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HOME SCHOOLS

Vol. I.]

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1883.

[No. 10.]

Only a Baby's Grave.

ONLY a baby's grave—
Some foot or two at the most
Of star-dusted soil,
Yet I think that God
Knows what that little cost.

Only a baby's grave—
Strange, how we moan and fret
For a little face
That was here such a space—
Oh, more strange, could one forget!

Only a baby's grave—
Did we measure grief by this
Few tears were shed
On our baby dead—
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave—
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem
For His diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such!

Only a baby's grave—
Yet oft may we come and sit
By the little stone,
And thank God to own
We are nearer to Him for it.

Wonders of the Deep.

ON a bright July day last summer, the present writer, with some friends, was sailing over the transparent waters that lave the rocky shores of the Island of Mount Desert. Numerous smaller islands rose in perpendicular rocky cliffs from the sea, much like that shown in the accompanying cut. It was delightful to glide along beneath the cliffs and watch the waves break along their base. In places great caves and gorges had been worn by the ceaseless action of the surf age after age.

The sea, too, was swarming with the delicate and beautiful objects shown in the cut. They glided by in fairy-like loveliness, glancing in the sunlight, and yet almost as transparent as glass. I took some out of the water to examine, but they fell into a shapeless mass of jelly, and only recovered their beauty when placed again in their native element.

When jelly-fish are seen lying in shapeless masses upon the beach, where they have been washed by the tide, their appearance is not attractive. It, however, we can watch them from the side of a boat, or from a long pier, as they dart through the water with their tentacles trailing after them, we



WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

shall soon learn to admire their graceful movements and their elegant colours. There is something very interesting, too, in these little inhabitants of the great deep. They are such soft and helpless little things, and yet they live and have their own good times if only the boisterous waves do not catch them and fling them too harshly against the rough shore.

Jelly-fish consist of a single bell-shaped mass of jelly, from the inner surface of which hangs the body of the animal, with the mouth in the centre. The mouth opens directly into the stomach, from which several hollow tubes, (usually four) extend to a circular tube around the edge of the bell. And they are often found floating in large companies. Jelly-fish are often propelled by alternately taking in and throwing out water under the bell. This gives them a jerking movement, which looks as if it were caused by breathing. They come to the surface chiefly when the water is quiet, and, as they like the warm sun, you will not see many of them at an early hour in the day. They are easily alarmed. If they meet with an obstacle in their course, or if they are touched by an enemy, the bell contracts, the tentacles are instantly drawn up, and the creature sinks in the water.

Delicate fringes and tentacles hang from the lower edge of the bell, adding greatly to its beauty. The tentacles are often many feet long, yet the animal has the power of drawing them up so that they are not visible. This curious power of contracting and expanding the tentacles belongs to many humble sea-creatures, and you will be greatly interested in watching their movements. Sometimes, while we are still wondering at their disappearance, they lengthen again as if by magic. The tentacles of jelly-fish are covered with a great many lasso-cells. These lasso cells are too small to be seen without a microscope; still, they are powerful weapons in their way, and are quite sufficient to enable the jelly-fish to catch its food. Many of you know how the skilful hunter uses a lasso for catching wild cattle. The jelly-fish uses

its lasso in quite a different manner, but it may be equally unfailling.

When examined, each lasso cell, or little sack, is found to contain a long, slender thread, coiled within it, somewhat like a lasso, and floating in a fluid. The cell is filled so full of the fluid that it bursts with the slightest touch, and as the fluid squirts out, it carries with it the slender lasso, armed with sharp stings. In this way lassoes are darted out to capture many little crabs or fish that brush too near in passing. The sting of the lasso seems to paralyze the unfortunate creatures, and they make no effort to escape as the tentacles coil round them and carry them to the mouth of the greedy jelly-fish. Jelly-fish vary greatly in size. Some are mere dots, so extremely small that we should not notice them in the water, while one species is said to be seven feet in diameter, with tentacles measuring fifty feet.

The size of jelly-fish is greatly enlarged by the water they absorb; indeed, the substance of which they are composed consists largely of water. A specimen weighing several pounds when alive, will shrink away to almost nothing if exposed to the sun and the wind. As the body contains no bones or other solid matter, it all perishes together, and no trace is left of its former beautiful shape. You will see that jelly-fish are in no way like real fish. One writer found them so much like a familiar vegetable, that he called them "mushrooms of the sea."

It would be impossible to describe to you the varied colours of jelly-fish, as they include almost every hue, the beautiful tints being probably due to their transparency. Some are purely white, and as clear as glass; while all shades are to be found, from pale blue and pink to bright red and yellow. Those found in tropical seas are of a deeper colour than ours.

In striking contrast with these brilliant jelly-fish is one species which is so delicate and transparent, that as it floats upon the water we can scarcely see the substance of which it is composed.

Although jelly-fish are so brilliant in the daytime, they have a different beauty at night, when they throw out a golden light, slightly tinged with green, resembling the light of a glow-worm. Vast numbers of small animals in the sea have this power of throwing out light from their bodies. The light is called phosphorescence. As it may be seen at any time of the year, illuminating all oceans, it is an unfailling source of delight to voyagers. It is most conspicuous on a dark night, when the water is agitated by the motion of a boat, or by the breaking waves, because the disturbance of the water excites the little animals.

A pail of sea-water, carried into a dark room, often affords a good opportunity for studying this interesting phenomenon. Although we may not have detected the presence of any animals before, as soon as the water is stirred or jostled we will see the beautiful sparkles of light. The phosphorescence of some animals is of a bluish tint; in others it is red, like flame.

A person will rarely tire of watching a boat as its prow turns up a furrow of liquid fire, and each dip of the oar sends a miniature flash of lightning through the otherwise dark water. It fills us with wonder to think of the countless millions of little creatures required to produce these marvellous

effects all over the ocean, and wherever the restless waves break in lines of light, either upon tropical shores or ice-bound rocks.

Crabbe, the English poet, has given us the description of a phosphorescent sea:

"And now your view upon the ocean turn,
And there the splendour of the waves discern;
Cast but a stone, or strike them with an oar,
And you shall flames within the deep explore,
Or scoop the stream phosphoric as you stand,
And the cold flames shall flash along your hand.
When, lost in wonder, you shall walk and gaze
On weeds that sparkle, and on waves that blaze."

The Dear Little Heads in the Pew.

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered
Worshipping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat;
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

Clear in the hymns resounding
To the organ's swelling chord,
Mingle the fresh young voices,
Eager to praise the Lord.
And I trust that the rising anthem,
Has a meaning deep and true,
The thought and the music blended,
For the dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord is my Shepherd,"
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home,
A place of their own with his people,
He cares for me and for you,
But close in His arms He gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly
On the Sabbath morn to see
The dear little children clustered
And worshipping there with me;
For I know that my precious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The First Toad of the Season.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

"A TOAD," says some little boy, "What a disgusting object! I hate a toad, and often stamp on them when they come in my way, or crush them with stones." I, too, must confess, I believe, that I sometimes did the same when a thoughtless, hard-hearted child; but I have deeply repented of it since I came under the kindly religion of Jesus. My repentance, however, could not restore to existence the poor, unoffending victims of my wanton cruelty. The next best thing I can do is to dissuade every child from ever doing what I did.

And that I may properly do for many good and sufficient reasons. Toads, although they are not pretty, are perfectly harmless. They have no venom or poison about them; nor do they destroy anything that is valuable to man or beast. On the contrary, they are very useful to farmers and gardeners, by devouring the grubs and flies which eat the leaves and stalks of valuable plants. It is very interesting

to watch their operations in this respect, and a little boy might find worse amusement than to put food of this kind within their reach. He would find that, though they seem so slow and awkward in their movements, they can be very nimble when they need to.

Knowing all this, is it any wonder that I should feel no repugnance to a toad, but rather a kindly feeling towards this grave and useful scavenger of our gardens. This class of animals (I don't like to call them reptiles) love shade and moisture. Everyone will have remarked how they cower down in the grass, or under the large leaves of other plants, out of reach of the fierce rays of a summer's sun; and how they come hopping out when the sun runs low and the shadows lengthen towards evening, or when the sky becomes cloudy, preparatory to rain, in the day-time. They always come forward to welcome a shower. When the weather becomes chilly in the fall, they begin to hide away in the ground, which they much resemble in colour, into which they seem to find means of settling down, or burrowing, deeper and deeper during the season of frost and snow, during which time they hibernate, as it is called. They seem to be unconscious of either pleasure or pain during a period which to us, if we are well-to-do, is pleasurable, but if we are destitute of food and fuel (that is to say, poor), is very painful. But when the genial spring sun thaws the ground and attempers the air, they begin to show themselves once more. In this respect their restoration to activity becomes a symbol and harbinger of the resurrection. Thus it is, if my parable of the rescued sparrow was a fitting Good Friday meditation, my reflections upon the toad may not inappropriately follow on the heels of Easter-time.

"The first toad of the season." Though the first robin, or wren, or thrush of spring might be more practical and pleasing, "the first toad of the season" is not less suggestive. I felt this appearance of an old friend to be so. I had felt the winter to be very severe and very, very long. I have several domestic creatures to look after very early every morning, the care for which often drags me reluctantly from a warm bed, albeit, it gives me a view of the glorious spectacle of the rising sun, and, in the summer time, the exquisite enjoyment of "incense-breathing morn." But in the winter time the mornings are very cold and sharp; and this last winter has been so severe and so long, that four or five weeks ago I began to sigh for spring. And when the first of March came, and then April, at every out-sally in the morning I looked about anxiously for some indications of spring. These have begun somewhat charily to show themselves for some days past. But nothing has given me so much pleasure as I found on going to the back door this morning of the fifteenth of April (a date at which once or twice in my life, if I recollect rightly, I saw the wild plum-trees in blossom), I found upon the platform a good sizable toad, not so warty as some, of a livelier hue than usual, and with eyes like brilliants, — a redeeming feature this in nearly all toads. The presence of his toadship gave me a pleasurable feeling, akin to that of meeting an old friend. I felt like saying, "Hail, harbinger of spring!" For I thought, if a creature

so sensitive to frosty air can turn out in the fresh morning atmosphere, warm weather must now be upon us. Come, then, and welcome, thou humble retainer of the Flowery Goddess! Come, and be our companion through the successive stages of another period of soiling, growth, maturity, and harvest!

The toad is said to possess considerable intelligence and great attachment to human persons. I have heard of several little boys who made pets of a toad, very much to the reciprocal attachment and pleasure of each.

All my young friends have heard of the Duke of Wellington—first a great general, and then a great statesman. Well, he was not above ministering to the wants of a toad. In one of his walks abroad, he found a little boy crying in the fields, and kindly asked him the cause. The child, it seems, had a pet toad, which he always came at a certain time of day to feed; but now he had to leave home for a considerable time, and he was weeping at the prospect, for he was unable to make any arrangement for toad's being fed during his absence, and he was afraid he might starve, or, perhaps, wander away in search of food, and he would see him no more. The great man kindly comforted the child by pledging himself to see that his toad was fed till his return; a promise he is said to have faithfully kept. All good men keep their promises.

If some of my little readers were to take each a toad under his care, and watch his habits in the garden from year to year (and they are very long-lived), he might observe some things very curious to record. At least, I hope that all children will learn to be considerate of all God's inferior creatures, all of which are endowed with a certain degree of mind, and with a capability for pleasure and pain. No more at this time about toads or anything else.

Maggie's Sixpence.

A MISSIONARY told us the other day a very affecting little incident. He had been preaching a mission sermon in Scotland, and telling of the condition of the poor women of India, and he observed that many of his audience seemed quite affected by his account. A few days afterwards the pastor of the church where he had preached met on the street one of his parishioners, a poor old woman, half blind, who earned a precarious livelihood by going on errands, or any other little work of that kind that came in her way. She went up to him, and with a bright smile put a sixpence into his hand, telling him that was to go for the mission work in India. Her minister, knowing how very poor she was, said, "No, no, Maggie; this is too much for you to give; you cannot afford this." She told him that she had just been on an errand for a very kind gentleman, and instead of the few coppers she generally received he had given her three pennies and a silver sixpence, and said she, "The silver and the gold is the Lord's, and the coppers will do for poor Maggie." How many lessons do God's poor teach us! "Poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom!"

No obstacle can close the kingdom of heaven against him who desires to enter it.—Fenslon.

Coming Home at Last.

BY WILL CARLETON.

[The body of J. Howard Payne has just been brought home from Tunis, where he died, and where it has ever since remained].

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Is coming home at last!
For years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered loud between
This singer and his own.
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea,
And grander than of any king
His welcome here shall be!

He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone
He who could teach L. . . 's matchless worth
N'er had one of his own
'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;
And whosoever in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!

He heard the melodies it made
Come pealing o'er and o'er,
From royal music hands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And whoso'er true love hath birth
This thrilling song hath flown;
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own!

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honoured grave
Shall be a sacred shrine.
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.
—Harper's Weekly.

A Telling Lecture.

We are indebted to Dr. Cuyler for the following touching story: A friend gave me, lately, the experience of a skilful professional man in about the following words: "My early practice," said the doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl. Two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We became wretchedly poor, so that my family were pinched for daily bread. One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church and left me on a lounge sleeping off my previous night's debauch. I was aroused by hearing something falling heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy of six years old tumbling on the carpet. His older brother said to him, 'Now, get up and fall again. That's the way papa does. Let's play we are drunk.' I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor. I arose and left the house groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles into the country, thinking over my abominable sin, and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that with God's help I would quit my cups; and I did.

No lecture I had ever heard from Mr. Gough ever moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys' play drunk, as papa does."—Exchange.

Forcible Words.

At a recent meeting of the Blue Ribbon organization at Oxford, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, a leading Wesleyan minister, said:—

"With respect to my own Church, which we may take as a representative of Nonconformist opinion, thirty years ago, when it was in the background instead of the forefront of this movement (as by God's grace it is now), and when many prominent ministers and laymen were distinguished by their violent prejudice against it, the editor of the official *Methodist Magazine* deliberately stated in print his conviction that this one evil of intemperance destroyed more souls every year than were saved through the instrumentality of all the ministers of religion in the same period. The struggle of the school, and the library, and the Church, all united against the beer-house and the gin-palace, is but *one development of the war between heaven and hell*. It is, in short, intoxication that fills our goals; it is intoxication that fills our lunatic asylums; and it is intoxication that fills our workhouses with poor. Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England.

Good Doctrines.

A West Indian planter, walking on the estate of a friend, where the slaves were instructed by the missionaries, saw some peas growing among the sugar canes. Knowing that the slaves were short of provision, he called to one of them who was near and asked why he did not take those peas, as they were ripe.

"They are not mine," answered the black.

"How is this?" said the gentleman; "you negroes are always ready to take everything you can lay your hands on."

"No, massa," replied the slave; "negro who pray never thieve."

The planter was struck with astonishment. "What have I been about," exclaimed he, "not to let the missionaries come to my estate?" As soon as he returned home he sent to them, desiring they would come and teach his slaves whenever they pleased.

The Soldier's Prayer.

It was the evening after a great battle. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror, Death, that night was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale, broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him he at first thought him dead, but the white lips moved and slowly, in weak tones he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take:
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

Opening his eyes and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier he exclaimed:

"My mother taught me that when I was a little boy and I have said it every night since I remember. Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for Jesus' sake, but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital and to his mother he dictated a letter full of Christian faith and filial love. Just as the sun rose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in infancy, and he whispered it in dying when his manly life ebbed away on a distant battlefield.

God bless the saintly words, loved and repeated alike by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young. Happy the soul that can repeat them with the holy fervor of the dying soldier.—Dr. H. Bonar.

Are the Children Safe?

WHEN our children go out from us in the morning to the day's duties, or in the evening to the night's scenes and pleasures, we know not to what terrible dangers they will be exposed before we see them again. We mourn for our dead, but if they have died in the arms of Christ they are safe. No danger can ever reach them. They have no more battles to fight. Do we never weep for our living when we remember to what perils they are exposed?

Lord, we can trust Thee for our dead;
They, underneath the shadow of the tomb,
Have entered into peace; with banded head
We thank Thee for their rest, and for our
lightened gloom.

But Lord, our living—who on stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow still are tempest tossed!
Our dead have reached their haven, but for
these—
Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for *these*, our
loved and lost.

For these we make our passion-prayer at
night;
For these we cry to Thee through the long
day.

Yes, our dead in Christ are safe.
They are folded away under the shadow
of God's wings.

"What is death, father!"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er;
The angel of God—who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease—
Takes banner and spear from our trembling
hand
And proclaims an eternal peace."

The children that we laid in Christ's arms in infancy, in the sleep we call death, are forever safe. It is our living that are in peril. It is life that is hard and full of danger; it is for our living that we need to be anxious, lest they be defeated in the field, where foes are thick and battles sore.

Aid for the Worthy.

Nor long ago Mr. Horace B. Clafin, the great dry-goods merchant of New York, was sitting alone in his private office, when a young man pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered.

"Mr. Clafin," said he, "I am in need of assistance. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they have agreed by me; and I would like to have \$10,000. I come to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said Clafin, "Come in and have a glass of wine."

"No," said the young man, "I don't drink."

"Have a cigar, then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room, "I thought perhaps you might. Good-day, sir."

"Hold on," said Mr. Clafin. "You don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor smoke?"

"No."

"Nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No sir. I am superintendent of the — Sunday School."

"Well," said Mr. Clafin, with tears in his eyes too, "you shall have it; and three times the amount, if you wish. Your father let me have five thousand once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you. No thanks. I owe it to you for your father's trust."

Rum and Ruin.

ALCOHOL A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER.

BY REV. W. C. SMITH.

YOU have heard the testimony of physicians, that alcohol is one of the most destructive of the narcotic poisons, that it pervades the whole body of the drunkard, and may be distilled from his lungs, his liver and his blood. In short that alcohol, whether taken from a grocer's barrel, or distilled from a drunkard's blood, is the same pervading, destructive, deadly poison.

Look around you, can you number the victims he has slain? You pause appalled, like one amid the slain of battle. According to the most authentic records he destroys annually in this land, 60,000; in Great Britain, 70,000; in France, 300,000. Yet these are but a small part of the number. Visit Sweden, with its 170,000 distilleries in a population of three millions. Walk the streets of Madras, where half the population are daily drunk; gaze on Africa, South America, the islands of the sea, or on our own Indian tribes, and when you have traversed the globe and counted the skulls of the slain, add to the frightful catalogue the thousands that perish yearly by fires and ship-wrecks caused by his agency, and then you will have in the aggregate a tremendous sacrifice indeed, to be laid on the foul altars of alcohol. And what greatly aggravates the crime of the accused is that he usually tortures before he destroys his victim. He dispatches not until he has wrung agony from the last fibre that can feel. None but the drunkard knows what the drunkard endures. His property gone, character ruined, frier is forsaken him, his body a living death, and his soul shivering with terrible forebodings. And yet this murderer is protected by law, and even licensed to do this terrible work of death.

The Present Time.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

WHAT profit now that we have bound
The whole round world with nets of gold
If hidden in our heart is found
The care that groweth never old.

What profit that our galleys ride,
Pine-forest-like, on every main?
Rom and wreck ate at our side,
Grim wanderers of the House of Pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet
Where is our English chivalry?
Wind-grasses are their burial-sheet,
A d sopping waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What word of love can dead lips send
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
Is this the end? Is this the end!

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so;
Though childless and with thorn-crowned
head,
Up the steep road must England go.

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TORONTO, MAY 12, 1883.

Woman's Work in Foreign Missions.

AN eminent divine in a recent address on Foreign Missions, says, "I stand amazed before the revelations of the last decade, as to how women may help Christ's kingdom come. What unused and unguessed resources have been lying hid, which this "Woman's Work for Woman" has called out of their secret places and sent on missionary errands around the world! It is the dawn of a new day, and there scarcely has been a brighter since the angels made the Judean air thick with melody at the birth of Jesus. It looks after all, as if the strategic point in the warfare for the world's conversion to Christ, were the heart of woman. That won, the family is won, and when up goes the family, down goes heathenism."

A little more than a score of years ago, a devoted Christian woman, Mrs. Doremus, of New York City, a close observer of missionary work in heathen lands, became convinced that an agency was required, hitherto unemployed, for bringing the Gospel to bear upon a very important portion of the heathen world. Although the missionaries of our various Boards had accomplished a great work in the introduction of a pure Christianity into those dark lands, by the translation of the Scriptures, and by the preaching of the

Gospel, yet their labours had failed of reaching the women on account of the peculiar customs of heathen countries in secluding women in zenanas and harems entirely unapproachable by the outside world. Within those dark walls were shut up millions of precious souls for whom Christ died, who were left to go down in darkness and death, generation after generation. God put into the heart of this Mother in Israel, Mrs. Doremus, to devise some instrumentality by which these heathen women might be reached with the Gospel of salvation.

She, with a few other godly women, conceived the plan of a woman's missionary society for sending out single ladies, who would be unembarrassed by family duties, for making an effort to penetrate those hidden recesses of pagan tyranny and superstition. To human view, the plan appeared truly ominous. To break into those long established customs could only be contemplated but under the inspiration of Christ's command, to carry the Gospel to every creature. Not only did the good women have to face the difficulties which would have to be overcome on heathen ground in carrying out their cherished plan, but the good fathers of our Mission Boards warmly opposed it on the grounds, that a woman's society would divert the interest which properly belonged to the already organized societies, and hence would only prove a vital injury to the cause of missions generally.

Thus launched, they proceeded to carry out the grand purpose of reaching their heathen sisters in the dark domains of degradation and death.

Four consecrated young ladies volunteered to go forth as the first representatives of this new born enterprise. The Great Head of Missions went before them, and "the gates of brass and bars of iron were out in sunder," and "the hidden riches of secret places," the souls of the perishing women, were reached with the Gospel of salvation.

The long-established prejudices gradually yielded, and one by one the zenanas of India were entered by these devoted young women, and many souls were found who were truly yearning for the bread of life.

The Church of Christ has received a wonderful impetus by the additional agency which has been exercised during the last twenty years in the line of woman's influence. Achievements have been won in the dark lands of pagan idolatry which establishes the fact, that the "Master has come," and is calling for women to exercise her fullest energies in the rescue of her degraded sisters.

Let the godly women of Christendom take heart and courage. Having put hand and heart to this mighty work of evangelizing the millions of heathendom, let them not look back.

A grander, holier enterprise, never enlisted man's energies or woman's devotion. Let there be a holy emulation to see who shall give, and pray, and labour most to honour Christ, and win souls to Him.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

PROTESTANT missions, says Joseph Cook, cost \$7,500,000 annually; but this would not pay the liquor bill for the United States for three days nor that of the British Islands for two.—*Visitor.*

Japan.

THE following letter from a young Japanese Christian to a young lady in Dundas, shows the highly coloured modes of expression of the Oriental, but is of much more value as expressing the joy of the Salvation through Jesus Christ:—

Though I do not yet worship your noble face, I present a letter to you reverently.

Day after day it is now proceeding towards the season of changing clothing, yet I congratulate all your family is rising, and sitting in good health.

In the next place, as all my humble house is sponding light without events, allow me to ask you to keep your mind rested concerning us.

Now, as I have often heard of noble sister from Meacham "Sensei," I ought to have asked of your peace long time before, but the way being too far, the matter has been postponed till now unconsciously. I beg your pardon for that many times. But noble sister being mindful of me, though the way is far, had sent me with favour tracts and cards which cannot be obtained in my country. I am obliged, and thank you very much. My parents ought to have thanked you for your kindness, but they being busy in every day affairs, asked me to give their thanks to you through me, though it is want of politeness. I wish very much that you will not hurt your feelings for that.

In this land Meacham "Sensei" (teacher), and his family are in good health, and active in the missionary work as ever; so I wish you will put off your anxiety.

I have received extraordinary thick favours from the noble sister of Meacham "Sensei," and I thank for that ten thousand times. And also, I, though unworthy, had received the baptism from Meacham "Sensei," and I am exceedingly glad and rejoicing in truth, that I obtained life everlasting, and hope of sitting on the right hand of the Saviour in heaven, and enjoying everlasting peace and joy.

In my country, the doctrines of Jesus were exterminated for a long time, but since few ten years, that truth began to prevail very much, and at present, the believers were increased, and churches were built in many provinces. So I think it will spread through the whole country within few years.

I wish you will take care of yourself in your moving and stopping in this season.

Though it is the last stroke of my pen, please communicate the voice of my compliment to all.

I remain,

—Outlook. AISON ASA.

"MAMMA, do angels have heads?" said a five year old boy to his mother, as he played about the nursery. Now, the mother being busy at the sewing-machine, didn't consider her answer, and replied, "I guess not." He stood still a few minutes, then seemed to fret. She turned to see what he was doing, and asked: "Willie, what ails you?" "Why you said angels had no heads, and how will I know you in heaven? I can't see without any head" The mother put down her sewing to soothe the real distress of the little boy, resolving to be more careful in her answers the next time he asked any question.

Laura Clarence; a Treatise on Baptism. This is the title of a very ably written book, from the pen of Rev. D. McNaughton, M.A. It combines in the form of a racy story, a strongly argued and critical presentation of the points in controversy between Immersionists and Pseudo-Baptists. The characters are finely drawn from life. Some of the incidents of Western life are quite as amusing and thrilling as any in Uncle Tom's Cabin. The writer has wisely blended his controversy with the lives of actual living characters in the Western States. There is a perfect charm in the setting of things, as well as in the strong arguments so richly seasoned with incidents, and thus rendered attractive to the public mind, and most especially to youthful readers. The volume is well adapted to Sunday-School Libraries. We venture to say it will prove a great source of profit and amusement to every intelligent reader. The first edition has some mechanical blemishes, but we understand a new edition is to appear shortly in better form and binding. It would be difficult to find elsewhere an equal amount of sense and humour, intellectual spice and solid argument, as are combined in this truly admirable and intelligent work on baptism. The book can be got from the author, whose address is North Kepple, Ont., price 60 cents, or at Methodist Book Room, 80 King Street East, Toronto.

MANY parents who have not the opportunities for the education of their children near home will be glad to know where they can obtain such advantages under proper safeguards and restraints. We have great pleasure in commending to such the "Yorkville Academy" under the management of the Rev. T. A. Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson is an honoured minister of the Toronto Conference, and was for some years English Master, and afterwards Mathematical Tutor, at Victoria College, Cobourg. We can bear personal testimony to his efficiency as a teacher. He has associated with him an able staff of instructors. The Academy is a new, handsome and commodious building in one of the most pleasant and healthy parts of Toronto. Under its roof pupils of either sex will find the advantages of a Christian home and high class educational training. Mr. Ferguson's address is 129 Bloor Street East, Toronto.

A TEACHER ought to make some preparation each day in the week for his Sunday's work with his class. In no other way is he likely to be thoroughly fitted when Sunday comes. He may gain but little each day; he ought to gain something. A single illustration noted; a new parallel text examined; a fresh and prayerful reading of the lesson; a few minutes given to an arrangement of his plan of teaching—some attainment made, that the day pass not wholly unimproved.

A GENTLEMAN called upon a rich friend for some charity. "Yes, I must give you my mite." "Do you mean the widow's mite?" "Certainly." "I should be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How much are you worth?" "\$70,000." "Give me your check, then, for \$35,000. That will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her all."



WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR!—(See next page.)

Whas my Niebor.

We all know George MacDonald as a charming writer of prose stories, but it will be news to many that he is an accomplished poet in the Scottish vernacular. In the following he gives a new version of an old parable—a new sermon on an old text:—

FRAM Jerusalem a traveller tuik
The laigh road to Jerico;
It had an ill name, an' mony a cruik,
It was lang and unco how."

Oot cam the robbers, an' fell on the man,
An' knockit him on the heid;
Took a' whauron they could lay their han',
An' left him nakit for deid.

By cam a meenister o' the kirk;
"A sair, mishanter?" he cried;
"Wha kens whaur the villains may lurk!
I shaud to the ither side."

By came an elder o' the kirk;
Like a young horse he shied;
"Fie! there's a bonnie mornin's wark!"
An' he sprangt to the ither side.

But cam ane gaed to the wrang kirk;
Dounce he trotted alang;
"Puir body!" he cried, an' wi' a jerk,
Aff o' his cuddy he sprang.

He ran to the boady, an' turned it ower;
"There's life i' the man," he cried;
He was na ane to stan' an' glower,
Nor haud to the ither side.

He doctored his wounds, and heised him on
To the back o' the beastie dounce;
And held him on, till a weary man,
He largt at the half-wy' hoose.

He tend' him a' nicht, an' at dawn o' day:
"Lan'lord, latna him lack;
Here's aucht o' pence! an' ony mair outlay,
I'll saddle as I come back."

Sae nae mair, neibors—say nae sic word,
Wi' hert aye arguin' an' chill:
"Wha is the neibor to me, O Lord!"
But, "Wha am I neibor till!"

"One of Us."

At a temperance meeting in a town in England, addressed by John B. Gough, a man and a woman came forward together to sign the pledge. Their appearance was wretched in the extreme. The man was bowed down, his hands twitched nervously, and he had a silly look, as if the drink had scorched his intellect. The woman was fierce-looking, dirty and slovenly; the ragged remains of her garments were tied round her waist by a bit of rope, and above these nothing but an old shawl twisted and brought over one shoulder and under the other. While they were scrawling their names in illegible characters, the secretary and other men were busy making out certificates for those who wished to join the society. These certificates were very attractive, fit for framing, being printed in colors; the price of them was sixpence each. The man looked dreamily and wistfully at them, and Mr. Gough said to the gentleman: "Please do not say anything to this couple; I wish to see what they will do."

After a few moments the poor fellow remarked to his wife:

"I would like to join and get a 'stiffkit."

"There's sixpence to pay for them things, now you come 'long o' me," repeated the woman pulling him away.

"No, I wunt," he answered, almost whiningly: "I wunt go 'long o' you: I want a 'stiffkit." The woman gave a fierce look, and the man was stupidly dogged, and it seemed as if a quarrel was commencing, when a gentleman stopped up and said:

"Well, good people, I hope you will sign the pledge." He spoke very

kindly, and the man looked up and said quickly:

"We have signed the pledge, me and my missus—she's my missus—and we want to get a 'stiffkit and join the society."

"Well, why do you not?"

"There's sixpence to pay for 'em."

"That need make no difference," said the gentleman, cheerily. "Here, Mr. Secretary, make these good people out a couple of certificates, and here is the shilling for them."

The man and the wife were very differently affected by this act of kindness. The former stood erect, with a more manly air, but the woman put on almost a savage look, as if resenting the first approach of kindness. The secretary asked their names, as they could not be made out on the pledge. The husband gave his name, and with a pleased expression received the embossed card of membership. When it came to the woman's turn, she stood sulky; her eyes grew cold and hard; she returned no answer. Again she was kindly asked to give her name. No reply; but her brow knit and grew dark as if a storm was brewing. She gave a quick, nervous glance around her, but no reply.

"Come, madam, if you please, we will take your name. Your husband has his certificate, and we have one for you; we only wish you to give us your name; it is the rule for those who receive cards to give their names; we are willing to wait for you."

Still no reply; but her mouth twitched nervously and her fingers were twisted together. Suddenly she lifted her arms, as if to strike a blow, but no! it was to dash away a tear! Then another—and another—but they would come; so, covering her face with her hands, she let them come. The tears ran over her hands; she could not nor did she try to keep them back. The eyes of those who stood near were dim, but not a word was spoken. At last she hastily let fall her arms, and shaking out the shawl, drew it over her shoulders and with both hands held it down upon her breast and stood with bowed head. The word of kindness had recalled the womanly nature in her. She gave her name; the certificate was handed to her; and the two poor creatures looked bewildered, and almost lovingly at each other; the man at her and she at him.

The gentleman who had paid the shilling laid his hand on the man's shoulder and said:

"Now remember, you are one of us. You have signed the temperance pledge, you belong to the society and you must always remember you are one of us."

"Did ye hear that, old woman?" cried out the man. "Did ye hear that? He says we're 'one of us.' Come away wi' me—'one of us'—the gentleman—'one of us.'" And they went out of the hall.

Three years and more had passed from the time when the above scene occurred, when at the close of an address in a town at some distance, a person told Mr. Gough that a man wished to see him.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"He is a mechanic; he has been living here some time, and is an active member of our society. He says if I tell you 'it's one of us,' you'll know."

"Show him up."

"A man, clean, tidy and healthy entered and shook hands with Mr.

Gough. Mr. Gough told him how glad he was to meet him; and that he should not have known him; and then asked:

"Have you ever seen the gentleman who said 'you're one of us?'"

"No, sir," replied the man; "you see I don't move in that class of people, and I left the town soon after and got work here; but I'll never forget him, if I never meet him until I meet him in heaven. I'll tell him how his good, kind words helped me when I needed help. Ah! Mr. Gough, you ought to see my wife; she's a charming woman now, and she remembers him, and when she teaches the children to say their prayers, she weaves in little bits beautiful, that God would bless him. She's a knowing woman. Well, good-bye, Mr. Gough, wish ye a safe voyage home; and come back to us again. Good-bye; God bless ye!"—*John B. Gough's Autobiography.*

Alcohol and Brain Power.

THERE has long been a prevalent idea that a "moderate" use of fermented or spirituous liquors conduces to intellectual vigour, and enables men better to endure the mental strain they have to undergo. But this opinion, too, disappears before the crucial test of actual experience. Those who indulge in wine or spirit drinking, mistake the transient stimulation of the faculties for an increase of mental power, not considering that the subsequent reaction and depression are all the greater for the previous excitement. When men have sought the aid of these delusive supports, it has often failed them utterly after a short time. Hartley Coleridge, Mozart, Burns, Byron, E. A. Poe, and many other gifted sons of genius, who had recourse to alcoholic stimulus for the excitement of their powers, all died at an early age, "as if," says Dr. Carpenter, "in consequence of the premature exhaustion of their nervous energy."

S. C. Hall, the well known author, and editor of the *Art Journal*, gave his testimony as follows: "He lived by the labour of his brain, and could testify that since he became a teetotaler, he had an increase of intellectual power. He was better in body and mind, and was able to work three times longer than ever he could while he indulged, even moderately, in the use of strong drinks."

Few men have performed greater public labors than the late Mr. Cobden. He says: "No one has more faith than I have in the truth of the teetotal doctrine, both in a physical and moral point of view. I have acted upon the principle that fermented or distilled drinks are useless for sustaining our strength, for the more work I have had to do the more I have resorted to the pump and the teapot. . . . From what I have seen of the House," he continues, "I must say that I have the belief that the men who are the most temperate are the men who bear the fatigue of the House best." The late Col. Thompson and Mr. Bright, those indefatigable workers in the public service, were both practical teetotalers. John Howard the illustrious philanthropist, notwithstanding his constitutional weakness, seemed to bear a charmed life amid plague and pestilence, and the extraordinary fatigues of his extensive travels—the result, doubtless, of his abstemious diet. Some dried biscuit and a cup of milk or cold water was his usual fare. Locke, also, attributed

his prolonged life and labors to his entire abstinence from alcoholic liquors. The testimony of great numbers of the clergy, physicians and lawyers, lecturers, and other public speakers, who once thought that alcoholic stimulents were necessary for the sustenance and repair of their physical and mental powers, but discovered that total abstinence was much more conducive to that object, might also be cited.—*Watson's Temperance Tracts.*

Fractional Currency.

AN exchange says that self-made men have generally a good deal to say in praise of their architects.

THACKERAY designates a snob as a being on a ladder, who is quite as ready to kiss the feet of him who is above him as to kick the head of him who is below.

A CITY missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

"POLLY," said a lady to her servant, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Polly returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was 72 years 7 months and 28 days old.

FIVE of the English Cabinet, Lords Granville and Spencer, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Childers, are said to be total abstainers. Gout compels self-denial in the case of Lord Granville.

FAITH, like light, should ever be simple and unbending; while love, like warmth, should beam forth on every side and bend to every necessity.

THERE are times, to the worldly man, when all things resemble the little book which the angel gave to John in Patmos, and the utmost sweetness has its bitter undertaste and aftertaste.

BLUSHING HONOURS.—An Irish drummer who now and then indulged in a noggin of poteen was accosted by the reviewing general: "What makes your nose so red?" "Please your honour," replied the drummer, "I always blush when I spake to a general officer."

TOBACCO costs more than education or religion, the army or navy; it costs England and America a sum sufficient to support 50,000 ministers, with a salary of 1,000 dollars, or more than 100,000 missionaries. The students in one college pay more than 6,000 dollars for cigars yearly.

A FRIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS.—The day is kept as the anniversary of the coming of the Prince of Peace, yet one editor gathered up the morning after last Christmas from a few exchanges the details of twenty-one fatal results of Christmas drinking, not counting the much larger number of less serious casualties.

A CONVERTED Brahmin had lost his houses and fields, his wife and children. He was asked how he bore his sorrows, and if he were comforted under them. "Ay," said he, "I am often asked that, but I am never asked how I bear my joys, for I have joys within which a stranger intermeddles not. The Lord Jesus sought me out, and found me a poor stray sheep in the jungles: and He brought me to His fold, and He will never leave me."

Onward, Temperance Soldiers.

BY ANNIE MARTIN WALSON

Courage, temperance soldiers,
Marching to the fight,
God will speed your movements,
God will guide aight;
And though wild and fearful
Will the conflict be,
He doth hold the victory,
Though you cannot see

Onward, valiant soldiers,
Soon ye'll win the day,
For the King of Glory
Leads you on your way.

Let the woe and wailing
Rite throughout our land,
Spur you on to conflict,
Nerve both heart and hand;
For our own fair England
Calumny takes her rest,
While the drunk is cursing
Those she counts her best.

Early death is seizing
His reluctant prey;
Noble hearts are breaking—
Dying—every day;
And in homes unholmlike,
In the midnight drear,
Trembling hearts wait sadly
Staggering steps to hear;

Steps once firm and steady,
Till the Drink-king, tight
Bound his chains around them—
Chains of hell-forged might,
Till the man—God's image,
Lower than a slave,
Sinks from heaven and manhood
To a drunkard's grave.

Childrens' Sayings.

"The first question one little waif asked about God, was to-night, when she wanted to know "whether He kept a horse and carriage."

We have often told the story of a little boy, who, when he first noticed the full moon, said with a delightful sense that he had made a real discovery, "Pa, there's a hole!"

We have heard of the little one who said that "the stars were holes in the sky where the glory shone through!"

"When you took that marble," said a mother to her child, "did you not remember, 'Thou God seeest me,' and hear a voice saying, 'Don't Johnny?'" To which he replied, "No, I didn't hear anything; I grabbed quick."

A little girl once asked her mother, "Ain't there a kitten-chism for little children? this catechism is so hard."

"What is conscience?" said a Sunday School teacher to her class. Several of the children answered, but one timid little girl said: "It is Jesus whispering in our hearts."

A man asked a little boy who was flying his kite after dark, how he knew his kite was up in the air when he could not see it. "Because," said he "I can feel it pull."

Once when a minister who was very needy received a pail of butter from some of the people in his parish, he said to his wife, "Well, wife, the Lord has sent us some butter." His little boy waited a few minutes, and then quickly came to his mother, enquiring, "Ma, how is pa going to send the pail back?" The same boy sat one day looking out of the window, while some cows were pasturing near, among which was a hornless animal. When he saw this one, he called to his ma, telling her that "there was a cow that God had forgot to put any horns on!"

A little boy was once playing in the study while his father, who was a

preacher, was writing a sermon. The child did some mischief and his father punished him. As he came down stairs crying, his mother asked him why his father whipped him. "For his own glory," replied the boy, who had evidently been imbibing the Westminster Catechism.

We recollect to have read of a little girl who, when her father neglected family prayer, inquired of him, "if God was dead!"

Some naturalists desiring to secure a flower that was blooming under a precipice, were trying to persuade a little boy to allow them to put a rope around and let him down, when he replied, "I will if my father will hold the rope."

A father who enquired of his son how he was getting along at school, received the encouraging reply, "O, very well. I've got so I can turn a somersault without putting my head on the ground, and stand on my head without putting my feet against a tree."

Dr. Guthrie tells the story of a man speaking to children, who asked who would take them up when father and mother forsook them. A little boy promptly replied, "The police, sir." Dr. Guthrie is not the first man that has received an unexpected reply when addressing a question to an audience of children.

Speak Gently.

A YOUNG lady had gone out for a walk but forgot to take her purse with her. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the girl, showing a variety of book-marks, watch-cases, needle-books, etc.

"I am sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the girl, and then, as she passed, she said again, "I am very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"O, miss," said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' But you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel a heap better."

That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to speak kind words, and how much they are worth. If we have nothing else to give let us at least give love and sympathy.—*The Lily.*

A General Rebuked.

WHEN the Rev. John Wesley was on his passage to North America, he heard an unusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe, the governor of Georgia, with whom he sailed, and stepped in to inquire the cause of it. The general addressed him: "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me; I have met with a provocation too great for a man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine; I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain Grimaldi" (his foreign servant, who was present, and almost dead with fear) "has drank up the whole of it; but I will be revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. Theascal

should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive."

"Then I hope, sir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "you never sin."

The general was quite confounded at the reproof, and putting his hand into his pocket, took a bunch of keys which he threw at Grimaldi. "There, fellow," said he; "take my keys and behave better for the future."

Childhood.

WHATEVER be the theological opinion and the ecclesiastical policy with reference to childhood and its religious life and its relations, one thing is incontrovertible. The earlier a child can be brought to a personal recognition of Jesus as his Saviour, and to a personal identification with the Church, the better for him. Baptized or unbaptized in infancy, at birth a sinner or by the provisions of grace virtually a saint, with these questions we have not now to do; but as early in the child's life as possible, we say, teach him implicit trust in Christ, and the full consecration of his life and all its possibilities to Christ. We may depend upon the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, who will supplement our lack of insight into the peculiar nature of the child, and immaturity of thought and conviction which we are so prone to attribute to our youth.

Let us, however, be wise with our very highest wisdom in this direction. Remembering that, the conversion of the little one is the work of the Spirit, let us seek the Spirit. Remembering that the Spirit operates through the truth, let us teach the truth.—*Dr. J. H. Vincent.*

Anecdote of Wesley.

THE following anecdote of the founder of Methodism, has, we believe, never been published. It reaches us from a trustworthy source, and it illustrates in a remarkable manner the mingled tact and piety of that eminent man. Although Wesley, like the apostles, found that his preaching did not greatly affect the mighty or the noble, still he numbered some families of good position among his followers. It was at the house of one of these that the incident here recorded took place. Wesley had been preaching; a daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, a girl remarkable for her beauty, had been profoundly impressed by his exhortations. After the sermon Wesley was invited to this gentleman's house to luncheon, and with himself one of his preachers was entertained. This preacher, like many of his class at that time, was a man of plain manners, and not conscious of the restraints of good society. The fair, young Methodist sat beside him at the table, and he noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal the preacher took hold of the young lady's hand, and raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. "What do you think of this, sir," he said, "for a Methodist hand?" The girl turned crimson. For Wesley, with his known and expressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet, benevolent smile and simply said, "The hand is very beautiful." The blushing beauty had expected

something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such felicity in a compliment. She had the good sense to say nothing; but when a few minutes later, she again appeared in Wesley's presence, the beautiful hand was stripped of every ornament except those which nature had given.—*Globe.*

Boys' and Girls' Temperance Lessons.

LESSON IX.

Alcohol in Business.

QUESTION. What is business?

ANSWER. Business is employment, that which occupies our time and attention. It is labor for purposes of profit or improvement.

Q. What one thing is most needful in a young person, that a good business situation may be obtained?

A. A known good character.

Q. What is a good character?

A. A good character is that in a person which commands respect, and esteem, and confidence.

Q. Do persons known to use, habitually, alcoholic drinks have this needed character?

A. They do not have it.

Q. What business in this country is among those wherein most men are employed and the largest wages paid?

A. The railroad companies are among those that employ the most men and pay the largest wages.

Q. How many railroad companies in this country employ men as engineers, and conductors, and station-agents, and in other responsible positions, who are known to use, habitually, alcoholic drinks?

A. Not one.

Q. Why will they not employ such men as engineers?

A. Because human life is entrusted to their keeping, and no train can be safely run by a man whose mind is unbalanced from the effects of alcohol.

Q. Why will they not employ them as conductors?

A. For the same reason that they will not employ them as engineers, besides the disgust awakened in most persons by enforced business contact with those who show that they drink alcohol.

Q. Why will they not employ them as station-agents and in other responsible positions?

A. For the reasons already named, and because property, equally with human life, cannot be safely entrusted to the care of persons who habitually use alcoholic drinks.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

31.—Christ-mas.

32.—Heaven.

33.—Lace-bark.

34.—"A wise son maketh a glad father."

NEW PUZZLES.

35.—CHARADE.

By, a pronoun; took food. To pass through the pores.

36.—ENIGMA.

A lake in the United States; 11, 2, 4, an intoxicating drink; 3, 10, 5, 8, 9, a sound; 1, 13, 13, 6, to shed tears; 7, a pronoun.

37.—WORD-SQUARE.

To mention; the highest point; a tumor; an epic poem.

The Lettuce and the Oak.

B. S. TAYLOR.

SOME lettuce, and, near by,
Some acorns, planted I.

Quite soon the lettuce leaves were seen,
All tender, large, and lightly green

As yet no oak 'bove ground appeared,
A failure these, I thought and feared.

I cleared the surface dirt away,
And there the lazy acorn lay.

Not idle he, but deep and long
He rooted, wide and firm and strong.

At last a stub of oak was seen,
Quite small beside the flaunting green.

The lettuce planned for only hours;
The oak for years, and lasting powers.

The lettuce, for only summer tears;
The oak, for storms of a hundred years.

The lettuce lay as the breeze went past,
The oak bowed not before the blast.

The lettuce withered, ripe and dead,
While the oak was in his cradle bed.

Above the oak the pigweeds grew,
Concealed and hid him quite from view.

In calm content he bode his lot—
"My time will come when these are not."

Of their quick growth he had no fears,
For he was sure of the hundred years.

Lay your foundations deep and wide,
If great and strong you would abide.

Nor mourn if earth gives not award
Within the eternal ages stored.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A.D. 44.] LESSON VIII. [May 20.

HEROD AND PETER.

Acts 12. 1-17. Commit to memory verses 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round
about them that fear him.—Psa. 34. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Earnest prayer is always answered, but
often in unexpected ways.

TIME.—A.D. 44. In the Spring. The
Passover that year was April 1.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. The tower of Antonia,
and the house of Mary, mother of Mark.

PAUL, aged 42. On his way to Jerusalem,
to bring alms from Antioch.

THE FAMINE on the increase, continuing
till 45.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—From the description of
the progress of the church, we now turn to
some of the dangers assailing her.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *About that time*—That Saul and Barnabas were sent to Jerusalem from Antioch with alms. Herod—Agrippa, king of most of Palestine. His full kingdom lasted only three years. 2. *James—Son of Zebedee*. 4. *In prison*—Probably in the tower of Antonia, adjoining the temple area. *Quaternions*—Bands of four. *Easter*—The Passover, called days of unleavened bread, because no leaven was allowed in their houses. 6. *Bound with two chains*—Each hand bound to a soldier. 7. *Behold the angel*—This must have occurred between 3 and 6 o'clock in the morning (see v. 18), and the sound of changing the guard. 10. *First and second ward*—i.e., Guards, the guards who were sleeping with him, the outer guards. 13. *Rhoda*—Our Boon. *Came to hearken*—They always ask "who is there" before opening the gate. 15. *It is his angel*—His guardian angel (Matt. 18 10), whom they thought had come in his form. 16. *They were astonished*—Not at the fact that their prayers were answered, but at the strange and wonderful way. 17. *D. parted*—It was not safe for him to remain where was a well-known resort of the disciples.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Herod—James—Peter.—The prayer of the church.—The sleep of Peter.—Ministering angels.—Peter's escape.—House of Mary, the mother of Mark.—Why the disciples were astonished.—Answers to prayer.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To what place does the scene of our lessons now change? Where was Paul? How old was he? What trouble was upon all Judaea at this time?

SUBJECT: PRAYER FOR HELP ANSWERED.

1. THE NEED OF PRAYER (vs. 1-4).—About what time? What season of the year was it? Who was this Herod? Meaning of *rhoda* here? Give some account of this James? Why did not God deliver him and Stephen as well as Peter? Why did Herod enter on this persecution? What did he do to Peter? How was he guarded? What is a *quaternion*? Meaning of "*bring him forth*"? Why were these persecutions a great affliction to the church?

2. THE PRAYER (vs. 5, 12).—Who prayed for Peter? Could they do anything but pray? What good could prayer do? What qualities do you find in their prayers? For what did they pray? Where were the people assembled for prayer? How can we pray "without ceasing"? What promises has God made to prayer? (Matt. 7. 7-11; Mark 11. 23, 24; John 14. 13.)

3. THE ANSWER TO PRAYER (vs. 6-17).—How long did they pray without any apparent answer? What was Peter doing on the last night? How could he sleep so near his execution? (Psalms 3. 5; 4. 8.) How was the prayer answered? At what time did the angel come? Are angels around us to help us? (Heb. 1. 14.) What comfort and strength in this fact? What did the angel do to Peter? Where did Peter go after he was released? Who came to the door? What did she do? Was her report believed? What did they think it was? What did they mean by *his angel*? When they saw him how did they feel? Did this astonishment show that they had not expected an answer to their prayers, or only that the answer came in an unexpected way? Where did Peter go? What became of Herod after this? (Acts 12. 19-23.) How does this show to whom the ministry of angels is a comfort, and to whom not?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Good men sometimes suffer, but God overrules it for good to all
2. Bad men care more to please men than God.
3. The refuge of the Christian in trouble is prayer.
4. Prayer should be as here: (1) earnest; (2) unceasing; (3) united; (4) believing; (5) for a definite object.
5. God sometimes delays the answer, but never fails to answer.
6. Prayer is answered in unexpected ways.
7. The angels are ministering spirits around God's people.

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

18. What trouble now came upon the church? *Ans.* Herod beheaded James the brother of John? 19. What more did Herod do? *Ans.* He put Peter in prison. 20. What did the church do? *Ans.* They prayed without ceasing for him. 21. How was their prayer answered? *Ans.* An angel was sent to release him.

A.D. 45-48.] LESSON IX. [May 27.

PAUL AND BARNABAS IN CYPRUS.

Acts 13. 1-12. Commit to memory verses 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.—Acts 13. 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should labour to bring all the world to Christ.

TIME.—Between A.D. 45-48. The first missionary journey was probably in 47 or 48.

PLACE.—Antioch, and the island of Cyprus. PAUL, aged 46. Starting out on his first missionary journey, from Antioch.

RULERS.—Claudius Caesar, emperor of Rome. Cumanus, governor of Judea. Ananias, high priest.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—With chapter 13 begins the second part of the Acts, the history of the first missionary work. Paul and Barnabas returned from Jerusalem to Antioch, where they remained preaching for some two years, A.D. 45-47, till sent out as missionaries to the heathen.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Prophets*—Those specially inspired by the Holy Spirit.

Teachers.—Pastors doing the regular work of training and instructing the converts. *Acts*—Black *Cyprus*, on the coast of Africa, west of Egypt, corresponding to modern Cyprus. 2. *As they ministered*. In public worship, probably in some meeting appointed to know God's will as to missionary work. *The Holy Ghost said*.—Perhaps by one of the prophets, or by a general influence on all. 4. *Salaus*.—The port of Antioch, 16 miles distant. *Cyprus*.—An island in the Mediterranean, 150 miles long by 50 wide. 5. *Salamis*.—One of the chief cities. It was on the east end of the island, nearest Antioch. 6. *Paphos*.—The large city at the other end, 100 miles from Salamis. *Sorcerer*.—Magician. *A false prophet*.—Speaking false things, and from a false motive,—his own gain. 11. *Thou shalt be blind*.—A type of the blindness of his soul. Note this was not cruel, for (1) it was brief; (2) it was to save the souls of men; (3) it was also a warning to Elymas, that he might repent, as Paul did in his three days' blindness.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Prophets and teachers.—Ministering to the Lord.—The Holy Ghost said—Why they fasted.—The reason for foreign missions.—Cyprus—Elymas—Magicians.—The evil influences around Sergius.—The good influences.—The object of Paul's miracle.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What change in the Acts begins with this chapter? How much time intervenes between this and the last? Where were Paul and Barnabas during this time?

SUBJECT: ALL THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

1. THE GOSPEL FOR THE HEATHEN,—THE FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY OF PAUL (vs. 1-5).—Who were the leading preachers at Antioch? Give some account of each? What is the difference between prophets and teachers? Meaning of *ministered to the Lord*? Why did they fast? Were they seeking any special object? Did they take the wise way to learn God's will? How was that will revealed to them? How does the Holy Ghost speak to us? What was the work to which God had called some? How do we know to what work God has called us? Why were the best men sent as foreign missionaries? Should they not have waited till all at Antioch were converted? Why should we be interested in foreign missions? Was there any resemblance between the circumstances in those days and in ours, as to foreign missions? Where did Paul and Barnabas go? Describe these places? How were these missionaries sustained by the church at home?

2. A CONTENT FOR A SOUL (vs. 6-12).—Who was governor of Cyprus? What kind of a man was he? Who was leading him astray? Meaning of his two names? What is a magician? What is a *false prophet*? What was his character as described by Paul? What evil was he doing? Why did he oppose the Gospel? How did the governor show his prudence in sending for Paul? What would the Gospel of Paul do for him? Give the contrast between the work and character of Paul, and of Elymas? How did Paul overcome the magician? Was this blindness a punishment? Was it also to lead him to repentance? What experience had Paul had from blindness? What other good followed from this affliction? Why did the governor believe? What did he believe? Was it reasonable for him to believe?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. In ministering to the Lord we learn the Lord's will for us.
2. The Holy Spirit will guide us as freely as he guided the early church.
3. It is our duty to send the Gospel to all the world.
4. We should find out the work to which God has called us.
5. If we cannot be missionaries, we should be their helpers.
6. Good and evil influences are drawing us different ways.
7. Wisdom and intelligence lead us to believe in Christ.

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

1. What new era was now begun? *Ans.* The era of foreign missions. 2. Who were the first missionaries to the heathen? *Ans.* Paul and Barnabas. 3. Where did they first go? *Ans.* To the Island of Cyprus. 4. Who opposed them here? *Ans.* Elymas, the Magician. 5. What befell him? *Ans.* He was struck blind for a season. 6. What was the effect? *Ans.* The governor was converted to Christ.

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