

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
											✓

# HOME AND SCHOOL

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

ROBERT SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

[No. 20.]



RESCUED.—(See next page.)

### St. Martin and the Beggar.

In the freezing cold and the blinding snow  
Of a wintry eve in the long ago,  
Folding his cloak o'er clanking mail,  
A soldier is fighting the angry gale  
Inch by inch to the camp-fire's light,  
Star of his longing this wintry night.

All in a moment his path is barred;  
He draws his sword as he stands on guard.  
But who is this with a white, wan face,  
And piteous hands upheld for grace?  
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold  
Raises a beggar faint and cold.

Famished he seems, and almost spent;  
The rags that cover him worn and rent.  
Crust nor coin can the soldier find;  
Never his wallet with gold is lined;  
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain;  
The sufferer's pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,  
Armour of proof against the storm;  
He snatches it off without a word;  
One downward pass of the gleaming sword,  
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies,  
And the storm-wind howls 'neath the frown-  
ing skies.

"Half for thee"—and with tender art  
He gathers the cloak round the beggar's  
heart—

"And half for me;" and with jocund song  
In the teeth of the tempest he strides along.  
During the worst of the sleet and snow,  
That brave young spirit so long ago.

Lo! as he slept at midnight's prime,  
His tent had the glory of summer-time;  
Shining out of a wondrous light,  
The Lord Christ beamed on his dazzled sight.  
"I was the beggar," the Lord Christ said,  
As he stood by the soldier's lowly bed;  
"Half of thy garment thou gavest me;  
With the blessing of heaven I dower thee."  
And Martin rose from the hallowed tryst,  
Soldier and servant and knight of Christ.

—Harper's Young People.

### Rescued.

THE dog is a very fond and faithful animal. Though lower in the scale of being than we, yet he seems to have loves and hates much like our own. We have heard of his braving the perils of the mountain snows in search of storm-bound travellers, and of his plunging into deep and dangerous waters, as represented in our picture on the first page, to rescue his drowning master or more intelligent companions; but among all the touching incidents of the kind that have reached us we have heard of none more humane than that related by the *Courier Journal*:—

"A most pathetic and remarkable incident in connection with the death of Samuel J. Medill, late managing editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, has been related. Mr. Medill had owned a pet dog of which he was extremely fond, but the care of which had been so great a burden to him in his condition of health that he had given it to a friend near Quincy. The animal had seemed at times restless, but ordinarily well contented in his new home. Of late it had apparently been especially well domiciled and happy. Early in the morning of the day of Mr. Medill's death the dog suddenly disappeared from its home. At about six o'clock the dog appeared at the residence of Mr. John B. Carson, where Mr. Medill

was already dying. It howled most piteously about the place until admitted, and instantly, with some unexplainable and marvellous instinct, dashed to Mr. Medill's room, bounded upon the bed, and covered its dying master with its loyal caresses. It is stated that Mr. Medill, although already almost unconscious, gave recognition of the occurrence and seemed to realize its surprising impressiveness."

Dear children, be kind to the feelings of your dog, and learn to prize all the creatures God has made. Each has its place, and when made the subject of meditation displays wonderful wisdom in the Creator.

### The True Missionary Spirit.

BY M. D. R. BOYD.

"Oh, yes, indeed, Aunt Helen," said Milly, laying down *The Sunrise Kingdom*, which she had been reading aloud; "I take a great interest in missionary work. We have two mission bands in our church, and I belong to both. Besides, I keep a box to collect money for the two societies, and what with the dimes and quarters that papa and mamma and Uncle Charlie drop in, it amounts to a large sum at the end of the year. We are supporting a little girl in India and another in China. But why do you ask, auntie?"

Aunt Helen was a widowed sister of Milly's father, and after a short sojourn with her relatives at the East, she had brought her young niece back with her to pass the winter on the wide prairies of her Western home. She looked up from her task of arranging little illustrated papers and Scripture cards into small packages that almost covered the long table before her, and, with a grave face, answered Milly's question:

"Because I thought, from your rude behaviour to the little Indian girl who came to the house yesterday when you were sitting on the porch waiting for your friend Kate, that you felt no interest in the conversion of the heathen."

Milly coloured with shame: "But, Aunt Helen, she was such an odd-looking girl, and wore such uncouth and ill-fitting dress and shoes. Kate says she belongs to some Indians who are encamped on the plains. She said, too, she wouldn't wonder if they got their living by begging or stealing. Besides, Aunt Helen, I only told her, when she was marching right up to the front door, that we always expected beggars to go round to the kitchen."

"Esther is not a beggar," said Aunt Helen, quietly; "she is a dear little Christian girl, and has done a great deal of good among her own people. You look surprised, Milly. Let me tell you her story:

"One stormy night, several years ago, a poor little Indian child, half naked, hungry, and almost perishing

with the bitter cold, was found crying on the prairie. We took her in and cared for her until she was old enough to be placed in one of our mission schools. Here little Esther (as we had named her) proved so bright and eager to learn that she was soon able to read for herself about the wonderful love of Jesus in coming to save those who were lost. The Holy Spirit applied these truths to her heart, and she became a true Christian. Like the first disciples, as soon as she gave herself to Christ she wanted to tell others what a dear Saviour she had found. Through a series of providential events she was a short time after restored to her kindred, and has ever since been doing the work of a missionary among them. Whenever her people, on their hunting or trading expeditions, pass a night or two in this vicinity, Esther comes to me for a supply of little text-cards to carry home with her. I am going this afternoon to take these packages to the camp. And see, Milly, what she has brought me."

Here Aunt Helen showed her niece a pretty Indian basket, beautifully woven, and dyed in bright colours. It contained bead pin-cushions, braided toilet mats, and needle-books.

"Esther wishes these to be sold for the benefit of the mission-schools," said Aunt Helen. "They are all her own work, and the materials were bought, no doubt, by the sacrifice of many needful comforts, from the money she earned by selling nuts, berries, and baskets in the settlements." The tears came into Milly's eyes. "Dear Aunt Helen," she said, "do let me buy some of these with the money papa gave me to spend as I choose. I have never really denied myself or given anything that would cause me self-denial in the way of my own pleasures, although I thought I was doing so much for Christ. And I will go with you to the camp—may I not?—and learn from Esther what it is to have a true missionary spirit."

### Grandpa's Queer Cane.

It was a cold winter night, seventy years ago. Little Polly had made a "breath-hole" on the frosty window pane, so she could peep out and watch Jonas watering the cattle at the brook, and see the red sunset clouds; and there was grandpa coming home from the woods with an axe on his shoulder and a cane in his other hand.

He came into the large warm kitchen where she was, a few minutes later.

"Here, Polly," he said, "come and see my new cane."

Polly ran to examine it. It was slender and tapering, the head looked just like a snake's head, and it was striped and spotted like a snake.

"It looks just like a snake," said Polly, "only it is so straight and stiff. Where did you get it, grandpa?"

"I found it in a hollow log I was chopping to-day. I thought it would

make me a nice cane, so I walked home with it to-night; and it did very well. It's slender, to be sure; but it seems stout, and I don't believe it would break very easy."

"It's nice and smooth," said Polly; "and it's pretty, too, if it didn't look so much like a snake. I don't like snakes very well."

"Don't you? Well, set it up in the corner now, and put the chairs about the table. I see Jonas coming in, and I want my supper."

Polly set the cane in the corner near the great fire-place; and just then grandma came in from the back but-tery, with a bowl of apple sauce. Jonas came in with a pail of milk, and soon they all sat down to supper in the pleasant firelight.

They had just finished eating, when there was a little noise in the corner. They all looked around, but no cane stood there. Instead, a snake was squirming and twisting on the floor.

"For the land sakes!" cried grandma. "How on earth did that snake get into the house?"

"I found him frozen up stiff in a log," said grandpa, "and walked home with him for a cane. He made a very good one; out, now he has thawed out, Jonas, I guess you had better take him out and chop off his head." Which Jonas was very willing to do.

### Driver Ants.

THERE are certain ants that show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too; only, these boats are formed of their own bodies. They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night, while chickens, lizards, and other animals in western Africa flee from them in terror. To protect themselves from the heat, they erect arches under which numerous armies of them pass in safety. Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth gummed together by some secretion, and again it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, which hold themselves together by their strong nippers, while the workers pass under them. At certain times of the year, freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood; but instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruins rises a black ball that rides safely on the water and drifts away. At the first warning of danger, the little creatures rush together and form a solid ball of ants; the weaker in the centre; often this ball is larger than a common base-ball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound.—*St. Nicholas*.

## A September Violet.

For days the peaks wore hoods of cloud,  
The slopes were veiled in chilly rain;  
We said: It is the Summer's shroud,  
And with the brooks we moaned aloud,—  
Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one  
Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day,  
As though September, having blown  
A blast of tempest, now had thrown  
A gauntlet to the favoured May.

Backward to Spring our fancies flew,  
And, careless of the course of Time,  
The bloomy days began anew,  
Then, as a happy dream comes true,  
Or as a poet finds his rhyme—

Half wondered at, half unbeliev'd—  
I found thee, friendliest of the flowers!  
Then Summer's joys came back, green-leaved,  
And its doomed dead, awhile reprieved,  
First learned how truly they were ours.

Dear violet! Did the Autumn bring  
Thou vernal dreams, till thou, like me,  
Didst climb to thy imagining?  
Or was it that the thoughtful Spring  
Did come again, in search of thee?  
—Robert Underwood Johnson.

## Free.

"WHAT'S that you are holding in your mouth, Harry?"

"Nothing but a piece of rattan, Uncle Ben; but it looks almost like a cigarette, doesn't it? It holds fire well, you see."

"Yes, I see."

"When I'm a man, though, I'm going to smoke real cigarettes and cigars. Father won't let me now, but when I'm a man I shall be free to do as I please. I've promised my mother not to smoke while I'm a boy."

"I think you had better keep that promise when you are past being a boy."

"No." Harry strutted up and down, puffing out the smoke, and then holding his rattan between his first and second fingers, in what he considered a very stylish manner. "I'm not going to make myself a slave to any such promise then. I'm going to be a free man. I don't mean, you know," he went on with a dignified air, "that I'm going to smoke too much, as some men do, but I'm going to take a smoke when I want it. Any man who amounts to anything knows how far he ought to go;" and Harry flung away his imitation cigarette with an air of being fully able, with his thirteen years of experience, to judge of what he or any other man ought to do.

"I have heard some such talk as that before this morning," said Uncle Ben; "and as it was from a man, and he seemed to think very much as you do, I suppose his opinions ought to give strength to yours."

"Who was it, uncle?"

"Sam Waite, who used to be foreman in the factory. I saw him down at the grocery. He looks shabby and forlorn, and seems to be having a hard time. He bought a paper of tobacco, looked at a bit of fruit which he said he would like to take up to his sick wife if he could afford it, and then

began ranting against Mr. Barton, the owner of the factory.

"Turned me out of my situation six weeks ago," he said, "where I have served him faithfully and well, because I wouldn't give up tobacco."

"Well," said a man who was standing near, "you know he had good reasons for it. Two or three accidents happened from men smoking on the sly, and he couldn't forbid it to one without forbidding it to all."

"I don't care," said Waite angrily. "I'm not going to be any man's slave; I shall do as I please."

"But you have had a good place with Barton for years," said another; "hadn't you better give up for the sake of your family?"

"No," growled Waite. "If Barton chooses to turn me off, the fault is his, not mine. This is a free country, and I'm going to be a free man. It's a piece of tyranny to ask a man to give up his tobacco; I'd rather give up my food."

"It looked to me, Harry," went on Uncle Ben, "very much as if the slavery was the other way. A man becomes a slave to the ugly habit, for he is miserable unless he can have the stuff at certain times. It tyrannizes over his purse, over his well-doing, and over the comfort of his family, as you have seen in Waite's case. And look here!"—he took hold of the boy's chin and raised the bright face so that he could look into it—"your mouth is clean and your breath sweet and your teeth white, just as the good Lord made them; when I come again to visit you in a few years shall I see them stained and filthy? Your grasp is firm and strong now"—he took his hand—"but a few years later shall I find your hand beginning to tremble and your eye losing its clearness? And if I say, 'Give it up, my boy,' you will be likely to answer, 'I am so accustomed to it that I cannot;' that is what most of them say. Is that your idea of freedom?"

"There's Johnnie Waite," cried Harry, loosening his hand and running towards the gate. "Hello, Johnnie! Are you going with the rest of the boys on the excursion to-morrow?"

The little boy turned a very sorrowful face as he answered, "No; my father is out of work, and I can't go."

Harry walked thoughtfully back to his uncle. "I believe you are about right, Uncle Ben," he said. "There goes my rattan and I'll send the tobacco after it when my time comes."

"I hope you will have the resolution to keep yourself free, Harry. It would be much better for Waite if he felt free to take care of his poor family instead of being enslaved by a habit which you see stands in the way of his duty to them. They have to suffer because of his self-indulgence. There are very few ways in which we can do wrong without bringing unmerited sufferings upon others."—*Sydney Dayre.*

## Praying by Machinery.

NINE out of every ten Mongols you meet will have rosaries in their hands, and be rapidly repeating prayers. The efficacy depends not on the meaning, but on the repetition of the prayer. It is not properly speaking, praying at all, but "repeating charms." But mouth-repetition is a slow process, and to expedite matters a praying-wheel has been invented, into which are put a large number of printed prayers; the wheel is turned round, and, by this simple act, all the prayers contained in the machine are supposed to be repeated. This is a wonderful acceleration. The wheel is fitted on to a handle, which a man can easily hold as he walks about; and thus it comes that men may be met with examining their cattle, or going from one place to another, whirling their prayer-wheels all the time. In some tents there is a stand, in which is placed a large wheel, bearing about the same relation to the hand-wheel as a family Bible bears to a pocket Bible. A thong is fixed to a crank, the inmates take their turn in pulling it. If a wrongly-timed pull sends the cylinder turning backwards, according to the Mongol idea, it makes a sin in place of merit. In one house I saw a wheel placed over the fire, and driven by the upward current of hot air, after the manner of a roasting-jack. A common form of the prayer-wheel is a windmill set on a lofty pole high above the tent. When a strong north-west gale springs up the machine goes whirring round; and the poor Mongol, as he shudders at the tempest, in his tent below, is comforted, so far at least, by the thought that the blast is performing a lot of prayers for him. Sitting in a tent once, I heard behind me a curious clicking noise, and, looking round, found a praying-wheel going by machinery. The master of the house, being a mechanical genius, had bought an old clock in a Chinese town, taken out and rearranged the spring and wheels, and made them drive a cylinder filled with prayers. When he got up in the morning he simply took the key, wound up the clockwork, and then the thing made prayers for the whole establishment.

He that is too poor to buy a hand-wheel or a windmill gets a prayer flag—a piece of common Chinese cotton cloth printed over with Tibetan characters—fastens it to a pole, and sets it up near his tent, believing that every time it flutters in the wind all the prayers on it are repeated. Not only at tents, but over stone cairns on hill-tops, these flags abound. The cloth is coarse, the printing rude, wind and rain soon make havoc of its appearance; but there it is, and there it flutters, bleached and ragged, long after the weather has removed every trace of letters. Large temples have sometimes large praying wheels, broad and high, filled with sacred books, shrines, and idols. Pilgrims come

from long distances, assemble round the wheel, lay hold of its handles, and with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," by their united strength drag the creaking fabric round, and believe that each one who has helped has acquired as much merit as if he had read all the books, repeated all the charms, and worshipped at all the shrines contained in the wheel. The thing would be laughable were it not too serious a matter by far for laughter. The worshippers really believe that this charm-repeating and wheel-turning and flag-fluttering makes merit which cancels sin. They live in this belief, and they die with this lie in their right hand. This idea, too, is the cause of much sin. Believing, as he does, that this merit cancels sin, a Mongol aims, not at leaving sin and being holy, but at providing for plenty of merit to counterbalance his sin, and thinks that the more religious he is he can afford to sin the more, just as the man who has most money can afford to spend the most.

## The All-Giver.

When the fields are sweet with clover;  
When the robin sings with glee;  
When the skies are bright and cloudless,  
and this world is fair to see,  
Dost thou thank him  
Who has made all things for thee?

When the goldenrod is nodding  
By the wayside, slim and tall;  
When the purple asters blossom  
All along the garden-wall,  
Dost thou heed them?  
Dost thou see his hand in all?

Every modest little blossom,  
Every bird upon the tree,  
Tells his love for all his children,  
Tells his love for you and me;  
Dost thou love him  
Who has shown such love for thee?

*The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Earthworms.*  
By CHARLES DARWIN. J. Fitzgerald, Publisher, 24 East 4th Street., New York. Price, post-free, 30 cents.

What more unpromising theme can be thought of than "the action of earthworms." But when the highest genius undertakes to study even these lowly creatures, and to describe their habits and their labours, he invests even that subject with the profoundest interest for every reader who has any openness of mind for the contemplation of nature's wonders. The titles of the several chapters show the wide range of the great naturalist's researches in this field. He treats of the habits of worms; the amount of fine earth brought up by worms; the part played by worms in the burial of ancient buildings; the denudation of land by the action of worms. For sale by William Briggs, Toronto.

If you are a warm advocate for truth and righteousness, and a living rebuke to all transgressors of God's law, you must not expect to escape the tongue of censure and slander.

Lost at Sea.

BY G. S. WILLIAMS.

A FIRMER grasp upon the thrashing sail essayed,  
 A misstep on the icy-covered foot-ropes made,  
 A futile snatch at wind-blown lines, a piercing cry,  
 By rushing gale and seething waves heard mockingly,  
 A breathless mid-air flight and swift-engulfing fall,  
 With strangling pressure on the chest and heart appall;  
 A slow, slow rising through the all-enclosing deep,  
 Until once more is felt the night wind in its sweep;  
 The struggle of a puny arm against the waves  
 While despair in its sudden-coming madness raves;  
 A thought of home and loved ones, age-bowed mother, wife;  
 A gasp—and curling, crested waves have closed the strife.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 66pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 10pp. 8vo.	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 60

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
 78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.  
 S. F. HUZARIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Home and School

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
**FOR MISSIONS**  
**FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

The Chautauqua Idea.

AN idea may be rational, perfectly feasible and for the public good; or, it may be a whim, impossible of execution and of little value if successful. Columbus' idea that the world was round, and, that by sailing westward, he might discover a new continent, illustrates the former. Perhaps a draft on one's own memory of failures made may sufficiently serve to illustrate the latter. The Chautauqua idea belongs to the former, notwithstanding a few may be found to shake the head.

Chautauqua is most widely known for its mystic C. L. S. C. It is the great home college. It is, in brief, all things for public good. But, some things Chautauqua is not. Some things are full of superficiality; Chautauqua is not this. Some things are full of

lofty airs; Chautauqua is not this. Some things are un-American, although planted in our native soil; Chautauqua is not this. "It is of the people, for the people, and by the people." It touches the fireside and awakens a desire for the purest and best. It helps solve the problem of vile and questionable literature. It adopts and executes Napoleon's maxim: "We must supplant." If its C. L. S. C. course of reading is only reading, still it is reading in its best and highest sense. It is that kind which makes wiser and better, that stimulates both mental and moral powers. It trains to thoughtful reading which thousands are strangers to. It discourages superficiality. It succeeds, in a remarkable degree, in impressing the idea, that which is worth reading at all is worth careful mental assimilation. Few can take its course without being impressed with the necessity of reading less and thinking more.

Better, few can pursue its course of reading without an indelible impression of the truths of our glorious religion, and the necessity of personal piety. With many the C. L. S. C., carried out according to methods recommended, becomes a course of study. However, it nowhere makes this claim.

There is no community but what would be elevated intellectually and morally by the coming of the C. L. S. C. There is no church but what would greatly increase in strength by thus giving "attention to reading." There is no pastor but would find consecrated intelligence a conservator of religion. With more general intelligence there will be less danger of church schisms and the existence of cliques and parties so dangerous in the past and, which, we are by no means free from in the present. Not all can have a liberal education, but all, or nearly all, may have a liberal outlook in the world of science and letters.

But the Chautauqua idea does not end with the C. L. S. C. This no longer represents Chautauqua. It is but the vestibule. The inner courts are more spacious and blaze with the ever ascending stars of possibilities. Chautauqua is greater than any of its departments. It is equal only to the sum of all its parts. It is a University in the best sense. Some departments are now open, and all others of a first class University are in contemplation. It already presents a course of study in the liberal arts not a whit behind the best college of the land. It is needless to say that as thorough work will be required and done.

Suppose one, denied the privilege of academic study in early life, and now can spend two hours per day in real hard study; what surprising things could be accomplished in four years, in ten years! Above all, habits would be formed of systematic, independent study which might last a lifetime.

Chautauqua aims to bring out the latent forces that lie all about us. It does not allure to dazzling heights of

impossible attainments, but it says to every one, *you* can do something, and carries the torch along to light the way.

The Orator of Early Methodism.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD'S early boyhood had not given much promise of this nobleness in his youth. He had been very wayward. He had hated instruction. He had even filched small sums of money from the pocket and till of his loving mother. In later boyhood he had shown a passion for the theatre, and had nursed a strong desire to become an actor. But as he grew older some of his follies dropped out of his life. After he was twelve he gave himself to faithful study in St. Mary de Crypt's school, and a good book which he purchased led him to think very seriously about his soul, and in various ways to mend his life.

One day a poor student of Pembroke College, Oxford, visited George Whitefield's mother. He was called a *servitor* at College, because he supported himself by doing personal services for rich students. He told Mrs. Whitefield that he had earned enough in this way to pay all his expenses the last quarter, and that he had a penny left. His words were like windows through which the poor lady could see a way by which her son might get a College education. With much animation she cried out:

"This will do for my son!"

Then turning to young Whitefield she asked:

"Will you go to Oxford College?"

The young man gladly consented. Influential friends promised their assistance in procuring him admission. He therefore laid aside his blue apron, gave himself to study, shook off every old idle habit, became very attentive to religious duties, and, aided by a friend's gift to pay his initiation fee, entered College at Oxford when he was eighteen years old. A humble mind, patience, a strong will, and a mother's love were the steps by which he had climbed the "Hill Difficulty," that had frowned so darkly on his youthful career.

But entering Pembroke College as a *servitor* was not reaching the last hill-top. Other and steeper mountains lay before him. Most Oxford students in those times were the sons of noblemen. They were rich, proud, fashionable, given to expensive vices, and to scornful treatment of poor students who did not belong to their noble orders. Hence, young Whitefield soon found himself neglected, snubbed, and harshly treated. Though living amid hundreds of students, he found so little sympathy among them that he could truthfully say with the Psalmist, "I am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop."

The sorrows of our young *servitor* were made more bitter by his sense of guilt for the sins of his previous life. Afraid of the "wrath to come," he

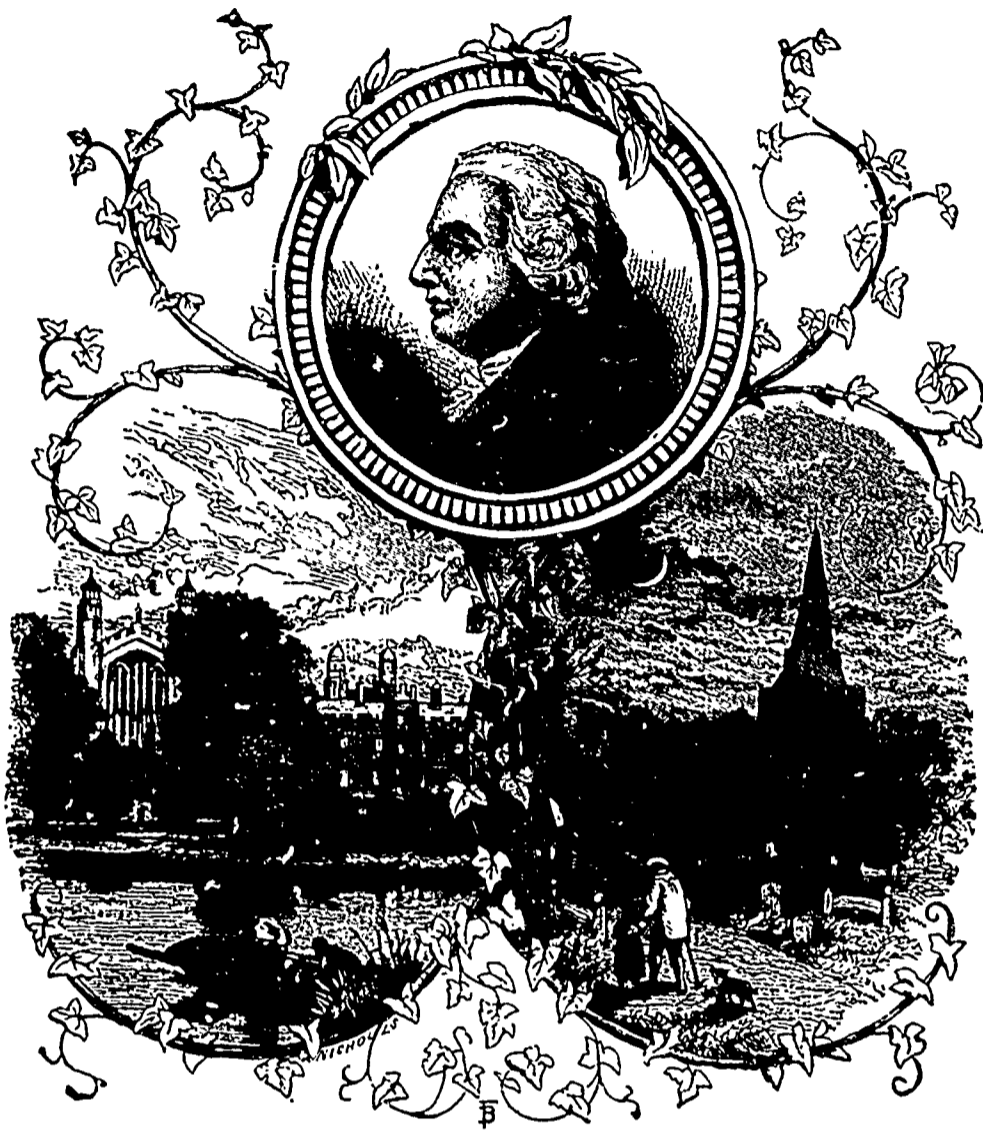
sought to escape it, not by going to Jesus for a free pardon, but by vain efforts to make himself better, and by doing various things to commend himself to the favour of Heaven. He wore woollen gloves, which were unfashionable, a patched gown, and dirty shoes. He ate coarse bread, and drank sage tea without sugar. He spent whole days and many hours lying prostrate on the cold ground in earnest prayer. In fact, he came near ruining his health by these vain ways of trying to save his soul. His strange conduct caused his fellow-students to mock and treat him more rudely than before.

After struggling three years against these great trials, our distressed student became acquainted with John and Charles Wesley and their companions, who were sneered at as the "Holy Club" by the wicked undergraduates and scornful "dons" of the University. John Wesley encouraged him, though even he had not then learned that the pardon of sins was not to be purchased with penances of any kind. But Whitefield soon discovered through the Gospel that he could gain that most precious of blessings as a free gift by simply believing that Jesus, in shedding his blood for the sin of the world, actually died for *him*. This was good news, indeed, to the despairing young man; and, as thirsty travellers in the desert rush to a bubbling spring to drink, he looked to Jesus as dying for him. Then a ray of light from heaven swiftly darted into his soul, and he was a new creature.

Speaking of that grand moment in his life he said: "Oh, with what joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of and big with glory, was my soul filled when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God broke in upon my disconsolate soul!"

He was now at the top of his second "Hill Difficulty." His long night of sorrow and humiliation was ended. The day of his coming greatness had dawned. His great ability as a pulpit orator began to be seen. Friends were attracted to him on every side. One gentleman gave him an annuity to enable him to remain at Oxford. Bishop Benson, meeting him while he was visiting his mother at Gloucester, ordained him when he was twenty-one years old. Wherever he preached people flocked to hear him. His words moved them to tears, and caused many to repent of their sins. The despised *servitor*, the former pot-boy of "The Bell" inn, had suddenly emerged, like a bright particular star, from the darkness which clouded his early days, and shone forth as the coming prince of pulpit orators.—Rev. Dr. Wise.

If men blacken your character, the Lord will find a time to wipe off every spot; he will "bring forth thy righteousness as the light;" only trust him to do this.



THOMAS GRAY.

## Thomas Gray.

BY EMILY L. BLACKALL.

THIS poet, who has been called the pioneer of Wordsworth, first opened his eyes on the world in Cornhill, England, December 26th, 1716. Little is known of his ancestry, save that he was the son of Philip and Dorothy Gray. His father is described as violent, jealous, neglectful of his family, and probably a madman. Of twelve children, Thomas was the only one that was reared. The picture of his early home-life at Cornhill is too painful to dwell upon, but may be referred to as evidence that even out of such blighting conditions true greatness is sometimes developed.

Gray was short in stature, with a broad pale brow, sharp nose and chin, and large eyes, in which there was a "lightning brightness." He was never well, which may have caused the wavering, "gingerly" manner in which he is said to have walked. We do not wonder that he was always moody and dull of spirit. The shadow over his infancy, and the fact that in the times in which he lived, rational care of health was almost a thing unknown, were a sufficient cause for what he termed his "White Melancholy," that "seldom laughed or danced." An ardent lover of music, he was also

something of a musician. He made a feeble and brief attempt at the study of law, that having been intended as the profession he was to pursue; but his mission was in another path, and thither he was carried by the forces of his entire being.

When Gray was thirty-six years old, he went to live in the village of Stoke Pogis, which his name has immortalized. This quaint village is a scattering settlement over a large territory, and contains a picturesque church, with a wooden spire supposed to have been built in 1340. A deed, dated 1291, shows the manor of Stoke to have been owned by many eminent persons. It was fitted up, for a time, for a studio, and Sir Edwin Landseer was working there in 1852, when he became insane.

Gray's home, for many years, was in a simple farm-house known as West End House. Burnham Beeches, Stoke Common, and Brockhurst Woods, near by, were, to the poet, the charm of his home. Here, he wrote many of his best poems; and here, in 1742, he began the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which he finished in 1750. This elegy, appealing as it does to the tenderest and noblest depths of human feeling, is loved and admired wherever poetry is known. Like the rising and setting of the sun, it is still "new every morning, and fresh every even-

ing," after more than a century of existence; proving the heart of its author to have been

—pregnant with celestial fire.

Possessing a heart that craved sympathy and loving companionship, he yet led a solitary life much of the time. His name was connected for a while with that of a Miss Harriet Speed; but this "feeble romance" seems to have been his only one. A biographer says: "It seems likely, on the whole, that had he been inclined to endow Harriet Speed with his gout, his poverty, his melancholy, and his fitful genius, she would have accepted the responsibility; but matrimony did not attract him, though in friendship he was rich and eminently faithful. His own words may be aptly applied to himself:

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;  
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished)  
a friend."

His gout was hereditary; his habits were temperate even to such abstemiousness that his enemies accused him of being so dainty that anything less delicate than apricot marmalade was too gross for him. Until his fifty-second year,

Chill-penury . . . froze the genial current  
of his soul;

but the Chair of Modern Literature and Languages at Cambridge, awarded to him in 1768, made the last three years of his life free from anxiety concerning his income. His extreme modesty prevented the gratification of his friends; who were eager to know what gracious words George III. vouchsafed to him, when the warrant for the office was signed, and Gray kissed the hand of the king.

Gray was considered distant and reserved by those who did not know him intimately, and had the reputation of being finical. In this connection, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse relates a spicy incident. A Mr. Penneck had a friend who travelled one day in the Windsor stage with a small gentleman to whom, on passing Kensington churchyard, he began to quote, with great fervour, some stanzas of the Elegy; adding how extraordinary it was that a poet of such genius and manly vigour of mind should be a delicate, timid, effeminate character; that Mr. Gray, who wrote those noble verses, should be a puny insect, shivering in a breeze. The other gentleman assented, and they passed to general topics, on which he proved himself to be so well informed, entertaining, and vivacious, that Penneck's friend was enchanted. On leaving the coach, he fell into an enthusiastic description of his fellow-traveller, to the friend who met him, and wound up by saying: "Ah! here he is, returning to the coach! Who can he be?" "Oh, that is Mr. Gray, the poet!"

Gray's pertinacity in study is accounted for by some as a result of his being too infirm, physically, to be at rest, and not sufficiently courageous to indulge in reverie. His affection, late in life, for the "young Swiss gentleman," Boustetten, is a touching and convincing evidence of the warm heart that had known so much of the "east wind" of solitariness. He was a sincere believer in Christianity, and urged the importance of family prayer. A key to his character is found in his grateful remembrance of a Mrs. Boufroy, who, he says, taught him how to pray.

On July 30th, 1771, near midnight, at Cambridge, attended by his faithful niece, Mary Antrobus, the fitful fever of his life ceased. Death was welcome, and brought the peace that his life had so singularly missed. His body was placed beside that of his mother, at Stoke Pogis. And here we leave him, with fitting refrain from his own great poem:

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread  
abode.

(There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
The bosom of his Father and his God.)

THE best answer to slander is silence;  
the best revenge for injuries is kindness;  
the best weapon against doubt is prayer.

## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

## XI.

THREE months since I wrote a line in these pages! The last words seem faint and distant, like a voice across a chasm, as if the earth had opened beneath my feet and made a great gulf between me and the day when they were written.

One day mother and I were sitting sewing at the great window of the hall, and talking of Jack. We had written to him some time since begging him to come back to us, at least for a time, saying that we were all longing to have him with us again, and then at all events we could talk over his future plans together.

We had not had any answer. We had explained to each other again and again how natural it was there should be some delay, the posts were so irregular at all times. We were planning how the country might be made less dull for him, when suddenly a horseman galloped on a foaming horse into the courtyard, making the old walls echo and the windows vibrate with the noise.

"Sit still, Kitty. Let Betty see what it is."

"Bless your heart, Mrs. Kitty, my dear," said Betty, "don't look so scared. It's only a servant of Sir John Beauchamp's; nothing but some fancy of Mrs. Evelyn's, startling folks out of their wits."

It was indeed a letter from Evelyn to me.

It began with tender, soothing, lingering words, quite unlike her usual way of dashing into the midst of things. It was meant to "break the news." It only threw my brain into such a bewilderment, that when I came to the news my heart beat and my head swam so that I could scarcely read it. But when I did take it in, I was calm again in an instant. For I could only think of mother.

I stood a minute afraid to look at her, and irresolute what to do, when she said softly,—

"Kitty, don't read it, tell it me. I know quite well it is not good news. And it's about Jack."

I looked at her. She was sitting with her hands clasped as if in prayer. And I knelt down by her and whispered (how, I can never remember, for the words seemed to hiss from my lips like some one else's voice), that Jack had done something for which he was arrested, and was in prison at Newgate.

"Kitty," she said, "there is no time to be lost. Go and fetch your father."

Poor father! When I found him, and told him, he never uttered a word of reproach against Jack or any one. He said, "Poor fellow, poor fellow, I was too hard with him!" and that was all. We walked home across the fields in silence.

When we returned mother beckoned to us from the window of the porch-

closet. Father joined her there. I remained in the hall below. In a few minutes mother called me, and I went up.

"It is quite plain, darling, what we must do," said mother, "it is a great mercy it is so plain."

"Father and I must go to him at once," said I.

"Yes," said mother, "to-morrow." And she pointed to a post-script of Evelyn's letter, which in my excitement I had not noticed, and in which she desired us, if we liked, to send the servant home by sea, and take his horse to ride to London on at once.

Everything was arranged before the dawn of next day.

Father was to take his own horse, and I the man's. We might be in London in less than a week, and have besides the great comfort of making the journey alone, not exposed to the questions or prying looks of fellow-passengers.

Betty was too thoroughly one of us not to know our trouble, at least as far as that Jack was in prison. She believed it was for debt; indeed we scarcely understood ourselves whether it was for that or worse.

All night she was up making provision for the journey, insisting that I should keep quiet in my bed. In the morning as I was dressing, she said in a rapid, eager way, as she was packing and pressing my things into as small a bundle as possible, without pausing a moment in word or work so as to give me a chance of interrupting her:—

"Mrs. Kitty, I have put five guineas in an old stocking in a corner of the bundle. I should have given them to Master Jack when he went to the wars. But mother told me to keep them for my burying, and I promised I would. But I've been thinking well about it, and I don't see it would be any sin to break my word."

"For a long time I have been of two minds about it; for what's the use of a fine burying to me, any more than to the rich man in the Bible? Fine buryings won't keep sinners out of the fire, nor will the sores of the poor body, nor the lickings of the dogs, poor fools, keep off the blessed angels from carrying the soul home. When I die, Mrs. Kitty, it's my wish that the class members should carry my body to the grave singing Mr. Wesley's hymns, while the angels are carrying my soul, singing their hymns. Not that I'm altogether sure, Mrs. Kitty, the angels even will be wanted; for heaven seems nearer a good bit now, since the Lord died, than it was before; and maybe we shall step into it all at once, quite natural, without help from any one. But that's neither here nor there. It wasn't the burying that made me of two minds, but my word to mother. I've prayed many times about it; and last night I saw it all as clear as the sun. It's my belief that we are to do as we'd be done by, by the dead as well as by the living. And if I were dead and had got any one to make a foolish promise

like that I should think it the greatest kindness if they broke it and put the money to a better use. So I shall do the same by mother, Mrs. Kitty. You needn't say anything to Master Jack about what I've told you. But it's my belief mother'll be smiling on them guineas from heaven if she knows about it, if it helps Master Jack; which is more than she could do in conscience, if they were spent making brutes of folks on rum and gin at my burying."

So saying Betty limped down the stairs, leaving me sobbing out the first easy natural tears I had shed since the dreadful news came.

Mother insisted on coming down to breakfast with us, and she bid me good-bye: she looked so calm and cheerful, I could not help saying,—

"O mother, don't keep up so. You will break down so much the worse when we are gone."

"No, Kitty," she said, "I shall not. I am not keeping up. I believe I am kept up. I cannot understand myself. I cannot feel hopeless about this. I have a persuasion, not like persuading myself, but like a prophecy, that good is to come out of this for Jack and all of us, and not evil, and the hope strengthens me to pray for him as I never prayed for him in my life."

And so we parted.

It was certainly a comfort that the rapidity of our journey depended not on the will and convenience of indifferent coachmen or sailors, to whom we could not have explained our terrible reasons for haste, but on our own exertions and on those of our horses.

I only remember distinctly two incidents of that journey, so completely were we absorbed by its purpose.

One was on a fine clear morning, as we were riding down a steep, stony hill in a narrow lane, when we saw before us a gentleman in clerical dress, on a horse which was shambling along at its own pace, with the reins on its neck, whilst the rider was reading from an open book laid on the saddle before him.

Father was so impressed with the peril of the proceeding, especially as the clergyman's horse made a very awkward stumble just as we passed him, that he took off his hat, and said to the stranger,—

"Sir, you will excuse an old soldier; but I should think myself safer charging a battery than riding in that way on that beast of yours."

The stranger bowed most politely, said something in a calm, pleasant voice about himself and the horse understanding each other; but as he thanked father for his advice, his face beamed with that cloudless benevolent smile that no one who had seen it can forget; and I saw it was Mr. John Wesley.

The second incident which stands out from the dreary mist of anxiety which hangs about that journey, happened on the next morning.

It was not five o'clock, and still rather dusk.

We were always in the saddle as soon as we could see. But at the end of the town we were leaving, a large crowd was already gathered. We had to ride through it, and I never liked the look of faces in a crowd less. Many were of the very lowest type, dull and brutish, or fierce with a low excitement, and above them rose a dreadful black thing with arms. At the outskirts of the crowd we encountered some rough jests. But when we got into the thick of it, all was quite still. Every eye was riveted on one spot, and every ear was listening to one calm, solemn voice, fervent and deep, but always natural and never shrill (he held it a sin to scream); and before we came in sight of him I knew it was Mr. John Wesley preaching.

"Come on, Kitty," said father, in a low, trembling voice, laying hold of my rein as I paused an instant; "don't you see what the people are waiting for?"

I looked at his quivering lips, and did not venture to ask. But as I glanced back for a moment, it flashed on me what it was. It was Mr. Wesley preaching to a crowd collected to see an execution. That terrible black thing with arms was the gallows.

I shall never forget the respectful kindness with which Uncle Beauchamp welcomed father when we reached Great Ormond Street, nor his tender gentleness to me.

Evelyn explained everything to me, as Uncle Beauchamp did to father.

Jack was in Newgate; not on the debtor's side, but worse.

He had taken some money from that Company, only anticipating his salary, he said, by a few weeks, and, of course, intending to replace it. But the law does not deal with intentions, and the act was felony, and he had to stand his trial. Uncle Beauchamp and Uncle Henderson had engaged the best lawyers to defend him, and Evelyn said they assured them there was much hope.

"But if the defence fails," I said, looking into Evelyn's face, "what is the penalty?"

"It may be anything, or it may be nothing," she said, avoiding my eyes with evasiveness quite unusual with her, "the law is so uncertain, everyone says."

"It might be anything!" Evelyn and I understood each other, and we said no more.

Father and I went the next day to Newgate. It was arranged that we should each see Jack alone to spare his feelings.

Grim walls with the windows placed so as to let in as little light and pleasantness as possible, clanking of chains on prison bolts, grating of clumsy keys, the careful locking behind us of reverberating iron doors, and through all a sense of being watched by curious prying eyes, and then the dreadful certainty that to so many these cells were but the ante-chamber to a dishonoured grave, made me feel like a

prisoner myself, almost like one buried alive myself, as I stood alone in a gloomy little room with barred windows looking on a dull court, trying to pray, trying to think what I would say to Jack, but unable, try as I might, to do anything but mentally repeat words without meaning, and count the window-bars and chimney-stacks; so that when at last father came, and I was led into Jack's cell and left alone with him, I was entirely unprepared, and could only throw my arms around his neck, and sob out entreaties that he would forgive me for all the rough and cross words I had ever spoken to him.

"Poor little Kitty," he said with a deep voice more like father's than his own, "my poor little sister, you and father are both alike, not a reproach, not a complaint;" and then placing me on a chair, while he paced up and down the cell, he said, "I did think he would have been in a passion, Kitty, and, I am sure, I wish he had! It would have been much easier." Then, after a pause, in a tone more like his own old easy, careless way, "It is the most unlucky thing in the world. I am the most unlucky man in the world. Only three days and my salary would have been paid, and everything would have been right. However, one must never look on the dark side. Something may turn up yet." And then he asked eagerly all that the lawyers thought.

I said they seemed to have much hope of success.

He seized at this in his old sanguine way, as if success had been certain, and after talking some time about his unluckiness, he concluded,—

"But you know, Kitty, it's a long lane that has no turning. I always knew that there would be a change of fortune for me some day. And now I shouldn't wonder, if it's on the point of beginning; for, to confess the truth, they were rather a low money-making set after all, that Company. The secretary's a screw and a perfidious hypocrite into the bargain. Although not exactly in the way one might have chosen, I've no doubt it will turn out a good thing in the end to have done with them. And as to any little hasty words you may ever have said, Kitty," he concluded, as we heard footsteps approaching, "never mention such a thing again. We all have our little infirmities, and you were always the best little soul in the world."

But as I drove back with father my heart seemed absolutely frozen. Here were we all breaking our hearts about the sin, and doing what we could to make it weigh less heavily on Jack. And his conscience seemed as light as air. He seemed to have no conception that he was anything but unlucky.

How could he ever be made to understand about right and wrong?

The next evening Uncle Beauchamp came to me from an interview with the lawyers, in the greatest perturbation. They said Jack would not enter into their line of defence, and it seemed

doubtful if he could be got to plead not guilty.

"You must go and talk to him, Kitty," he said, "and persuade him. If any one can you will. For as to myself," he added, "people's idea of morality and religion seem to me so incomprehensibly turned upside down since the Methodists came into the world, that I cannot make out anybody or anything."

So next morning early I was admitted to Jack's cell.

"Uncle Beauchamp says you and the lawyers cannot understand each other, brother," I said, "and I have come to see if I can be of any use."

"The lawyers and I perfectly understand each other," said Jack. "They want me to swear to a lie, and I can't. I did take the money; and if my only defence is to swear I did not, why then, Kitty, there is no defence, of course, and I see no way out of it. I thought they would have found some other way, but it seems they can't."

I felt my whole heart bound with a new hope for Jack, and I went up to him, and took his hands, and said, looking up in his face,—

"You would rather suffer any penalty than tell a lie, brother?"

"Of course, I couldn't swear to a lie, Kitty. What do you mean?"

"Thank God," I said; and I could not help bursting into tears.

Jack paced up and down the cell a minute or two, and then he paused opposite to me and said very gravely, "Are you surprised, Kitty, that I will not tell a falsehood? that I will not perjure myself? Did you think I would? Did you think because I had anticipated a few days the salary due to me from a set of beggarly trades-fellows, I could tell a deliberate lie, and take a false oath?"

"Oh, Jack," I said, hiding my face in my hands, "how could I tell, since you took what did not belong to you? It troubled us so much!"

Jack turned from me angrily, and as I sat leaning my head on my hands, I heard him pacing hastily up and down. And then, after some minutes, not angrily but softly, and in slow, deep accents, very unlike his usual careless manner, he said,—

"I understand, Kitty; you thought if your brother could steal, he could do anything else."

"But you will not, Jack!" I said, kneeling beside him. "You will not. You will suffer anything rather than do what you feel to be wrong—to be sin. Thank God! thank God!"

He sat for some time quite silent, and then he said, a little bitterly,—

"You seem very thankful, Kitty, for what every one might not think a very great mercy, to have the way cleared to the gallows, as it is to me. I suppose you know a poor woman was hanged the other day for stealing six-pence; and I have stolen fifty pounds. Do you think father and mother will be as glad as you are?"

"Oh, Jack!" I said, "you know what I mean—you feel what I feel.

We will move heaven and earth to get you set at liberty, and I feel such a hope that we will succeed. I feel that God is on our side now, brother. And he is so strong to help."

But I felt that if we succeeded beyond my brightest hopes (and I was full of hopes, for there was prayer, and I thought of a plan), I think I shall never know a truer thrill of joy than that morning in Jack's gloomy cell, when he chose anything rather than do what he felt wrong.

For it seemed to me my brother was then for the first time his true self, the self God meant him to be. He was in the far country still, in the country of husks, where no man gave him even husks; but might I not hope he was "coming to himself?"—that the sin *foreign* to his character was (as Hugh once said it might) awakening him to the sin habitual to his character, which was indeed *his sin*?

My plan was at first regarded as exceedingly wild by every one but Evelyn. But at last one objection after another gave way; and Cousin Evelyn and I were suffered to drive in Aunt Beauchamp's coach to the residence of Elias Postlethwaite, Esq., Secretary of the Original Peruvian Mining Company.

Mr. Postlethwaite wore beautiful ruffles and very brilliant jewels, but his face wanted that indescribable something which makes you *trust* a man, and his manners wanted that indescribable something that makes a gentleman. He received us with most officious politeness, taking it for granted that we had come for shares (many fashionable ladies, Evelyn said, having lately acquired a taste for such gambling as more exciting than cards). He was afraid that at present not a share was to be purchased at any price. The demand was marvellous. But he did not seem much relieved when Evelyn told him we had no intention of investing in the Company. And his manner changed very decidedly when I contrived to stammer out the object of our visit.

"It is a most painful business, young ladies, a most painful business. The young gentleman was, moreover, an intimate friend of mine. I thought it would have been an opening for the poor young fellow."

I pleaded Jack's youth, I pleaded his refusal to plead not guilty, I even pleaded for father's sake and mother's, though it seemed like desecration to make them and their sorrows a plea with that man. But he could not be moved. He said it was exceedingly painful, and quite against his nature, but there were duties to the public which young ladies, of course, could not understand, but which, at any cost, must be performed. At last he grew impatient, the boor's nature came out under pressure, and he remarked with a sneer that those kind of scenes were very effective on the stage, in fact, always brought down the house; but that, unhappily, society had to be guided not by what was pretty, but what was necessary. In conclusion he said that, in fact, it did not rest with him; the Governors were suspicious, and had found fault with the accounts before, and it was essential an example should be made.

Meantime Evelyn had been reading (I thought absently) over the printed paper on the table, describing the objects of the Company, and giving a list of the Governors, and at this moment, fixing her fingers on two or

three of the principal names, she read them aloud, and said calmly,—

"These are the Governors, Mr. Postlethwaite; and you say the decision rests with the Governors. We will drive to their houses at once. Lord Clinton is one of my father's most intimate friends."

The manner of the Secretary changed again. "Lord Clinton," he said nervously, "Lord Clinton, madam, knows very little of our affairs. In fact, he will no doubt refer you back to me."

"We will see, sir," said Evelyn coolly, fixing her calm, penetrating eyes on him.

He winced evidently. "Lord Clinton," he said, pressing his forefinger on his forehead, as if endeavouring to recollect something; "ah, I remember, there was a little mistake there, a little mistake which, but for press of business, should have been corrected long ago. Lord Clinton's name was put down inadvertently, without his having been consulted."

"Then the Hon. Edward Bernard, or Sir James Delaware, will do as well," said Evelyn; "come, cousin," she added, rising, "there is no time to be lost. I suppose, Mr. Postlethwaite, those two gentlemen were consulted before their names were printed?"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" he replied. "But, excuse me, what will you say to these gentlemen that they do not know already, or that I could not explain as well, and save you the trouble?"

"Thank you, the trouble is nothing, Mr. Postlethwaite," said Evelyn quietly. "I will recommend these gentlemen," she continued very deliberately, "who, you say, have their suspicions roused about the accounts, to look into the accounts, and to see if no other victim can be selected for the office of scape-goat except my cousin, Mr. Trevelyan."

His keen, fox-like eyes quailed very visibly before her clear, open gaze.

"My dear madam," he said after a pause, "Mr. Trevelyan is your cousin; your cousin, and an intimate friend of mine. The Governors, I confess, are much irritated, but we must not too easily despair. Leave the matter to me, and we will see what can be done."

"Very well, sir," said Evelyn; if you will see what can be done, I will not. You will let us know to-morrow."

And she swept out of the room, Mr. Postlethwaite bowing her to the steps of the carriage.

"What do you think will be the end of it, Evelyn!" I said when we were alone in the carriage, for I felt very much bewildered.

"The end of what?" said Evelyn. "Of this terrible affair of Jack's," I said.

"I cannot see as far as that, sweet little cousin," she said; "but I think I see the end of Mr. Postlethwaite and the Original Peruvian Company."

"And the prosecution?" I said. "How can there be a prosecution, dear little Kitty," she said, "when the prosecutor is hiding his head, for fear of finding himself in Jack's place, and when the Company is scattered to the winds?"

"He seemed a terribly hard man," I said; "I never saw any one like him before, Evelyn. It makes me quite shudder to think of him. And you really think the whole thing was a deception?"

(To be continued.)



**Nobody Knows but Mother.**

Nobody knows of the work it makes  
To keep the home together;  
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes  
Which kisses only smother;  
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care  
Bestowed on baby brother;  
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught  
Of loving one another;  
Nobody knows of the patience sought,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears  
Lest darlings may not weather  
The storm of life in after years,  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above  
To thank the Heavenly Father,  
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love—  
Nobody can—but mother.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO  
MATTHEW.

A. D. 28] LESSON I. [Oct. 2

**THE CENTURION'S FAITH.**

Matt. 8. 5-13. Memory verses, 8-10.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

I have not found so great faith, no not  
in Israel. Matt. 8. 10.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Centurion.
2. His Great Faith.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

RULERS.—Same as in last lessons of Third  
Quarter.

CONNECTING LINKS.—We have the period,  
so called, of the *later Tiberian ministry*.  
The Sermon on the Mount had doubtless  
been reported in every home in Palestine.  
The fierce attack upon the Pharisees aroused  
their bitter hate. The people loved and  
followed this wonderful healer, but the  
ruling power among the Jews were seeking  
his death. One of the earliest acts of this  
period is the story of our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Came . . . a centurion*—  
A soldier in the service of Herod Antipas,  
in command of one hundred men. *My  
servant*—Not a soldier, but a personal atten-  
dant. One to whom he was greatly attached.  
Luke 7. 2. *Sick of the palsy*: Sick with  
a kind of paralysis. *Grievously tormented*  
Very ill. *Man under authority*—He was  
only a subordinate officer, being himself  
obliged to yield instant obedience to those  
who were his superiors. *Many shall come  
from the east and west*—The broad announce-  
ment is here made that the most distant  
Gentile peoples should have abundant rep-  
resentation in God's kingdom. *Sit down with  
Abraham*—Or rather, recline at table with  
Abraham; that is, all classes of men shall  
partake of the choicest blessings of God's  
kingdom in company with the righteousness  
of God's chosen people. *The children of the  
Kingdom*—The Jews; they considered them-  
selves to be heirs of God to the exclusion of  
all others.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *The Centurion*.  
What was a centurion?  
What was the occasion for the meeting of  
Jesus and the centurion?  
Did they meet? Read the story in Luke 7.  
How can you explain these differences in  
the account?  
What added fact of interest do we get  
from Luke's story?  
What was the character of this Roman  
soldier?

How did he differ from the soldiers of his  
time?

What was the feeling of the Jews toward  
him?

What was the common feeling of a Roman  
or a Jew, and of a Jew for a Roman?

**2. His Great Faith.**

Where is the first evidence of faith on the  
part of the centurion? See Luke 7. 3.

Where is the second evidence of faith?  
See Luke 7. 6; Matt. 8. 8.

What is the one universal element of  
saving faith?

What comparison did he make between  
his own position and that of Christ?

What is the argument, or thought, in the  
centurion's speech?

What constituted his great faith?

What great principle of salvation did this  
incident cause Jesus to utter?

What evidence, aside from Matthew's  
assertion, is there that the servant was  
healed? Luke 7. 10.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Here was a man who heard of Jesus, and  
when he heard he went to him, prayed to  
him, believed in him.

Here was a man who loved his slave;  
loved the Jews who hated his people;  
loved religion and its service; *did he also  
love Christ?*

Here was a man who knew how to obey,  
how to command, how to be humble. Am  
I in all these things like the centurion? Am  
I in any of them? Are you?

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Learn what had happened after the  
Sermon on the Mount before this lesson  
story begins.

2. Make an analysis of this centurion's  
character. Study Luke 7 carefully.

Ver. 2 he was H . . . . .

Ver. 5, he loved the N . . . . .

Ver. 6, he was L . . . . .

Matt. 8. 8, he was H . . . . .

Ver. 10, he had F . . . . .

3. Write out the argument in the speech  
of the centurion.

I am a soldier. Thou art

I also have authority. Thou hast . . . . .

Mine is limited to my men and my servants. Thine is . . . . .

My servants are men. Thy servants

My servants obey when I speak. Thy servants

4. Find also the character of Christ as  
shown in this story.

1. Willingness to . . . . .

2. Readiness to . . . . .

3. Power . . . . .

4. Liberty toward . . . . .

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. The power of  
Christ.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

1. Was this humiliation unto death neces-  
sary?

Yes; to fulfil the purpose of God, which  
was declared in the predictions of Scripture.  
Luke xxiv. 46. And he said unto them,  
Thus it is written, that the Christ should  
suffer.

A. D. 28] LESSON II. [Oct. 9

**THE TEMPEST STILLED.**

Matt. 8. 18-27. Memory verses, 21-27.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?  
Matt. 8. 26.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Faith Needed.
2. Faith Tested.

TIME.—28 A. D. About five months after  
the Sermon on the Mount.

PLACE.—The Sea of Galilee.

RULERS.—Same as in Lesson I.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Many things have  
happened since the story of the centurion at  
Capernaum. The widow of Nain had had  
cause never to forget the Blessed One; John  
Baptist, in his prison, had had a message of  
encouragement to cheer his despondency;  
Simon the Pharisee had been taught a lesson  
of love which we should all study; once  
more Jesus had passed about Galilee; Cap-  
ernaum had had another drop added to the  
cup of misery which her rejection of Jesus  
would make her drink; and the sermon by  
the sea had been spoken; and now comes  
our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Great multitudes*—  
Drawn by his miracles and teaching. *To  
depart*—For the sake of quiet and rest.  
*Other side*—To the shores on the eastern  
side of the Sea of Galilee. *Follow them*—  
Desiring to be counted among the apostles.  
*Boats*—Dense, in which they live. *Son of  
man*—A name showing that Jesus was not  
only divine, but human. *Bury my father*—  
Showing a desire to delay work for Christ.  
*Dead bury their dead*—Let those who have  
only earthly matters to care for attend to  
them. *Tempest*—Such as frequently arises  
in the Sea of Galilee. *Asleep*—He had been  
full of labours and cares all through the day.  
*Little Faith*—They had faith to believe that  
he could save, but not to believe that they  
were safe with him.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

**1. Faith Needed.**

Through all this period of Jesus' life,  
where was his home?

When the sea is spoken of, "the other  
side," and similar expressions, what is  
meant?

What new relation of Jesus to the people  
is shown in ver. 18 and 22?

When he gave "command" to go to the  
other side, what profession was openly made  
to him?

Do you suppose the scribe comprehended  
what he himself said?

How did Jesus seek to quicken his com-  
prehension?

What did Jesus' answer mean?

Who else showed his need of faith when  
Jesus said let us go over the sea?

What did Jesus mean by "let the dead  
bury their dead?"

**2. Faith Tested.**

How many instances of the test of faith  
are given in this lesson?

What kind of test was the first, or what  
personal qualities were tested?

What in the others?

How was the lack of faith shown by the  
disciples?

How was the little faith they had shown?

Was the one ship in which were Christ  
and his disciples the only one saved? Mark  
4. 36.

Who first received the Lord's word of  
rebuke, the sea or the men?

How is human life like this crossing of  
the sea?

What is our great need in crossing?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

"To the other side" is often Christ's call  
to his disciples. Happy the man who has  
faith to follow.

"No place for his head," "no room at  
the inn," no place in the world, except in  
the heart of his disciple.

Here was terrible distress; but Christ  
was near.

Here was an agonized cry for help, and  
Christ heard it.

Here was swift and entire deliverance;  
Christ gave it.

Can you say, "Lord, I will follow?"  
Will you say it?

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Read this lesson story here, and in  
Mark and in Luke. Get it thoroughly into  
your mind. Before you go to your class  
tell it to some child.

2. Study in the Chautauqua Text-Book  
the events between the two lessons, and  
find those events in the Bible itself.

3. Write twenty questions on this lesson,  
after three days examine them to see if you  
can answer them without the book.

4. Find the different directions in which  
Jesus had manifested supernatural power.  
Make a list of the different miracles up to  
this point in his life.

5. Find what you can about the ships  
that were used on the Sea of Galilee. If  
you cannot find out, put it down as a thing  
to ask your teacher about.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Following  
Christ.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

2. Do we know any further reason why  
it was needful?

It was necessary, that our Saviour might  
offer a full, satisfaction and atonement for  
the sin of man.

1 John ii. 2. He is the propitiation for  
our sins; and not for ours only, but also for  
the whole world.

**WARD & LOCK'S  
FAMOUS BOOKS  
FOR ALL TIME.**

Each Volume Neatly Bound in Cloth.  
Containing About 200 Pages  
or Over.

PRICE - 35 CENTS EACH.

Macaulay's Essays. First Series.  
" " " Third "

Sidney Smith's Essays.

Lord Bacon's Essays.

Art of Public Speaking.

Paley's Evidences of  
Christianity.

Josephus' Wars of the Jews.

McCulloch's Political Economy

Cobbett's Advice to Young  
Men.

Butler's Analogy of Religion.

Robinson Crusoe.

Grimm's Fairy Tales.

Evenings at Home. Dr. Aikin.

Josephus' Antiquities of the  
Jews.

Decision of Character. Foster.

Sandford and Merton.

Paley's Horæ Paulinæ.

Beeton's England's Orators.

Todd's Students' Manual.

Curiosities of Orators and  
Oratory.

Paley's Theology.

Art of Prolonging Life. Dr.  
Hufeland.

Great Speakers and Great  
Speeches.

Masters in History.

Great Novelists.

Pilgrim's Progress.

Thomas Carlyle. H. J. Nicoll.

Any book in above list mailed post-free on  
receipt of price. Send for one for  
examination. They are all  
standard books at a popu-  
lar price.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.

S. F. HUERTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.