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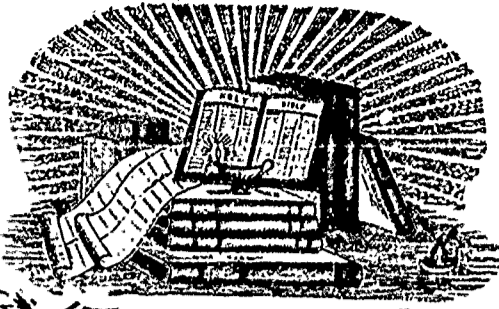
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HOME AND SCHOOL



Christ Crowned with Thorns.

O LAMB of God, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
Thy sacred head surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
O Lamb of God, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine;
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thyself to me;
And, for my succour dying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

The Night Before Easter in Athens.

BY G. G. BUSH, PH.D.

THE Greek Easter, which comes a week later than the Roman, is a time of general rejoicing, for the season of Lent in Greece will not countenance the nominal fast observed in many Western lands, but enforces abstinence from certain kinds of food. Hence it happens that the days before the coming of Easter morn, visions of roast lamb and other unlentened viands rise before the half-famished Greek with attractions not unlike Mahomet's paradise to the dying Moslem. Besides, as if to intensify these longings and deepen the pangs of a rebellious stomach, the streets are filled with bleating lambs, both young and old, fattened for the Easter-table.

What a busy scene is now the market-place, and how happy the faces of the dickering multitude as lamb after lamb disappears in the arms of its triumphant possessor! In some cases two or three families have to put their scanty savings together in order to secure the coveted feast. In the midst of this good feeling the poor are not forgotten. It is the one season of the when whatever is good in the Greek heart (and this in accordance with the general verdict may not be say-

ing much) finds expression in deeds of charity. From schools and institutions for the poor may be seen long processions of boys marching through the streets, and at the head of each small band, in place of banner and device, is borne on poles the dressed carcasses of a lamb—the symbol of this festal scene.

At length all wants are met, and Easter eve comes on. The streets leading from the palace to the central

archbishop at their head, the members of the royal cabinet, the foreign ambassadors, the senators and representatives of the "Boule," the professors of the university, and others who come as invited guests, there to await the arrival of his majesty the king and royal cortege. With the exception of a narrow guarded passage, every inch of space in the square is packed with the living throng ere the booming of the cannon and strains of martial

called the "Resurrection of Christ," begins. This is very brief, and, being led by the archbishop, consists in the intoning of appropriate selections of Scripture and the chanting of hymns in which the people join.

A few steps from the platform is the entrance to the Metropolitan Church, and thither at the conclusion of the outdoor service press forward king, priest and people. All who are so fortunate as to get within, join in the celebration of high mass, and with this solemnity the Easter morn is ushered in.—Selected.

Easter Faces.

BY MARY B. BALDWIN.

THE customs of society demand Easter flowers and hats and dresses. The Church commands the observance of fitting rites for the Easter festival, and the soul should listen to a voice which whispers, "Make ready for an illumination!"

If among the beautifying commodities, such as lily-white and rouge, there was offered a something that would illuminate the face, the market would not be able to supply the demand for it.

But this subtle "something" is not to be found in the shops, and is subject to a kind of exchange that causes the majority of people to regard it as altogether beyond their reach. Looking at it from the world's point, it certainly is; and yet no face can be in the highest sense beautiful without the help of this subtle something.

We hear people talking about "a mission" and a "high purpose" when there is no force within the soul to warrant large plans. We counsel them to get the inward preparation, assuring them that when they are ready for their work they will be helped to find it. To those who desire the beautiful faces, as to those also who think that the expression of the face has nothing to do with one's influence, it might be said, get a pure, enlightened soul, and

your face will surely proclaim your consecration and struggle and victory—you will, when the maturing processes of the soul are begun, own an Easter face.

Many can testify to the influence of an illumined face; for some it holds at once a rebuke, and an inspiration. Some of us can bring to our minds pictures of those who seemed to have a halo above the forehead. Even the memory wakens an inspiration to better living.



CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

square begin to fill with an expectant throng. The crowd increase as the long hours of the evening wear themselves away, and it is nearly twelve o'clock before any sign of the approaching pageant appears. Then perhaps first of all the rector of the university, with a friend at his side, drives through the files of students who are drawn up to receive him, and proceeds to the square, where a platform has been built. Upon this platform soon gather the ecclesiastical dignitaries with the

music announce to the assembled multitude the approach of the carriages bearing the royal party.

It is just midnight as the king and queen alight and ascend the platform. At this moment thousands of wax tapers in the hands of the people, as if touched by an electric spark, burst into flame. The archbishop advances to receive their majesties, bearing in his hand a massive copy of the New Testament, which he extends for the royal kiss. Then the solemn service,

Who knows that some who witnessed the stoning of Stephen, and saw in the martyr face the face of an angel, did not experience a saving influence from this heaven-illumined countenance? At the coming of Easter, there are all over our land hearts that will go down into the graves of trial and sorrow, and the forces of separate souls must determine how far the illuminating power of the resurrected Christ has helped them to cast off these grave clothes, and to put on the newer garments. Among the multitude will there not shine the Easter light upon faces never before so glorified? The risen Christ would have it so.

Easter Lilies.

WHEN the gray of evening creeps upon the glories of the sky,
And the clouds begin to gather at the closing of the day,
Then the robin in the elm-tree whistles out his parting lay
As the shadows grow and deepen, and the cool wind rushes by.

When the earth is wrapt in slumber in the midnight calm and still,
And the sick man counts life's ebbing by the ticking of the clock,
In the barn some dream of victory stirs up the sleeping cock,
And he crows a lusty war-note, triumphant, loud, and shrill.

When the chill of night is coldest, and the darkness very dark,
And the silence broods and presses like a weight upon the world,
Comes a tremor in the heavens where the heavy clouds are curled,
And the shadow of a light, as if behind them were a spark.

Growing ever bright and brighter till there shoot great sparks of fire
Through their black and sullen masses,
And the heavens are unrolled
In a many-tinted banner, sown with azure, red, and gold,
And the day-break flames upon the cross that tops the tall church spire.

In a chamber, on his death-bed, at the closing of the day,
As the shadows grew and deepened, and the wind began to blow,
Far from all the city's turmoil, in the peace of Fontainebleau,
The great painter Leonardo, the far-famed Da Vinci, lay.

As the laboured breath came shorter, and the death-dews decked his head,
And the sunken hand grew feebler, and all closer came the Night,
Once again the scene he painted seemed to rise before his sight,
The disciples, and the Master, and the Paschal supper spread.

But the Master's eyes were lifted, and beneath their tender sadness
Shone the gleam of foreseen victory, as clouds at break of day
Veil, yet half disclose, the secret of the fast approaching ray
With its promises of life and light, and heraldings of gladness.

So the Master sat before him, and the sorrow in His eyes
For the loved ones that denied Him, and the traitor that betrayed,
And the men that jeered and smote Him, seemed to hold beneath its shade
The full joy of finished labour and the dawn of Easter skies.

As he gazed upon the vision, all the chamber seemed aglow
With a blaze of sudden splendor, and he saw, as in a dream,
Through the open door a wondrous field of golden lilies gleam,
Raising up their lovely bells upon a field of driven snow.

And they nearer drew, and nearer, till he saw them wave and glance
Close beside him, and around him, and above the dying head,

Till he felt them drooping, lowering, bending downward to the bed,—
All the glorious golden lilies of the Oriflamme of France.

And before him stood famed warriors and fair ladies in a ring,
All unmarked, for round his wasted form his Master's arms were pressed,
And his heart grew very joyous, then forever was at rest
'Neath the golden bells of France, and in the arms of Franco's King.

So before that fading sight, for all life's duties fairly done,
Earthly King and Heavenly Master in the dying chamber met,
Met to cheer him and sustain him ere his eyes in death should set,
And the golden lilies rise above a field of battle won.

Nor alone for task accomplished, nor alone for ended fight,
Come to men the lily-vision and the promise that they bring,
Come the clear eyes of the Master, and the presence of the King,
As the glories gild the cloudlets at the fading of the light;

But to eyes grown dim with sorrow, and to breasts dead-sick with sin,
All the Master's loving sadness, all the Master's victory,
Bring the Oriflamme of Heaven with its lilies from the sky,
Droop them down upon the sinner, and enfold the heart within.

Till the burden drops from off it, and the weary soul, at rest
From its errors and its sinnings, enters into holy peace,
Finds its Resurrection morning as its carnal struggles cease,
Passes out from death to life, clasped to its Master's breast.

—JOHN J. PROCTER, in *Montreal Witness*.

The Power of a Kiss.

BY A. D. WALKER.

SOME years ago, and before the Woman's great temperance movement, there was, in one of our large cities, a temperance society organized, and it originated from the following incident: A good minister who was deeply interested in the poorer classes, was one day accosted by a woman who said:

"Mr. L——, I don't know what to do with my mother."

"Why," said the minister, "what is the matter with her?"

"She is a common street drunkard and pawns everything for drink. Since Saturday night she has drunk two wash-tubs and a boiler."

"Is that possible?" said Mr. L——

"Why, she is a sort of an alligator-woman; what do you mean?"

"I mean that this is my stock in trade, and she has sold it all for drink; can you help me?"

Mr. L—— talked encouragingly to the poor woman, and promised to aid her if possible.

And now he went to the drunkard, endeavoured to impress upon her a sense of her guilt, and she promised to do better; but she minded her promise only while he was present, and it was broken before the day was done.

Again and again he pleaded with her, and she at each interview promised to abstain from drink, and yet drank daily.

Others became interested and a temperance society was organized and the poor creature was one of the first to join it.

We have been informed further regarding her, but will relate a story truthful and interesting, of another intemperate female.

This same good minister told us the following story. Said he:

"There was in our city, a few years ago, one of the hardest cases I have ever met in the form of a woman. She would drink at morning, noon and night, and drink made her like an infuriated beast. Why, I have seen her led along by two policemen, one not daring alone to lay hands upon her. She wholly lost her self-respect, and was the most degraded object that could be met anywhere.

"After the temperance society, of which I have spoken, was organized, one good lady said to another: 'I am going to call upon poor Mrs. W——, and see if I can do her any good.'

"Do not go! I beg you not!" said the other frightened at the thought.

"And why not, pray?"

"The reasons for not going are strong. She will not heed you, or if she does she will kick you down stairs. She is a perfect brute when in liquor, and my advice is to stay away from her; and you will do well if you listen to my warning."

"I must go and see her, and try to aid her," answered the benevolent woman, whose mind was fully made up on the subject.

"And go she did, intent on doing good. She reached the place, and mounted the rickety stairs that led to her miserable room, groped her way to the door, and peeped cautiously in; and in the far corner of the room she saw what seemed to be a great bundle of rags; going over to the spot she found it was the poor wretch she was seeking, and she laid her hand upon the inebriate's shoulder without speaking a word. The fallen woman raised her face, and oh! what a face it was, bloated, scarred, red and vicious.

"The benevolent woman silently leaned over, and kissed that truly repulsive face, still without speaking.

"What did you do that for?" eagerly questioned the poor creature.

"Because I love you and want you to do better."

"Heeding not the answer, the drunkard rocked back and forth, still repeating the question, 'What did you do that for? I have never had a kiss like that since I was a child—a pure little child, not a vile drunkard. Oh! what did you do that for?' and she broke into sobs, uncontrollable sobs.

"The good Samaritan assisted her to rise, helped her down the stairs, and led her to her own house, where she was decently clad, and when evening came she willingly went with her benefactor to a religious meeting, a meeting where the poor outcast was welcome. The good minister who led the meeting was pastor over a church situated in a locality where vice grew like weeds, and he laboured willingly as a missionary among the poor and degraded, feeling that such was his Master's work for him.

"After service, it was his wont to ask any that felt their need to stand up for prayers; and on the evening above referred to he followed his usual custom, and up before his view arose the drunkard, Mrs. W——.

"Ah!" thought he, 'now here is trouble; there will be a row raised; for well he knew the villainess and strength of the fallen woman.

"What do you wish, madam?" he politely asked, hoping to quell her rage.

"I wish—to—be—prayed—for," she stammered.

"What do you wish?" repeated the pastor not believing his senses.

"I want—to—be—prayed for," she again answered, looking him full in the face from out her bleared eyes.

"He was just about fulfilling her request, when the poor wretch added, 'But I want her to pray for me,' and she pointed to the good woman at her side.

"What could I do?" said the pastor; it was against the rules of our church to ask a woman to speak in meeting, but I could not heed rules under such circumstances, and I said Madam, here is a poor soul who wants your prayers—pray for her. Down knelt the good sister, and she earnestly prayed. The prayer was not eloquent, neither lengthy. It was simple, these words: Oh, Lord, help her to do better; she wants Thy help. Do come and help her to do right, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"They arose and went their way, but God hears prayer, and that was the commencement of better things for the poor, degraded Mrs. W——.

"Two years after this, there was in the same church a great temperance meeting, and the women marched in the procession. At their head came a large, handsome woman, bearing a blue silk banner on which appeared the words: 'Woman's work for woman's weal.' The good pastor had a friend with him in the pulpit, who asked:

"Who is that large, fine-looking woman?"

"That is Mrs. W——."

"And, pray, who is Mrs. W——?"

"The pastor then related the story we have here told.

"And what wrought a reform in one so base?" asked the friend in surprise.

"It was the power of the Gospel, sir," answered the pastor.

"And how did the Gospel reach her?" was asked. "Was it through your preaching?"

"I think not, but let us call her and ask her," and the pastor beckoned the woman to come forward. She modestly advanced, and he asked: "Mrs. W——, what wrought your reformation?"

"It was the power of a kiss," and she again repeated the story we have told, and added: "Ministers of the Gospel had talked to me of my degradation, and told me how dreadful the life was I was leading; other men had upbraided me, and told me that I ought to be ashamed, a woman making herself such a spectacle, and sternly bid me to do better. This did no good, nor influenced me in the least; but when that good, dear, angel woman came to me and kissed me, my hard heart was softened, and when she told me that it was because she loved me, I was melted to the soul, and she, under God, was the means of my reform."

"And now, Mrs. W—— to-day is leading the life of a Christian."—*Christian at Work*.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool, is endeavouring nobly to solve the problem, "How to reach the masses." He preaches in the open air, in the great ship-building yards at the noon intermission, and among the 14,000 carters with their wives, children and babies, and to the men employed at the large freight stations, oftentimes from 2,000 to 3,000 being in one assembly.

Easter Cross and Easter Lilies.

BY MISS WILLIAM EMERSON WAY.

"EASTER CROSS, and crowned with lilies,
Mother, will it not be sweet?
Easter anthems sung in chorus,
And the children will repeat
Christ's beatitudes in concert;
Old and young, and small and great,
Thou wilt sing the Gloria Patri;
Mother, I can hardly wait!

"And I hope my Easter lilies
Will be blossoming by then;
I will twine them with arbutus,
I can find it in the glen;
Some are pink like baby's fingers,
Some have blossoms purely white.
Do you think the cross for Easter,
Mamma, will be dark or light?"

Why should that have made me shudder—
Just the thought of dark, or light?

What to me were Easter crosses,
Whether they were black or white?
Oh, my fair-browed, blue-eyed girlie!
Sunniest-hearted of my band;
When the cross loomed black before me,
I was made to understand.

I can almost hear the accents
Of those women as they say
(Hasting to the tomb of Jesus),
"Who will roll the stone away?"
Pink, and white, and sweet the blossoms
Of arbutus in the glen;
But my little maid who found them,
Will not wander there again.

Black my cross, nor crown'd with lilies,
Weighed only with despair;
Easter dawn, to me, was darkness;
Was there comfort anywhere?
Where was balm of consolation
Mid the joys of Easter morn;
When the grave yawned right before me,
Waiting for my youngest-born?

Easter dawned for her in heaven;
Easter anthems rose where I,
Deaf with anguish, could not hear them.
I shall hear them by and by!

So impatient for the Easter!
When it dawned upon her sight,
Could her beatific vision
See my cross, as black as night?

Did she know her Easter lilies
Bloomed in all their loveliness?
And that sweet arbutus blossoms,
Did her waxen fingers press?
Yes; her lilies bloomed for Easter,
And a cross their beauty crowned;
For they lie in all their fragrance
Withering on a lowly mound.

Scarce a sennight since the Easter,
Yet it seems so far away;
Can I say next Easter morning,
She, with Christ, is risen to-day?

How I Became a Preacher.

BY THE LATE DR. CARROLL.

It was the highest and noblest of all enterprises to which the human mind can aspire, but one of which I had never dreamed during all the castle-building of my aspiring unconverted life; I had cherished aspirations of an amassing wealth, of commanding an army, but never of *preaching the Gospel*. But after I had tasted of the love of God in Christ, there were scarcely five of my waking minutes at a time, that I did not think of being a preacher. Had I been possessed of the idea of many other denominations, that it was necessary to have a liberal education, and perhaps pass through college, before I could mount the sacred desk, such an aspiration would have seemed preposterous, because the qualifications were beyond my reach. But from childhood, so far as I thought of the ministry at all, I possessed some sort of dim impression that the ministerial office or character was a divine

creation, or at least due to some religious or spiritual experience or influence. So much was the result of the Quaker books, (the experiences of Jonathan Edmunds for instance) and the experience of the early Methodist preachers, both English and American, read before and after my conversion. Those unpretentious, godly men, little knew when they penned their simple autobiographies what a flame they were to kindle in the throbbing heart of an uncouth lad in the ends of the earth from them. If, however, I had never read their lives, I would still have felt a yearning desire for the conversion and salvation of those who were "wandering wide, far from the central point of bliss." I wished all mankind to share the love and happiness I felt. The language of the hymnist, was that of my poor uncultured soul,

"O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!"

And, indeed, I began to call upon all who came within my reach, whether old or young; I was especially successful with the latter. Perhaps I have elsewhere told how many of these I brought to prayer and class-meeting, as also how many juvenile meetings I set up with them in barns, and fields, and woods, by day and by night, on Sundays and week-days. At these I was generally the leader of the meeting, the exercises being of reading the Scriptures and religious tracts, the singing of hymns, and prayer. I also took a prominent, though not a leading part, for several years, in the young people's Saturday night prayer-meetings.

As to the larger meetings for the members of society in general, thinking by a mistake at first, that all who went there had to pray I lifted up my voice in prayer in the very first one I went to, and kept it up ever after, excepting for a few weeks at one time, when, being chidden for using the name of God so often, I became intimidated and kept silence; upon which the leader sent me a message that I was to be sure and pray, whatever my blunders. In these public exercises, my own soul was always greatly blessed, and I received many encouraging messages and intimations that others were blessed by my instrumentality. I soon began to be called upon to pray by the bedsides of poor sick outcasts, who had not the assurance to send for a minister, or even older lay persons. So generally was this known, that I began to be called by those who knew not my name, or otherwise wished to distinguish me, "The Praying Boy."

For perhaps up to a year and a half after my conversion, though accustomed to speak very frequently in all sorts of experience meetings, I had not given a public exhortation. That first effort, as I have several times related in other connections in print, took place in the fall of 1825, in the house of Mr. Bartholomew Bull, in the vicinity of what is now called Devonport, but then new and wild; and was laid upon me by my dear friend William Fitzpatrick, of precious memory, whom I met there by appointment to aid him in sustaining a newly appointed meeting for prayer and exhortation. I came from one direction, and Fitzpatrick from another, and we met at the door of Mr. Bull. My friend clapped his hand upon my shoulder and said,

"Brother, you have got to conduct the meeting." I did not dare to refuse; but opened with a hymn and prayer, then read the 5th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and gave a five or six minutes' address on justification by faith, and gave place to Brother Fitz, who was a ready and practised exhorter, who gave a much longer and more commanding address and, I think, conducted a class-meeting for all who were willing to remain—a number which steadily increased until when the circuit preachers took it up a year after, twenty-nine members were enrolled. Brother Bull, who had been a leader in Ireland, healed of his backslidings, was placed in charge of the class, and in course of time filled almost every office in the gift of a circuit, and most acceptably exercised the gifts of a local preacher for forty years or more. Thenceforth, I went there or somewhere else, in an unauthorized way, almost every week until I was requested to go out on a circuit four years after my conversion. I used to be so pressed in spirit to stand up in the street, and warn the crowds of pleasure-seekers, and worse, who congregated at various points that I passed in my evening walks, and was often self-condemned because I did not do it; and only obtained quiet of mind by promising that if the Lord would open my way into the ministry I would go to the ends of the earth if He required it. A private house, opened for meetings near what was then called the Blue Bell, a group of houses near where the Toronto Lunatic Asylum is now placed, which received its name from a tavern with a sign having a blue bell painted thereon, was another scene of early labour. The only two times I spoke there, I did so with liberty and comfort. While at work at the scouring-table or something else, a text often applied itself to my mind, and I meditated a sermon thereon. Some of these I delivered years afterwards, word for word as I had premeditated them, although at the time I studied them I was so unskilled in writing that I was utterly unable to write them down. They were, however, not only imprinted, but, as it were, stereotyped on the tablet of my memory. One of these was on the text, "*Quench not the Spirit*," which had thus been lithographed on my mind for about a year, when, spending a Sabbath in Scarborough at my friend Fitzpatrick's, I was called on to address an assembly at the house of Mr. Maginn, near the present hamlet called Wexford, and pronounced, with comfort to myself and the approval of the people, my "tan-house" studied sermon.

I should, perhaps, have informed the reader that more modest efforts to be useful than those I have particularized began earlier and were prosecuted more constantly. These were in connection with Sabbath-school work. When the East York Union Sabbath-school began in the winter of 1824-25—held in two several places before it settled down at the corner of Duke and Berkeley Streets—I steadily taught a class of little boys; and the rule and habit of the teachers of constantly visiting absentees, in which we strengthened each other's hands by companionship, took into many irreligious families where our voices in prayer and admonition were the only religious care received. I never allowed myself to pass a knot of children on

the street (or indeed a single child), without asking them if they attended Sabbath-school, and inviting them to attend if they did not. Were it not for fear of being too prolix, many touching incidents might be narrated.

There were plenty to tell me, both strangers accidentally meeting me and those who know me well, that I was "called to preach;" but there were none to give me directions how to prepare for the work and to render me any efficient aid therein. I was very narrow in my views, and afraid to turn my attention to many things within reach desirable for me to know; but then I literally bolted everything of a religious kind that came in my way; and I seldom left unfinished any book that I once began. I know that I mastered ten books for one now read by the greater part of the highly privileged young people of this day. And at that time I had a memory which retained all once entrusted to its care. I thoroughly learned the plan of salvation by reading Wesley's transparent sermons. After I went out to preach, I was chidden by my first colleague for not having set down in writing the substance of the discourses of the very able preachers I had been favoured to hear. I might have pleaded that for the earlier part of the time I knew not how to write; and that after I had learned, I could not always possess myself of the material for writing and the time to perform the operation. But it was scarcely necessary, with my powers of retention, to have done it. So that I was attending all the time a sort of divinity lectures for four years before entering the ministry. Sermons, moreover, were then more valued and discussed among religious friends than now. They were full of matter, and were seldom under an hour long. If it were under an hour, people would be rather more inclined to think they had been defrauded of their due. The constant clamouring for short services is no very promising indication of interest in divine things.

A SEWING girl met a gay and dashing girl, fashionably dressed, who said: "Can you make a dress for me? I will pay you well for it. I want to wear it on the stage; I must have it at once." "I don't think I can do it," said the girl; "I am afraid if I make this dress that I shall partake of the sin of acting." "You want work; you have been praying for it, for I heard you." "I am afraid it is a temptation of the devil," said the poor girl; "I will ask God about it," and knelt down and asked her heavenly Father. The visitor was overwhelmed. In agony she knelt beside the girl, crying, "Don't pray about the dress, pray for me, that I may forgo a sinful life and become a Christian. You shan't do this work; I shall pay you the same as if you did it; I will abandon the stage." Three years after a letter was received from the actress. "I loved the stage," she said; "I expected to realize a fortune; but since the night you prayed for me I have never entered a theatre. I have a happy home, and am a Christian, and bless God for the night I brought my dress for the stage for you to make."

It is said that the religions established among at least 800,000,000—or two-thirds of the human race—strictly prohibit the use of intoxicating beverages. This is the case with Buddhists, Brahmins, Mahomedans.

Easter.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

WHEN the snow was deep, we said:
Tis a coverlet, gently spread—
Spread and folded tenderly
Where the sleeping lilies lie;
Fold on fold of fleecy white,
Cold to touch and pure to sight,
Wrapped about the deep repose
Of the violet and the rose.
Softly speak and lightly tread,
Death is guarding Life, we said.

When the Spring was late, we said,
While the storm-wind blew o'erhead,
God's dear Springtime doth but wait;
Come it soon or come it late,
Come it slow or come it fast,
It shall surely come at last.
Frosts may blind and buds may rue;
Still the promise standeth true.
Though the earth seem sore beatead,
God does not forget, we said.

When our souls were dark, we said:
Courage, soul, be comforted!
Every life some hardness knows,
Winter time and heavy snows;
Every heart must learn to wait,
Though the Spring be cold and late;
Prayers in time shall change to praise,
Easter crown the Lenten days;
Christ is risen from the dead;
Christ shall raise us, too, we said.

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TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1885.

Easter Sunday.

BY THE REV. B. HAWLEY, D.D.

NEXT to Christmas, the Easter festival—the anniversary of the resurrection of our Lord—is the most significant of the several festivals of the Church, and is most commonly and zealously observed. The word "Easter" had, at first, no reference to this Christian event. It is a modified form of the Anglo-Saxon *Eastre*, the name of the goddess of spring, in whose honour a festival was annually celebrated in the month of April. In the only instance in which this word occurs in the New Testament it is a mistranslation of *pascha*, the passover. A movable feast, it occurs by the authority of the Church annually, on the first Sunday after Good Friday, and corresponds as to time with the Passover of the Jews. Its observance, if not apostolic, dates back to the early post-apostolic times. And yet it is everywhere seen in the writings of the Christian fathers of the first three centuries that the resurrection of Christ and the general resurrection of the dead are strongly and constantly defined and maintained, and doubtless the anniversary of our Lord's

resurrection was observed from the beginning.

Among the early Greek fathers who lived after the great Nicene Council, held A.D. 325, and who wrote of the Easter festival, was the famous Athanasius, who for 'alf a century was the chief figure in the Christian world, the great defender of the doctrine of the Trinity. Born about A.D. 297, he early rose to such distinction as a scholar and defender of the faith as to have it said of him by Liberius, Bishop of Rome: "The whole world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against it!"—an expression that has been abbreviated to "Athanasius against the world." As Bishop of Alexandria, where astronomical science was early cultivated, he officially announced the date and proper observance of this annual festival. In one of his epistles, he says: "We begin the fast of forty days on the sixth day of Phamenoth (March 2); and having passed through that properly, with fasting and prayers, we may be able to attain to the holy day. The great week of the passion begins on the eleventh of Pharmuthi (April 6). And let us rest from the fast on the sixteenth of it (April 11), on the seventh day, late in the evening. Let us keep the feast when the first of the week rises upon us, on the seventeenth of the month Pharmuthi (April 12). Let us then add, one after the other, the seven holy weeks of Pentecost, rejoicing and praising God that He hath by these things made known to us beforehand joy and rest everlasting, prepared in heaven for those of us who truly believe in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Gregory Nyssa, another learned and pious Trinitarian, also wrote forcibly of the observance of this day. Born about A.D. 331, he was an admirer of Origen and of Basil the Great, and an able defender of the Nicene faith. In a dialogue purporting to have been between Gregory and his sister, because of the death of their brother, Basil, he says, "My opinion is this; The soul is an active, living, spiritual essence which confers upon the organized body, which perceives through its senses, power to live and to observe things known by the senses so long as its nature is capable thereof." In the future life it will recognize, he says, the elements of its body scattered at death, and will reassume them, so that it shall be like the glorious body of Christ, of whose resurrection Easter is the memorial.

Another of the later Greek fathers, who wrote definitely of Easter, was John of Damascus. He was born near the close of the seventh century, and died about A.D. 754. He was a brilliant scholar and profound divine. "For nearly two centuries before his day," says a late writer, "the luminaries of the Eastern Church had been only feeble rush-lights; for almost a hundred years even such rush-lights had disappeared, and now suddenly from the lonely monastery of St. Sabas shot forth a flame worthy of shining in the best ages of the Church." Of the hymns written by this famous Damascene is one entitled "Golden Canon for Easter Day," that I here transcribe:

'Tis the day of Resurrection,
Earth! tell it abroad!
The Passover of gladness!
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own *All hail!* and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain!

Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein,
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend—
For Christ the Lord hath risen—
Our joy that hath no end.

Berkeley Street Methodist Church.

THE special services in the Berkeley Street Methodist Church continue, and with constantly increasing interest. Mr. Starr conducts the services, and though he has received no outside help, the meetings have so grown that from twenty to thirty nightly experience conversion. He has adopted a novel method of assistance, having formed his young converts into a corps of "lieutenants," "pickets," etc., for inside work, and "scouts" to visit and look after those recently converted. The people of the church evidently think the direct way of giving the best, as on a recent Sunday a collection was taken up and \$600 voluntarily laid on the plate.

Revival Services.

GREAT GATHERINGS AT THE CARLTON STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

"SALVATION meetings every night; come and be saved." Such are the placards placed outside this church to arrest the attention of the passer-by. A stranger might at once suppose that "sensationalism" was the prominent feature of the services being held. The doors are open, let us enter and see. It is half-past seven; the large audience-room is being rapidly filled; instead of the pulpit with its usual surroundings a neat platform has been erected. On it are a number of singers, and seated in front are the "White Brothers." The song service commences; these brothers lead. Now singing alone with touching tenderness and pathos such gems of song as: "The half has never yet been told," "This is why I love my Jesus"—then in union with the singing band swelling out the chorus, "Behold the Bridegroom," "Will you be washed in the blood?" If you wish to know the effect of this song service look over the audience, every heart seems touched. Quietude, reverence, joy, solicitude, anxiety, are the feelings which evidently prevail.

It is eight o'clock. The audience-room is crowded. The galleries have been opened, and the people are rushing in. The pastor announces a hymn, and the whole congregation join in song. Some one leads in a short, earnest prayer for present power. The White Brothers sing "Jesus now is passing by." A few verses from the Word of God are read. Again they sing. A minister or layman gives a short, pointed address. Then the pastor makes an appeal for present decision. Those who desire salvation are asked to manifest it by rising, while the congregation bow their heads in silent prayer. One rises, then another, and another, and another. The appeal is continued. "Jesus is waiting to save" is tenderly sung. Still they rise. Those who have thus risen are asked to come forward, and kneel together. Then follow short seasons of prayer and exhortation,

closing with an opportunity for testimony upon the part of those who have truly found Christ.

The interest in these revival services is deepening. Large numbers have already been led to think and act for God. While there is a very marked absence of anything like mere excitement, there is a very manifest spirit of solemn, anxious enquiry. Few, if any, come to trifle, or to be mere careless spectators. The Gospel as sung, and read, and spoken is reaching the hearts of very many. They are emphatically "Salvation meetings."—*Globe*.

From Wealth to Poverty; or, The Tricks of the Traffic. By the Rev. Austin Potter. Toronto: William Briggs; Montreal: W. Coates; Halifax: S. F. Huestis.

This is a 12mo. volume of 330 pp., good paper, and excellent type. The workmanship is creditable to the Methodist Publishing House. The author is a Methodist minister in the Guelph Conference, and, like many of his brethren, he has taken an active part in the Temperance campaign, which has brought him into close contact with those who are interested in the liquor traffic. He has taken note of their proceedings, and has made good use of his observations. Such persons are not generally very scrupulous in respect to their proceedings. With them the end seems to justify the means. No matter how much suffering is inflicted, nor how many deaths occur as the result of "the traffic," they are resolved that it shall be maintained. Mr. Potter's descriptions of some of the scenes which he has witnessed are enough to excite the hatred of every sane man against a traffic which produces such havoc in society. The description of the enemy's tactics unfold a duplicity and meanness worthy of the father of lies. Some of the pen pictures of the rum orators are graphic and amusing, the reading of which will recall some of those worthies before the mind of the reader. We strongly urge all our Sunday-school superintendents especially to see that Mr. Potter's book has a place in their libraries. It is such a book as young people will read. Parents would do well to have it in their homes. In these days of corrupt literature every lover of his race should use means to circulate extensively such books as that now named. "Wealth to Poverty" is Mr. Potter's first venture as an author. It should not be his last.

The Dictionary of English History, announced by Cassell & Company, will be ready in a few days. It is edited by Sidney J. Low, B.A., and F. S. Pulling, M.A., and will be issued in one large octavo volume of 1,120 pages. The value of a dictionary of English history need hardly be dwelt upon. Why the want of one was not supplied long ago is the first question that suggests itself. Few dictionaries will be more frequently referred to by students than this one.

Volume two of Cassell's *Greater London*, by Edward Walford, is nearly ready. This completes a most interesting and valuable narrative of the wonderful city on the Thames. The maps and engravings that accompany the book are an attractive feature, and make it invaluable to those persons who want to know London as she is and has been for so many years.



THE WATCH AT THE SEPULCHRE.

The Watch at the Sepulchre.

FROM East to West I've marched beneath
the eagles;
From Pontus unto Gall,
Kept many a watch on which, by death
surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until these rocks re-
echoed,
To think that I should fear—
Who have met death in every form un-
shrinking—
To watch this dead man here.

In Dacian forests, sitting by our watch-fire,
I've kept the wolves at bay;
On Rhetian Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling
Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights, upon the sands of Libya,
I've sat with shield firm set
And heard the lion roar, in this fore-arm
The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath;
And saw his jewel-eyes gleam: then he
seized me,
And instant met his death.

My weapon in his thick-veined neck I
buried,
My feet his warm blood dyed;
And then I bound my wound, and till the
morning
Lay couched upon his side.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the peace-
ful city
Lies at our feet asleep,
Round us the still more peaceful dead are
lying
In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind moaning glides among the olives
Till every hill-side sighs;
But round us here the moanings seem to
muster,
And gather where He lies.

And through the darkness faint pale gleams
are flying,
That touch this hill alone;

Whence these unearthly lights? and whence
the shadows
That move upon the stone?

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,
His great eyes I could meet;
But His, if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me to His feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there
bleeding,
And put my soul to shame,
As if my mother with his eyes was pleading,
And pity overcame,

But could not save. He who in death was
hanging
On the accursed tree,
Was He the Son of God? for so in dying
He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from His face:
What if He rose again and I should meet
Him!
How awful is this place!

*Preston Tower; or, Will He No' Come
Back Again?* By Jessie M. E.
Saxby. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Ander-
son, & Ferrier; Toronto: William
Briggs.

This is a beautiful 12mo. volume of
378 pp., well bound, fine paper and
good type. The author writes in a
clear, vigorous style, without any namby-
pambyism, of which many of the books
intended for young persons contain an
abundance. The scene of the story is
Preston Tower, near the famous Preston-
pans battlefield, where Prince Charlie
won a short-lived triumph. The
persons of whom the story gives some
graphic portraits are Mr. and Mrs.
Winton, their son and daughter, Dr.
Munro, Kate Mowbray, who afterwards
became Mrs. Overton. The parents
first named were strict Presbyterians;
the son, Sholto, was fond of youthful
sports, and was intended by his father

for mercantile life, which was not
congenial to the tastes of the son. He
was sent to Edinburgh to learn busi-
ness, but soon fell into bad company,
which brought him into disgrace, and
he was enticed to join a company of
smugglers, some of whom were captured
by Her Majesty's officers. To avoid
capture he absconded and became a
soldier, and was sent to India and
served through the Sepoy rebellion.
The young man returned to Scotland,
like the prodigal who went home to
his father. No wonder that the
daughter and he became affianced. The
story is full of good sentiments and
cannot fail to be useful to young people
of both sexes. It is embellished with
several well executed woodcuts.

**A Very Old Lily; or, The Story of
Easter.**

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

THE lily is sure to hang out the pure,
white banners of its blossoms in the
churches on Easter Sunday. The Eas-
ter festival itself is a lily among the
days of the Christian calendar, and as
such is not only a sweet and fragrant
flower, but a very old one. And how
old is this Easter lily? The Easter
festival takes our thoughts back to
the earliest years of the Church of
Christ. The word "Easter" came
over the rough seas from the land of
the Saxons to the shores of Britain,
Easter being a divinity that had a
spring festival; and this name was
finally appropriated to the Christian
spring festival of the resurrection. That
resurrection festival was highly hon-
oured by the early Christians. Let us
transport ourselves in imagination
back among those far-off years. Visit
Rome, and especially those meeting-
places of the early Christians for worship
—the Catacombs of Rome. Come with
me and enter that arched opening in the
earth, its very shape like a doorway
promising to lead somewhere if we will
only step down and partially follow
the shadowy passage-way that beckons
us on. Through the shadows, we cau-
tiously advance, on, on, turning here and
there, winding to the left, and winding
to the right, now entering chambers and
then passing into rambling galleries.
And here the early Christians used to
meet for worship. Here they brought
their dead for burial in the dark walls.
Here they fled when persecution
grew in the streets of Rome. And
here let us think of them as assembled
to honour the great resurrection Sun-
day. They have already been remem-
bering the day when our Lord was
crucified. They have remembered it
in prayer, in fasting also, and through
Saturday we think of them as watchers
in that garden where our Lord was laid
in the tomb. They are watching,
Saturday night, waiting for the morn-
ing of the resurrection-day to dawn.
Dawn? Some one entering the dark
catacombs may bring the tidings that
he heard without a cock crowing,
cheery sign of the approach of morning!
Ah, that is the hour when it was
thought our Lord arose from the dead.
We seem now to hear on every side the
joyful cries, "The Lord is risen!
The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen
indeed!" Fasting and night over;
salutations of joy resound. Worship
assumes a jubilant character. We see
those disciples bowing also to receive
the holy communion, or some one pre-
sents himself for baptism. To watch
by the tomb is over and the morning

has brought a risen Saviour. We fol-
low the worshippers out of the cata-
combs. They salute with Easter
greetings the friends they meet, and in
their homes the same joyous outcries
echo when parents and children meet.
When the Church of Christ became
strong, when its sentiments ruled in
the community and its customs were
accepted and practised, then courts of
justice were closed. Some prisoner
was sure to be liberated from his dis-
mal confinement. Were Christians
rich enough to own servants? Some
slave was sure to lose his fetters.
Christian services could not be inter-
rupted by public spectacles of the
heathen, and the places where these
were held were closed. Were there
poor families in the community?
Somebody's hunger was sure to be
relieved.

As Christianity went everywhere
over the great military roads branching
out from Rome, Christian truth and
Christian customs everywhere were re-
ceived. How the Easter lily, that
bowed its head and hid in the cata-
combs, now bloomed before the eyes of
all men, a queen flower everywhere!

Of course, different centuries and
different countries have exhibited
various methods of the observance of
Easter. At one time, Easter was
celebrated for eight days. Then it was
shortened to three and two days. In
our corner of the world, in popular
estimation, Easter lasts through Sun-
day, and Easter-Monday is a very dif-
ferent day. Customs change. Once
the Easter kiss was very popular, and
an accompanying cry was the Latin
"Surrexit" ("He is risen!"). "Vere
Surrexit" ("He is risen indeed") was
the reply. In Russia, to-day, the Eas-
ter kiss is given as friends meet. The
great Czar himself must do his duty,
and on a large scale. He receives in
the chapel of the Winter Palace his
great war-generals, his counsellors, his
senators, his family, the clergy and
others, and the Czar, as well as the
poorest person, must bestow the Easter
kiss.

The Easter egg is a very popular
feature of this festival in some coun-
tries. In St. Petersburg, hundreds of
thousands of eggs are given away at
this time. Germany is a land we asso-
ciate with the Easter egg. This is
seen in very fanciful forms. Perhaps
it is a wheelbarrow of little eggs
trundled by a hare, that one sees in
the windows of the shops; or out of
an egg the chicken may be staring at
the new world they have been supposed
to discover. And if eggs and chickens
and hares are all of sugar, what a
sweet, toothsome time a boy must have
in "Fatherland!" In this country,
the Easter egg is better known each
succeeding year, and if folks take to
eating them extensively, and also to
giving them extensively, Mother-Hen
will soon be receiving larger orders
than she can fill with comfort. Another
name for Easter egg is Pasch egg, the
word meaning passover, which is asso-
ciated with Easter. On the Scottish
moors, the young people once had the
custom of venturing out at an early
hour on Pasch Sunday. They would
hunt up wild-fowls' eggs for breakfast,
and O lucky lad and lassies that put
their hands on such a smooth, round
souvenir!

The use of the egg is not a Christian
practice only. The Jews at passover-
time found a place for eggs in the feast,
and the Persians are said to exchange

incubated eggs when one considers in the month of March when the sun starts in a new day's journey, according to our calendar...

Another species of Easter is light. It is said of the Emperor that he has established death and brought life and immortality to light. He is called the Sun of Righteousness, the Light...

Around such a day as Easter many social customs would naturally gather. Old England illustrates this. On the Monday after Easter, or Easter Monday, men would "lift" the woman in a horizontal position...

In some of the Greek cities, the joy that Easter brings is said to be of a very noisy nature; that firearms are employed to express the feelings of the people, and are discharged with great enthusiasm...

and guide to the happy, joyous Easter now welcomed by the crowds in the streets.

From four white Easter Day how resplendent is adorned in various kinds, yet always pure and fair and white. How and a flower also, and yet when we think of the customs that will cherish it, how young it still is.

Easter.

Swarm numbers are weaving their soft web of beauties' daughter, in my breast. As Easter, glad hope-bringing Easter, comes fragrant with blossoms again.

I think of that other race mourning. Of the friends of Jesus who wept, Of the angels waiting in silence. At Joseph's new tomb where He slept.

I see the light flash of the dawn of day, in the east creeping low, And soon, with its banners of beauty, The sun sets the horizon aglow.

And I soon, through years that turn backward, To see Mary of Bethany go With spices and perfumes most precious, A tribute of love to bestow.

But the tomb had yielded its treasure, Dignity burst every band, And He who has bought my redemption, Sits now at the Father's right hand.

The crucified Christ now is risen, No more will He suffer for men; He breaths, He breaths forever, Oh, tell the glad tidings again!

O earth, in your green budding spring-time, O childhood, the emblem of spring, O manhood and age, all existing, Your homage and gratitude bring!

Crown Him who has risen, your Saviour, For He lives our crowning to see; Christ breaths! O mortals adore Him, He has risen for you and for me!

Easter.

WEARY man once rested from his labours on the last day of the week. Now on its first day he seeks strength wherewith to face the work of life. This change from the Sabbath to the Lord's Day finds its rational explanation in the fact that on the first morning of the week Jesus rose from the dead.

From the dawn of Christianity one day in the year has commemorated the resurrection of the Lord. There is no satisfactory statement of the origin of Easter except that which admits that on that festival the early Church affirmed in triumphant song its creed: "We believe in Jesus Christ our Lord, who was crucified, dead and buried; the third day He rose from the dead."

An intelligent skeptic may assert that it is impossible that one should rise from the dead. But he must be silent in the presence of the stupendous fact that for nineteen centuries Christianity has rested upon an empty tomb. He is silent because, though his skepticism is intolerant of a miracle, his intellect is too conscientious to accept those explanations of the phenomenon which affirm the imposture, or the hallucination, of strong-minded men who battled and died for their faith in the trustworthiness of their senses.

One of the most striking facts in the history of the resurrection is that the disciples' faith found them and not they it. The event was so antagonistic to their thoughts that not until they had seen the risen Lord again and again, had eaten and talked with Him, had touched and handled Him, did they accept the evidence of their senses. Again and again through those

wonderful forty days did they verify what their eyes saw and their ears heard. Only when they were possessed by the mystery of the fact did they proclaim that their Master had risen from the dead.

Easter is the festival of exultation. It commemorates not a spectacular incident of the Master's life, but the divine revelation that He was what He claimed to be—a teacher sent from God. Those who sympathize with this "Queen of days," as the ancient Church called it, exult with mind and heart, as they recall the exact which brought life and immortality to light, and hear again those amazing words, "Blessed be they that live also."

Their exultation is rational. It is the joyous expression of men who, convinced of the truth of the Lord's resurrection and words, have been quickened by the love which elevates conviction into personal trust in Him who came, suffered, died and rose again that they might have life and immortality.

Ancient paganism gave no helpful response to the soul's cry, "If a man die, shall he live again?" One of its poets expresses the common faith: "Hope goes with life—all hopeless are the dead." "Once dead there is no resurrection more," mournfully echoes the Greek tragedy.

Here and there were to be found those who admitted the possibility of a future life. Some went so far as to think it probable that the souls of heroes, slain for their country, survived death, though their spirits were not themselves, but the ghosts of what they had been.

Themselves were their bodies left on the battle-field to be devoured by dogs and vultures. But in that probability few found consolation—none the inspiration of hope. On no pagan tomb was inscribed "He sleeps."

But the resurrection of Jesus so flooded that ancient world with the light of the life beyond death, that even the bondman believed in the soul's immortality, and the peasant beheld the beatific vision. Then followed a spiritual upheaval such as the world had never seen. Common life was dignified, and drudgery became a service of love.

The slave, conscious of his immortality, went about as a freeman. The patrician, knowing that he was an heir of the eternal life, became the servant of those who were joint-heirs with him. No life was insignificant. The accidents of birth, or station, or income, neither enhanced nor lessened it. A hut might be a temple, and the lowliest task a spiritual vocation.

In the light of our Lord's resurrection, the intellect sees and is satisfied that whatever may be the changes which await us in the unclothing of death, there will be no distraction of consciousness and no loss of personal identity.

We, ourselves, shall be clothed upon. Our graves shall be emptied; our bodies shall be changed, yet our personality will continue. Death has no sting for those whose eyes are aglow with the Easter hope.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN says: "The ale jug robs the cupboard and the table, starves the wife, and strips the children; it is a great thief, house-breaker and heart-breaker, and the best possible thing is to break it to pieces, or keep it on the shelf bottom upward."

Easter.

Loose a mistow might and thought, Fell a golden hour of light In the heart of Christmas again When our Lord was born.

Then from my heart in gloom I'll above you bring forth Planted in everlasting bloom— Flow of Easter morn.

The Easter Lesson.

A GOOD sermon belonging to a country church gave, one summer in opinion of the observance of Good Friday, Easter, Christmas, etc., rather sharply to a city minister.

"It is all a revival of formalism," he declared. "What is the difference between Easter Sunday and any other Sunday? Your gifts and crosses and wands are nothing but rank superstition."

The next day, the deacon, passing through the streets, found the banks and places of business closed, and a quiet like that of the Sabbath in the most crowded thoroughfares.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "It is the day of the Saviour's crucifixion. In this State it is legally observed."

He went to church and listened to a solemn sermon on the sacrifice upon Calvary. "I do not know, after all," he said, "why we should keep the Battle of New Orleans as an anniversary, and not that of Christ's birth and death."

When Easter morning came the sun was shining; a soft spring air whispered of life beneath the snow-covered ground. The windows of the houses, as he went down the street, were filled with white flowers; rejoicing anthems pealed from every church-door. His friend met him with outstretched hand.

"Surely we can be glad together that Christ has arisen!" he said. "Come here," opening the gate of the church-yard. Upon many of the graves were laid fresh flowers. "They are only a sign, but they are the sign of the resurrection," he said. "Think of the comfort to the poor, mourning mothers and wives that brought them here to remember that, as Christ rose from the dead, their loved ones shall live again."

The objector said nothing, but his friend noticed that in church he joined promptly in singing, "Even so in Christ shall all be made alive;" and when he came out among the happy throng, his eyes were dim. "I will never grudge to any Christian his Easter-day again," he said.

The old prejudice against the festival among certain denominations of excellent and fruitful people, which grew out of the fear that formalism would take the place of inward devotion, as in the Middle Ages, is fast disappearing, and Easter is now celebrated by nearly all Christians as in the early days of the Church. It may be that in time the festival of the resurrection will become universal, and that the world itself will literally keep Easter Day.

LAST year the women of the United States gave \$500,000 toward Christianizing the heathen. Of this large sum Presbyterian women gave nearly \$200,000; Baptist women, \$156,000; Congregational women, \$130,000; Northern Methodist women, \$108,000, and Southern Methodist women, over \$25,000.

Easter Morning.

BY BELLA M. SWAIL.

The hills and plains of Palestine
Are wrapped in moonlight's glittering sheen;
The crystal waves of Chinnoreth
Lie in sad silence like the hush of death.
On star-browed Olivos see a misty halo fall,
On dark Gethsemane the shadow of a pall;
The low-hushed winds that over Calvary
Seem mournfully to echo the Sabaothani.

Now in the garden's shadowed gloom
The Crucified sleeps in His guarded tomb;
A crownless king of a royal stem,
The Prince of Peace and Star of Bethlehem;
Like adamant barring the gates of death,
A great stone is laid like a mighty Shibboleth;
O'er it a radiance like an aureole shone,
Or glory of Sholkinah from Jewish altars
down.

And there unseen by mortal eyes,
Where the celestial ladders pierce the skies,
Shining and pure ones come and go
On their sweet ministries to Him below.
No sound is borne upon the midnight air
Save the tender cadence of low-breathed
prayer.
Reverently from their eternal space
The still stars are watching o'er that thrice-
hallow'd place.

Ere the faint flush of the coming day
Had given its gold to the dawnlight gray,
They that of all had loved Him best
Came earnestly seeking His place of rest.
And lo! when morn unbarred the gates of
day,
Angels from heaven had rolled the stone
away;
And white-robed ones in joyful accents said,
"Christ is triumphant; He is risen from the
dead."

O then upon a thousand hills
Resplendent glory beams and sweetly thrills
The pulseless earth to fuller life,
And Love sits crowned in the place of strife.
Crimsoning o'er the battlements of gray,
See, in the rosy east the oriflammes of day.
Glowing incarnadine where morn has dawned,
Then slowly fading in the sapphire depths
beyond.

Flung wide open are the gates of gold,
Far and wide the morning splendour rolled,
Burst the bonds of death and prison,
The grave is vanquished and Christ is risen.
O Christ Incarnate! how the life-giving sun
Rejoiced, and tremulous lilies one by one
Upheld their snowy chalices to greet
With voiceless carolings the coming of Thy
feet.

Christ has risen! O morn so sweet,
Love's mighty sacrifice is now complete.
Ye angel choirs, rejoice and sing,
Through all the earth let the glad tidings
ring!
Swell thou the tide of song, my ransomed
soul,
This everlasting song, that as the ages roll
Shall sweeter grow till every tongue and
creed
Proclaim from sea to sea, "Christ is risen
indeed."

Infinite One! who that same day,
When thy few followers were wont to pray,
Stood in the midst, and sweet and true
Thy tender greeting, "Peace be unto you!"
O let Thine unseen presence make this day
bright!
Fill all our waiting souls with Thine effulgent
light;
And grant, Thou dear Redeemer, that o'er
souls new-born
Angels in heaven may rejoice this golden
morn!

The Prize Easter Card.

BY MARY C. BALLARD.

THERE was quite a commotion in
Prof. Bail's art-class the morning he
announced that a prize would be given
for the finest design for an Easter
card. "It must be original in design,
and express a perfect thought of the
resurrection," was his special charge to
them; and he would give them three
months' time.

For weeks afterwards there were
busy workers among the pupils, each
working out with pencil or brush her
thought of the resurrection. Prof.

Bail with thoughtful kindness remem-
bered the unfortunate one of his class,
one who a year ago was one of his
most successful pupils; but she had
been crippled by a fall, and for months
had lain on a couch of pain. When
Prof. Bail looked in upon her to tell
her that a prize had been offered for the
best Easter card designed by his pupils,
his heart shrank with pity as he saw
how deeply she grieved because she
was cut off from a life of study and
art. Hard as it was for her to bear
her ever-present pain, harder yet was
the cross of "keeping still," and being
shut out from the beautiful life of art
she had dreamed was opening before
her. Her eyes were full of tears, but
she said, "I am glad for your pupils,
but sorry for myself."

As she turned away to hide her
sadness, her eyes rested upon a branch
of shrub that her brother had placed
over a picture a few weeks before.
Attached to the branch was a cocoon;
a brown, homely thing, but the young
girl had hugged to her heart the spirit
that it had embodied, thinking that it
was a simile of her own life—alive, yet
a prisoner.

With a pitiful look she turned to
Prof. Bail and said, "That ugly worm
shut up in a shell and wrapped around
with grave-clothes is an emblem of
myself. Don't ever tell me anything
more of the beautiful things of life;
they are not for me!"

Seeing it was useless to reason with
the sad-hearted girl, Prof. Bail examined
the cocoon, which to him was a thing
of beauty, and noticing something un-
seen by others, said, "Wait a little;
perhaps there will come to you a pic-
ture of the resurrection. Good-by,
and may bright days dawn upon you."

Two mornings after, as Agnes Sage
turned her face to the morning light,
she saw on the window-sill a gorgeous
butterfly. It was lazily fanning its
wings in the sunlight, showing its
graceful form and rich colouring.
Never in her life had anything seemed
more beautiful to her than this insect,
coming to her as a friend, displaying
its beauty to her as a morning saluta-
tion.

She rang her bell and when her
nurse came said, "Oh, quick! call
father, mother, and Will." They
speedily came with frightened faces,
but were greeted by a smile from the
invalid and the word, "Look!" All
admired the beautiful butterfly; but
where did it come from? The cocoon
was examined, and at one end was
discovered a small hole seeming only
large enough for the passage of a tiny
fly; and without teeth, how could the
butterfly have eaten its way out of the
shell and through the silken cocoon?
Mr. Sage solved the mystery by telling
them that some butterflies used their
eyes as files, and others exuded a liquid
that softened the silk, and thus the
door was easily opened for them to
pass into a world of freedom and
light. He also told them that the
mothers of the butterflies seldom
wrapped themselves in cocoons; they
were usually content with a chrysalis,
leaving it for the more pains-taking
moth-mothers to wrap themselves in
silken shrouds. But this insect seemed
to come for Agnes's special entertain-
ment, and thus displayed the whole
category of its accomplishments.

Agnes's pain was so much easier to
bear that day as she studied the beau-
ties of her new treasure. She watched
its graceful flights, she observed its

long, oval body composed of rings, its
globular eyes with numerous facets,
its pretty clubs on the antennae that
served them as ears. She saw it un-
curl its long tongue, usually coiled in
a small spiral between its eyes, and
gather honey from the heliotrope; and
above all she studied the wondrous
colouring of its wings. Agnes had a
new art teacher that day—one who
long ago had taught the eminent Eng-
lish artist Stothard his rare knowledge
of mixing colours.

At last it was decided that the spirit
of the butterfly must pass on the wings
of ether to the Beyond, while its beau-
tiful form should be carefully pre-
served. In due time it was set up as
a perfect specimen, and was a great de-
light to the young sufferer.

One day Prof. Bail's words recurred
to her, "Perhaps there will come to
you a picture of the resurrection." Here
it was before her—the butterfly
—an object used for ages as the type of
immortality. The Greeks had called it
Psyche—the soul. The beauty of the
thought gradually dawned upon
her, both in its outer and inner mean-
ing. The risen Christ came to her and
comforted her, and made her content
with her chrysalis state, knowing that
at last His love would open the door
and she would arise in His likeness.

She begged for her artist's materials,
and when they were placed on the bed
beside her, she tried to transfer to a
panel her lovely thought of the resur-
rection. It was not an easy way to
paint, lying flat on her back, but in
this way Michael Angelo painted some
of his most wonderful frescoes. Day after
day the brave sufferer persisted in her
work, her weakness allowing her to use
the brush only a short time, but after
many days and weeks the Easter card
was completed.

In the lower right-hand corner was
the branch with the cocoon; a bar of
gilt across the panel kept it as a minor,
separate thought. In the centre of the
panel, was a cluster of Easter lilies,
and poised above them was the butter-
fly, copied so perfectly that you almost
expected to see the fluttering insect
soar away. Near the butterfly, in
shining letters was "Arise," while
close to the cocoon were the words
"Not dead, but sleepeth."

At last the day came when the pictures
were sent in and the prize awarded.
The pupils were to be the first judges,
but a committee of three artists were
to award the prize. With eager eyes
and beating hearts the art-pupils
scanned the pictures, each hoping great
things for her own design, but, loyal to
their sense of beauty and truth, they
each cast in their vote for the butterfly
design; and when they found the artists'
judgment coincided with their own,
they burst into a ladylike shout of
approval.

Both artists and pupils wondered
who was the successful designer. Prof.
Bail was the most astonished of all, for
he did not dream that one among his
pupils had the power of such exquisite
touch, or such skill in colouring.

Among the pupils, each seemed
watching the other, thinking the de-
signer would not dare to clap her hands
with pleasure, but there was not one
among them who shrank from express-
ing her joy.

The mystery only deepened until the
sealed envelopes were opened, and
Agnes Sage was announced the success-
ful designer. This was so unthought-
of a climax that their rejoicing knew

no bounds. Every tinge of envy faded
from their hearts as they realized that
to this poor, suffering girl, whom they
had so pitied and loved, had been un-
folded the most beautiful thought of
the resurrection. They recognized too
the wise Hand that holds the balances,
and when He deals out sorrow sends a
compensating blessing.

The prize Easter card was voted a
great success, not only as it had in-
spired the pupils to their best en-
deavours in art, but it had unfolded a
new experience to many of the gay
girls, who hitherto had thought only of
dancing through life on the winged
feet of pleasure. The picture com-
menced only with a desire of showing
skill in design and beauty of colouring
ended in the fair worker catching
something of the spirit that she sought
to embody in her design, and on her
heart was painted a fair picture of the
risen Christ than the highest art could
portray with pencil or brush.

What was the prize? The most
complete set of artist's materials that
money could purchase. The boxes of
beautifully polished wood, inlaid so
exquisitely that they seemed just
pretty enough to hold the rich and
costly colours, of every conceivable tint,
that rested each in its cosy home, with
a tiny door-plate bearing its name;
the palette, the water-cups, the nest of
cabinet saucers, of the clearest and
most beautiful china; the sable brushes
in all sizes; the porcelain plaques, the
panels and cards of delicate tints, and
the artist's adjustable table—an outfit
that the English Princess Louise would
be proud to accept.

The table, that seemed at first a use-
less gift to the invalid, was soon trans-
formed into a most convenient desk,
resting upon a light frame, that could
be placed over the invalid on the bed,
and thus make it much easier for her
to use her brush.

Soon after Prof. Bail went to Agnes
Sage's room to offer his congratulations
and tender the rich, artistic outfit to
the gifted sufferer. At the same time
the art-pupils quietly entered the room
below, and through the open doors
there floated up the joyous strains of
the Easter hymn; and Agnes Sage
chanted a *Te Deum* in her heart,
knowing that through the Easter card
"Christ had risen indeed" in her soul.

"I REGARD the use of beer as the
true temperance principle. When I
work all day and am exhausted, noth-
ing helps me like a glass of beer. It
assists nature, you understand." "It
makes a fool of me," the friend replied.
"That's what I say. It assists nature."

SIR JAMES BROOKE, the enterprising
colonizer of Borneo, speaks in his
"Journal" of habitual abstinence from
alcoholic liquors "as decidedly con-
ducive to the maintenance of health, and
of the power of sustained exertion in
the equatorial regions in which he had
established himself."

THE conquest of England by the
Normans under William was owing
more to the fact that the English were
under the influence of fermented drinks
than to the prowess of Norman arms.
Though inferior to the English in
point of numbers, the Normans had the
advantage of being temperate in eating
and drinking. Fuller, the Church
historian, states that "the English,
being revellers just before the battle of
Hastings, were no better than drunk
when they came to fight."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A.D. 60.] LESSON I. [April 5.]

PAUL'S VOYAGE.

Acts 27. 1, 2, 14-26. Commit to mem. vs. 22-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.—*Acts 27. 25.*

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God able to support in time of trouble.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 27. 1-26. T. Gen. 7. 11-24; 8. 1-11. W. Ex. 14. 13-31. Th. Isa. 23. 1-14. F. Jonah, chaps. 1 and 2. Sa. 2 Cor. 11. 21-33. Su. Luke 8. 22-40.

TIME.—Latter half of A.D. 60. Probably from about Aug. 21 to about Nov. 1.

PLACE.—The eastern half of the Mediterranean Sea.

PAUL.—Aged about 58; on his way to preach the Gospel at Rome.

RULERS.—Nero, emperor of Rome (seventh year.) Herod Agrippa II., king of Trachonitis, etc. (seventh year.) Festus, governor of Judea (made so within a few months.)

INTRODUCTION.—We left Paul, at the end of Lesson XII., 1st Quarter, pronounced by Agrippa II., after a prolonged hearing, to be innocent, so that he might properly be discharged had he not appealed to Caesar. In view of the appeal, however, he must be sent to Rome. After a short interval (supposed to have been about three weeks,) spent in preparing for the journey and in waiting for the ship, Paul, with other prisoners, began the voyage to Italy, under military guard. This lesson takes the matter up at this point.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Julius*—Nothing is certainly known of him except from chaps. 27, 28. *Centurion*—Commander of a hundred. *Augustus' band*—rather, "Augustan band"; of Roman soldiers. 2. *Adramyttium*—A port of Asia Minor near the head of Egean Sea. They took this ship expecting that at some port it touched, they would find a vessel going to Italy. *Aristarchus*—See chap. 19. 29; 20. 4. He and Luke (*we*) voluntarily accompanied Paul. 14. *There arose against it*—Rather, "there beat down from it"; i.e., from (over) the island (Crete.) *Euroclydon*—Rather, "Euraquilo," which means, an east-northeast wind. 15. *Beat up into*—Rather, "face." *We let her drive*—Rather, "we gave way to it (the wind), and were driven." 16. *Clauda*—A small island a little south of Crete. *To come by the boat*—i.e., to get on board the ship, the boat towed astern (Luke 8. 23.) 17. *Used helps, etc.*—Cables bound around the middle of the ship to strengthen it from going to pieces. *The quicksands*—"The Syrtis"—sandy shoals called by that name, south-west of them on the north coast of Africa, and much dreaded by mariners. The wind was blowing them directly toward it. *Strake sail*—Rather, "lowered the gear;" i.e., the greater yard and larger rigging. They probably also set a storm sail, by the help of which they could steer the vessel as nearly toward the wind as possible. *So were driven*—They would drift, under the circumstances, a little north of west, at the rate of about one and one-half miles an hour; just about such speed as to reach the island of Malta (chap. 28. 1) in fourteen days (v. 27.) 18. *Lightened the ship*—Of the cargo they could reach, the deck load. 19. *Tackling of the ship*—i.e., its apparatus or furniture—probably such things as chests, utensils, etc. 20. *When neither sun nor stars, etc.*—The compass was not then in use; so that, in stormy weather, they could not tell directions, or know where they were. 21. *Long abstinence*—They were too anxious and continuously occupied to eat regular meals (v. 33.) *And not have loosened, etc.*—See vs. 10. 13. 22. *There shall be no loss, etc.*—This and the following information the angel (v. 23) had imparted. 23. *For there stood, etc.*—A real occurrence, not a vision. 24. *Brought before Caesar*—It was God's purpose that Paul should testify at Rome (chap. 23. 11; Rom. 1. 15.) *God hath given thee, etc.*—In answer to Paul's prayers, all were to escape the storm.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Review of the circumstances that led to this voyage.

—The voyage, and its various stages traced on the map. —Euroclydon.—Why so much space is given to the history of this voyage. —The great influence of Paul on this voyage. —Its sources.—God's help in the storm.—Sources of comfort in times of trouble.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How did Paul come to be a prisoner at Caesarea? Why was he to be sent to Rome? Was this what he desired? (*Acts 23. 11; Rom. 1. 15.*) What circumstances would tend to make them treat Paul kindly? (*Acts 26. 30-32.*)

SUBJECT: GOD OUR HELP IN TROUBLE.

I. THE VOYAGE (vs. 1, 2).—In what way was Paul to be sent to Rome? Who went with him? How do we know that Luke was one of his companions? In whose charge were the prisoners placed? In what ship did they begin their voyage? How near Italy would this take them? In which direction did they go? Within sight of what countries familiar to Paul? Trace out the voyage on the map. Give some incidents in it.

II. THE STORM (vs. 14-20).—What harbour had the ship now reached? (v. 8.) What harbour was it trying to make? (v. 12.) What wind overtook it? When obliged to give way to the wind, under the shelter of what island did the ship run? (v. 16.) What three precautions were then taken? (v. 17.) Reasons for each of these? In what direction did they drift? What was done next? (v. 18.) What does this show about the condition of the ship? What was done next? (v. 19.) How long was the sky overclouded? (v. 20.) What difficulty did that occasion? What were the anticipations of those on board? How is God's power shown in the sea?

III. GOD IN THE STORM (vs. 21-26).—How long did the storm continue? (v. 27; 28, 2.) Who now comforted the people on the ship? To what former advice did he refer? Why? Who had appeared to Paul? Was it in answer to prayer? How did Paul confess his religion? Did not Paul know before this that his own life would be saved? (*Acts 23. 11.*) In what ways was Paul a blessing to those on the ship? What gave him this power for good? How would faith in God make them to be of good cheer?

IV. APPLICATIONS.—In what respects is trouble like a storm? Are we, like these mariners, unable to save ourselves? What promises does God give us in the storm? What verses in the lesson tells us who has a right to plead these promises? How will true faith in God give us good cheer?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God's plans may be carried out in long and strange ways.
2. Discomforts and trials bring out the value of religion.
3. One good man is a blessing to many people.
4. In every life there are storms.
5. But God has help and good cheer for those in the storm.
6. Faith in God, as a wise, powerful, loving father, is the source of comfort.

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

1. Where was Paul going? *Ans.* To Rome to preach the Gospel. 2. How was he going? *Ans.* As a Roman prisoner under military guard. 3. What overtook them on the way? *Ans.* A long and terrible north-east storm. 4. What did Paul do for the others on the ship? *Ans.* He brought good cheer and promise of safety from God.

A.D. 60.] LESSON II. [April 12.]

PAUL'S SHIPWRECK.

Acts 27. 27-44. Commit to mem. vs. 33-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.—*Ps. 107. 28.*

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God able to deliver out of trouble.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 27. 27-44. T. Ps. 104. 1-9. W. Ps. 107. 23-32. Th. Matt. 14. 22-33. F. John 21. 1-14. Sa. Isa. 60. 1-15. Su. Ps. 93. 1-5.

TIME.—About Nov. 1, A.D. 60.

PLACE.—Off and within St. Paul's Bay, in the island of Malta.

INTRODUCTION.—After Paul's reassuring address in the last lesson, in which he communicated to his fellow voyagers the tidings announced to him by the angel, some little time elapsed; when, on the fourteenth night of the storm, about midnight, the sailors surmised that they were nearing land. It is at this point that the lesson opens.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—27. *Adria*—The Adriatic Sea. It anciently included the central basin of the Mediterranean Sea, between Italy and Greece on the north, and extended as far south as Africa. *Deemed, etc.*—Probably from the sound of breakers heard through the darkness. 30. *Under colour, etc.*—They pretended that they wished to row out well forward of the ship and drop anchors there also, so that the ship might be the more securely held. 31. *Paul, etc.*—Paul discovered their plot, and instantly made it known to the centurion and soldiers because they had the force to suppress it. *Except these abide, etc.*—Though God had promised to save all, proper means must be used. The sailors were needed to bring the ship ashore. 33. *Fourteenth day*—Since they left Fair Haven, the duration of the storm. *Continued fasting*—i.e., without regular meals. 34. *For your health*—Or safety. Food would give them strength for the exertions of getting ashore. 36. *Meat*—Food. 38. *Cast out the wheat*—The other merchandise was cast overboard some time before (v. 18.) 42. *To kill the prisoners*—Because they were responsible for the prisoners, and might have to suffer death themselves if the prisoners escaped.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Adriatic Sea.—Malta, and St. Paul's Bay.—The selfish act of the sailors.—The selfish proposal of the soldiers.—The ways in which Paul aided his fellow voyagers.—God's purposes and man's free will illustrated here.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul in our last lesson? What promise had God made to him? (To-day we see how this promise was fulfilled.)

SUBJECT: GOD'S PROMISE FULFILLED.

I. THE NIGHT OF SUSPENSE (vs. 27-30).—How long had the storm continued? How did they know they were nearing land? What land was it? What did they do during the rest of the night? What selfish act did the sailors undertake? What was their object? What was their pretence? Why was this a mean act? What selfish act did the soldiers afterward propose? (v. 42.)

II. SONGS IN THE NIGHT (vs. 31-38).—How did Paul defeat the sailors' plan? Why could not the others be saved unless the sailors remained on board? What other help did Paul render the ship's company? Had they been entirely without food for 14 days? What two things gave them strength and courage? How did Paul show his religious principle? Should we always follow his plan of giving thanks before eating? Why? What other help still later on was the result of Paul's character? How many persons were on the ship?

III. THE MORNING OF DELIVERANCE (vs. 39-44).—In what place did they find themselves in the morning? What plans for safety did they pursue? How did they all escape at last? Show by this that God's promises and human free will are harmonious.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The selfishness of heathen sailors and soldiers here contrasted with Paul's helpfulness.
2. Christianity cares for the bodies as well as the souls of men.
3. Paul confessing his religion before men by prayer as well as by acts.
4. The beauty and the appropriateness of giving thanks before meals.
5. God's promises are certain to be fulfilled.
6. But this does not exclude the use of all the means in our power.

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

5. How long did the storm continue? *Ans.* More than 14 days. 6. What did Paul do for the ship's company? *Ans.* He defeated a plot by which all would have been lost. 7. What more did he do? *Ans.* He cheered them by food for their bodies, and prayer to God and promises from God, for their spirits. 8. What was the end of the voyage? *Ans.* The ship was lost, but all on board were saved.

The Seat of War!

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