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HOME & SCHOOL

VOL. II.]

TORONTO, MARCH 29, 1884.

[No. 7.]

Can You?

Can you make a rose or a lily—just one?
Or catch a beam of the golden sun?
Can you count the rain-drops as they fall,
Or the leaves that flutter from tree-tops tall?

Can you run like the brook and never tire?
Can you climb like the vine beyond the spire?

Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest,
Or make one father on Robin's breast?

Oh, my dear little boy, you are clever and strong,
And you are so busy the whole day long,
Trying as hard as a little boy can
To do big things like a "grown up" man!

Look at me, darling, I tell you true,
There are some things you never can do.
—St. Nicholas.

Turkish Homes.

Boys and girls in Turkey know very little about homes rich as we have in America, where fathers and mothers and children sit down for a pleasant time together, where there are games and music and books and a thousand things to enjoy. Mothers and sisters are expected to stay in a room by themselves, and not trouble the fathers and brothers, unless they can do something to make them comfortable. This is in wealthy families. In poor families men, women, and children, and animals all live in one room. Here the fathers and brothers spend most of their time in smoking and talking, while the women of the family do all the work—digging in the fields, as well as attending to the cooking and washing, and caring for the animals in the house.

One great thing that missionaries are trying to do is to make over these homes—to show the people how to live pleasantly and happily together. Perhaps the best way to show how this is done is to give a description of two homes which Miss West tells about in her book called "The Romance of Missions." She says something like this:

"One day I went with Aroosiag to the great house of one of her relatives. We very soon saw that we were not welcome. After sitting by the side of the lady of the house awhile, and trying to make her talk a little, we rose to go. Then she invited us to 'walk the house,' which meant to go over the house and look at it. This is a very common thing to do in Turkey; and the missionaries are much annoyed

sometimes by crowds of women who insist on going into every room and examining everything they can lay their hands on.

"We went up the stairway and were shown into a room where a daughter, a girl about fourteen years old, was sitting before a low embroidery frame weaving flowers in a girle for her betrothed. Four young girls were sitting near her, helping her with their needles to get ready for her wedding. These were her pupils in needlework; but not one of them could read.

"We were crossing the large central hall, where there were large huge bags of cocoons for the silk factory, when the master of the house came up the

stairway and swept by us in lordly style. He was very large, and was enveloped in a costly fur-lined robe. He had a rich cashmere shawl for a girdle, and a smaller one wound around his fez like a turban; and a large ring shone upon the little finger of his right hand.

"Seating himself with a very tired air upon the cushions in one corner of the room, he called his servants in loud tones, 'Sarkis! Apraham!' Everybody seemed to fly the moment he spoke. One poured water over his hands, and wiped them with a towel; another brought his *chibouk*, or long pipe; and another hastened to bring refreshments. Presently the 'bride'

came in with a little tray, on which was a small glass of *rakee*, or brandy, and another of water. This he could take from no hand but hers. She presented it with a profound *salaam*, touched his hand with her lips, then gracefully drew back and stood with crossed hands, while he held the liquor to the light, 'exclaimed 'Geunk!' ('Life!') and drank it all without stopping. The 'bride' stepped forward, took his hand, pressed it to her lips, then to her forehead, to her lips again, and then drew back as before, meekly waiting his commands.

"This young bride was a tall, slender, gypsy-like girl of fourteen or fifteen, with clear dark complexion, large black

him. When he had finished, a second glass of *rakee* was brought by a servant girl; and a *salaam* was given with every act of service.

"We made our formal farewell, and were about to leave, when a servant stopped us in the hall and insisted that we were to go into another room, where refreshments were given us—honey, cheese, bread, apples, melons, and sausages. We gave our parting *salaams* at last, and left the house of the Eastern nabob, over which the angel of peace could never fold her wings, for the more humble yet happy place where Christ's disciples lived."

The other home Miss West describes is the one where her pupil Aroosiag lived with her Christian father and mother.

"After the evening meal of roast chicken, fried egg-plant, boiled chestnuts, and the usual bread and honey, I gave the boys a lesson in singing, and sang some English songs as specimens, which greatly pleased them. The father listened attentively, and then asked if he could learn to sing; so I gave him a simple exercise in singing.

"We were sitting around the *ojak*, or fireplace, in the winter-kitchen, watching the cheerful blaze of the long crooked sticks standing upright in the open chimney. We had nuts and apples; and I was reminded of an old-fashioned fireplace where I used to visit when I was a child.

"'O Varzhoobi! tell us about it,' said the boys, when I spoke of my native land.

"'If you please,' said the mother, smiling as she glanced at the eager group around me.

"'If you please,' they answered; and they listened with open mouths and eyes while I described the farmhouse, the great barns, the cows, the fowls, the bees, and the birds. Then I told them of the home of my childhood—the of the village, with its pleasant houses and its shady gardens, where the flowers bloomed, and the birds sang, and the children played so happily. Our conversation ended with a talk about heaven and the life in that beautiful place.

"'When we get to heaven,' said the little mother, 'I shall sit by you just so, drawing nearer to my feet and taking my hand.

"'Yee, and leave me off here?'



A SCENE IN A TURKISH HOME.

eyes, and raven hair. On her head was a broad gold band made of three rows of gold coins, and on her neck was another one with pendants. Poor creature! She looked so sad that I asked Aroosiag who she was. She told me that she had just been married to the oldest son of the family, and he was an idiot. She had been sold by her mother for gold.

"After awhile the master of the house condescended to talk to us a little; but I could think of no one but the churlish Nabal in the Bible, who was 'such a man of Belial that a man cannot speak to him.' I could imagine him venting his anger on everything within his reach if anything displeased

him. When he had finished, a second glass of *rakee* was brought by a servant girl; and a *salaam* was given with every act of service.

"We made our formal farewell, and were about to leave, when a servant stopped us in the hall and insisted that we were to go into another room, where refreshments were given us—honey, cheese, bread, apples, melons, and sausages. We gave our parting *salaams* at last, and left the house of the Eastern nabob, over which the angel of peace could never fold her wings, for the more humble yet happy place where Christ's disciples lived."

cried Prappion, the oldest daughter. 'And where will grandmother be?'

"Oh! mother will sit in the corner, was the answer, (and we glanced at the chimney-corner, where the dear old grandmother had fallen asleep, her head bobbing up and down,) 'Baron will sit in the middle, Prappion by his side, and—'

"And we will lie here," piped out one of the younger boys, lifting his head from the pillow at the back of the room, his eyes twinkling with fun.

"We were much amused; and the good 'Baron,' looking fondly at his wife, exclaimed, 'Surprising woman!'

"I had tried several times to retire, and at last I rose to go, saying 'I will arise.'

"And go to my father's house," said the mother quickly, supplying the rest of the sentence.

"And to-morrow morning you will be gone, and we shall be alone."

"My days are gliding swiftly by," I sang in reply.

"Prappion sung the next line or two, but in such a doleful way that we could not help laughing at her. Then I answered with, 'I'm a pilgrim, I can tarry but a night.' So the evening ended."

Which home do you think was the pleasanter? The missionaries are trying to make over as many of the desolate homes in Turkey as they can. Will you help them?—*The Well-Spring.*

Better Than Gold.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread is a humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health
Untired by the lusts and cares of wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labours close.
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumber deep.
Bring sleeping draughts on his downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
The tiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in a realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother or sister or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tired by sorrow with heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And centre there are better than gold.

FATHYB RYAN.

DR. GORDON, of Kiota, writes that missionaries coming to Japan "should be men and women of the best ability, the most thorough culture, the soundest bodies, and the most earnest piety;" and that "they should come with the fixed determination to devote a term of years wholly to the work of acquiring a knowledge of the language and the people."

A Letter for the Boys.

BY MISS C. S. BURNETT.

It has been said, if you want to please a boy, show him a flag, or tell him a good story about war, or a fight of some kind.

I think we ought to please boys more than we do, so I will tell you of an army unlike any other army that was ever known, and this is a true story too. Over eight hundred years ago, an army of 30,000 boys about twelve years of age, left the beautiful city of Marseilles, France, for Palestine, to take part in the war known in history as the Crusade. This army was conducted by Stephen Vendome, a shepherd boy, but little older than the rest. Two of the seven ships that carried them were soon wrecked; the five went in safety as far as Egypt, there the children were seized by the enemy and sold as slaves. Thus ended "The Boys' Crusade." You wonder why these boys left home to become strangers in a foreign land. I will tell you about a hundred years before the time of which I write, the Christians of Western Europe determined to rescue the land of Palestine from Mohammedans, who persecuted the Christians who lived there, and would not permit strangers or pilgrims to visit the tomb of Christ.

This war was planned by Peter the Hermit in 1096, and lasted till 1272. It is known in history as the Crusades. In the First Crusade there were 600,000 people; in the second 1,200,000, and before the close of the seventh and last, over 6,000,000 persons took the Crusader's vow, which was to rescue the Holy Sepulchre or die in the attempt. A large portion of them died, and still the enemy held the land for which they were fighting.

I hope you like to read history, and will some day read this very interesting story for yourselves. I will say here, some historians do not mention The Boys' Crusade, but Hurst, and others, equally reliable, do so. You know some people do not think it worth while to mention what boys do, or try to do.

Boys, you cannot become Crusaders as these did, and I fear you do not all love the right well enough to fight for it, if you had the chance. But there is a war now raging, and it, too, may well be termed a crusade. It is a war waged not with spear and sword, but with voice and pen; but you know "the pen is mightier than the sword," so our cause will win. In the end the truth must prevail in the world which God has made. This war is waged not to recover a tomb or a country, but to save our fair land from an enemy which is more destructive to its best interests than was Moslem to Palestine. This enemy I would have you combat, enters the very home, and not only kills and enchains the father and son, but strikes its fearful blows at the wife and innocent children. It takes from them their warm, comfortable clothing and dresses them in rags. It takes from its captives their good sense, their good names, yes—even the right of heaven. No home in our land can be said to be perfectly safe. It may always have passed your door as it has mine, but what assurance have we that some whom we love may not soon be its victims? I need not tell you the name of this enemy. You all know it, and because you know, you ought to fortify yourself against all attacks by good

resolutions, the assistance of good companions, and, above all, by having the fear of God before your eyes. I am glad there is an army of more than thirty thousand boys who have sworn not only never to surrender but to use all their influence and power to drive this enemy, *strong drink*, from our midst and plant the standard, prohibition, on the strongest citadel in every State as it is now furled to the breeze in Kansas. Boys, we want you, temperance wants you every one to fight "for God and home and native land." Unless you are on your guard this stealthy foe will lead you on to folly, crime and woe. This enemy is no respecter of persons; it enters the hovel and the mansion as well; while it strikes at the lowest, the bravest of the brave may fall into a drunkard's grave. It is a wily enemy; with faintest, silken bands it binds its victims, but its power increases till it holds them with a firmer grasp and an iron hand. Boys, there is but one way to escape his seductive wiles—stay away from his haunts, and if he seeks you out, as he probably will, say No! to the first entreaty and mean it, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," so shall you be faithful crusaders.

April First.

April Fool! April Fool!
Every boy in every school,
Every girl in every street,
Now the magic words repeat.

April Fool! April Fool!
Mirth and mischief now do rule,
Streamers pin to coats and hats,
Bark like dogs and mew like cats.

April Fool! April Fool!
Oh, lock up the boys in school!
Oh, shut up the girls at home!
Then an hour of peace may come.

Cardinal Manning on England's Greatness.

We are a vast people, and a wise and understanding people, too. We have taught the world the manufacture of machinery; we have taught the world the application of physical science to the industries of the world; we have taught the nations to use steam by land and by sea; we cover the whole ocean in all its seas by our commerce and our carrying trade. We are a great people, and a great empire. So was Rome once; and so was Spain a little while ago. Have we a perpetuity for our imperial greatness? Is there no worm at the root, and is not the drunkenness that is spreading among the millions—is not that worse than any worm at the root? Can any man be a Christian, can any man be a citizen, can any man be a member of the Commonwealth and not have not only a shame, but a fear, when he sees these things? There was a time when the port of Rome had quays of marble—of the most costly marbles in Egypt and the East; when great galleys full of wealth were moored along those quays. What is it now? The river is choked by sand; the quays are gone; the wreck of those marbles is hidden; the mud of Tiber has covered all its greatness. Why should not the mouth of the Tyne one day be so? Human things are all mutable; and the day may come when our busy city of Newcastle may lie like the port of Rome, when Tyne-side, with all its wealth and all its activity, may lie dead and dormant. Assuredly it is righteousness that exalteth the nation, and there can be

no righteousness without temperance. Temperance is government. When the people are temperate they can govern themselves. Men that are intoxicated cannot govern themselves. The time has come, then, to stay this evil by all the might and all the wisdom we possess; to stand between the living and the dead and stay the pestilence, lest the hour should come when the judgment should fall, because we have not known the day of our visitation.

Missionary Notes.

A FRENCH interviewer, who sought out Arabi Bey in Ceylon, found him apparently contented and hopeful for the future of Egypt. He is studying English, and he says: "My most ardent wish is to obtain of the British Government the authorization to go to London to lay at Queen Victoria's feet the assurance of my devotion." Now that he knows the English he likes them, and declares that God has made them the rulers of Egypt for Egypt's best good. Arabi sends frequent letters to his legal defender, Mr. Broadley, which are said to be models of elegant Arabic writing, and to contain sentiments both moderate and dignified.

IN Rome there is a military church which has a Sunday-school connected with it, the members of which are soldiers of the army. Every soldier recites a verse of Scripture he has committed to memory, and reads in turn from his own Bible. The prayer is made by one of the soldiers every Sunday. The general Sunday-school work in Italy is attended with difficulty and discouragement, many who would otherwise come to the schools being kept away by persecution.

A ROMAN Catholic paper says: "The British Protestant missionary societies collect more than a million pounds annually; the greatest Catholic missionary society in the world collects about a quarter of a million, and even of this sum more than half (4,500,000 francs, more than £180,000) comes from France alone, the rest of the Catholic world contributing only some £90,000."

AN intense intellectual movement is said to be making itself felt through the whole of Iceland. It is headed by a still youthful teacher, Thorvald Thorodsson, of Mordruvellir. A second instructor is travelling over the island, delivering lectures on religion, piety, general culture, etc., and is establishing schools for adults throughout the land.

MISS HOWARD, the Canadian female physician in China, now treating the wife of the great Viceroy, is besieged by ladies of wealthy families "who would rather die than be treated by a foreign male physician." Her success is but one indication of the need of female physicians in the far East.

SOUTH AFRICA has now a Wesleyan Conference of its own, and it has been resolved to push on through the Transvaal and Switzerland to the centre of the continent. In South Africa they have 20,000 Church-members, to whom 184 missionaries and 48 catechists minister.

IN the report of Dr. Means, at Portland, he asserts that, "in proportion to the aid and means employed, no missions to the heathen since the apostolic age have been more successful than those to the American aborigines."

The Drinking-House Over the Way.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The room was so cold, so cheerless and bare,
With its rickety table, and one broken
chair,
And its curtainless window with hardly a
pane
To keep out the snow, the wind, and the
rain.

A cradle stood empty, pushed up to the
wall,
And somehow that seemed the saddest of
all.
In the old rusty stove the fire was dead;
There was snow on the floor at the foot of the
bed.

And there all alone a pale woman was lying,
You need not look twice, to see she was
dying;
Dying of want—of hunger and cold,
Shall I tell you her story—the story she
told?

"No, ma'am, I'm no better, my cough is so
bad;
It's wearing me out though, and that makes
me glad,
For it's wearisome living when one's all
alone,
And heaven they tell me is just like a home.

"Yes, ma'am, I've a husband, he's some-
where about,
I hoped he'd come in 'fore the fire went out;
But I guess he has gone where he's likely to
stay,
I mean to the drinking-house over the way.

"It was not so always; I hope you won't
think
Too hard of him, lady—it's only the drink.
I know he's kind 'carted, for oh, how he
cried
For our poor little baby the morning it died!

"You see he took sudden, and grew very
bad,
And we had no doctor—my poor little lad!
For his father had gone, never meaning to
stay
I am sure—to the drinking-house over the
way.

"And when he came back 'twas far in the
night,
And I was so tired, and sick with the fright
Of staying so long with my baby alone,
And it cutting my heart with its pitiful
moan.

"He was cross with the drink, poor fellow,
I know
It was that, not his baby, that bothered him
so;
But he swore at the child, as panting it lay,
And went back to the drinking-house over
the way.

"I heard the gate slam and my heart seemed
to freeze—
Like ice in my bosom, and there on my
knees
By the side of the cradle, all shivering I
stayed;
I wanted my mother, I cried and I prayed.

"The clock it struck two 'fore my baby was
still,
And my thoughts they went back to the
home on the hill,
Where my happy girlhood had spent its
short day,
Far, far from that drinking-house over the
way.

"Could I be that girl?" I, the heart-broken
wife
Here watching alone, while that dear little
life
Was going so fast, that I had to bend low
to hear if he breathed, 'twas so faint and so
slow.

"Yes, it was easy his dying, he just grew
more white,
And his eyes opened wider to look for the
light
As his father came in, 'twas just break of
day,
I came in from the drinking-house over the
way.

"Yes, ma'am, he was sober, at least mostly,
I think,
He often stayed that way to wear off the
drink,
And I know he was sorry for what he had
done,
Or he set a great store by our first little

"And straight did he come to the cradle-bed
where
Our baby lay dead, so pretty and fair;
I wondered that I could have wished him to
stay
When there was a drinking-house over the
way.

"He stood quite awhile, did not understand,
You see, ma'am, till he touched the little
cold hand;
Oh, then came the tears, and he shook like
a leaf,
And said, 'twas the drinking had made all
the grief.'

"The neighbours were kind, and the minister
came,
And he talked of my seeing the baby again;
And of the bright angels—I wondered if
they
Could see into that drinking-house over the
way.

"And I thought when my baby was put in
the ground,
And the man with the spade was shaping the
mound,
If somebody only would help me to save
My husband, who stood by my side at the
grave.

"If only it were not so handy, the drink!
The men that make laws, ma'am, sure didn't
think
Of the hearts they would break, of the souls
they would slay
When they licensed that drinking-house over
the way.

"I've been sick ever since, it cannot be long;
Be pitiful, lady, to him when I'm gone;
He wants to fight, but you never would
think
How weak a man grows when he's fond of
the drink.

"And it's tempting him here, and it's
tempting him there;
Four places I've counted in this very square
Where men can get whiskey by night and by
day,
Not to reckon the drinking-house over the
way.

"There's a verse in the Bible the minister
read;
'No drunkard shall enter in Heaven,' it said;
And he is my husband, and I loved him so,
And where I am going, I want he should go.

"Our lady and I will both want him there;
Don't you think the dear Jesus will hear to
my prayer,
And please when I'm gone, ask some one to
pray
For him, at the drinking-house over the
way."

—Mrs. Nutting, in the *Union Signal*.**White Velvet and Gray Felt.**

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A LITTLE girl, plainly and quite un-
fashionably dressed, entered a Sunday-
school in New York one crisp autumnal
afternoon. Everything about her was
very neat, and showed that she was
cared for by a mother whose tastes
were refined, though her means might
be small. Her cloak was of quilted
merino, and her hat, of the softest felt,
trimmed with a single band of gray
velvet.

An artist, entering the room, would
have been very much pleased with the
child, all in simple, modest gray, with
a delicate peach-bloom on her cheek,
the loveliest brown eyes, and golden
curls falling to her shoulders.

But the children who attended this
Sunday-school were not painters, and
I am sorry to say that some of the girls
were not ladies. Of course, you know
that a real lady never judges of persons
by the mere outside appearance, and
that she cares a great deal more about
qualities such as truthfulness, courage,
gentleness and unselfishness, than about
the way a flounce hangs, or the tint of
a feather. Anybody who has a little
money may buy and wear a costly
dress; but the dress does not matter,

if the wearer happens to be rude, dis-
dainful, or silly. And, after all, my
dear little Gertrude Fechter, was as
well dressed as the daughters of the
Prince of Wales, though that is a
puzzle to some of our dainty little
American girls.

Gertrude sat, her eyes full of quiet
confidence and pleasure, during the
opening exercises, in the place which
the superintendent had given her.
After they were finished, and he had
said "Teachers may take their classes,"
he came and seated himself beside her,
and asked her a few questions, and
finally led her to a semi-circle of girls
whose bent heads and murmuring
voices were proofs that they had a
good teacher, and that they were trying
to learn.

"Miss Maybin, will you make room,
please for this little girl, who is a new
scholar?" Miss Maybin did so very
pleasantly.

But Carry Fletcher nudged Rosa
Van Buskirk, and made a scornful
little face; and Lulu Price drew her
silk dress and plush jacket away as
though afraid of their touching the
quilted merino. It takes very little
to hurt the feelings of a sensitive
child; and Miss Maybin, when she
presently turned around again, was
surprised and sorry to see fears in the
dark eyes.

"What is the matter, dear?" she
asked.

The lips quivered, but Gertrude did
not reply. Elsie Pomeroy, however,
spoke low, but distinctly: "We don't
want a Dutch girl in our class, Miss
Maybin."

Poor little Gertrude sprang up, with
an impulse to run away anywhere,
home to mamma, anywhere, so that
she would be safe out of this dreadful
school-room, with the beautiful loving
mottos all around on the walls, and
such unkind, unloving faces among the
scholars. Miss Maybin gently detained
her.

"I am very sorry, and very, very
much ashamed, too, that any of my
little girls can speak as Elsie has. And
I know some One who is sorry and
wounded, too, more sorry than I am,
more wounded than this little Ger-
trude. It is the dear Lord Jesus, our
Master, who has been hurt—oh! so
much this afternoon."

A hush fell upon the class, and
Elsie's cheeks grew very red. Lulu
looked uncomfortable; and Carry and
Rose wished they had been kind, but
did not know how to express their
penitence.

A clear voice spoke. There was a
beautiful girl at the extreme corner of
the bench, and she had been so deeply
interested in the lesson that she had
hardly looked up when Gertrude was
presented by the superintendent. She
was all blue and white: blue and white
velvet, soft and shining, composed her
dress; a snowy ostrich plume wound
around her white velvet hat, with its
shirred facing of blue; and her eyes
were like flax-flowers, so large and so
lustrous. She was Marjorie Dana;
and being the best scholar and the most
amiable girl in the class, and the grand-
daughter of old Dr. Dana, who with
his white hair and his gold-headed
cane was so splendid-looking and so
venerable, everybody followed Mar-
jorie's lead. Even among children
there are leaders, to whom the rest
look up and pay attention.

"Miss Maybin," said Marjorie,
"please, let the new scholar sit by me!

I wish she would look over on my
book, and let me be her friend."

Brave little Marjorie! She slipped
an arm round Gertrude, gave her hand
the most charming squeeze, and when
school was over, walked all the way
home with her, and promised to call
for her next Sunday.

A few weeks later there came a
rainy day. The lady who played the
piano was absent, and the superintend-
ent inquired if somebody would not
volunteer to take her place at the in-
strument. There were a great many
young ladies in the school who could per-
form brilliant show-pieces on the piano,
a great many who had spent several
hours of every day for years in labo-
rious practice. But there were only
two or three who could play easy
hymn-tunes at sight, and they were
kept at home by the storm. Miss
Maybin was not musical.

The superintendent waited, and no
one offering, he asked again if there
was not some teacher or scholar who
could give this help?

Up went a small hand, and little
Gertrude, on being asked, said very
modestly she would try. Marjorie, not
in her white velvet to-day, but looking
just as sweet in her everyday one,
walked down the aisle with her, and
stood at her side, while Gertrude
Fechter, the little German girl, who
had been studying music since she
was four years old, and who had been
taught to be very accurate and thorough,
played every piece she saw precisely as
if she were reading from a printed
page. Her voice, a ringing contralto,
helped the leader ever so much; and
when school was over, and she went
home, he said, "That wonderfully
clever child is a rare genius."

And so she is, and better still, she
is a sweet Christian child; and her
playing and singing will "always and
only" be for her King Jesus.

One of these days, if I am not mis-
taken, some people will be very proud
to know Gertrude Fechter; but Ger-
trude will always hold very dear in her
memory one true friend, and she will
never forget the afternoon when white
velvet took gray felt under her protec-
tion.

At a public dinner given in honour
of Daniel Webster, some one asked
him what was the greatest thought
that ever occupied his mind. After a
moment's reflection the great states-
man replied, "that of my personal
responsibility to God." Most busy
people do not often stop to think on
the motives that impel them to action;
but when there is a disposition to flag
in our labour, and inspiration is needed
to urge us forward again, this will carry
with it great weight. The king in the
parable, who on going abroad delivered
to his servants talents to employ, is re-
presented as calling them all again to
account. Nor can we escape rendering
a like account of the use made of our
abilities and opportunities.

USE OF BEREAVEMENT. — "See,
father," said a lad, who was walking
with his father, "they are knocking
away the props from under the bridge;
what are they doing that for? Won't
the bridge fall?" "They are knock-
ing them away," said the father, "that
the timbers may rest more firmly
upon the stone piers, which are now
finished." God only takes away our
earthly props that we may rest firmly
upon Him.—E.

Heaven is Near.

O, HEAVEN is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty futara that stretches on
From the silent homes of the dead.
'Tis no lone isle, in a lonely man,
No distant but brilliant shore
Where the loved ones are called away—
Must go to return no more

No, heaven is near us, the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we see not the hovering angel band
On the shores of eternity
Yet off, in the hour of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given
The power to pierce through the mist of
sense
To the beautiful scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall,
The soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.
I know when the silver cord is loosed,
And the veil is rent away,
Not long nor dark will the passing be
To the realms of endless day.

The eye that saunt in the dying hour,
Will open the next in bliss,
The welcome will sound in a heavenly world
Fre the farewell is rushed in this
We pass from the clay of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And the smiling faces will greet us there
Which on earth we have valued most.

with His own benevolent energy? Can we for a moment doubt this? Are we not forced to believe it? And if so, does it follow that it is equally our duty to promote them to the utmost extent of our power? Moreover, it is remarkable that our Lord's intercessory prayer for the union of His people is connected with His own prescient anticipation of the world's conviction of the truth of His own mission, "that they may be one even as we are one. I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me."

Here, then, are the agencies and institutions raised up in these modern times for the conversion of the world. And here, at the same time, are the Churches spontaneously uniting with each other to remove the occasions of unbelief and convince the world of the truth of our Lord's mission. Both are of God, both have the same beneficent influence, and both are now in operation. We bless God for it. We bless God that we live in the favoured age when both are so happily and powerfully combined. You Methodist Churches in Canada have done your part as peacemakers, as obeying the Redeemer's supreme command, and fulfilling His own earnest intercessory prayer for the perfect union of the Church, offered just before His agony in Gethsemane. I honour you, my dear brethren, in the good and great work you have done. Make it perfect now, by the sweetest and most endearing interchanging of kind offices towards each other, and the most devoted consecration of all your influence and property and labours for the conversion of sinners and the evangelization of the world, and the richest blessing of the Triune Jehovah will rest upon you. May the other sections of Methodism in England soon follow your example.

If it were in my power, I would sound with a clarion voice in the ears of all the Methodist Churches in the world the glowing appeal of Richard Baxter in his "True Catholic Church Described." "Brother, if indeed thou love the Church of Christ, join with me in thy heartiest daily prayers and in thy faithful endeavours for the destroying of divisions, and the repairing of decayed charity, and restoring of catholic principles and affections of all the members of the Church."

A Simple Marking System.

THE marking system which I have found so successful is most briefly explained in the following schedule, of which each scholar has a copy:



A satisfactory lesson consists of the appointed verses repeated slowly, without help, with but slight hesitation,

and admits of mistakes corrected immediately by one's self.

A perfect lesson consists of the same, repeated slowly, without hesitation, repetition of words, or help from another, and entitles the scholar to an extra mark, which cannot be restored.

HOW TO RESTORE IN PERFECT MARKS.

A poor lesson mark may be restored by reciting the same verses satisfactorily on the next Sunday.

A forgotten gift mark restored by bringing it the next Sunday.

A poor attention mark restored by good attention three successive Sundays.

A late mark restored by punctuality three successive Sundays.

If absent, a note sent with good reason of absence, contribution, and word that the lesson has been recited at home, is counted as a satisfactory Sunday.

For ten satisfactory Sundays, and seven extra perfect marks, I have promised each a pretty book of Bible texts, but if any teacher does not approve of the method of rewards, a sufficient incentive ought to be that of awarding the highest place in the class to the one who first attains a certain number of satisfactory Sundays and perfect marks.

Besides our Bible studies, we have a class motto and a special object of work for the winter. Our motto for this winter is, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." And the special object of each of us is to overcome our one particular besetting sin.—S. S. Times.

Educate the Children in Christian Giving.

BY Z. HURD.

I WAS sent for this morning to visit a dying boy, seven years of age, a member of the primary department of our Sunday-school. I found him the youngest of a large, poor, irreligious family; but one of the most faithful in attendance upon our Sunday-school. He had earned one of the prizes for not having missed a Sabbath during the year. He could speak to me in a whisper. I talked with him about Christ and heaven, prayed with him and baptized him. He said: "I shall go to heaven and never be sick again." I left the room and was waiting a little while, and he sent for me to come back. He said: "Two Sundays I have been sick and could not go to Sunday-school; but I have kept the pennies for the collection and I want you to take them." He asked his mother to get them out of his drawer, and with his little pale hand he put the two cents in my hand and said: "Put them into the collection for me." He now seemed satisfied, and in the afternoon he passed peacefully away, "to be sick no more." The incident deeply moved me and impressed me as never before with the duty and responsibilities of educating the children in Christian giving. This little boy had thus early learned the great lesson and was practising it—the lesson that thousands of adult Christians never learn—that there is a higher and better use of money than spending it for



A CHINESE SLAVE GIRL.

candies and toys; for far. and worldly pleasures, and his character and life were being formed around this great Gospel doctrine. Here is the grand opportunity and the grand duty of the Church at the present time. Christian giving should be made fundamental in all our Sunday-school instruction, in all our Sunday-school work, and especially in the festive occasions of the Sunday-school.

We see and deplore a great lack here—especially in the ordinary Christian's free festivals; when the children expect to receive everything and give nothing, and conclude that the world is made especially for them, and are thus educated into selfishness and narrowness and arrogance.

Ten years of the right kind of work in educating the children in Christian giving would give us a new generation—a generation of Christian given. Let us enter into it.

A Chinese Slave Girl.

MALE slaves are comparatively few in China, but female slaves are quite numerous. Rich families, instead of hiring female help, buy girls from twelve to sixteen years old, at from fifty to one hundred dollars each, and after keeping them at work for a number of years without giving them anything but food and clothing, they sell them as wives, and often get back more than they paid for them. When the girl becomes a wife she is free. As the female slave must be provided with a husband by her owner, her lot is better than that of a male slave, who may be held in perpetual bondage. But bond servants in China are not very harshly treated, and male slaves, as we said, are but few in number.

Christianity Triumphant. By J. P. Newman, D.D., LL.D. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 DeF St., New York. Paper, 15 cts., cloth, 75 cts. Toronto: William Briggs.

The triumphs of Christianity—what a theme for an able and eloquent writer such as Dr. Newman is known to be! Nothing could be more needed, in these skeptical times of ours, than just such a review as is here given in short compass and popular style. Dr. Newman has given us an overwhelming array of facts appealing to the common-sense of the masses. Young men and women especially need to read this work. It is a clear and animated statement of what Christianity has done and is doing for the world.

WAS it the "apple of discord" that produced the heart-rending screech of the small boy who took it green?

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TORONTO, MARCH 29, 1884.

Methodist Union.

BY THE REV. WM. COOKE, D.D.,

Ex President of the New Connexion Conference, England.

AFTER referring to the numerous unions among the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches (some seven or eight in number) which have recently taken place, Dr. Cooke goes on to remark:

It is indeed a remarkable coincidence that all these unions should be contemporaneous with the revival of missions to the heathen, and the origin of those other great benevolent institutions promotive of the conversion of the world. The connection of one with the other is an obvious historic fact; it stands out before our eyes. What is their relation to each other? Is their connection fortuitous or providential and Divine? Do they not spring from the same source? Are they not evidently effects of the same Divine cause, the quickening, transforming, and hallowing influence of the Holy Spirit firing the Churches



HOW NUTMEGS GROW.

How Nutmegs Grow.

NUTMEGS grow on little trees which look like small pear-trees, and which are generally not over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows a little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over four thousand nutmegs on it every year.

The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg-trade, as they owned the Banda Islands, and conquered all the traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as big as a church. Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg-pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried

those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world had the benefit.

The picture shows the way the fruit is prepared for use. It is gathered three times a year—about four lbs. from each tree. The outer husk is removed and the inner husk is dried for mace. The nutmegs are dried over a slow fire, sometimes for two months. Then it is sorted, packed, and shipped to all parts of the world.

Saidie's Winter.

BY MRS. LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

SAIDIE CRAWFORD stood beside the window, in her pretty little room, looking out on the gray, wintry afternoon. The withered vines over the arbour swung back and forth in the wind, and the branches of the leafless elms creaked dismally against the house. But the chill winter picture outside did not sadden the young girl musing within.

"There is so much I want to do this

winter," she said half aloud. "It is so nice to be home again in my own sweet room. Last winter it was just up and down to some tiresome bell,—from one recitation-room to another. Now I have graduated, that is all over. And this winter I want to try work outside the school-room. Tom wants me to read German with him; and mother needs rest and help, so I mean to keep house every other week. Father likes me to help him with his accounts, and I'm glad I can. I am going to have a class in Sunday-school—such darling little girls! and I shall take such pains with my lesson through the week. And there's some fancy-work I would like to do. Father needs a new head-rest for his chair, and the table-cover is rather shabby in the sitting-room; and there are several poor families at the end of the village I ought to visit. I'll make a list of all the things, then I can do them in order better."

And Saidie opened her neat writing desk, and after making out her memorandum, which grew under her hand, remembered she must write to her dearest friend, Annie Read; and as her pen ran over the paper Saidie forgot that the room was chilly, and her feet growing numb, until her mother called:

"Saidie, dear, you are staying up-stairs without a fire too long."

And Saidie, shivering, ran down to the sitting-room.

"I have so many nice plans, mother," she said gleefully, while warming her tingling feet and fingers. "I am only afraid the winter will not be long enough for all I want to do."

Mother smiled, and said gently, "You must not forget, daughter, 'Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow, and 'If the Lord will.'"

"Oh yes! mother; but I think—I hope I am trying to work for Him this winter!"

Saidie hovered over the fire all the evening, but her chilliness would not pass away. She tried to talk with Tom of the proposed German studies; but queer little shiverings ran up and down her back, her head throbbed and felt heavy, she could not count the stitches in her fancy knitting.

"I am afraid you have taken a very heavy cold, Saidie," said her mother anxiously.

"Oh, I'll sleep it off, I hope," Saidie tried to respond cheerfully. But she did not sleep it off; and after a restless, painful night, the doctor was summoned to pronounce Saidie in the first stages of rheumatic fever.

Then how long the days were, despite the winter time, and longer the wakeful nights. But how kind every one was! Mother and father, whom she hoped to help so much, were

untiring in their watch beside her. Tom softened his steps and voice, and was full of all manner of gentle attentions. And when, one weary day, Saidie begged him to read to her from her Bible, he hesitated but a moment, and then cheerfully began. And so it came to pass that in a short while Tom would take up the Bible as a matter of course, and ask:

"Where shall we read, Saidie?"

The March winds were blowing, and although no leaves were yet to be seen, Tom had found some delicate spring flowers in the hollows, when Saidie, wrapped in shawls, and propped with pillows, was just able to sit up for a few hours. She was in her own pretty room, in which we first saw her, but a very different looking Saidie from the bright, energetic one of three months before.

"Let me have my portfolio, mother," she said one day.

Saidie turned over the papers with her thin, white fingers. There on top lay her list.

Some moments later Mrs. Crawford entered, and found Saidie crying over the slip of paper.

"What is it, daughter?" she asked tenderly.

"O mother!" sobbed Saidie, "here is my list I made of all the things I expected to do. I had planned such a busy, useful winter—to be so much help to you, and every one—and I just had to lie here, and—"

"Suffer all His righteous will," said her mother, softly stroking the bowed head.

"Don't think you have had a wasted winter, dear child. You have learned a great many things in these four walls, and taught more than, perhaps, you could have done in health."

"Taught, mother?" asked Saidie, looking up wonderingly; how could I teach, and whom?"

"Have you not seen how ready, and even eager, for your Bible-reading Tom has become? I think he has been learning some lessons he might not have found outside of your sick-room."

"Tom, dear Tom!" murmured Saidie, "I had not thought I could be of any use to him while tied here."

"You had planned your German lessons together, but God planned these higher, heavenly lessons; were they not better?"

"Oh yes!" said Saidie.

"God often puts aside some of the things we expect to do, even in His service," said Mrs. Crawford, "so we may better perform some greater work He has for us. Although your illness was brought on by your own imprudence, He has made it work out good for us all."

"I will keep that list," said Saidie. "It may prevent me from boasting of to-morrow, or over-planning. I did not spend the winter as I expected, but I dare not call it wasted."

"Neither dare I," said Tom, who had entered softly.

A PERT little girl in Troy, N.Y., boasted to one of her little friends that "her father kept a carriage." "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives a street car."

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it is broke!" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

A Lesson Worth Enshrining.

A LESSON in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this: "I take no note of time
Save when the sun is shining."
These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never preaches
To human hearts a better lore—
Than this short lesson teaches:
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart,
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it.
And if to-day the heavy wind
Of sorrow is oppression,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing.
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter;
We take the cup of life and taste
No potion but the bitter;
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light
All bodiless 'phantoms' scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of time's fast-ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the gracious Giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

A Brave Boy.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

I LIKE to read of heroes. I like to see men who have done heroic deeds. I feel strengthened by thinking of what they have done. It acts as a tonic to one's moral nature.

Not long since I saw a hero. I was a witness of his brave deed, and I felt a warm glow at my heart a hundred times since at the thought of it. But the deed of bravery was one the papers said nothing about. They would not have considered it worth mentioning, I suppose; but I do, and I am going to write it down to help others who may be tempted as this boy was. For my hero was only a boy; but there is the making of a strong man in him.

It happened in this way: I was walking down the street and stopped in front of a saloon to talk with a friend. As we stood there two boys came along.

"Come in and have something to drink," said one of them.

"Thank you," was the reply, "but I never drink."

"Oh! temperance, are you?" said the other, that had a suspicion of a sneer in it.

"Yes," answered the boy bravely.

"I don't believe in drinking liquor."

"Well, you needn't drink liquor if you don't want to," said his companion.

"Take some lemonade."

"Not in a saloon," was the other's reply.

"Why not?" asked his friend. "It won't make you drunk because they sell whiskey over the same bar, will it?"

"I don't suppose it would," was the reply. "But saloons are bad places, and I don't believe in patronizing them."

"What a moral young fellow you are!" said his friend, with contempt in his words. "Do you intend to preach when you get to be a man?"

"No, I don't expect to," was the reply. "But I intend to make a man of myself; and I never know a fellow to amount to much who got into the habit of frequenting saloons."

"I haven't asked you to hang about saloons, have I?" demanded his friend angrily. "One would think from what you say that I asked you to get drunk."

"You didn't ask me to get drunk," was the reply, "but you have asked me to take the first step in that direction. If I drank now, I would probably drink again. How long would it be before I got the habit formed of drinking liquor?"

Some other young fellows had come up by this time, and the one who had invited his friend to drink, turned to them and said:

"You've come just in time to hear a temperance lecture. Go on, Bob; maybe you can convert these chaps." Then they laughed. But Bob did not get angry. He looked them bravely in the face and said:

"I suppose you think I am 'soft' because I won't drink. I know you think it foolish because I refused to go into the saloon and have a glass of lemonade" (to his friend); "but I don't, and I am not afraid to stand up for what I think is right. If you want to drink, you will do it, I suppose, in spite of anything I could say against it, but you can't coax or laugh me into doing it. I want to have my own respect, and I shouldn't have it if I drank, for I don't believe it is right to drink whiskey. You think, I suppose, that I am a coward in not drinking, but I think I should prove myself a coward in doing it."

Wasn't I glad to hear the boy say that I couldn't help going to him and telling him so.

"Thank you," said he, looking pleased at what I said. "I mean to be a man, and I know I shouldn't be if I got to drinking."

He was right. God bless the young hero! I wish there were thousands more like him.

REV. D. O. McDOWELL, of the Methodist Church of Canada, in renewing his subscription to *The Observer*, Bible Christian paper, writes: "I highly esteem your valuable paper for its faithful and able advocacy of Divine truth and religion. I am much pleased that the union measure, so nearly and happily consummated, will draw the various branches of the Methodist family more closely together. I admire, thankfully, the spirituality of your ministers and people. When I visited your Conference I saw your proceedings stamped by the same divine seal and conducted with a view to God's glory and the salvation of souls, as among ourselves. I hope that a still further baptism of the Divine Spirit will be granted to the United Church."

INSTITUTIONS.—You might as well go to the catacombs of Egypt and scrape up the dust of the mummies, and knead it into forms, and bake them in your oven, and call such things men, and present them, as citizens and teachers, for our regard, as to bring old, time-worn institutions to serve the growth and the living wants of to-day.—H. W. Beecher.

A Spring Race.

It began and ended with just one boy, Christopher Black was he, Alert and handsome and straight and tall; Just the boy for a race, or a game of ball, And merry as merry could be.

Christopher Black had a cousin Chris, Christopher White was he, Lazy and freckled, round-shouldered—and short, Just the boy in "prisoner's-base" to get caught, And as happy as happy could be.

Half a mile to the south from the court-house steps, Chose the Blacks for their cottage site; Half a mile to the north was another woe-house, Just a mile between, less the width of a mouse, And there lived Christopher White.

One morning in spring, young Christopher Black Set off at a break-neck speed; In two minutes he passed the squire's front gate— "What now?" said the squire;—"I say— just wait!" But Christopher did not heed.

"Been stealin' something," said old squire Ben, With a wag of his grizzly head; "Do tell!" said the man with the butcher's steaks; "Thief! Thief!" cried the boy with the baker's cakes; And away up the road they sped.

Four minutes brought Chris to the court-house green, "What's to pay?" asked lawyers three; "Who's sick?" said the doctor; "Who's killed?" said the judge; "What's afire?" said the candle-stick maker, Fudge; And off rushed the six to see.

Still on, like an arrow, shot Christopher Black, Nor glanced at his following throng;— Little boys, big boys, women and men, And back of them all puffed old Squire Ben, For the road was hilly and long.

At last the boy stopped; "What's up?" echoed he; "Why, it's April First," with a grin, "And I thought I would give Cousin Chris a call, And 'twas quicker to run than to walk—that's all!" And softly the door shut him in. S. C.

The London Ruffian.

A VISITOR among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, leaning with folded arms against the wall.

There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of happiness.

The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense; or he would kick him down stairs. While the visitor was endeavouring, with gentleness and patience, to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors which opened upon the landing, saying:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

For a moment the visitor was too much absorbed in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the

enquiry; and it was repeated in earnest and thrilling tones:

"Tell me, oh, tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which was stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered, she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her, and enquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manners as she replied, "What do I want to know of it?" "Man, I am dying! I am going to stand as a sinner before God. I have been a wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done," and she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in—I don't know what for. I was soon out again, but one word I heard I could never forget. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could but hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book!"

The visitor answered by reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused, she exclaimed, "Read more, read more."

He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look round; the savage ruffian had followed him into his mother's room and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth and fifth chapters, before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day.

He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterward; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened with silent interest.

On the day of her funeral, he beckoned him to one side as they were filling up her grave, and said: "Sir, I have been thinking there is nothing I should like so much as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."—Selected.

A CHANGE IN AFFAIRS.—A poor boy was once put as an apprentice to a mechanic, and as he was the youngest he was obliged to go for beer for the older apprentices, though he never drank it. In vain they teased and taunted him to induce him to drink; he never touched it. Now there is a great change. Every one of those older apprentices became a drunkard while this temperance boy has become a master, and has more than a hundred men in his employ. So much for total abstinence.

The True Lenten Fast.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Is it the Fast which God approves
When I awhile for flesh eat fish,
Changing one dainty dish
For others no less good?

Do angels smile and count it gain
That I compose my laughing face
To gravity for a brief space,
Then straightway laugh again?

Does Heaven take pleasure as I sit
Counting my joys as usurers gold;
This to give, that to withhold,
Weighing and measuring it?

Setting off abstinence from dance
As buying privilege of song;
Calling six right and seven wrong,
With decorous countenance;

Compounding for the dull to-day
By projects for to-morrow's fun,
Checking off each set task as done,
Grudging a short delay?

I cannot think that God will care
For such observance; He can see
The very inmost heart of me
And every secret there.

But if I keep a truer Lent
Not heeding what I wear or eat,
Not balancing the sour with sweet
Evenly abstinent,

And lay my soul with all its stain
Of travel from the year-long road
Between the healing hands of God
To be made clean again;

And put my sordid self away,
Forgetting for a little space
The pretty prize, the eager race,
The restless, striving day;

Opening my darkness to the sun,
Opening my narrow eyes to see
The pain and need so close to me
Which I had willed to shun;

Praying God's quickening grace to show
The thing He fain would have me do,
The errand that I may pursue
And quickly rise and go;

If so I do it, starving pride,
Fasting from sin, instead of food,
God will accept such Lent as food
And bless its Easter-tide.

St. Antony.

ANTONY was a noted Christian of the early Church, who is often called the founder of the monastic life; but this is not strictly true, as he really followed the example of a class of people who called themselves "Anchoretes," and lived lives quite apart from the world. Antony, however, carried his retirement to greater lengths than did these people.

He was born in Upper Egypt, and was brought up at home by his parents, who were both wealthy and pious. He knew no one outside his own family, and received so imperfect an education that he knew no other language than his native Egyptian.

When he was twenty years of age his parents died, leaving a younger sister to his care. He lived with her for six months, managing his estate, which was very large, and dreaming of the early days when Christians sold all their worldly goods and laid them at the feet of the apostles. He was a young man of growing imagination, strong impulses, and a warm, loving heart.

Being in church one day, and hearing the gospel read where our Lord says, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow Me," the words seized upon his vivid fancy, and seemed personally spoken to him by the voice of God. At once he resolved to obey. He went home, distributed his lands

among his neighbours, sold his furniture and other goods, and gave away the money, except a small sum for his sister's use and after placing her in a house for women who wished to devote themselves wholly to the service of God, he took up his abode with a hermit near the village where he had been born. Here he supported himself by working, and give away to the poor what he earned above what was necessary for his own support.

He remained here until about thirty years of age, giving himself wholly to labour and prayer, and shunning the society of the world so far as possible. But at this time he felt drawn to seek a still deeper retreat, and accordingly penetrated farther into the desert, where he made his dwelling in an old ruin on the top of a hill. He was not able to persuade the old hermit with whom he had spent the previous ten years to go with him, but this did not hold him back. Entering the ruined, lonely castle, he closed its doors, and did not open them for twenty years! His friends brought him bread every six months, and he drank of a spring inside the building. It is said that he never tasted food until after sunset, and sometimes fasted for three days together. And yet, as we have told you, this man had a loving heart and a nature which delighted in all that was beautiful and attractive. Strange and sad that he did not learn that the separation God asks of us is a separation of the heart and will to Him—not a withdrawing to the solitudes, a shunning the face of man!

But the fame of Antony went abroad, and disciples began to gather about him and to beg him to let them listen to his holy teachings. Gradually a sort of hermitage grew up around his retreat. First one, and then another and another, built a cell near the admired hermit; and after a time a kind of uniform custom began to prevail in these little communities. The brothers wore long linen tunics, with a woollen girdle, a cloak, and over it a sheepskin.

They usually went barefoot; but at certain very cold or very hot seasons they wore a kind of sandal. Their food was bread and water, their luxuries a little oil or salt, a few olives, peas, or a single fig. They ate in perfect silence, and were bound by strict obedience to their superiors. The furniture of their cells was a mat of palm-leaves and a bundle of the papyrus, which served for a pillow by night and a seat by day.

When Antony was ninety years old, and had many disciples, he went to visit a very aged hermit named Paul, who had lived in a cavern ninety years. In three days he came to the cave; and these two old men, who had never seen each other, were filled with joy. They spent the night in prayer, and on the morrow Antony set out to get a mantle in which to bury Paul, who felt assured that his end was near. Before he could return, however, the spirit of the old hermit had left his body.

In the hundred and fifth year of his age Antony felt his strength decline, though he had no sickness, and his sight and hearing were as perfect as in his youth. Calling two of his disciples, he said, "My sons, according to the scripture, I am going the way of all flesh. The Lord hath called me, and I desire to depart." He exhorted them against all heresy, and then made his

will. One sheepskin and his cloak he gave to one of the fathers of the desert, and his hair shirt to the two that stood by. Then saying, "And now farewell; Antony is going, and will not be seen again in this world," he departed this life.

Some Droll Habits.

ALL good men have had their follies, and the field open for gleaning is almost boundless. For instance, we have such facts as the following recorded in the biographies and histories: Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed colour, and his legs shook under him, on meeting with a hare or a fox. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost; if, by mistake, it did get in first, he would step back and place his right foot foremost. Julius Cæsar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get in a cellar, or under ground, to escape the dreadful noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed colour on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror he failed to do so. Whenever he would set his foot on one he would shriek out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped himself. If any of the article happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished.

Brevities.

Teacher: "Emile, which animal attaches itself the most to man?"
Emile (after some reflection): "The leech, sir."

RESOLUTIONS NEVER GO BACKWARD.
—Temperance reform, aye, prohibition, will come despite political chicanery, duplicity, and cowardice. The people will not rest quiet while the liquor traffic ulcer is doing its work of death. Shift the question as you may, it will not down. Sooner or later, if it is not met by Legislatures and parties as it should be and solved in the interest of the welfare and happiness of the people, an avalanche of righteous indignation will sweep the curse from the land, together with all its advocates. Possibly it may be necessary to cut out the ulcer, but out it must come.—*Liberty Herald.*

THE TREE OF THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.—An American authoress, in a work on Hindostan, relates a little incident of heathen superstition which is rather suggestive to those who call themselves better than heathen. At Ulwar, the British Agent wished to plant an avenue of trees on either side of the road, in front of the shops, for the purpose of shade. He chose Peepul trees, as they are considered sacred by the Hindoos. But so soon as the native shop-keepers heard of his selection, they all declared that if these trees were planted they would not occupy the shops. When asked the reason, they replied that it was because *they could not tell untruths or swear falsely under a Peepul tree*; "and how," said they, "can we carry on business otherwise?" It would be well for some shop-keepers nearer home to have that Tree of the Ninth Commandment spread over them.

Puzzledom.*Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.*

- 84.—1. Dotheboy's Hall.
2. Footstool.
- 85.—1. Geer, eger.
2. Dine, Enid.
3. Ohsea, Hosea.
- 86.—1. Honesty is the best policy.
2. Truth crushed to earth will rise again.
3. The eternal years of God are hers.
- 87.—1. L A N E 2. M I L L
A D A M I D E A
N A M E L E A D
E M E U L A D E

NEW PUZZLES.

88.—CHARADES.

1. A preposition; to perform; a fast. Lazy.
2. An article; an instrument for writing; a number. A mountain range.

89.—ENIGMAS.

1. My 1, 6, 7, 7, 6 is a Bible character; my 8, 2, 4, 6, 10 is sweet; my 7, 5, 9, 8, 8 is active. A great and good man.

2. My 1, 5, 7, 9 is a girdle; my 1, 2, 3 is to gamble; my 11, 16, 14 is a number; my 14, 18, 13, 19 is not distant; my 17, 13, 15 is a machine; my 12, 10, 8, 6 is to apprehend; my 4, 16, 13, 6 is to serve. A familiar proverb.

90.—HALF-SQUARE.

- A precious stone; a structure; to coop; one; a letter.

91.—HOUR GLASS.

- Honest; to detest; a vehicle; a letter; a token of respect; to curl; to ravage. Centrals, an animal.

"Smiles."

"ARE there any of the big guns of the church around?" asked a reporter. "Yes," said a man at the vestry door, "the gentleman just inside is a canon."

WHEN Patrick saw the announcement in a shop window, "Great Slaughter in Clothing," he stepped in and inquired for "wan of thim kilt suits."

"Now, children," she continued, "what is the meal you eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," promptly replied a member of that class.

THE owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively, "Are your eyes new ones?"

A MAN went home the other night and found his house locked up. After infinite trouble he managed to gain entrance through a back window, and then discovered on the parlour table a note from his wife reading:—"I have gone out. You will find the key on the side of the step!"

AN impatient Welshman called to his wife,—"Come! come! Isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be third day!" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock with "Come, Mary, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning; to-morrow is Tuesday; the next day is Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet!"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND-QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A. D. 54.] LESSON I. [April 6
PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY.
Acts 18: 23-28, and 19: 1-7. Commit to memory—vs. 24, 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them.—Acts 19: 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The privilege of Christians to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord.

TIME.—Paul began his third missionary journey A. D. 54, probably early in the year. The events of this lesson extend through the winter and spring of A. D. 54.

PLACE.—Asia Minor, Galatia, Phrygia, and Ephesus.

PERIOD.—Aged 52. Eighteen years after his conversion.

RELATIONS.—Claudius Caesar, emperor of Rome, died Oct. 13, A. D. 54, and Nero, a young man of seventeen, began his infamous career as emperor. Felix was governor of Judea. Josephus, the historian, sixteen years old, was in Jerusalem.

THE THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY extended over a period of nearly four years, from the autumn of A. D. 54 to the summer of A. D. 58. Paul visited the churches of Asia Minor, went to Ephesus, where he stayed nearly three years, thence to the churches of Macedonia and Greece. During this time he wrote four of his Epistles, 1 and 2 Corinthians, Galatians, and Romans.

INTRODUCTION.—We now return to the course of the history where we left it in Lesson X. of the 1st Quarter. From Corinth Paul set sail for Jerusalem, to attend the feast of Pentecost, which this year was May 31; and on his way stopped a short time at Ephesus. From Jerusalem he went to Antioch of Syria, the starting-point of his missionary journeys. He returned home, probably to rest, to recruit his health, to get help and comfort from the long-established churches, and to report the work of the Lord among the heathen.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—23. Spent some time there.—At Antioch, in Syria, strengthening the disciples.—(1) By instruction; (2) by reports of the progress of the Gospel; (3) by his presence and example; (4) by training in methods of Gospel work; (5) by his own experience and faith. 24. Apollos.—(1) NATIVE OF ALEXANDRIA, a chief city of Egypt, a centre of literature and art; (2) HIS CHARACTER, An eloquent man—Here "eloquent" means learned, and able to speak with great power. Mighty in the Scriptures.—The Old Testament. (3) HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE. 25. Instructed in the way of the Lord.—He knew something of Jesus, and saw clearly that he was the Messiah foretold in the Scriptures. Only the baptism of John.—The truths taught by John, of repentance and a Messiah to come (v. 4), which were confessed by those baptized by John. 27. Achaia.—Modern Greece. 1. Uppier coasts.—Districts (v. 23). 2. Have ye received the Holy Ghost.—The special influences promised under the Gospel. They were living a lower-legal life, and had not felt the power of the Spirit. 6. Holy Ghost came.—As on the day of Pentecost,—with higher, freer experiences. Prophesied.—Spoke under the influence of the Spirit,—not "foretold events."

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The third missionary journey.—How disciples may be strengthened.—Apollos.—Knowing only the baptism of John.—The new life under the Spirit,—what is the difference between it, and that under the baptism of John.—The effects of the baptism of the Spirit.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul in our last lesson in the Acts? (Lesson X, 1st Quarter.) Why did he leave Corinth? For what place did he sail? (ch. 18: 18, 21) Who went with him? Where did they stop on the way? What was Paul's object in going to Jerusalem? Where did he complete his Second Missionary Journey? (v. 22, Acts 13: 1-4.) How long had he been away? (Lesson V., 1st Quarter.)

SUBJECT: GROWTH IN GRACE.

I. IN THE CHURCHES.—PAUL STRENGTHENING THE DISCIPLES (v. 23).—From what place did Paul set out on his Third Missionary Journey? What time? How old was Paul? How long was he gone on this tour? What places did he visit first? Name some of the churches in this region. What was

Paul's object in this journey? In what ways could Paul strengthen the disciples? How may young Christians be strengthened? What is their special need of being strengthened?

II. APOLLOS.—INDIVIDUAL GROWTH (vs. 24-28).—What took place at Ephesus while Paul was visiting the churches? Who was Apollos? Describe his character? How can we become "mighty in the Scriptures"? How much did he know about the Gospel? (See ch. 19: 4.) How did he use what he did know? Was this the way to learn more? (Matt. 25: 29.) Is any one excused from doing good because they are imperfect in their knowledge of the Gospel? Who helped Apollos? Where did he then go? What did he do there? Do the Old Testament Scriptures help us to understand Christ and His work? Why ought all those who have been helped, to help others?

III. A COMPANY OF CHRISTIANS COMING INTO NEW LIGHT (vs. 1-7).—What city had Paul now reached? How long did he stay there? (Acts 20: 31.) What company of Christians did he find there? How many were they? What did they know about Christ? Of what great blessing were they ignorant? Could they be converted by the Spirit, and yet not know of him? In whose name were they now baptized? What followed? Are there any Christians like these now? Are there greater spiritual blessings in store for us? How may we receive them? May Christians now receive the Holy Spirit? How is this gift manifested? (Gal. 5: 22, 23; Rom. 8: 6; 1 John 3: 24; Acts 2: 46, 47.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. All young converts need to be strengthened by older Christians?
2. One may be a true Christian and yet be ignorant of many things in the Gospel.
3. But he will not remain ignorant, but take pains to learn.
4. He will learn (1) by using faithfully what he does know; (2) by the aid of older Christians.
5. Ever keep in mind that there is a higher life and knowledge to be attained.
6. The true Christian life is by the Spirit of God dwelling in us.

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

- 1. When did Paul begin his third missionary journey? Ans. Early in A. D. 54.
2. From what place did he start? Ans. From Antioch in Syria.
3. How long was he gone? Ans. Nearly four years.
4. What did he first do? Ans. He visited the churches he had founded years before.
5. What did he find at Ephesus? Ans. A company of Christians who only knew John's baptism.
6. What did he do? Ans. He taught them and baptized them in the name of Jesus.

A. D. 54.] LESSON II. [April 13

PAUL AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19: 8-22. Commit to mem. vs. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deeds.—Acts 19: 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The religion of Jesus is proved divine by the wonders it does, and the self-sacrificing spirit of its disciples.

TIME.—Paul came to Ephesus in the spring or early summer of A. D. 54. He remained there about three years, till May, A. D. 57.

PLACE.—Ephesus, the chief city of Asia Minor.

PERIOD.—Aged 52, on his third missionary journey.

RELATIONS.—Claudius Caesar died Oct. 13, A. D. 54, and Nero became emperor of Rome at seventeen years of age. Felix, governor of Judea. Josephus, the historian, sixteen years old, at Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—The events of this lesson follow immediately after the last. Paul enters upon his three years' work here.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—8. Disputing.—Reasoning, arguing. 9. Divers.—Some were hardened.—Became insensible to the influences of the Gospel, set against the truth. And believed not.—Or, as in the Revised Version, were disobedient. This was the cause, and also the result, of the hardening. Spoke evil of that way.—i.e., Of the Gospel, the way of living, the way of truth. 10. Two years.—He had been there three months before this, and remained some months after. (See Acts 20: 31.) The two years end with verse 20. Asia.—The Roman

province, so called, the western part of Asia Minor. 13. Vagabond.—Strolling. Exorcists.—Those who practised magic, used charms, pretended to have power over evil spirits. Call over them.—They used the name of Jesus as a charm. 19. Their book.—i.e., The form of rolls, containing charms and the secret rules of magic. Fifty thousand pieces of silver.—Each worth fifteen to seventeen cents, a Greek drachma, or Roman denarius or penny, the whole worth \$7,500 to \$8,500. 21. After these things.—The two years have ended, and a period of some months begins here.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Ephesus.—Exorcists and magic.—How people become hardened.—Length of Paul's stay at Ephesus.—Miracles by Paul; his character and object.—Possessed with evil spirits.—Confession of sin.—Need and value of self-sacrifice.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—In what city was Paul? Give some account of the city. Of its inhabitants. How long did Paul remain here? (vs. 8, 10, and ch. 20: 31.) In what year did he come? How old was he? On which of his three great journeys? Who was emperor of Rome?

SUBJECT:—THE RELIGION OF JESUS PREACHED AND PROVED.

I. THE RELIGION OF JESUS PREACHED (vs. 8-10).—In what place did Paul first preach at Ephesus? How long did he preach there? What was his method of preaching? Meaning of disputing here? What was the subject of his teaching? Should this be the subject of our teaching? What was one result of his work? (vs. 10, 20.) What was another result? (v. 9.) What is meant by being hardened? How do people become hardened now? How did these hardened ones speak of the Gospel? Is the same true to this day? Where did Paul go when he left the synagogue? How long did he remain there preaching? How widely was the Gospel made known?

II. PROVED BY MIRACLES OF MERCY.—What kinds of miracles were wrought by Paul? Are many miracles by Paul recorded? (Note, the last one was at Philippi, 5 years before, Acts 16: 18.) Why were such miracles wrought here? Who tried to imitate Paul's miracles? What are exorcists? Give some examples of those who were possessed by evil spirits. (Mark 5: 1-10; 9: 10-29.) Why could not the sons of Sceva cast them out? How was the superiority of Jesus Christ shown by this circumstance? What is a miracle? Are the miracles of the Gospel all for the help and good of men? Are they hence worthy of God? Is this true of the miracles represented to be done by any others? How do miracles prove the Gospel? What was the effect of Paul's miracles on the people?

III. PROVED BY THE SELF-SACRIFICING SPIRIT OF ITS DISCIPLES (vs. 18-22).—What was the effect on some of the Christians of Ephesus? What evil had they continued to do after their conversion? How could real Christians be thus guilty? What did they now do? What two things showed that their repentance was sincere? Why should they confess as well as forsake? How much did they sacrifice? Why did this effect follow? How does self-sacrifice fit us to serve God better? How does it prove to men the reality of our religion?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Religion is reasonable,—it will stand argument.
2. Argument to be effective must be persuasive, not cold and hard.
3. People become hardened by resisting and disobeying the truth.
4. The Gospel overcomes the world by greater wonders and better deeds than all false religions can show.
5. Even real Christians have imperfections.
6. But as soon as they realize the evil they put it away at any cost.

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

- 7. How long did Paul preach at Ephesus? Ans. About three years.
8. In what way was the Gospel aided here? Ans. By special miracles God wrought by the hands of Paul.
9. What else added to its power? Ans. The disciples repented of their sins and confessed them.
10. How did the disciples prove their sincerity? Ans. By making a great sacrifice for Christ.
11. What was the result of these things? Ans. The word of God grew mightily and prevailed, and all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus.

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