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HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. I.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1883.

[No. 2.]

Winter in Switzerland.

SWITZERLAND is a most delightful country to visit in summer time—the valleys are so green, the mountains so sublime, and the sky, as seen against the snow-crowned peaks, is so intensely blue. Then the sunrise and sunlight on the mountains produces an effect of unearthly loveliness. But in winter it must be rather dreary. The snow falls to a great depth, and the paths from village to village are often completely blocked up.

But Swiss boys and girls are, I suppose, the boys and girls of the world over, and get great fun out of snow-balling and other winter sports.

The picture shows us a characteristic Swiss scene. The suspicious-looking boy standing by the steps is trying to hide the snow-balls in his hands till the young "madchen," or school-girl, and her brother get past, when he and the urchin behind them intend to give them the benefit of a snow-ball salute.

The queer overhanging roofs of the houses will be noticed, and outside stairways and galleries. Sometimes the houses are covered all over with shingles, nicely rounded at the end, which look like the scales of huge fish, and frequently the timber fronts are carved and painted with texts of Scripture. Very often the lower story of the house is used as a stable for cows or goats, and the people live in the second story.

The Swiss are a very kind-hearted and hospitable people, and in the Protestant cantons, notwithstanding the general poverty of the country, they are very thrifty and comfortable.

Trying to be Useful.

A GENTLEMAN, whose name was Harvy, was riding slowly on horseback along a dusty road. As he did so, he was looking about in every direction

before him a comfortable-looking farmhouse; and at the same time a boy, ten or twelve years old, come out into the road with a pail of water, and stood directly before him.

"Indeed he would, my boy, and I was just wondering where I could get him one."

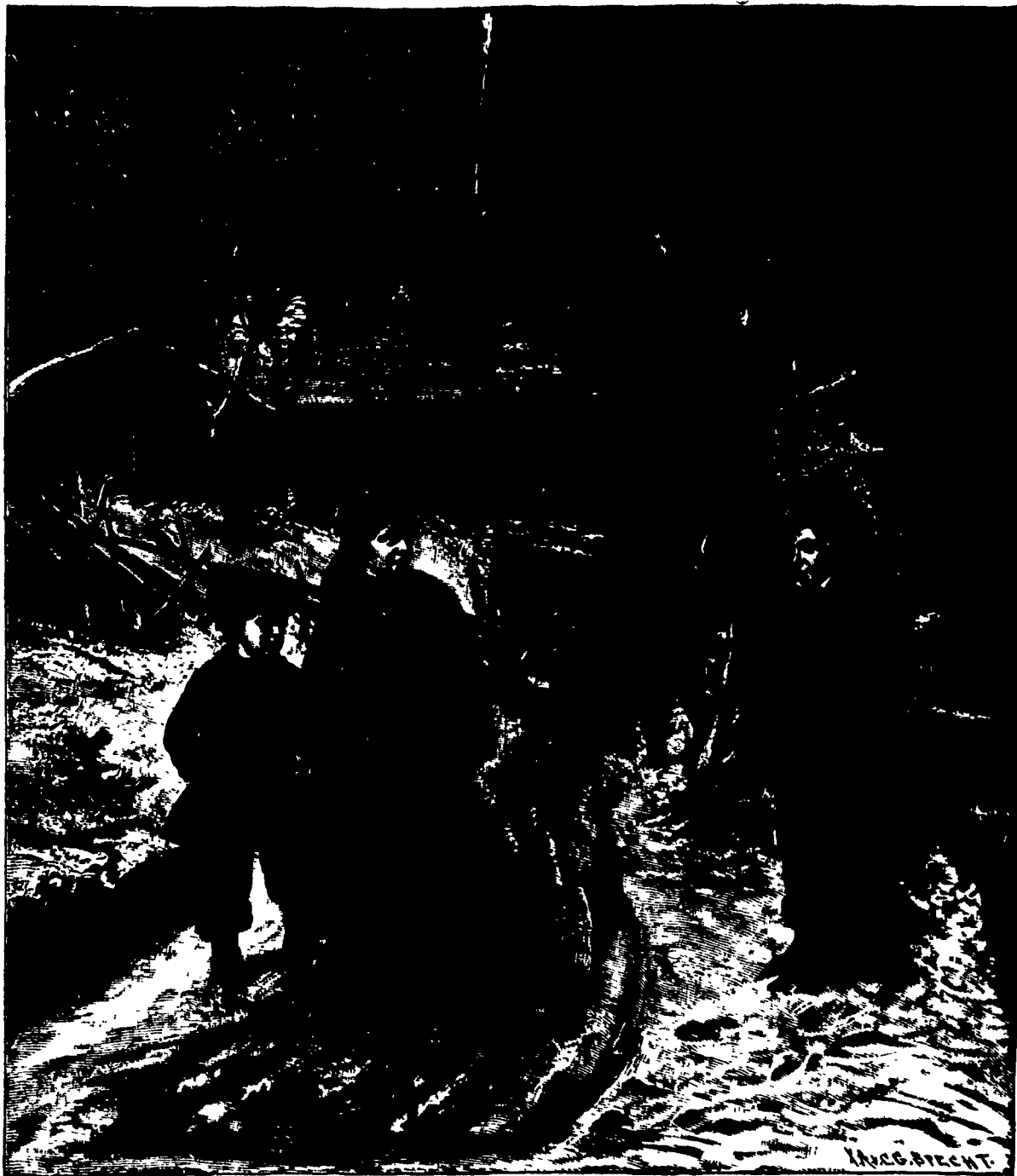
Mr. Harvy thought, of course, that the boy was in the habit of doing this

to earn a few pennies; and so, when his horse had taken his drink, he offered the boy a bit of silver, and was very much surprised to hear him refuse it.

"I wish you would take it, my little man," said he, as he looked earnestly at the child, and noticed, for the first time, that he was lame.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough that I can do for myself or any one else. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; but mother says no matter how small a favour may seem, if it is all we can do, God loves it as much as he does a larger favour; and this is the most that I can do for others. You see, sir, it is eight miles from here to the next village, and I happen to know that there is no stream crossing the road in all that distance; and so, sir, almost every one passing here is sure to have a thirsty horse, and I try to do a little good by giving the poor creatures a drink."

Mr. Harvy looked with great interest on the boy. He thanked him for his kindness; and, as he went on his way, he felt that the little fellow had preached him a sermon that he would not soon forget.



WINTER SCENE IN SWISS VILLAGE.

for a stream or for a house, from the well of which he might refresh his tired and thirsty horse with a good drink of water. While doing so, he turned a bend in the road, and saw

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Harvy, reigning up his horse, "what do you wish?"

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

A CHILD being asked by her teacher what was the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly replied: "Breakfast, dinner, and supper."

At My Window.

BY ETTA F. GROVER.

FACES that pass my window,
What are the stories you tell?
Written on some are secrets
You never had thought to tell—
Closely-guarded thoughts
You never thought to tell.

Bewitching face of beauty,
Dimpled, round, and fair,
I see you are not unconscious
Of the secret written there—
A story love has written
In golden letters there.

Love writes on all your faces,
As well as the one so bright;
But on some it leaves a shadow,
Like the gloom of a starless night;
On some it leaves but sorrow,
Gloom, and sorrow, and blight.

A mother, and yet not happy?
Ah! love has written there
The saddest story of any,
A tale of sorrow and care,
Of grief that knows no ending;
A life that is all a prayer.

A face that time has saddened
With the loss of those so dear,
Who made her life a poem,
Full of music sweet and clear;
A Heavenly Love has taken
The children she held so dear.

And that Love, Love Immortal,
Will write on every face
A story that earthly passion
Can never again erase—
A story sweeter than any,
On every speaking face.

TORONTO, 1882.

That Manly Boy Jabez.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

HE'S a real manly boy, Jabez Baker is."

That was Mrs. Collins' opinion, given in her kitchen, to a neighbour; and Jabez heard it. Mrs. Collins had called him to her door to do an errand; but she did not think her opinion was in tones loud enough to reach the ear of Jabez.

"A real manly boy!"

That lifted Jabez at once, as if a good-sized chip had been put under his heel. Jabez had a sense of honour that forbade him to be a listener, and he withdrew to the carriage-shed, a few steps away.

"A real manly boy!"

And wasn't Jabez? Mrs. Collins thought so.

"He's tough as a hickory log, Miss Simmons; that Jabez is. He's a master hand at farm-work, and a man can't drive a loggin'-team into the woods better than that Jabez. He's real manly, ef I do say it," remarked Mrs. Collins.

She now went to the door, taking with her a brown paper package.

"Jabez!" she called. "To-morrow is Thanksgiving, and I want you to leave this at Aunt Slooshy's. But," she added, with a funny twinkle of the eyes, "stop and see her opin' it."

"Stop and see her open it," thought Jabez. "The less I see of Aunt Slooshy the better."

However, Mrs. Collins had called him "a manly boy," and he was ready to do the errand. The chip was still under his heel. Off he went, the package in his hand.

"I don't like Aunt Slooshy one bit. She keeps tellin' me I'm thoughtless, and I wish she wouldn't," reflected Jabez, who, in spite of his "manliness," had a weakness, a tendency to be careless when entrusted with a duty.

"Now, Jabez," Aunt Seleucia would say, "don't forgit. Have your eyes

open, trot on your errands, and come back quick as you can."

"I'm sick of Aunt Slooshy's talk," thought Jabez. "Now, Aunt Olive," (he lived with her), "she don't hammer at me all the time, and she knows I'm forgetful; but she'll just say, mildly, 'Try to do better next time,' and that puts the try into me, and I'm bound I'll do better. But, there, Aunt Olive says Aunt Slooshy has a good deal to try her. Her son, Ben, has been off a-whalin' three years, and they expect he is lost; but Aunt Slooshy asked Aunt Olive to pray for him, and Aunt Olive's prayers will fetch him home if anything will."

Jabez had great faith in Aunt Olive's prayers for her nephew Ben or for anybody else.

"My!" thought Jabez. "I shouldn't be surprised some day to see Aunt Olive's face lookin' right out of the pictures about Elijah's prayin' and right alongside his in the family Bible. She's a good soul. She ought to have something for Thanksgivin' more than Aunt Slooshy. I wonder Miss Collins didn't think of it."

Indeed, why did not "Miss Collins" think of it? Aunt Olive was as poor as Aunt Seleucia.

Jabez trudged away, earnestly wishing the package was going to Aunt Olive, knowing how welcome it would be.

It had now begun to snow; such fine delicate snow, as if a mist beyond the woods and marshes had swept landward, and changed from sea-fog to tiny snow-flakes.

"Snow-meal, snow good deal, and I guess I'll go through 'Great Woods.' That will shorten the way," thought Jabez.

The "Great Woods" were, true to their name, vast, silent forests; and just beyond lived Aunt Olive, and three hundred feet further lived Aunt Seleucia.

"Ah, Jabez, I give ye a challenge!" shouted a voice ahead. There, in the path, stood Sam Wilson. Gathering up a handful of snow from a drift, that looked like a white bear lying in ambush at the side of the footpath, he sent a ball at Jabez. It came with a crash against Jabez's back. The "manly boy" was not going to stand that. In that part of the country snow had begun to fall early in November, and there was a second "white bear," to which Jabez could help himself; and, depositing the package at the foot of a tall white birch, he rounded a snowball at once and sent it flying at Sam.

"Sam, I challenge you to drive me out of the woods," shouted Jabez.

"Challenges" were popular among the boys and no "manly boy" would decline one. Sam and Jabez went at it. First Sam drove Jabez down the path, and then Jabez drove Sam up the path. They went backward and forward like two pendulums; but their vibrations were not as sedate and orderly as those in a clock. Finally, "the manly boy" gained on Sam, driving him further and further, peppering him with balls so faithfully that Sam went on the run out of the woods; and then Jabez drove the "enemy" past Aunt Olive's. Jabez went into the house with the air of a conqueror. Supper was ready, and Jabez sat down at the little pine table in Aunt Olive's humble but neat and snug little kitchen.

"I—tell—you—Auntie," said Jabez, trying to dispose of a large mouthful

of bread and butter and, at the same time, tell his story, "I did—drive Sam Wil—son—good!"

"Did you? How?"

Jabez was busily telling of his "grand victory," as he called it, when he suddenly stopped and said: "Oh!"

"Poor boy! He's got a tech of that old toothache! Too bad!" said Aunt Olive. She flew to the pantry, and brought the little bottle of "Drops," that claimed to be a "Sovereign Remedy" for the trouble that would sometimes attack Jabez at the table. But Jabez motioned it away with his hands. "Poor boy, he's wuss! Try spoonful of cold water!" No; he motioned that away, also a "hot flat-iron," "suthin' warm outside, like a hot flannel," and half a dozen other things that she proposed to the unfortunate Jabez, flying about as if distracted.

All the time Jabez had been thinking: "I forgot Aunt Slooshy's package! and it's back in the woods at the foot of that birch! Well, let it stay! Who will know it? Who will be the wiser? Think how mortifying it would be to own up, and—and—and." Something said to Jabez: "Is that being a manly boy?"

"No," said Jabez. "There is just one way. 'Aunt Olive,' he exclaimed, aloud, I'm real sorry; but I left a package for Aunt Slooshy in the woods, and I'll go back at once and get it, for I know where it is. I'm a fool, I do believe."

Aunt Olive looked so sorry and grieved that it went to Jabez's heart sharper than any sharp words. "I won't again; see if I do, Aunt Olive."

He lighted the big lantern, and went into the woods. How solitary they seemed. And the flakes falling around the boy's lantern were like tiny little birds, beating the air with their cold, white wings, in a vain endeavour to reach the warm light. Jabez found the package and started on his way back.

"What's that?" he asked, looking round. It seemed as if he saw a form down the forest-path, but everything was so indistinct in the deepening dusk of evening that he concluded he must be mistaken. He went on, reached Aunt Seleucia's, and delivered the package. But why was she so sad and subdued, different from the energetic, animated, and nervous Aunt that Jabez feared? While she seemed grateful for the package, her thoughts were plainly elsewhere. Finally she said:

"Three years ago to-day, my Ben went away; and it's a pretty sad day for me, Jabez."

Jabez pitied her thoroughly. "I'm real sorry," he said.

But what was that noise at the door? A man now entered, and the snow like a sheet draped his form,

"Mother!" he said, "I'm here at last."

Aunt Seleucia turned and gave a scream.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "If here ain't Ben!"

The next moment she was in her sailor-son's arms, "not knowin' one thing from t'other," as she afterward told Aunt Olive. When she was herself again and the conversation was resumed, Ben said:

"I was glad to see your light in the woods, I tell ye, Jabez."

"I thought I saw a form."

"You see, I got into the Great Woods a mile back, and thought I knew 'em well enough to take 'a short

cut' and save a long walk; but I really got bothered, and wasn't I glad to see your light? I didn't say anything for fear I might alarm whoever might be carrying the light, and you led me right here."

That was a happy night at Aunt Seleucia's and also at Aunt Olive's.

"Well, Aunt Olive, your prayers brought Ben home," and Jabez told the news. Then he said: "When Aunt Seleucia opened her package, she found this for you."

Aunt Olive not only found a Thank-giving donation, but there was a note, enclosing five dollars, in which Mrs. Collins said it was for sewing that Aunt Olive had done, and she thought it might be acceptable now. And it certainly was to Aunt and "a manly boy."

Something to Do.

For boys and for girls
Who will grumble and fret,
And make all their friends
Wish they never had met,
There is no surer cure
You will find it is true—
Than for those boys and girls
To have something to do.

The first thing of all
In this beautiful plan
Is to day after day
Help yourself all you can,
For the habit once formed,
You this course will pursue,
And ever be happy
With something to do.

And if, boys and girls,
As you journey along,
With sometime for frolic,
For study and song;
You try to help others,
The many or few,
You'll never be wanting
For something to do.

Your fingers are nimble,
Your feet they are spry;
You can do many things
In the world if you try.
Then don't hinder people,
Much older than you;
But "lend them a hand,"
And find something to do.

Crimping Pins and Curl Papers.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS, in one of his delightful books, remarks, "that we all ought to make it a point of duty to look our best for those *at home*." And, of a truth, we all ought to take more pains than we do to be beautiful in the eyes that see us every day.

In Hannah More's and Miss Edgeworth's stories, the *untidy* young lady is always represented as appearing in her family with her curl papers like a bristling forest about her head. As ringlets are out of fashion, in the place of curl papers we have crimping pins, almost universally adopted by the young ladies of our generation. "But," says one, "who is to see me? Who is to notice or care for what I have on or how I look?" "See!"—"notice!"—"care!" why the dearest eyes in all the world. Suppose we try how much pleasure we can bestow in our own homes by special efforts to look beautiful. Did you ever notice that most people are more amiable when they are becomingly dressed than at any other time? It is certainly so; and whatever the hidden cause of it, it is a great deal easier to be good when one looks pretty well. Sophie May, in one of her nice stories for girls, makes her heroine put on her blue merino when everything is going wrong, on the principle that "matters won't be helped by my looking hateful."—*Christian at Work*.

The Little White Shell.

Two summers ago a company of tourists were strolling along a part of the Irish coast on which many little shells were lying. They looked at the water and the hills and the pebbly beach, but few stopped to examine the shells. At last a little girl came down with a pretty red-and-white basket. "Oh, mamma, what a pretty white, queer little shell! it looks like a church steeple."

"So other people have thought, dear. It is called the tower shell. Take a good many of them; they will be new to our friends at home."

The child filled her basket with the beautiful shells; and on her return home some were given to one friend, some to another; and some were put in a basket lined with green to look like moss, and were sent to the children's ward in a hospital.

It was a strange place. There were lovely pictures on the walls, and bright, sweet flowers on the tables, and the sunlight came in glad and strong through the broad, high windows; but there were rows of little beds, and in each bed was a little child with a face as white as the smooth, clean pillow on which it lay; and there were thin white fingers with dark blue veins resting on the snowy coverlets. Every child was ill, most of them very ill. Every now and then a groan might be heard, or a sharp painful little voice, asking for something—perhaps a drink, perhaps to be moved in bed.

Bye-and-bye the toys were brought out, and the basket of shells were placed by the side of a little girl. When she opened her eyes she saw them, and reached out her hand for them. She was so weak that she could not grasp the basket, but taking one shell, she held it without looking at it. It was pleasant to her to touch, because it was cold and rough; and she rubbed it with her poor, thin finger, and pressed it in her hot palm until, tired out, she fell asleep.

That afternoon two young men entered the room—one was the doctor who had charge of the children, the other his friend, whom he had brought to see the hospital. As they came near the little girl who had the shells, the doctor whispered, "I must talk to her, poor little thing; I can do nothing more: she has not many days to live."

The trembling white hand was slowly raised to put itself into the doctor's strong brown one. "Why, what's this, Mary? Where have you been running to since I've been away, that you've picked up such a lovely shell?"

"Tell me all about it, doctor," she said; "I never saw any real ones."

"These are real ones, picked up on the shore of old Ireland." He then told her about the lovely hills, the dark green grass, the sky, the rainbows, the birds, the cool, salt waves, the white beach, and the fisher boats, till she said it made her feel less hot and tired just to hear such things. Some one called the doctor then, and he had to go, but left his friend "as a sure sign" that he would come back. He sat looking at the shells. He had not travelled like the doctor, so they were new to him, and he thought them very beautiful.

Mary looked up at him. "Oh, sir, is it true there will be no sea in heaven? I am sorry, for I want to

see it." Her eyes were troubled, and her forehead was drawn as with pain.

He did not know what to say at first, for he, too, loved the sea. Then the truth flashed across him. "It does not mean just that, Mary, for we are told about the sea of glass and the beautiful river. It only means there will be no great, cruel waves that dash the ships to pieces and drown so many people. It means, too, that there will be no wide stormy sea to separate us from our friends. If they cross it, we can cross it too, and, therefore, we need not be afraid either for ourselves or for them."

"But," said Mary, "do you think there will be any nice waves and shells and stones, and that Jesus will let us play on the shore? I want to so much. I think it would make me more rested than anything else, and I am so very tired."

The young man felt the tears coming in his eyes when he heard this little child talking of being so tired, and said: "I know Jesus will let you do everything that will make you happy."

He could not say more, but laid his head down on the table, and sobbed. The doctor found him like this, and touched him saying, "Come, you must go now; I can't have this with my patients."

He rose and brushed away the tears. "Mary," he said, "will you give me this little shell to remember you by?"

"Yes," answered the child faintly, and turned away. She was so tired.

"Doctor," he said, when the fresh air and sunshine helped him to control himself, "you've done me lots of good to-day—not only in that way, you know, but I have an idea I can finish my tower."

"Good! but how? What have you seen?"

"Here," said his friend, and he took out the shell. "This is a new design, and it must be good, for it was drawn by the great Architect himself."

The young man was poor, and had been tempted to give up his business for one that would pay better. He had resolved to try once more, and so drew a plan for a church in hopes that it might be chosen from among many others sent in, and he could thus get a start in life. He had it all finished but the tower, and for that he could draw nothing that would satisfy him. The doctor had found him that afternoon cross, restless, and discouraged. He had only one more day before the plan must be sent in. The doctor coaxed him to the hospital, thinking that the sight of suffering would make him more contented with his own healthy, hard-working life. He was right, and he did him more good than he could have thought, for the young man copied the shell, and his plan was the one chosen as the best.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"STICKING TO IT."—A good story is told of a young man who consulted an old gentleman who had been very successful in business, as to the best business in which to engage. In answer to the question, "What had I best do?" the old man replied, "Stick." The young fellow explained that he had wished to know what he had best do to make money. Again he was told, "Stick." "Stick at what?" was asked. "Oh, that is a matter of little consequence. Take almost any line of business you like; but stick to it."

Mother's Turn.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh colour, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty, and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenny gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties, which for years they have patiently borne.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Keep Nothing From Mother.

They sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread,
One face was old and the other was young—
A golden and silver head.

At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet,
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
For her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,
Interwoven with allent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As they two sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From my older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
And with it thou shalt not part.

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And ah! woe that this must be!
The voice of praise, and the voice of love,
And the voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing that thou shalt fear,
Let never a word to my love be said,
Which her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear
If they cannot be told to me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure,
And thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is said to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

A Prison Picture.

"Dood-bye, papa," laughed a little child, as her mother held her up that she might kiss her father through the grated door of the prison recently. "Good-bye, and hurry and tum back. Is all oo men doin' with my papa?" she continued, gazing in on the rough-looking prisoners, who were crowding near the door; "if oo is, dood-bye everybody; and tum right back and see your little girl, too."

Then she clambered down, and ran away, while the big iron door closed after her, as a sullen cloud darkens the sunlight.

This little child, with her innocent prattle, looking in upon and talking to a group of hardened men, was a pretty scene. As she put her little face against the bars and kissed her papa,

the wretches within that prison could not restrain their tears. Men were there whose lives had been on the darkest side of existence, who would hesitate at scarcely any crime, whose characters were hardened and corrupted by sin and debauchery; yet a simple little scene like the above, a few prattling words of a child, reached down through every covering and touched their better emotions. It kindled within them lingering memories of other and better days, and stirred up the little remaining sentiment of manhood, husbandhood, fatherhood. The visit of the child left an impression on those men and opened their hearts to better resolves. However, it was only one of the many occurrences that take place in that little world of itself—a city court and prison.—*Cleveland Voice.*

Youthful Smokers and Chewers.

BY REV. C. I. E. BRANE.

THE habit of smoking and chewing tobacco is so general among boys, and so hurtful too, that I venture to call attention to the possibility of preventing many of the young of our Church from falling into this unclean and injurious practice, through the instrumentality of an organized effort in the Sabbath-school.

Two things relative to this pernicious habit are perfectly clear: First, that it is certainly injurious in its moral, intellectual, and physical results; and, secondly, that the young are in special danger of contracting it. I am inclined to think that in every Sunday-school there should be a special effort made to save the boys from a habit so hurtful and debasing. It is a very rare case for an elderly person to contract the habit of using tobacco, simply because the temptation to do so is not so great in siper years, and because the judgment is more intelligent and efficient in the control it exercises over the individual deportment. It is an alarming statement to make, but I believe it is strictly true, that the nearer you approach the confines of babyhood the more smokers and chewers you will find. Not ten days ago a little boy, of very diminutive stature, stopped me on the street and said, "Mister, give me a chew of terbacker, will yer?" I know of several boys under five years of age who actually cry for "tobacker" when they are "out." One of them has been chewing for two years. The fact is the streets are lined with youthful smokers and chewers, from five to twenty years of age. The impression prevails among little boys generally, that smoking and chewing are the most manly things they could possibly do; so, as it is the height of every boy's ambition to become a man, and that as soon as possible, they make it their earliest and chief concern to get a cheroot, cigar, or cigarette for their mouths. The latter are more generally used, because they are less expensive. It would be lucky for many boys, and men too, for that matter, if the expensiveness were the greatest objection that could be urged against it. But, alas, that is the least objectionable feature of the habit. Dr. Richardson, whose disposition seem to be to say all in favour of the use of tobacco that he possibly can, says it is "most deleterious to the young, causing in them impairment in growth and physical degradation."

God, My Rock.

"God is the Rock of my heart, and my portion forever."—*Psalms lxxviii. 28.*

SOME hearts are like a quiet village street,
Few and well-known the passers to and fro;
Some like a busy city's market place,
And countless forms and faces come and go.

Into my life unnumbered steps have trod,
Though brief that life and nearing now its close,
At first the form of phantasies and dreams,
And then the varied tread of friends and foes.

Coming and going; Ah! there lay the pang,
That when my heart unbosomed, and unlocked

Its wealth, to greet the loved familiar step,
So it was gone, and only echoes mocked

My listening ear. But oh, there came one step
So soft and low, it said, "I pass not by,
But stay with thee forever, if thou wilt,
Amidst this constant instability."

Then in His eyes I saw the love I craved,
Love past my craving—love that died for me.

He took my hand, and on His gentle strength
I learned the joy of loving utterly.

He taught my heart to trust Him fearlessly
(Trust oft betrayed, but now misplaced no more),

My Rock—my Rock, my wave-besieged Rock,
Safe in thy clefts I hide forever more.

All, all things change, and noblest human hearts
Can ne'er be rocks, they are but potter's clay;

The Lord our God, He only is a Rock,
Who trust in Him may trust in Him for aye.

Still do the countless footsteps come and go,
Still with a sigh the echoes die away,
But love abides and fills the solitude
With music and with beauty night and day.

—Anon.

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Home & School:

A PAPER FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1883.

OUR readers will, we are sure, be struck with the appropriateness of our engraved heading. The general design is the Editor's, but for the skilful execution of it he is indebted to MR. SANDHAM, the accomplished artist and engraver of our establishment, by whom it was drawn and cut in wood. The family group at the left balances the school scene at the right. The young folk seem eagerly scanning, as we are confident many young folk will, a new number of HOME AND SCHOOL. Even the father, who wisely turns his

back to the light to shade his eyes, is perusing something of special interest, to which his graceful daughter, leaning on his shoulder, calls his attention; while the pleased mother caresses the baby in her arms. Thank God for the happy homes of our native land! But neither this scene nor the school scene opposite need any explanation. They are symbols of the two main objects in the mind of the Editor—to make home happy, to make the School successful.

THE demand for the first number of HOME AND SCHOOL has been so great that the first large edition of 8,000 was soon exhausted. We have had to stereotype it and print a second edition of 3,000, and now expect to print a third edition. If the paper is late in reaching any of the schools, it will be on account of the delay caused in printing these successive editions. In the future we shall know better how many to print.

In order to give special prominence to Sunday-School work, we purpose to present in these pages hints on teaching, Sunday-School items, and others of a like nature, that may increase the efficiency of the invaluable labours of the great army of Sunday-School workers for whom, as well as for the scholars, this paper is prepared. In this number some of these items are given. Others will appear in future numbers.

How to Teach?

THE value of intelligent and judicious "questioning as a method of teaching" is thus summed up in a communication to the London *Sunday-School Times*:

"Would you arrest and sustain attention? Question.

"Would you discover what scholars already know? Question.

"Would you provide teaching adapted to the wants of the scholars? Question.

"Would you promote hearty co-operation between teacher and scholar? Question.

"Would you fix truth in the mind? Question.

"Would you continuously refresh the memory? Question.

"Would you pointedly and powerfully deal with the conscience? Question.

"Would you clearly and successfully direct the anxious? Question.

"Would you ascertain the actual results of your teaching? Question.

"Before you begin the lesson—Question."

The Superintendent.

How much depends upon the Sunday-school superintendent! As he is, so will the school be, on the principle that the stream cannot rise higher than its source. The *Study* puts it none too strongly in saying:

A Sunday-school superintendent ought to be a Christian walking on the high places, knowing that he is expected of God to rejoice in the things in which he believes. He needs piety, because his spirit controls the school, giving tone to it, and determining its tendency. If he be worldly, the school must be worldly almost to a certainty. If he be cold-hearted in the things of God, he must expect a school spiritually

barren. Walking in the light of the Lord, that light will shine from his face into the faces of teachers and pupils, and they will be led unconsciously to long for the spirit of his Guide and joy.

In the choosing of a superintendent, a man of "executive ability" has been oftener sought than a man of Christian devotedness. While executive qualities are by no means to be overlooked, they are only a part of the requirements. A superintendent like Moses should not only be able to govern well, but should come to his task with his face shining from communion with God on the mount.—*S. S. Times.*

Be Punctual.

ONE superintendent, about a year ago, drew up the following agreement, which he invited his teachers to sign:

1. I will make a reasonable effort to be in my place before the opening exercises begin.

2. I will provide, if possible, a substitute, when I am obliged to be absent.

3. When I must be absent and cannot get a substitute, I will inform the superintendent, even if it is as late as Sunday morning.

"Now," he says, "out of thirty-five teachers, rarely is one out of his place at the opening of the school."—*Christian Visitor.*

THE International S. S. Lesson Committee had another delightful session last fall, at Washington, D.C., and selected lessons for 1884. They continued the book of Acts up to the twentieth chapter, with lessons interspersed from the epistles written in that period, for the first six months. The second half of the year is devoted to Old Testament study, embracing the times of the kingdoms of David and Solomon, in connection with lessons from the Psalms and the Books of Wisdom. After submission to our British brethren, the list will be published, and we believe it will give peculiar satisfaction.

The Reason Why.

You talk of giving up your class, and there is a giving up because there has been no giving to. Teaching demands labour, time, consecration. It must cost something. There must be work. To look at a hoe-handle will not fill the corn. There is a lot of muscle to be laid out on that handle. Your Sunday-school garden asks for that hoe-handle effort. Let there be a giving to, and there will be no giving up.—*S. S. Journal.*

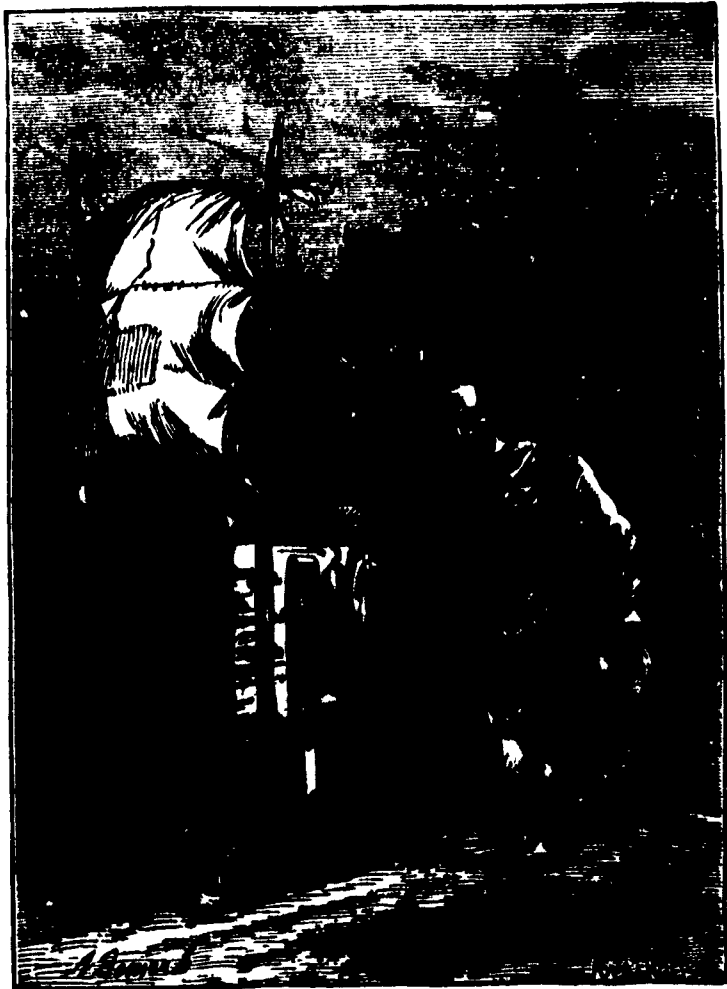


Blind Men by the Wayside Begging.

Blind Beggars.

BLINDNESS is a sad affliction. Persons who are blind, and have no friends to take care of them, or means of their own to fall back upon, are compelled to depend upon the charity of others. Sometimes such persons have friends to lead them about to gather alms or do a little business. But frequently they stand or sit in some conspicuous place, all alone, day after day, to appeal to the sympathies of passers-by. A person sitting or standing in such a condition, even without uttering a word, is a strong appeal to Christian benevolence. A blind person is one of the most deserving objects of charity. The custom of the blind sitting by the wayside to ask alms is very ancient. The custom has obtained in all nations, from the earliest ages, and is still continued; and let our young readers consider that, a copper given to a blind person is better invested than when spent in candy or some other ways, which are not only useless, but positively injurious. A trifle given to the blind is a thank-offering to God for the blessing of sight.

When Jesus was going from Jericho to Jerusalem, He found two blind men by the wayside begging, and He did not pass them by without doing something for them. His loving heart was moved by their appeal to exercise His infinite compassion. He did the best that He could for them. If they had been allowed to choose, it was the blessing which they would likely have desired. Jesus gave them their sight. It is not said that they were born blind, but it is very likely they were. The blessing that Christ bestowed opened before them an entirely new life. That is what the blessing of Christ will do for us, if we come to Him earnestly, believingly, and beseechingly, as did the blind men by the wayside. It is stated that not less than one in every thousand of the world's population is blind. We frequently meet blind persons, and while we cannot do for them what Jesus did, we can so far imitate Him, by allowing our benevolence to do for them the best possible thing.



CHINESE SAIL-BARROW.

Chinese Sail-Barrow.

THE Chinese are a very ingenious people. We see one form of their ingenuity illustrated in the accompanying picture. You see the sturdy porter has rigged a sail to two bamboo rods, one on each side of his barrow. When the wind is fair it must help him along very much. When it is adverse I suppose he must take in sail, as this is a sort of craft that cannot tack. You will notice, too, the hinged leg that he can drop down to support the barrow when he stops. On the vast wind-swept steppes of Tartary the natives employ large sail-waggons, which will scud before the wind almost like a ship at sea. Christian nations ought to use every effort that these ingenious people may be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and to turn from dead idols to serve the living God.

The Broken Promise.

Mrs. Morse kept no regular servant. Mrs. Sticht, a German woman, came every Monday to do the week's washing, and every Tuesday to do the ironing. She had always been a happy-faced, merry woman, but one morning Stella Morse, going into the kitchen to make a pudding for dinner, found a sad face over the wash-board.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Sticht," Stella said.

"Good-mornin', Miss Stella," responded the washer-woman soberly, looking up with tear-filled eyes.

"Are you sick, Mrs. Sticht? You look pale and tired."

"I'm not sick, miss, but I am tired; I didn't rest much last night, a mother can't rest much with a sick child to tend."

"Is your little girl sick, ma'am?"

"She's bin sick these two weeks with an awful cold; she's that weak

she can hardly walk about the room, an' she's dreadful wakeful nights."

"Who stays with her when you go to wash?"

"No one but her little brother Tim; an' he's only seven years old."

"And you go out washing every day?"

"No miss; if I did I'd have more money than I've got. This is my only wash-place; the rest of the week I help an old fruit-woman down in the market, but I don't get much pay."

"Do you earn enough to support your children?"

"Yes, miss; but my husband's long sickness and death brought some heavy bills for me to pay. I can't get any extras for my little sick girl, though she's that lonesome when I'm gone that Tim says she cries most of the time."

"I should think she would be lonely, poor little soul! What does she want most, Mrs. Sticht?" Stella asked.

A smile flickered over Mrs. Sticht's face. Perhaps this young lady would do something for her little sick girl.

"Her whole mind seems to be set on a doll; she's never had a doll, and she thinks she'd never get lonesome if she had one; she's a lovin' little thing, Patty is."

"She shall have a doll before the week is out," Stella said decidedly.

"I have a pretty wax one with golden curls and blue eyes that I used to play with myself. I have not had it out for a long time, and it has no clothes, but I'll dress it up just as pretty as I can, and—let me see, to-day is Monday—tell her for me, please, that I'll be there on Wednesday with a beautiful doll, dressed in ruffled blue silk, and I will bring her some other things, too."

Stella spoke earnestly, and a load was lifted from the mother's heart. Her unspoken thought was, "I believe

the child will soon get better when she gets the doll she so longs for."

Patty's eyes grew bright when her mother told her that a dear, kind young girl was coming to see her on Wednesday with a beautiful blue-eyed golden-haired doll, dressed in blue silk.

"For my very own! O mamma, for my very own!" asked Patty, clasping and unclasping her thin white hands in her excitement.

There were tears in her mother's eyes as she bent her head and kissed Patty's forehead, saying tenderly, "Yes, dear, for your very own."

Wednesday came—a bright, beautiful day. Patty's first words to her mother were, "O mamma! this is the day that my dolly is coming. O mamma! I believe that I'll get well quick when dolly comes."

Mrs. Sticht did not like to leave home that morning, but she felt that she must, for the rent was nearly due, and the doctor who came to see the child cared more for filling his pockets than for filling human hearts with thankfulness. She came home very weary, but with one glad thought, namely, "I suppose Patty is overjoyed with her pretty doll. How good of Miss Stella to think of my poor little one!"

But as she stepped over her own threshold a very weary little face greeted her. Patty's cheeks were flushed, and she said brokenly, "O mamma, my dolly didn't come."

"An' she wouldn't stop cryin', mamma, an' my head aches," sobbed Tim, who was worn out by his sister's day of bitter sorrow.

Mrs. Sticht did not go to bed that night. She watched beside restless Patty, who tossed about all night, talking about blue eyes and golden hair and blue silk dresses, moaning in her sleep, "An' my dolly didn't come; an' my sweet, sweet dolly didn't come."

Monday morning came. A little boy stood knocking at Mrs. Morse's kitchen door. Stella opened it. "Mamma can't wash to-day, Patty's tuk worse," he said quickly, and then scampered away.

"O what a shame that I haven't dressed that doll," Stella said mentally. "I certainly meant to, but there were so many things to take up my attention that I kept putting it off. I'll dress it this very day."

Tuesday morning Stella, with the beautiful, tastefully dressed doll in her arms, and a little bag of oranges also, started for Mrs. Sticht's. In answer to her rap Mrs. Sticht opened the door. Her eyes were heavy with weeping, and her face had grown more aged.

"How is little Patty this morning, Mrs. Sticht? I've brought her the doll. Can I see her?" were Stella's rapid questions.

"Yes, Miss Stella, you can see her. Walk in, please."

There was anguish and reproof in the mother's tone; Stella stepped inside the poorly furnished room; the mother led the way to one corner, and pointed to a little white draped cot.

The terrible truth dawned upon Stella. She had come too late. Patty was dead. She burst into tears as the broken-hearted mother uncovered the little still face. Through her tears Stella could see how beautiful Patty was, with her golden hair brushed back from a pretty forehead, and her dear little hands clasped over her still bosom.

"And did you tell her I would bring the doll? Did she look for it? Stella

moaned, her remorseful tears rolling down her cheeks like rain.

"Look for it! Yes, Miss Stella, she looked for it day and night," Mrs. Sticht answered huskily. "She was very light-headed toward the last; she talked of nothin' else. Just before she died her reason returned. She sat up in bed, an' put her arms around my neck an' said, 'Good-bye, mamma; I'm goin' to heaven.' I cried aloud, but Patty smoothed my cheek and said, 'Don't cry, mamma, you'll come bye-and-bye, an' I'll be waitin' an' lovin' my blue-eyed dolly, 'cause I know Jesus will give me one, 'cause there's no tears in heaven.'"—*Sunday-School Times*.

If We Know.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded, noisy way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay;
We would pause where now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew where genius struggled,
Through the weary nights and days,
Seeking for some word of comfort,
Little word of hope and praise—
Boughs of balm and leaves of laurel
We would place within their hands:
Little deeds, with pleasant meaning,
Hungry hearts can understand.

If we knew what feet were weary,
Climbing up the hills of pain,
By the world cast out as evil,
Poor repentant Magdalenes;
Nevermore with haughty gesture
Would we drive them from our side,
Wrapping close our robes around us
With a Pharisaic pride.

If we knew, when friends around us
Closely press to say "Good-bye,"
Which, among the lips that press us,
First should 'neath the daisies lie;
We would clasp our arms around them
Looking on them through our tears,
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

If we knew. Alas! and do we
Ever care or seek to know
Whether bitter herbs or roses
In our garden grow!
God forgive us! lest hereafter
Our hearts break to hear Him say,
"Careless child, I never knew you!
From my presence flee away!"

God's Care.

Do you ever try to realize what it means to you that God is watching over you all the time? How often we talk about his care for us, and forget what it is doing for us. You slipped on that piece of orange peel yesterday, and your fall has not even lamed you, but more than a few men have fallen just like that and have been injured for life. That avalanche of snow last winter only grazed your shoulder and spattered your garments with slush, but in it there was a lump of ice larger and heavier than that which killed a man instantly a few days later in another city. How do you account for your escapes? You cannot fairly and fully without attributing them to the loving protection of your heavenly Father. Do not forget to thank him for them.—*Congregationalist*.

A New Game at Cards

ONE Sunday morning, visiting the vessels lying in the Regent's Canal basin, I found three captains playing at cards. When I had bidden them "Good morning," and shaken hands with them, one of them—the captain of the ship I was on—asked "Will you join us in a game or two?"

I replied, "Yes, with pleasure, but not till you have finished that game."

One said, "But aren't you a Methodist?"

"Yes, I am."

"And will you play a game on the Sabbath day?"

"Yes, I will join you."

There were some smiles, and sharp nods of their heads toward each other. At length one of them said:

"John, he's only chaffing you; it's more than his place is worth to play at cards."

But I gave my word that I would join them when their present game was over. When it was finished there was quite a stir, and the captain, gathering up the cards, called out:

"Now then, my lad, will you shuffle them or shall I?"

"You may place them on one side," I replied; "they are old and greasy; I won't touch them. I have a new pack in my pocket, which has never been used; and as it is the Sabbath, we cannot have a better day for beginning with them."

I shall not soon forget their looks of astonishment at the mention of "new cards" to be introduced by the missionary. Taking the cards out of my pocket, I said, "they don't need shuffling; I will serve them round. It matters not how many are present, all can play." The cards were embellished with texts of Scripture, and had been given me for distribution. When eight cards had been dealt out to each person, we took them up to see what they were.

"Ah! we are licked," said one of the captains; "he has done us brown and clean. How are we to play with these things?"

I asked them to be seated, and I would show them the game. I then took my card and read, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Now it was the next man's turn, and he read, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The third man read, "Look to Jesus," and the fourth, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." In the second round of reading my text was, "Unto you, O men, I call;" and in this way we continued until all the cards had been used up.

When this game was over it appeared to be a great relief to them; and yet they seemed uneasy. I offered to change cards with the captain.

"Yours are old and greasy, only fit for fishes; let me throw them over the ship's side, and you shall have my new ones."

"Done!" he shouted; "it's a good exchange."

I then proposed prayer, and two of them joined me in kneeling, but the other one declined, saying, "I like a bit of tobacco, and will have a little smoke while you hold forth." But, thank God, the Holy Spirit soon began to work on his heart, and dropping the pipe out of his mouth, he sank on his knees, weeping.

Before leaving, I invited them to God's house, but not one of them would promise to come; so I shook

hands, went on board the next vessel, and, when my work was done, hastened to the chapel. What was my surprise to find my three card-playing captains present there, listening to the Gospel. The minister's subject proved to be the sin of backsliding. On leaving the chapel, I followed one of the three, and asked how he enjoyed the service.

"Ah! my lad," said he, "you ought not to have been so hard on a fellow. You must have made haste to tell the parson about me, and he's been hitting me from the beginning to the end. Like Peter, I am a backslider."

I assured him that I had not seen the preacher that day until he was in the pulpit, and that I had not breathed a word about our morning card-playing to a living soul. It was the Holy Spirit that was calling him back; would he listen and obey?

"Yes," he replied, "I will, God being my helper."

He spent most of that day with us, and on the following Tuesday, after we had been praying with him, light broke in upon his soul, and he was enabled to rejoice in God his Saviour. —*Friendly Greetings.*

Temptation.

"I will not leave thee, nor forsake,
Lean hard on me, my child."
Thus spake the voice, with word divine,
Out of the night, so wild.

All day long my soul had been tossed,
Tempest and seaward driven,
I had well-nigh sunk in despair,
The clouds by no ray riven.

Temptation strong and trial sore,
Had reached my heart of hearts,
Wounds were bleeding, freshly made
By Satan's cruel darts;—

When "Peace, be still," in tender love,
Made storm and darkness bright,
Love healed the wounds that sin had made,
And gave me peace, that night.

Effect of the Bible.

TAINE'S "English Literature" has a remarkable passage with reference to the effect of the Bible on the English people, as read and learned for the first time from Tyndal's translation:—

"One hid his book in a hollow tree; another learned by heart an epistle and a Gospel, so as to be able to ponder it to himself even in the presence of his accusers. When sure of his friend, he speaks with him in private; and peasant talking to peasant, laborer to laborer, you know what the effect could be. It was the yeoman's sons, as Latimer said, who more than others maintained the faith of Christ in England, and it was with the yeoman's sons that Cromwell afterward reaped his Puritan victories. When such words are whispered through a nation, all official voices clamor in vain. The nation has found its poem; it stops its ears to the troublesome would-be distractors, and presently sings it out with a full voice and from a full heart. But the contagion had even reached the men in office, and Henry VIII. at last permitted the English Bible to be published. England had her book. Every one, says Strype, who could buy this book, either read it assiduously or had it read to him by others, and many well advanced in years learned to read with the same object."

It is said that the International Sunday-School Lessons are now studied by 15,000,000 children.

How to Begin.

YES, I want to be a Christian, but I do not know how to begin.

Are you sure you are ready to begin if you know how?

I think so. I've tried for a long while.

Have you not tried to get ready to begin instead of beginning?

I don't know. I suppose one ought to think about it.

Has your thinking brought you any nearer beginning?

I'm afraid not.

Suppose you think of going to Boston. You start, and after you have gone some distance find you are on the wrong road; instead of going to Boston you are travelling exactly the other way. What would you do?

Why, turn about, and take the right track.

Would you? Why not stop and think, and think like this: Yes, I know I'm on the wrong road. This will never bring me to Boston, but I think I'll keep on awhile. Perhaps something will turn up to put me on the right road, or I may find a cross-road, or it may be easier turning by-and-by. I'd better be sure of the whole road before I turn back. Would that do?

No, of course not. I'd turn round, and set my face toward the city sure.

Cannot you use the same common sense in starting on the heavenly journey? You know you are on the wrong road. You know each day's travel on it only brings you so much farther from the right way. You will never make any progress unless you face right about. You are on the wrong track; turn and take the right one.

But how?

No matter how, or what, just now. All you have to do is to turn around. The man who was feeding swine did not get on until he had said to himself, I will arise and go. Then he got on his feet. He had begun the homeward journey.

If I only knew how to begin!

The way to begin is to begin. Resolve on that with all your might. Tell your Heavenly Father that you have turned round, and are coming home; coming somehow, even if you must crawl. Ere long you will find Christ coming out to meet you.

I'll do it. I'll right about face, today, now.

A Bit of Logic.

RUFUS lay at full length on the sofa, and puffed a cigar, back parlor thought it was; when Mr. Parker reminded him of it, he saw there was no ladies present, and puffed away. Between the puffs he talked:

"There is one argument against Foreign Mission work which is unanswerable; the country cannot afford it. Two millions and a half of money taken out this year, and sent to the cannibals or somewhere else. No country can stand such a drain as that upon it, with everything else it has to do. Foreign Missions are ruinously expensive."

The two young sisters of Rufus, Kate and Nannie, stood on the piazza and laughed.

"O Rufus!" said Kate, "you won't take a prize in college for logic, I'm sure."

"What do you mean, little monkey? And what do you know about logic?"

"More than you do, I should think. Just imagine the country not being able to afford two millions and a half for Missions, when just a year ago it paid over four millions for Havana cigars. Have you thought of that, Rufus?"

"And I wonder how much champagne is a bottle?" chimed in Nannie. "How much is it, Rufus? You know about ten million bottles are used every year. And, oh, why, Rufus, don't you know that we spend about six millions for dogs! Something besides Foreign Missions might be given up to save money, I should think."

"Where did you two grow so wise? Where did you get all those absurd items?"

"We got them at the Mission Band; Kate is Secretary, and I'm Treasurer, and these figures were all in the dialogue that Dr. Stephens wrote for us to recite. If you choose to call what he says absurd, I suppose you can; but he is a graduate from a College, and a Theological Seminary besides. I mean to tell him that two millions and a half for Foreign Missions will ruin the country; I want to hear him laugh." And then the two girls laughed merrily.

"You needn't tell him anything about it," said Rufus sharply. After the girls ran away he added, thoughtfully.

"How fast girls grow up. I thought these two were children, and here they are with the Mission Bands, and their large words about 'Secretaries and Treasurers.'"

"And their embarrassing facts about money," interrupted Mr. Parker. "Those girls had the best of the argument, Rufus," and then he, too, laughed.—*The Pansy.*

For Their Sakes.

It is not true that if we teach children to read they will not become victims to drink. An Oxford graduate came to me in vile and mean attire. But his speech at once revealed his social position and culture. He said, "It is useless to give me money. Watch, dress, every penny has gone for drink and will go again." After some time he signed the temperance pledge, and said with emotion: "Oh, that my mother had seen this before she died!" Teachers, you may not be absolutely safe, whatever your culture. But if not for yourselves, will you not for the children you teach, practice and teach abstinence? In how few years those children will be tempted to place their feet in the stream that has hurried away in its strong tide thousands older and stronger than themselves. Can you not persuade them never to venture into that treacherous tide? You love the children you teach. Can you endure the thought of those pure merry faces becoming bloated with drink, those hopeful lives sacrificed to the Moloch of the day? For their sakes abstain. Let them never be able to say, "Teacher drinks, why may not I?" Help them, then, by living counsel. Even in giving secular instruction higher truth may be taught incidentally. You can teach godliness and morality with out delivering theological discourses or ethical lectures. Thus if even in day and secular schools, how much more in Sunday-schools, children may be encouraged in the practice of total abstinence. Where there is a will, there is a way.—*Newman Hall D. D., in S. S. Times.*

The Dying Sailor and the Bible.

AN affecting story is related of a young sailor who died on board a whale-ship in the South Atlantic. James Duboice (such was his name) had been carefully reared; but impelled by a strong love of adventure and an ardent desire to see the world, had gone to sea. The ship had made a prosperous voyage, and was on her way home.

Of all the men in that ship none were more elated than James. He had been ashore at the Azores, and got a few curiosities; he had been ashore at Rio and Cape Verde Islands, and clambered up the rocky sides of one of the Falkland Islands; and he felt already his mother's kiss, and heard the cordial welcome of friends at home, and saw their look of wonder, and heard their words of astonishment, while he showed his shells and related his adventures to them. He spent the whole of his middle watch in painting with enthusiastic words the anticipated meeting, and the scene which would occur at home. Poor fellow! it was only a waking dream with him; he never saw his mother again.

The next day he went to work at "stowing down" the oil. It was a rough sea, and the ship pitched heavily, so as to make it hard and dangerous work to handle the casks of oil. The last cask was stowed and filed, and in ten minutes more the hatches would be down. Duboice stood on the cask, in the main hatchway, and was passing a few sticks of wood down amongst the water casks, when the vessel rolled leeward, a cask of water broke from the lashings at the weather rail, and rolled into the hatchway where he stood, and in one instant, both legs below the knees, were literally jammed to pieces, the bones were broken into shivers.

We took him into the steerage, and did the best we could to bind up his broken limbs, and make him comfortable; but we knew, and he knew, that his days were numbered—he must die. That night, as I sat by his berth and watched with him, he was constantly calling "Mother! mother!" Oh, it was heart-rending to hear him in his piteous ravings, calling "Mother! mother!" and then he would weep like a child because she came not. In the morning watch he grew calm and spoke rationally again. After giving me his parents' address and a message for them, he slept a little while. When he awoke he bade me go to the fore-castle and open his chest, and under the till I would find his Bible. I brought it to him, and he opened it at the blank leaf, and looked long and eagerly at the name. His mother had given it to him when he left home, and on the fly-leaf was written by her hand, "Presented to James Duboice, by his mother, Sarah Duboice."

"Now read to me," said he, handing me the book.

"Where shall I read?"

"Where it tells us how to get ready for heaven."

I felt bewildered, and knew not where to read; but opening the book at random, my eye fell on the fifty-first Psalm, and I read to him from that psalm till I came to the tenth verse, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

"Hold there! That is what I want," said he. "Now, how shall I get it?"

"Pray God to give it to you for Jesus' sake," I suggested.

"Oh, yes, Jesus is the Saviour. Shipmate, it is an awful thing to die; and I have got to go. Oh, if mother was here to tell me how to get ready!" and he trembled with earnestness. After a short of pause, during which he seemed to be in deep thought, he said:

"Do you know of any place where it is said that such sinners as I can be saved?"

I quoted 1 Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

"Oh, shipmate," said he, "that is good. Can you think of any more?"

I quoted Heb. vii. 25: "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

"That's plain. Now, if I only knew how to come to God."

"Come like a child to his father, I suggested."

"How is that?"

"As the child feels that his father can help him in danger, so you are to feel that God can help you now. And as the child trusts his father by fleeing to him, so you must trust Jesus by casting yourself upon him."

He lay a little time engaged in earnest pleadings with God, as was evident from the few words I overheard. Then the tears began to run down his face; his eyes opened, and a bright smile played like a sunbeam over his features.

"He forgives me, and I shall be saved," he said, "with a voice like the sound of a flute for sweetness. The day dawned—then the sun arose in regal splendour on the ocean. I held his hand in mine, and I felt the death-thrill; then he murmured, 'He's come. He's come.'"

"Who has come?"

"Jesus," he whispered, and he fell asleep.

On sped the noble ship till four bells in the afternoon, and then we laid the main tops to the mast and buried him, closely sewed in his hammock, in the "deep, deep sea."

WHEN you take up a spool of cotton or silk and read on the end, "warranted" so many hundred yards, do not suppose that the thread is measured when reeled. All that is regulated by the size of the spool, consequently much care is taken to make it of exactly the right size. The wood from which spools are made comes from the saw-mill in sticks about four feet long, and from one to four inches square. These are put in a machine which turns out a long cylinder with a hole running through the centre. A saw then cuts the stick into the proper length, making what are called "rough" spools. An expert can turn out 23,000 a day. After being sent to a drying-room, where hot air is blown through them that they may shrink properly, they are put into the hands of a "finisher" to be grooved to the proper size, by means of a machine made for the purpose. When covered with silk or cotton, spools look much alike in size, but the empty ones show what a difference there is, and what a chance there might be to cheat in the number of yards.

The Stolen Starling.

A LAWYER had a cage hanging on the wall in his office in which was a starling. He had taught the little fellow to answer when he called it. A boy named Charlie came in one morning. The lawyer left the boy there while he went out for a few minutes. When he returned, the bird was gone. He asked, "Where is my bird?" Charlie replied that he did not know anything about it. "But," said the gentleman: "Charlie, that bird was in the cage when I went out. Now tell me all about it; where is it?" Charlie declared that he knew nothing about it; that the cage-door was open, and he guessed the bird had flown out. The lawyer called out, "Starling, where are you?" The bird spoke right out of the boy's pocket, "Here I am." Ah, what a fix that boy was in! He had stolen the bird, and hid it, as he supposed, in a safe place, and had told two lies to conceal his guilt. It was testimony that all the world would believe. The boy had nothing to say. The bird was a living witness that he was a thief and a liar.

We have not all of us a starling, but we have a conscience, not in our pocket, but in a more secure place—in our soul; and that tells the story of our guilt or our innocence. As the bird answered when the lawyer called it, so when God speaks our conscience will reply, and give such testimony as we cannot deny.

EACH little duty left undone,
The selfishness however small,
The evil thought, which nurtured grows,
A heart all blind to others' woes—
God sees it—all!

The little duty bravely done,
Each sacrifice, however small,
An ill-thought strangled in its birth,
The smile to cheer another's death—
God sees it—all!

He sees it all! the right, the wrong!
Nothing can be too great or small,
The feeblest effort in His name,
The sorrow, happiness, or shame—
God sees them—all!

Why Put Off?

THERE is a legend of a hermit, who was led by an angel into the wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs for an armful of wood. At length he tied it up and lifted it on his shoulders; but, finding it heavy, he laid it down again, and cut more wood, and tied this up with the rest. Then he tried again to carry the larger bundle away, but it was heavier still. He kept adding wood until it was impossible to carry the bundle. At last, in a desperate effort to do so, he fell and was crushed to death. The hermit, seeing the old man's folly, asked the angel what it meant. "The old man," said the angel, "illustrates the folly of those who think they will repent, but find it so hard that they get discouraged, and go on adding to their sins, which year by year become greater, while their strength becomes weaker, until at last they die in their sins, and where Christ has gone they cannot come."

How foolish it is to put off that which we know ought to be attended to at once—repentance and friendship with God!

"To-day the Saviour calls—
O listen now,
Within these sacred walls,
To Jesus now."

Boys and Girls' Temperance Lessons.*

LESSON II.

Alcohol—Continued.

QUESTION. How is alcohol obtained?
ANSWER. Alcohol is the product of fermentation, and is obtained in usable quantities from fruits and vegetables and grains while they are in the process of decay.

Q. Is alcohol a necessity in a healthy condition of animal life?

A. It is not a necessity.

Q. Does alcohol permanently increase strength?

A. Science and experience unite in saying that it does not.

Q. Does alcohol add permanently to the body's power of endurance?

A. It does not.

Q. Do persons who seek to possess their highest possible physical force, use alcohol to this end?

A. They do not. On the contrary, they do not use it at all.

Q. Can persons do more work with the mind by using alcohol?

A. In the long run, they cannot do as much.

Q. Is even the moderate use of alcohol a good to the healthy human system?

A. It is not.

Q. What is the PROPER use of alcohol?

A. Alcohol is a preservative and solvent, and is necessary in the preparation of medicines and in the mechanical arts.

Q. What effect does it have when taken into a healthy animal body?

A. Taken in small quantities, into a healthy animal body, it is a disturbing and evil agent. Taken in large quantities, it is a deadly poison.

A Touching Story.

ONE rarely meets with a more touching romance than is found in the following story, which comes from Wales:

"A number of years ago some miners in exploring an old pit that had long been closed found the body of a young man dressed in clothing of a fashion long out of date. The peculiar action of the air of the mine was such as to preserve the body so perfectly that it appeared asleep rather than dead. The miners were puzzled at the circumstance. No one in the district had been missed within their remembrance; and at last it was resolved to bring in the oldest inhabitant—an old lady long past her eightieth year, who had lived single in the village the whole of her life. On being taken into the presence of the body a strange scene occurred. She kissed it, and addressed it by every term of endearment. He was her only love; she had waited for him during her long life. She knew he had not forsaken her. The old lady and the young man had been betrothed sixty years before. The lover had disappeared mysteriously, and she had kept faithful during the long interval. Time had stood still with the young man, but had left its mark on the woman. The miners who were present were a rough set; but very gently and with tearful eyes they removed the old lady to her house, and that night her faithful spirit rejoined that of her long lost lover."

*We purpose giving a series of these Temperance Lessons, which, we hope, will train up our boys and girls to be thorough abstemious.

Lilies and Roses.

BY MRS. MARY E. BLAKE.

WHEN a child breathes a pure and honest prayer
Or cheers with gentle words another's gloom,
In heavenly gardens springs a lily fair,
Before the angels evermore to bloom.

But when he works with strong and earnest will
Some kindly act, beneath God's watchful eyes,
A fragrant rose, more rare and precious still,
Makes glad the shining fields of paradise.

So live, dear child, that each new day may see
Lilies and roses owe their life to thee!

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

- 1.—Lin-acre.
- 2.—Belfast, Lima, Oswego.
- 3.—

**FORMULA
PSALM
ALL
A
ICY
NAHUM
MEDIATE**

4.—
**NORWAY
OCEAN
REIN
WAN
AN
Y**

NEW PUZZLES.

5.—CHARADE.

My first is a colour; my second is to prevent. Whole, a Scottish poet, who died in 1530.

6.—CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

American Warrior. Wise Competent Bard. British Diplomatist. Christian Warrior.

7.—HIDDEN RIVERS.

Have you done what I told you?
I put on my cape, fearing the cold.
You can't tag us.

8.—WORD-SQUARE.

An animal; a number; to obtain.

9.—RIDDLE.

'Tis black and brown, 'tis blue and grey,
'Tis changeful as an April day;
And yet, no matter what they say,
'Tis not without attraction.
It has a language all its own,
Though mortal never heard its tone;
It tells the sufferer's moan,
It tells of satisfaction.

Inclosed within a narrow cell,
It moves on hinge invisible,
Securely kept, and guarded well
From all approaching danger.
It often speaks, yet never talks;
It freely runs, but never walks;
And every passing thing remarks—
In fact, is quite a ranger.

It swims, and yet arms has it none;
And dances out of very fun
Without a leg to stand upon,
Or foot to follow after.
It has a brother—twin, they say—
And when cross-purposes they play,
They look the very oddest way;
To some they're cause for laughter.

As shining crystal it is bright,
'Tis dark or dull as winter night,
Its very nature, too, is light,
For all were dark without it.
It forms the poet's constant theme,
It haunts the lover in his dream,
And really paramount would seem,
So much is said about it.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A. D. 30.] **LESSON IV.** [Jan. 28.

THE HEALING POWER.

Acts 3 1-11. Commit to memory verses 6 & 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart,
and the tongue of the dumb sing. *Isaiah 35. 6.*

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ is the healer of body and soul.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. Acts 3. 1-11.
- T. Mark 16. 15-20.
- W. John 14. 1-12.
- Th. James 5. 10-20.
- F. Isaiah 53. 1-12.
- Sa. 2 Chron 5. 24-33.
- Su. Psalms 126. 1-6.

TIME.—June, A. D. 30. Not long after the day of Pentecost, our last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. In the temple.

INTRODUCTION.—We have now an account of one of the signs and wonders mentioned in the last lesson. This one is given because it had such far-reaching results.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—2. *Lame*—From his birth. Mentioned to show that the cure must have been from God. *Gate, called Beautiful*—Either (1) the gate, east of the temple, between the court of the Israelites and the court of the Gentiles, called *Nicanor's gate*. It was of Corinthian brass, plated with gold. It was eighty-seven feet high, and the doors were seventy feet high. Or (2) the outer gate, *Sauhan*, east of the temple, near the market for sacrificial animals, and also near Solomon's porch. 4. *Fastening his eyes*—He saw that the man had faith. 6. *Such as I have, give I thee*—the divine power which was better than gold. Every person gives of what he has. If he has goodness, or faith, or love, or courage, he can impart these to others. A bad man imparts what is bad. Therefore be good, if you would do good. 7. *Took him by the right hand*—An expression of sympathy, and aid to his faith. 9. *Praising God*—the truly healed in soul always want to praise God and to express their praise. This healing was a type of what Christ still does for the bodies and souls of men. Christianity cares for all the poor and sick in a multitude of ways. Faith can still do wonders of healing. It also gives happiness and peace to the sick, promising that all things shall work together for their good.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Beautiful gate of the temple.—Such as I have, give I thee.—Praising God for healing.—Does Christ heal the sick now?—What Christianity is doing for the sick and unfortunate.—This miracle as a type of the cure of the soul.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What general statement was made in our last lesson? (v. 43.) Why was this wonder mentioned? (Acts 4: 1, 2, 15-17.) How long after the last lesson was this miracle wrought?

SUBJECT: THE HEALING POWER OF CHRIST IN HIS DISCIPLES.

1. **THE LAME MAN (vs. 1-3).**—What two disciples are mentioned together here? How could two such different men work together successfully? At what time of the day did they go to the temple? Why at this hour? Whom did they see there? Where was the gate called *Beautiful*? Describe it. Why was the lame man placed there? Why is it mentioned that he was born lame? What did he ask? What is "an alms?"

2. **HIS CURE (vs. 4-11).**—Why did Peter fasten his eyes on the man? Did Peter mean to say that he had no money? Why could he not have given some out of the common fund? (Acts 2: 45; 4: 37.) What did Peter have to give? How is it true of us all that we give to others only such as we ourselves have? What motive in this for being good? In whose name was the man healed? Why did Peter thus point him to Christ? Did the man have faith? Why did Peter take him by the hand? What did he do as soon as he was healed? Why should all who receive good from God praise him? Why express the praise before others? What was the effect on the people? Why could there be no doubt as to the reality of the cure?

3. **AN OUTCAST LAMEN.**—In what respects are all sinners like this lame man? Why

should they, like him, go to church? By whom only can they be healed? What should they do when healed? Are there now many conversions that prove the divine power of Christianity as really as did this cure? Does Christ still heal the bodies of men? (James 5: 14-16.) What help and comfort is brought to the sick and unfortunate by Christ? (1 Peter 1: 7. Romans 8: 28. John 16: 33.) Does Christianity relieve the wants of the needy more than any other religion? Can you see how the promise in John 14: 12 is fulfilled?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. There are many things of more value than money.
2. We can give to others only such things as we have.
3. Jesus Christ is the source of the Christian's power for good. He must do everything in the name of Jesus.
4. The first impulse of the saved is to praise God.
5. Christianity shows its power in the changes it works in man.
6. Here is a parable of Redemption, (1) the need, (2) the seeking help, (3) the aid of friends in bringing them to Christ, (4) faith, (5) cured, (6) praising God, (7) declaring God's goodness to others.
7. The material blessings and benevolence of Christianity a proof of its spiritual blessings.

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

15. What was one of the signs and wonders wrought by the apostles? *Ans.* A beggar was cured of a forty years' lameness. 16. At what place? *Ans.* Near the Beautiful gate of the temple. 17. In what way? *Ans.* Peter took him by the hand, and said, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." 18. What did the lame man do? *Ans.* He arose, and went into the temple, walking, leaping, and praising God.

A. D. 30.] **LESSON V.** [Feb. 4.

THE PRINCE OF LIFE.

Acts 3. 12-21. Commit to memory vs. 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men. *John 1. 4.*

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ is the Redeemer and Restorer of the world.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. Acts 3. 12-26
- T. Phil. 2. 1-16.
- W. 1 Tim. 1. 12-20.
- Th. Isaiah 1. 1-20.
- F. Isaiah 63. 1-19.
- Sa. Ezek. 34. 23-31.
- Su. 1 Thes. 1. 13-18.

TIME.—June, A. D. 30. Between three and six o'clock of the afternoon the lame man was healed.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. In Solomon's Portico of the temple. This was a corridor whose roof was sustained by a double row of marble pillars. It extended five or six hundred feet along the east side of the temple area, and was about twenty-six feet wide.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The crowds of people who had seen and heard of the healing of the lame man near the gate Beautiful soon gathered in Solomon's Portico. Here Peter preached to them Jesus the Messiah.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—15. *Prince of life*—the source, the author of both natural and eternal life. *Witnesses*—The fact that Christ did these wonderful works, proved that he was living. 16. *Through faith*—Both of the apostles and of the man. 17. *Wot-Know*. *Through ignorance*—They did not realize that Christ was the Prince of life, and Son of God. 19. *Converted*—Turned away from sin to holiness and God. *Sin . . . blotted out*—Forgiven, the sinner treated as if the sin did not exist. *When*—Rather in order that. *Times of refreshing*—This is the second effect of conversion. It means new spiritual life, new joys and experiences, like showers after a drought. The beginning of the final restoration of the world. 20. *Send Jesus*—Both into their hearts now as on the day of Pentecost, and at his second coming. 21. *Restitution of all things*—The conversion of the whole world, the complete coming of Christ's kingdom, the promised result of Christ's coming. While this is going on, Christ remains unseen in heaven, but is working on the earth.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Peter's sermon as a whole.—Prince of life.—The power of faith.—Sins of ignorance as different from sins of wilfulness.—Repentance.—Conversion.—Times of refreshing.—The restitution of all things.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What miracle had the apostles just done? In what place? Where were the people now assembled?

SUBJECT: THE PROMISED REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.

1. **REJECTED OF MEN (vs. 12-15, 17).**—What did Peter see? How had the people looked on him and John? To whom did they draw the attention of the people? Was this unselfish? How had they treated Jesus? What two contrasts are here noticed? Why is Jesus called the *Holy One*? Why the *Prince of Life*? What excuse did Peter make for them? How does Paul make the same excuse for his conduct? (1 Tim. 1: 13.) In what sense were they ignorant of what they did? Why can sins of ignorance be forgiven more easily than wilful sins? Do most men now know what they do when they reject Christ?

2. **GLORIFIED BY GOD (vs. 13, 15-18).**—How did God glorify his Son? How was raising him from the dead glorifying him? How did the wonders done in his name glorify him? Did these wonders prove that Jesus was raised from the dead, and was now living? How are all true Christians witnesses of this? By whose faith was the lame man healed? Was God disappointed in any of his plans? (v. 18.) Why was it needful that Christ should suffer? Did this fact excuse those who crucified him?

3. **THE RESTORER OF THE WORLD (vs. 19-21).**—What two duties did Peter entreat them to do? What is it to repent? What is to be converted? What two results would follow? What is it for our sins to be blotted out? Who only can blot them out? What is referred to by *times of refreshing*? How would being converted bring them? How may all this be called a restoring of the soul? How does each soul restored help bring on the times when the whole world shall be restored? What is referred to by his sending Jesus Christ? (John 14: 16. Matt 28: 20. Acts 1: 11.) Where is Christ in the meantime? What is meant by the *restitution of all things*? Where had this been foretold by the prophets? (Deut. 18: 15, 18, 19. Joel 3: 17, 18. Isaiah 60: 13; 62: 4, etc.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The true teacher calls attention not to self, but to Christ.
2. The true teacher speaks plainly to the conscience.
3. The true teacher is loving and makes all possible excuses for others.
4. Sins of wilfulness are more hopeless than sins of ignorance.
5. The first duty of all is to repent and be converted.
6. The two fruits of repentance: (1) forgiveness, (2) spiritual refreshing and joy.
7. Jesus is the restorer of the soul and the world.

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

1. After seeing the lame man healed, where did the people go? *Ans.* Into Solomon's porch. 2. What was done there? *Ans.* Peter preached Jesus Christ to them. 3. What kind of a sermon was it? *Ans.* It was pointed, kind, earnest, touching the conscience, and influencing the will. 4. What did he entreat them to do? *Ans.* Repent and be converted. 5. What did he promise would follow? *Ans.* Forgiveness and times of refreshing.

The Country Boy.

HAPPY the boy who spends his boyish days in some steady-going, high-toned country neighbourhood, where instead of pavements and saloons, there are squirrels and blue-jays, partridges and trout, green pastures and breezy barns, twittering swallows, chestnuts, and shagbarks, and all the glories of wood and meadow, ponds and brooks. There is a freshness and sweetness thus imparted which will lend tone and fragrance to the latest days of life. —*Springfield Republican.*