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# Home School

AND

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1890.

[No. 2.

## Dwight Lyman Moody.

It is a pleasure to afford our readers so good a portrait of the world-famed evangelist. While engaged in his revival at Nashville, he was thus referred to by the Rev. S. Steel, of that city:—

"I first saw Mr. Moody in his great meeting in Philadelphia, in 1875. I went there specially to study him and his work, and have been glad ever since that I did so. I advise all young preachers to study not only books, but especially men who have succeeded in their work. More can be learned in a week with Mr. Moody about practical evangelism than can be wrought out in a lifetime of ordinary experience. He is a master-workman. It is easy to criticise him, but it is unprofitable to do so. God has manifestly set his seal upon him, and eternity alone will reveal the full fruit of his labour. His genius for organization and government is equal to John Wesley's, whom he resembles in many respects, and who seems to be his model. He has system everywhere without appearance of machinery anywhere. There is a chief of ushers, a chief of platform, a chief singer who conducts the song; a minister is stationed to take charge of the tabernacle, another to take charge of the enquiry room; another, perhaps several, to take charge of the overflow meetings.

"Mr. Moody expects each man to be on his place, and do his special work, and has a remarkable faculty for securing the service of his ordinates. All of this thorough planning is made the more important, of course, by the immense size of the audiences; but it would yield large results if put in operation on a smaller scale.

"I write for that class who never saw Mr. Moody, and perhaps never will know anything of him except what they learn from the papers—the boys and girls, and the old men and women, who don't get far from home. So come to his hotel, and I will introduce you to him. It is Saturday, his 'rest-day,' and he is at ease. What a big fellow he is! He weighs over two hundred pounds. After seeing him, a bright little five-year-old girl said, 'What a fine Santa Claus he would make!' And so he would. An Episcopal rector, who happens to be present, inquires if he is ever troubled with sore throat. 'No.' 'How do you manage to escape?' Mr. Moody's eyes twinkle as he replies, 'I haven't got any throat to get sore. It is these long-necked

fellows that have sore throats. God chucked my head right down on my shoulders.' So he did. One of the visitors rises to leave. Mr. Moody walks to the door, and bids him good morning, very politely.

"As the door closes, Mr. Sankey laughs, and says, 'Why, how polite you have become since coming South! You don't do that way in Chicago.' 'No,' says Mr. Moody, with a burst of jolly laughter, 'and I wouldn't do it here except on Saturday. If I had a lecture ahead, I'd shoot 'em out with

volume of 'Foster's Illustrations.' There lies Rainford's last volume of 'Lectures on the Eighth of Romans.' There is a neatly-arranged sermon-file, newspapers, scissors, mucilage-bottle, etc.

"Is Mr. Moody social? Yes, indeed. He enjoys an anecdote as heartily as any one, and can laugh as lustily as he preaches. He does not use tobacco in any form; rises early in the morning; eats freely, but eats only a few dishes; refuses to ride on the street-car Sunday—'foots it,' as he says; wears big, thick-soled shoes, with no overshoes, and steps with the confident stride of a giant. He is intensely fond of his home. He told me a pretty little incident one day. 'Here are the home-folks,' he said, showing me an album containing large photographs of his wife, daughter, and two sons. The story was about his youngest boy, nine or ten years old. 'I thought I would get him some goats to drive to his sled. I found two pretty good goats for what I thought a cheap price, and bought them. When I took them home, what do you reckon that boy did? He hitched them to his sled, and went around to where two poor little boys lived, and made them happy by giving them the first ride behind his team. That paid me back.'

"He told this story with a genuine fatherly joy. Do you blame him? I think Mr. Moody knows what too many men do not know—how to govern his own house, and train his children for God. He carries them on his heart. Then we chatted about his son at Yale, and when we parted he followed me to the door, pressed my hand, and said, 'Now, don't forget to pray for Will.'

Some time ago, Mrs. G. R. Alden, the well-known primary teacher and writer for children, gave her impressions concerning Mr. Moody's Bible story-telling

methods, as follows:—

"I learned from Mr. Moody one way of teaching the lesson on the 'feeding of the five thousand,' and it illustrates the dramatizing method which needs to enter largely into every primary teacher's work. Mr. Moody's sermon on this miracle was so vivid, so simple, and withal so full of vigour, that since I heard it there has lingered about me the impression that I must long ago have been present at that scene, and heard the wondering comments, and felt the keen, surprised delight. He describes the seating of the great company, the giving of thanks by the Saviour, the distribution of the loaves. Then follows doubting Thomas, about the



DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

less ceremony.' There is a big express package on the floor, presumably of books, papers, tracts, etc. It might weigh a hundred pounds. On the table are piles and piles of letters. Many of these are requests for prayer, for advice, for help, for answers to all sorts of questions, as: 'Why didn't God drive the devil instead of Adam and Eve out of Eden?' There are two Bagster Bibles, limp morocco binding. One is large size, with wide margin, written all about with references, comments, etc. The other is the ordinary teachers' Bible, which he carries with him to the pulpit. It has a number of elastic cords arranged to hold his notes, and worn smooth with use. There is a

work of dividing. He imagines him breaking off small bits of the loaf, and passing them round to one and another of the company, with the half-regretful query: 'Do you want some? Are you hungry?' Passing a small boy, in the belief that the piece his father has must be divided between them, giving a side-wise glance at his loaf to see how much more he can do, his face expressing meantime the wondering question, 'What is the use of all this? we can at best only give a little bit to a very few, and the multitude will still be hungry.' Suddenly he pauses, in unutterable astonishment, and so vivid is Mr. Moody's description, that you seem to see the look on Thomas's face. The loaf, the *little loaf* with which he commenced, is no smaller than it was, and he has fed several people from it! In silent amaze, he breaks off a more generous piece, still watching it. It grows no smaller! His whole manner becomes alert and eager. 'Have some!' he says to a woman, heartiness in his tone;—he has given her as much as a half-loaf, yet his loaf is no smaller! 'Here!' to a boy, whose outstretched hand appeals to him, 'you want some, do you? Well, here it is.' And now he begins to work rapidly, and apparently recklessly. Piece after piece is broken from the undiminished loaf, and tossed with eager hand to the waiting groups. 'Give this to that boy out there, who can't reach,' he says, tossing the generous portion forward. 'Plenty of it; you can have just as much as you want; don't be afraid; no one need go hungry here to-day!' And I declare to you that that great company, not of children, but of men and women, three thousand of them, all more or less familiar with the story, sat as if spell-bound under its influence; and many felt, as one old lady expressed it, drawing a long breath at its conclusion: 'Well, I declare! I never saw a miracle before!'

"Now, it is true, of course, that we are by no means all Moodys; but it is also true that the intensely realistic method of Bible story-telling can be cultivated, and must of necessity enter largely into the preparation of the successful primary teacher"

### How Curran Got His Education.

EVERYBODY has heard of Curran, the Irish wit and orator; but everybody does not know how he got his education. The following account is interesting:

From the humble station in which his parents moved, and his father's limited means, there seemed at first but a slight prospect that Curran, or Little Jackey, as he was, then familiarly called, would receive the advantage of a liberal education. But by a happy accident he attracted the attention of a benevolent clergyman, who recognized him as an uncommon boy, and determined that the seeds of genius should not perish for lack of culture.

As he was one day playing at marbles in the village ball-alley, "with a light heart and lighter pocket," a stranger of venerable and cheery aspect came up, and singled him out from his playmates. The bright eye and intelligent aspect of the little urchin had won the good man's heart. He bribed him home with sweetmeats, and became the architect of the boy's fortune. The stranger's name was Boyse, a clergyman, the rector of Newmarket, and the sequel of the adventure was, in after years, thus related by Curran to his friend Phillips:

"I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics; he taught me all he could, and then he sent me to the school at Middleton—in short, he made a man of me. I recollect it was about five-and-thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the

bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, and a good house in Ely Place, on my return one day from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in the drawing room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-place, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the ball alley! I rushed instinctively into his arms. I could not help bursting into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed. 'You are right, sir; you are right. the chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours; you gave me all I have—my friend—my father!' He dined with me, and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye when he saw his poor Little Jackey, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable."

### The Epworth League.

BY THE REV. MORTON D. CARREL.

KEEP in mind this simple definition of a Young People's Society in the Church—the young life of the Church organized for the work of the Church. The young people of to-day will constitute the Church of to-morrow. What Methodism is to-morrow in character, in achievement, they will make it. They can only reach the highest efficiency through thorough training.

We do not propose to enter into competition with the schools. The education which the Epworth training-school contemplates is something quite different from that of the schools. The public-schools cannot give any denominational, cannot give very much religious instruction or training. Let us not hamper or embarrass them by any unjust criticisms. Let us encourage our young Methodists to avail themselves of all the literary training which they afford. But let us see to it that they are taught to apply the knowledge there acquired to the work of Christ and the Church. Here lies the mission of our training-school.

It contemplates—

1. *A more intimate association of young Methodists.*—Much will be gained by a more general and intimate acquaintanceship of young Methodists among themselves. With the Epworth League solidly organized throughout the Church, we shall be able to strengthen incalculably the bonds of denominational unity, and concentrate our forces in a more efficient, because more intelligent, movement along all the lines of denominational achievement.

2. *A knowledge of Methodism.*—If any denomination in Christendom has an apology for a distinct organization, Methodism has. Our young Methodists ought to know the story of its origin and of its marvellous growth.

They ought to know—

(a) *Its history.*—They ought to be able to defend its right to be perpetuated among the visible forces of the kingdom of Christ.

(b) *Its doctrines.*—What great, essential gospel truths Methodism was set to defend and promulgate.

(c) *Its polity.*—To-morrow, all its offices, all its varied responsibilities, will be in their keeping. They can only assume them worthily, successfully, as they know what its methods are and why they are. There would be less criticism of our excellent polity to-day if our people understood it more fully.

3. *A knowledge of methods of work.*—Much of our religious work undertaken fails of results because it is not prosecuted intelligently. Revival bands could be organized on every district. And

every church could have its visiting and invitation committees busy every day of the year supplementing the work of the pastor. We ought to be "all at it, always at it." The Epworth League may lead us to such a consummation.

### Day Dreams.

WHILE the slighted grammar unopened lay,  
The little maid dreamed of a fairy clow,  
A magic thread that led far and away,  
The deep tangled maze of the forest through:

"Oh, I wish there were things to do to-day—  
Queer riddles to solve, great prizes to gain,  
Enchantments to break, magicians to slay,  
And that I, a queen, on a throne might reign!

"But the puzzles are lost, the queens are dead,  
And there's nothing to do," she sighed and said.

A little lad leaned on his hoe that morn,  
And longed for a horse and a burnished shield,  
To ride away from the pumpkins and corn  
To the tourney's list on the tented field:

"Oh, I wish there were things to do to-day—  
Great dragons to kill and battles to fight,  
I would break a lance in the fiercest fray,  
I would fling a glaive at the proudest knight.

"But honour is lost, and glory has fled,  
And there's nothing to do," he sighed and said.

And the poor little maiden never knew  
That Knowledge was ready to crown her queen,  
And the clew that led his labyrinth through  
Lay hidden the leaves of her book between.

And the little lad never even guessed  
That the dragon Sloth conquered him that day,  
While he lightly dreamed of some idle quest,  
And his unused hoe in the young corn lay.

But honour and fame passed the dreamers by,  
And crowned brave Toil, who found no time to sigh.  
—S. S. Times.

### A Pleasing Incident.

IN a very elegant palace-car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman with three little children, one a babe in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she settled down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boot." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others. "Auntie," said the boy to a lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?" He spoke eagerly, but she answered, "Don't be foolish, dear, you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor." "No, I'll not need them," he answered decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, aunty, and so tired, too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, aunty; I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I meet them." The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy had left her, and said audibly, "Just like his dear mother." About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and the three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they had never done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit-basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said, "Was the pretty boy an angel, mother?" "No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes; "but he is doing angels' work, bless his dear heart!"

## A Grand Poem.

WE know not the author of the following lofty lines, but whenever we find grand prophetic truth thus beautifully set to sublime and thrilling poetry, we are willing to give it prominence:

EUROPE, mother Europe! why do you stand to-day  
With bristling steel and iron front in war's accursed array?  
Why roar your thundering forges, but not to shape the  
plough?

Must war's infernal horrors hang forever round your brow?

Where rolls the icy Neva; where flows the classic Rhine;  
Where Norway lifts her granite brows, and shakes her  
mountain pine;

Where toils the Finnish peasant on Bothnia's rugged  
shore,

And where the brave and light-haired Dane pulls manfully  
the oar,

There's a sound of coming conflict, as when November  
gales

Burst from the icy mountains where winter trims his sails,  
And sends his fleet forerunners, and bids his trumpets  
blow,

Before he hurls his shot of ice and musketry of snow.

The Russian bear is growling on his wild Tartar plains,  
And screams the Austrian eagle from bleak Carpathian  
chains,

And France, like couchant tiger, lies ready for the spring,  
With glaring eyes that never leave the German eagle's  
wing.

From where the lively Belgian toils ever at his loom;  
From where the sturdy Hollander keeps eye on dike and  
flume;

From Spain's ancestral castles; from everlasting Rome;  
From where the Turk grasps lance and sword to guard his  
father's home;

From where the Greeks are stirring, with old ambition's  
power;

Where bold Bulgaria trembles at each succeeding hour;  
From where the brave Swiss peasant keeps well his moun-  
tain wall;

From our own mother Britain, the bravest of them all;

Comes news of coming conflict and marshalling of men,  
As if our mother Europe, mad with maternal pain,  
Had in her womb a demon, who, when he shall have birth,  
Will let infernal furies forth upon our hapless earth.

O Thou, before whose presence the trembling nations  
stand,  
What hidden purpose hast Thou; what awful work on  
hand?

Must earth's foundation tremble, and hell her furies bring,  
For man's great final trial ere the coming of the King?

—Michigan Christian Advocate.

## What the C.L.S.C. Did for Mrs. Brown.

BY MRS. G. L. BARNES.

MRS. BROWN was a bright, energetic woman, just the one to help along any good undertaking, but when I asked her name for the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, she looked distressed, and groaned out:—

"Oh, Mrs. Barnes, don't ask me to join that thing! You're my pastoreess, and I'm bound to follow your lead in 'every good word and work.' I've joined the Missionary Society, and the Aid Society, and taken a Sunday-school class, when I ought to be in the infant class myself—but I can't go into anything so deep as this. You know how busy I am."

"But it's on purpose for busy people," I interrupted.

"Well, I'm too old to be—"

"It's just the thing for old people," I interrupted again. "One of the graduates is over seventy."

"Now, Mrs. Barnes, I might as well tell you my real reason for not joining—you'll give me no peace till I do. I am not capable: I don't know enough—to put it plainly—and that's the honest truth. I never had half a chance when I was young, and after I was married there was absolutely no time for reading. It was just work—

work. It is only in the last few years that I had any freedom or leisure. And now it's too late—when 'my head is blossoming for the grave'—as old Uncle Chester would say—to begin to try to be 'literary and scientific.' Why, the very name of that affair is enough to make my gray hair stand on end! I know you'll think it's dreadful, but I actually haven't read anything as solid as a history in twenty years. You've no idea how much I don't know."

"There is one thing you don't know," I answered, "and that is how to judge of your own capabilities, and what is required of members of the C.L.S.C. Now, I was for years a teacher, and ought to be able to judge of a person's intellectual ability. I am also a graduate of the C.L.S.C., and you ought to trust my judgment. Any ordinarily bright person, who can read and understand a newspaper article, can safely undertake the Chautauqua course. You ought to join it for my sake. Here I have walked miles, and talked like a book-agent trying to organize this circle, hoping to get our young people interested in good, helpful reading, but how can I hope to succeed when so few of the older ones take an interest?"

"Oh, well, if you put it in that light, if you need my help, I shall have to join, and trust Providence to help me through. You know the old Negro said: 'If de Lawd tills me to jump frew a stone wall it's my duty to jump at it, and trust de Lawd to take me frew.' I confess I should enjoy the idea of belonging to such a grand institution as your C.L.S.C., if I could do it without making a 'visible fool' of myself. But what'll I do if they ask me to write an essay on something? I shall back right out if they do. They might as well ask me to fly to the moon. I'll read the books and attend the meetings, but you must promise not to ask me to do anything else."

"I'll promise to stand between you and all harm," I replied. "Come to the meeting Monday evening, and bring paper and pencil."

Fortune smiled on my efforts, and I had reason to be proud of the company that gathered for the first meeting of the Chautauqua circle. Mrs. Brown was there, looking pleased and interested, but anxious withal.

"Take me under your wing," she whispered, slipping into the seat beside me, "and remember your promise. The idea of telling me you needed my help, when you have such a lot of nice people—as good as there are in the city! I think it's just splendid—but I must own I feel shaky."

An organization was soon effected: the president read an address to Chautauquans by Chancellor Vincent, made a few appropriate remarks, and then proceeded to read the list of books for the year's course.

"'A Brief History of Rome,' 'Preparatory Latin Course in English,' 'College Latin Course in English.'"

Mrs. Brown drew a deep breath.

"'Political Economy,' 'Human Nature,' 'In His Name.'"

"Oh, Mrs. Barnes!" with a little hysterical laugh.

"'Pomegranates from an English Garden,' 'The Bible in the Nineteenth Century.'"

Mrs. Brown turned to me with solemn impressiveness.

"What have you got me into? I never even heard of one of these books! I can't do a thing with them!"

"Wait, wait; they are easy, if they do sound formidable. Trust your pastoreess."

Waiting for a street-car, a fortnight later, Mrs. Brown grasped my arm. "Oh, shall you be at the

Chautauqua to-night? I can hardly wait for it. I have my lesson all ready, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I'd no idea Roman history was so easy and interesting. I wouldn't take ten dollars for what I've learned in these two weeks. I have been hearing all my life about these things, in lectures and sermons, and wishing I knew about them myself; and now, those old Romans begin to seem quite like neighbours already."

It is hardly necessary to say that, before the Chautauqua year closed, Mrs. Brown had become so familiar with "those old Romans," that she didn't hesitate to join in discussions on their character and works, and even an essay had lost its terrors.

Eighteen months later, a letter from her contained this passage:—

"Don't worry because you are obliged to give up work for a time; think how much you did for me, and let that satisfy you for the present. It may not seem much to you, but it is a good deal to me. You helped me to 'discover myself,' as Miss Willard says. You showed me that I had a mind worth improving, and how it could be done. It never would have occurred to me to join the C.L.S.C. if you hadn't insisted on it, and it has opened a new world to me."

Later she wrote:—

"I can hardly wait for the Chautauqua year to begin. Our meetings last year were all good, and we had some fine lectures. I am reading the *Marble Faun*. I don't know as it will do me much good, but I know it would have been Greek to me if I hadn't read Roman history and literature, and I never would have done that if you hadn't taken an interest in me, and led me into new and pleasant paths."\*—Michigan Christian Advocate.

## Wait.

I SAW the proprietor of a large garden stand at his fence and call over to a poor neighbour:

"Would you like some grapes?"

"Yes, and very thankful to you," was the ready reply.

"Well, then, bring your basket."

The basket was quickly brought and handed over the fence. The owner took it and disappeared among the vines; but I marked that he was depositing in it all the white and various clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he had hid himself. The woman stood at the fence meanwhile, and hopeful. At length he re-appeared with a well-replenished basket, saying:

"I have made you wait a good while, but, you know, the longer you have to wait, the more grapes."

It is so, I thought, with the Proprietor of all things. He says to me and to all: "What shall I give thee? What shall I do for thee? Ask, and thou shalt receive." So I bring my empty vessel—my needy but capacious soul. He disappears.

I am not always so patient and trustful as the poor woman. Sometimes I cry out: "How long! how long!" At last he comes to me—how richly laden! and kindly chides my impatience, saying: "Have I made thee wait long? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while."

Then I look, and, behold! fruits more, richer, than I had asked for! and I pour out my heart's thanks to my generous Benefactor, and grieve that I distrusted him; and I carry away my burden with joy, and find that the longer he makes me wait the more he gives.—Home Circle.

\* The Epworth League Readings are on the same general line as those of the C.L.S.C., but are simpler for beginners.

**How to Live.**

BY HORATIUS DONAE.

He liveth long who liveth well :  
All other life is short and vain ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well :  
All else is being thrown away ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being : back to him  
Who freely gave it freely give ;  
Else is that being but a dream :  
Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be what thou seemest ; live thy creed ;  
Hold up to earth the torch divine ;  
Be what thou prayest to be made :  
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;  
Buy up the moments as they go :  
The life above, when this is past,  
Is the ripe food of life below.

Sow truth if thou the truth would'st reap ;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;  
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;  
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And reap a harvest-home of light.

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S. F. HUESTIS,

Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

**Home and School.**

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1890.

**How Can You Interest Young Men in Religion and Methodism?**

It is a hard question, but "is anything too hard for the Lord?" After all methods have been tried, and while they are being tried, we must rely upon the continuous aid of the Holy Spirit. God uses human instruments, and it is neither fair nor wise to leave the answer to the question at this point. How can we interest them? It is a serious question. When we remember that only one young man out of twenty in our country attends church regularly, its weighty importance is seen.

The questioner is a young preacher—so is he who replies. With no claim to infallibility, and with an eager wish himself to learn, the following suggestions merely are given:—

To interest young men in religion: Preach on the manliness of Christ. Thomas Hughes' book on that theme is very useful. Preach on the various types of young men seen in the Bible, such as Absalom, the fast young man; Saul, the con-

scientious young man, Paul, the converted young man. The influence of Jesus on different classes of men is seen in his choice of Peter, James, and John, for his most intimate friends. The temptations, ambitions, sins, failures, and successes of young men, are good themes.

But preaching alone will not do the work. I have found a carefully and kindly-worded letter to be of much use in several instances. Also, an invitation to young men to visit you at your home for an evening's conversation—not specially on religion—will possibly prove useful. It has succeeded in some cases.

To interest them in Methodism, show that our Church started with young men, university young men, devoted young men. Brush away the cobwebs of ignorance and prejudice that have collected, and let in light on the heroic, romantic, and successful in our history. I close as I began: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit."

**Floy's Mission Garden.**

BY JOSIE KEEN.

BRIGHT-EYED Floy was out in the garden one day in the early summer, when a new idea darted into her curly head. She stood still for a minute thinking; then, clapping her hands, she cried, "I'll do it this very minute," and ran into the house where her father was reading the morning paper.

"O, papa!" she cried, "won't you please to give me a little plot of ground where I can have a garden all my own?"

"What for, Puss?" said Mr. Tracey, laying down his paper. "Hasn't John all the flowers a little lady like you can want?"

"Yes, papa; but I want a mission garden."

"A mission garden? Something new, isn't it? Foreign, or domestic? Something I never heard of before!"

"Well, papa, if you haven't heard of mission gardens you have heard of the lovely Flower Mission, where they are glad to get flowers to give to sick people in hospitals, haven't you?"

"O, yes indeed! So that is what you are after, is it? You want to raise flowers of your own for the Flower Mission. Well, come along, and we'll see what John can find for you."

Floy walked soberly along with her father, though her heart was full of joy, and very soon a sunny corner by a stone wall, over which a choice grape-vine was trained, had been selected.

"I think, Flo, I can trust you in this corner, if I tell you that all the grapes that ripen within your reach shall be mission grapes."

"O, how splendid!" cried Floy. "Indeed, I won't touch a single grape, and O, papa, I do hope that vine will bear a lot!"

And now began the real hard work upon the mission garden. John helped, indeed, but Floy weeded and watered and tended to her own great delight, for always before her she saw pale faces growing bright, and eager hands outstretched to grasp her fragrant offerings.

The harvest came soon and abundant, and Floy herself had the joy of carrying many a sweet



LESSON PICTURE.

JESUS BROUGHT INTO THE TEMPLE.—Luke ii. 25-35.

bouquet to the Mission, and when the autumn came she made more than one journey with her pretty basket heaped with purple grapes.

It was a little thing to do, wasn't it? but what precious fruit it bore in Floy's own heart none can tell, for the dear Saviour has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

**Interesting S. S. Anniversary.**

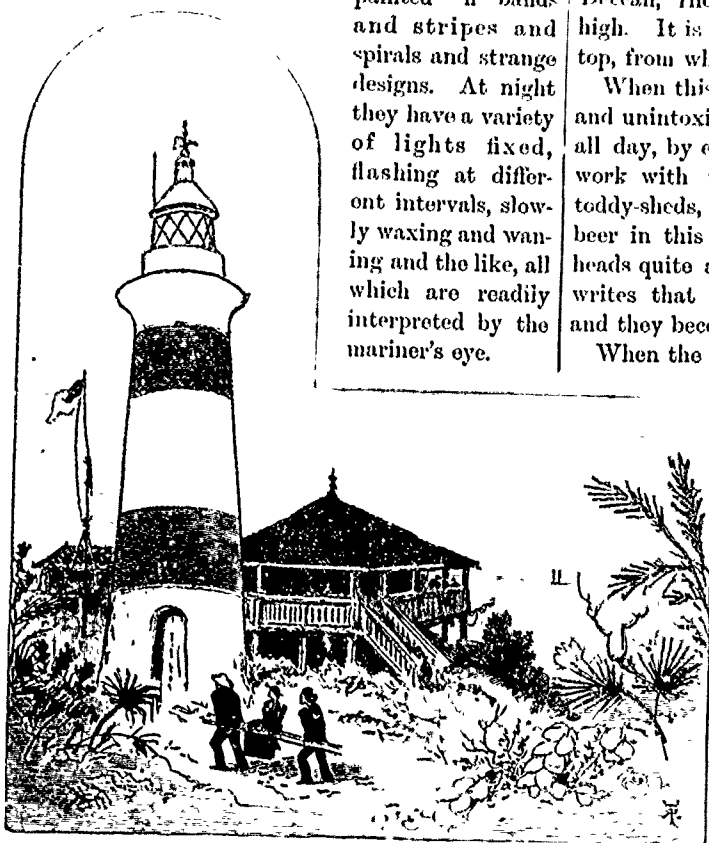
At Orillia, at the Sabbath-school anniversary, the scholars, led by the orchestra, rendered a number of national songs in most excellent style. The service opened with the singing of "God Save the Queen"; after which came the following national airs: "Britannia," "Hail Columbia," "Marseillaise," "Watch on the Rhine," "Men of Harlech," "The Maple Leaf," "Scots Wha Hae,"—the climax being reached in the enthusiastic rendering of "Canada." As Ireland seemed to have no national hymn, Master Montgomery gave voice to that land in the singing of Moore's lyric, "The Minstrel Bard." The singing of each hymn was preceded by a short sketch of the characteristics of the nation represented in song. This duty fell naturally to the Rev. Mr. Manning, who performed it well. Interesting facts about the authorship of these hymns were also given by young ladies, bearing the colours of the various countries referred to. The infant class gave two Kindergarten songs, with great animation, as is usual with the little folk.

THERE was a meeting recently in Chicago of the Board of Control of the Epworth League of the Eighth General Conference District. A long and solicitous canvass was made of topics relating to the growth and work of the League. More than ever did each member present realize that the possibilities within the reach of the League are incalculable. Our young people should be organized and instructed and "enthused" to aid their own pastor in all of the respects possible to ardent young men and women.

In the *Methodist Magazine* for December, 1889, is a well-written article on the Epworth League. The *Woman's Journal* offers any assistance in its power to this League, which has for its motto, "Look up, lift up." Look up to God for help, for pardon and divine grace, and then help to lift up our fellow-creatures, to make them partakers of the like precious faith.—*Woman's Journal*.

## Stirrup Cay Light, West Indies.

The lighthouses among the West Indies and on the Atlantic coast are painted so as to be readily distinguished by day as well as by night. They are painted in bands and stripes and spirals and strange designs. At night they have a variety of lights fixed, flashing at different intervals, slowly waxing and waning and the like, all which are readily interpreted by the mariner's eye.



STIRRUP CAY LIGHT, WEST INDIES.

## Vision Lessons.

GAZE on this marvel rare and grand,  
A vision from Immanuel's land!  
The snow-white hair, the flaming eyes,  
That fill the seer with strange surprise.  
The golden girdle 'neath the breast  
Of Him who gives His children rest.  
Amid seven lamps in glory stands  
A form that heaven and earth commands.  
His feet seem like to glowing brass;  
His tones the ocean's voice surpass.  
Seven stars of brilliant lustre shine  
In His right hand. A sword divine  
Comes from His mouth—a two-edged sword—  
The power of God's eternal Word!  
Who, who can bear the awful scene?  
Can man survive amid this sheen?  
See how this sight alarms—appals!  
The man who sees it faints and falls.  
But He who comes in glowing flame,  
In sweet assurance to him came.

"Fear not," He said, his dread to calm,  
"Know thou the First and Last I am:  
I am alive, who once was dead,  
I live forever" (Satan's dread)—  
"Amen! Since I resumed my breath,  
I hold the keys of hell and death.  
I come strange mysteries to reveal.  
Write thou, and to the Churches tell  
The vision, and the words I give."

Now, children, tell us *where* and *when*  
This vision came to dying men;  
And who is He whose form divine  
Amid such living splendours shine?  
The seven-stemmed candelabra, tell,  
If you but know its meaning well.  
Let all the world your judgment see  
About the seven-starred mystery.  
To *whom* were these grand visions given,  
And *why* such messages from heaven?  
Write out the things, by Bible rule,  
And send them to the HOME AND SCHOOL.

Thomasburg, Ont.  
Oct., 1889.

—T. C.

THE more we depend upon Christ, the more  
humble we shall be.

## The Toddy-Palm.

DID you ever hear of a tree with this name? The Rev. W. W. Campbell, in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, tells of this tree, which grows in Deccan, India, and is from thirty to eighty feet high. It is bare, except a bunch of leaves at the top, from which the toddy, or sap, is drawn.

When this first comes from the tree it is sweet and unintoxicating, but after standing in the sun all day, by evening it is ready to do its wretched work with the natives. Every village has its toddy-sheds, where the men sell it as they do beer in this country, and it turns the people's heads quite as beer does elsewhere. The minister writes that the drinkers' tongues get very thick, and they become very noisy.

When the toddy-sellers desire to have their trees produce abundantly, they worship Katamiah, the toddy-god. He is a stone idol about two feet high, with horns sticking out from his head, and he is seated upon a horse. A mud-wall, three feet high and about thirty feet square, is built about the idol. The toddy-cups, pails, and other implements of those who draw the sap, are placed within the inclosure, and in front of each set of tools, on a toddy-palm leaf, is an offering of rice, sugar, and milk, and a small cake. The people fire guns to keep away the evil spirits, which most people think are more apt to be found in the sap than in the surrounding country.

Sometimes they sacrifice sheep and goats to insure the goodwill of the god. Before killing the poor animals they bathe their faces and heads with toddy, and sprinkle it on their backs. They think the god is much pleased when they get very drunk. This drink is a source of great revenue, but it is the chief enemy of the missionaries. There, as here, the only safety is in letting intoxicants entirely alone.

## Opinions of Eminent Men.

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

WHAT did Thomas Jefferson say when arguing against the culture of tobacco? He said: "It is a culture productive of infinite wretchedness. The cultivation of wheat is the reverse in every circumstance. Besides clothing the earth and helping with herbage and preserving its fertility, it feeds the labourers plentifully, requires from them only a moderate till except in the harvest, raises a great number of animals for food and service, and diffuses plenty and happiness among the whole. We find it easier to make a hundred bushels of wheat than a thousand-weight of tobacco, and they are worth more when made."

What did Benjamin Franklin say? "I never saw a well man, in the exercise of common sense, who would say that tobacco did him any good."

Horace Greeley said of it: "It is a profane stench."

Daniel Webster said: "If those men must smoke, let them take the horse-shed."

Dr. Hosack says: "The alarming frequency of apoplexy and palsy and epilepsy, and other diseases of the nervous system, is attributable in part to the use of tobacco."

Dr. Ferguson says: "I believe that no one who smokes tobacco before the bodily powers are developed ever makes a vigorous man."

Dr. Waterhouse says: "I never observed such pallid faces, and so many marks of declining health,

or ever know so many hectic habits and consumptive affections, as of late years, and I trace this alarming inroad upon young constitutions principally to the pernicious custom of smoking cigars."

Dr. Johnson says: "Where one inveterate smoker will bear testimony favourable to the practice of smoking, ninety-nine are found to declare their belief that its practice is injurious, and I scarcely ever have met one habitual smoker who did not, in his candid moments, regret his commencement of the habit."

Dr. Gibbons says: "Tobacco impairs digestion, poisons the blood, depresses the vital powers, causes the limbs to tremble, and weakens and otherwise disorders the heart."—From "*The Plagues Alcoholic and Narcotic.*"



## The Young People's Prayer-Meeting.

BY THE REV. F. N. UPHAM.

LIKE Samuel and Samson, the Epworth League is the child of prayer. It was consecrated to God and his service at birth, as were they. With Samuel it heard the Lord's voice very early while ministering in the temple, and with an equal readiness replied, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Like Samson, it has its own peculiar yet natural characteristics that give it strength. It is both seer and giant.

In itself lie powers that prophesy a glorious future. Its youthful might is equal to the lion in the way. It solves the old riddle, and in hardest difficulty finds delight. "Out of the strong comes forth sweetness." The child of prayer should not forget its parentage. Its present open reward is the result of much secret supplication. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

The young people's meeting in many cases preceded the formation of the League. It was the seed. In others the League was first, and gave rise to this service. It is in part the cause and in part the effect of the present movement. So intimately related, they will not be disjoined. Its position in the Church is assured. It is no longer an experiment.

The time of holding the meeting has much to do with its success. If held on Sunday night, just before the general service, as is the custom in most places, it is a great help. The tendency of a week-night service is to lessen the power of the regular class and prayer-meeting.

Let me invite you to our meeting. Together we will make observation. We will, if you please, "walk about Zion."

Our church is bright and attractive. Our young people's meetings are held in a pleasant, home-like room. We prefer to have the church parlours crowded rather than the large chapel half full. Before we go we will kneel and pray. A few moments of prayer at this time are worth an hour taken at random. Now the stress of immediate necessity is upon us. Now we need help. "Now is the accepted time." As we get near the church we hear them singing "Sweet hour of prayer," and then "Onward, Christian soldiers," and now we are in the room.

The very first thought to suggest itself—and it has come often before—is this: Here is the church muster-field. Not for dress-parade nor sham manoeuvres, but for actual service. This is the skirmish

line. This is a splendid preparation for the larger meeting to follow. Herein lies one of its chief excellencies. If the pastor is to preach, he is greatly helped by knowing that his younger brethren and sisters are praying for him. They themselves get on a momentum that carries before it oftentimes a heavy sermon or a dragging prayer-meeting. The tide rises there that sweeps on into the deeper waters, and lifts them too.

It is also the church armoury. Here many a raw recruit learns how to "put on the whole armour of God."

Again, it is the church nursery. In the vigorous, healthful spirit of this meeting, the young convert will find a most strengthening tonic. The inexperienced and embarrassed need suffer no chagrin for his mistakes here. A fellow-feeling brings sympathy. They are learning here the "principles of the doctrines of Christ."

### Epworth League Bible Study.

ONE of the glorious signs of the times is the wide-spread awakening in the interest of Bible study. The International lessons have their place—and a large place it is—in our modern methods. But there are other things in the Bible, and other facts about the Bible, that must be learned before the Book of books can be readily known and loved.

Mr. William D. Murray, of the Crescent Avenue Church, Plainfield, New Jersey, writes interestingly of a movement in the Young People's Society which he represents. He says:—

"The young people of our church are waking up to the need of more and better Bible study. They are beginning to see that the portion assigned for the Sunday-school lesson is not enough for a Christian for a whole week. They are realizing the need of supplementary study. To meet this need, we have adopted this plan:—

"Our meeting is held every Friday night, at eight o'clock, and lasts one hour. We divide it into two parts—each with its own leader, and each lasting half-an-hour. The first half-hour is devoted to Bible study. This part of the meeting is conducted by one of the older and more experienced leaders, while the second half-hour—which is the prayer-meeting—is led by one of the younger ones.

"Our plan, we think, is doing good, and has many advantages; among others, these:—

"The Bible is being studied, and the young people are being fed on the Word of God, and thus are being prepared for better work and better study. The young people bring their own Bibles with them, and thus each is coming to have one copy of the Scriptures which is peculiarly his Bible. The prayer-meeting which follows the study is better, because it has more of God's word, quoted from Bibles which are somewhat familiar to those in attendance. So much is said in the first half-hour, that it is easy to lead the second half; and thus an opportunity is given to train young Christians to leadership.

"And, finally, the combination of study of the Word, and prayer to him whose word it is, is doing much to open our eyes, so that we may behold wondrous things out of that Word which is quick and powerful."

The following is the printed schedule:—

#### SUBJECTS OF BIBLE STUDY.

Christian Work: What is it? The Worker: Who is he? Why?  
 Promised Results; Promised Rewards.  
 Titles of the Bible: (1) In common use; (2) In the Bible itself; (3) Figurative terms in the Bible.  
 The Canon of Scripture.  
 Divisions of the Bible: Into Old and New Testament;

Relations of one to the other; Divisions of Old Testament; Divisions of New Testament  
 Divisions of Bible into books. Chronological arrangement. Divisions into chapters and verses, some familiar chapters  
 The writers of the Bible: Names; Occupation; How many? Nationality; Circumstances.  
 Languages of the Bible; Style of writers; Subjects; Period covered; Unity of whole  
 Bible readings on The Armour of God.  
 Review.

### An Epworth League Loan Library.

A WISE suggestion comes to us in regard to the establishment of a loan library, for the use of the League. The plan is for the literary and finance committees to co-operate with the pastor in the selection and purchase of a small collection of the very best books for the cultivation of the spiritual life of the members.

There need not be many volumes, but they should be chosen with the greatest care. The Bible of the League should be the first purchase. There should be a Life of John Wesley, a History of Methodism, and a collection—easily made—of the Annual Reports, or Year Books of the Missionary Society, and other Societies of the Church. The League should keep a file of the Church papers. It would be well to own a standard Commentary on the Scriptures, which may be consulted by the members in the study of the Bible. To these books others might be added.

Our correspondent suggests a short list of tried and approved books, which she considers well adapted for such a purpose:—

*Mental Discipline.* (With reference to the acquisition and communication of knowledge.) By Davis W. Clark. 75c.

*Missionary Among the Cannibals.* By John Hunt. 85c.

*The Winning Worker.* By James Porter. \$1.25.

*Sister Ridenour's Sacrifice.* By Mrs. C. F. Wilder. \$1.00.

*Some Aspects of the Blessed Life.* By Mark Guy Pearse. 55c.

*Talks with Girls.* By Augusta Larned. \$1.00.

Recommended by one who has been helped by each of the above-named books, and for those who do not know what books to purchase.

EPWORTH LEAGUE has become a familiar headline to all readers of the Church papers.

EPWORTH LEAGUE PLEDGES.—A good many Leagues find a pledge useful in their work. The following has been tried: "I pledge myself that for one month I will ask God's blessing daily on some unconverted person, and every day I will speak to some one about coming to Christ." In an Epworth League where such a pledge was taken, before the month had expired a dozen souls were seeking Christ. The spiritual work must keep ahead of the intellectual and social.

ANOTHER League offers this pledge: "It is my desire to serve my Master more faithfully in the work among the young people, and to unite my prayers and efforts more closely with others of like mind, so that my Heavenly Father may be honoured, and the unsaved among the young people give themselves to him. I therefore promise that I will, at least once a day, pray the Father to give us the presence of the Spirit to direct us in this work, and to convict the unsaved of sin. I also promise, so far as possible, to be faithful in my attendance on the religious meeting of the League, and to take part promptly in the way indicated by the leader."

THE effects of corrupt literature are alarming. Young men and young women by thousands are led astray every year by false pictures of manhood

and womanhood and heroism and love and happiness, which they have seen in bad books and papers. No prohibition or penalties which parents may impose will prevent young people from reading dangerous books. Burn them before their eyes and they will repent the offence. No vigilance of parents and teachers can overcome this evil. Bad literature, like sewer gas, will evade the closest scrutiny, creep into houses unnoticed, and accomplish its deadly work. The best way to drive out bad literature is to put good books in its place.

THE Epworth League is awakening and promoting throughout the Methodist Episcopal Church an interest in the life of John Wesley, and in the history of Methodism. On many programmes of League meetings we find talks and papers on themes connected with the beginnings of the Church. More than one person has written to inquire if magic-lantern slides, illustrative of Methodist history, can be obtained for use in League lectures. We are able to state that Mr. G. W. Edmondson, 413 Erie Street, Cleveland, Ohio, has a series of over one hundred "slides," representing places and scenes in the life of John Wesley. Mr. Edmondson is a photographer, and an ardent student of Methodist history. A few years ago he visited many places in England connected with Methodist history, took photographs by the hundred, and prepared a complete set of lantern-slides, of which nearly one-half are beautifully coloured. He can make duplicates of any that are desired, and will be glad to correspond with any persons interested in the subject. Mr. Edmondson wears the badge of the League.

### An Old Story.

BY S. ALICE RANLETT.

THERE'S a story sung down through the ages—  
 A legend of days of old—  
 Which tells us how in the dusky past  
 A treasure of jewels and gold  
 By strong and valiant knights was taken  
 From a mighty Rhineland hold.

And the knights—so runs the old-time tale—  
 Found their prize but a source of strife,  
 And the treasure rare of the great Rhineland  
 Gold but in trouble life,  
 And the glittering gems from the deepest mines  
 Jewels fatal to peaceful life.

Then up spake the king of the fair Rhineland  
 (For a wise old king was he):  
 "Bring here to the shore your great treasure,  
 And sink ye it deep in the sea.  
 For paltry gain of silver and gold  
 Would ye as mere beasts of prey be?"

And the treasure was flung to the ocean-depths,  
 While the king stood down by the shore,  
 And o'er the grave of the evil prize  
 Waves roll and wild billows roar,  
 But glitter of gold or glimmer of gem  
 Did never a mortal see more.

May we learn, perchance, from the ancient times  
 Which the quaint old stories sing,  
 To be as wise in these latter days  
 As was the old Rhineland king,  
 And with brave heart tear from our hoarding grasp  
 The goods which but evil bring?

METROPOLITAN BAND OF MERCY.—With a view to interesting the children of the Metropolitan Sunday-school in benevolent work, Ald. Boustead, the Superintendent, has decided to organize a Band of Mercy, combining with it the pledge of the Band of Hope. A meeting of the children was held in the school room, when Mr. J. J. Kelso explained to them the good they would be able to do by having an active children's organization. It was voted unanimously to establish a Band of Mercy, and Miss Ella Forsyth was elected Secretary.

## The Loss of the "Quinte."

(October 23, 1889.)

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

The fire king rode with majestic stride,  
The sky was aglow with lurid light;  
The ship flew on in her path of death,  
That night, her last—that fatal night.

In her burning heart rich treasures lay,  
Consuming in the furnace heat;  
The mother fond—and the darling child,  
Ah! the flames were their winding-sheet.

Oh! weep for those on that night bereft  
Of the friends to them most dear;  
Pray, pray that Heaven's comfort may come  
Those sad, those broken hearts to cheer.

Amid the scenes of that dreadful hour  
Were many who were calm and brave;  
The captain and mate, and the hero-boy  
Who helped his mother to save.

Thus, down in the depths of earthly woe,  
As in a rich but darksome mine,  
There's good God hides in the human heart,  
And he beckons it forth to shine.

A voice resounds from that burning boat;  
'Tis the voice of Truth from on high:  
"Ye know not the hour—he ready still  
For the Master's call to the sky!"

## Notes from Japan.

BY DR. SUTHERLAND, GENERAL SECRETARY.

ON Monday morning, June 24th, I joined Drs. McDonald and Cochran, on board the train bound for Kioto. It has already been remarked that the cars on Japanese railroads are inferior, of which we had ample proof on this journey. Motives of economy prescribed second-class fare; but as similar motives have led the railway authorities to construct these cars without cushions, a continuous ride of fifteen hours is somewhat fatiguing.

Showers fell at intervals during the day; but the varied scenery of hill and valley, low-lying rice-fields and terraced slopes, flowing rivers and open sea, was very interesting, especially to the stranger.

At 9 p.m. we reached Yagohama, and immediately went on board a small steamer on Lake Biwa. About 10 o'clock a start was made. The night was very dark, but still; and the run of forty miles was made in less than four hours. At 2 a.m. we reached Otzu, and put up at a native hotel kept in foreign fashion, where we got a comfortable bed and a fair breakfast, at a moderate price.

If "misery makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows," as saith the proverb, it is no less true that travelling brings one into contact with all varieties of character. In the cabin of the little steamer were two young men, both dressed in foreign fashion, and one of whom spoke English fairly well. His companion gave a practical illustration of the extent to which foreign customs have invaded Japan, by ensconcing himself in a corner of the cabin, and producing a bunch of cigars and a bottle of beer, both of which were finished by the time we reached Otzu.

Our English-speaking fellow-traveller was inclined to be social. He informed us that he and his friend were on the way to Osaka to start a newspaper, of which his friend was to be editor-in-chief. Then, with a view of making the most of his opportunities, and getting into practice, he proceeded to "interview" Dr. McDonald:

"Gentlemen," said he, "what may be your business on this journey?"

"Oh," said the Doctor, "we are simply travelling to see the country."

This seemed to surprise our Japanese friend a

little, and he looked incredulous, but soon returned to the charge.

"What is your religion?" was the next question.

"We are Protestants," said the Doctor.

"Yes, but what denomination? You know there are many kinds of Protestants."

"We are Methodists," said McDonald.

"Methodists" was the reply. "These must be people who live methodically." And I fancy it would have puzzled a theological student to give a better definition.

"I am a Radical," was the next piece of information volunteered.

Now, I had heard of a small political *coterie* called "Radicals," and thought this must be one of them, although he lacked their characteristic of long hair; but it soon appeared he had used the word in an ecclesiastical sense, for he further explained by saying, "I'm a Unitarian." Whether he knew what Unitarianism meant is a question; but it was something "Western," and that goes a long way in Japan just now. Then followed some questions as to Dr. McDonald's opinion of Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, and other questions of like nature. But the climax was reached when he asked:

"How long have you been in the country?"

"Sixteen years," said the Doctor.

To which our Japanese friend responded, in the most agreeable and cheerful manner—

"You speak a lie!"

Next morning we took train for Kobe, passing Kioto on the way. Kobe, in some respects, may be called the Liverpool of Japan. It has a fine harbour, where flags of many nations were flying, and the town—the foreign concession especially—gives token of commercial push and enterprise. Here we spent a pleasant hour with Rev. Dr. Lambuth, of the M. E. Church South, and talked over the proposed basis of union.

By afternoon train we returned to Kioto, passing Osaka on the way, where a large number of new factory chimneys show the transition that is going on in Japan. Kioto was formerly the capital of the nation, and had a population of half a million. It impresses one as a place that "has been," but will not be again. Much of the city has a "run down" look, and it is just the kind of place where resistance to the new order of things is likely to be strong and stubborn. If anything is undertaken here by Methodism, it ought to be by the agents of the M. E. Church South, who have a good centre at Kobe, not very far away.

The "Yaami" hotel, at which we stopped, is very comfortable. The restaurant, and a large new building adjacent, are in foreign fashion; and as the whole occupies a beautiful site high up the mountain-side, the view is very fine. But if the comforts are foreign, so are the charges.

Before leaving the town at noon, we got lunch in a native restaurant, but cannot say I relished it. Fried fish, native soup (made of fish and seaweeds), rice, and tea were the staples; no bread, no vegetables. But they knew how to charge—\$1.25 for the three of us, ultimately reduced to a dollar. To natives, the charge for the same meal would have been about 45 ¢ for three, or less than half a dollar.

At Nagoya we found a good, native hotel, part of which has been fitted up in "foreign fashion." On asking if we could get some supper, we received a courteous answer in the affirmative; and in a short time a bill of fare was brought, written in good English. Dr. McDonald complimented the house, by saying to the girl who waited on the table, "You have everything very nice here;" to which she instantly replied, "Ah, sir, it is only in intention we do well; our performance is very

poor." Just think of a Canadian or American waiter talking that way!

Nagoya is evidently a live town. Many of the streets are broad and well kept. The shops are good; and the people generally have a pushing, wide-awake air, that tells of enterprise. Toward this city our brethren have been turning their eyes for some time. Several other missions are already established, but as the place contains a population of over 200,000, there is abundant room for more Christian workers. Moreover, Nagoya seems to be regarded by tacit consent as a place which any missionary society is at liberty to enter without being regarded as an intruder.

There are fields in this southern country that are white unto harvest, and if the union of the Methodist Churches in Japan should be accomplished, they will be able to work to better advantage in supplying these destitute fields.

## Gethsemane.

"Every life hath its Gethsemane,"

BY DELLA ROGERS.

WHEN anxious cares oppress thy soul,  
And dark forebodings thee molest,  
And misery's phantoms nearer roll,  
To fill thy soul with vague unrest;  
When tired thy spirit is and weary,  
And life to thee seems dark and dreary,  
Then think of Him who died for thee,  
And gaze on dark Gethsemane!

Behold Him! as he bows in prayer,  
Who vainly asked for human aid;  
The fond disciples waiting there,  
For "sadness slept," while Jesus prayed;  
He conquered sorrow's darts by prayer,  
While they in sleep forgot earth's care.  
Alone, He trod death's vale for thee,  
And suffered in Gethsemane!

In every life is some dark spot,  
Where earthly help cannot avail;  
Gethsemane of each one's lot,  
When dearest friends forsake and fail;  
When all around seems desolate,  
And sharp the blows of adverse fate—  
Then ask of Him, who died for thee,  
For help in life's Gethsemane!

And, as the Saviour long ago  
In that secluded garden prayed  
For strength to drink earth's cup of woe,  
And thus our ransom fully paid,  
So will He now, in life's dark hour,  
Be near to aid, with wondrous power,  
The soul that makes the trusting plea  
For help, in life's Gethsemane!

## A Dangerous Snare.

THE saloon is an institution which deserves no quarter. It is the chief source of crime and poverty. It is the worst enemy of the home, the church, and the school. It is the most dangerous snare of young men and boys. It is the principal foe of the working-man. It is one of the chief means of destroying life and health.

The best life-insurance companies will not insure saloon-keepers at all, no matter how strong and healthy and temperate they may be. Accurate calculations of life statistics have taught them not to take such risks. The reason is plain. The saloon is the place of death.

The saloon causes property adjoining and near it, and across the street from it, to depreciate in value. It blasts everything it touches, and taints the air in every direction. It is the curse of humanity, the grief of the righteous, the stumbling-block in the way of all progress, the invention of the devil. The saloon must go.

The deep muttering of righteous indignation in the hearts of millions of patriots against this mighty engine of destruction, is an ominous sign that the decisive conflict is just at hand.—Selected.



**The Quest.**

BY FUDORA S. BUNSFORD.

THREE once was a restless boy  
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,  
Where the water danced for joy  
And the wind was glad and free;  
But he said, "Good mother, Oh! let me go;  
For the dullest place in the world, I know,  
Is this little brown house,  
This old brown house,  
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;  
The loveliest homes I'll see;  
And when I have found the best,  
Dear mother, I'll come for thee,  
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,  
And joyfully then we'll haste away  
From this little brown house,  
This old brown house,  
Under the apple tree."

So he travelled here and there,  
But never content was he,  
Though he saw in lands most fair  
The costliest homes there be.  
He something missed from sea or sky,  
Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh,  
To the little brown house,  
The old brown house,  
Under the apple-tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,  
While her heart grew glad and free.  
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?  
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.  
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,  
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,  
Is a little brown house,  
An old brown house,  
Under an apple-tree."

**LESSON NOTES.**  
FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

B.C. 4] LESSON V. [February 2

JESUS BROUGHT INTO THE TEMPLE.

Luke 2. 25-35. Memory verses, 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel. Luke 2. 32.

TIME.—B.C. 4.

PLACE.—Courts of the temple.

RULERS.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The beautiful scene which is described in to-day's lesson, follows in the sacred record immediately after the narrative of the appearing of the angels to the shepherds. Eight days after a Jewish boy was born, he was formally introduced into the Jewish Church, and it was the custom for his mother on this occasion to offer a sacrifice in the temple. A poor woman was allowed to sacrifice a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons. Richer ladies made larger and costlier sacrifices. Mary's offering is one of the evidences of the poverty of the parents of our Lord.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Consolation of Israel*—Pious Jews often referred to the great Prince whom their prophets had lead them to expect as the Consolation of Israel. So common was the phrase that it passed into an oath, so that the Jews who were not so pious swore by it—Let me see, or let me never see, the Consolation, if so and so be not true. *The Lord's Christ*—That is, the Lord's chosen one. We cannot too often remember that Christ is not a proper name, like Smith or Jones; but the phrase Jesus Christ is Jesus the Messiah, Jesus the chosen One, just as we might say, Garfield the president. *Came by the Spirit*—He was divinely led. *The custom of the law*—That custom was to present the babe to the Lord, and then redeem him, or buy him back, from the Lord by paying five shekels, as well as to offer the sacrifice already mentioned. *Marvelled*—No wonder these two good people were astonished at the surprising events which followed each other in rapid succession. *Fall and rising again*—Jesus was to be the Saviour of Israel, but he must overthrow all their previous conceptions of salvation. *A sword shall pierce*—Shall strike.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Simeon*, vs. 25-27.

In what city did Simeon live?  
What is said of his character?  
For what was he waiting?  
What revelation was made to him?  
By whom was this revelation made?  
To what place was he guided, and by whom?  
What promise of sure guidance have we?  
Prov. 3. 6.

2. *The Child Jesus*, vs. 27-32.

Who was brought into the temple?  
For what purpose was Jesus brought?  
What offering did the law require?  
ver. 24.  
What did Simeon do with the child?  
What did he say he was now willing to do?  
What had he been permitted to see?  
To whom could the Saviour prove a blessing? (Golden Text.)

3. *Mary, the Mother*, vs. 33-36.

How did the words of Simeon affect Mary?  
What did Simeon say to her about the child?  
What about sorrow to herself?  
When did this great sorrow come to Mary? See John 19. 25.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Simeon? "A just and devout man, waiting for Christ's coming." 2. Under what influence did he speak? "The Holy Ghost was upon him." 3. What reason did Simeon give for his readiness to depart? "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation." 4. How did Simeon describe Jesus? "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." 5. What did Simeon prophesy to Mary? "That a sword should pierce her soul."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The universality of redemption.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

8. How did the angels bear witness to him?

By singing praises to God at his birth, and by sending the shepherds to find the child Jesus in a manger at Bethlehem.

9. What witness did the wise men of the East bear?

Being led by a star to the house where the infant lay, they came and worshipped him.

A.D. 8] LESSON VI. [Feb. 9

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF JESUS.

Luke 2. 40-52. Memory verses, 49-52.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man. Luke 2. 52.

TIME.—A. D. 8.

PLACE.—In and near Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Emperor Augustus at Rome; Herod Antipas in Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.—After the circumcision of Jesus and his presentation in the temple, Joseph and Mary returned with him to Nazareth. Our lesson tells how he grew for twelve years, and what then occurred.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Grew*—His body grew in vigorous health. *Waxed strong*—His will and decision of character were noticeable, and his intelligence and vigorous wisdom were marked by the neighbours. *Grace of God*—Personal excellence. The sweet grace of the spirit of God made him lovable. *Every year*—Every male Israelite was bound to go to the temple once a year, and many pious people believed women should go also. *Twelve years old*—At this age Jewish children took a new step in their religious training; something like the confirmation of the Roman Catholic Church was administered to them. *Trained behind*—It seems that the children generally travelled to gether in the caravans of Galilean pilgrims, and it is not strange that Joseph and Mary lost sight of Jesus for three or four hours. *In the midst of the doctors*—In the temple, among the wise men. *Thy father*—This was the only possible manner in which Mary could speak to her son of Joseph. Notice what a singular contrast occurs in the next phrase, when he tells her he must be about his Father's business. *Subject unto them*—The only perfect child that the world has ever seen was a model of submission to his parents. *Kept all these sayings in her heart*—No other woman ever had such wonders to brood over. *Increased in wisdom*—His beautiful development up to twelve went peacefully on, after the incidents given in this lesson, to manhood. His youth con-

tinued in a natural, normal increase of everything that is beautiful in body, mind, and soul.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *To the Temple*, vs. 40-42.

What is said of the growth of the child Jesus?  
Whose favour rested on him?  
To what city did his parents journey?  
For what purpose did they go?  
What did the pass-over recall? Exod. 12. 11-14.  
Who were required to attend it? Exod. 23. 14, 15.  
At what age did Jesus first go up to this feast?

2. *In the Temple*, vs. 43-50.

When did Joseph and Mary start homeward?  
Who of their company was missing?  
Where did they suppose Jesus to be?  
How far did they go before seeking for him?  
Where then did they go in search for him?  
How long was it until they found him?  
Where did they find him, and how engaged?  
What did the doctors think of him?  
What did his parents think when they saw him?  
What did Mary say to him?  
What answer did he make?  
How well did they understand him?

3. *In the Home*, vs. 51, 52.

Where did Jesus go with his parents?  
What shows that he was an obedient child?  
What treasure did Mary keep, and where?  
What is said of Jesus's growth? (Golden Text.)

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did Jesus grow in boyhood? "Strong in spirit, wisdom, and grace." 2. When he was twelve years old, where did his parents take him? "To the passover feast in Jerusalem." 3. After they had lost him, where did they find him? "In the temple, in the midst of the doctors, studying the Scriptures." 4. What did Mary say? "Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." 5. How did Jesus reply? "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" 6. How did Jesus grow in young manhood? "He increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Growth in grace.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What honour did Simeon do him in the temple?

Simeon was assured that he should see the Saviour before he died; and paid honour to Jesus by taking him in his arms, and acknowledging him to be the Christ.

**The Mountain of Lebanon.**

THE grand feature of the geography of Syria is the two parallel chains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. The word Lebanon signifies "white mountain." The name is supposed to be derived from the whitish appearance of the mountain, caused by the reflection of the light from its rocky surface. In summer snow is found only in the ravines. The views of the mountain from below and above are exceedingly different. From below the vegetation of the terraces is not seen, so that the whole mountain-side appears as if composed only of immense rugged masses of naked, whitish rock, severed by deep, wide ravines. From above, the tops of the terraces are seen, all green with corn or straggling vines, or the dark foliage of the mulberry. The steeper banks and ridges have their forests of pine and oak, while far away down in the bottom of the glens, and round the villages and castellated convents, are large groves of olives. The glory of Lebanon in ancient days was its magnificent forests of cedar. These, though immensely diminished, have not yet disappeared.

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