get support. We all uttered exclamations of admiration as we gazed on this Gibraltar of strength, which seems to speak of the power of God.

It is not generally a source of admiration, being the most dangerous point on the Bella-Coola route. It is impossible to round it by canoe if the wind is at all strong; and, being so abrupt, it affords no shelter—no foothold—and so is the terror of canoe travellers. We were fortunate in having favourable weather on both occasions of passing it.

We made a nice run before dark, reaching a good harbour, where we camped for the night. Up next morning at two o'clock, reaching a camping-place many miles distant by sunrise, where we breakfasted. From thence we had fair winds, but so strong we could not carry full sail. We sped on under a beautiful sun, and reached our "home, sweet home," by four p.m., glad that our journey was over, yet not sorry for having made it.

### How a Partridge "Drums."

WHEN I first came to Canada, I found there were various opinions as to the method of making the sound. One man, who read a good deal but rarely went into the woods, said that the sound was produced by the bird's voice. Some of the hunters told me that the bird struck its wings on the log, and others declared that it struck them together over its back.

I did not give much heed to the book-man's explanation, for all the woodmen laughed at it. I soon learned to discredit also the idea that the bird thumped the log with its wings, because, whether it stood on a stump or a stone, a rotten log or solid timber, the sound was always the same. Then, again, I did not believe that the wings were struck together, because when a pigeon or a rooster strikes its wings together, the sound is always a sharp crack. At length, after watching the bird carefully, I came to the conclusion that it drums by beating the air only.

It is not an easy matter to get sight of a partridge when he is drumming, but I managed to do it by crawling on my hands and knees toward the bird, lying still while he was quiet, and only moving forward when he renewed his noisy courtship for it is to woo and win his mate that Sir Ruffed Grouse indulges in these musical exercises. In this way I contrived to come within twenty feet without alarming him. Through the alder thicket I could just see his shapely form strutting about like a turkey cock; then, for a few seconds, he stood looking about as though nothing had happened; but presently came a second flash and thump, and other rapidly followed at lessening intervals, until at last the serenade rolled away like the galloping of horses or the rumbling of distant thunder.

## The Boy Martyr.

And one described underneath occurred  
From rapid persecutions in Scotland.

He had been dumb with terror,  
And look with priestly ire;  
The true were daily threatened  
By bullet, sword and fire.

They by their wives and neighbours  
Like hutes to butchers led,  
Solely over their fated homes  
The storm of ruin sped.

But through the awful tempest, dread,  
Of vengeance, fire and blood,  
They glori'd, that their feet might walk  
The path their Saviour trod.

To do the villainish deeds of blood,  
Or one by Satan inspired,  
Behold, a band of armed men,  
By heathenish fury fired.

Their brows are black, their hands are red,  
For victims fresh they look,  
When, by the way, a youth they spy,  
And in his hands a book.

"What book is that, young highway beat?"  
The captain roughly cries.  
"The Bible, sir, the Word of Life,"  
The lad at once replies.

"Throw it, right quickly, in the ditch,  
Or your blood shall wet the sod!"  
"No," firmly said the hero brave,  
"It is the Word of God!"

Again the savage order's given,  
With oath and threatening jeer,  
But the boy stood firm with steadfast will,  
Unmovable by fear.

"Then cover with your cap your eyes!"  
The captain shouts in ire,  
While peace and joy the hero nerve—  
"Soldiers, prepare to fire!"

"I will not cover up my eyes,"  
The youth undaunted said,  
As strength and courage he received  
From Christ, his living Head.

"Upon your faces I will look,  
As you must look at me  
And face the great white judgment throne,  
When we the King shall see."

'Twas silent—then, the muskets' blaze,  
And then—his soul was free,  
His own a martyr's glorious crown,  
And grand Eternity.

## Little Dick's Special.

BY E. L. B.

"A SHINE for a dime! A shine for  
a dime!"

Over and over the shrill cry rang  
through the streets, and the small boy  
with the block slung over his shoulder  
kept a sharp lookout for muddy boots  
and ready customers. A merry whistle,  
a bright, happy face, and a well-worn  
but also well-patched suit, with a lov-  
ing, cheerful heart underneath—these  
were the make-up of little Dick. His  
mother called him Richard because  
that was his father's name, but every-  
one else who knew him called him  
little Dick. He and his mother had  
had quite a struggle, since the father's  
death, to pay the debts and the rent  
and the small expenses of food and  
clothing, besides taking care of the old  
grandfather; but they were coming  
through all right now, and Dick some-  
times had a whole five-cent piece to

put in the collection plate Sunday  
evening. He never went to church  
in the morning because he stayed at  
home with his grandfather while his  
mother went to church, and he never  
went to Sunday-school because his  
grandfather liked him to sit by his bed  
Sunday afternoons and read to him,  
but he always went to church Sunday  
evenings, and perhaps did as much  
listening and learning in one service  
as some people do in three. Dick had  
learned for one thing that there was a  
happiness in giving. He loved to give.  
Indeed, as an eminent divine once did,  
he used to empty his pockets before  
leaving home of all but his five or three  
or one cent piece for fear he might put  
something in the plate which ought to  
be spent for his mother or grandfather.  
So, when one evening the minister an-  
nounced a "special free-will offering"  
for the next Sabbath evening, little  
Dick longed to have something special  
to give—something even more special  
than a five-cent piece. He noted care-  
fully what the minister said about  
bringing in the tithes. He listened  
closely when he went on to explain  
about the tithes being one-tenth; and  
Dick thought he understood all about  
it. All through that week little Dick  
thought about it, and wondered how  
he could save up the special; but,  
whether because the weather was fair  
and boots not so muddy, or whether  
because that was the week that his  
grandfather's rheumatic medicine must  
be renewed, Saturday morning found  
him again on the streets, with no pros-  
pect yet of any special beyond a five-  
cent piece.

"A shine for a dime! A shine for  
a dime!" he shouted in the pauses of  
the tune he was whistling. His regu-  
lar customers had all been served,  
and two or three extras beside, and  
still he kept up the whistle and the  
call.

"Well, chap! I guess my shoes  
need something of that sort."

Dick's block was down in a second,  
and his blacking and brushes ready for  
work the moment the speaker was  
ready to put up his foot. He was one  
of the tip-tops; Dick could see that  
the minute he looked at his fine cloth  
suit and pointed toes.

"You have muscle, I see," he said,  
as little Dick rubbed and brushed and  
polished with a will until the sun him-  
self would have felt flattered by his  
reflection in the two points.

"A job like that deserves special  
notice and special pay," he continued,  
carefully selecting the piece he wished  
from his handful of change.

"There, you have earned all of that  
and more too." The gentleman handed  
little Dick a quarter, and walked  
quickly away. He was out of sight  
directly, leaving little Dick with a re-  
joicing heart, only sorry that he had  
no chance to speak his thanks. Again  
he shouldered the block, and the  
whistle and the shout sounded louder  
and merrier.

When Dick got home that night he

had to do some hard calculating. He  
was no arithmetician, for he had never  
been to school a day in his life, but  
with the aid of his mother and grand-  
father in the one-tenth he succeeded  
in arranging his affairs to his satisfac-  
tion. He emptied the little box in  
which he kept his earnings upon his  
grandfather's bed, and placed the coins  
in a row of ten, counting slowly and  
carefully, so as to make no mistake.  
With the twenty-five cents which the  
fine gentleman had given him there  
was just one dollar and fifteen cents.  
One dollar he had rightly earned—the  
fifteen cents had been a gift. He con-  
sulted with his mother whether he  
could not give ten cents of his own  
earnings—that would be his tenth, and  
then surely he might give the fifteen  
cents which he had not really earned  
besides. He would give that whole  
quarter, just as it was, he decided.

"A whole quarter! That will be a  
special, won't it, mother?" he exclaim-  
ed, with pardonable pride.

His mother would not hinder him,  
although she knew that the rent would  
soon be due again, and she had not  
earned as much with her washing that  
week as usual. She would let the plate  
pass her by in the morning, and Dick  
should put it all on in the evening.  
So little Dick ran to church with a  
happy heart the next evening, his  
"special" snugly hid in his jacket  
pocket. He sang the hymns with all  
his might and prayed with all his  
understanding, and when the plate  
came around put his "special" in very  
quickly, so that he would have time  
to see how big it looked beside a five-  
cent piece.

"Five times as big," he thought,  
with a little delighted chuckle—he  
knew as much arithmetic as that.

Then he tried to keep a sober face  
while the minister preached about the  
widow's mite, but could not help feel-  
ing glad that his gift had been more  
than a mite, and he thanked the  
stranger again in his heart, for with-  
out his help the "special" would have  
been only ten cents instead of twenty-  
five.

The stranger himself had gone to  
church that evening. He had taken  
a lady with him, and when the col-  
lection was taken had carelessly drop-  
ped a one dollar bill on the plate.  
The lady thought, as little Dick did,  
of his generosity. But when the  
church-treasurer was counting the  
money the next day, he found among  
the collection a counterfeit quarter;  
and nobody knew—nobody but God—  
that little Dick had put it there; and  
nobody knew—nobody but God and  
the gentleman stranger—how little  
Dick had gotten it; but God did know,  
and laid in his treasure house a whole  
good quarter as little Dick's offering,  
and accepted only the counterfeit as  
the gift of the stranger.

To the sight of men the deed covers  
the motive; but God looks from the  
other side, and the motive hides the  
deed.

## Spiders at Work.

SPIDERS are certainly very clever; their talent does not lie in one direc-  
tion only, they are clever all round; they are ropemakers, silk manufac-  
turers, spinners, weavers, tentmakers,  
potters, masons, raft manufacturers,  
navvies—witness their tunnels—div-  
ing bell makers; they hunt, they  
dive, they run along the water; they  
skate, they leap, and they are aro-  
nauts. Among these last are the  
garden spider, the labyrinthine spider,  
the aeronautic spider, and the gossamer  
spider, and this is how their aeronautic  
exploits are achieved. When they  
want to cross a stream or a chasm, or  
to rise to some height, they first of all  
spin a little piece of rope and fasten  
it firmly to some object; they then  
cling to this strand with their feet,  
and, with their heads downward, raise  
the lower part of their bodies into the  
air, and as soon as they feel the light-  
est current of air, they throw off from  
their spinnerets a yard or two of silk;  
this being covered with viscid globules,  
is sure to adhere to some other ob-  
ject, and as soon as the spiders feel  
this is the case they tighten it and  
gather it up by gumming it together,  
and then venture across their cable-  
bridge, spinning a second line as they  
go to strengthen the first. Sometimes  
they will suspend themselves from this  
bridge, and descend, spinning a rope  
on which to effect the downward jour-  
ney as they go; at others they will  
throw out a quantity of gossamer, and  
as a current of air wafts this upward  
they mount aloft upon it.

The common house-spider, which  
always spins a horizontal web, and  
therefore could not trust to committing  
a floating thread to the wind, works  
on a different plan. She walks around  
to the opposite side from which she  
has fastened her first web, carrying it  
with her, and then draws it up and  
tightens it; and as the strength of the  
web depends upon this first cable, she,  
like all other spiders, crosses and re-  
crosses this, and tests it by swinging  
her whole weight on it until she is  
quite satisfied as to its powers of en-  
durance.

Another spider, often seen on win-  
dows on a summer's day, is the leaping  
spider; and if watched it will be seen  
to justify its name by taking short  
leaps, frequently alighting on a fly or  
gnat, which it has previously marked  
down as its prey. It will jump in  
any direction, because it is always sus-  
pended by one of its own silken ropes,  
which it spins as it leaps, and by it  
returns to its former place. This  
spider makes a silken nest among  
leaves or stones—an oval bag, open at  
both ends. It uses the nest as a place  
of retreat during the winter or in bad  
weather, when it is moulting, or tired  
from its hunting expeditions, for it  
belongs to the group of hunting spi-  
ders, and makes no net or web, though  
occasionally it constructs a tent.—  
*Sunday Magazine.*

**What God Does for Boys.**

God wants the boys—all kinds of boys—  
To love him, serve him, do his will;  
He wants those boys that make a noise,  
And those who keep so very still.

God calls the boys, yes, every one,  
Those that are in and out of school;  
Though jumping, shouting, full of fun,  
He leaves none out—that is his rule.

God loves the boys of every kind—  
The rich and poor, the short and tall;  
Even for wicked ones you'll find  
His grace is given to one and all.

God gives the boy a tender heart,  
And says—just so they all can hear—  
"Will you not choose the better part  
Just now, while Jesus is so near?"

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meals and sleep! What active mind would not grow weary of such monotony? A pleasant library, so that restless minds on long evenings and on stormy days, would have their own pleasant associations around them. They have kept the household in the family for successive generations. It ought not to excite wonder that so many boys in town and city find their way to the streets at night, and fall easy victims to evil habits and corrupt associations. Their best safeguard was in a home full of sunshine, made attractive by pleasant books and cheerful conversation. Having no such home, acquiring no love for reading, and finding nothing to attract and satisfy in life within doors, their active natures drive them to the streets in search of amusement, and expose them to untold perils. But the responsibility for low tastes and vicious indulgences belongs in part, at least, to the parents, who failed to give a magnetism to home life.

A library in every English home should be one of our national mottoes—a library the children may call their own, and in which they may feel a personal interest and pride. The material is abundant from which to draw to satisfy every disposition and taste. A library in every home! It will give food to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and cheerfulness to the desponding. It will carry sunshine to many gloomy households, fill empty minds with wholesome thoughts, form healthy tastes in children, and lead them to despise low indulgences, and shun evil associates.—*Methodist S. S. Record.*

**Girls in China.**

Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder, and, therefore, not to be punished. Where parents are too poor to support the girl-children, they are disposed of in the following way:—

"At regular times an officer goes through a village, and collects from poor parents all the girl-children they cannot care for, when they are about eight days old. He has two large baskets, hung on a bamboo pole and slung over his shoulder. Six little girl-babies are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighbouring village, and exposes them for sale. Mothers, who want to raise wives for their sons, buy such as they may select. The others are taken to government asylums, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room enough they are all taken in; if not, they are drowned."

Will not the little girls who read about this, save their pennies to send the Gospel to China! Jesus died for the fathers and mothers and children in China as well as for us.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up.

**What is it?**

Is not this an elegant creature? What a interesting expression of countenance it has! What beautiful eyes, and such a charming mouth! It is impossible to help laughing in its face as it stares at you through the glass side of an aquarium.

This is the ray, or skate-fish, one of the most curious of all the finny family—for it has fins. The immense wing-like things on each side are expansions of the pectoral fins. The ray has a very broad, flat body, and it swims slowly along the muddy bottom of the sea. It lives on clams and other shell-fish, which it digs up with its spade-like snout, and crunches as easily as you would a cracker. In France its flesh is considered a delicacy. It is tough, we are told, when caught, but becomes tender when kept several days. "No, thank you; none for me, please. I prefer good beef-steak."

On the coast of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick it is sometimes caught as much as five feet long, and weighing 200 lbs.; but it is used chiefly to bait lobster-pots, and for manure.

There is a sort called sting-rays and whip-rays, from the long, stinging-lash which they wind about their victims. The torpedo-fish is a kind of ray, which can give a powerful electric shock when handled. The sword-fish, which often has terrific conflicts with the whale, and sometimes conquers that giant of the seas, is also a sort of ray.

The sole is another flat-fish of a kindred family; the strange peculiarity of which is, that it has both eyes on one side of its head, because, swimming with its side towards the bottom, it has no use for an eye below. It is a hideous-looking object, but, like some other things, is better than it looks, and is excellent eating. In the museum of the Toronto University there are some excellent specimens of both rays and soles.

**Well-Preserved Meat.**

The River Viloui, in North Siberia, is frozen a greater part of the year. In the cold season the natives follow its course to the south; and as spring comes on they return. It was during one of these migrations that an entire rhinoceros was discovered. The river, swollen by the melting snow and ice, had overflowed its banks and undermined the frozen ground, until finally, with a crash, a huge mass of mingled earth and ice broke away and came thundering down. Some of the more daring natives ventured near and were rewarded by a sight wonderful in the extreme. A broad section of icy earth



WHAT IS IT?

had been exposed, and hanging from a layer of ice and gravel was a creature so weird that at first they would not approach it. It hung partly free, and had evidently been uncovered by the landslide. From the head extended a long horn, as tall as some of the children, while behind it was another, smaller one. But the strangest feature of this curious monster was that it was covered with hair.

At first, the astonished discoverers thought the creature was alive, and that it had pushed aside the earth, and was coming out. But the great rhinoceros was dead, and had probably been entombed thousands of years. The body was frozen as hard as stone, and the hair-covered hide seemed like frozen leather, and did not hang in folds as does the skin of living species. Several months passed before the animal was entirely uncovered, and so perfectly had nature preserved it, that it was then cut up and the flesh given to the dogs.

The news of this discovery passed from native to native and from town to town, until it reached the ears of a government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcass, but the flesh had already been destroyed; and now only its head and feet are preserved in one of the great museums of Russia.—*St. Nicholas.*

Lord, he loveth thee the less that loveth anything with thee which he loveth not for thee.

I HAVE heard sermons on the responsibilities of mothers that made me tremble. While we accept our responsibilities, we say to fathers: You are not doing your duty to your children when you go to the polls and vote for men who legalize the liquor-traffic. You cannot expect us to keep them pure, when by your votes you open the doors of temptation to them.—*Mary A. Livermore.*

**Home and School**  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1888.

**Family Libraries for the People.**

It is easy in our days for hungry readers to supply their wants from circulating or public libraries. It is easy, in general, to borrow books from accommodating neighbors. But books obtained in this way, read rapidly, and returned, cannot fill the place of a home library. This is a vital need in every family circle comprising eager and inquiring children. Wise parents study the wants of their children, sympathize with their tastes, and provide them with fascinating and instructive reading, that gives a daily charm to home life. A few shelves—called the children's book-case—filled with the best works of popular authors, have a magnetism whose power is never lost. They throw a glamour about one's early years, creating beautiful dreams, stirring noble thoughts and generous aims, and sowing precious seed, whose fruitage is abundant.

It is not surprising that so many farmers' sons and daughters desert the homestead as soon as they outgrow parental control, for the home-life has been too narrow and barren to satisfy them. No books, no paintings, no music, no pleasure, no amusements! Dredging toil from Monday morning to Saturday night, relieved only by



JOHN WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS  
FATHER'S TOMB.

### Without and Within.

BY H. E. WARNER.

Out of the pitch-black night  
And the rush of the driving rain,  
Belated and fear-oppressed,  
A bird to my window came:  
There I found him striving to gain  
The inner warmth and the light,  
Cruelly beating his breast,  
With cries of terror and blame,  
'Gainst the wildly streaming pane.

So I went out into the night  
And the cold, close-driven rain,  
Wildly lashing the pane,  
And took the bird in my hand  
And bore to the cheerful light.  
But he could not understand;  
For, filled with wonder or fright  
At the sudden brightness, he springs  
And flashes about the room,  
And circles the lamps, till again,  
With the flutter of luckless wings,  
He brings back the midnight gloom.

Again, with the glimmering dawn,  
I find my bird at the pane  
Filled with fear and unrest,  
Crying and striving to gain  
The air, now sweetened with rain,  
And cruelly beating his breast,  
In eager haste to be gone.  
So I take him and open the door,  
And say: "Go free," as he springs  
Away on his jubilant wings,  
And I see my bird no more.

How like in our folly are we!  
How slow to understand;  
In our impatience and fright  
How often we quench the ray

Given to show us the way.  
And O, unspeakable light,  
In the world's long, desolate night,  
How we yearn and struggle for thee!  
And why should we fear the hand  
That carries us tenderly  
And lovingly through the gloom,  
And opens the door of the room  
Where, prisoned in darkness, we lie,  
And bids us hasten away,  
And points to the brightening sky,  
The dawn of the perfect day?

[HOME READING UNION.]

### Stories of Early Methodists.

JOHN WESLEY.

JOHN WESLEY, the Founder of Methodism, was born June 17, 1703, at Epworth, a small town in Lincolnshire, England, of which his father, Samuel Wesley, was rector. We will now give some incidents in his life, which we hope all our young readers will carefully ponder.

#### NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

On the ninth of February, 1709, Hetty Wesley, one of John's sisters, was awakened in the night by pieces of burning wood falling in her bedroom. Before she had roused her father, the fire had been seen from the street, and the usual crowd and uproar ensued. As soon as Mr. Wesley had opened his bedroom door, he found the whole

house in a blaze. Bidding his wife and two daughters to hasten down stairs, he rushed up to the nursery, where the five little ones were sleeping. The nurse snatched up the baby, and called the others to follow her. Three of them did so; but John slept soundly, and was not missed in the confusion until the others had all reached a place of safety. This was not an easy thing to do, for the doorway was in flames, and a strong north-east wind blew them inward fiercely. The children got out of the windows; but Mrs. Wesley, fearing to clamber out, made a desperate effort, "and waded through the fire."

As soon as John was missed, the rector ran back into the house, but found, to his dismay, that the stairs would not bear his weight; so, there being no fire-escapes in those days, he gave his boy up for lost, and, kneeling down, commended his soul to God. The rest we will tell in John's own words:—

"I remember all the circumstances as well as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtain and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no further, all beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on a chest which stood near a window. One in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here, I will fix myself against the wall; lift a light man and set him upon my shoulders!' They did so, and took me out of the window. Just then the whole roof fell in, but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbours, let us kneel down! Let us give thanks to God, he has given me all my eight children; let the house go—I am rich enough!'"

The frightened, half-clad women and children, were taken in by different neighbours, who took care of them till their house was fit to live in again. In a few months the family had once more settled down into that quiet order which had been so sadly interrupted.

Although John was only six years and a half old, his danger and deliverance made a deep impression on his mind. He often referred to it; and once had a seal engraved bearing the representation of a burning house, and the motto, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning!"

His mother felt a strong conviction that his life had been so wonderfully spared for some good purpose, and

spoke even more earnestly and faithfully than before at their private Thursday evening talks. And the Lord, who saw fit to prepare him early for his high and holy calling, graciously blessed these instructions, so that his father thought him fit to receive the Lord's Supper when only eight years old.

#### JOHN WESLEY AT SCHOOL.

John was sent to the Charter-house while quite young for his education, and while there suffered much under the tyranny which the elder boys were permitted to exercise. This evil at one time existed very generally in English schools, through the culpable negligence of the masters; and perhaps may still continue to exist.

The boys of the higher forms of the Charter-house were then in the practice of taking their portion of meat from the younger ones, by the law of the strongest; and during a great part of the time that Wesley remained there, a small daily portion of bread was his only food. Those theoretical physicians who recommended spare diet for the human animal, might appeal with triumph of the length of days which he attained, and the elastic constitution which he enjoyed. He himself imputed this blessing in a great measure to the strict obedience with which he performed an injunction of his father's, that he should run around the Charter-house garden three times every morning. Here, for his quietness, regularity, and application, he became a favourite with the master, Dr. Walker; and through life he retained so great a predilection for the place that, on his annual visit to London, he made it a custom to walk through the scene of his boyhood. To most men every year would render a pilgrimage of this kind more painful than the last; but Wesley seems never to have looked back with melancholy upon the days that were gone; earthly regrets of this kind could find no room in one who was continually pressing onward to the goal. At the age of seventeen he was removed from the Charter-house to Christ Church, Oxford.

At college he continued his studies with all diligence, and was noted there for his attainments, and especially for his skill in logic, by which he frequently put to silence those who contended with him in after-life. No man, indeed, was ever more dexterous in the art of reasoning. A charge was once brought against him that he delighted to perplex his opponents by his expertness in sophistry. He repelled it with indignation:—

"It has been my first care," said he, "to see that my cause was good, and never, either in jest or earnest, to defend the wrong side of a question; and shame on me if I cannot defend the right after so much practice, and after having been so early accustomed to separate truth from falsehood, how artfully soever they are twisted together."

## JOHN WESLEY'S COMPANIONS.

"When it pleased God," said Mr. Wesley, "to give me a settled resolution to be, not a nominal but a REAL Christian (being then about twenty-two years of age) my acquaintances were as ignorant of God as myself. But there was this difference: I knew my own ignorance; they did not know theirs. I faintly endeavoured to help them, but in vain. Meantime I found, by sad experience, that even their harmless conversation—so called—damped all my good resolutions. But how to get rid of them was the question which I resolved in my mind again and again. I saw no possible way unless it should please God to remove me to another college. He did so in a manner utterly contrary to all human probability. I was elected fellow of a college where I knew not one person. I foresaw that abundance of people would come to see me, either out of friendship, civility, or curiosity, and that I should have offers of acquaintance, new and old. But I had now fixed my plans.

"Entering now, as it were, into a new world, I have resolved to have no acquaintance by chance, but by choice, and to choose such only as I had reason to believe would help me on my way to heaven. In consequence of this, I narrowly observed the temper and behaviour of all that visited me. I saw no reason to think that the greater part of these truly loved or feared God. Such acquaintance, therefore, I did not choose. I could not expect they could do me any good; therefore, when any of these came I behaved as courteously as I could, but to the question, 'When will you come to see me?' I returned no answer. When they had come a few times and found I still declined to return the visit, I saw them no more. And I bless God," he adds, "this has been my invariable rule for about threescore years. I knew many reflections would follow; but that did not move me, as I knew full well it was my calling to go through evil report and good report."

## JOHN WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMB.

Wesley became, like his father, a clergyman of the Church of England; and one very touching story is told of him, which is illustrated in the engraving on the preceding page. Returning on a visit to his native place, after his father's death, he was very desirous to preach to his old neighbours; but the man who had succeeded his father was one of a very different character—he was a miserable man, of dissolute habits, who bitterly assailed Mr. Wesley, and refused to let him preach in the parish church. Wesley resolved, therefore, to preach in the church-yard, and, taking his stand on the broad, low slab which covered his father's grave, he preached with wonderful power to the crowds that gathered about him. A deep religious in-

terest was awakened, and for a week from this strange pulpit he preached every day. His voice at times was drowned by the cries of the penitents, and the quiet old churchyard became the scene where many sinners found peace with God.

We shall have further stories to tell of this remarkable man, who was the author, under God, of one of the greatest religious movements the world has ever seen.

## "God Knows."

OH! wild and dark was the winter night,  
When the emigrant ship went down,  
But just outside of the harbour bar,  
In the sight of the startled town!  
The winds howled, and the sea roared,  
And never a soul could sleep,  
Save the little ones on their mothers' breasts,  
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,  
No rope could reach the land;  
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,  
There was many a ready hand:  
Women who prayed, and men who strove  
When prayers and work were vain,—  
For the sun rose over the awful void  
And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—  
All day they scanned the deep;  
All night the booming minute-guns  
Echoed from steep to steep  
"Give up thy dead, O cruel sea!"  
They cried athwart the space;  
But only a baby's fragile form  
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all  
Who with the ship went down,  
That night, when the happy babies slept  
So warm in the sheltered town!  
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,  
It lay on the shifting sand,  
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,  
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,  
"God knoweth," the Pastor said,  
When the sobbing children crowded to ask  
The name of the baby dead.  
And so when they laid it away at last  
In the church-yard's hushed repose,  
They raised a stone at the baby's head  
With the carved words,—*"God knows!"*  
—*St. Nicholas.*

## Never Draw Back.

ON the first Sunday in Advent, a peasant, on leaving a church, went over in his mind the sermon he had just heard. The minister had preached on the entrance of our Lord into Jerusalem, and pictured the happiness that the possessor of the ass and the colt must have felt in having them used by our Saviour.

Our friend, who also had a horse in his stable, said to himself, "It is certain that if our Lord Jesus was still on earth, I would offer him my horse with all my heart." When, on leaving church, he was throwing his copper into the plate, he saw on the coin the figure of a horse at full gallop. (This is the stamp of all the Brunswick money.) A thought crossed his mind: "All the horses that I find from this time in my pocket shall be consecrated to my Saviour, and devoted to the missions."

No sooner said than done. From

that day our friend gladly gave all the copper coins on which he saw a horse, though it seemed to him that never in his life before had he seen so many of this kind; and when he discovered some time after that silver coins also bore this image, he did not swerve from his resolution.

Things went on in this way for about seven months. One day he took a pig to the neighbouring town. He sold it, and obtained a good price for it. The butcher gave him the money, and he saw with pleasure a gold coin shining in his hand. But, oh, what a misfortune! He perceived the fatal effigy of a horse at full gallop. Sacrifice that horse to the Lord! No; that was too much to ask. He had not the least idea when he made the promise that money of this sort existed. He slipped the gold piece into his pocket, but conscience gave him no rest. He took it out again—he examined it—balanced it in his hand; but the little horse would not quit his place. All at once he perceived two words engraved below the animal—"Nunquam retrorsum;" but, as he had never learned Latin, he was no wiser than before. He thought, however, perhaps these words would relieve him from his embarrassment, so at once he went to his clergyman. Without telling his scruples, he begged him to translate the two words engraven under the horse. "That is very easy, my friend," said the minister. "Those words, 'Nunquam retrorsum,' mean, Never draw back." The peasant stopped and reflected. "That is for me; I am decided now. Since I began with the copper horse, and went on to the silver horse, I will not draw back from my promise from love to a gold one. Never draw back!" So saying, he gave his gold horse to the missions.—*Missionary Outlook.*

## The Past is Past.

The past is past beyond control;  
Leave it and go thy way.  
To-morrow gives no pledge to thee;  
Thy hope lies in to-day.

Even to-day is not all thine;  
Its ending none can tell.  
God gives the moments one by one;  
Take them, and use them well.

## The Queen at the London Hospital.

It was a fine though cold March day, some years ago, when the Queen and her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, went to open some new wards in the London Hospital; and many thousands of people crowded the streets and houses to welcome her—to show how pleased they were to see her.

After the Queen had visited these new rooms, she went into a large ward, where a number of men who had met with accidents were, and some poor boys. She spoke to several, saying kind words to each, and, though in pain, they seemed pleased and cheered to see her. At a distance

from the Queen, the Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several ladies, followed.

When Her Majesty was leaving these wards, her chaplain asked the Queen if she would visit the Buxton Ward, at the end of the hospital, for there a number of children were in their little beds. The Queen kindly consented, and she, with the Princess Beatrice, spoke first to one and then to another of these dear little sufferers.

But before she left, Mr. Rowsell said, "One little child said to me this morning, 'How I wish I could see the Queen; I am sure I should get well if I could.'" Katie was her name, and she was between four and five years old.

The Queen said, "Oh! take me to her;" so Mr. Rowsell led Her Majesty to Katie's little cot, and she looked so pleased, and the Queen patted her cheek and took her little hand, and said, "You will try to get well now, darling, will you not?"

Katie did not answer to that, but, showing her playthings, said, "You have not seen my soldiers!" This amused them all, and the visit gave great delight.

About twenty-six children were in this large, clean room; some had burnt themselves very sadly by playing with fire when their mothers had left them; one had taken hold of a tea-kettle, and put its little mouth to the spout; and some had met with accidents in the streets.

But it is a great comfort in a Christian country, that when they are in sickness and pain, so much kindness and nursing care are given to them in the hospital. Their room is so pretty, and all around are pictures; some of the blessed Saviour, the good Shepherd, taking care of the lambs; and others of pretty fields and birds; and the poor little things have toys often given them. Their mothers come and see them in the afternoons while they are in the hospital, and it is quite wonderful how happy they are.

There is not time to tell all that happened at the visit of the Queen, but her visit was felt not so much a grand thing—a royal procession—as a visit of love and kindness and mercy to the poor sufferers in the hospital; and the words in the streets and over the arches showed how the people felt this. These are some out of many: "I was sick, and ye visited me;" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least, ye have done it unto me;" "Blessed are the merciful." These words of our blessed Saviour met the eyes, and we believe the hearts, of thousands, just as texts in our rooms will often speak to us. Then, opposite the hospital was, "A humane sovereign makes a loving people."

The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things.

## A Baby's Command.

At three years old was our baby,  
A little town maid was she,  
Aghast to her meant country,  
A fountain the boundless sea.

For all of her tiny lifetime  
Had passed mid the houses high,  
Who's tops, to her childish fancy,  
Were part of the arching sky.

Some August day when his sunship  
Was basking the city brown,  
We carried her off to the seaside,  
Away from the breathless town;

Stripped her of socks and slippers,  
Regardless of freckles and tan,  
And told her to go and frolic  
As only a baby can.

But she stood with her wee hands folded,  
A speck on the sandy shore,  
And gazed at the waves advancing  
With thundering crash and roar.

We knew that some thought was stirring  
The depth of her little brain,  
As she listened to God's great organ  
Pealing its glad refrain.

At last in her clear child's treble  
As sweet as a robin's trill,  
With one little finger lifted,  
She cried to the sea "Be still!"

Ah, dear little fair-haired baby,  
Like you in this mortal strife,  
There's many a one made weary  
And stunned with the waves of life.

But the billows of both, my darling,  
Are moved at the Master's will,  
And only his voice can hush them,  
By whispering, "Peace, be still!"

## The Ant-Lion.

BY EMILY TAYLOR BODMAN.

This curious insect is about half an inch long. It has two jaws that give it a very fierce look, for they curve inward like pincers. To look at it one would think it the most helpless of animals, and would wonder how it ever got enough to eat. It can only walk very slowly, and that backwards. It looks so fierce that no small insect will go near it unless it is well hidden in the sand. It eats only the juices of other insects. You know that insects do not, like larger animals, have blood in their bodies, but something we call juice. That is the food of the ant-lion; but how is it going to get it, when it can only walk backward, and that very slowly? And it never touches an insect unless it has killed it itself.

It goes to a sandy place and digs a pit like a cone—smaller at the bottom than at the top. It digs with one of its fore-legs, using it as a shovel. It puts the sand on its head, and gives it a jerk strong enough to send the sand two or three inches from the pit. If one leg gets tired, it uses the one on the other side. Sometimes small stones get in its way. Then the ant-lion pushes and works with its tail until it lifts the stone on its back, which is made of many rings. It can move these rings up and down, and so keep the stone from falling off while it climbs, still walking backward, up the side of the pit; then it jerks it away. When the pit is done, this cunning in-

sect gets down at the bottom, covers itself all up with sand except the points of its pincers, and waits for its prey. It is not long before an ant or some other small insect comes that way. Often they fall in. Quick the ant-lion has it between its jaws, and has sucked out the juice. Sometimes an ant gets half-way down the pit, sees there is danger, and starts to climb up again. The ant-lion, which has six eyes, and has been watching, does not try to catch it; it could not do that, but it shovels up some sand, and throws it on the little ant, until it falls dead. After it has sucked the juice it takes the dead body, walks backward again up the side of the pit, and jerks it so far away that no other insect coming by will see it, and, fearing danger, go away. If it has to wait too long for its food—if but few insects come near its den—it decides that its den is not in a good place, so it goes away and digs another.

When the ant-lion has lived two years it makes for itself a sort of covering, and buries itself in the sand for about two months. During that time it loses its eyes, paws, and horns. Soon others grow, with a new skin, and four wings. When the new limbs are strong enough it tears off the covering with its two teeth, and now it is no longer a clumsy, fierce ant-lion, but a beautiful fly, an inch and a quarter long. By-and-by it goes to a sandy place and lays an egg, which becomes an ant-lion, and in its turn a fly.

## Murdering the Innocents.

The most tragic pages of human history will not be written until the agonies inflicted by the saloon upon the mothers, wives, sisters, and children of drunkards have been portrayed. That can never be fully done. Prometheus sought to paint the dying agonies of a victim on the rack, but confessed that his art was inadequate to the task. So the sufferings of these victims of a fiendish traffic are too horrible to be fully described. The saloon curse rests with crushing force upon women. The horrors to which the saloon exposes them are worse than those of slavery. The sufferings of the wives and daughters of drinking men are more acute and dreadful than any others experienced in this world. The saloon turns men into wild beasts, and then lets them loose upon their families. A living man chained to a putrescent corpse is not more terribly situated than the wives of drunkards. Unable to escape the close relationships of wifehood, they are constantly exposed to brutalities so revolting and heart-rending that their very existence is a prolonged tragedy.

Children born with an inherited appetite for drink, of refined, pure mothers, tell a story of the beastliness of drunken fathers and of marital misery that we shudder to think of, and dare not describe. Hell itself cannot be worse than the lives of such

wives with such husbands. Vivisection has aroused a great deal of indignation; but what is the torture of a few animals in the name of science in comparison with the vivisection of the hearts of wives and mothers which goes on daily under the operation of the saloon.—*Lever*.

## A Minister Beguiled.

DR. NEHEMIAH ADAMS relates that as he was preaching to his people on one occasion, in the midst of his discourse, as his eye glanced from his manuscript, he saw a very small boy intently gazing upon him. He was so struck by his appearance of interest that he turned for a few moments from his written page, and deliberately and tenderly addressed his little listener. What a Sabbath-day that was for that boy! How dear his minister became to him! What an impression those few sentences made upon his mind! Would God that ministers might often be "beguiled" in the same manner! Their ministrations would become more efficient by it.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 29] LESSON IV. [JAN. 22

## JESUS AND THE AFFLICTED.

Matt. 15. 21-31. Memory verses, 30, 31

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Is any among you afflicted? let him pray.—James 5. 13.

## OUTLINE.

1. A Pleading Mother.
2. A Merciful Saviour.

TIME.—29 A. D.

PLACE.—In the country of Phenicia, north-west from Palestine.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Many things have occurred since the last lesson. The discourse given in the sixth chapter of John marks the height of the popularity of Jesus as a leader. The Scribes and Pharisees become bitterly hostile to him; many of those who had called themselves his disciples forsake him; he closes his public labours in Galilee, and departs into Phenicia, having omitted to go to the annual feast at Jerusalem. Here begins the story of our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Went thence*—From Galilee. *Into the coast*—Not down to the shore, but simply into the territory. *A woman of Canaan*—Or simply a Phenician. *Vexed with a devil*—Demoniacal possession was then very commonly believed in by Jew and Gentile. Whatever was the disease, it was without doubt terrible both to suffer and to witness. *Lost sheep*—Simply to the Israelitish people, and not to heathens. *To dogs*—Properly "little dogs," such as might be attached to households.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *A Pleading Mother*.  
Some writers have said that Jesus never went out of Jewish territory. Is this true?  
Mention another case where he went out of the country?  
What would be the general direction of one taking the journey Jesus did?  
Why did he cease teaching publicly in Galilee?  
Why did he leave Galilee?  
What did he intend to do when he went into Phenicia? Mark 7. 24.  
How was he discovered to the people?  
What spirit did the woman display in presentation of herself?  
What two things does her coming show about her? 1. She knew, etc. 2. She believed, etc.  
How many times did she come to Jesus?  
To whom else did she go for help?

2. *A Merciful Saviour*.

- Did Jesus show himself merciful to this woman?  
When did he show himself merciful?  
What other instances of his mercy are found in this lesson?  
Why did Jesus bear himself as he did toward the woman?  
What two qualities of true character did he cause her to display?  
In what way did she show faith?  
What was the effect upon the movement of the Saviour and his disciples of this miracle?  
To what favorite locality does he seem to have returned?  
What particular miracle does Mark record to have occurred in this spot?  
What was the effect of those acts of mercy upon the multitudes who had again gathered?

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

This heathen woman ought to teach us many things. She was in trouble. She had heard of Christ. She took her trouble to him. She would not be put off. She was persistent. She triumphed. Let us imitate her.

Here is a model for prayer. Earnest, believing, intelligent, specific, repeated, humble, effectual. Let us learn how to pray.

Notice when the disciples said, "Send her away," he did not. He never turns any one away.

## HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read all the Scriptures between last Sunday's lesson and this, to know all that had happened.
2. Read the sixth chapter of John.
3. Learn what you can of the Phenicians, and what Mark means by calling her a Greek.
4. Draw a map of the whole region and mark a possible line of travel for Jesus.
5. What lesson might have been drawn from the first sentence of verse 23?
6. Write out a story telling all that might have occurred between Christ and the woman and the disciples.
7. Never study your Question Book or Lesson Paper till after you have tried to get all out of the lesson that is in it from the Bible alone.

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why did Jesus cease to teach publicly in Galilee? To teach his disciples alone.
2. Why did he leave Galilee to do this? To escape from the multitudes.
3. Where did he go for this purpose? Into the country of Phenicia.
4. How was his quiet here disturbed? By a heathen woman.
5. What did she seek and find? Health for her sick daughter.
6. What was the secret of her power with Christ? Her persistent, faithful prayer.
7. What is the great lesson that the story should teach us? "Is any among you," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Spiritual Israel.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. How did Jesus show that he was a teacher sent from God?  
By performing signs and wonders such as could be performed only by the power of God.  
John iii. 2. Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these signs that thou doest, except God be with him.

A. D. 29] LESSON V. [JAN. 29

## PETER CONFESSING CHRIST.

Matt. 16. 13-28. Memory verses, 15-17

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 10. 32.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Christ Confessed.
2. The Christ Followed.

TIME.—29 A. D.

PLACE.—Caesarea Philippi.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The miracle of healing the deaf man, who was one of the many healed, as told in the last two verses of the last lesson, had called once more a great crowd of people about Jesus. Then, once more, he displayed his miraculous power in

multiplying the loaves for the hungry throng. Then, again, he sent them away, and himself sailed away to the coasts of Magdala or Dalmanutha. Here meet him the scribes and Pharisees, and, after another exhibition of their hate, he leaves the place and goes to Bethsaida. There he restores sight to a blind man, and, continuing his journey to the north-east, seeks seclusion in the mountainous country near Caesarea Philippi. Here our lesson begins.

EXPLANATIONS.—Into the coasts—Into the country adjoining. *Flesh and blood*—No merely human teaching or knowledge could have produced this thought. *Upon this rock*—This is one of the great battle-fields between Romanist and Christian. It probably means, upon this rock-like confession that I am Christ. *Build my church*—The first mention of the church as separate from the synagogue. *The gates of hell*—The kingdom of Satan. *The keys of thy kingdom*—A probable allusion to the apostolic office and vocation in the church. *And whatsoever thou shalt bind*—For this difficult passage consult a commentary. *Peter took him*—That is, laid his hand upon him as in reproof. *Son of man coming in his kingdom*—This perhaps means that they should see his glory before their death. They did at the triumphal entry, crucifixion, and ascension.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Christ Confessed. Where was Caesarea Philippi? Why did Jesus ask the question of verse 13? What does the question show concerning the relation of the twelve to the people at large? Who had said that Jesus was John the Baptist? Why did Jesus ask the question of verse 15? Is the doctrine of inspiration suggested in this lesson? How? What is the rock on which the church is built? For a parallel Scripture read Isa. 28. 16. What are the "keys of the kingdom of heaven"? What door that had always been by the Jew believed to be locked was opened by Peter? Read Acts 10 and 11. 16, 17. What is the promise to those who confess Christ?
2. The Christ Followed. Had Christ never been followed before the record in the verses which suggest this outline? What different kind of following was he now preparing them for? What great principles of following Christ were here laid down? What discouragement did Jesus now put before them? What encouragement did he offer them? What is the law of service which Jesus gave? John 12. 26. Can you answer the question in verse 26? Are the "comings" of verse 27 and verse 28 identical? Was Peter following in verse 22? Did Jesus call Peter Satan, or did he recognize that Satan was using Peter's voice? What is the promise to those who follow Christ? Matt. 19. 28.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is one searching question: Whom do you say that Christ is? Men still say of Christ, he is a prophet. How few say, he is my God! Learn how easy it is to fall just after a victory. Peter found it so. Behold the life of Christ: self, denied; the cross, borne; his life, lost. Behold your own life: self, —; the cross, —. Are you striving to gain the whole world?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Try to get a working knowledge of this lesson. This is, so get it into your heart that you keep thinking of it.
2. Borrow a good commentary, if you have none in your family, and study about "this rock" and "keys," and "bind," and "loose." Better still, go to your pastor before Sunday and ask him about it.
3. Learn all you can about the expectation people had that Christ would come to be an earthly king. Then see if you can understand what Peter did.
4. Write out your own understanding of verse 18 and 19.
5. Learn the history, past and present, of the town of Caesarea Philippi.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus call himself in his question? The Son of man. 2. What did Peter call him in his answer? The Son of God. 3. What did Jesus, just after this, tell them would happen to him? That he would be put to death. 4. What did Jesus say must be the portion of his followers? Self-denial, cross-bearing, and sometimes death. 5. What did he say would be the final reward of every one who had confessed and followed him? "Whosoever therefore shall confess," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. — Service and sacrifice.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. In what other ways did he show this? By the heavenly wisdom, the authority, and the graciousness of his teaching. Luke iv. 22; John vii. 46; Luke xxiv. 32; Mark i. 22.

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