

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

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- 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
- 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.
- Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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 pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Généralique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# HOME AND SCHOOL

**Livingstone in Central Africa.**  
 THE life record of Dr Livingstone is one of the most remarkable in the annals of Christian Missions. The story of the poor weaver boy who became a physician, then a missionary; who explored the heart of the Dark Continent as no man had done it before; who was lost for years from the sight of the world and was given up for dead; who was found sick and suffering in an African jungle by the intrepid Stanley; who refused to leave his heroic labour of missionary exploration; who persevered in his work of toil and self-sacrifice till he perished in the wilderness; whose body was borne on the backs of his faithful black followers hundreds of miles to the sea, then sent to England, and buried with all the honours a grateful nation could bestow in the mausoleum of its kings and warriors and statesmen—Westminster Abbey. This is a story we have not here space to recount. We purpose to do so, with copious illustrations, in an early number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*.

The engraving illustrates a characteristic incident in the life of the great missionary. We see him mounted on the back of a domesticated buffalo—the only beast of burden available in Central Africa—and, accompanied by his trusty black, hunting the elephant in the jungle. This was not from mere love of sport, but from stern necessity. During much of the time that he was lost to civilization he was dependent on his trusty rifle for support, both for food and for ivory wherewith to purchase supplies.

WHILE we wrangle here in the dark, we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness.—*Baister*.

**The Land of Dreams.**  
 IN a beautiful land I wandered last night,  
 Where flowers bloom ever and skies are bright;  
 And crystal-clear the murmuring streams:  
 And I met *them* there, the loved of yore—  
 The loved and lost that I see no more,  
 Save in that beautiful land of dreams.  
 The mother so longed for clasped my hand,  
 While brothers and sisters—a radiant band—  
 Closed lovingly round me till it seemed,  
 I had just awoke to the *real* day,  
 And I was glad the night had passed away  
 With the heart-sick dreams I had dreamed.  
 In my grateful joy and glad surprise,  
 Urged on by the light of their loving eyes,  
 My long, dark dream I told:

[*Marion's New Society.*  
 BY MYRA A. GOODWIN.  
 "CAN you help me a few minutes, daughter?"  
 "I would like to, but I don't see how I can."  
 The tone was not impatient, but hurried.  
 "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a church committee meeting, and get back for my German lesson at five o'clock."  
 "No, you can't help me, dear. You

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strong-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"  
 "Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."  
 "No time!" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"  
 "Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works, but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those gray hairs came from overwork and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin."  
 The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages. Those wrinkles came because the girls hadn't time to share the cares and worries of everyday life. That sigh comes because this mother feels neglected  
 "Surely, the girls help, too?"  
 "What they can; but their feet get weary enough going round begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."  
 "No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad. Loving, industri-



HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

How the loved and trusted in my hour of need  
 Had proved, indeed, but a "broken reed,"  
 And the world grew drear and cold.  
 I told them what bitter tears I had shed,  
 Over the faithless—over the dead—  
 Of the many lone vigils kept—  
 Of the manifold struggles, early and late,  
 I had made against an adverse fate;  
 Then I bowed my head and wept.  
 The cold gray morning found me in tears—  
 In grief for the loved of the vanished years:  
 But the "Comforter" came, and that which seems  
 To be real now, I can clearly see  
 Will have been the dream in the great to-be  
 And the real will be my land of dreams.  
 A. M. A.

look worn out yourself. Never mind; if I tie up my head in Pond's Extract, I guess I can finish this."  
 "Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of the Ideas of Religion among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight, which made her forget the lateness of the hour. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing.  
 That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

ous girls giving their mother to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones!"

"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said Life wearily. "Girls who are cultured, or take an active part in life, have no time to care for the mothers who spent so much time in bearing and rearing them."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No! no!" cried Marion, springing from her seat. "I will take time to care for her if you will only let her stay."

"Daughter, you must have nightmare. Wake up, dear! I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I'm not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those button-holes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll telephone to the committee and the professor that I must be excused to-day, for I'm going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you like."

"But, dear, I hate to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given me any time! Now go to sleep, mamma, dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all of the languages or church socials in the world."

So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from the daughter usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Hanna fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation." Marion smiled at the sleeping mother. "After this, what time she does not need, I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well rested, I will take charge of the house and give up all the societies except one that I'll have by myself if the other girls won't join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later, one of the woman suffragists remarked to her:—

"We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown up daughters! I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S. P. C. M."

#### Falling into the Pit.

As long as the time of Solomon, it was observed that he who digged a pit for another, was likely to fall into it. And the Germans have an expressive proverb, "He that takes soup with the devil must have a long spoon." We need no more apt illustration of this than can be found in the terrible mortality which attends dealers in strong drink, as a class. So exceptionally great is the death rate among them that some Life Insurance Companies have utterly refused to insure them at any price. Dr. James Edmunds says:

"Some years ago, a number of publicans, feeling annoyed at the brand which was placed upon them by various Life Assurance Companies, proposed to establish an Association among them-

selves, by which they thought to show that the prejudice against them, in this respect, was unfounded. The Society was established, and called the Monarch Life Assurance Association.

"Now, what was the fact? The Society was only in existence some five or six years, and then it became insolvent. Other societies which impose an extra rate of payment upon drunkards, and gave exceptional advances to abstainers, showed large profits. From the blue books from the year 1853 to 1860 inclusive, it would be found that if they took carpenters, bricklayers, and ordinary workingmen, seventeen out of every thousand die during the year; if they took publicans, the deaths were thirty in every thousand per year."

From this it appears that the death rate among liquor dealers, who live an easy life, and whose exposure to weather, accidents, etc., is much less than that of ordinary labourers, is, nevertheless, nearly twice as large as the death rate among ordinary honest, toiling people.

A man who has an offer of a position as bar-tender will do well to note this fact. "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own life?" If a man counts his life worth anything, he had better keep out of the rum business. If he wants to die, let him sell strong drink; and he will be pretty sure to fall into the pit that he digs for his neighbour, and learn by experience that he who handles the devil's money, may expect the Lord's curse.

#### The Hem of His Garment.

BY LAURA SANFORD.

If I may but touch the garment He wears,  
But touch His robe's hem as I kneel,  
These wounds from stonings of pitiless years  
That instant of nearness will heal!

If I may but touch His robe, through the tread  
And press and deep pause of His path,  
Where He heals the leper, lifts the prone dead,  
I shall lose the soul-scar of wrath.

This cruel rent of one envious sword  
Where my heart's blood leaps forth in pain,  
Calm shall be knit! Like His own seamless robe,  
Life's garment will wrap me again.

If I may but touch His robe's hem when He hears,  
As I drift with tides of the world,  
I shall feel my pulse beat with far-throbbing spheres,  
His grandeur of impulse have hurled.

I shall be made whole! Though dead at His feet,  
If His robe's hem but touch my cold breast,  
I shall wake, I shall live, in His life complete,  
And bathed in the beams of His rest.

#### The Fruits of Drink.

ON January 4th, Kersteman J. Inman, once agent of the Inman Line of Ocean Steamers, and a near relative of the owners of the line, died in the cells of the Toronto police station. Inman was well connected and well educated in England. Cause of his ruin—Drink.

On January 5th, in the Town of Milton, O'Rourke was hanged for the brutal murder of an old man and his daughter. Cause—Drink.

And these are but samples of the fearful evils caused by the greatest curse which affects mankind. Boys and girls, learn to hate it, and seek by influence and example to banish it from the earth!

#### Christian Work.

FRANCES.

As the Christian looks out upon the world with its millions of devotees walking the broad way that leads to death, that might by Christian counsel, prayer, and example, be won to paths of virtue, usefulness, and happiness; as the vast theatre of Christian action, with its many channels of noble activity, looms up before his vision, his spirit is stirred within him, he longs to plunge into the fiercest of the conflict with sin and wrong.

But how many there are who bear the name of Christian, who seem to have no concern for the salvation of others, who live in selfish ease and pleasure, and indifferent of the condition of those around them. But this is not the spirit of the gospel. Bishop Janes says: "You are mistaken when you suppose that you are converted simply or chiefly for your own salvation. Your happiness is but an incident of God's plans in your conversion. No; sing and shout and get to heaven; but the real object is greater and grander than this. You are brought into the vineyard as labourers. You are to give up your whole life for the salvation of the world. There is no such thing as getting to heaven alone. You must save others or fail. Your way to heaven is through prayers, and struggles, and tears, and labours, for the salvation of others."

Look at the example of the Great Teacher. Did he spend his life in self-indulgence, in careless ease, and indifference to the wants and sufferings of those around him? Let us emulate His example who went about doing good, who, though he was equal with God, yet took upon himself the form of a servant. That only will endure which we do for others. All selfishness is utter loss. And what is more noble, more grand, than to sacrifice the interests of self to those of others, to cast self a living sacrifice upon the altar of our common humanity, to live for the good that we can do, to bless and uplift the world.

"Though we climb Fame's proudest height;  
Though we sit on hills afar,  
Where the thrones of triumph are;  
Though all deepest mysteries be opened to our sight,  
If we win not by that power  
For the world another dower—  
If this great Humanity share not in our gain,—  
We have lived our life in vain."

And there is work for all. God never meant there should be idlers in his vineyard. With a diversity of talents he has given a variety of work. And if all the talent of the Church could be utilized the world would be evangelized in a comparatively short time.

But the words of our Saviour, "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few," are just as true of this age as of the age in which they were first uttered. As we look out upon the whitening harvests, as we listen to the Macedonian cry coming up from the four quarters of the globe—the prayer goes up from our hearts—Lord, raise up labourers in thy vineyard.

"See India, China, Ethiopia wait,  
The fields are white; oh! who will help to bring  
Those sheaves, an offering to their Lord and King!"

And there are ample fields for labour at home, reaching to our very door.

The home missionary work, the temperance movement, the Sunday-school and all the various departments of Church work demand the attention and support of each individual Christian.

And besides the regular channels of church work there are many ways of doing good. The word of timely warning, the Christian counsel, the cheering smile, the encouraging word, and the wise distribution of Christian tracts, and temperance and missionary leaflets among those with whom we come in contact and through epistolary correspondence. The last day only will reveal how much good may be accomplished in this unostentatious manner.

We need not always wait for opportunities for doing good to present themselves. We can many times make opportunities. And when we come to stand in the presence of the King, laden with precious sheaves, and hear the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," when we first behold the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give us, decked with its stars that shall shine as the sun forever and ever,—will we regret that we laboured and toiled and suffered here?

"Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Work till the last beam fade,  
Fadeth to shine no more."

#### A Glasgow Factory-Boy.

A LITTLE way above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the river Clyde, there once lived a factory-boy, whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered the cotton-factory as "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. His parents were very poor; and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of hard labour. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin. He then entered an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar-schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a "piecer" to a spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and, placing one of them on the "jenny," with the lesson open before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge. He now began to aspire to become a preacher and a missionary, and to devote his life in some self-sacrificing way to the good of mankind. He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college-studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

The boy was Dr. David Livingstone.

**The Potter's Song.**

BY H. W. LON FELLOW.

TURN, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round  
Without a pause, without a sound;  
So spins the flying world away!

This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,  
Follows the motion of my hand;  
For some must follow and some command,  
Though all are made of clay!

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change  
To something new, to something strange.

Nothing that is can pause or stay  
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,  
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,  
The rain to mist and cloud again,  
To-morrow be to-day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;  
What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
What now is leaf will soon decay;  
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;  
The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,  
And flutter and fly away.

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar  
A touch can make, a touch can mar  
And shall it to the potter say,  
What maketh thou? Thou hast no hand!  
As men who think to understand  
A world by their Creator planned,  
Who wiser is than they.

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis Nature's plan  
The child should grow into the man,  
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;  
In youth the heart exults and stags,  
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;  
In age the cricket chirps, and brings  
The harvest-home of day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,  
Of every tongue, of every place,  
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,  
All that inhabit this great earth,  
Whatever be their rank or worth,  
Are kindred and allied by birth,  
And made of the same clay.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun  
At daybreak must at dark be done.  
To-morrow will be another day;  
To-morrow the hot furnace flame  
Will scorch the heart and try the frame,  
And stamp with honor or with shame  
These vessels made of clay.

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon,  
The noon will be the afternoon,  
Too soon to-day be yesterday:  
Behind us in our path we cast  
The broken potsherds of the Past,  
And all are ground to dust at last,  
And trodden into clay.

**"Harden not Your Hearts."**

In the diary of Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster, it is told that one day an old man was giving a young lad some friendly counsel. He was warning him not to follow his own example. He said that "he could remember well about his own youthful days. His heart was then soft and tender. Many a time he was almost persuaded to be a Christian. But he grieved the Spirit. He stifled the still, small voice of conscience. He refused to give up his sins. What was the result? It was a very terrible one. "Now," said the old man, laying great stress on the words, "my heart is hard and brown." Sin had hardened his heart. It had become like the nether millstone.

Dear young friends, your hearts may be soft and impressible now, like the newly-fallen snow. But very soon, unless you yield them up to Jesus, they will become "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin" (Heb. iii. 13). Every time you grieve the Spirit, every time you refuse Christ's loving invitations, your hearts are getting harder and harder.

Be warned in time. Choose Christ now, lest at the last you have to say, like the aged rejector of Christ, "My heart is hard and brown."

**Paragraphs for Girls.**

MRS J. M. JOHNSTON.

I WAS a student once at Albion. Years have crowded in, but they have not crowded out pleasant memories of that school-girl period. A face—a thought—an aspiration—a heart-throb of those receding years comes back to me often, with pleasant, suggestive lessons.

One day while waiting for the stroke of the bell that should bring the recitation hour, I listened to a conversation between two young friends, which was about as follows: "I shall never learn music enough to pay for all this fuss and fret. It is downright drudgery—drill—drill—drill! I am heartily sick of it! If I had your sister Lucy's voice and her wonderful control of it, I would make any sacrifice to perfect it. But what is the use? It will never amount to *that*!"—and the speaker, a bright, little brunette, snapped her fingers and looked grave.

"See here, Fanny," and I heard a little ringing laugh, "I am going to call you lazy. I don't mean it, you pretty silver-throat, of course I don't. I will tell you something of Lucy's experience. It may prove a tonic to your expiring ambition.

"Well, to begin, Lucy is not a natural singer, as you are. You sing like a canary, because you were made to sing. She studied music to please papa. He is passionately fond of it and set his heart on Lucy, with the determination to spare no pains to develop every hint of music in her. As she grew in years he almost despaired, for she rarely sang, as most children do, and if she attempted, her voice was harsh and inflexible. She was about thirteen before she comprehended his anxiety about the matter. Then she seemed to awaken into a new life, and her wonderful tenacity of purpose became manifest. She began in earnest to study music—she became its devotee. The more she gave herself to music, the more music gave itself to her. It is wonderful how her voice came and developed in sweetness and power. I have seen papa listen at the parlor door with great tears dropping from his cheeks, as though an all-absorbing desire of his soul was being gratified. To you, Fanny, with your beautiful talent, which needs but purpose and industry to make it all glorious, I will say that my sister had neither voice nor ear at first, but it has all come about through heroic persistence, stimulated by love for papa, and desire to please him."

I was a silent listener to this biographical tit-bit. She of whom it related, was a dear, earnest girl, and as fellow-students we all delighted in her voice. Few of us knew how filial devotion had been the power behind the throne. How I wished all girlhood had that secret and could feel its power as at that moment I felt it.

In this age of luxurious living it does, indeed, require a world of determination to rise above the enervations and dissipations of life, and to achieve a high ideal. But noble examples of woman's scholarship are every year multiplying. Her record in special studies and in full collegiate competition is already no mean one.

But fashion is the great maw that devours time. Her tyranny demoralizes the very foundation of stable character, in one who yields to her away. She may be a good servant

when your necessities demand her services, but as a monarch, she is relentless.

Time is a most sacred gift. It belongs to the youthful, and to the majority, is their stock in trade. Upon its use hangs their fortune or misfortune. The morning dew is soon brushed off. The short, impatient years of seed-sowing and the bringing into fruitful growth "those beginnings which are the budding of every sweet and immortal virtue," are gone like the flight of a bird across the sky. Take each new day, fresh and fragrant, from the Bountiful Hand and make its golden hours tell to some purpose.

The hour of relaxation is set over against the hour of toil and is just as subservient in its end. But preserve the relaxation from degeneration. Hold it up to its moral uses. Demand of it character as wholesome and atmosphere as pure as of hours given to your noblest achievements. There are many who need no stimulus to incite them to vigilant, mental industry, but more sluggish and indolent natures are benefitted by a little goading of high example. Such in their lazy moments sometimes wonder how some people accomplish so much. There is a hint in the reply of Ferdinand Christian Baur, of Tubingen, to Theodore Parker, who on a visit to the venerable student, asked him how many hours a day he studied. The old theologian answered with a sigh, "*Ach! leider nur achtzehn*"—alas! only eighteen.

**How Slate-Pencils are Made.**

Most of our readers who are old enough to attend school are familiar with slate-pencils. All will be interested in knowing how they are made; and the following article from the *Vermont Chronicle*, even if several hard words are not understood, will teach them:

"In making slate-pencils, broken slate is put into a mortar run by steam and pounded into small particles; then it goes into a mill, and runs into a 'bolting machine,' such as is used in flour-mills, where it is 'bolted,' the fine, almost impalpable flour that results being taken to a mixing-tub, where a small quantity of steatite flour, similarly manufactured, is added, together with other materials, the whole being made into a stiff dough. This dough is kneaded thoroughly by passing it several times between iron rollers. Thence it is conveyed to a table, where it is made into 'charges,' or short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing eight to twelve pounds each. Four of these are placed in a strong iron chamber, or 'retort,' with a changeable nozzle, (so as to regulate the size of the pencil,) and subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure, under which the composition is pushed through the nozzle in the shape of a long cord, and passed over a sloping table slit at right angles with the cords to give passage to a knife, which cuts them into lengths. They are then laid on boards to dry, and after a few hours are removed to sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugation serving to prevent the pencils from warping during the process of baking, to which they are next subjected in a kiln into which super-heated steam is introduced in pipes, the temperature being regulated according to the requirement of the article exposed to its influence. From the kiln the articles go to the finishing and packing room,

where the ends are thrust for a second under rapidly-revolving emery-wheels, and withdrawn neatly and smoothly pointed. They are then packed in pasteboard boxes, each containing one hundred pencils, and these boxes are in turn packed for shipment in wooden boxes containing one hundred each, or ten thousand pencils in a shipping-box. Nearly all the work is done by boys, and the cost, therefore, is light.

**Links with Heaven.**

Our God in heaven, from that holy place,  
To each of us an angel guide has given;  
But mothers of dead children have more grace,  
For they give angels to their God and heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary,  
Knowing her dearer self, safe, happy, warm?  
How can she feel her road too dark and dreary,  
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

How can she sin? Our hearts may be un-  
heeding,  
Our God forgive, our holy saints defend;  
But can a mother hear her dead child plead-  
ing,  
And thrust those little angel hands aside?

Those little hands stretched down to draw  
her ever  
Nearer to God by mother love; we all  
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never,  
With such a stake in heaven fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise  
Chorus in heaven, one little silver tone  
Is hers forever, that one little praise,  
One little happy voice is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honour,  
But all the angels flitting to and fro,  
Pause, smiling as they pass—they look upon her  
As mother of an angel whom they know.

**How to Straighten Girls.**

THOSE interested in the physical education of girls may learn a serviceable lesson from the practice of the Hindoo. His girls know nothing of calisthenics, and never used dumb bells or Indian clubs. They are not strapped to a backboard, nor practised in "sitting up straight," yet they are graceful in movement, exquisite in form, and straight as an arrow.

Their physical training, which produces results far superior to those wrought out in the gymnasium, or in the calisthenic class of the boarding-school, is as simple as it is effective. From their earliest childhood they are trained to carry burdens on their heads.

The water for the use of the family is brought from the village tank by the girls. It is carried not in pails held in the hand, as with us, but in earthen jars, poised on the head. So carefully is the filled jar adjusted, and so steadily does the girl walk, that not a drop of water is spilt, and never is the vessel broken by a fall.

The exercise strengthens the muscles of the back, throws the chest forward, and compels the body to stand erect and to walk with a firm, regular, and elastic step. No young lady is seen in Hindostan with a crooked back. Her walk is the envy of English women.

In the south of Italy, where the custom of carrying water on the head is also observed, travellers pause to notice the erect carriage and elastic gait of the peasant women. A Neapolitan woman is not unfrequently met with returning from the village fountain with a jar full of water to the brim poised on her head. The road may be rough and stony and run up a steep hill, but she moves with such rhythmic grace and elasticity as not to spill a drop.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Smoking Flax and Bruised Reed.

BY REV. DR. W. B. ROBERTSON.

When evening chime the praises hymned
In Zion's courts of old,
The high priest walked his rounds, and trimmed
The shining lamps of gold;

But thou who walkest, Priest Most High!
Thy golden lamp among,
What things are weak, and near to die,
Thou makest fresh and strong.

The shepherd, that to stream and shade
Withdrew his flock at noon,
On reedy stop soft music made,
In many a pastoral tune;

But thou, Good Shepherd, who dost feed
Thy flock in pasture green,
Thou dost not break the bruised reed,
That sorely crushed hath been.

Lord, once my love was all ablaze,
But now it burns so dim;
My life was praise, but now my days
Make a poor broken hymn.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—FOURTEEN FRIMS.

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Pleasant Hours, with their respective prices.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, 75 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1883.

Methodist Union.

So much has been written, and well written, on both sides of this important subject, and the verdict of the country has been so emphatically pronounced, that we had designed to say nothing more upon it.

At the late General Conference, when the propriety of adding another

to the numerous list of papers published by our Church was suggested, it was urged, as a strong reason therefor, that there were hundreds, nay thousands of families who had no means of learning Connexional intelligence, as they could not afford to take the larger Church papers or the Magazine.

We cheerfully insert, in this first issue since we received it, the following letter from the Rev. S. J. Hunter, on this important subject:—

To the Editor of HOME AND SCHOOL.

As your columns contained this week a eulogistic article in favour of Methodist Union, I claim it to be only fair that both aspects of the question should be laid before your readers. I propose, therefore, to state a few objections to the Basis of Union, prefacing them with a remark or two on the general question.

I shall not discuss at length the objections that may be raised to the Basis of Union presented now to the Quarterly Meetings for acceptance or rejection, but shall specify a few of them. First—The Basis introduces into the United Church—if Union be consummated—an Episcopacy which

involves principles which a great many cannot accept. Second—It contains provisions in relation to Annual Conferences which will, in the future, inevitably lead to conflict of authority, and which, on the very face of them, are absurdly awkward. Third—Its recommendations relative to lay-delegation, if carried out, will render the laymen in the Conference practically useless, and are, to say the least, not very complimentary to laymen.

S. J. HUNTER.

To this letter we shall make no personal reply, but content ourselves with giving the following extracts from the correspondence on this subject of some of the foremost leaders of our Church.

(From the Rev. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D., President of Victoria University.)

After reading and weighing what has been said for and against the scheme which is about to be submitted to the people of the Methodist Church of Canada, I am of the opinion that our Church will make a serious mistake if she should reject the proposed "Basis."

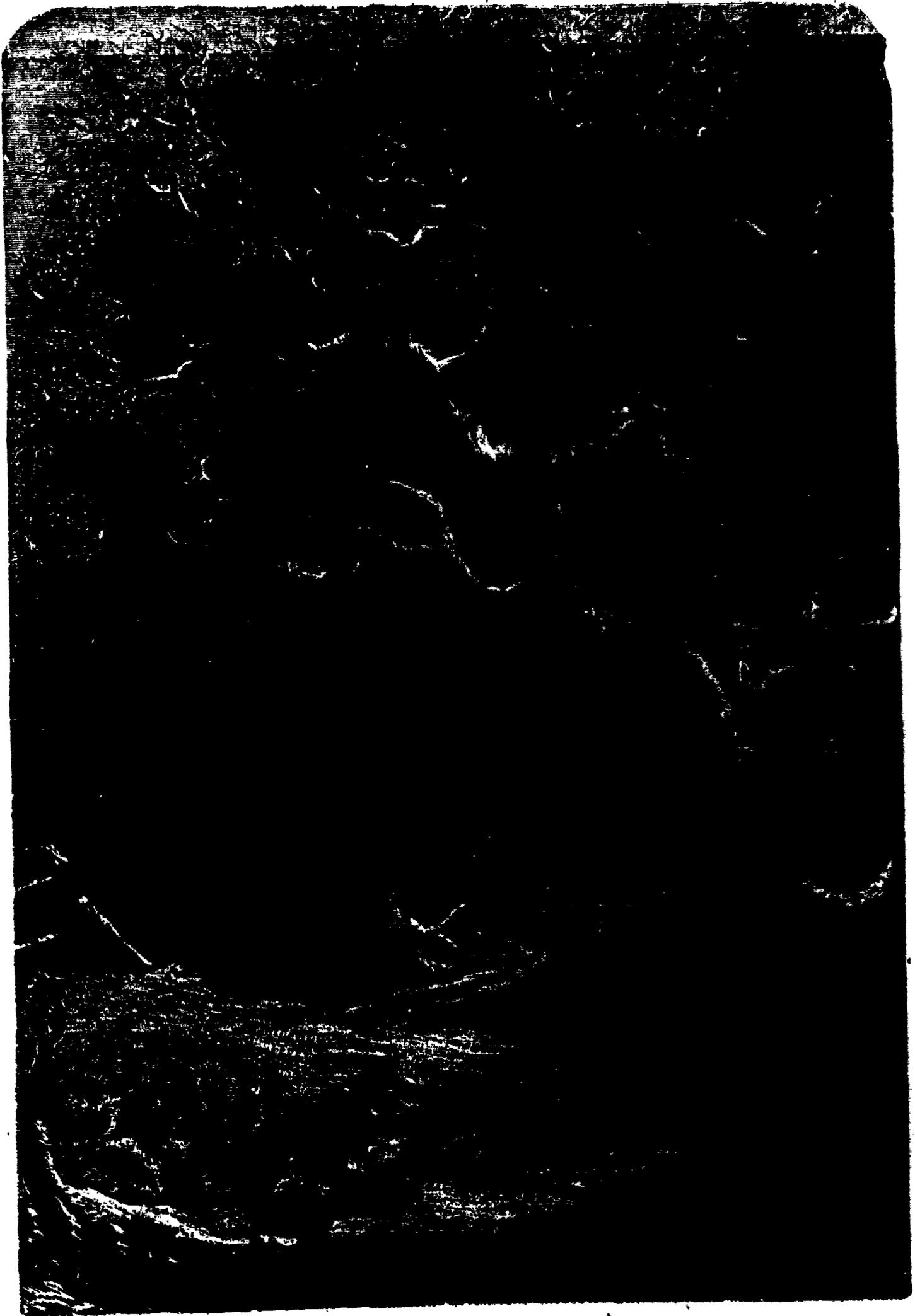
ing objectionable schemes if better ones can be devised. Of this, however, we may feel assured, that no plan can be suggested against which some objections will not exist, and be strongly urged, especially by men who look on little questions of official precedence as of more moment than a United Methodism.

(From His Honour, JUDGE JONES)

The past record of the Methodist Church of Canada has been strongly in favour of Union. The other Churches are now willing to unite with us on a Basis that has been approved of by a very large Committee of our own Church, selected by the highest court of the Church, and representing all its interests.

(From Mr. JOHN MACDONALD, Missionary Treasurer, Methodist Church of Canada.)

May I not say to those of our ministers who have expressed grave doubts about this scheme, Why this fearfulness? Are not your interests and ours who are laymen identical? Can one member suffer, and not all the members suffer? Could a Union be acceptable to us which was brought about for the express purpose of inflicting injury and loss upon you?



QUAILS IN WINTER.—(See next page.)

er  
r,  
an  
b-  
ly  
on  
ce  
ed  
he  
he  
he  
on  
as  
ler  
re-  
he  
\*  
for  
he  
it,  
the  
  
)  
liat  
in  
hes  
a a  
y a  
wn  
urt  
its  
now  
past  
now  
not  
now  
ould  
lose  
the  
ym-  
erly  
hat  
e we  
, by  
upy  
ered  
ture  
ured  
and  
who  
aion  
ffer  
an-  
orts  
  
is.  
  
min-  
ubta  
rful-  
ours  
one  
nem-  
cept-  
out  
ting  
edly  
ched  
a on  
the  
rch,  
ther  
but  
t of  
s to  
s to  
have  
asis  
red,  
up  
sed,  
nada  
ious  
who

### Why Stand Ye Here all the Day Idle?

BY REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M. A.

Two fields for toil—the outer and the inner,  
Both overgrown with weeds;  
Who to the labour hastes, to be the winner  
Of all the labourer's needs!

To bathe in radiant mornings, daily spreading  
Over the heavens anew;  
To sit 'neath trees of life, forever shedding  
Their bounteous honey dew.

To rouse a spirit, formed from God, from slumber,  
And robe it for the light;  
The heirs of heaven from clay to disencumber,  
Which clogs their upward flight.

To lift a world, 'neath sin and sorrow lying,  
And "pour in oil and wine";  
To warble, in the dull ears of the dying,  
Refrains of Lyrens divine.

Work for a lifetime, in each path up-springing  
In low or lofty spheres!  
Hark to the Master's summons, always ringing  
In quick and heedless ears!

Cool brain, strong sinew, heart with love  
o'erflowing,  
Shall all in sloth escape!  
Like vine, which fruitless through its wanton  
growing,  
Ne'er purples into grape!

The daylight wanes and dies—"Why stand  
ye idle!"  
Life hasteth to its bourne!  
The bridegroom tarry—will ye greet the  
bridal,  
Or in the darkness mourn!

Lo! in the fields the yellow harvest drooping,  
As lilies in the rain;  
Where are the reapers, that they come not,  
trooping,  
To gather in the grain!

Some, in the festive hall disporting gaily;  
On slothful pillow, some;  
Some, in delays most blameful, and yet daily  
Exclaiming, "Lo, I come."

And some, infatuate, 'mid the alien's scoffing,  
Quarrel about their toil;  
As wreckers, when ships founder in the offing,  
Grow murderous over spoil.

Meanwhile the harvest waiteth for the reaping,  
God's patience hath not tired.  
Ye cannot say—extenuate of your sleeping—  
"We wait, for none hath hired."

Through the hushed noon-tide hour the  
Master calleth;  
Ye cannot choose but hear;  
Still sounding when the lengthened shadow  
falleth,  
"Why stand ye idle here!"

Up! for a while the pitying glory lingers!  
Work while it yet is day!  
Then rest the Sabbath rest—where angel-  
singers  
Make melody for aye.

#### Quails in Winter.

ONE sometimes wonders how the birds live during the extreme cold of winter such as we have of late been having. Some, it is true, do perish from the cold, but the most of them live and flourish the whole winter through. One reason for this is, that birds have a very active circulation, and are, therefore, very warm-blooded. Again, the downy undergrowth of feathers is very "fluffy" and warm, and prevents the heat of the body escaping. They find, also, abundant food in the buds and berries which even in winter can be found on many trees, and on the seeds of grasses and the like. A deep snow, by covering these, sometimes causes considerable mortality among quails. God's care for the birds is made the ground for strong encouragement to His children. "Behold," says the Saviour, "the fowls of the air: for they sow not,

neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they!" The accompanying picture is at once a beautiful winter scene and a lesson of trustfulness in God.

#### Laura's Strategy.

LAURA had taught her school, and now she was going to get her money—three months' wages. She had earned thirty dollars a month, and she had paid for her board in sewing and knitting—for Mrs. Bennett had a large family, and was glad to have her do so, so she could have the whole ninety dollars to use as she pleased. It looked like a very large amount to her, and she planned how she was to spend it, a dozen times. "The boys want the work-horses to draw in wood," Mrs. Bennett said, "so John has hitched up Banquo for you. He's gentle enough, but he's a colt, mind ye, and the best thing ye could do is to let the whip alone." No need of the whip, she thought, as the sleigh glided smoothly and swiftly along over the well-trodden road. She was quite surprised when she so soon came in sight of the house where the treasurer lived. He was at the door when she drove up. "I'll hitch yer horse for ye," he said, coming down to the gate; "come after your money, I spose. I've got it in here, all ready for you. It's lucky you come now, I was just about startin' off. Got the colt, have you? Well, he's a clipper; I didn't spose Bennett ud let anybody drive him. Come in, I'll sign your order and pay you right off; spose you want to see your money—pretty good little bunch of chink for a girl like you."

Laura talked with the treasurer's wife a while, then got her money and started home. She had not gone far before a man on foot came out of a cross road just in front of her. He stepped aside and waited for her to come up. "Good afternoon, school-ma'am," he said; "would you object to letting a fellow ride a little? I'm pretty tired, and I see you've got Bennett's colt; I'd like to ride behind him once." Laura stopped the horse, and the man got into the sleigh. She did not know him, but from the way he spoke she supposed it must be some of the neighbours who knew her; probably a brother of some of her scholars—he was a young man. "I see you don't know me," he said; "it isn't strange, you see so many; I've been around here all winter," he added, but Laura remembered afterward that he did not tell her his name. "This colt does step off well, doesn't seem tired; driven him far?" "No, only over to Mr. Smith's." "Yes, he's one of the board, I believe." "He is treasurer." "You taught in a good district. Some of them make their teachers wait for their pay, but I believe this one never does." "I think not." "Have you long to teach?" asked the man, evidently bent on being sociable.

"My school is done," said Laura, still wholly unsuspecting. "And you've been after your money," said the man, with a sudden change of manner; "and I'll take it," drawing a revolver and pointing it at her head. No use to try to resist. They were passing through a lonely strip of woods, not a house near them. She was a frontier girl, with plenty of nerve.

Sue remembered she had two pocket-books, one empty and one full.

"If you want my money, get it," she said, snatching the empty pocket-book from her pocket and throwing it as far as possible behind them into the snow. The man sprang after it. She caught the whip from its socket and laid it sharply, with all her force, the full length of Banquo's nervous back. With a mad plunge, he was off like lightning. The man opened the pocket-book and, enraged at his defeat, fired a couple of shots after her, but they did not touch her. "The colt's runnin' away with the school-ma'am," shouted John, as she dashed in sight, but she guided him up to the gate in good order.

"You're plucky," said Mr. Bennett, when she told the story, and, "she's a plucky one," said everybody, when it was repeated. The man proved to be one of the neighbours' hired men. He was never again seen in that part of the country.—*Mass. Republican.*

#### Factory Religion.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

"No, sir," said Schofield, the factory engineer, emphatically, "there is no such thing as factory religion! It's a contradiction. Why, my engine won't run if I don't swear sometimes."

"How do you know?" asked the listener.

Schofield turned upon him like a flash.

"Tom," said he with an oath, "wheel in ten or twelve more barrowfuls of that Nova Scotia coal. There isn't half enough to last till six o'clock."

The fireman departed without a word, and the engineer bustled around the room, oiling the slides, testing the water, opening and shutting valves.

"Well, I suppose I must leave you," said the visitor, rising from his chair and holding out his hand. "Will you not give the subject a thought?"

The engineer shook his head. "It's no place for religion, I tell you," he said. "To my mind, factories ought never to have been built. God intended man to live out in the free air and enjoy nature. There is plenty of room for religion out of doors, but here, where the very pulleys swear at their work—where steam shrieks and curses—here is no place for religion."

"Tom," said Schofield, after the minister had left, "don't bother about any more coal, my boy, I was out of sorts when I spoke. There is enough in now to last a week."

"I couldn't help laughing, though," said Tom, wiping the grimy sweat from his brow, "you know that you never did try to do anything without swearing."

The engineer made no reply, but opened a paper and seemed to read. The printed words, however, did not engage his attention, but most vividly what the fireman said came before him again and again.

"Was it as bad as that? Could he do nothing without swearing?" He resolved to test himself. He would begin early the next morning, and for every oath uttered he would drop a small brass nail into a tumbler that was in the window. He rather thought that the tumbler would be empty at night—now that he had got his will up.

The next day came—Schofield rose at five as usual, and going downstairs in his stockings stepped upon a tack.

The volley of oaths that followed counted out seven nails for the tumbler. The buckwheat cakes, a collar button, the cat, a slow clock, and the remembrance of his purpose scored five more. Then with a grim determination he shut his teeth and said not a word more until he reached the engine-room, where he counted out twelve nails and threw them into the tumbler with an oath—yes, an oath of relief. He was half across the room before the last one dawned upon him, but true to his purpose he walked back and put another nail in the glass.

All day long he struggled, and at night the tumbler held thirty nails. Schofield was startled. He had never dreamed that he was so profane. And then the habit had such a grip upon him. At last he went to "Christian Tim," an old man in the steel works, and told him the whole affair. Tim pondered awhile, and then said:

"You may be able to leave off in time by your will power, but I know a better way."

"What is it?" inquired the other.

"Ask help of the Lord Jesus Christ," said Tim, earnestly. "Has he not heard every oath? Isn't it against him you have sinned? I had the same experience myself years ago, but with his help I never feel the least inclination to swear. And as for being happy—the hours are so swift-winged that I can hardly tell where the days go."

The minister called again upon Schofield.

"There is a factory religion, sir," said the engineer. "My fireman Tom and myself are trying to live up to it. There is a Bible in that des., and we find time to read some of it every day. And, to tell the truth, I believe the work is less hard, the wheels run smoother, the valves are tighter, and the whole place is lighter, cleaner, and better for this same factory religion."

#### Looking Upwards.

We must pray to God for the success of temperance. Not such prayers, however, as a man once put himself off with. He had just conscience enough to feel that he ought to pray before he went to bed, but he was too lazy to attend to the duty properly. So he wrote out a little prayer and fastened it up at the head of his bed. When he was ready to retire, he looked up at the prayer and said, "Them's my sentiments," and tumbled into bed.

We must believe that there is no better way of getting out of this dreadful peril than by earnest prayer. That is true: and there is no better way out of any other serious danger, than by the same path.

In a western cabin, miles from all other residences, there sat a Christian mother rocking her babe to sleep. The husband and father had been called suddenly off on business, and there had been no defence provided for that house that night in the wilderness. As the mother sat there in the cabin, rocking her babe to sleep, glancing to the floor, she saw a ruffian's foot projecting from under the table. Having rocked her child to sleep, she then knelt down and said—

"Oh, Lord, keep this child, keep me! Oh, Thou who never slumberest, watch over our cabin to-night! Let no harm come to us. If there be those abroad who wish us ill, bring them to a better mind. The Lord have mercy upon all wanderers, all who do deeds of violence

and death. Bring them to thyself—bring them to pardon and to heaven." As she rose from prayer the ruffian came out from under the table and said—

"There will be no harm to you to-night. Pray for me. I am the wanderer that you spoke of. Pray for me."

Years passed on, and that Christian woman sat in a great temperance meeting. There was a great orator that day to be present, and as he preached righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, his eye fell upon the countenance of that woman. His cheek paled, and he almost failed in his speech. He was the converted robber whom her fervent prayer had saved. At the close of the meeting they joined hands and a few words of conversation passed, and some one said:

"Why, where did you form the acquaintance of that orator?"

"Never mind," she said; "I have known him many years."

Has not the temperance cause failed for want of more prayer? Have we not been criminally neglectful of this mightiest of all weapons, in this deadly struggle?

There is a legend about a place in Cornwall, England, called Tintagel. In the church there they had a fine set of bells, whose music excited the envy of the folks in the neighboring village, called Bottreaux whose church had none. The Bottreaux people were determined to have a chime of their own. The bells were ordered from London, and as the legend runs, the vessel containing them was nearing the coast, and the pilot, who was a native of Tintagel, and a pious man, upon hearing the Tintagel bells ring, devoutly thanked God they were so near home, and prayed they might soon safely land.

The captain, who was a prayerless, ungodly man, said, "Thank the ship and the sails—thank God ashore."

"Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God at sea as well as on land."

"Not so," said the captain, "thank yourself and a fair wind."

The pilot persisted, and the captain grew angry, swore, and blasphemed. The ship, meanwhile, was drawing nearer land, and the rocks were seen crowded with the inhabitants eagerly waiting for their much loved bells. Suddenly a heavy bank of clouds gathered and darkened the entire sky. A furious wind arose and lashed the sea into mountain billows. The vessel became unmanageable, and driving towards the coast, capsized and foundered, when all on board perished, except the pilot, who, supported by a piece of the wreck, was washed ashore unhurt.

The storm raged with extreme violence, and, as the legend says, in the pauses of the gale, the clang of the bells ringing from the bottom of the sea, was heard by the people; and in the great storms that often sweep the coast, people fancy they still hear, from the ocean's depth, the ringing of the bells.

The ship rode down with courses free,  
The daughter of a distant sea;  
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stowed  
The merry Bottreaux bells on board.  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
Rang out Tintagel chime,  
Youth, manhood, old age past,  
"Come to thy God at last!"

The pilot heard his native bells  
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells,  
"Thank God," with reverent brow, he cried,  
"We make the shore with evening's tide."

"Come to thy God in time!"  
It was his marriage chime,  
Youth, manhood, old age past,  
His bell must ring at last.

"Thank God, then whining knave, on land,  
But thank at sea the steersman's hand,"  
The captain's voice above the gale,  
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
Sad grew the boding chime  
'Come to thy God at last!"  
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea' as if it heard  
The mighty Master's signal word;  
What thrills the captain's whitening lip!  
The death-groans of his sinking ship.  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
Swung deep the funeral chime,  
Grace, mercy, kindness past,  
"Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell  
When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell  
While those around would hear and weep—  
The fearful judgment of the deep.  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
He read his native chime,  
Youth, manhood, old age past,  
His bell rung out at last.

Still when the storm of Bottreaux waves,  
Is wakening in his weedy caves,  
Those bells, that sulen surges hide,  
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide;  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
Thus saith the ocean chime;  
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,  
"Come to thy God at last!"

—Temperance Battle-Field.

**Respect for One's Self and One's Work.**

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself. Judge M—, a well-known jurist, living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job, even when directed to. He once had occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house; so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The Judge then went to dinner, and coming out, found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the Judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The Judge started. "Why do you spend all that labour on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll only take a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the Judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master builders, but the face of one

caught his eye. "It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he a carpenter, farmer, author, or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.—From the Living Age.

**What She Would.**

FAR down the ages  
Perfume rich and rare,  
Borne upon the breezes,  
Filling all the air,  
Not from groves of orange,  
Beds of spices sweet;  
But from love's anointing  
Of the Saviour's feet.

Selfish spirits murmur;  
Wherefore is this waste?  
Wherefore yield this treasure  
To a rich man's guest?  
There are those around you  
Needing it far more;  
Why not rather aid them  
With your fragrant store!"

But the Lord accepts it;  
Only He can know  
How her heart is breaking,  
Something to bestow  
On the friend who loved her,  
Gave her soul relief,  
As she knelt before Him  
Sobbing out her grief.

Nay it was no impulse  
By the moment wrought,  
But a mighty purpose  
Which occasion sought,  
Ere the thorny circlet  
Round His brow He bound,  
With the oil of gladness  
Jesus must be crowned.

Eagerly she seizes  
This her golden hour,  
All her costly treasure  
On her Lord to pour.  
Break the precious vessel  
O'er His blessed head,  
Dreams not of the fragrance  
By the action shed.

What although her motive  
Some misunderstood;  
When the Saviour answered  
"She hath done what she could."  
Mary learned the secret  
At the Master's feet,  
Heart to heart responsive  
In communion sweet.

**Boys and Girls' Temperance Lessons.**

**LESSON IV.**

**Alcohol and the Human Stomach.**

(Continued.)

**QUESTION.** What is the colour of the stomach in its natural condition?

**ANSWER.** Its colour in its natural condition is like that of the blush on the cheek of a person in perfect health.

**Q.** What constitutes the inner coating of the stomach?

**A.** It is a delicate and highly sensitive membrane.

**Q.** What gives it its sensitiveness and colour?

**A.** They are caused by the presence of innumerable nerves and minute blood-vessels, which penetrate and interlace it completely.

**Q.** How does the frequent use of a small quantity of alcohol affect the colour and character of the stomach?

**A.** It irritates the nerves, and causes the minute blood-vessels to become more distended and distinct.

**Q.** Suppose the amount taken into the stomach is increased, what then is the effect?

**A.** Usually inflammation follows irritation, the stomach turns to a dark-red colour, the blood vessels are greatly enlarged; and there are both soreness and pain, with other sensations that cannot be described.

**Q.** Suppose the drinking habit becomes fixed, and alcohol in considerable quantities is always found in the stomach, what is its condition?

**A.** The colour of the stomach becomes a dark-red; its surface is roughened; and ulceration is frequently caused.

**Q.** Why is the stomach thus roughened or wrinkled?

**A.** Because alcohol has much the effect upon it that tanning has on animal skins.

**Q.** And what is the end?

**A.** The poison thus unfits the membrane for its digestive work, and, ceasing entirely to perform its office, death ensues.

**Puzzledcm.**

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

10.—Car-pet tack.  
11.—Frill, rill, ill; ledge, edge; frisk, risk.

12.—  
S O L A R  
O N U S  
L U G  
A S  
R

13.—  
C A T  
A T E  
T E A

**NEW PUZZLES.**

14.—CHARADES.

My first is in hunger, but not in thirst;

My second is in polish, but not in rust;

My last is in mirth, but not in song,  
Now solve the puzzle, and don't be long.

Whole, a Chinese Methodist minister's name.

15.—To obstruct; to depress.  
Whole, a gas dangerous to breathe.

16.—SQUARE WORD.

A circular piece of metal; dear to the heathen; not any; a valley.

17.—DECAPITATIONS.

A lady. Beheaded, I am successively a patriarch, to confine water, a verb, a letter.

18.—ANAGRAM.

Dear bir we last.

Look Tommy up. It would give him a new sense of the importance of Tommy Smith, if some one would search him out. He is one of those heedless fence-climbing, pants-tearing boys, receiving every day a liberal donation of scowls, scoldings, and shakings, so that his opinion of Tommy Smith has gone down to small figures, like the mercury in winter weather. Then it will please his father and mother to see teacher's hundred-dollar shawl come into sight as it turns the corner of Shabby Lane. "The Smiths are somebody after all," say the neighbours. By all means hunt the absent Tommy up.—S. S. Journal

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A. D. 34-37.] LESSON X. [March 11

## THE SEVEN CHOSEN.

Acts 6. 1-15. Commit to memory verses 6-8.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom.—Acts 6. 3.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

God overrules the difficulties within and without the Church, to the greater progress of the Gospel.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 5. 29-42.  
 T. Acts 6. 1-15.  
 W. 1 Tim. 5. 1-25.  
 Th. 2 Tim. 4. 1-8.  
 F. Matt. 10. 16-31.  
 Sa. Matt. 26. 59-68.  
 Su. 2 Cor. 3. 1-18.

TIME.—Somewhere between A.D. 34 and A.D. 36, 37. The lesson probably occupies nearly all of these two years.

## PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—After the release of the apostles from imprisonment, the converts to Christianity increased rapidly. All Jerusalem was filled with their teaching. We now come to the record of the events which led to a great era in the progress of the Church, its enlargement as a universal religion, and its spread among the Gentiles.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Grecians*—Hellenists, the Jews who were brought up in foreign lands and spoke Greek instead of Hebrew. *Hebrews*—The Jews whose home was in Palestine, and who spoke in Aramaic, a form of Hebrew. *Dutiful ministrations*—Of the money or food given by the wealthier to supply the wants of the poor (see ch. 4 34-37). 2. *Leave the sword*—The preaching of the Gospel. *Serve tables*—To dispense food and money. 3. *Stephen*—His name means "a crown." He was one of the Grecian Jews, but we do not know anything of his early life. *Philip*—The Evangelist, by whom the Eunuch was converted. *Prochorus, etc.*—Nothing is known of these men. *Prosclytes*—A Gentile who had become a Jew. 9. *Synagogue of the Libertines*—i. e., of the freedmen, probably the children of Jews who had been made captives by the Emperor of Rome, and set free. *Cyrenians, etc.*—People from Cyrene in N. Africa. The different nationalities at Jerusalem, if of sufficient numbers, had each a synagogue of their own. Paul belonged to the Synagogue of Cilicia. 11. *Suborned men*—Induced them to swear falsely. *Blasphemous words*—Evil speaking against God and sacred things. Stephen probably said that Jesus fulfilled the law, and the new religion should take the place of the Jewish sacrifices and temple. And this was construed into blasphemy.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Grecians and Hebrews.—How the murmuring arose.—How the difficulty was arranged.—The work of the deacons.—Stephen.—Suborned.—Blasphemy.—The false witness.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What difficulties had the Church had to encounter before this time? Did they prevent the Church from growing? What was the last one? What was done with the apostles?

## SUBJECT: PROGRESS BY DIFFICULTIES.

1. FIRST DIFFICULTY.—MISTAKES, AND MURMURING IN THE CHURCH (v. 1).—What time is referred to by "those days"? What is said of the progress of Christianity? Who were the Grecians? The Hebrews? What difficulty arose between them? How might it naturally arise? Were the apostles to blame? Where did the money come from for the aid of these widows? (Acts 4. 34-37.) Why is such a dissension as this recorded of the early Church? From what does it warn us? How does it instruct us? In what way is the record a comfort to us?

2. PROGRESS.—TO A BETTER ORGANIZATION FOR CHRISTIAN WORK (vs. 2-7).—Who had the care of this work hitherto? (ch. 4. 35.) Why had they not time to attend to it themselves? (ch. 5. 42.) What is meant by serving tables? What plan was proposed now to avoid the difficulty? What order of men was instituted now? What were their duties? What must their character be? (1 Tim. 3. 8-12.) Why was such a character needed for those who "served tables"? Who were appointed to this office? Who spoke them? Who appointed them? What

do you know about these men? Why did the apostles lay hands upon them? What do you learn from the fact that most of them appear to have been "Grecians"? What was the twofold work of the apostles? What was the effect of this amicable arrangement upon the Church? In what two directions do we thus learn that progress was made by means of this difficulty and its settlement?

3. SECOND DIFFICULTY.—FALSE ACCUSATIONS (vs. 8-14).—What was Stephen's character? What was the source of his power? Could all the disciples have done as great things as he did? What were the synagogues named in verse 9? To which of them may Paul have belonged? What did Stephen do in these synagogues? Of what was he accused? How far was this witness false? Did Jesus destroy the temple and change the customs of Moses?

4. PROGRESS.—TO THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL (v. 15).—How did God show his approval of Stephen? Could a bad man have had such an appearance? Does our character change our appearance? In what ways did Stephen's martyrdom tend to the spread of the Gospel? (Acts 8. 1.)

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Mistakes and errors occur in the best Churches and the best people.  
 2. A free, generous treatment will overcome the danger from them?  
 3. These mistakes are recorded (1) as a warning, to be avoided; (2) for instruction, how we should treat them; (3) for comfort, lest we be discouraged at our infirmities.  
 4. Be careful to avoid all impartiality.  
 5. There should be division of labour in the Church.  
 6. All Church workers should have three qualifications, (1) a good report, (2) the Holy Spirit, (3) wisdom.  
 7. Working and praying should always go together.

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

7. How had the Church grown during its first five years? *Ans.* There was a great number of Christians, and "Jerusalem was filled with their doctrine." 8. What trouble then arose? *Ans.* Complaints of partiality in distributing alms. 9. How was it overcome? *Ans.* By a generous action, and wise choice of men. 10. What is said of one of these men? (Repeat ver. 8.) 11. What did his enemies do to him? *Ans.* They falsely accused him of blasphemy.

A. D. 37.] LESSON XI. [March 18.

## THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Acts 7. 54-60; 8. 1-4. Commit to memory vs. 54-60.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2. 10.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

They that bear the cross shall wear the crown.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 7. 1-25.  
 T. Acts 7. 26-50.  
 W. Acts 7. 54-60; 8. 1-4.  
 Th. 2 Cor. 4. 1-18.  
 F. Rom. 8. 16-39.  
 Sa. Matt. 27. 57-67.  
 Su. Acts 26. 1-11.

TIME.—Somewhere between the Autumn of A.D. 36 and the Summer of A.D. 37. Probably May, A.D. 37, about Pentecost.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. The trial was in the hall of the Sanhedrin in the temple area. The martyrdom was in the valley of Jehoshaphat, between the city and the Mount of Olives.

RULERS.—It was a general time of commotion. Pilate was removed from being governor, and no one was appointed in his place. The Emperor Tiberius died March 16, A.D. 37.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson we left Stephen arraigned before the great Council for blasphemy. He defended himself in a powerful speech (Acts 7. 2-53), at the close of which our lesson for to-day begins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—54. *Cut to the heart*—The original means sawn asunder. They were intensely enraged. 55. *Saw the glory of God*—In his own future home, and God's goodness amid all the evil around him. *Jesus standing*—Not sitting, as usually represented, but standing, as if rising to help defend and welcome Stephen. 56. *Behold I see, etc.*—This is exactly what Jesus had fore-

told to this same Sanhedrin a few years before. 57. *Stopped their ears*—As if unwilling to hear such things. 58. *Cast him out of the city*—They were forbidden to have executions within the city. The place was in the valley of Jehoshaphat, close under the temple walls, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. *The witnesses*—The false witnesses (Acts 6. 11, 13). They were obliged to cast the first stone (Deut. 17. 6, 7). *Young man, Saul*—Afterwards Paul the apostle. He was probably thirty-four or thirty-five years old at this time. 59. *Calling upon God*—"God" is in italics, showing that it is not in the original. He called upon the Lord Jesus. 1. *Saul was consenting*—By his vote, and by aiding the execution. 2. *Devil ut men*—Jews, not Christians, who thus protested against the murder. 3. *Haling*—i. e., hauling, dragging forth.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Stephen's speech.—His vision.—Why Jesus appeared standing.—The method of stoning.—Praying to Jesus.—Stephen's prayer.—The persecution.—Devout men (v. 4.)

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long had now elapsed since the birth of the Church on the day of Pentecost? How had the Church grown? What was the state of the country at this time? (See *Rulers*.) Where was Stephen in our last lesson? Give some account of Stephen's speech, and its argument.

## SUBJECT: THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

1. THE CROWN OF CHRIST'S REVEALED PRESENCE (vs. 54-56).—Heard what things. Meaning of "cut to the heart." Why did what Stephen said have this effect? What effect ought it to have had? (Acts 2. 38; 3. 19.) What vision was granted to Stephen? Why is it said that he was full of the Holy Ghost at this time? Why was Jesus represented as standing? What was the object of this vision? What vision was granted to Jacob? (Gen. 28. 11-22) Is it true that in our great trials we sometimes have the brightest views of God and Jesus and the truth?

2. THE CROWN OF MARTYRDOM (vs. 57-60). What did they do when they heard Stephen's words? Why would this enrage them more? Was there a judicial verdict, or were these the proceedings of a mob? Where was Stephen stoned? Why were the witnesses present? (Deut. 17. 6, 7.) Who were they? (Acts 6. 11-13.) Who took charge of their garments? What did he afterwards become? To whom did Stephen pray in his last hours? What were his last words? In what respects is the Christian's death a falling asleep? What is a martyr? What is the promise to such? (Rev. 7. 13-17) Are there other martyrs than those which appear so to men? When may we be said to have the martyr spirit?

3. THE CROWN OF GREAT RESULTS IN A WIDER SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL (vs. 4).—What is said of Saul? Was his conversion a fruit of Stephen's death? What befell the Church at Jerusalem? What does Paul himself say of this? (Acts 26. 10, 11. Gal. 1. 13.) How did this help to spread the Gospel? Should we preach the Gospel wherever we go. In what ways? Is it worth while to suffer that the Gospel may be known to others?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Conviction of sin if it does not convert will enrage the heart.  
 2. Jesus ever watches over his children, and is ready to help.  
 3. Our brightest visions, like Jacob's, often come from hard trials.  
 4. The Christian never dies, but falls asleep to awake in heaven.  
 5. There are many martyrs, crucified on unseen crosses, burned with invisible flames, stoned with reproaches and sneers, but they too shall have their crown.  
 6. Christians should preach the Gospel wherever they go.  
 7. Man's opposition to the Gospel makes it spread the more.

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

12. What did Stephen do when accused? *Ans.* He defended himself in a powerful speech. 13. What was the effect? *Ans.* His enemies were still more enraged. 14. What did they do? *Ans.* They stoned him to death. 15. What were his last words? *Ans.* "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." 16. What did the enemies of Christ then do? *Ans.* They caused a great persecution of the Church. 17. What was the result? *Ans.* The Gospel was spread far and wide.

## STANDARD LIBRARY.

Previous numbers of this Library were known by the name Standard Series. A list of these 79 books can be had on application. It is proposed to issue 26 books in the year or one every fortnight. The series commences with

No. 1. OLIVER CROMWELL. His Life, Times, Battle-fields, and Contemporaries. By Paxton Hood. 12mo. size—280 pages, bound in heavy paper, and lettered on back. Price 25 cents.

No. 2. SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS. By W. Mattieu Williams, F.R.S., F.C.S. This author's articles are eagerly sought for by the best literary papers and magazines in Great Britain. He is a leading and independent thinker, and often crosses swords with the most renowned scientists of the day. Price 25 cents.

No. 3. AMERICAN HUMOURISTS. By H. R. Hawsa.

This author presents in fine setting the wit and wisdom of Washington Irving, Oliver W. Holmes, Jas. R. Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte, and he does it *Con Amore*. Price 15 cents.

## CANON FARRAR'S

NEW WORK:

## "The Early Days of Christianity."

BY

F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

Author of "Life of Christ," "Life and Work of St. Paul" &c. &c.

Author's complete and Unabridged Edition, printed from the imported plates, issued in one volume, with all the Notes, Appendix, Index, &c., same as the high priced edition, containing

NEARLY 700 PAGES.

Paper, 40 cts. net. Postpaid 45c.

Cloth, 75c. Postpaid, 81c.

"The glowing and rapid style for which Canon Farrar has been so much admired carries the reader easily through the difficulties of textual criticism, and nothing in the work is more remarkable than the happy combination of minute scholarship with the graces of a literary method, and at times the rhetorical fervor of an advocate."—*New York Tribune*.

"No one can read the book without interest and profit."—*The Critic*.

"Canon Farrar has written a great book, in its learning, its style, and its aim. . . . It is enough to repeat that there is no question of interpretation, genuineness, or authenticity which he does not boldly meet. . . . There is an impetuous element in his literary method which does not ordinarily accompany the logical faculty."—*The Christian Advocate*.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 &amp; 80, King St. East,

TORONTO.

Or—

G. W. COATES, 8. F. HUETTIG,  
 Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.