

WELCOME AND TO SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
be done by
Do unto
You.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1888.

[No. 8.

Footprints of Bunyan.

BY THE EDITOR.

To the present writer the remotest memory in traversing the beautiful country of Bedfordshire was that of John Bunyan. Many places were passed hallowed by the footprints of the immortal dreamer—Finchley Common, where he spoke bold words on behalf of religious freedom; Dallow Farm, in a spot of which he took refuge when pursued because of the truths he had spoken; the village of Elstow, in which he was born, and where, in his reckless youth, he led a dissolute life. Elstow Church, a venerable pile, the notes of whose bells had often been wafted on the air as he pulled the ropes, and then Bedford, where he was imprisoned, and within the walls of the old gaol wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress to the Celestial City*. Strange spell of genius, which makes the name of the Bedford tinker a household word in every land. No writer



ELSTOW CHURCH.

of the English tongue has won so world-wide a fame, and no book has been printed in so many editions and translated into so many foreign languages. Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, and was brought up,

like his father before him, "a mender of pots and kettles, vulgarly called a tinker." He lived in the most stormy period of English history—the turbulent reign of the first Charles—with the long intestine war and its memor-

able battles of Edgehill, Naseby, and Marston Moor. "Like many of the Lord's heroes," says Dr. Punshon, "he was of obscure parentage, and, not improbably, of gipsy blood. His youth was spent in excess of riot. He was an adept and teacher in evil. In his seventeenth year we find him in the army—'an army where wickedness abounded.' The description best answers certainly to Rupert's roystering dragoons."

In his twentieth year he married a wife "whose father was counted godly." "We came together as poor as poor could be," he writes, "not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon between us." He went with his wife to church twice a day, "yet retaining," he writes, "his wicked life." One Sunday afternoon, while playing ball on Elstow Green, "a voice," he says, "did suddenly dart from

heaven into my soul, which said, 'wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' Conscience keenly upbraided, but he hardened his heart against the voice of God. "I can but be damned," he said to himself, "and I had as good be damned for many sins as for few," and he plunged again into excess of riot. One day, as he was swearing recklessly, "a woman of the place," he records, "herself a loose and ungodly wretch, protested that I swore and cursed at such a rate that she trembled to hear me." This reproof, like an arrow, pierced his soul, and he struggled against and overcame this wicked habit.

In the quaint old church of Elstow is still shown the carved seat in which Bunyan sat. The



OLD NORMAN DOOR, ELSTOW CHURCH.



BEDFORD PRISON.

In the door is a wicket, which may have suggested the wicket-gate of the allegory.

One day Bunyan overheard "three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking of the things of God." Their pious talk sank into his soul, "shaking it as if his breast-bone were split asunder."

A godly "Master Gifford," who in his youth, had been a reckless Royalist trooper, was the pastor of a little Baptist flock in Bedford. He was the "Evangelist" of Bunyan's dream, who first pointed the immortal dreamer to the wicket-gate of mercy. Bunyan joined his Church, and was formally baptized in the River Ouse, near Bedford Bridge. Soon he began to preach in burning words the great salvation he had experienced. The word was attended with power and with converting grace. In 1660 he was indicted under the wicked laws of the time "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles, and as devilishly and pertinaciously obstaining from coming to church." But preach he must and would. He was, therefore, condemned to prison for three months, when, if he left not his preaching, he was to be banished from the realm, or if found therein, "you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly," quoth the judge. "If out of prison, to-day," replied the hero soul, "by God's help I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow." And not for three months, but for twelve long years he languished in that prison, whose horrors, a hundred years later, roused the soul of Howard to the task of reforming the prisons of Europe. His own words are:—"So, being delivered up to the jailor's hand, I was had home to prison."

"Home to prison," exclaims his eloquent eulogist, Dr. Punshon. "Home to prison! And wherefore not? Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy over subject hearts, then every essential of home was to be found, 'except these bonds,' in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the day-time, is the heroic wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with womanly tenderness, and sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril, blind, and therefore best beloved. There, on the table, is the Bible, revealing its secret source of strength. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or surly warder, there stands the Heavenly Comforter, and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

"And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship. The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible

on the table. A solitary lamp relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. 'He writes as if joy did make him write.' He has felt all the fulness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling, as he graves his own heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the Palace Beautiful, with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains—the light of Heaven is around him—the river is one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb—breezes of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair—from the summit of the Hill Clear he catches rarer splendours—the new Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon—the shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God—this is the land that is afar off, and THAT is the King in his beauty; until the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstasy of prayer and praise."

After twelve years, the unconquered soul was released, and he was permitted to preach as he chose. While fervent in spirit, the emancipated prisoner was diligent in business. As brazier, as preacher, as author, he laboured to maintain his household.

As a preacher, his rugged eloquence attracted multitudes of hearers. His biographer records that he had seen twelve hundred persons assembled at seven o'clock on a winter's morning to hear him preach, and in London three thousand persons packed the chapel in which he ministered. For sixteen years he continued to write and preach. At length, while engaged in an errand of mercy, he was caught in a storm, drenched to the skin, was seized with fever, and in ten days died, August 31, 1688. His ashes lie in the famous Bunhill Fields, just opposite City Road Chapel and the tomb of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism. Near by are the graves of Isaac Watts and of Daniel Defoe, the two writers who, with himself, are most widely read of all who have used the English tongue. But his own fame throughout the world surpasses that of any other writer of the race. In over a hundred foreign lands his immortal

allegory is read in almost as many different languages. In the British Museum are 721 different works, of which the humble Bedford tinker and his writings are the subject. During his life eleven different editions of the Pilgrim's Progress appeared, and since his death, editions innumerable. It has been published in editions on which all the resources of art have been lavished, and in editions for one penny, that the poor may follow the pilgrim's pathway to heaven. It has even been translated into Chinese, and the quaint Chinese art has presented in strange garb the familiar characters of the burdened pilgrim and the Interpreter's House.

Unattractive Girls.

Oh, I wish I were pretty and attractive! I can't bear to be so plain! I never attract people as Elsie and Anna and the other girls do!"

The speaker was my neighbour, Nancy. Perhaps if I tell you what I said to her as her head lay in my lap, it may help you, if you are not among the beautiful ones of the earth.

"Suppose, dear, we face this disagreeable truth—you are neither pretty nor accomplished, nor yet even 'attractive.' You wince a little; yet consider a moment. You are not without friends; you have a good mind, good sight, you can walk with ease, and can accomplish any ordinary household duty. Now there is a constant demand for just the kind of woman you may—if you choose—become. Children take to you and you to them. You can minister to the sick, visit the poor, succour the outcast and needy, quite as acceptably as if your face were beautiful. You can easily attract the sorrowing, the sick, or poor."

A lovely woman of forty said to me the other day: "If girls only knew the rest of accepting the inevitable, they would just give up trying to be attractive, and would determine to be helpful and useful instead. Some girls ripen late, and an unattractive girl may become a lovely woman at thirty. It is the fruit that ripens latest that is the sweetest. I used to fret about my plain face at eighteen, but when I set to work to make every one about me just a wee bit more comfortable or happy because of me, I soon had no time to think of my looks."

I suddenly remembered how, on first meeting this friend years ago, I really pitied her for her exceeding plainness. But her face soon became beautiful to me. She numbers her friends by the score; while her sister, whose face is like my friend's, with that subtle difference which changes utter plainness into prettiness—what a hindrance that prettiness has proved! She is simply a pretty, petted woman. No one turns to her for sympathy or help or counsel.

We know that God says, "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain," yet

we do not believe him if we long for favour and beauty.

If some plain, "ordinary" girl, who reads this talk, would but aim to be a "woman that feareth the Lord," she would find life full of interest, and his Word promises her "praise,"—*Congregationalist.*

The Bells of Memory when we are Old.

WHAT if it should be told a young person that, through life, every time he did a good deed the memory of it would come to him like the sound of a sweet-toned bell? When he is old, what a beautiful chorus will echo in his ears!

We know how fascinating is the sound of distant bells. Your home may be on a hill-top. In the early summer morning, when the windows are up, you love to listen to the echoes of the striking church clocks, or the distant bells of labour calling people to their duties. How mellow the rich notes, stealing over the dewy gardens and under the shining skies!

Tuneful are memory's notes echoing in the ears of old age from distant days. The far-off church-bells when they said on Sunday, "Come to worship," and were obeyed alike in storm and sunshine; when they called to some restful week-night gathering, where you heard the voices of brethren and sisters in Christ; when they summoned to some crusade for temperance or missions, in which you were a faithful knight of God, will make rare music as thus remembered. Storm and sacrifice will be forgotten, and only the happy, tuneful memory stay.

Contrast this with an old age following a life selfish, forgetful of God, and reckless toward men. One who had a retentive memory said that sometimes it was a source of misery to him, for he was obliged to remember the disagreeable things. Make to-day's life a source of happy welcomed memories for to-morrow. Let every hour, with its good deed, rise up like a tower, in which shall swing a musical bell. What an old age you will have by and by.

It may be likened to an aged pilgrim in a hushed, little "God's acre." His hair is white. Near him is the grave sacred to the memory of wife or child, brother or sister. Around him are the beautiful flowers of summer, in which he finds God's handiwork. Not far away is his peaceful, prayerful home; while in the distance winds a clear stream, pure and shining as his past life. Out of that life come what memories, like the soft ringing of far-off bells! And hark! he hears an other chorus—even the voices of his beloved in the heavenly home soon to welcome him.

For such an old age, in whose ears echo the sweet memories of earth and the anticipated harmonies of heaven, may we all prepare ourselves!

Grandfather's Sunday Coat.

There was to be a special half-holiday at the Luxminster National School.

One of the old boys had gained a London scholarship, and, in writing to tell the master of his success, he had not forgotten to ask for a half-holiday for the school children, some of whom were his former associates. The favour was granted, and the boys and girls were in high glee as they talked of how they should spend their holiday. Lessons in the morning would be easy enough with the prospect of play in the afternoon—and especially as, in consequence of the frost, they would many of them be able to amuse themselves on the ice, and how quickly the hours would pass away!

While the school children were thus revelling in the anticipation of pleasure, and were making endless plans for enjoying their extra holiday to the full, one little girl was sad and silent.

"What is the matter with Margery?" asked the children, "and why doesn't she play and laugh like we do? Praps she's to be 'kept in' to-day, because she didn't know her lessons."

But when they asked the little girl she shook her head. She never was "kept in," she said, for she loved her lessons, and learned them well. Still, even little Margery liked a holiday sometimes; and the children, unable to "make her out," left her alone, and ran on before her to school in a state of the greatest excitement.

Little Margery, usually bright and happy, looked very sorrowful this morning, for there was trouble in her home, and she did not know how to meet it. By-and-bye, as she walked slowly along, heeding not the shouts of school-fellows in front, she thought an angel seemed to speak to her, for a voice within breathed words of comfort and suggestion which brought back some of the sunshine to her little face. But now the school-house was reached, and the child knew that she must give her mind for a time to books, so the bright thoughts which she felt sure had been whispered by an angel were put aside, and the little head—

"Sunning over with curls"—

was bent over the work which had been given her to do.

"Oh, what can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven?"

This was what she had to sing this morning, and the words sank deeply into her heart.

The child had not a happy home. Drink, the curse of the land, was the destroyer of happiness in the Mainsworth's household, and young as little Margery was she had already learned "How exceedingly strong is wine! It causeth all men to err that drink it."

It was not for herself that little Margery cared so much, and not only for her father and mother—though

for them both it was sad enough; it was chiefly for her grandfather—

"An old man,
Gray and white and dove-like,"

who lived with them, and who, in little Margery's eyes, was most hardly dealt with by her father's drinking habits.

The poor old man, whose age, thought the little girl, entitled him to special respect, had to part with his best and only coat every Monday morning, in order to raise half-a-crown for the week's rent.

It was Margery's business to take the old man's coat to the pawnshop before she went to school on Monday, and to fetch it back on Saturday for him to wear on Sunday at church. No matter how cold the weather—no matter how ailing the old man—that coat must go, and the owner must do without it.

Now, though the patient grandfather had never said a word to Margery, the little girl knew instinctively that this was a bitter grief to the old man. The child mentioned it to her mother, a woman to whom suffering and privation came as second nature, and she gave Margery no sympathy.

"He's gettin' on to second childhood by this time, an' hardly notices his coat's gone," she said. "Don't you worry yourself about him—he's right enough."

But Margery knew differently. She watched the poor old man take the coat out of his drawer every Monday morning, and saw that he smoothed the velvet collar lovingly, as though parting with an old friend. It was his last relic of the better days which the old man still remembered, and he never sent the coat away without the fear that he might never see it again, for he felt that he was nearing "the border land."

Little Margery knew all this, and it troubled her little heart more than anyone could tell. This morning, however, the trouble was deepened, and that was why the extra holiday had not brought any gladness into the child's life.

It was Monday again, and the same unwelcome task had been performed. But to-day the old man had parted with his coat more unwillingly than ever. "Praps I'll not live to see thee again," he muttered, half aloud; "but we've been good friends, an' we've gone through much together." Then a tear dropped on the old coat, and the grandfather seemed suddenly to recollect the presence of the little girl. "Here, my dear," he said, giving the parcel into her hands; "you never forget to come for it, do you?" There was a shade of reproof in the old man's tone, and it grieved the child sadly; but she said nothing, not being wont to excuse herself, as is the habit with some children. And then she went away with a heavy heart.

"Was grandfather going to die?" she asked herself, and the tears came

quickly to her eyes. She did not know what to do. She could not help the old man, however eager to do so. Kneeling by the side of her little bed, she said, "Our Father," for a charm, and then went out upon her distasteful errand; after which she started for school. On the way there, as we have seen, she thought an angel spoke to her; and as soon as ever lessons were over, she started off for the shop of a Mrs. Coxwain, eating her dinner as she ran.

Now, Mrs. Coxwain kept a little shop not far from the school-house, and sold almost everything the neighbours could want—from pins to paraffin oil. Margery knew that she was in want of a boy. "If only I could help her, and get enough money to keep grandfather's coat at home in Christmas week, I should be so happy," she said; and then, maybe, I'd be doing the work we sang of this morning—

"To please the King of Heaven."

The thought was inspiring, and gave elasticity to the child's step. The burden of her heart had been—

"Would I could do something for his sake—
Something to cure his sorrow and pain."

And now there was a prospect of the wish being fulfilled.

Arrived at Mrs. Coxwain's shop, the little girl preferred her request, and whether because the woman was naturally kind-hearted, or whether she was not able to resist the sweet, childish face, or the eager tones of the little maiden's voice, never transpired, but she took the child on trial that very moment, and Margery's half-holiday was given up to carrying a heavy basket from house to house, and helping Mrs. Coxwain to pile up the bundles of wood in the shop.

"You're worth a dozen lads, my dear," exclaimed the woman, when the work was finished, "and you may come to me from twelve to two every day, besides your half-holiday, and maybe I'll have no more need for a lad, for you do double the work in half the time."

At this meed of praise Margery blushed deeply, and instead of taking advantage and relaxing her efforts, as some people do when they are commended, she worked with extra care until the task was finished. With aching arms, but a light heart, the child returned home that evening, and no wonder that she should fall asleep over her story book, as she sat in her accustomed place in the chimney-corner. Indeed, she never opened her eyes when her drunken father entered the house, so that, for one evening at least, she was spared the humiliating sight to which she was, alas! now almost accustomed.

The weeks went quickly by, and Christmas drew near; and all this time Margery had faithfully kept her secret. The 25th fell on a Wednesday, and it was the child's plan to have the money ready on the Monday

morning, when she was bidden to go to the pawnshop. But, somehow or other, her little full heart could not keep the surprise, and grandfather was told on the Sunday, as the two returned from church together. At first the old man could not understand her.

"I cannot credit it, my dear," he said softly, but when the light broke upon his clouded intellect, he blessed the little girl, and told her she was "a good little lass indeed, and though he could not reward her, he was sure that the consciousness of having done good would be enough."

And Margery was very happy, for never had she seen the old man look so satisfied and delighted.

Monday morning came.

"Now, Margery, look sharp, and take the coat," said her mother.

Then the child brought out her hardly-earned half-crown, and told the mother the story.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "Did anyone ever hear of such a child? An' what 'ull the father say? My word, he did ought to be ashamed of himself—but he's lost to shame by this time, I reckon."

Yet the wife was mistaken. Bruce Mainsworth was not likely to be cured of his terrible habit by the railing speeches of a woman; but the unselfish action of his little girl touched him, and though he couldn't promise to give up his beer altogether, he would undertake that the old man's coat should never see the inside of a pawnshop again. It should be his week-day coat now, and not one only for Sunday wear.

And so little Margery gained her victory. The old grandfather sleeps peacefully in the churchyard now, but his coat—the coat which, in the end, made her father a teetotaler, hangs up in the kitchen, to be the reminder of a sacred pledge for ever.—*Temperance Record.*

A Sure Remedy for Intemperance.

There is one perfectly safe remedy for intemperance, and that is total abstinence. There is no sure remedy except that. I have been a total abstainer from birth. I rejoice that I was early taught to abhor even moderate drinking, and that what I suppose to be sound principle as to temperance were inculcated upon me from the very outset of my preferences as a child. Let us bring our offspring up by our example rather than by our precept. Let us set in our households such a blazing light before our children that when they come into the temptations of great cities they shall be strong in advance of their period of trial. Let us put the school and the press on the right side. Let us make the Church a great pillar of fire, through which God can look in the morning watch and trouble the hosts of his enemies, and take off their chariot wheels.

Annie's Awa'.

There are wae hearts for Annie, but less
that she's gone
Than just that we never may see her again;
Fie the hame o' her childhood, kind neigh-
bours and a'
And the lead hearts that lo'd her, she's far,
far awa'.

Oh, Annie's awa'! kind Annie's awa'!
We'll no'er see anither like Annie awa'!

The tentless wee lammies now toyt o'er
the lea,

Wi' a wae some like face, and a pityfu' e'e;
Even Collie seems lost like, his back's to the
wa'.

They've a' lost a frien' in sweet Annie awa'.
Young Annie awa'; kind Annie awa';
We'll no'er see anither like Annie awa'!

The poor little birdies sae wunt to be gay.
Now sit 'mang the branches, a' saugless and
wae;

Nae mair their saft warblings are heard i'
the shaw;

Their wee hearts are bursting for Annie awa'.
Young Annie awa' etc.

Ah! life's blithest morning may darken ere
noon,

And the sun o' the simmer gang wearily
doon;

The fairest o' flow'rets be mantled in snaw;
O, Fortune deal kindly wi' Annie awa'!
Young Annie awa'; etc.

—John Massie.

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1888.

Temperance in Sunday-Schools.

If we are ever going to teach temperance effectually, we must begin with the young. Do all the boys and girls in our Sunday-schools become temperate men and women? How many young men, once in Sunday-school, refuse wine on all occasions? Let any teacher, not interested in teaching temperance, review the class record of ten or twenty years ago, and see if all the boys are now sober men. Our children know who burnt the houses of the great men in Jerusalem; do they know the facts concerning alcohol? They can tell the results of idolatry among the Jews; can they tell the effect of intemperance in their own town? "Cannot civilization put

a stop to this crime against humanity?" (shipping rum to heathen countries) is now the cry of Africa. "Whiskey is king here," is the report of our missionaries at the Far West. Why, then, not have temperance as well as missionary concerts? A teacher says she does not know how to teach temperance. Tell them what the Bible says, and take your boys and girls to the drunkard's home. Let the children see for themselves.

Do not let us wait for women to "put down intemperance by law," or content ourselves that scientific instruction is given in our public schools. If the work is ever done it must be by the Church and Sunday-school. There are at least 8,000,000 scholars and teachers in our Sunday-schools. What may not this great host do to crush the greatest curse on earth? The bitter, unceasing cry from suffering wives and children is heard round the world. Do we believe it? What will our Sunday-school teachers do about it?—*Golden Rule.*

Talmage, on School Teachers.

AMONG the queens whom I honour are the female day-school teachers of this land. I put upon their brow the coronet. They are the sisters and the daughters of our towns and cities, selected out of a vast number of applicants, because of their especial intellectual and moral endowments. There are in none of your homes women more worthy. These persons, some of them, come out from affluent homes, choosing teaching as a useful profession; others, finding that father is older than he used to be, and that his eyesight and strength are not as good as once, go to teaching to lighten his load.

It is hard for men to earn a living in this day, but it is harder for women—their health not so rugged, their arms not so strong, their opportunities fewer. These persons, after tremblingly going through the ordeal of an examination as to their qualifica-

tions to teach, half-bewildered step over the sill of the public-school to do two things—instruct the young and earn their own bread. Her work is wearing to the last degree. The management of forty or fifty fidgety and intractable children, the suppression of their vices and the development of their excellencies, the management of rewards and punishments, the sending of so many bars of soap and fine-tooth on benignant ministry, the breaking of so many wild colts for the harness of life, sends her home at night weak, neuralgic, unstrung, so that of all the weary people in your cities for five nights of the week, there are none more weary than the public-school teachers.

Now, for God's sake, give them a fair chance! Throw no obstacles in the way. If they come out ahead in the race, cheer them. If you want to smite any, smite the male teachers—they can take up the cudgels for themselves; but keep your hands off defenceless women. Father may be dead, but there are enough brothers left to demand and see that they get justice.

The longer I live the more I admire good womanhood. And I have come to form my opinion of the character of a man by his appreciation or non-appreciation of woman. If a man have a depressed idea of womanly character he is a bad man, and there is no exception to the rule.

A Japanese Bed.

WE present herewith an illustration of one of the queer customs of the Japanese. The Japanese bed is simply a thin mattress spread upon the floor, which, during the day, is rolled up and put away. The covering is a sort of bag in which the natives wrap themselves up. But the most curious thing of all is the pillow. It is simply a block of wood, on the upper side of which is a small cushion covered with several thicknesses of soft thin paper. As one of these gets soiled it can be torn off and a clean one be exposed

beneath. It is the most uncomfortable looking pillow we ever saw. One would think the sleeper would dislocate his neck. The object in the foreground is a lamp. The light is protected from the wind by thin oiled paper which lets almost all the light through. To the right is shown the paper screen which forms the wall of most Japanese houses. During the day these slide to one side and the whole house is exposed to the passers by.

Billy Bray and the "Friend."

THE eccentric Cornish preacher was on one occasion met by a member of the Society of Friends.

"Mr. Bray," said the kind-hearted Quaker, "I have observed thy unselfish life, and feel much interested in thee, and I believe the Lord would have me help thee; so if thou wilt call at my house, I have a suit of clothes to which thou art very welcome, if they will fit thee."

"Thank'ee," said Billy, "I will call. These need have no doubt that the clothes will fit. If the Lord told thee that they were for me, they're sure to fit; for he knows my size exactly."

Billy was a constant visitor amongst the sick and dying. On one occasion, he was sitting by the bedside of a Christian brother who had always been very reticent, and afraid joyously to confess his faith in Christ. Now, however, he was filled with gladness. Turning to Billy, whose beaming face and sunny words had done much to produce this joy, he said:

"Oh, Mr. Bray, I'm so happy that, if I had the power, I'd shout Glory!"

"Na, mon," said Billy, "what a pity it was thee didn't shout Glory when thee hadst the power."

If you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.



A JAPANESE BED.



THE LATE JAMES BARLOW.

The Story of the Children's Home.

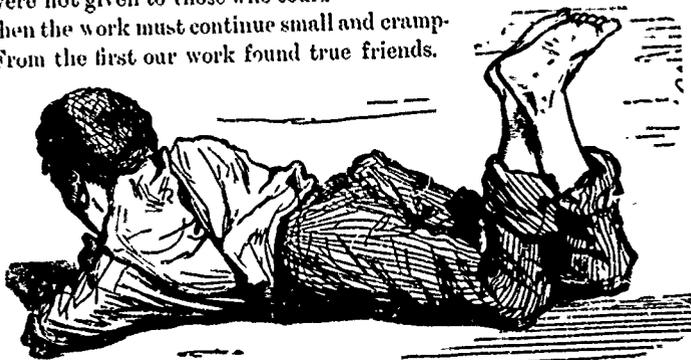
BY REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D.

VI.

I HAVE occupied more space than, perhaps, fairly belongs to it, in describing the Home in London. But, in fact, the principles of our work are the same at all the Branches; and it is, perhaps, most easy and most appropriate to set them forth in connection with that one of our institutions which is the mother of all the rest.

Happily, though our work commenced in London, it did not stop there. I doubt if it could ever have become so influential and so variously useful if its entire development had taken place from one root. On the contrary, it had not only life in it, but that life showed itself after the mode of those trees whose branches become roots in their turn, and so establish with the earth new connections of vitality and power.

Of course, the question of extension resolved itself in one of means. If money were forthcoming, the work could advance; if the spirit of liberality were not given to those who could help, then the work must continue small and cramped. From the first our work found true friends.



STREET ARAB.

The gift of the Wheatsheaf Farm, by Mr. James Barlow, was the point from which we date the permanent enlargement and established position of our enterprise. From the moment at which a respected merchant "took stock" in the enterprise, by the gift of one hundred acres of land, and five thousand pounds in cash, people began to think that this was not a small thing—not the toy of a little coterie of well-meaning people, but a serious and important work. The moral effect of that gift, not less than its money value, will always entitle the generous donor to be considered one of the founders, as he has proved one of the truest friends, of our enterprise.

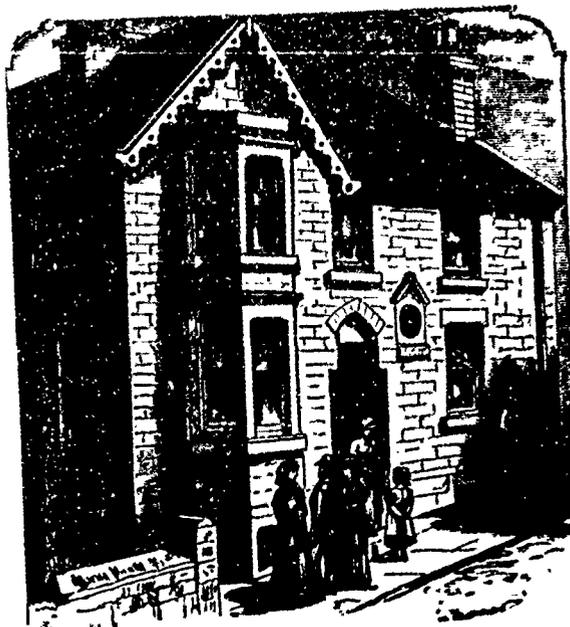
The farm is to be found on the

breezy uplands, some seven miles from Bolton-le-Moors. When it came into our possession, one square and massive house stood alone upon it. It was a notorious public house, in which gambling and nameless debaucheries had been practised, and in reference to whose history dark tales were whispered beside the fires of the lonely farm-houses round about. It ceased to be a public-house as soon as Mr. Barlow bought it, and, in declining to continue the license, one good service at any rate was done to the neighbourhood.

But much more had yet to be done—a new purpose must claim the place—and many alterations, corresponding to its new purpose, must be made. One initial difficulty, however, presented itself. Who should take charge

of this new Branch? It was two hundred miles from London. Though he might retain the chief direction of its affairs, the Principal could not actually and personally govern it; and there was needed one who was in full sympathy with the work, who would be thoroughly loyal to the institution as a whole, and who could be trusted with a large measure of personal authority and considerable liberty of action. Here, happily, Providence gave us the right person.

When, with the first colony of boys, our friends took possession of the old public house, the aspect of things was very different from that which the farm now presents. Then, the square gray house and the still less comely barn were the only buildings on the site. Alterations—



GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

internal and external, with the addition of wings right and left—have completely altered the appearance of the old Wheatsheaf; so that if the spirits of the revellers of former years ever revisit the scenes of former exploits, they must surely stare with their ghostly eyes in astonishment at the change, and must be puzzled to find their way about the building they formerly knew so well. In fact, that main building is very like the Irishman's knife, which had new blades and a new handle, but was the old knife still.

The central building now consists of Wheatsheaf House—so called in memory of its former estate; of Bolton House, which commemorates the generous gift of friends in that good town; of Woodville, a gift from South Africa; and of a wing situated on the extreme right, and which cannot be brought into the field of our illustration, but which commemorates the liberality of friends in South Australia during my recent visit to that colony.

The central building, however, forms only a small part of the hamlet, or, I might almost call it, village, which constitutes the Lancashire Children's



OLD WHEATSHEAF.



SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Home. There are, of course, extensive farm buildings. Our farm-work is of a comparatively simple character. A good deal of market gardening is accomplished by taking advantage of plots naturally or artificially sheltered; but mainly the farm is grass land, which supports a fine herd of cattle. There is, however, a vast amount of work, in which the lads can be usefully employed; and our ten years' experience amply proves that, for lads of a roving temperament, and for others suffering from bodily ailments, there are few, if any, employments so healthful, physically and morally, as the ancient, venerable, and aristocratic occupation of "tilling the ground." Earth is a great deodorizer: contact with it often helps moral purification. Indeed, there are some lads whose case nothing will meet but hard work in the open air. In some of them the gypsy blood has mingled its incurable restlessness with the slower and stronger Saxon stream. In others habit, that second nature, has become tyrannous in them, that every muscle of their little bodies as well as every instinct of their unbridled minds, will revolt against any mode of life in which there is not plenty of play for hands and feet. Nothing but a stone cell or a pair of leg-irons would retain a lad who has been, in every bad sense, his own master from the day on which he began to run alone! One of the first of the few failures which we have had to regret in our work illustrates this statement.

We found a lad who was notorious in his neighbourhood as "The Lord Mayor of Chequer Alley." He was a typical street arab. Perfectly independent of all the rest of the world; ready to lie about on a sunny day, as regardless of time as any cat or dog, until hunger caused him to seek the wherewithal to satisfy its pangs. He was, nevertheless, a lad of sweet disposition—docile and affectionate. He was received into our first little cottage, the only playground of which was less than many a moderate dining-room. And we had no work such as would satisfy and exhaust the lad's restless physical energies. Three several times he stayed with us some five or six weeks; and then came the irresistible yearning for the open air, and the long wanderings, and the company of four-footed creatures. And so he would disappear suddenly; and be found at Smithfield, or assisting a drover with his herd of cattle to or from the market. We could not manage him for lack of space. We could not tire him by any work that we could give him; and after several attempts, there was nothing for it but to let him follow his longing instinct. I have always been of opinion that if we had then possessed our Farm Branch—as we happily do now—and could have sent him thither; employed him in the care of cattle, and found him work which would have thoroughly tired his elastic limbs, we should

have succeeded in redeeming him from his roving propensities, and made of him an intelligent and respectable man.

This illustrates, by the way, another important principle in the training of children. Human nature may be trained, but it cannot be crushed. Set a weight upon a young tree and you may distort it, but you cannot force it to take the shape you desire; and if you could, the old Dutch gardening proves that you would not get beauty, but a grotesque caricature. So, if you try to force all children through the same mill of mechanical routine, you may crush them, but you will benefit very few. In all *child-training* that is worth the name, there must be careful study of each child, for no two children in the world were ever just alike: and you must adapt your arrangements to meet individual tastes and capacities.

(To be continued.)

The Saloon Must Go.

A shout resounds from plain to sea
Of purpose strong
To crush the wrong
That blights our land
From peak to strand;
And mountains east and west agree—
The saloon must go
With its world of woe.

The land with this song is ringing,
The angels on high are singing,
And we our decree are bringing—
Whether high or low,
Either swift or slow,
The saloon must go;
We will vote it so.

Both childhood's cry and woman's wail
So plaintive plead
Against the greed
Of those who sell
The drinks of hell;
They must be heard, and shall prevail.
The saloon must go
With its world of woe.

The land with this song is ringing,
The angels on high are singing,
And we our decree are bringing—
Whether high or low,
Either swift or slow,
The saloon must go;
We will vote it so.

The people hold their ample right
To shield the weak,
And virtue speak
To stay the flow
Of crime and woe
By laws that bind the good to might.
The saloon must go
With its world of woe.

The land with this song is ringing,
The angels on high are singing,
And we our decree are bringing—
Whether high or low,
Either swift or slow,
The saloon must go;
We will vote it so.

Seal fast the fount, in front and rear,
Of shameful stain
And peerless pain,
And tell it out
With joyous shout,
This demon's doom is sure and near.
The saloon must go
With its world of woe.

The land with this song is ringing,
The angels on high are singing,
And we our decree are bringing—
Whether high or low,
Either swift or slow,

The saloon must go;
We will vote it so.

Enough the past of shame and pain,
The future claims
That lawful pains
Come not from marts
Of broken hearts
And spurns the wealth with crimson stain,
The saloon must go
With its world of woe.
The land with this song is ringing,
The angels on high are singing,
And we our decree are bringing—
Whether high or low,
Either swift or slow,
The saloon must go;
We will vote it so.

—*Temperance Recrd.*

"The Weed."

BY JUNIATA STAFFORD.

Now that our attention is directed to our Saviour's parable of The Tares, it seems to be an appropriate time to learn something about weeds in general and about one weed in particular.

First of all, let us turn to Webster's Dictionary, in order to see exactly what a weed is. We find, "Any plant that is useless or troublesome." Also, "Whatever is unprofitable or troublesome."

This puts weeds under two heads: "Useless" and "unprofitable," and both "troublesome."

What do weeds do? Ask the farmer, as he stands out in his field on a hot summer's day. Ask your mother, as she bends over her little garden every time she has a few moments to spare. Look along the country roadsides that are left to take care of themselves.

Weeds grow strongly and quickly; and the worst thing they do is to kill or injure the weaker, better things that grow near them. Corn and wheat, potatoes, cabbage, and all other good table vegetables, as well as all our flowering garden plants, die, or amount to almost nothing, if the weeds that spring up with them are allowed to grow undisturbed.

Some weeds have been found useful for a few things. That is well; but, if left to grow undisturbed, they are still troublesome.

Cultivation, improvement by tillage, has done a good deal for some weeds. The potato used to be called a weed; but we do not call it so now, because, by much care and attention, it has become useful, profitable, and far from troublesome to man.

I think the tomato was once called a weed also. You can see why it is no longer. Perhaps some of you can remember, or find out, about other plants that have lost the odious title.

But there is one weed that has been cultivated for years in many parts of the world, and it ought still to be regarded as nothing but a weed. Looking a little further along in my dictionary, I find, standing all alone, as a definition, "Tobacco."

Listening carefully, as I move about the world, I hear it called "the weed." You always know what is meant when anyone says "the weed."

Is it useful? Some people would say so; but the civilized world got on very well without it before America was discovered.

Is it profitable? That depends upon what you mean by profitable. If money is your one profit, it is.

My dictionary helps me again: "Profit is benefit, service, improvement." Tobacco gives none of these. It is in every sense a weed. Nothing else will grow well where it grows. It very speedily makes the soil poor by exhausting its fertility. No amount of cultivation will, therefore, prevent its harming other growing things, and the growing things that it harms the most are human beings. It stunts growth, both of body and mind, it puts to sleep nerves that should be wide awake - little feeders all over our bodies that should be taking up nourishment and making the body grow strong and large. It puts to sleep little tendrils of the brain and mind that should be reaching out to lay hold of good support.

Is tobacco not, then, a weed? Is it not useless and troublesome and unprofitable? Is it not very harmful? Are people not right in calling it the weed?

The New Phonograph.

About ten years ago when Mr. Edison invented this wonderful instrument, it was regarded simply as a scientific toy, which, while it was the proof of a great fact—that sound can be recorded—was nevertheless of no practical value. But now its inventor has perfected it and it bids fair to become of as great utility in the business world as the telephone or typewriter. For the benefit of those who may not have seen the phonograph as now improved, it might be well to describe it. A cylinder, much like that of the type-writer, covered with hardened wax, is caused to revolve by means of a small electric motor. As it revolves, a diaphragm to which a needle is affixed vibrates in unison with the sound-waves, and the needle indents the wax in a manner corresponding to the intensity of the sound. If now the cylinder be revolved again, the needle following in the previously made track, the diaphragm will vibrate in precisely the same manner as before, and the same sounds will be the result. By using a differently shaped needle for reproducing the sound, the wax phonogram is not injured and the process of reproduction may be repeated an indefinite number of times. The phonogram is made in different sizes, and may be enclosed in a case for mailing. Thus, letters may be sent, in whose reading the original emphasis and tone of voice will be retained. The voices of noted preachers and singers can be put on record, and in short, every sound, every tone of the human voice, can be recorded and preserved.

The only source of help is in God

The Drover's Story.

It is not much of a tale to hear :
I went one day with a herd to town,
The finest lot I ever drove down,
But wild and shy as so many deer.
It took us full ten hours or more
In bringing them safe to the buyer's gate,
And after that, although it was late,
I had to go to the village store ;

For Polly had prattled, the little sprite,
Of a "hoofed doll" from morn till eve,
And but for making her sweet eyes grieve
I shouldn't have started home that night,
I know 'twas only a childish toy ;
But though the skies were as black as ink
And Jowls would have had me stay to drink,
Said I to Rowland, "Trot on, my boy."

We'd left the town scarce a mile behind,
With nno long miles stretching on before,
When the rain in torrents began to pour.
The pelting flood made us almost blind,
But on we plodded, Roland and I,
Till all of a sudden, where the road lay
Right through the wildest part of the way
I heard in the woods a low, faint cry.

I called, and again the same sound came.
Perhaps, I thought, while my blood ran
Cold,
Some one has heard that I carry gold,
And this is all a part of the game.
But I caught again that sobbing moan,
The cry, it seemed, of a little child,
Perishing there in the forest wild,
And down I sprang from my trusty roan.

The dreary search for a time was vain,
But, huddled close to the sodden ground
A poor little wail at last I found,
Shaking with cold and drenched with rain.
Then quick good Roland came at my call,
And started off with a knowing neigh,
Eager as I to be on the way,
I for the home, and he for the stall.

The wind and rain to a tempest grew,
But the child for an hour safe on my breast
Had slept like a bird that's found its nest,
When the cabin came at last in view.
But while on the latch I stayed my hand,
I saw with a sudden thrill of fear
The settlers gathered from far and near,
It struck me dumb and my strength un-
manned.

"What is it, neighbours? Tell me!" I pray.
"Nay, now," said one, "God grant it is
past!
What's that in your arms you're holding
fast?"
Her words went through my heart like a
blade.
"Take it," I gasped, my head in a whirl.
When, with a cry that rang through the
house,
My wife tore open my dripping blouse,
And lo, 'twas Polly, our own wee girl!

It is not much of a tale to tell,
But it might have ended in a way
That would have left meshattered and gray
And made the rest of my life a hell.
What if I'd been cowed that night!
Or what if I'd stopped with Jowls to drink!
It set me wild when I chanced to think
What might have shown in the morning light.

Thank God, I was spared that bitter cup.
Each day of my life I bless his name
That I was saved that sorrow and shame.
What's that you asked? She lived to grow
up?
Aye, thank the Lord, she's sixteen to-day,
That's Polly now, that girl over there
With the big brown eyes and braided hair,
A girl worth saving, I think you'll say.
—Mary B. Sleight.

The White Cross.

THE White Cross movement has not, in Canada at least, received the amount of attention which it deserves, and which will, no doubt, be given to it. It is not more than three or four years since it was commenced, and it is being pressed forward with a great amount of zeal and energy. It owes its origin, in a great measure, to Dr. Lightfoot, the learned and well-known Bishop of Durham. The central thought in the movement is, that if one woman ought to be pure, all women ought to be so; and that if all women ought to be pure, then all men must be.

The White Cross movement makes its appeal to all that is chivalrous and honourable in man's nature, and asks him, by all the memories of a mother's love, and all the zeal he has for a sister's or a daughter's honour, to keep himself pure. The White Cross obligations are the following:—

I promise, with God's help,

1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavour to protect them from wrong and degradation.

2. To endeavour to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.

3. To maintain the laws of purity as equally binding on men and women.

4. To endeavour to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers.

5. To use every possible means to fulfil the command, *Keep thyself pure.*

Some have objected to the whole movement on the plea that it is in danger of doing more harm than good, by suggesting rather than repressing impure thoughts, and by familiarizing the mind with the very things which it proposes to guard. But surely, when one carefully reads over the above promises, it will be difficult to see where the alleged danger comes in.

What is wanted then is, that men—and especially young men—should grow up with that chivalrous, high-hearted reverence for woman, which will lead them to treat her—wherever and in whatever circumstances they may meet her—as they would have all men treat their own sisters. No brother above the level of a brute could ever even think of his sister being dishonoured, or being even treated with dishonouring familiarity, without a quivering indignation that would be dangerous to the wrong-doer.

Well, every girl is somebody's sister and somebody's daughter. Let every man put himself in their place and see what he thinks of it.

The following extract, from a paper by the Bishop of Durham, will not be found too long:—

"Keep these three ideas ever in your remembrance: I am created in God's image; I am redeemed by Christ's blood; I am consecrated a temple of the Holy Ghost. These three ideas? Nay! rather these three facts—for as facts they must be realized and appropriated by you. So appropriated they must keep you straight.

Living in their light, you cannot commit the deeds of darkness.

"Soldiers of Christ, recruits of this White Cross army, what need you beyond your name to recall the service in which you are enlisted, and the obligations which you have incurred? Whiteness is the emblem of purity. Shall you not henceforth strive to make your lives white—white as the snow fresh fallen from heaven, untrodden yet by the sullyng foot of man? Believe it, young man, purity is the crown of manliness and the glory of youth. If you are not pure you cannot be manly, whatever worldlings may say. You cannot be manly, for manliness is chivalrous; manliness is high-minded and generous; manliness protects the weak. White robes are the vesture of the redeemed in heaven, the righteousness of the saints on earth.

"Have you retained your purity? Watch over it—cherish it—guard it jealously as God's most precious gift to you. Have you sullied your vesture? Despair not. Fight the good fight—struggle manfully. Wash your robes white in the blood of the Lamb. There is still a promise for such as you: 'He that overcometh the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life.' There are more lives darkened and destroyed by not giving heed to such advice, than there are even by drunkenness itself."—*Truth.*

A Chapter of Accidents.

BY BELLA V. CRISHOLM.

A YOUNG girl in one of our western schools, surrounded by her pupils, heard a rumbling noise, and, looking from a window, saw a dark, funnel-shaped cloud swiftly approaching. She understood its meaning; but though her heart almost stopped beating, she turned her white face to the children, who as yet were ignorant of danger, and said calmly, "Children, we have often talked of visiting the 'Hermit's Cave.' Let us take a little time and make that visit this morning. Fall into ranks, and march in double-quick to it now. I will bring up the rear with the little ones."

Before she was through speaking, the older scholars had taken the lead, and, without speaking, the mouth of the cave was gained just as the pillar of cloud came roaring across the prairie. The children began to scream as the air grew thick with dust and broken timbers; but a few quiet words from the young teacher induced them to enter the dark cave, where they remained in safety until the roaring and rumbling of the storm had ceased. When they ventured out into the sunshine nothing but a heap of stones and splintered timbers remained to show where the school-house had stood. Had the young teacher communicated her alarm to the children, a panic would have ensued, and the results would have been most disastrous.

A few years ago, in a school I attended, a young girl fainted and fell to the floor. In a moment the teacher had raised her to a sitting posture, and the frightened children crowded around her, wringing their hands and crying. In the midst of their confusion, a young miss of a dozen years came to the rescue by stretching the unconscious girl flat upon her back. "Mary has only fainted, and you must stand back and give her air." Instantly the circle that had formed about her widened, the windows and doors were thrown open, and the young commander, in a quick, calm manner, proceeded to remove all the compression about the chest of her patient. Applying ammonia to the nostrils of the prostrate girl, she waited patiently for signs of returning animation, and soon we had the satisfaction of knowing that Mary was quite herself again.

"Who taught you how to act so promptly, Sarah?" inquired the teacher, when her alarm had subsided.

"Long ago my little brother fell from the landing at the top of the stairs to the hall below, striking his head upon the banisters in the descent. Thinking him dead, the nurse picked him up and began tossing him about. Mother took him from her arms and laid him upon the floor, setting the door wide open to give him air. Soon he began to breathe regularly, and then mother told us that when people fainted, or were knocked senseless by blows about the head, they should be laid upon their backs, with their heads a little lower than their bodies."

As fainting is caused by the failure of the heart to supply the brain with blood, no one need be at a loss to understand the advantage gained by the prostrate condition; yet, in spite of this fact, people still continue to pile pillows under the heads of their fainting friends; while the child who has received a blow upon the head is jolted about roughly, or carried in an upright posture, as if blood could run up hill more easily than down.

A little girl of eight, who had been trained what to do in case of fire, was so unfortunate as to drop a match on her cotton apron. Almost immediately the blaze flashed up in her face. Without a cry or pause she threw herself face downward on the carpet, clapped her hands over her mouth and nose, closed her eyes, and rolled over and over on the thick woollen rug. Hearing the unusual noise, her father hurried upstairs in time to put out the smouldering fire. The child's apron was in ashes, the front of her dress badly scorched, but beyond a few slight burns on her hands, the brave girl was uninjured.

When questioned about her conduct, she said, "Mamma has told me, over and over, to lie down on the blaze and stop my mouth, so as not to swallow the smoke, should I catch fire. I knew I would be burned up if I started to run."—*Christian at War.*

If I Could Know.

"If I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
Were noticed by my Lord!
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The lesser pains of daily life—
The noise, the weariness, the strife—
What peace it would afford!

"I wonder if he really shares
In all these little human cares,
This mighty King of kings!
If he who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place,
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things!

"It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain,
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving thought of Deity.
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not loss, but richest gain.

"Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
That thou dost compass me about
With sympathy divine.
The Love for me once crucified
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30] LESSON V. [APRIL 29

THE TALENTS.

Matt. 25. 14-30. Memory verses, 20, 21

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

OUTLINE.

1. Faithful.
2. Slothful.

TIME, PLACE, RULES, CIRCUMSTANCES.—
The same as in last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*His own servants*—The slaves who composed his family. *His goods*—The general care of the estate was given them. *Five talents*—Or the largest portion of individual responsibility to one whom the owner knew he could trust. Talent is a term that is hard to express in English dollars and cents and does not need to be so expressed here. *Two talents*—"A smaller trust," etc. *Went and traded*—That is, took the proper care; developing and making increase as ought naturally to be made. It may mean plowing, planting, reaping, or any like way. *Dug and hid*—He made no effort to develop, or even to use, or even to watch over what was entrusted to him. *A hard man, reaping*—A master who would require without mercy a full equivalent for all he had given, and who would punish if he lost; so he was afraid, etc.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Faithful.

What is the subject of this lesson?
By what different illustrations have we had this subject set forth in our lesson?
Why should the Saviour so constantly recur to this theme?
What is the great danger which besets the soul in every relation of life?
What is meant by "delivered unto them his goods?"
For what does the gift of talents stand in the case of men to-day?
Are there any to whom God does not give opportunities?
Was the picture Christ made of life a true one?
What was the test to which these servants were at last subjected?
What was the result to those who had been faithful?

2. Slothful.

Which of the servants in the parable was slothful?
Is smallness of natural endowment any excuse for idleness?

What does the Lord expect of every one of us?

What was the principle upon which the man gave to his various servants?
Could the man with one talent have done like his fellow servants?
Why did the "lord of those servants" remain away a long time?
What two things made the conduct of the slothful servant wicked?
What was the punishment?
Does the parable hint that he was ever to have another opportunity to trade with his one talent?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Notice the extent of the trust here shown: "to every man."
Notice the meaning of the gift: "according to his ability."

That is, we are responsible for a trust, but it is not beyond our power to meet.
Notice the length of the trial: "after a long time." Our probation is ample. God gives us all the time we need.

Notice the reward for service; not rest from labour, but increase of care: "ruler over many things."

Notice the recompense for nothingness: strip him of every thing and cast him out. Here is not a hint of any future probation.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find out all the things that were done by the man about to travel into a far country.
2. Make in writing a comparison between this man's action and God's treatment of the world.
3. Give two reasons why it was wrong to do like the unprofitable servant.
4. Write out five characteristics of the two servants, who doubled their talents.
5. Compare this lesson with each of the two immediately preceding it.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what does Jesus here liken the kingdom of heaven? To a master and his servants. 2. How did the master show the trust in his servants? By giving them large trusts. 3. What circumstance governed him in making these trusts? The ability of each one. 4. When the master came to reckon, what did he find? Some faithful and one unfaithful. 5. How did he reward the faithful ones? By increasing their trusts. 6. What happened to the unfaithful one? He was stripped and banished. 7. What is the lesson and promise of this parable? "Be thou faithful," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The nature of rewards.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

23. What other proof is there that the Bible is inspired?
Its wonderful and heavenly power over the human heart.

Hebrews iv. 12, 13. For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

A.D. 30] LESSON VI. [MAY 6

THE JUDGMENT.

Matt. 25. 31-46. Memory verses, 37-40

GOLDEN TEXT.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal. Matt. 25. 46.

OUTLINE.

1. The Judge.
2. The Blessed.
3. The Cursed.

TIME, PLACE, RULES, CIRCUMSTANCES.—
The same as in the last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Son of man shall come*—The promise of the Saviour himself that he is to come to be the judge. *All the holy angels*—It is to be in the presence of all the angelic host. *All nations*—It is to embrace the whole world of every age. *Shall separate*—There can be no doubt that this meant that the righteous have one destiny and the wicked another. *Then shall the king*—A moment before, Son of man, now,

"King." Notice that Jesus here claims that he will be King. *Unto one of the least*—How easy Christ makes it to do a service to him.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Judge.

What great doctrine of the Church is assumed as a fact in this lesson?
How are we taught to regard the present attitude of Christ toward the world?
What does he himself say will be his attitude in the future?
How wide will be the extent of his judgment?
What will be the character of his judgment?
On what will the decisions of the Judge be based?
Is there any hint of appeal from the decisions of that day?
In the great Christian hymn of praise, the "Te Deum," what do we say that we believe concerning Christ?

2. The Blessed.

What is to be the portion of the blessed after judgment?
Who is to be the author of their blessedness?
What will be the ground upon which they are to be declared blessed?
What are some of the practical ways in which we can to-day do these various things for Christ?
What is the measure by which we are to be judged? ver. 40.
Is there any gift too small to receive its reward if given only for Christ?

3. The Cursed.

What is to be the portion of the cursed?
Who are to be the companions of the cursed?
What reason does Jesus give for the punishment put upon them?
Is their guilt before God positive or negative?
What is the great law here disclosed as to God's mode of judging?
Do you see any similarity in conduct between the cursed of this parable and the slothful servant of last lesson?
What is the meaning of the word everlasting, and of the world eternal?
Do you believe Christ spoke these words? What then must be the teaching?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Remember these words were uttered by Jesus: He said—

Judgment was coming.
Separation should be complete.
Reward should be to some.

Both reward and punishment should be everlasting.
How ought these truths to affect human life?

Here is the lesson—

I shall be judged.
I will not be asked what I have done.
I will be told by the Judge.
I may be rewarded.
I may be punished.
Which will it be?

How dangerous it is not to do!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who is to be the final Judge of man? "The Son of man in his glory." 2. Who are to be the subjects of his judgment? All the nations of the earth. 3. Into what two great classes will men be then divided? The blessed and the cursed. 4. What shall be the portion of the blessed? A kingdom prepared from eternity. 5. What shall be the end of the cursed? "These shall go away into everlasting punishment."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Judgment.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

24. How must we then esteem the Scriptures?

As the true word of God, the sure and sufficient rule of faith and practice.

25. If after prayerful study and inquiry we still find difficulties in the Bible, how must we deal with them?

We cannot expect to know all things while we live in this world, nor fully to understand all that has been made known.

1 Corinthians xiii. 10. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

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