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# HOME AND SCHOOL

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, JULY 31, 1886.

[No. 16.]

## The Crusaders.

BY THE EDITOR.

A GREAT and permanent impetus was given to civilization by that vast movement of the Middle Ages, whereby, in the words of the Byzantine Princess, Anna Comnena, all Europe was precipitated on Asia. These religious wars united the nations of the West in a grand political league long before any similar union could otherwise have taken place. They also greatly improved, or, indeed, almost created, the military organization of Europe, and inspired and fostered the spirit of chivalry in her populations. They led to the abolition of serfdom by the substitution of martial service instead of the abject vassalage to which the masses had been accustomed. By enforcing the so-called Truce of God they prevented the pernicious practice of private warfare, and turned the arms of Christendom against its common foe. Vast multitudes were led to visit Italy, Constantinople, and the East—the seats of ancient learning, and the scenes of splendid opulence.

Extended travel enlarged their knowledge of the geography, literature, natural history, and productions of foreign lands. In the East still lingered the remains of the science of the palmy days of the Caliphate. The rustic manners of the Crusaders became polished by contact with the more refined oriental races. To the British or German knight, who had never stirred farther from his ancestral castle than a boar hunt or a stag chase led him, what a wonder-land must Italy and the East have been, with their great cities, their marble palaces, porphyry pillars, and jasper domes! The Crusaders, becoming acquainted with the luxuries of the Orient, discovered new wants, felt new desires, and brought home a knowledge of arts and elegances before unknown.



THE CRUSADERS.

The result was seen in the greater splendour of the Western courts, in their more gorgeous pomp and ceremonial, and in the more refined taste in pleasure, dress and ornaments. The miracles and treasures of ancient art and architecture in Greece and Italy, far more numerous than now, did much to create and develop a taste for the beautiful, and to enlarge the sphere of human enjoyment. The refining influence of the East and South have

left their mark in every corner of Europe, from Gibraltar to Norway, from Ireland to Hungary, from the crosses on the doors to the arabesque traceries in cathedrals and castles.

It is not wonderful that these great and stirring events, with their combined religious enthusiasm and military splendour, awoke the imaginations of the poets. They gave a new impulse to thought, and a greater depth and strength to feeling. They inspired the

musical genius of Tasso and many a lesser bard, and supplied the theme of the great Christian epic, *Jerusalem Liberata*.

The Crusaders, moreover, made several commercial settlements in the East, the trade of which survived their military occupation by the Latins. Thus a valuable commerce sprang up, which contributed greatly to enrich the resources, ameliorate the manners, and increase the comforts of the West.

But there were grave and serious evils resulting from the Crusades, which went far to counterbalance all these advantages. The lives and labours of millions were lost to Europe, and buried beneath the sands of Syria. Many noble families became extinguished by the fortunes of war, or impoverished by the sale or mortgaging of their estates to furnish the means for military equipment. The influence of the Pope, as the organizer of the Crusades and common father of Christendom, was greatly augmented. The opulence and corruption of the religious orders was increased by the reversion to their possession of many estates whose heirs had perished in the field. Vast numbers of Oriental relics, many of them spurious and absurd, became objects of idolatrous worship. Many corruptions of the Greek Church were imitated, many Syrian and Greek saints introduced into the calendar, and many Eastern legends and superstitions acquired

currency.

DR. ADAM CLARKE, the celebrated commentator, said: "Strong drink is not only the devil's way into a man, but man's way to the devil."

DR. DAY, of Boston, who has treated over seven thousand cases of inebriety, says that one-fifth of them are the traceable result of wine and beer drinking.

## Quebec.

PUBLISHED ON THE OCCASION OF THE MEETING OF THE MONTREAL CONFERENCE, MAY, 29, 1886.

QUAINT old Quebec, the tourists say, troading thy tortuous ways;  
Quaint old Quebec we hear full oft through summer holidays.  
And quaint thou art, old city, with thine antiquated halls,  
Thy winding streets and stairways and thy battlemented walls.  
But thou hast other moods than this thou ancient Capital;  
When down Cape Diamond's rugged breast the sulph'rus vapours fall;  
And when from off thy lofty brow peal vollied thunders forth,  
How grandly towers thy war-crowned head, thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen thee when the calm of peace was on thy war-worn breast,  
When snowy cloud and azure heaven canopied thy crest;  
The meteor flag of England was on thy turret furled,  
And round thy foot confiding lay the commerce of the world.  
Oh! then we felt the charm and power of thy majestic grace,  
For the sunlight lay upon thee like the smile on a warrior's face;  
And only from thy dizzy peak the noon-day gun pealed forth  
To warn us of thy slumbering might, thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen him when the gathering tempest darkened earth and sky,  
And like the marshalled ranks of war the thunder clouds rolled high;  
While boomed above his lowering head the artillery of heaven;  
And with the lurid lightning flash the frowning sky was riven;  
Silent and stern the war-king sat upon his mountain throne  
And seemed another storm-cloud charged with thunders of his own;  
Shouldst thou unlook thy stor'd might and hurl thy lightnings forth  
T'would quell the raging elements, thou Monarch of the North.

We've seen thee when the wearied sun in grandeur sank to rest,  
And filled the heavens with golden light around thy soaring crest,  
When England's banner caught and waved the passing gleam on high  
As the fading lines of evening glanced across the western sky;  
From Levis heights we've seen the red sun pour its radiance forth  
Till glory crowned thy towering head, thou Monarch of the North.

We love to view thee when the moon assumes her gentle sway,  
When far and wide on mount and plain the silvery moonbeams lay;  
From the slopes of Montmorency to the green hills of Vermont,  
From the gleaming spires of Beauport to the pine woods of Plarpenat,  
From the "Blue Laurentian Mountains" to the rugged peaks of Maine,  
Let eye and fancy wander freely over the moonlit plain.  
How grandly downward from the west rolls on the glorious river,  
And how upon his heaving breast the dancing moonbeams quiver.  
Save where the gloomy shadow falls from bold Cape Diamond's brow,  
And where the thousand masts of trade are gathered thickly now,  
Mark how the city walls are gleaming in the pale moonlight,  
How weirdly stand the city spires against the shades of night,  
High over all the frowning fortress loom upon the eye,  
Turret and bastion standing bold against the starlit sky;  
And—boom, from out thy battlements the night gun flashes forth  
To warn us thou art mighty still, thou Monarch of the North.

I feel my spirit stirred within me, \* \* \*  
Upon the neighbouring heights to view the portals of our land  
My soul on wings of fancy wanders far through coming years,  
And through the mists of future thy majestic form up rears,  
Methinks the hour of danger dawns once more upon our land,  
The wild war demon reaches forth his desecrating hand

And boldly up the broad St. Lawrence sails a hostile fleet,  
Until around thy rocky throne the gathering forces meet;  
I hear from all thy reeling spires the wild alarm clash,  
And see from each embrasure the awakened lightnings flash;  
At once around thy frowning brow the fiery war cloud lowers  
And swift upon the assailing fleet the iron tempest pours.

Back from thy rugged shoulders the blood red mantle curls,  
And high above the shrouding smoke thy battle flag unfurls;  
Dimly through sulph'rous canopy I see thy warrior sons  
Swift leaping at the soldiers toll training the death fraught guns.  
No sign of doubt or weakness, of wavering or of fear,  
But flash on flash, and peal on peal—anon—the English cheer.  
How loud and clear above the strife rings out the war-like yell,  
Telling of dauntless British hearts doing their duty well,  
Careless of death's wild havoc, heedless of shattered wreck,  
For the honour of Old England, for the glory of Quebec.  
Aye, sing thy banner to the breeze and peal thy thunders forth,  
Proudly defy a world in arms, thou Monarch of the North.

—Sidney C. Kendall.

### The Model Character—A. Sunday-school Recitation.

BY WM. HARRISON, RICHMOND HILL.

*Teacher.* I suggest that we spend the evening in the selection of such characters as we would like to imitate, and that we confine ourselves to the Bible, as that is the best biographical history in the world. Are you all agreed?

*All.* Agreed! agreed!

*Teacher.* Well, Richard, I will begin with you. Of all the excellent characters in the Bible, which would you like to take as an example?

*Richard.* You have not given me much time to think, but, in my opinion, Abraham, who is styled the father of the faithful and the friend of God, has left behind him the history of a life which might be safely imitated by us all.

*Teacher.* Just so; you have had the advantage of the first choice and have made a good selection. Now, Randolph, we will call on you next.

*Randolph.* I would be like Jabez.

*Henry.* Jabez! who in the world was he?

*Randolph.* He lived about 3000 years ago. His name is only mentioned once in the Bible, and then it says that "he was more honourable than his brethren." I think that is an excellent character.

*Teacher.* What is your mind, Harry?

*Harry.* My fancy is for Moses, who was the meekest man on earth, although the world's historian, the Jewish Law-giver, and the leader of the hosts of Israel. He was the man whom God buried, for

"No man dug the sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there."

*Teacher.* Yes; from his cradle to his grave, the life of Moses has a remarkable interest. Well, Lizzie, suppose we listen to your opinion.

*Lizzie.* I'll take Miriam, the faithful sister, as my model. How carefully she watched the ark of bulrushes in which her baby brother lay as it floated on the river Nile. How thoughtful too, when Pharaoh's daughter wanted a nurse for the little one, for her to fetch its own mother. Surely she must have

been a model sister, and a model daughter!

*Joseph.* I think I would like to be Goliath, the giant of Gath. There is something majestic in being a man 10 feet 4½ inches high, and strong in proportion, with a helmet of brass on his head, a spear like a weaver's beam, a huge sword by his side, and—

*Charles.* And be taken down with a pebble by a lad about half your size! I would rather be David and have all the honour of that exploit. But, above all, I would rather be David as the sweet singer of Israel, or as he was when God declared that he was a man after His own heart.

*Teacher.* Will you give us the benefit of your opinion, Sarah?

*Sarah.* Yes, willingly! I go in for Women's Rights; I would be Deborah. Would it not be splendid to sit under a palm tree and listen to the people as they come up for judgment—urge on the army to battle, and head a procession singing the songs of victory.

*Teacher.* Your choice may suit you, Sarah, but it is very different to Lizzie's. Who are you thinking of, Thomas?

*Thomas.* For my part I like an easy life; I would be Mahershalhazkai, the son of Isaiah the prophet. You see he belonged to an excellent family, had the longest name in the Bible, and the least to do.

*Teacher.* I do not envy your choice. You evidently think that there is a great deal in a great name, and you want to live on your father's fame. The less there are of your stamp, either in the Church or in the State, the better. Christianity is always in want of active agents, and our New Dominion, like England, expects every man to do his duty.

*John.* Yes! that's my opinion, a "useful life" is my motto, and to try and leave the world better than I found it is my determination. I would rather be St. Paul, whose maiden speech after his conversion was, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and the result was a noble life, a triumphant death, and a glorious reward.

*Alfred.* My inclination is toward Samson. I am fond of the exciting and the marvelous. Wasn't it wonderful how he killed a lion by the wayside how he carried the gates of Gaza on his back, and slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass?

*Teacher.* Your choice, Alfred, is a very singular one. Samson was as weak in mind as he was strong in body, and there is but little to praise in his character. Who would you copy, Jennie?

*Jennie.* As far as our sex is concerned, we have but few to select from, from Genesis to Revelations, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that nearly all who do take part in Bible history set us good examples.

*Joseph.* Yes; J. zabel, Herodias, and Lot's wife for instances.

*Jennie.* Oh, well; they are the exceptions; the majority are good, and there is one character I have often admired; her name was Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, whose heart the Lord opened and into whose house the disciples were received. I think she was an amiable and pious woman.

*Alexis.* I'll give you my model now, if you have no objections. I would be like Elisha, he who called down fire from heaven, raised the widow's son to life, and went to heaven in a chariot of fire.

*Teacher.* Why, Alexis! what a mistake you have made, you mean Elijah; Elisha did none of those things.

*George.* Yes, that is just the one I have chosen; Elijah is just my idea of a good man. How nobly he spent his life, how boldly he stood up before Ahab and the priests of Baal, how ably he vindicated the cause of his God, and how gloriously he ascended to heaven.

*Teacher.* There, Alexis through your want of proper attention in reading the Bible you have lost your chance. Now, Jerry, if your mind is made up, we would like to have the benefit of knowing your model.

*Jerry.* I think it is Judas.

*Jennie.* What! he who betrayed his Master.

*Jerry.* No, Jennie, not so fast; I mean Judas the brother of James, the looser half brother to our Lord. He wrote one of the Epistles and exhorted the Christian Jews to fight manfully for the faith once delivered to the saints.

*Will.* Solomon is my choice, the wisest man in history—the man of Proverbs, and the man of song. He who built that magnificent temple, the glory of the Jewish nation.

*Teacher.* That was indeed a great work, and it is a good thing to be wise, but Solomon with all his wisdom fell into idolatry. Well, Toby.

*Toby.* Rather than be Solomon, and be bothered with his three hundred wives, I would be like Agar, who prayed "Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I be full and deny Thee, or lest I be poor and steal."

*Teacher.* Well, Bessie! Surely there are no little models in the Bible suitable for you to imitate.

*Bessie.* Oh yes; there are lots! Don't you recollect when Jesus went into the Temple and cast out the buyers and the sellers, and overthrew the tables of the money changers, how the children, just such as me, shouted "Hosanna, hosanna to the Son of David." They are the ones that I would imitate and that's the way that I would welcome Jesus.

*Teacher.* I did not think of them, Bessie, and I do not think that Jesus ever met with a heartier welcome. Now, Harriet, I see you are ready.

*Harriet.* Yes, and I will set my model pretty high. Nothing lower than a queen, the Queen of Sheba. What a magnificent retinue she had. What splendid gifts she gave to the King; and she was so wise that it required the wisdom of Solomon to answer her questions.

*Ellis.* I would be a queen too, but Es her, whose very name means a star, is my model. How beautiful she shines as she does her duty to her people, her king, and her God. In my humble opinion she was a model of piety, a model wife, a model queen.

*John.* Let us hear Mat's opinion.

*Mat.* I'll soon give it. Alfred says that he would like to be a strong man like Samson, and Joe a big man like Goliath, but I would like to be the little man Zacharias, who climbed up into a sycamore tree.

*Abigail.* You mean Zachaeus, I suppose! Zacharias was the father of John the Baptist.

*Mat.* Oh, yes; I beg your pardon. I knew it was Zack—something, but I had forgotten.

*Abigail.* I think when the Scriptures are so correct in their descriptions, the least we can do is to be correct in our quotations, but suppose I give you mine now. It is Tabitha.

*Several.* Tabitha! Tabitha! Who was she?  
*Abigail.* Sometimes she was called Dorcas; you will find her history in the 9th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; she was a woman full of alms deeds and good works, and was greatly beloved.

*Robt.* I would be like the three Hebrew children.

*Mary.* Why, you cannot be like three people at once!

*Robt.* I mean like them in the possession of the principles by which they were governed, and the grace by which they were sustained. I think it the noblest act in a man's life when he stands up in the midst of opposition for his religion and his God.

*Teacher.* Well, Mary, you believe that examples speak louder than precept; you must have some one you desire to imitate.

*Mary.* Yes, I would be like the gentle and loving Mary, who sat at the feet of Jesus learning the lessons of His love.

*Martha.* And I would be like my namesake Martha, willing to learn and willing to help; I know that Mary has chosen that good part that shall not be taken away from her, but I like Martha's bustling solicitude for the proper entertainment of her guests to that Jesus and His disciples should have the best in the house. And after all, what could the Church do without its Marthas? do they not adorn and beautify the house of God, and prepare it for the Lord's reception.

*Teacher.* You are quite right, Martha, and so is Mary, too, but you want to act as St. James tells us to: "Show your faith by your works." Well, Peter, you have heard the opinion of a great many, who is to have the honour of being your exemplar?

*Peter.* Oh I go in for something lively, no slow coaching for me. My ambition is for a life of military glory. I would like to be a Bonaparte, a Duke of Wellington, a General Grant or a—

*Teacher.* Stop, stop, my brave fellow, none of those great men were born soon enough for us; you must confine yourself to Bible heroes.

*Peter.* Oh yes; I thank you for reminding me. Well, then, I would be reminding me. Well, then, I would be Joshua, the greatest military genius of his age. Don't you remember how well he managed the siege of Ai, how he humbled Sihon, King of the Amorites, and Og, King of Bashan, how thirty kings bit the dust before him, and how the Hivites, Perizites and the Jebusites fled at his approach. It makes me almost envy him when I think of his brilliant succession of victories.

*Teacher.* Your oh ice, Peter, has been the choice of thousands, but with Joshua's military skill you would need Joshua's pious heart, so that God might have the glory.

*Robt.* Give Walter a chance.

*Teacher.* Well, Walter.  
*Walter.* My choice is Ignatius.  
*Lizzie.* Why, that name is not in the Bible!

*Walter.* I know it, Lizzie, but he is supposed to be the little one that Jesus took and sat in the midst of the disciples and said, "Whosoever humbly himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven." Ignatius afterward became a learned man, then a bishop, and finally died a martyr for Christ.

*Teacher.* Angus, it is your turn now.  
*Angus.* I think it is my turn now.

Here I have been waiting like patience on a morment, and as I have been so long practising the virtue of patience I think I'll take Job as my model.

*Teacher.* Very good, I hope you will continue to follow his example, for the Bible says there was none like him in all the earth.

*James.* My mind is in favour of Timothy, there is something very pleasant in the thought of getting a thorough knowledge of the Word of God through the instructions of a good grandmother Dois, and a kind mother Eunice, and growing up and becoming a Bishop highly spoken of by such a man as St. Paul. Don't you think so, Levi?

*Levi.* I do, and yet for all that I would rather try to imitate St. John, the beloved disciple, the celestial sight-seer of the Isle of Patmos.

*Teacher.* The last two chosen are certainly very excellent characters, and worthy of imitation. Now Charlotte, you are the last, so many have chosen that I fear you have but a slim chance.  
*Charlotte.* I don't know about that, I have listened with deep interest as each has chosen his or her favourite, but in each character the Scriptures inform us there was a fault. I am so prone to imitate what is wrong that my model must be a perfect one, one of whom it can be said "I find no fault in this man." My choice is Jesus, to me He is the fairest among an thousand, and the one *altogether lovely.*

*Teacher.* Well done, O Charlotte! your model far exceeds all the rest, for as St. Peter says, "He has left us an example, that we should follow His steps." He was greater than Moses, because He was the lawgiver of Christianity; He was wiser than Solomon, for in Him all wisdom dwelt. He was a greater conqueror than Joshua, for He defeated Satan and gained the victory over death. Suppose each of us adopt Charlotte's model as our own, and follow the others only as they followed Jesus.

*Several.* Agreed, agreed.

Bear the Message Onward.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi, 15.

Bear the message onward!  
 Spread it far and wide;  
 Let the distant heathen  
 Know that Jesus died;  
 Died, that God might justify  
 Vilest sinners for a live,  
 Died, that through His merit  
 Guilty men might live.

Bear the message onward!  
 Dare ye keep it back?  
 See those sin-bound millions!  
 Death is on their track!  
 Wretchedness surrounds them,  
 Woe succeeds to woe;  
 Listen, friends of Jesus!  
 Will you leave them so?

Bear the message onward!  
 Over land and sea;  
 Nothing save the Gospel  
 Makes man noble—free.  
 Spread, O spread the tidings,  
 Fraught with endless bliss;  
 Kings and queens might covet  
 Work so grand as this.

Bear the message onward!  
 Farther! farther yet!  
 Quickly! ere in darkness  
 This day's sun shall set.  
 Quickly judgment hasteneth!  
 Men are dying fast!  
 How can you if heedless,  
 Meet your God at last?

Bear the message onward!  
 Make the Saviour known;  
 Head the royal mandate  
 Uttered from the throne.

Loving hearts should hear it,  
 Ransomed souls obey;  
 Each and all must labour,  
 While 'tis called to-day.

Bear the message onward!  
 Speed the word with prayer;  
 You must do your duty  
 Let who will forbear.  
 Weary not in service,  
 Let not courage die;  
 Doubt not; God is faithful;  
 Fear not; help is nigh.

Bear the message onward!  
 'Tis so grandly true;  
 Where'er it cometh  
 Eden blooms anew.  
 Work performed for Jesus  
 Cannot go unblest;  
 Not till life is ended,  
 Must God's servants rest.

Bear the message onward!  
 Spread it forth with power;  
 Let it reach fresh regions  
 Every passing hour.  
 Human souls out-value  
 Coronets imperaled;  
 Pause not, till the message  
 Vibrates through the world.

The Liquor Traffic.

PASSING along the street of a little town we see that well-known institution—a liquor saloon. Its interior is hidden from the gaze of passers-by. A screen is placed before the door, and curtains are at the windows. Signs and symbols, glimpses at frescoes and pictures, strains of music, vocal or instrumental, invite one to enter. And one is curious to look in. One who loves liquor is tempted to go in. One who would gratify both curiosity and thirst is guaranteed against public exposure by intervening curtains, blinds, or other barriers.

But why those screens? If liquor selling is a legitimate business, why is a man ashamed of it? Why is he who sells ashamed? And why is he who buys? If it be a good thing, why hide it from the public gaze? Groceries do not conceal their business transactions, unless, indeed, the groceries are groggeries. Dry goods stores do not put up screens at the door. They are not to be found in front of furniture or hardware stores. The soda fountain is not thus concealed. It stands in broad daylight. Now, we think that the soda fountain is in most cases useless—not harmful, giving a temporary relief from thirst and heat and putting liberal profits into the druggist's till. But no one is ashamed of taking a drink of soda-water. Nor is he afraid of it. Nor are his friends anxious about him because he indulges now and then in soda-water.

Why not the same openness about wine and beer, and brandy and whiskey? Well, we need not go far to find an answer. Liquor store screens are simply a protection against the public gaze. They are necessary to the trade. They secure customers. They keep the public eye from detecting young fellows who are just learning to drink. They shield "respectable men" who are becoming victims to drink. They hide the weak man's self-indulgence and the mean and avicious man's villainy. The man who gives and the man who takes the cup are engaged in low and contemptible business and the screen is necessary, just as closed doors and the veil of darkness are necessary to the robber and the adulterer. It is a thief's device. It is one link in the plot by which one man defrauds another and takes from him wit, heart, conscience,

home-love, a sense of justice, and a desire for eternal life. You may see blood on the screen at the door of a rum shop. You may hear groans of despair and cries of agony mingling with the song and laughter of the murderer and his victim beyond the screen.

Is not this a very strong putting of the case? Does it not savour of the hobbyist's extravagance and fanaticism? Well, what are the facts? Men may easily fall victims to appetite. The stimulus, the abnormal excitement, the wild joy produced by alcoholic drink, lead men slowly but surely into a state of bondage worse than any human slavery. This physical condition fosters all the worst passions of the soul—lust and hate. It represses, and in the end roots out, the noblest aspirations and affections of the soul. It breaks down the will. It takes faith and reverence away. It paralyzes conscience. Its ill effects are felt in every relation of life. Mother, wife, sister, daughter, are crushed by it. Business is wrecked by it. The gate of heaven is walled up by it. And all this evil work is wrought so insidiously that the victim is blinded from the beginning to his danger. When at last he awakes to his ruin, hope has left his soul. Now, suppose that it were impossible for him to find liquor; suppose the law made it a crime for a man to sell it; suppose temptation were never put in his way—do we not see what safety he would have, what a blessing he might be to others, and how differently his life would be ordered and ended? Who is it puts the temptation before him? The rum seller. Who is it kindles the first spark and flame of the dangerous appetite? The rum seller. Who is it fosters his evil craving and gratifies it? The rum seller. And for what? For money. He feeds his family and fills his coffers through the ruin of his neighbour. This is simple fact.

MORAL suasion is mighty. Let us employ it steadily, vigorously, faithfully—through the press, the pulpit, the platform, and personal visitation. The one grand remedy of the great evil we deplore is PROHIBITION. The statute books must recognize the liquor traffic as a crime, and the State must deal with it accordingly. It is a crime. Call it a crime. Treat it as a crime. By law shut up every rum shop. If necessary imprison every rum seller. Drive the class by lash of public scorn and by execution of law into honest business or into the sea.

ONE other thing let us not fail to do. The children of the land must be trained to self-control. The will must be educated. They must learn before they are five years old to resolve against evil and to compel inclination to succumb to Principle. Then they will resist temptation. And they will have firmness enough as men to vote for Prohibition, and to see to it that a law once enacted is executed. Then shall Temperance and Righteousness prevail in the land. Then shall Peace reign. Mothers will be helped in the conflict, now so unequal because of society and the weakness of law, to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And the Church will have new opportunity to reach rational beings with her high ministers of grace, and love, and hope.—Our Youth.



**They Tell Me.**

They tell me a solemn story, but it is not sad to me,  
For in its sweet unfolding my Saviour's love I see;  
They say that at any moment the Lord of life may come  
To lift me from the cloudland into the light of home  
They say I may have no warning, I may not even hear  
The rustling of His garments as He softly draweth near;  
Suddenly, in a moment, upon my ear may fall  
The summons to leave the homestead, to answer the Master's call.  
Perhaps He will come in the noontide of some bright and sunny day,  
When, with dear ones all around me, my life seems bright and gay.  
Pleasant must be the pathway, easy the abiding road,  
Up from this dimmer sunlight into the light of God.  
Perhaps He will come in the stillness of the night and quiet night,  
When the earth is calmly sleeping 'neath the moonbeams' silvery light,  
When the stars are softly shining o'er slumbering land and sea,  
Perhaps in the holy stillness the Master will come for me.

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

TORONTO, JULY 31, 1886.

**\$250,000**  
**FOR MISSIONS**  
**For the Year 1886**

The Rev Dr Briggs on Canada and Canadian Methodism.

[We make the following extracts from Dr. Briggs' admirable address before the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at Richmond, Va.—ED.]

Mr. President and Brethren: I appear in your presence intrusted with an honourable office and charged with an agreeable duty. "The Methodist Church," which I have the honour to represent here to-day, occupies, as Bishop McTyeire, your distinguished fraternal delegate to our General Conference, four years ago, said, "the opposite end of the North American Continent from the one which your Church occupies." Well, sir, that

"opposite end" is a pretty big end, for its area, or rather the area of the field of our Church's operations, comprehends the half of this continent.

Canada is a vast Dominion, embracing a confederation of provinces with self-government, united under a central government, the whole in subjection to England, and forming an integral part to the British Empire.

Canada is a big country, but not yet a great country, but it needs no prophet to foresee that it must speedily become a great nation indeed.

We have a Dominion with three oceans washing its shores; and a railway (the Canada Pacific) connecting the various provinces of the Dominion, and opening up her vast and fertile tracts of country to settlement and production; a Dominion whose navigable waters, arranged in a continuous line, would afford a fresh-water sail of thirty thousand miles; a Dominion that takes, as some one quaintly says, "daylight four hours to cross;" a Dominion of magnificent distances, of unsurpassed educational advantages, etc.; a Dominion free to the lover of liberty, fair to the lover of beauty, fertile to the tiller of the soil; a Dominion which, by its people's holy living, will bring upon it the ancient blessing of God's guardian eye "from the beginning even unto the end of the year." And this high national character, consequent of Divine blessing, we wish for you as well as for us; for are we not, if we think of the parent land—

One people in our early prime,  
One in our stormy youth;  
Drinking one stream of human thought,  
One spring of heavenly truth.

The heroes of our days of old  
Are yours, not ours alone;  
Your Christian heroes of to-day,  
We love them as our own.

One in our earliest home on earth,  
One in our heavenly home;  
We'll fight the battles of our Lord  
Until His kingdom come.

On the 1st of July, 1884, the union of all the Methodist Churches was effected, and to-day, from the shores of Newfoundland, the oldest transatlantic possession of Britain, to those of Alaska, the new if not newest acquisition of your own United States; from Bermuda, where vegetation belongs to the torrid rather than to the temperate zone, to the farthest inhabited part of the colder clime but bracing air of our great Northwest there is but one Methodism, united in one Church called "The Methodist Church." The grand old generic word "Methodist" names us all with sufficient definiteness, and is a worthy appellation. For in all the essentials of doctrine we were one, in all best things one, in highest thoughts and deepest feelings a unit, and might have echoed the figurative language of Owen and Goodwin at the Savoy Synod that, "though we had been launched singly, we had all been steering our course by the same chart, and the same holy and blessed truths had been our lading."

We have in the whole field of work in this Church in membership and adherents, notwithstanding a million and a half French Roman Catholics, 850,000, or seventeen and a half per cent of the population of the Dominion, by the census 100,000 more than our Presbyterian brethren who stand next to us, and 200,000 more than our Anglican brethren who stand next to them.

In Ontario, the premier province of our Dominion, out of nearly two millions of people, close on one-third are Methodists, and out of 5,075 Protestant churches, 2,375, or nearly one-half, are Methodist churches. And while that province has in the last twenty years increased at the rate of 70 per cent., the increase of Methodism has been at the rate of 110 per cent. The whole work is evangelized by 1,526 local preachers, who hold by the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and who are preaching a theology not sad nor sorrowful, and who are singing a hymnology whose versification of earthly existence is not a life-long sigh, but the Te Deum spirit prevails, and where the minor or melancholy mood wails forth, the soul of our Israel's sweetest singer soon comes back to the melody of the opening note:

O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my heavenly King,  
The triumphs of His grace.

There are from fifteen to twenty thousand Indians under our care, about one-fifth of the entire Indian population. And, sir, it is worthy of note that certainly not one of the Indians under the care of our missionaries, and, I think, not one belonging to any Protestant Church, took up arms against the Government in the late rebellion in the North-West.

Concerning our Sunday-schools it is gratifying to know that of all the Protestant Sunday-schools in Canada and in the Island of Newfoundland—and there are few except Protestant schools—more than one-half are Methodist schools; more than one-half of the scholars are Methodist scholars, and nearly one-half of the teachers are Methodist teachers.

Another gratifying circumstance is the ever-increasing circulation of our Sunday-school periodicals. That circulation has reached an aggregate of over 220,000 copies each issue, or over one copy for every scholar in our schools. The moral influence of this amount of directly religious teaching is simply incalculable.

We take great pleasure in the age and standing of our *Christian Guardian*, the oldest religious weekly in the Dominion and the leading religious paper in the country. Though old in years, over half a century, it is strong as ever in editorial life, and going from strength to strength in circulating power. We also have a pardonable pride in the first-class literary excellence and influence of our monthly magazine. I do not mean a Sunday-school monthly—we have one—but our *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, devoted to religion, literature, and social progress; the only literary monthly in Canada, and officially, if not actually, the only Methodist magazine on the continent. The Church, South, by the kindness of Bishop McTyeire, is among the list of contributors to make the present volume as instructive and attractive as any of the issues of the twelve years of its useful life.

Thus lives and thrives and works to-day Methodism in Canada, "not



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

cowering," as William Morley Punshon said when representing her before the British Conference, "beneath any ancient shadow." She has taken the position which she ought always to take among the Churches—standing forth in her comeliness as the peer of all: "too kind to be the enemy, too proud to be the vassal of any, and too affluent in spirit and resources to be the poor relation of any."

**Napoleon Bonaparte.**

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769. At the age of ten he was sent to the military school at Brienne, and first distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon. He became a great general even in his first campaign, for he gained six important battles in a few weeks. On the 20th of May, 1798, he set out for Africa, with 40,000 men, for the purpose of making conquest. Here he took Alexandria, fought the famous battle of the pyramids, and took Cairo. But as distempers broke out among his troops, and, moreover, as the English and Egyptians both took up arms against him, he capitulated and returned to France. He was made first consul of the French republic shortly after his return, and in 1804 was raised to the title of Emperor of France and Italy.

During the course of his wars Napoleon attacked the Russians, Germans, Austrians, Italians, and English, and gained scores of brilliant victories. At length, after having sent fear and astonishment into the hearts of every nation in Europe, the great conqueror was destined, himself, to meet with ignominious overthrow. This defeat took place at Waterloo in 1815, in an engagement with the English under the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon was taken prisoner and exiled to the island of St. Helena, where he died, after a residence of six years.

**Portrait of Rev. Dr. Rice.**

A FINE Steel Portrait of Dr. Rice, size suitable for framing, has just been published, and will be sold at 50 cents per copy. The same portrait appears in the July number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*. Single copies not sold. Subscription for Volume XXIV., \$1.00.

THE Gospel is holy, because Jesus is holy, and the God of the grace of the Gospel is holy.



CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

**The Little Hunchback.**

I'm nine years old, an' you can't guess how much I weigh, I bet!  
 Last birthday I weighed thirty-three! An' I weigh thirty yet!  
 I'm awful little for my size—I'm purt' nigh littler 'an  
 Some babies is! an' neighbours all call me "The Little Man!"  
 An' Doc one time laughed an' said: "I 'spect, first thing you know, You'll have a spike-tail coat, an' travel with a show!"  
 An' nen I laughed—till I looked round an' Aunty was a-cryin'—  
 Sometimes she acts like that, 'cause I got "Curv'ture of the spine!"  
 I set—while Aunty's washin'—on my little long-leg stool,  
 An' watch the little boys and girls a-skipin' by to school:  
 An' I peck on the winder an' holler out an' say:  
 "Who want to fight the little man 'at dares you all to-day?"  
 An' nen the boys climb on the fence, an' little girls peeks through,  
 An' they all says: "'Cause you're so big, you think we're feared o' you."  
 An' nen they yell, an' shake their fist at me, like I shake mine—  
 They're thist in fun, you know, 'cause I got "Curv'ture of the spine!"  
 At evening when the ironin's done, an' Aunty's fixed the fire,  
 An' filled an' lit the lamp, an' trimmed the wick an' turned it higher,  
 An' fetched the wood in fer night, an' locked the kitchen door,  
 An' stuffed the old crack where the wind blows in up through the floor—  
 She sets the kittle on the coals, an' biles an' makes the tea,  
 An' fries the liver an' the mush, an' cooks a egg for me;  
 An' sometimes—when I ough so hard—her elderberry wine  
 Don't go so bad for little boys with "Curv'ture of the spine."  
 But Aunty's all so childish like on my account, you see,  
 I'm most afeared she'll be took down—an' 'ad's what bother's me!—  
 'Cause of my good ole Aunty ever would git sick an' die,  
 I don't know what she'd do in heaven—till I come, by an' bye—  
 For she's so ust to all my ways, an' every-thing, you know.  
 An' no one there like me, to nurse, an' worry over so—  
 'Cause all the little children there's so straight an' strong an' fine,  
 They's narry angel 'bout the place with "Curv'ture of the spine!"  
 —James W. Gilcomb Riley.

**Crusoe's Island.**

OPPOSITE the harbour of Valparaiso stands the island of Juan Fernandez, sacred to the memory of Robinson Crusoe "and his man Friday, who kept things tidy, and listened to the tales that his master told."

There isn't a boy where the English language is spoken who hasn't read a description of this island better told than I am able to give it, and it is only necessary to say that Daniel Defoe, or whoever wrote the book, must have studied the place with great attention, or had the island created to suit the picture he gave of it. The little harbour is there, with its rocks and caves, just as it was when Robinson went ashore; the cave is in good order still, and the cliffs up which he and Friday used to chase the mountain goats. The goats are there, and the armadillos, the birds of wonderful plumage, and the crawfish among the rocks. Every boy in the United States who has read the story recently could go all over the place without a guide, and could find everything except Robinson himself and the faithful Friday.

The island belongs to Chili, and is leased to a cattle company, who have 20,000 or 30,000 head of cattle, and as many more sheep grazing over the hills. There are about fifty or sixty inhabitants, ranchmen, with their families, under the charge of a Frenchman named Crawe; and besides the stock, they raise a quantity of poultry, and ship chickens and eggs, with some vegetables to the Valparaiso market. The timber on the island is said to be of an excellent quality, but is not much used. No one ever goes there without bringing away a cane or two as a memento, and the brush from which these canes are made is of very beautiful fibre and polishes well. Excursions go over frequently from Valparaiso, and the interest in Robinson Crusoe's experience is much stimulated by those who come this way.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE tune of the smoker and the tobacco-chewer is the spit tune.

**BARBARA HECK**

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

**CHAPTER VII.—THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.**

As a consequence of the disaster recorded in our last chapter, the commandant at Fort St. John, despairing of relief, and short of both provisions and ammunition, surrendered to the Americans after a siege of fifty days, with a garrison of five hundred regulars and Canadian militia. The greater part of the regular troops in the province had now been captured, and Montgomery advanced unopposed to Montreal.

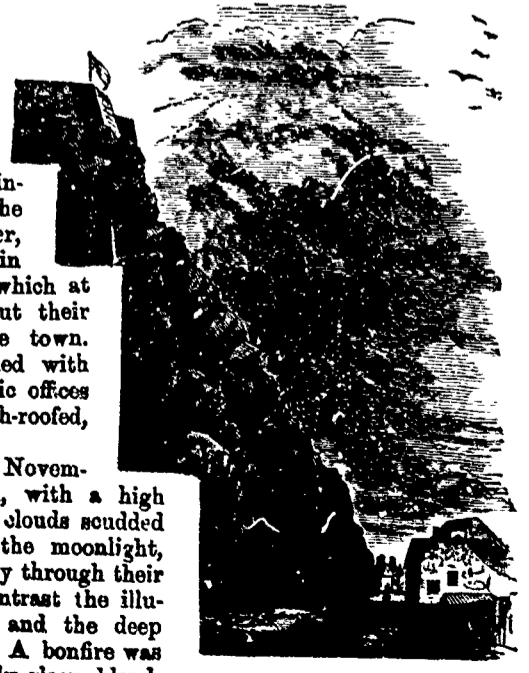
Dire was the commotion in the little town as the overwhelming force of the enemy approached. Orderlies galloped wildly through the streets, and the loud roll of the drum and sharp blare of the bugle pierced the ear of night. The little handful of troops were marshalled by the torchlight in the Place d'Armes, in front of the old parish church, which stood in the middle of what is now Notre Dame Street. It was a low-walled, high-roofed building, with semi-circular chancel at the east end, and with dormer windows in the roof. At the western end was a square tower, crowned with an open belfry, in which hung the small bells, which at the canonical hours rang out their sweet chorus over the little town. Around the square now lined with stately stone banks and public offices were a row of quaint, high-roofed, many-dormered buildings.

It was a wild night in early November, the 11th of the month, with a high wind but without rain. The clouds scudded swiftly across the sky, and the moonlight, from time to time, burst fitfully through their rifts, bringing into sharp contrast the illumined fronts of the houses and the deep shadow of the parish church. A bonfire was burning in the square, its ruddy gleam blending strangely with the wan light of the moon,

and flashing back, now from the burnished bayonets, now from the polished accoutrements of the troops. These—only a hundred and twenty in all—were drawn up in heavy marching order, to advance against the invaders. An earnest colloquy was proceeding between General Carleton and a number of the leading merchants of the town. It was argued that as the handful of troops was quite inadequate to cope with the large invading force, the only result of an engagement would be a serious loss of life, from which no advantage would be derived, and the probable destruction of the town by the exasperated enemy. General Carleton, therefore, harangued his little company of soldiers, and informed them that the best interests of the King and country would be promoted by a retreat upon Quebec, which was really the key of the possession of the colony. They were therefore marched back to the barracks, and during the night employed in destroying such army stores as they could not carry off, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. Early next morning the little band, under command of Brigadier-General Prescott, with deep chagrin written on their faces, marched out of the eastern gate of the town just as the strong force of Montgomery blew open with a grenade the western gate.

General Prescott and his command were intercepted at Sorel by a force of Americans, with an armed vessel and some floating batteries. Governor Carleton escaped only by being rowed, with muffled oars, by night, past the American guards; and so reached Quebec, which was now menaced by Benedict Arnold. The American General, Montgomery, promptly occupied Montreal, but treated the people with much consideration, and won their goodwill by his generous disposition and affable manners. He made provision for the maintenance of public order and administration of justice, and for nearly eight months the town remained in the hands of its captors.

The chief struggle for the possession of Canada, however, took place around the walls of Quebec. The stirring events of that winter campaign we shall briefly trace before proceeding with the narrative of the private fortunes of the actors in our little story.



THE PLACE WHERE MONTGOMERY FELL, QUEBEC.

General Benedict Arnold, who subsequently gained eternal infamy by the base attempt to betray the fortress of West Point, committed to his keeping, had the previous summer visited Quebec and had secret correspondents among its inhabitants. In the month of September, with a force of nearly a thousand men, among whom was Aaron Burr, a future Vice-President of the United States, he had sailed up the swift current of the Keegan and Dead River, to the head-waters of those streams. With incredible labour they conveyed their boats and stores through the tangled wilderness to the Onaudiere, and sailed down its tumultuous current to the St. Lawrence. Their sufferings through hunger, cold, fatigue, and exposure, were excessive. They were reduced to eat the flesh of dogs, and even to gnaw the leather of their cartridge-boxes and shoes. Their barges had to be dragged against the stream one hundred and eighty miles, and carried forty miles over rugged portages on men's shoulders. Their number was reduced, by sickness, exhaustion, and desertion, to seven hundred men before they reached the St. Lawrence, and only six hundred were fit for military service. Without artillery, with damaged guns and scanty ammunition, with wretched clothing and imperfect commissariat, they were to attempt the capture of the strongest fortress in America.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec had strengthened the defences of the fortress-capital, and learning the approach of Arnold, had carefully removed all the boats from the south side of the river. On the night of November the 13th, Arnold, having constructed a number of canoes, conveyed the bulk of his meagre army across the river, and, without opposition, climbed the cliff by Wolfe's path, and appeared before the walls of the Upper Town. He sent a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the place; but the flag was not received, and no answer to the summons deigned. Having failed to surprise the town, and despairing, with his footsore and ragged regiments, with no artillery, and with only five rounds of ammunition, of taking it by assault, he retired to Point-aux-Trembles, some twenty miles up the river, to wait a junction with Montgomery.

On the 19th of the month, Governor Carleton reached Quebec, and began preparations for a vigorous resistance. Disaffected persons, and those unwilling to join in the defence of the town, were ordered to leave within four days. The entire population was about five thousand, and the garrison numbered eighteen hundred in all, consisting of about a thousand British and Canadian militia, three hundred regulars, and a body of seamen and marines from the ships in the harbour. The place was provisioned for eight months.

On the 4th of December, the united forces of Arnold and Montgomery, amounting to twelve hundred in all, advanced against Quebec. Carleton refused to hold any communication with them, and the besieging army encamped in the snow before the walls. Its scanty artillery produced no effect upon the impregnable ramparts. Biting frost, the fire of the garrison, pleurisy, and the small-pox did their fatal work. The only hope of success was by assault, which must be made before the close of the year, when the period of service of many of the men expired.

On the last day of the year, therefore, a double attack was made on the Lower Town, the object of which was to effect a junction of forces, and then to storm the Upper Town. At four o'clock in the morning, in a blinding snowstorm, Montgomery, with five hundred men, crept along the narrow pass between Cape Diamond and the river. The western approach to the town was defended by a block-house and a battery. As the forlorn hope made a dash for the barrier, a volley of grape swept through their ranks. Montgomery, with two of his officers and ten men, were slain. The deepening snow wrapped them in its icy shroud, while their comrades retreated in utter discomfiture. The spot where Montgomery fell is just opposite the landing-place of the Allan Steamship line. It is marked by an inscription attached to the face of the cliff.

On the other side of the town, Arnold, with six hundred men, attacked and carried the first barriers. The alarm bells rang, the drums beat to arms, the garrison rallied to the defence. The assaulting party pressed on, and many entered the town through the embrasures of a battery, and waged a stubborn fight in the narrow streets, amid the storm and darkness. With the dawn of morning, they found themselves surrounded by an overwhelming force, and exposed to a withering fire from the houses. They therefore surrendered at discretion, to the number of four hundred men.

Arnold continued during the winter to maintain an ineffective siege, his command daily wasting away with small-pox, cold, and hunger. A party of three hundred and fifty loyal Canadians, under M. de Beaujeu, attacked his lines, but were repulsed with loss. Scanty reinforcements of the besieging army continued to arrive, till it numbered about two thousand men.

In April, the American Congress ordered that a strong force, with an ample supply of material of war, should be raised for the conquest of Canada; and Major-General Thomas, of Massachusetts, was despatched to take command of the army before Quebec. This energy, however, was manifested too late. Thomas arrived on the 1st of May, and found nearly half of the American force sick with small-pox, the magazines almost empty, and only six days' provisions in camp. The French sympathizers with the Americans, moreover, had become disaffected, and supplies were obtainable only with great difficulty. General Thomas decided on an immediate retreat to Three Rivers. The next day British ships arrived in the harbour, and before he could move his invalid army, the garrison of Quebec issued from the gates, a thousand strong, and fell upon his camp. The Americans fled precipitately, leaving guns, stores, provisions, and even their sick behind. The latter were humanely treated by Carleton, but many of the French insurgents paid the penalty of their revolt by the confiscation or destruction of their property. General Thomas, with his command, retreated amid great hardships to Sorel, where he soon died of small-pox, and was succeeded by General Sullivan. So ended the fifth and last siege of the rock-built fortress of Quebec.

In the month of June, a British army of nearly ten thousand men, under Major-General Burgoyne, arrived at Quebec, and Brigadier-General Fra-

zer, with twenty-five transports filled with soldiers, at once proceeded as far as Three Rivers. Sullivan, the American general, now withdrew his disorganized and plague-stricken army from Sorel to Isle-aux-Noix, and soon after to Crown Point, whither he was shortly followed by Arnold from Montreal. Thus ended in disaster and defeat the invasion of Canada during the Revolutionary War.

John Lawrence had taken an early opportunity to join General Carleton at Quebec as a volunteer for the defence of that last stronghold of British authority in Canada. During the long months of the winter and spring, his friends at Montreal had heard nothing of him, so great were the difficulties of communication. The Americans carefully intercepted every letter or message from the besieged British garrison at Quebec. It was only with the greatest difficulty that General Carleton was able, by means of daring scouts, skilful in the adoption of every sort of disguise, to keep up any communication with the British population of Montreal. His most trusty messenger was a loyal French Canadian, who more than once that dreary winter, in the disguise of a pedlar, with important despatches sewed inside of his fur cap, found his way through the beleaguering army around Quebec, and through the snow-laden forests to Montreal.

Great was the joy of the loyal English population of Montreal when they saw the last of the American troops, who had usurped the rule of the town, in full retreat across the river. The old Red Cross flag was run up again on the flag-staff at the Government House with loyal cheers, and bonfires in the streets and an illumination of the houses at night testified the delight of deliverance from the unwelcome American domination. A few days after, a detachment of British red-coats and English militia marched into the town with colours flying and drums beating a joyous rousade. Among the weather-beaten, travel-stained militiamen was our friend John Lawrence. As the little troop marched into the barrack yard, hearty were the cheers and warm the greetings they received from their townsmen and kinsfolk. Paul Heck wrung his friend Lawrence's hand, and the latter gaily raised his Glengarry bonnet toward the window where, waving their kerchiefs, stood Barbara Heck and Mary Embury. Handing his musket to Heck, he rushed eagerly upstairs, unbuckling his knapsack as he went. Throwing the latter into a corner, he warmly shook hands with Barbara, who opened the door, and then tenderly embraced her blushing companion, exclaiming:

"Thank God, Molly dear, I see you safe once more."

"Thank God," she devoutly answered, "that you are spared to come back alive. Every day and almost every hour I've prayed for you. We heard of the terrible sickness, and I feared you would never return."

"I felt sure in my heart that you would," said brave-souled Barbara, "but it took all my faith to keep up Molly's courage."

"A sore winter we had of it," said John, "and the enemy worse than we. From my heart I pitied them, even though they were doing their worst against us."

"We never heard word or token how it fared with ye. Sure and sad was my heart many's the day for fear the fever

or the famine, or the fire of the enemy, might destroy ye."

"How could men die better, Molly, dear, than fighting for his King and for the righteous cause? The service was hard and the fare was poor. The besiegers were more than the defenders, and we were put on short allowance of food; yet we were holding the key of the continent for good King George, and every man of us would have died rather than give it up. A queer old town it is, with walls all around just as if it was one big castle. And the grand sunrise and sunset views from the Citadel Hill—I never saw the like. But I found in the old town what we couldn't find here—that is, a Methodist preacher."

"Did ye now?" ejaculated Paul Heck. "And who was he? and where did he come from? And tell us all about the siege."

"His name was James Tuffy, a commissary in the 44th Regiment, and a right good man he was. He was one of Mr. Westley's helpers in England, and he didn't leave his religion behind, as so many do who cross the sea. He had preaching in his own quarters in the barracks. It was a strange sight. The garrison was so crowded that we had to have hammocks swung in the casemate, which were looped up by day to give room to work the big guns. And he would sit on a gun-carriage with his Bible on a gun-breech, and preach and pray; and more than once the drums beat to quarters while he was preaching; and we had to seize our arms and rush to the walls, while the gunners blazed away with the big guns."

"I'll never forget the last day of the year, when we repulsed a double attack. It was a cold and stormy night. The snow fell fast, and the wind howled about the bastions, oh! so drearily. In the night the sentries on the wall by St. John's gate saw some signalling by lanterns in the enemy's trenches, and gave the alarm. The guard turned out, and a sharp fire was opened by a body of men concealed behind a snow-drift. A deserter had warned the General that an attack was to be made, and we were kept under arms all night. I was posted along with a battery of small guns at a block-house, at a place called the Pres-de-ville, just below the cliff; and could work it was piling up and down in the storm and blowing our fingers to keep them from freezing. At last, amid the darkness, I thought I saw something moving on the road. I watched closely, and felt sure I was not mistaken. I told Sergeant McQuarters, who had command of the battery, and we were all on the alert."

"The enemy came nearer, halted, and one of them advanced to reconnoitre and then went back. The snow muffled every sound except our steady breathing or the click of a flint-lock, and the howling of the wind. Presently they dashed forward at the double-quick. The gunners stood with their lighted matches in their hands, and when the head of the column came within range they blazed a way with grape and shrapnel. The column was crushed back and shattered like an egg-shell, and we could hear the cries and groans of the wounded amid the dark."

"Just then we heard firing in the rear, and were called back to repulse an attack from the other side of the town. The enemy swarmed over the walls and through the embrasures, and fought their way from house to house



in the narrow street amid a blinding snow-storm. They were taken in front and rear by the garrison, and penned in between the high cliff and the river, and were caught like rats in a trap, and we soon had four hundred of them prisoners. When day dawned we found Montgomery and his slain companions half buried in the drifts. The General lay on his back, far in advance, wrapped in his icy winding-sheet. His sword arm frozen stiff, thrust through the snow, still grasped his naked sword.\*

"O e good result at least followed this dreadful fight in storm and darkness. We suffered no more assaults all winter long. But both sides endured great hardships. The enemy, in their snowy trenches and canvas tents, smitten with pleurisy and small-pox, died like sheep. It was dreadful. But they hung on like bulldogs, and never for an hour relaxed the strictness of the siege. We couldn't go outside of the gates for fuel, and had to break up the houses to bake our bread and cook our rations.

"At last, one morning in spring—it was May-day, and I'll always keep it as a holiday—the look-out on Citadel Hill cried out, 'A sail! a sail!' We all crowded to the ramparts and walls and there, slowly rounding the head-land of Point Levis, was the van of the British fleet, with the dear old Union Jack flying at the peak. How we cheered and hugged each other, and laughed and cried by turns, and the drums beat a joyous roll, and the bugle blew a blithe fanfare, and the big guns fired a double royal salute, although it used up nearly the last of our powder. With the flood-tide the fleet came sailing up the broad river, with their white sails swelling in the wind, like a flock of snowy swans, and the sailors manned the yards, and red-coats lined the bulwarks, and the bands played 'God Save the King,' and 'Britannia Rules the Waves' and our men shouted and sang and Commissary Tuffey exhorted and prayed, and the old Highlanders and their Cameron sergeant all gathered in the King's bastion and sang, between shouts and sobs, the psalm:

"Had not the Lord been on our side,  
May Israel now say;  
Had not the Lord been on our side,  
When men rose us to slay;  
They had us swallowed quick, when as  
Their wrath 'gainst us did flame:  
Waters had covered us, our soul  
Had sunk beneath the stream.

"Then had the waters, swelling high,  
Over our soul made way,  
Bless'd be the Lord, who to their teeth  
Us gave not for a prey.  
Our souls escaped as a bird  
Out of the fowler's snare;  
The snare asunder broken is,  
And we escaped are."

"Then they sang—

"When Zion's bondage God turned back,  
As men that dreamed were we,  
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,  
Our tongue with melody."

"And the enemy in their trenches  
Saw the ships and heard the guns, and  
They turned and fled like the army of  
Sennacherib, leaving their tents and

\*Forty-two years later the body of Montgomery was given up by the British to a kinaman, who had it removed to New York. From the windows of her cottage on the Hudson, his widow, then in extreme old age, beheld the vessel that bore him remain glide down the river past her door. In the porch of the Church of St. Paul, in Broadway, amid the rush and roar of the ceaseless tide of traffic, stands the monument which commemorates his untimely and tragic fate.

their stores behind, and even their sick in their beds. And we went out and spoiled their camp, as the people of Syria spoiled the camp of the Syrians, and we brought in their sick and wounded, and tended them as carefully as if they were our own."

Such was, in brief, the narrative, divested of its interruptions and amplifications, given by John Lawrence to his attentive auditory, of the terrible winter of the last siege of Quebec.

#### The Tapestry-Weavers.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—  
No lesson can braver be—  
From the ways of the tapestry-weavers  
On the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs,  
They study it with care;  
The while their fingers deftly work,  
Their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing besides,  
Of the patient, plodding weaver:  
He works on the wrong side evermore,  
But works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops,  
And the web is loosed and turned,  
That he sees his real handiwork—  
That his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty,  
How it pays him for all his cost!  
No rarer, daintier work than this  
Was ever done by frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire  
And giveth him praise as well;  
And how happy the heart of the weaver is  
No tongue but his own can tell.

The years of men are the looms of God,  
Let down from the place of the sun,  
Wherein we are weaving away,  
Till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely,  
Each for himself his fate;  
We may not see how the right side looks—  
We can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern,  
No weaver hath need to fear;  
Only let him look clear into heaven—  
The perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour  
Forever and always in sight,  
His toil shall be sweeter than honey,  
His weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended,  
And the web is turned and shown,  
He shall hear the voice of the Master—  
It shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven,  
To bear him thence shall come down,  
And God shall give him gold for his hire—  
Not coin, but a shining crown!

—Anson G. Chester.

#### Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

From the Superintendent of this Institution we have received the following communication:

"Kindly allow me to say to your readers that the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville, is open to the deaf children of the Province, and every deaf mute child in Ontario, whether the parents are poor or rich, may share in the many advantages the Institution affords, such as tuition, board, care, etc. There are many parents of such children who do not know of this place, and persons who will inform them of what the Province has so generously provided for their children will confer a lasting obligation. Uneducated, a deaf mute child has no knowledge of language; is isolated, as it were, from the rest of mankind; is irresponsible and in many cases dangerous to the community; life is a blank without a ray of hope to illuminate the future. With an education

such as may be had here, all this is changed and the mute is enabled to take his or her place as respectable members of society and law abiding citizens and learn of the glorious life beyond. Over 700 mute children have been entered upon our books, and the large majority of them spread over the Province bear testimony to the good work already accomplished. We have a full staff of capable, devoted teachers in the literary and industrial departments. We are doing all we can for those afflicted in this way and we are anxious to do whatever work of this kind there is to do. There will be room for all who can come in September next, and in the meantime it will give me pleasure to supply application papers and necessary information to any one who may apply. Yours faithfully,  
R. MATHISON, Superintendent"

BELLEVILLE, July 1st, 1886.

#### Thou Knowest Best.

Thou knowest best, my Father,  
What shall be good for me,  
And I, with child-like confidence,  
Would leave all things to Thee.  
Take thou into Thy strong, kind hand  
The ordering of my ways,  
And only give me life and love  
To brighten these my days.

Thou knowest best, my Father,  
If failure or success  
Would make my life the nobler,  
And all my future bless;  
If few or many friends would bring  
My spirit nearer Thee,  
I think I have the faith to say,  
"Thy will be done for me."

Thou knowest best how needy  
Are those for whom I pray,  
Thy loving-kindness comforts them  
Who wander far away;  
Thou hearest all our prayers, and dost  
The right whatever it be;  
Oh, care for mine in mercy still  
As Thou hast cared for me.

Thou knowest I can only guess,  
With all my searching thought,  
What unexpected future good  
By present pains is wrought;  
What can I do but hope in Thee,  
And, leaving all the rest,  
Listen for Thy directing word,  
And know Thy will is best?

Thou knowest if some work remains  
Still for my hands to do,  
Or if, since it is evening-time,  
My task is nearly through;  
What matters that I do not know?  
My Father, I will be,  
In shadow or in fairest light,  
At rest in peace with Thee.

—Marianne Farningham.

#### Colour of the Sea.

The normal or natural colour of the ocean is blue; as expressed rightly in the familiar line of the poet, "Far o'er the waters of the dark blue sea." The deeper the water the darker the hue. But while blue is the dominant colour of the sea, as it is of the sky or the ether in which our planet floats, the ocean presents great variety of tint. The blue is of every shade, from indigo to cerulean azure; while at other times or in other places there is as great a variety of green or of grey. Some parts of the ocean, as well as rivers that run into it, have received distinctive names from the peculiar hue of their waters. Thus, as we have the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, in China; the Rio Negro, or Black River, in South America; the Red River in Canada; so of oceanic waters we have the Red Sea, the Black Sea, the White Sea, the Yellow Sea. There are permanent differences of hue in many waters, but besides these the same sea is subject to every change of aspect

under cloud or sunshine, and ever-varying atmospheric influences. There are regions where the changes of climate are few, and the sea looks the same for long seasons of the year, but as most of us know the ocean, as artists present it, there is scarcely any hue from ultramarine to gold or purple that could be called unnatural. The causes of this colour great and picturesque variety in the of the sea are for the most part well known and easily explained. Atmospheric influences produce the effects of light and shade, with the endless diversity of tint and hue arising from the absorption and reflection of the prismatic colours of the sky overhead. In shallow seas the ground underneath also affects the colour. If the subjacent strata are white, as chalk or light sand, the sea is of greenish tint, deeper as the bed below is darker. The surface colour may be variegated, so as to indicate the geological formation beneath. In some parts of the ocean the water is so transparent that the bottom may be clearly seen at more than a hundred feet of depth, as in the Caribbean Sea and in the fiords of Norway. Submarine vegetation or animal life, forests of sea-weed or layers of shells or coral, thus may affect the aspect of the water. Or mineral matter may be in suspension or in course of deposition, so as to determine the colour of even deeper waters, just as that of rivers is affected by the silt through which they flow. A far more conspicuous effect is produced by the presence of vegetable or animal life in the waters themselves. Off the coast of California there is an oceanic region called the Vermilion Sea, from the tint given by dense myriads of red animalcules; the presence of which, of various kinds and hues, gives the names to the Red Sea, the Yellow Sea, and other oceanic regions where such life abounds. To similar causes are assigned the various colours, green, brown, purple, rose, which voyagers have recorded and naturalists described in different parts of the sea.—From "Sea Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil"

#### A Woman's Influence.

A MINISTER had delivered a course of addresses on infidelity, and as time went on he was delighted to find that an infidel was anxious to unite himself with the congregation.

"Which of my arguments did you find the most convincing?" asked the minister.

"No argument moved me," was the reply, "but the face and manner of an old blind woman who sits in one of the front rows. I supported her one day as she was groping along, and, putting out her hand to me, she asked, 'Do you love my blessed Saviour?' Her look of deep content, her triumphant tones, made me realize as never before that He who could suffice to make one so helpless bright and glad, must be a 'blessed Saviour' indeed."

It is the living epistles that convince and persuade men. An earnest, patient, cheerful, helpful Christian is an argument for Christianity more convincing than any that Paley or Butler ever constructed.—Interior.

I HAVE been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—Abraham Lincoln.



## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VI. [August 8.

GENTILES SEEKING JESUS.

John 12. 20-36.

Commit vs. 23-27.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—John 12. 32.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus glorified through his death on the cross, to be the Saviour and King of the world.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. John 12. 17-36. Tu. John 12. 37-50. W. V. 24; 1. Cor. 15. 24-48. Th. V. 25; Matt. 10. 24-42. F. V. 27; Matt. 26. 31-45. Sa. V. 31; Matt. 25. 31-46. Su. V. 32; 1. Cor. 1. 13-31.

TIME.—Tuesday, April 4, A.D. 30. Two days after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, probably in the Gentile court of the temple.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Matt. 21. 12 to 23. 39; Mark 11. 12 to 12. 44; Luke 19. 45, to 21. 4.

INTRODUCTORY.—After the triumphal entry, our last lesson, Jesus returns to Bethany for the night. Monday morning he goes again to the temple, cleanses it from those who were desecrating it by merchandising, and again goes back to Bethany for the night. Tuesday morning he returns to the temple, and has a very busy day, in the midst of which occurs the lesson for today.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—20. *Greeks that came up to worship*—Proselytes, who adopted part of the Jewish religion. 21. *See Jesus*—In a private interview, like Nicodemus. 23. *The hour that the Son of man should be glorified*—By his death and resurrection. His crucifixion and atonement were necessary to his work of saving men, and causing the kingdom of heaven to come, which was his glory. 25. *He that loveth his life, etc.*—He that makes the things of this world first will lose them. 27. *What shall I say*—Read the next sentence as a question. *Shall I say Father, save me from this hour?* the hour of his death agony. No, for his whole mission had been preparing for this hour. 28. *I have glorified it*—By all he had done for the Christ, in sending him to the earth, in the power of working, etc. 31. *Now is the judgment of this world*—The hour that determines the conflict between good and evil, and by which evil is condemned to overthrow. 32. *Lifted from the earth*—On the cross. *Will draw all men*—Attract all. His atonement on the cross is the attracting power by which the world will be drawn to God.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening history.—The desire to see Jesus.—The hour of Christ's glorifying, etc.—Loving our life, and hating it.—Ver. 27.—The judgment of the world.—The attractions of the cross.—The objections of the people.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jesus go Sunday evening after his triumphal entry? (Matt. 21. 17.) What did he do the next day? (Mark 11. 12-19) What did he do on Tuesday? When and where did the events of this lesson take place?

## SUBJECT: JESUS GLORIFIED.

I. BY THE ACCESSION OF GENTILES (vs. 20-22).—Who came to see Jesus? How far had they gone in the true religion? To whom did they apply? Could they not see Jesus anywhere without asking permission? What did they want? Was this the beginning of the calling of the Gentiles to Christ's kingdom?

II. BY HIS DEATH ON THE CROSS (vs. 23-28).—What did Jesus say to them? What hour had come? How was Jesus glorified by his death on the cross? How had the people tried to glorify him? (See last lesson.) Could they understand how he could die on the cross and yet be glorified? (v. 24) By what illustration did he explain his meaning. What is meant by "loving life" and "hating life" in v. 25? What would be the results of these two courses? What is it to follow Jesus? How will his followers be rewarded? What comforts and help in the fact that we shall be with Jesus? (Rom. 8. 17; John 3. 2.)

III. BY A VOICE FROM HEAVEN (vs. 27-30).—What troubled Jesus? What two prayers were suggested to him? Which one did he make his own? Why was this difficult? How were his words confirmed? How had God glorified Jesus? What opinions did the people have about this voice?

IV. BY THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE CROSS (vs. 31-36).—How had the judgment of the world come? What is meant by the "prince of this world" being cast out? What was it to "be lifted up"? What would be the effect? What is there in "Christ crucified" to draw men to him? What warning did Jesus give the people? How was it applicable to them? How to us?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Every one should desire to see Jesus as he is, divine, holy, a saviour, a helper, the truth, ready to forgive, full of love.
2. This life must be subordinate to religion, and right, and duty, in order to make the most of life.
3. The way to serve Christ is to follow his example and his precepts.
4. Even in the best of men there are severe conflicts of the soul.
5. The victory is in seeking first the kingdom and then the glory of the Father.
6. "Christ crucified" attracts the whole world by the heroism, love, duty, danger of sin, forgiveness from God, hope of heaven, revealed by the cross.
7. The power of the church and of the teacher is in proportion to their experience and teaching of a crucified and risen Redeemer.
8. Now is the accepted time.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

6. Who sought to see Jesus? Ans. Certain Greeks who had accepted the Jewish worship.
7. What did Jesus teach them? Ans. That he must die in order to attain his glory as the Saviour and King of the world.
8. How did he apply this to his disciples? (Repeat v. 25.) 9. How were his sayings confirmed? Ans. By a voice from heaven.
10. What did he say about the power of his cross? (Repeat v. 32.)

A.D. 30.] LESSON VII. August 15.

JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY.

John 13. 1-17.

Commit vs. 13-16.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—John 13. 17.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Christian should imitate his Master in humble service for the good of men.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. John 13 1-17. Tu. Matt. 24. 1-18. W. Matt. 25. 1-12. Th. Luke 22. 1-13. F. Luke 22. 14-30. Sa. Matt. 23. 1-13. Su 1. Pet. 5. 1-11.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6; at the Passover feast.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—Matt. 24. 1. to 28. 20; Mark 13. 1. to 14-17; Luke 21. 5. to 22. 30; John 12. 37-50.

INTRODUCTION.—Soon after the last lesson, Jesus left the temple, and declared that it was to be destroyed. He goes towards Bethany, and on the Mount of Olives foretells the destruction of Jerusalem (Matt. 24); utters the parables of Matt. 25. He spends the night (Tuesday) at Bethany, and also the next day (Wednesday). Then he sends his disciples to the city to prepare for the Passover, and Thursday afternoon they all go to the city and celebrate the Passover.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Now before the feast*—Just before. *He loved unto the end*—He did not stop in his work of atoning love, though agony and death stood in the way. 2. *Supper being ended*—Better, supper being in progress; during supper. It was at the very beginning. *Judas to betray him*—Even the traitor's feet he would wash, so great was his love. 3. *Jesus knowing, etc.*—While conscious of his greatness and power, he did the work of a servant. 4. *He riseth from supper*—The occasion was the strife of Luke 22. 24-30. *Garments*—Outer garments or cloak. 5. *Poureth water*—Into a basin. The feet were not put into a basin, but the water was poured over them. *Wash... feet*—This was the servant's work, but they, having no servant, should have done it for one another; but each one was unwilling to take this lowly place. The feet could be easily washed, because they reclined at the

table with their feet outward from the table. 8. *If I wash thee not*—(1) If you do not yield to my judgment; (2) if you are not cleansed from your pride and self-seeking. *No part with me*—In my kingdom, my character, my work. 10. *He that is washed*—Bathed; a different word from the other "washed" in these verses. He that is bathed at home needs only to wash off the stains the feet have gained by walking here, and he is all clean. He that is truly converted, born of water and the Spirit, needs afterwards but to have the stains of daily life washed away. 14. *Wash one another's feet*—Imitate the spirit of this command, and do the humblest service for others.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Inter-vening events.—The Passover meal.—Order of events at this meal.—The contest for superiority.—Jesus washing his disciples' feet.—In what way we are to imitate his example.—v. 7, v. 10.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time between the last lesson and this? Where did Jesus spend this time? What were some of the things he said? (Matt. 24 and 25.)

## SUBJECT: HUMBLE SERVICE FOR OTHERS.

I. THE LAST SUPPER.—Where did Jesus and his disciples eat their last Passover meal together? (Luke 22. 8-13.) On what day of the week was this? How long before his crucifixion? How were people arranged at an oriental supper? What chapters of John were spoken by Jesus at this meeting? (Chap. 14-17.)

II. THE STRIFE WHO SHOULD BE GREATEST.—What contest arose among the disciples when they came together? (Luke 22. 24-30.) What was the occasion of this strife? What other contest something like this had occurred a few months before? (Luke 9. 46-48.)

III. JESUS REBUKES THEIR SPIRIT BY WASHING THEIR FEET (vs. 1-5).—How did Jesus "love his own unto the end"? How should "supper being ended" be translated? What trial did Jesus have now? (v. 2.) What comfort? (v. 3.) What did Jesus do for the disciples? How could this be done while at the meal? What was the need of washing feet at such a time?

IV. PETER OPPOSES (vs. 6-11).—Who objected to what Jesus was doing? Why? What was Jesus' reply? Does Jesus often say the same words to us when he gives us hard duties or trials? Why could he have no part with Jesus unless he was washed? What did Jesus mean in v. 10? Do we need daily cleansing, even though our hearts have been cleansed in Jesus' blood?

V. JESUS EXPLAINS HIS ACT (vs. 12-17).—In what relation did Jesus stand to them? What did he tell them to do? (v. 14.) Are we literally to wash each other's feet? In what ways may we follow this example of Jesus? In what ways do many break his command here given? What is the promise to those who humble themselves? (Matt. 5. 3; Luke 14. 14.) Why are those happy who do as he here bids them?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Self-seeking is one of the commonest occasions for strife.
2. Seeking for honour and the highest places is one of the greatest temptations.
3. Jesus' whole life sets us the example of humility and lowly service for others.
4. Our usefulness and power as Christians depends on our following our LORD in welcoming the poor, in ministering to the wants of the needy.
5. We should continually be looking out for opportunities to do good, and rejoice in the lowliest work for others.
6. Love transfigures and ennoble the lowliest service.
7. We should do our smallest duties from the highest motives.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

11. Where did Jesus eat his last Passover? Ans. In an upper room in Jerusalem, with his disciples. 12. What occurred at the beginning of the feast? Ans. A strife arose among the disciples as to who should be greatest. 13. How did Jesus rebuke them? Ans. He took water and washed the feet of his disciples. 14. What did Jesus command them to do? Ans. (Repeat v. 14.) 15. What did this mean? Ans. That we should not seek honour, but to do the humblest service for others.

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