

HOME & SCHOOL.

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John Huss, the Martyr of Bohemia.

BY THE EDITOR

MORE than five hundred years ago, in 1373, a child was born in a little town in Bohemia, whose heroic life and tragic death were to become in the eyes of millions the chief glory of his native land. He became a great scholar and professor in the University of Prague, and adopted the doctrines of John Wyckliffe, the morning star of the English Reformation. For this he was arraigned before the great Council of Constance, in 1414, the Emperor Sigismund giving him a letter of safe-conduct, which was flagrantly violated.

After six months' weary confinement, Huss was at length brought before the Council. "Fear not," he said to his friends: "I have good hope that the words which I have spoken in the shade shall hereafter be preached on the housetop." In the great hall of the Kauf haus, where the tourist to-day gazes with curious eye on the fading frescoes on the wall, the great Council of Constance sat—prelates, priests, and deacons, in mitres, alb, stole, chasuble and dalmatic, and secular princes in robes of state and wearing the insignia of office—all to crush one manaced but unconquerable man. The writings of Huss were presented—there were twenty-seven in all—the authorship of which he frankly admitted. From these thirty-nine articles were extracted alleged to be heretical. Huss attempted to reply, but was met by an outburst of mockery and abuse. "One would have said," writes one who was present, "that those men were ferocious wild beasts rather than grave and learned doctors." Huss appealed to the Scriptures, but was howled down with rage. "They all," says Luther, in his vigorous phrase, "worked themselves into a frenzy like wild boars—they bent their brows and gnashed their teeth against John Huss."

Two days later he was again arraigned. For nearly two hours an almost total eclipse darkened the sun—as if in sympathy with the dire eclipse of truth and justice on the



MARTYRDOM OF JOHN HUSS.

earth. The Emperor sat on his throne of state. Men in armour guarded the prisoner in chains. "If I die," said Huss to a friend, "God will answer for me at the Day of Judgment."

Again he was arraigned, and again he was condemned by the Council. Still, his saintly life, his great learning, his heroic courage commanded the admiration even of his enemies; and

they exhorted him even with tears to abjure, and a form of recantation was presented to him. "How can I?" he asked. "It is better for me to die, than by avoiding momentary pain to fall into the hands of God, and perhaps into eternal fire. I have appealed to Jesus Christ, the one All-powerful and All-just Judge; to Him I commit my cause, who will judge every man, not

according to false witness and erring councils, but according to truth and man's dessert." He was accused of arrogance in opposing his opinion to that of so many learned doctors. "Let but the lowest in the Council," he replied, "convince me, and I will humbly own my error. Till I am convinced," he added, with grand loyalty to conscience, "not the whole universe shall force me to recant."

Huss spent his last hours in prison in writing to his friends in Prague. "Love ye one another"—so runs his valediction—"never turn any one aside from the divine truth. Fear not them that kill the body, but who cannot kill the soul." His faithful friends loved him too well to counsel moral cowardice. They urged him to be faithful to the end. "Dear master," said the brave knight, John de Chlum, "I am an unlettered man, unfit to counsel one so learned. But if in your conscience you feel yourself to be innocent, do not commit perjury in the sight of God, nor leave the path of truth for fear of death." "O noble and most faithful friend," exclaimed Huss with an unwonted gush of tears, I conjure thee depart not until thou hast seen the end of all. Would to God I were now led to the stake rather than be worn away in prison."

After all, Huss was but human. In his lonely cell he had his hours of depression, and, like his blessed Master, his soul was at times exceedingly sorrowful. "It is hard," he wrote, "to rejoice in tribulation. The flesh, O Lord! is weak. Let Thy Spirit assist and accompany me. For without Thee I cannot brave this cruel death. . . . Written in chains," is the pathetic superscription of the letter,

"on the eve of the day of St. John the Baptist, who died in prison for having condemned the iniquity of the wicked."

But for the most part his courage was strong, and, like Paul and Silas, he sang in the prison: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

"Shall I," he wrote, "who have for so many years preached patience and constancy under trials—shall I fall into perjury, and so shamefully scandalize the people of God? Far from me be the thought! The Lord Jesus will be my succour and my recompense."

He freely forgave all his enemies—even his chief accuser, who came to gloat upon his sufferings in his cell, and whom he heard say to the gaoler, "By the grace of God we will soon burn this heretic." After thirty days longer of weary confinement, he was brought forth to receive his sentence. The august ceremony took place in the venerable cathedral. Sigismund and the princes of the empire sat on thrones of state. The cardinals in scarlet robes, the bishops in golden mitres, filled the chancel. High mass was sung; the solemn music pealing through the vaulted aisles, and the fragrant incense rising like a cloud. The writings of Huss were first condemned to be destroyed, then himself to be degraded from his office of priest, and his body to be burned. "Freely came I hither," said Huss in that supreme hour, "under the safe-conduct of the Emperor," and he looked steadfastly on Sigismund, over whose face there spread a deep blush.* "Oh! blessed Jesus," he went on, "this Thy Council condemns me because in my afflictions I sought refuge with Thee, the one just Judge." To this day men point to a stone slab in the pavement of the church—a white spot on which always remains dry, when the rest is damp—as the place where Huss stood when sentenced to be burned at the stake.

The last indignities were now to be inflicted. Priestly vestments were first put upon the destined victim, and then, in formal degradation, removed. As they took the chalice of the sacrament from his hands, the apparitor said, "Accursed Judas, we take away from thee this cup filled with the blood of Jesus Christ." "Nay," he replied, "I trust that this very day I shall drink of His cup in the Kingdom of Heaven." They placed on his head a paper mitre daubed over with devils, with the words of cursing: "We devote thy soul to the devils in hell." "And I commend my soul," he meekly replied, "to the most merciful Lord Christ Jesus. I wear with joy this crown of shame, for the love of Him who wore for me a crown of thorns."

Then the Church—having declared him no longer a priest but a layman—delivered him to the secular power to be destroyed. He was conducted between four town sergeants and followed by a guard of eight hundred horsemen and a great multitude of people, from the gray old minister to the place of execution, in a green meadow without the walls. Before the bishop's palace the guard halted, that Huss might see the fire on which his books were burning. Knowing that truth is mighty—next to God Himself—he only smiled at the ineffective act of malice.

Arrived at his funeral pyre, Huss knelt down and recited several of the penitential psalms, and prayed, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit. I beseech Thee to pardon all my enemies." "We know not what this man's crime may be," said the people;

*At the Diet of Worms, a hundred years later, when Charles V. was urged to violate the safe-conduct which he had given Luther, he replied, remembering this scene, "No; I should not like to blush like Sigismund."

"we only know that his prayers to God are excellent." As he prayed, his paper mitre fell from his head. A soldier rudely thrust it on, with the jeer, "He shall be burned with all his devils." "Friend," said the patient martyr, "I trust that I shall reign with Christ since I die for his cause." He was then bound to the stake with a rusty chain, and wood and straw were heaped about him. As the fire was applied and the smoke wreaths rose, the voice of the dying martyr was heard singing the *Christe Elvison*: "Jesus, Son of the living God, have mercy upon me." Then his head fell upon his breast, and the awful silence was broken only by the crackling of faggots and the roar of flames. In impotent rage his executioners gathered his ashes and cast them into the swift-flowing Rhine. But the zeal of his followers scraped up the very earth of the spot, and bore it as a precious relic to Bohemia.

But one victim could not appease the wrath of this zealous Council. A few days later, Jerome of Prague suffered on the same spot. On his way to the place of burning, Jerome repeated with firm voice the Apostles' Creed. As they piled the faggots and straw about him, he sang the hymn, "Salve festa dies—Hail, joyful day," as though it were his birthday—as it was—into immortal life. As the executioner was lighting the fire behind his back, he said, "Light it before my face. Had I been afraid, I would not have been here." He then committed his soul to God, and prayed in the Bohemian tongue as long as life lasted.

To-day the pilgrims from many a foreign land visit with reverence the places made sacred by those imperishable memories. They see the house in which the martyrs lodged, the cell in which they were confined, the hall in which they were arraigned, and the church in which they were condemned. Then following the route of that last procession through the quaint old streets and beneath an ancient gateway, they reach the place of their martyrdom. No chiselled monument commemorates their death. Nothing but a huge granite boulder, bearing simply their names and the date of their martyrdom—the emblem of the indestructible character of the truths for which they died.

Measured by years, their lives were short—Huss was forty-two and Jerome forty-one. But measured by sublime achievement, by heroic daring, by high-souled courage, their lives were long and grand and glorious. They conquered a wider liberty, a richer heritage for man. They defied oppression in its direst form—the oppression of the souls of men. They counted not their lives dear unto them for the testimony of Jesus. They have joined the immortal band whose names the world will not willingly let die. Their ashes were sown upon the wandering wind and rushing wave; but their spirits are alive for evermore. Their name and fame, in every age and every land, have been an inspiration and a watchword in the conflict of eternal right against ancient wrong.

No county or city has ever gone back to the license system after having had a trial of the Scott Act. The liquor men have brought on seven repeal contests, but have always been beaten. The Scott Act has never been repealed.

Think of Heaven.*

(Luke x: 20.)

BY REV. JAMES LAWSON, CORBEN, ONT.

PERCHANCE, while travelling thro' this "vale of tears,"

Dark clouds may overhang thee on thy way;

Yet heed them not, but drive away thy fears,—

Dark nights can ne'er prevent the light of day.

However dark the night, 'twill pass away

As surely as the daylight fades at even;

Look, then, and thro' the darkness see the day;

Think not of troubles here, but think of heav'n.

It may be that thy lot to thee may seem

A hard one, full of griefs hard to be borne;

But why despair? 'tis but a scaring dream,

That, at the most, can last but till the morn.

No matter, then, what griefs may thee depress,

Howe'er by tempests toss'd, or wildly driv'n,

Despair can never make thy sorrows less;

Then grieve not over them, but think of heav'n.

The trials which we all must suffer here,

Are nought, compared with that eternal rest,

Where, safe from ev'ry sorrow, ev'ry fear,

The saints shall ever dwell among the blest;

Forever more at rest, their joys unbroken,

No loving hearts are there asunder riven;

No parting words of sadness ever spoken;

Then think no more of earth, but think of heav'n.

O may we all prove faithful to the grace

Which Christ in us has richly shed abroad,

That we at last in peace may see His face,

And dwell forevermore with Christ our God.

May we improve the blessings we enjoy,

The time and talents which to us are given;

Let things of earth no more our thoughts employ,

But daily feast on Christ, and think of heav'n.

A Missionary's Letter.

DEAR DR. WITHROW,—

With your permission I shall fulfil my promise of giving some further information about Bella-Bella.

I intended to speak chiefly about Christmas and its pleasures, but there are other things which I believe will be interesting to many, so I note them down also.

Since last I wrote you there has been much of sadness as well as of joy. Early in December the diphtheria broke out, very suddenly, too. Among its victims was little Eva. Though she was but five years old, she had learnt something of Jesus, and just before the end came she said, in her own language, "Mamma, I want to pray." When the dear child had completed her simple prayer, she said, "Now, lay me down to sleep." This being done, she closed her eyes as in sleep. Presently she awoke with these words, "Oh, I see Jesus and his angels; and how lovely, how lovely is Jesus!"

Another was a young woman. Her illness was more protracted, but borne with Christian patience; her constant testimony being, "I have no fear of death."

During the last three weeks of the old year revival meetings were held. All through the meetings the people attended well, and were very attentive, but best of all, the Lord was with us.

Christmas time was very interesting. For weeks before two bands of singers were in preparation. No one else must know their songs; not even one

* These verses, set to music, can be had at 5 cents per sheet, or 50 cents per dozen, by addressing the author.

band know the others. They are to burst upon the ears of the village for the first time on Christmas eve.

At last the long expected evening arrives, and long before the hour for the march to begin the singers are in their respective places, all aglow with the excitement of their task, the seniors in the mission-house, the children in the schoolroom.

At about 11 p.m. the processions were formed, taking opposite directions, and each making the tour of the village, singing as they marched, and serenading the principal houses.

Nearly every window in the village was lighted, and all the houses were decorated with evergreens; also arches were formed over the street in many places. About 1 a.m. we returned to the mission-house, where refreshments were served. Then after prayer and merry handshaking, all went to their respective homes.

Doubtless we should have slept late next morning, but were prevented from so doing by the joy-bell, which rang out at 6 a.m., loud and long. And indeed it was well it did so, for the old are to be entertained to breakfast at 8 a.m., and there is no time to spare.

Six boys, carrying a basket of sweetmeats as pledge of fidelity, give the invitations, and assist the more feeble ones to the house; then entertain them with songs till breakfast is ready. Fourteen have come. To these too feeble to come the boys carry parcels. How pleased all were!

By the time breakfast is over it is time for church. The church was full—all in their best attire, worn only on Christmas. The church was nicely decorated with evergreens, and everything bespoke happiness. The singing at this service is worthy of note—every one sang with heart as well as voice. After service there were happy smiles and kindly greetings and hearty handshaking all around.

Before long a messenger came to say that all was now ready—come to the feast. Just then the soldiers marched past, and were there to receive us. Already the guests were assembled. With but few exceptions every man, woman, and child were there, and yet there was room. All being in order, the games begin.

The soldiers performed their marchings and counter-marchings with unexpected precision around the large open fire, at intervals firing off their muskets through the opening in the roof. They looked well in their military suits, and did themselves credit by their actions. They kept time to "Grandfather's Clock" and "Sweet Bye and Bye," played on the accordion by one of their number who headed the procession.

The firemen soon came marching in, dressed in black trousers and red shirts, with white caps and sashes, draped in black in token of respect to the sister whom they had buried but a few days before. They were of all sizes, from the middle-aged man to the boy of nine years. They even excelled the soldiers in their performances, obeying the commands of their leader with a promptness to be admired.

Next in order were the Chinamen. Two boys dressed after the fashion of Chinamen came upon the scene, and performed various actions common to that people, using the Chinese accent in their conversation. These were most amusing.

When the food was all ready, a

small table, covered with a white cloth, was placed before us, then after singing

"Be present at our table, Lord,"

The different courses were served up. After tea speeches were made by Rev. Cuyler and Hopkins, one chief, and several others, then singing and prayer, and all dispersed.

Two of the young men had dressed the Christmas trees, and when the Chinese lanterns were lighted they looked quite beautiful. The programme consisted of several speeches, singing, accompanied by the organ, and last, but not least, the distribution of gifts. These were chiefly supplied from the mission-house, not one in the village being forgotten. A few others also contributed. Every one seemed pleased, and declared that this meeting was "slip kloshe" (the first best). So ended my first Christmas on a mission field.

We were very tired. The last few weeks had indeed been busy ones, and next day resolved to rest, but had scarcely settled ourselves to that when we again received a call, this time to witness their old heathen way of feasting and enjoyment. Some parts were laughable—some were hideous. Fortunately it was a grave offence—often death—to laugh during the performances or to recognize one of the actors, but this day the house rang with laughter, and we freely conversed with the actors, yet there was something in the whole that made me shudder. At the close of this speeches were made, in which the parties told of their gladness in having been shown the new and better way, and several prayers were offered thanking God for the light of the "glorious gospel of Jesus Christ."

The whole holiday week was spent in feasting, etc., but during all not a service was neglected, nor did they allow their feasts to infringe on the time of service.

The last revival service was held on watch-night. It was a solemn meeting, but blessed. During the watch-service, professions were renewed in humble dependence upon God. The last ten minutes were spent in silent prayer. Then as the bell tolled out the old, and rang in the new year, the church rang with

"In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

My letter is already long, and, lost a weary you, I shall close. With best wishes to all, yours in Christian love,
E. A. REINHART.

It is a good thing for a weaver in a mill, who is in monotonous duty, rather discouraging in some of its details, to think of himself not as an "operative" at a dollar and a quarter a day, but as an essential factor in God's work for the world. It is a good thing for a boy on a prairie in Dakota to remember, as he oils the running gear of the reaper, that he is the person whom the God of Heaven has chosen so that the prayer for daily bread of some sailor in Alaska or some old woman in the Scotch Highlands may be answered. It is a good thing for any of us, who want to know God, to accept this great offer of partnership which He has made to us, and to work not as separate speculators, on our own capital in our own way, but as fellow workmen together with Him.—Edward Everett Hale in "How to Know God," in The Chautauquan for April.

Canada.

By WILLIAM H. RUSSELL.

HAIL, Canada, home of the free!
Long may thy flag with Britain's wave
O'er the fair land, whose liberty
Has ne'er been marred by foot of slave!

A glorious heritage is thine—
Of noble deeds, and lofty aim,—
Source of a power almost divine
To inspire the soul with patriotic flame:—

Heroes, alike, who battles gained,—
Or for United Empire—lost,
Who naught but loyalty retained,
And for thy flag the border crossed.

O patriot hosts! your fame how fair!
Brightening as age on age rolls on;
Be ours to guard, with grateful care,
The treasures by your conflicts won.

Endowed with full self-government, [I have,—
Vast realms whose bounds three oceans
Thy task their grand development!
What more can nation have?

On every sea, by every coast,
Thy ships sail forth, fair oildes to greet;
Of rank the third, thy seamen coast
In wide world's merchant fleet.

Free to retain the ancient tie,—
Love's golden link,—to Britain's throne,
For which thy patriots dared to die:—
Yet, free to stand alone!

Conscious of manhood's ripening power,
The heroes of thy storied past
Are reproduced in danger's hour,
When sweeps rebellion's blast.

Yes, 'mid the leaden storm, thy call
Fired loyal souls—like flaming torch,—
Vixers to be—or nobly fall!
Witness their charge, Batoche!

Self-sacrificing, valiant, strong—
To guard with life their country's fame!
What nobler traits to those belong
Who boast a nation's name?

O Canada, speed on thy course
True to thy past! bid changelings wait,
'Till federation's growing force
Unites an empire great.

For Britain shall her lustre shed
On myriad states in compact bound,
Not colonies—but empire,—spread
Wherever British hearts are found.

In that grand phalanx, thine shall be
A foremost place, high in esteem;
And thy brave sons shall glory see,
Surpassing far their proudest dream!

O Canada, thy destiny
Of splendor may thy statesmen find,
Pledge of the coming harmony,
"The federation of mankind!"

MONTREAL, 1886.

The Young Man of Principle.

A YOUNG man was in a position where his employers required him to make a false statement, by which several hundred dollars would come into their hands that did not belong to them. All depended on this clerk's serving their purpose. To their vexation, he utterly refused to do so. He could not be induced to sell his conscience for any one's favour. As the result, he was discharged from the place.

Not long after, he applied for a vacant situation, and the gentleman, being pleased with his address, asked him for any good reference he might have. The young man felt that his character was unscathed, and so fearlessly referred him to his last employer.

"I have just been dismissed from his employ, and you can inquire of him about me."

It was a new fashion of getting a young man's recommendations, but the gentleman called on the firm, and found that the only objection was that he was "too conscientious about trifles." The gentleman had not been greatly troubled by too conscientious employes, and preferred that those entrusted

with his money should have a fine sense of truth and honesty; so he engaged the young man, who rose fast in favour, and became at length a partner in one of the largest firms in Boston.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank, because he refused to write for him on Sunday. When asked afterwards to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank, he mentioned the same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work for me on the Sabbath."

A gentleman, who employed many persons in his large establishment, said, "When I see one of my young men riding for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday. I know such a one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ any one who even occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

Honour the Sabbath and all the teachings of the Bible, and you will not fail to find favour with God, and with man also.—Illustrated Temperance Tales.

Silently Sleeping.

BY REV. J. LAWSON.

SILENTLY the infant sleeps
While the mother o'er it weeps;
She has lost her darling child,
Cannot now be reconciled;
Still it sleeps, released from pain,
All those tears are shed in vain.

Silently the brother sleeps,
While the sister o'er him weeps;
She has lost her noble brother,
Ne'er will she have such another;
Still he sleeps, free from all pain,
Never here to wake again.

Silently the sister sleeps,
While the brother o'er her weeps,
He has lost his gentle sister,
When she died, oh, how he miss'd her!
Lonely now he sits and weeps,
But the sister coldly sleeps.

Silently the mother sleeps,
While the father o'er her weeps;
Round her, see, the children stand,
Kissing the cold, lifeless hand;
Death has come to her release,
Still she sleeps in quiet peace.

Silently the father sleeps,
While the mother o'er him weeps;
Children sadly gather near,
Gazing through the dimming tear;
But he heedeth not who weeps,
Quietly the father sleeps.

Silently we thus shall sleep—
While our friends shall o'er us weep—
'Till the trumpet of God shall sound,
Ringing through the earth around;
Ourselves sleep will then be o'er,
We shall wake to sleep no more.

The Lifeboat.

"A SHIP on the sands! a ship has struck!" was the cry that rang through a little fishing village, one stormy day in November.

Between two and three miles out to sea there were some treacherous sands, which were neatly uncovered at low water, and on which many fine ships had been wrecked. The day was stormy and wild, the rain fell, the wind was high, lashing the waves to fury, and the ill-fated ship was aground on the sands! Rocket after rocket was sent up to tell the tale of their peril to those on shore.

The rockets were seen, and the lifeboat was quickly taken out and put on a cart, and driven across the sands that it might be launched at the nearest point to the ship. The crew, with

their oars and life-belts, followed it; brave, true men, risking their lives to save their fellow-creatures. The wives and children of the fishermen, and a few friends, struggled over the sands through the storm to cheer the noble lifeboat men, and to do what they could to help.

It was an awful time. The hungry waves looked ready to engulf the ship and drag it down; it shivered and staggered with every wave, and seemed ready to sink in a moment. The lifeboat was soon launched, and started amid the cheers and prayers of those on shore, who watched it with straining eyes, as now it floated on the top of a wave, and then was almost lost to sight deep down in the trough of the billows.

After what seemed a long, long time to those on shore, the boat was seen returning full of saved ones. Glad cries and welcomes greeted them, eager hands were stretched out to help them, and the lifeboat was pulled on shore with many hearty cheers, as it was known that all on board were saved, and that though the ship was rapidly sinking no lives were lost.

How much we rejoice when life is saved at sea, how much we admire the brave men who risk their lives to save others, but oh, how little we think of the love of the Lord Jesus, who not only risked His life, but "gave it up," that we might be saved from everlasting death and misery!

Are you in the lifeboat, dear child? That is, have you come to the Saviour, and are you now sailing on over the seas of this world to the bright land on the other side of the sea? If so, live for Jesus, shine for Him, and do all you can to bring others to Him, too.—Every Youth's Paper.

Making a Choice.

SOME years ago two lads were standing at the corner of one of our streets. They were talking earnestly. There was a little meeting at the chapel near, and one was trying to persuade the other to go; both were sons of Christian parents, both were brought up under all good influences.

"I am going to the chapel to-night. Father expects it; our minister expects us; our Sunday-school teacher expects us; everybody who thinks most of us expects us to be there. I am going. Come, you go, too."

"Oh, I can't. I don't want to be a Christian. I won't be. I am not ready; but I know I shall if I go, so I shan't go."

"And I shall," said his companion. One went one way, the other the other way. Each made his choice, and it proved to be a choice for life. Augustus joined a Christian church, and is an earnest, pious man, a rising lawyer, beloved and honoured. James turned his back upon God and His church. To-day he keeps a gambling house, and has just been heavily fined for a drunken fight. When we make a choice, we take the consequences which follow from it.—Exchange.

We have for some time charged extra rates for brewers and persons engaged in the manufacture or sale of beer and spirits, even when the applicants themselves were abstemious men, for we fear that persons so engaged cannot keep so near the fire without getting burned.—Equitable Life Insurance Company.

Barely Victorious.

Safe home, safe home in port,
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck—
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er.

The prize, the prize secure!
The wrestler nearly fell—
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well;
But he may smile at trouble gone,
Who sets the victor's garland on.

No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed.

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!
Oh nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away!

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FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

THE cost of the late rebellion in the North-West has been put at \$8,000,000, and it is probable this is not too high. Let Christian people reflect upon the fact, that if the Indians had been in the hands of Protestant missionaries, instead of in the hands of impecunious politicians, not one dollar of that enormous expenditure would have been necessary; nor would the country have had to bear the shame, for the first time in its history, of shedding the blood of our Indian tribes. A tithe of the \$8,000,000, spent in missionary and educational work, would have civilized the tribes, and rendered a revolt morally impossible. "But then, you know, Government can't make grants for sectarian purposes." Of

course not! All the available funds must be used for "political" purposes, chiefly to pension off men who have been "useful to the party," but whose work in the North West has been simply to drive the Indians to desperation, and then into revolt; while the people at large have to foot the bills to the tune of \$8,000,000. Now is a good time to shout "Hurrah for party government!"—*Missionary Outlook.*

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church,

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE, 1884-85

<i>Income</i>	
Subscriptions and Collections	\$141,261 50
Juvenile Offerings	2,932 00
Legacies	6,478 27
Donations on Annuity	1,074 00
Indian Department	6,735 79
Miscellaneous	1,737 55
Total Income	\$159,139 71
Of which amount deduct for Legacies, Donations on Annuity, etc., transferred to Investment Fund account	7,716 24
Net Income from Regular Sources	\$151,423 77

<i>Expenditure</i>	
Domestic Work, including Missions to Settlers in Missionary Districts	\$101,485 25
Indian Work, including the Mount Elgin Industrial Institution	59,262 95
French Work, in the Province of Quebec	8,182 00
Foreign Work—Japan	14,160 01
Special grants for purchase, erection, or repair of Mission property, furniture, etc	9,937 93
Special grants—Affliction and Supply	2,614 50
Appropriations towards Allowances of Superannuated Missionaries and Widows	4,900 00
General Superintendents	2,684 33
District Superintendents' Expenses	823 00
Circuit Expenses—Deputations, advertising, etc	3,234 34
Annuities in consideration of Donations to the Society	1,001 08
Interest, Discount on Drafts, etc	4,265 74
Publishing charges	3,929 69
Cost of management	8,616 01
	\$202,042 52
Deduct for Special Expenditure on Buildings and Property in Japan, Berens River, etc.	7,900 00
Net Ordinary Expenditure	\$194,142 52
Deficit	\$21,720 75

A Ship in a Storm.

(See next page.)

Look at these two ships. Are they both alike? This one in the foreground is a schooner. The other is a full-rigged ship in a dismantled condition. How would you like to be on one of them in such a storm? I know that you would not like it, if you knew all. I will try to tell you something of the dark side of a sailor's life. But neither words nor pictures can make it so plain as when you are roused in the night from a sound sleep with the cry: "All hands shorten sail!" No time for a little more sleep then! A boot thrown at your head might invite you to "turn out" before you had finished your nap. You stagger on deck and perhaps are drenched to the skin at once with a shower of spray; or you sit down awkwardly when the ship gives a lurch and take a bath in the lee scuppers. You gasp and may wish yourself at home in a nice bed. But as the railroad station is too far away to be easily reached, you are soon aloft standing on a foot rope holding on for dear life to keep from being thrown from the yard by the rolling of the ship or the wild flapping of the heavy sail.

The coarse canvas is severe on finger ends, especially so when it is wet or frozen, for the wind often jerks the sail from the firmest grip of a dozen men. It sometimes takes all hands an hour or more to take in one large sail. This is not always the case.

One day when rounding the Cape of Good Hope, we were going along under full sail with fair weather and a good breeze. At noon dark clouds began to rise rapidly in the horizon. The captain, with an anxious look, at once gave the order: "All hands shorten sail!" Everybody worked with a will and 'twas lucky for us that we did. In about one hour twenty-four men had stripped the ship. Out of about twenty-two sails only two were left. These were storm sails. By the time we had done this, the gale was raging in all its fury. Thanks to the barometer for giving us warning, and to God for so taking care of us. That night, as the ship rolled and plunged and the lightning flashed, I wondered whether I should ever see home again. Ten days later we spoke an iron ship that had lost her mainmast in the same gale, which lasted for nearly two days.

ONE of the very best papers for the little folk that we know is that charming monthly, "Our Little Men and Women," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass. Price \$1 a year. It is full of well drawn and attractive pictures and interesting reading, that will make the eyes of the young folk sparkle.

Mrs. MARY A. LIVERMORE has long been known as a valiant advocate of Co-operative Housekeeping. Hitherto she has enforced her theory from the lecture platform. In *The Chautauquan* for April she carries it to the literary field. Mrs. Livermore's belief is that isolated housekeeping must be merged into co-operative housekeeping in order that housewives obliged by the increasing demands of the nineteenth century life to be "Jacks of all trades and good at none" may have time and strength to prepare themselves for the higher social, intellectual, and benevolent demands made upon them.

HELEN CAMPBELL has one of her delightful practical articles in *The Chautauquan* for April. Her subject is Village Improvement Societies.

Notes for Bible Study This periodical is now in its sixth year of publication, and has reached a large circulation in America and Europe. It is highly appreciated by ministers and Bible students. Toronto: S. R. Briggs, Willard Tract Depository.

AS OTHERS SEE US.—The Rev. Donald Fraser, writing to the *Presbyterian Record* from Victoria, B.C., says:—"We ought to learn a lesson from our Methodist brethren. The Presbyterians of this province are, I believe, considerably more numerous than the Methodists, but while we have eight ministers, they have thirteen doing work among white people, besides seven Indian missionaries, one Chinese missionary, and quite a number of mission teachers."

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—Though the Jesuits have been engaged in the work of missions to the heathen more than two hundred years, they have never been known to translate the Bible into



BARBARA HECK.

the language of the people, and so give them the inspired word of God. Protestants, on the other hand, have translated the Bible into no less than two hundred and sixty-six different languages, and sent the printed word of God to hundreds of millions of mankind.

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.—THE SEED OF THE KINGDOM.

ON a blithe spring morning in the year 1760, a remarkable group of persons were assembled on the Custom-House Quay, in the ancient city of Limerick, Ireland. An air of hurry and excitement was apparent in some of its members, which contrasted with the singular calmness of the others. Bales, boxes, bedding, and household gear were piled up on the quay, or were being rapidly conveyed, with much shouting, by stout-armed sailors, dressed in blue-striped guernsey-shirts, on board a small vessel of about three hundred tons that lay alongside the pier, with sails partially unbent, like a sea-fowl preening her wings for flight. This was evidently a group of emigrants about to leave their mother country for a land beyond the sea. Yet they were emigrants of a superior sort, all decently clad—the men in knee-breeches, comfortable hose, and frieze coats; and the women in blue cloaks, with hoods, and snowy caps. It was not poverty from which they fled; for their appearance was one of staid respectability, equally removed from wealth and abjectness. Very affectionate and demonstrative were the warm-hearted leave-takings of the friends and neighbours about to be separated, many of them never to meet on earth again.

"Ah! Mr. Philip, shall we never hear ye preach again?" pathetically cried one kind-hearted Irish widow; "who'll teach us the good way when ye're beyant the salt say?"
"You forget, Mother Mehan, that Mr. Wesley will send one of his helpers to Balligarrene, and come himself sometimes."

(Continued on page 78.)



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"Oh! Mollie, daint, shall we niver see yer purty face again! Shure it's as beautiful as the face of the Virgin herself," went on the inconsolable creature, addressing a very young woman, who looked the lovelier for her tears. "The very sight o' ye was better than the prais's bleasin'! But I'll not forget the good words ye've tould me; and Mr. Philip, and swate Barbara Heck and her good man, Paul. The Lord love ye and kepe ye all; and all the saints protect ye." The good woman had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and had not shaken off her old manner of speech, although she had for some time been won by the singing and simple, heartfelt prayers of her Palatine neighbours to the warm-hearted Methodist worship.

The voyagers at length, one by one, climbed the gangway to the vessel's deck, amid much wringing of hands and parting words, not unmingled with tears and sorrowful faces. The apparent leader of the party, a young man of singularly grave demeanour for his years, dressed in dark frieze coat, not unlike the sort now called "Ulsters," approaching the taffrail of the vessel, and taking from his breast-pocket a well-worn Bible, read to those around and to those upon the quay that sublime passage in the Hundred and Seventh Psalm, beginning with these words:

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

As he continued to read, his voice gathered strength and volume till it rang out loud and clear, and with an exulting tone in the closing words:

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

"Yes, my brethren," continued the speaker, "God opened a way through the sea for our fathers from the presence of their enemies, and led them into this fair and goodly land. But now it has become too strait for us, and we go to seek new homes in the land of promise in the West. We go forth with God as our Protector and our Guide. He is as near by water as by land. Many of our brethren have gone before us to that land, and many of you, we trust, will follow after. But on whichever side of the sea we dwell, we dwell beneath His care; and for the rest,—the way to heaven is as near from the wilds of America as from the shores of dear old Ireland."

"Thrus for ye;" "It's even so, so it is," ejaculated several of his auditors, while others answered mutely with their tears.

"What mean ye to weep and break our hearts!" said the first speaker, thinking of another parting on the seashore.* "Is that all the God-speed ye have for us? Come, let us sing a verse to cheer up our souls a bit;" and, with a mellow, resonant voice, he began to sing a hymn, which one after another took up till it swelled into an exultant psalm of triumph:—

"And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,—
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

"Oh let our heart and mind
Continue to ascend,
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labours end;

* Acts xxi. 5-14.

"Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain,—
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again."

"And now let us commend one another to God and the word of His grace," continued the youthful speaker; and, kneeling down upon the deck, in a fervent prayer he invoked God's blessing and protection on those who would brave the perils of the deep and on those who remained on the shore.

"Now, Mr. Embury," said the boat-swain, touching his cap, when this unusual service was over, "we must haul in the hawsers. 'Time and tide wait for no man.' See, the current is already turning. We must fall down the river with this tide. Shake out your topsails, there," he shouted to the men in the shrouds; and to those on the shore, "Throw off the moorings; let go the stern line." And gently the vessel began to glide upon her way.

Farewell words and loving greetings are spoken from the ship and from the shore. Wistful eyes look through their gathering tears. Many a fervent "God bless you," "God keep you," is uttered. As the last adieux are waved, and as the vessel onward glides, are heard, borne fitfully upon the breeze, the strain,

"Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again."

The sailing of that little vessel was an apparently insignificant event, and, save the friends of those on board, little would the great world have recked had it foundered in the deep. But that frail bark was a new *Mayflower*, freighted with the germs of an immortal harvest which was destined to fill the whole land, the fruit whereof should shake like Lebanon. Those earnest souls, in the flush of youth and hope and love, bore with them the immortal leaven which was to leaven with its spiritual life a whole continent.

Of the leader of this little company we have already spoken. By the side of Philip Embury stood his youthful wife, Mary Embury, a blooming young matron of remarkable personal beauty, not yet eighteen, and already two years married. As the vessel glided down the winding Shannon, her eyes looked wistfully through her tears upon the emerald banks and purple uplands she should never see again.

"Do you repent leaving the dear old home?" asked her husband, as he threw his arm caressingly around her.

"Wherever you are, Philip, there is home," she said, nestling in his arms and smiling through her tears, like the sun shining through a shower of summer rain. "Wherever thou goest I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Near by stood Paul Heck, a man of grave appearance and devout manner, and by his side his wife, Barbara Heck, a blushing bride of a few weeks, although nearly ten years older than her bosom friend, Mary Embury. Around them were grouped others whose names were destined to become familiar to future generations as among the pilgrim fathers and founders of Upper Canada. Among these were two brothers of Philip Embury, with their families; Peter Sweitzer, Embury's brother-in-law; the Morgans, Dulmages, and others.

How came this group of Teutonic emigrants to be leaving the shores of Old Ireland for the New World? The

answer to this question will carry us far back in the history of Europe, and we will therefore take the liberty of quoting from our previous work, "The Worthies of Early Methodism":

"In the providence of God, times and places most remote from one another are often linked together by chains of sequence—by relations of cause and effect. The vast organization of Methodism on this continent has a definite relation to the persecuting bigotry of Louis XIV. in the seventeenth century. That dissolute monarch, moved by insane ambition, twice ruthlessly invaded the German Palatinate. Eighty thousand men, trained in the art of slaughter, were let loose upon the hapless country, which they ravaged with fire and sword. 'Crops, farms, vines, orchards, fruit trees,' says a veracious chronicler, 'were all destroyed; and this once rich and smiling land was converted into a desolate wilderness.' In the bleak and bitter winter weather a hundred thousand homeless peasants—gray-haired sires, and childing mothers, and helpless children—wandered about in abject misery. Everywhere were found the corpses of men frozen to death.

"Thousands of the wretched fugitives took refuge within the lines of the English General, Marlborough, and sought the shelter of that flag whose protection is never denied to the oppressed. Ships were sent to bring them from Rotterdam to England. More than six thousand came to London, reduced from affluence to poverty, and were fed by the dole of public charity. A number immigrated to Ireland, and settled in the county of Limerick, near Rathkeale. They received grants of eight acres of land for each person, young and old, for which the Government paid the rent for twenty years. In a contemporary list of these 'Irish Palatines' occur the names, afterwards so familiar in the United States and Canada, of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Sweitzer, and others. They are described as frugal and honest, better clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Their houses are remarkably clean, besides which they have a stable, cow-house, and neat kitchen garden. The women are very industrious.

"In the good Protestant soil of those hearts providentially prepared for the reception of the Gospel, the seed of Methodism was early sown, and brought forth its natural fruit of good-living. Wesley's itinerant 'helpers' penetrated to their humble hamlets, and these poor refugees received the Word with gladness. When John Wesley, in 1758, passed through Ireland, preaching day and night, he records that such a settlement could hardly elsewhere be found in either Ireland or England.

"In this remarkable community was born, in the year 1734, the child destined to be the mother of Methodism in the New World. Her family seem to have been of respectable degree, and gave the name, Ruckle Hill, to the place of their residence in Balligarrens. Barbara Ruckle was nurtured in the fear of the Lord, and in the practice of piety. In her eighteenth year she gave herself for life to the Church of her fathers."

As the sun went down beneath the

† Withrow's "Worthies of Methodism," pp. 107-113.

western wave, the little company of emigrants on shipboard gathered on the deck to take their last look at the dear old land which had been to most of them the land of their birth. Not many words were spoken, but not a few tears trickled silently down the cheeks of the women, whose separation from their native land wrung their very heartstrings. The rising wind whistled through the shrouds. The long roll of the Atlantic rocked the frail bark like a cradle in the deep, and made retirement to the crowded little cabin agreeable to most of the party.

By the light of the swaying lamp, Philip Embury—who, though almost the youngest man of the company, was its acknowledged leader and head—read words of comfort from the Book Divine. As the waves smote with an ominous sound upon the wooden walls which seemed such a frail defence between them and the unfathomable sea, they embraced their hearts by singing the grand old hymn, to which their present position gave a new depth of meaning—

"The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the roaring seas;

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down His heavenly powers
And carry us above."

Embury then called on the grave, God-fearing Paul Heck to lead the devotions of the little band, and with deep emotion he commended them all to the Fatherly keeping of that God who guides the winds in their course and holds the seas in the hollow of His hand.

Many weary weeks of storm and calm, cloud and sunshine, passed by, the dreary monotony of sea and sky rimmed by the unbroken horizon, without sight of sail or shore. At last was heard the joyous cry of "Land! Land ahead!" Eager eyes scanned the horizon, rising higher and becoming more clearly defined.

"How beautiful it is!" exclaimed Mary Embury, as, wan and weak with long sea-sickness, she leaned upon the vessel's rail at her husband's side, as the wooded heights of Staten Island came in view. And as the splendid bay of New York, with its crowded shipping, opened out, she exclaimed, with child-like surprise, "Why, I believe it's as large as Limerick! Who would have thought it in this New World!"

Still greater was the surprise of the whole party when, on the 10th of August, 1760, a day memorable in the religious history of this continent, they landed in New York and beheld the crowded and busy streets of a city which, even then, was more populous than any in Ireland, not excepting the ancient capital, Dublin; than which they were slow to believe there was anything finer upon earth.

A feeling of loneliness, however, came over their hearts as they left the floating house in which they had lived for twelve long weeks, to seek new homes in the land of strangers. But soon they discovered some of their countrymen, and even a few former acquaintances who had previously emigrated, and to whom they felt themselves knit by closer ties because all others were such utter strangers. Philip Embury soon obtained employment at his trade as a house carpenter

and joiner, in which he possessed more than ordinary skill; and the others of the honest and industrious Palatine community were shortly engaged in some one or other of the manifold occupations of the busy and thriving town.

Embury for a time endeavoured to be faithful to his duty as class leader and local preacher, by attempting some religious care for his Methodist companions in exile from their native land. But we are told that they fell away from their steadfastness amid the temptations of their new condition, possibly saying, like the exiled Jews of old, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Embury in turn became discouraged, lost his religious zeal, and, constitutionally diffident, for some years ceased to exercise among them the duties of his office. Barbara Heck, the destined Mother of Methodism in the New World, continued meanwhile to nourish her religious life by daily communion with God and with her old German Bible.

The Guest.

O THOU Guest, so long delayed,
Surely, when the house was made,
In its chambers wide and free,
There was set a place for Thee.
Surely in some room was spread
For Thy sake a snowy bed,
Docked with linen white and fine,
Meat, O Guest, for use of Thine.

Yet Thou hast not kept Thy tryst,
Other guests our lips have kissed,
Other guests have tarried long,
Wooded by sunshine and by song,
For the year was bright with May,
All the birds kept holiday,
All the skies were clear and blue,
When this house of ours was new.

Youth came in with us to dwell,
Crowned with rose and asphodel,
Lingered long, and even yet
'annot quite his haunts forget;
Love hath sat beside our board,
Brought us treasure from his hoard,
Brimmed our cups with fragrant wine,
Vintage of the hills divine.

Down our garden path he strayed,
Young Romance, in light arrayed;
Joy hath flung her garlands wide,
Faith sung low at eventide;
Care hath flitted in and out,
Sorrow strewn her weeds about;
Hope held up her torch on high
When clouds darkened all the sky.

Pain, with pallid lips and thin,
Oft hath slept our house within;
Life hath called us, loud and long,
With a voice as trumpet strong.
Sometimes we have thought, O Guest,
Thou wert coming with the rest,
Watched to see Thy shadows fall
On the inner chamber wall.

For we know that, soon or late,
Thou wilt enter at the gate,
Cross the threshold, pass the door,
Glide at will from floor to floor.
When Thou comest, by thy sign
We shall know Thee, Guest divine:
Though alone Thy coming be,
Some one must go forth with Thee!

Revival Bands.

THE Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., thus describes the Rev. David Savage's work, in the *Christian Advocate*:

Some of the Conferences in Canada have evangelists of their own. These brethren are left without pastoral charge, and go wherever their services are required. Some of them have been thus engaged for two years, and their labors have been blessed.

The Rev. David Savage, a member of one of our Western Conferences, long esteemed as a prudent, diligent and successful minister, was convinced about two years ago that he should enter evangelistic work. He had care-

fully studied the workings of the Salvation Army, and conceived the idea of forming "Revival Bands" within the Methodist Church. He did so at first on a small scale, but now he has several bands in successful operation. Each consists of six or more persons, with a responsible leader. They are sent to such charges as may invite them, and they labor in connection with the resident minister. Mr. Savage visits each band for a few days or a week, as he may deem proper. On Sabbaths the regular services are supplemented with band services, which consist largely of testimonies, the singing of Gospel hymns, and Scripture reading. Meetings are held five evenings a week, and, where deemed practicable, also in the afternoons. When Mr. Savage is present he always leads, and invariably preaches twice on the Sabbath. He is very careful about the choice of band-workers, and will on no account employ minors without the written consent of their parents or guardians.

In respect to support, he takes a collection a each evening service, except the Sabbath services, when the collections are retained by the church stewards; but out of the five collections taken weekly, and the sale of band hymn books, he pays each of his workers a few dollars monthly, and defrays all travelling expenses. The workers are provided with board and lodging at the places where they labor for the time being. Mr. Savage has the names of thousands who profess to have been converted at the services conducted by himself and workers. The ministers whose churches have been favored with their labors testify to the good results that have followed. The visits of the band are of great service to the Church at large. With such a prudent manager as Brother Savage there is not much danger of such evils occurring as might be feared under less skilful management.

A Warning.

It is apt to be too late to save a drunkard when his habits have driven him to *mania-a-potu*, but the New York *Sun* tells of a shoemaker in Angelica, of that State, who minded the warning in time to escape. Going to his barn one day, he "saw snakes." One was a crooked stick, and the other a whiplash—but *they moved*. He tells the rest of the story as follows: The cold sweat of fear came out on my forehead. I wiped it off with my handkerchief, and sat down on the lower round of the hay-mow ladder, for I felt faint. Then I started straight ahead at a corn-stalk. It soon began slowly to wriggle and curve! With bursting eyeballs and all the strength of mind I possessed, I forced that corn-stalk back from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, and then I staggered feebly out into the open air. I leaned against a fence, and for fear I should see more of those horrible twisting things, I clung to a post and closed my eyes.

"Time is called, Jim," I said to myself. "Whiskey and you part company to-day;" and soberer than I had been for many months, though with no more strength than a baby, I managed to get back to the house.

There was a fight, though! I didn't tell my wife, for I had made a good many promises that hadn't been kept, and I thought I'd go on alone for a while. I got up in the morning, after a terrible night, with the thirst of a

chased fox upon me. Water wouldn't quench it, and I tried milk. I crept into the milk-room, slipped a straw into the edge of cream-covered pan, and sucked out the milk until only the cream was left, lowered smooth and unbroken to the bottom. Then I tried another, and another until the fierce craving was somewhat dulled. It was a household mystery what became of the milk. No cat could lap it, my wife said, and leave the sides and cream untouched, and where did it go?

I let them talk, for the struggle was too sore and fearful to be spoken of, and I went on drinking the milk.

The road from my house to my shop lay by the groggery. When I left my gate in the morning, I took the road, and on a dead run, as if pursued, I made the distance. I ran hard all the way home to dinner, and back after that meal, never, in fact, trusting myself to walk or even take to the sidewalk for months. The cure was slow. I kept all the brakes hard set yet. A single glass of hard cider would undo the work of all these years, but that glass doesn't touch my lips while the memory of those little crawling black reptiles stays with me!

"And did your wife finally learn what became of the milk?" he was asked.

"Yes," and his voice broke. "I told her on her deathbed."

"Jim, dear," she said, when I had finished, with her hand clasped in mine, "Jim, dear, I knew it all the time."

The struggle ended in victory, but who would be willing to enter upon a course that would impose upon life an experience like this!

The Faithful Friend.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman, full of hope,
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:

"With a Saviour for a Friend
He will keep me till the end."

Sometimes, happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile,
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her Friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow, nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor,
But in monotone, the song
She was humming all day long:
"With a Saviour for a Friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose
Like the bubbles in her clothes;
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone
Of a Saviour and Friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby soaped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was paddling in the pools
With old soapsuds stuck in spoons,
She still humming of her Friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs,
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song may bring,
For the woman has a Friend,
Who will keep her to the end.

NEVER be afraid to use the highest motives in doing the smallest deeds.—*P. Brooks.*

The Two Purses.

ONE for the Lord, and one for myself. Let every one provide two purses, or boxes, or banks, made of no matter what, and no matter where. Only be sure to have two places for money—one of which shall be consecrated to the Lord, and the other for personal and business purposes.

A young lady said to her father, "I would like to put something into the box as it is passed around on the Sabbath."

Her father willingly gave her part of his donation, and thus she added the influence of her example to the custom, but nothing to the increase of the collection. This did not satisfy her, for she wanted to give something of her own. She had positively of her own only about six or eight dollars yearly of interest money on a small invested capital. This she had been accustomed to use for Christmas and birthday gifts among her friends. She resolved to have two purses, and to put into one for the Lord at least one-tenth of her income. Although it made but a small sum, she had more satisfaction in giving than ever before. But the delightful part came when from one cause and another, wholly unexpected, she received the next year a far greater sum for her own disposal than she had ever had before, and a good portion of it went into the Lord's purse.

"I never think of touching what is in the Lord's purse for any but religious purposes," said she, "and never borrow from it for my own use. It is sacred to the Lord. It is His purse, and I never enjoyed my money before as I do now."

Another young lady who was listening said: "I also keep two purses, and conscientiously put one-tenth of all I receive into the Lord's purse. It is not much, but I am glad to do it, and in consequence always have a little money ready for every good cause."

Ah! it is a good way—it is a right way. If you have not tried it, begin now, and learn its blessedness by your own experience.—*Christian Giver.*

Temperance Notes.

IN hospitals, where the largest amount of alcohol is used, there is the greatest percentage of deaths.—*Dr. King, England.*

As to the general use of alcohol in disease, every form of disease would be better treated without alcohol than with it.—*Dr. Richardson, F.R.S.*

WERE it possible for me to speak with a voice so loud as to be heard from the river St. Croix to the remotest shores of the Mississippi, which bound the territory of the United States, I would say: "Friends, and fellow-citizens, avoid the habitual use of these seducing liquors. . . . Ministers of the Gospel of every denomination in the United States! aid me with all the weight and influence of your sacred office, to save our fellowmen from being destroyed by the great destroyer of their lives and souls."—*Dr. Benjamin Rush, in 1787.*

AN editor explains that when he advises his readers to lay in their coal, he does not mean that they are to sleep in it.

ACKNOWLEDGING that we have been wrong is only showing that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday.

The O. L. S. C.

"ENCIRLING our fair globe, behold a band Of tens of thousands, turning eager eyes To that fair lake, and to that leader wise, Who formed the generous plan, far reaching, grand. Circle to circle, stretches each a hand, With hope and faith, the student lone replies. And down the ages still the echo flies; No work is lost. There sweeps o'er sea and land The influence of those mystic letters four, From west to east, Ontario to Cathay, What empty hearts are filled. Let us recall Chataqua's gifts,—Scienc; and Art's rich store, History's bright page, and Poesy's wild ray, Religion purifies and sweetens all."

NIAGARA.

—Janet Carnochan.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 28.] LESSON VII. [May 16.

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

John 4. 43-54. Commit vs. 48-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth.—John 4. 50.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus is always ready to help those who go to him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 4. 43-54. T. Matt. 8. 1-17. W. Ps. 103. 1-17. Th. Ps. 107. 1-21. F. Heb. 11. 1-3; 32-39. Sa. Jas. 5. 10-20. Su. Ps. 91. 1-16.

TIME.—January, A.D. 28. Soon after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Cana and Capernaum in Galilee.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Jesus remained two days at Sychar in Samaria after his conversation with the woman at Jacob's well. Then he went on to Galilee as he proposed when he left Judaea, and continuing his journey northward, he arrived at Cana in Galilee, where Nathanael, one of his disciples, had a home.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. 43. Thence.—From Sychar. 44. A prophet hath no honour, etc.—Jesus gives this as a reason for coming into Galilee. (1) Either his own country means Judaea, his religious home; or (2) it means Nazareth, and gives the reason why he went to other parts of Galilee; or (3) it means Galilee, and means that Jesus had no honour there till he had acquired it in Judaea. Then the Galileans received him. 45. At the feast. Chap. 2. 13-25. 46. Water wine.—Chap. 2. 1-11. Nobleman.—One who belonged to the king's court. 47. Come down.—Capernaum was 1,350 feet lower than Cana. 48. Except ye see signs.—They did not care enough for the truth itself, but wanted outward wonders. Wonders were good to aid faith, but the mind longing for spiritual life and for God, was better. 52. Yesterday, at the seventh hour.—7 o'clock in the evening, Roman time, as is usual in John. (The Jewish notation would be 1 o'clock, 7 hours from sunrise.) The nobleman and his servants started the next morning, and met between Cana and Capernaum. 53. The father knew.—The sameness of the hour showed that the healing was through the power of Jesus. Himself believed.—Not only believed his word as before, but accepted him as the true Messiah, as his Saviour and teacher.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—v. 44.—Signs and wonders as aids to faith.—The nobleman.—The progress of his faith.—Jesus healing at a distance, then and now.—Jesus still healing and helping.—What is it to believe on Jesus?

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was the scene of our last lesson? On what subject did Jesus give a lesson to his disciples? How long did Jesus remain at Sychar? What was the result of his labours there?

SUBJECT: FAITH AND ITS REWARDS.

I. FAITH'S FOUNDATION (vs. 43-45, 48).—Where did Jesus go from Sychar? To what town? What reason does he give in v. 44 for going there? Where was his own country? How was he treated in Galilee? What reason did they have for their faith? Are signs and wonders a good reason for believing?

II. FAITH LEADING TO JESUS (vs. 46-49).—What man in a distant city heard of Jesus?

What need had he of help? Did he have any faith? What did it lead him to do? How long was the journey? At what time of the day did he arrive? (v. 52.) How did he show the earnestness of his faith?

III. FAITH REWARDED (vs. 50-54).—What did Jesus do for him? How could he heal a person so far away? Did he believe Jesus? How did he show his faith? Who met him on the way home? With what message? How did he learn for certain that it was Jesus who had healed his son? How did this increase his faith? What is the difference between the faith when it is said himself believed and the faith referred to in vs. 48 and 50? Did he now become a real Christian? What do you learn from this as to what it is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?

LESSONS FROM THE CAPERNAUM NOBLEMAN.

- 1. That we should take our cares and sicknesses and troubles to Jesus.
2. That as he did so much for his sick son, so our heavenly Father is ready with his loving help to us in our needs.
3. All that God has done for others strengthens our faith that he will help us.
4. He that has any true faith will act upon that faith.
5. He that acts up to his faith will gain more faith.
6. God will give us our desire if it is best for our spiritual good.
7. God's answer to our prayers for temporal blessings increases our faith in him as our Saviour and teacher.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

- 1. Where did Jesus go from Sychar? Ans. He went to Cana in Galilee.
2. Who heard of his arrival? Ans. A nobleman of Capernaum, who had a son at the point of death.
3. What did he do? Ans. He went up to Cana to entreat Jesus to go and heal his son.
4. What did Jesus do for him? Ans. He made his son well without going where he was.
5. What was the result? Ans. The whole family became Christians.

A.D. 28.] LESSON VIII. [May 23.

JESUS AT BETHESDA.

John 5. 5-13. Commit vs. 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wilt thou be made whole?—John 5. 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the good physician.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 5. 1-13. Tu. John 5. 19-47. W. Luke 5. 17-28. Th. Luke 7. 17-35. F. Matt. 10. 16-25. Sa. Mark 2. 15-28. Su. Mark 3. 1-11.

TIME.—Early in April, A.D. 28. Probably at the Passover.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, the pool of Bethesda, just outside of the wall, near St. Stephen's gate just north of the temple area. Others think it to be the fountain of the Virgin, south of the temple.

JESUS.—31 or 32 years of age, beginning the second year of his ministry.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—The three months between the healing of the nobleman's son and the present lesson were probably spent in quiet labours in Galilee without a record.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—When a feast of the Jews drew near (probably the Passover) Jesus left Galilee, and went up to Jerusalem to attend the feast. One Sabbath morning, he was quietly walking near the city when he came to a crowd of sick people under a portico, around an intermittent spring, called Bethesda. There are several such around Jerusalem. The people thought (for this part of v. 3. and all of v. 4 do not really belong to the Bible) that when the water bubbled up it was done by an angel, and whoever got into it first would be healed.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—5. Infirmitly.—Probably some kind of paralysis, for he could not walk. 7. No man to put me in.—The bubbling lasted only for a short time. 8. Thy bed.—A quilt or thin mattress, perhaps on a stretcher. 10. It is not lawful.—According to their traditions, for it was called work. 13. Wist.—Knew. 14. Sin no more.—Implying that his disease had been brought on by wrong-doing, and that he was repentant. 17. My Father.—My own father, in a peculiar sense. Worketh.—Does deeds of mercy, carries on the world and processes of nature on the Sabbath. And I work.—In the same loving, helpful way that God does.

SUBJECTS FOR HOME STUDY AND SPECIAL REPORTS.—Bethesda.—The popular feeling

about this spring.—The impotent man.—The selfishness at the pool.—Why Jesus healed only this one.—The Pharisee's ideas of keeping the Sabbath.—The true ideas of Sabbath keeping (v. 17).

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Jesus in our last lesson? How long did he remain in Galilee after this? Where did he then go? On what occasion?

SUBJECT: A PARABLE OF REDEMPTION.

I. WAITING FOR A CURE (v. 5).—What pool did Jesus visit one Sabbath day? Where was it? Whom did he find there? Was he going about seeking to do good? What were these sick people waiting for? Could this water really cure them? What things that people sometimes do to be saved are represented by this pool?

II. THE GOOD PHYSICIAN (vs. 6, 7).—Why did Jesus pity this man? What did he ask him? Can you conceive of his not wanting to get well? Are there those who do not wish to be saved from their sins? Why? Can they be saved till they are willing? What did the impotent man reply to Jesus' question? What mark of selfishness do you find among these sick persons?

III. THE DOUBLE CURE (vs. 8-14).—What did Jesus next say to the sick man? Did this require an act of faith on his part? Why was he told to take up his bed? What kind of a bed was it? What was the result? Who found fault with him for carrying his bed? Why? How did the man learn who had healed him? What was Jesus' last counsel to him? Did he become a Christian? Can we be Christians and retain our sins?

IV. TROUBLE FROM DOING GOOD (vs. 15-18).—Of what did the Jews accuse Jesus? Did Jesus break the Sabbath? Did Jesus annul the fourth commandment, or only remove the Pharasaic additions to it? What do you learn from Jesus as the true way of keeping the Sabbath? (Mark 1. 21; 2. 23-28; 3-4.) How did Jesus defend his cause? (v. 17.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Multitudes of people are waiting for some singular emotion, some special revival, some miraculous impressions,—waiting by the pool of ordinances, vows, forms, and do not find healing for their soul.
2. In worldly things but few have the prizes, and there is a contest and emulation as to who shall be first.
3. The fountain of healing Jesus opens is abundant for all.
4. Some do not wish to be saved from their sins.
5. Christ in saving men requires an act of faith.
6. Faith that leads us to obey Jesus is the faith by which we are saved.
7. People sometimes become so absorbed in externals that they forget the souls for which externals are made.
8. The best of deeds will sometimes be misinterpreted.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

- 6. Where did Jesus go from Galilee? Ans. To Jerusalem to attend a feast of the Jews.
7. Whom did he find there? Ans. A man who had been sick 38 years.
8. What did he say to him? Ans. "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk."
9. What counsel did he give him afterwards. Ans. "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

What Business Men Think.

W. J. SPICER, superintendent of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, in his circular to his employees of the road, says: "You have the lives of the public and the safety of persons and property entrusted to your care, requiring at all times the utmost caution and vigilance in the performance of your duty. Men subjected to such temptations at any time are safe only as total abstainers. The 'one glass more' often has the effect of making a man careless, sleepy, and indifferent to danger, if not worse, at a time when he most needs to have his senses clear and wide-awake for his own and others' safety."

It is now claimed that pork is a brain food, being the product of thousands of pens.

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