

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

# HOME AND SCHOOL

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 3, 1890.

[No. 9.]

## Golden Gate, Jerusalem.

THERE are at present five gates which are used in Jerusalem: Damascus, or "Gate of the Pillar," on the north; Jaffa, or Bethlehem Gate on the west; St Stephen's or "Gate of the Tribes," on the east; Zion and Dung Gates on the south.

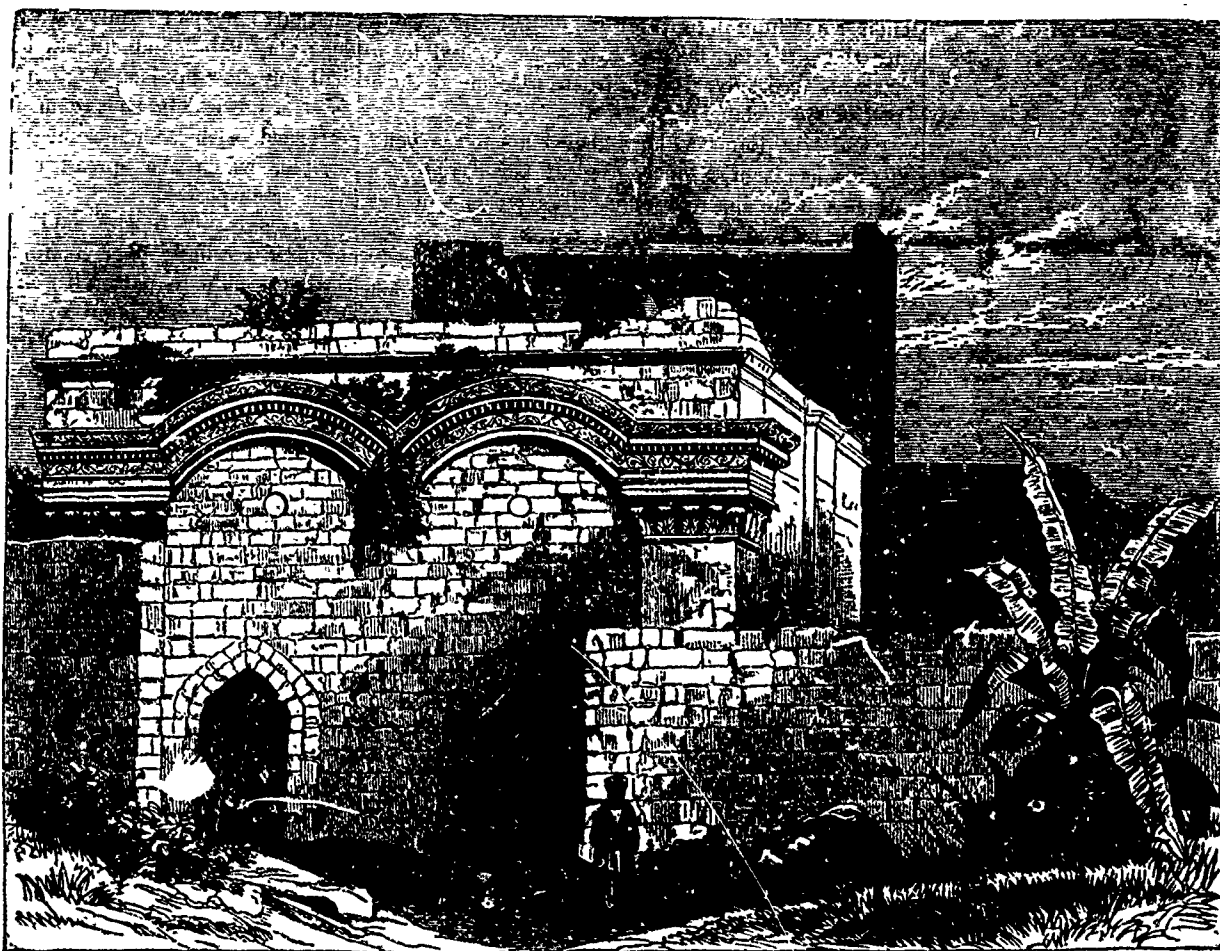
St. Stephen's Gate opens on the Valley of Jehosaphat, a little west of the Mosque of Omar, and leads toward the brook Kedron.

Just inside of Zion's Gate is the leper's quarters

wall, and if it were open would lead from the Valley of Jehosaphat into the inclosure of the Mosque. This gate shows in the outside of the wall, a double arch, while within it contains a beautiful vaulted chamber with architectural columns.

May all the readers of HOME AND SCHOOL enter within the gates of the "New Jerusalem," "Jerusalem, the Golden," whose Builder and Maker is God, is the wish of  
M. K. H.

then shut up his door again, and went home. Somehow the little incident took hold of his thoughts, and seemed to him a sort of token that, after all, he might yet be successful. So the next day he took down the shutters, and resolved to keep on trying. The spool of thread had made an impression elsewhere, for the little girl told her mother of the kind storekeeper who was willing to take so much trouble. The mother told it to her friends, and so many people went to the little shop



GOLDEN GATE, JERUSALEM.

and within the Dung Gate the Jewish quarter. Jaffa Gate is the most used of all these entrances to the Holy City, and hence around it and along the road leading to it, are congregated all the lepers and beggars, filling the air with their sounds, a most pitiable class of humanity, disgusting the eye with their loathsomeness, and yet melting the heart with pity for their wretchedness. Near by this gate is the "Citadel of David," a group of towers, one of which is said to be the identical "Tower of Hippicus" of Herod.

The Golden Gate, of which we have given an illustration is now walled up. It is in the eastern

## A Spool of Thread and a Fortune.

ABOUT forty years ago, a young man opened a little store in a Rhode Island town. At first he did not succeed in obtaining customers, and one evening closed up his store, feeling doubtful whether he would open it again. Just after he had locked the door, and was turning away in a very discouraged frame of mind, a little girl came running up to him and said:

"Please, sir, won't you open the store, and sell me a spool of thread for my mamma?"

He unlocked the store, lit a lamp, unpacked his goods, and sold to the child one spool of thread,

on the next day that the young merchant was encouraged to persevere.

His customers were equally pleased with his goods and with his manners, and as a result his store became one of the largest and most successful in the State.

The merchant died some years ago, and left a million dollars to benevolent purposes. That spool of thread, and the politeness which he showed in selling it, were important elements in the winning of a fortune. — *Our Youth.*

It is a manly act to forsake an error.

## Cruelty to Fathers.

A. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Protect the children, horses, dogs,  
And don't neglect the donkeys;  
Avenge the wrongs of petted frogs,  
Maintain the rights of monkeys!  
Prevent even cruelty to flies;  
And then, just for variety,  
O wise reformer! organize  
Another new society.

When baby-shows are on the wane,  
And fighting-cocks are parted,  
And drivers all have grown humane,  
And drovers tender-hearted;  
When birds are safe, and babies free  
From all their needless bothers,  
'Tis time to think, it seems to me,  
Of cruelty to fathers.

Enlisted once as parents, we  
Soon yield to the aggression  
Of rosy-fisted Tyranny  
And curly haired Oppression.  
All unawares upon us dart  
Without remorse or pity,  
These small invaders of the heart,  
These dimpled, gay banditti.

I cannot pass my door, but one  
Is at my coat-tail tagging;  
They're often up before the sun,—  
They wake me with their hugging.  
No work is so important quite  
As their delicious fooling;  
At home, abroad, by day, by night,  
They're at my heart-strings pulling.

When I sit lonely, sad or dumb,  
They storm my Doubting Castle;  
They rout my troubles; I become  
Their unresisting vassal.  
They witch my ears with countless charms,  
A thousand artifices;  
They bar, they chain me in their arms,  
They rob me of my kisses.

No frowns repel their mad attack,  
But these audacious friars  
Still climb my knee, and ride my back,  
And tweak my hair and whiskers.  
You'd see, if you should catch us then,  
How little it has signified  
That I, the most oppressed of men,  
Was ever the most dignified!

Therefore, I humbly touch again  
The point from which I started,—  
For drivers now are all humane,  
And drovers tender-hearted;  
You've freed the young and innocent  
From all their needless bothers,  
So now do something to prevent  
This cruelty to fathers.

## A Morning's Lesson.

BY MRS. CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

"AUNTY BARSTOW, do you know I am half inclined to ask, with Mr. Mallock, if life is worth living?"

"Helen Willoughby!"

"There, Aunty, don't look at me over your glasses in that way, as if I had broken the Ten Commandments in one breath. I mean it. Is life worth living? My life, at any rate! What does it amount to? It's the same old story, day after day: Calling and receiving calls; going to parties, and getting home late; getting up in the morning with a wretched headache, just to go through the same old routine. Truly, I'm sick of it!"

"But your music and your painting, dear?"

"Oh, yes, they are all very well, in their way, but neither amounts to anything. I shall never be an artist or a musician, and I am tired of them both. In fact, I'm tired of everything! And I have just received a note from our Mission Circle—which I seldom attend, you know—asking me

for a thank-offering. Ugh! I don't feel very thankful for anything."

Mrs. Barstow worked on in silence for some time upon the small garment she was fashioning, then carefully folding it up, she said, rather perceptually:—

"Helen, I want you to put on your jacket and hat, and come with me for a short walk."

On, Aunty, not this cold morning! We should surely freeze!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" retorted her aunt, bluntly. "It will do you good. Come, Helen, I am going to take you to see a young woman, just about your age, who will perhaps show you what you have to be thankful for, as well as answer your question, 'Is life worth living?' for you."

"Oh, Aunty, some of your poor folks?"

"No, child, not some of my 'poor folks,' but one of God's rich folks. In ten minutes I shall be ready."

Helen Willoughby knew her aunt too well to oppose her, so she very reluctantly donned her pretty street suit, wishing all the while that she had held her peace about Mr. Mallock and thank-offerings, and all connected with them, if this was the outcome."

They were soon walking briskly down the broad avenue, and the younger lady's face did not lose its look of dissatisfaction until, after several turns, a narrow street was reached, and Mrs. Barstow was ringing at the narrow door of a narrow house. Then something like interest, or curiosity, came into the girl's face as the bell was answered by a pleasant-faced lady, who smiled a welcome at them both as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Barstow, how glad I am to see you! Edwina has been so lonely the last few days! No one has been in, and she calls you one of her 'stars,' you know."

"One of her 'stars?'" almost unconsciously asked Helen, just as Mrs. Barstow was making her known as "my niece" to Mrs. Lowe.

"Yes, dear, because she's always so bright. Edwina has a name of her own for everybody and everything. But here we are. Edwina! who do you think has come?"

They had come through a narrow hall and up a short flight of stairs, and were now at the door of a small room, where, on the bed, lay a young girl, whose expectant eyes were turned toward her approaching visitors.

She held out her arms, without a word; and as Mrs. Barstow stepped quickly to the bedside, she drew her face down to hers, and softly kissed each cheek. Then she looked past her at Helen, who was standing rather hesitatingly at the door, and said:—

"Do come in! I'll promise not to bite you. You're Helen, I know—I've heard your aunt so often speak of you. Excuse me for not rising, won't you?" with a gleeful little laugh. "The only reason I don't is because I'm afraid there wouldn't be chairs enough for us all."

Helen took the thin hand held out to her, and then seated herself very near the bright creature, who seemed bubbling over with life.

"That's right—sit there where I can look at you. It's such a comfort just to have some one to look at—the last few days have been so long."

"Have you been having one of your 'heads,' dear?" asked Mrs. Barstow, sympathetically.

"Yes. For a week I have not been able to use my eyes at all; and my bed has been behaving badly."

"Your bed?" questioned Helen, wonderingly. The sick girl laughed. "Yes, I call it the 'bed' when I suffer more than usual. To tell the truth, I am so attached to this bed, that it really seems a

part of myself. When we took each other, it was 'for better and for worse.'"

"Why, how long have you been confined to it?" asked Helen, with interest.

"It will be thirteen years next May since we first plighted our troth," answered Edwina, gaily; "and since then we've never had a 'falling out.'"

"Thirteen years!" echoed Helen Willoughby, in amazement. "And you so bright and cheerful! I cannot understand it. Isn't it hard for you?"

The sweet face on the pillows grew serious.

"My dear," she said, after a little, "it is hard, often, but there is so much blessedness in it that it makes me forget much of the pain and the suffering."

"But what 'blessedness' can there be in lying here, day after day and year after year?" asked Helen, doubtfully.

"Oh, my dear, so much that I could not begin to tell you all. The many, many kind friends I have, who are more like angels; the tender ministrations I receive from so many, which I would not otherwise receive. Oh! it seems to me that every year I have a little 'more blessedness.' The dear Lord is so good to me!" and the tears gathered quickly in her eyes.

"Dear," said Mrs. Barstow, presently, "don't you want to show my niece some of your handiwork, and let her see some of this 'blessedness' of yours?"

"Dear me! I don't call that a part of it," the sick girl laughed; "only so far as it enables me to keep my mind and fingers busy. Mother, dear, will you show my last Afghan?"

Mrs. Lowe left the room for a moment, and returned with a handsome robe, knit in bright stripes which she spread over the bed for the visitors' inspection.

"This is my tenth," said Edwina, passing her hands caressingly over its folds. "Do you know, I almost hate to part with one after it is finished, each part brings to mind so much that took place while I was at work upon it. This red stripe I made during the visit of a dear friend, and all the sweetness of that visit comes back to me as I look at it. This shaded strip is typical of the many days, full of light and shade, that I was working on it. The dark strip I knit when all was silent still in the house—nights when sleep would not visit my eyelids. How often have I been thankful for work of this kind that I could do in the dark! While I was putting in the fringe, a few violets in a dish at my bedside were just filling the room with their fragrance. Oh, how sweet they were! Yes! every stitch, almost, speaks of some pleasure or pain."

"Tell Miss Willoughby whom this is for, and about the others," suggested Mrs. Barstow, in an undertone.

"Oh, yes! Well, you know, I belong to 'The Shut-in-Society,' composed of a thousand or more members—and how often have I thanked God for this blessed union of sufferers! Of course there are many among them who haven't the many blessings which I have, and so I try to send a bit of sunshine into their lives, and comfort as well, by means of an Afghan. This one goes to a poor girl in Maine. Oh, you don't know how thankful I am every day of my life, that if I cannot use my feet I can use my hands. Indeed, I have so much to be thankful for!"

The colour came quickly into Helen's face as she caught her aunt's eye just then, and turning hastily to the girl at her side, seemingly catching some of her spirit, she said, playfully:

"And may I ask if you are in league with some wholesale dealer in yarns and worsteds?"

The sick girl laughed. "Not exactly. Will you

believe me if I tell you that the Lord sends the wools to me?"

"Perhaps so, if you will tell me in what manner," answered Helen, not a little awed by her new friend's faith.

"Well, from the very beginning it has seemed as if God had just answered my thoughts and desires before I had put them in the form of prayer. The wools for my first robe were given me by a friend who had bought them for her own use, but who, for some reason or other, decided to give them to me, and since then other friends have interested others in me and my 'hobby,' so that hardly a week goes by without a package of bright wools coming to me. I know it is the dear Father who moves their hearts. A good deal that I receive isn't just suitable for a 'slumber robe,' so I use it in making scarfs, capes, and bed-socks, which I send to the 'Home for the Friendless,' in New York. A friend, who came to see me a short time ago, was bemoaning her lack of time for charitable work; her children and household cares 'took all the time there was,' as she expressed it, so since then I have been thankful for time."

"But how is it when you are too ill to work?" asked Helen, who—to her aunt's intense satisfaction—was unconsciously doing a good deal of questioning.

"Oh! then, I just lie and think—if the bed doesn't ache too badly to allow of any thinking—how grand it will be, by-and-by, to step out of this body into another that will never know an ache or pain; or, as some one has beautifully expressed it, 'into the glad, free health of Paradise!' There I shall be able to run, and not be weary. Oh! my dear," touching Helen's hand lightly with her own, "you, with your health and strength and freedom, cannot realize all that means to me."

Helen abruptly arose. The tears were starting. Her morning's lesson made her feel very mean in her own eyes. To think of her having nothing to be thankful for, and of asking if "life was worth living!"

While the world was full of such patient sufferers, whose loads could be lightened and whose lives brightened by hundreds of ministrations from those in health like herself—if for no other reason—there was but one answer to the more than foolish question; and as for her thoughtless assertion of having nothing to be thankful for, it was positively wicked.

As she pressed the girl's hand on leaving, she promised to repeat her visit very soon again. Edwina was very reluctant to have her go. It had been "such a treat" for her, she said, to make a new friend so near her own age; and Helen had not only lent a little brightness to the sick girl's life to-day, but it was full of promise for the future, as she had offered to bring some of her favourite books, and read them aloud, before many days should have passed.

"And do come soon," pleaded Edwina, with shining eyes. "I shall look forward to it so. Some of the days are so long, and a bright face like yours coming in will be a perfect luxury. Oh, if if you well ones but knew how much a call like this means to us, you would come often! Good-by, and may 'the Lord watch between thee and me' until we meet again!"

When the sidewalk was reached, Helen turned her moist eyes to her aunt and said, abruptly:

"Aunty, don't speak to me! I'll return that thank-offering envelope to-morrow—not empty, either—and while there are violets at the florists, and wools in the stores, that dear girl shall not be without either."

And she kept her word.

### Don't Marry Him to Reform Him.

Don't marry a man to reform him:  
To God and your own self be true;  
Don't link to his vices your virtue;  
You'll rue, it, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,  
Be not by his promises led;  
If he can't be a man while a-wooing,  
He'll never be one when he's wed.

Don't marry a man to reform him—  
To repent it, alas! when too late;  
The mission of woe—least successful  
Is the making of crooked limbs straight.

There's many a maiden has tried it,  
And proved it a failure at last;  
Better tread your life's pathway alone, dear,  
Than wed with the lover that's "fast."

Mankind's much the same all over;  
The exceptions you'll find are but few;  
When the rule is defeat and disaster,  
The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,  
The beautiful crown of your youth,  
To the keeping of him who holds lightly  
His fair name of honour and truth.

To "honour and love" you must promise;  
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfill.  
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,  
Most surely you, then, never will.

'Tis told the frown of a woman  
Is strong as the brow of a man,  
And the world will be better when women  
Frown on error as hard as they can.

Make virtue the price of your favour;  
Place wrong-doing under a ban,  
And let him who would win you and wed you  
Prove himself in full measure a man.

### The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church.

#### INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE first Methodist Missionary Society in Canada was organized in 1824. At that time two or three men were trying to reach scattered bands of Indians in Ontario. The income of the Society for the first year was between \$200 and \$300.

There are now about 555 persons engaged in the work of the Society as missionaries, teachers, native agents, and interpreters; and the income of the Society for 1887-8, was \$219,480.

The field of operation now includes the whole of the Dominion, Newfoundland, and Bermuda; with a successful Foreign Mission in Japan. The work is divided into the following departments:—

1. *Domestic Missions.*—These are among English-speaking people, chiefly in the newer settlements of the old provinces, and in the North-West, British Columbia, and Newfoundland.

2. *Indian Missions.*—These are, with one exception, in the Province of Ontario, the North West, and British Columbia. They are 47 in number, with 34 missionaries, 17 native assistants, 27 teachers, and 13 interpreters. Total, 91. The membership is 4,437. About 12,000 Indians are under our care.

3. *French Missions.*—These are nearly all in the Province of Quebec, among people speaking the French tongue. The work is peculiarly trying and difficult, but not without many encouraging signs. Missions, 8; missionaries, 8; teachers, 4. Total, 12. The present membership is 243. Now is the time of seed-sowing. "In due season we shall reap if we faint not."

4. *Chinese Mission.*—In the spring of 1885, a mission was begun among the Chinese of Victoria,

B.C. There are now 3 schools for men, where the attendance ranges from 10 to 100. The religious services are crowded, and already 25 adults have been baptized; while others are under instruction, with a view to the same solemn ordinance.

*Japan Mission.*—This mission was begun in 1873, and has been successful from the very beginning. In that important empire we have now 10 mission stations, 21 missionaries (of whom 16 are natives), 11 native assistants, and a membership of 1,283. One of the most important agencies in this mission is the College in Tokyo, which was opened near the end of 1884, and is now crowded to its utmost capacity with a very promising class of students.

#### SPECIAL OBJECTS.

In addition to the ordinary mission-work of the Church, there are certain special objects, the support of which has not been assumed by the General Board, but which are commended to the liberal aid of those to whom the Lord has given the silver and the gold.

1. *Crosby Girls' Home.*—This is an institution at Port Simpson, B.C., into which are received a certain number of Indian girls, who are trained in habits of neatness, industry, and thrift, under careful Christian oversight. A grant in aid is made annually by the Woman's Missionary Society; but when enlarged accommodation is needed—and this will be soon—special donations will be very acceptable.

2. *The Mission Yacht "Glad Tidings."*—This staunch little craft is doing grand work on the Pacific Coast. The cost was over \$7,000, which has nearly all been met from private contributions, except \$500 granted by the General Board. But as the cost of running the little steamer exceeds what she can earn when not engaged in mission-work, voluntary contributions for maintenance will still be in order. The report that this steamer was wrecked, we are happy to say, proves incorrect.

3. *The McDougall Orphanage.*—This institution is located at Marley, N.W.T. Indian youth of both sexes—chiefly orphans—are received, and, besides school instruction, are taught various useful employments. A grant in aid of this deserving work is made by the Woman's Missionary Society. The Dominion Government has made a grant of land as a site for an Industrial Farm. Donations of money, clothing, or materials for the same, will always be welcome.

4. *French Methodist Institute.*—A building to accommodate 100 resident pupils, is now in course of erection at Montreal, at a cost, when completed, of \$35,000. This enterprise must be carried through without trenching upon the regular income of the Society, and special donations—of large or small amount, are earnestly solicited for this special object.

Contributions in aid of any of the foregoing objects may be sent direct to the Mission Rooms, Toronto.

Friends wishing to send clothes or material for same, to any of the missions, if they apply at the Mission Rooms, will be forwarded the address of some Missionary to whom the articles will be useful.

If sent to the Mission Rooms, kindly pay freight or express charges, and remit sufficient to prepay them to their destination, there being no fund at the Mission Rooms to meet such charges, and it is not right that the Missionary should bear the expense.

"NELLIE, what do you do when you feel cross and naughty," asked a lady of a little five years old. "Shut my lips and shut my eyes tight, and think a little prayer to Jesus, to make me feel right." Nellie knows the way.



### The Five Loaves.

WHAT if the little Jewish lad  
That summer-day had failed to go  
Down to the lake, because he had  
So small a store of loaves to show?

"The press is great," he might have said;  
"For food the thronging people call.  
I only have five loaves of bread,  
And what are they among them all?"

And back the mother's words might come,  
Her coaxing hand upon his hair:  
"Yet go, for they might comfort some,  
Among the hungry children there."

Lo, to the lakeside forth he went,  
Bearing the scant supply he had:  
And Jesus with an eye intent,  
Through all the crowds, beheld the lad,

And saw the loaves and blessed them. Then  
Beneath his hand the marvel grew:  
He brake and blessed, and brake again,  
The loaves were neither few nor small;

For, as we know, it came to pass  
That hungry thousands there were fed,  
While sitting on the fresh green grass,  
From that one basketful of bread.

If from his home the lad that day  
His five small loaves had failed to take,  
Would Christ have wrought—can any say?—  
That miracle beside the lake?

### OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	3 00
Quarterly Review Service, By the year, 21c. a dozen; \$2 per 100;	
per quarter, 5c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 20 to 26 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATNE,

3 Bleury Street,  
Montreal.

G. F. HURSTIS,

Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Home and School.

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

TORONTO, MAY 3, 1890.

### Happy Death of a Sunday-School Superintendent.

THE Carlton Street Methodist Church, Toronto, was appropriately draped in mourning on March 23, as a token of the loss sustained by the congregation in the death of Mr. Robert Irving Walker. It is seldom that a congregation is called upon to part with one so actively identified with all interests. At the time of his death, Mr. Walker was pew steward and Treasurer of Carlton Street Church, and also class leader, local preacher and Associate Sabbath-school Superintendent. For many years past he was always at his post in the vestibule of the church before the Sunday services, welcoming both members and strangers, his quiet, unostentatious manner, being a fitting introduction to the service of the hour.

At the Sabbath-school, where Mr. Walker was long known and loved by the children as Associate Superintendent, it was decided to shorten the ser-

vice in order to allow the children to look, for the last time, on the features of their friend. About 450 scholars walked together to the late residence on College Avenue, accompanied by the pastor, Superintendent Kent and the teachers, and before leaving they sang in subdued voice the hymn "Shall we gather at the River."

Robert Irving Walker was the third son of the late Robert Walker, well known as the founder of the King street dry-goods business, and one of the leaders of the old Primitive Methodist Church. He was born fifty years ago on King street, almost on the site of the present store, and entered his father's business at the early age of fourteen, the firm-name being Walker & Hutchinson. He devoted himself with energy to the affairs of the business and has been for years past the senior partner.

Mr. Walker was informed by his physicians six weeks ago that there was no possibility of his recovery, and, although, at that time, he did not realize that his case was so hopeless, he cheerfully prepared for the end. When informed that friends were praying for an extension of his life, and asked if he would not like to live a few years longer, he replied that he had been thinking of the case of Hezekiah, whose life had been lengthened fifteen years, and who, after all, did not use these years to advantage. He was cheerful and resigned throughout his long illness, and even on his death-bed did not forget to send his annual subscription to the Missionary and Educational Funds of the Church. He was conscious almost to the last and passed away without pain.

A memorial sermon was preached in Carlton Street church by Rev. Dr. Johnston; the pastor, Rev. Dr. Hunter, being a brother-in-law of the late Mr. Walker.

*The Methodist Magazine* for April, 1890. Price \$2 a year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. Toronto: William Briggs.

The leading article of this number, which gives it a special value, is a memorial tribute to the Rev. Dr. J. A. Williams, by the Rev. Dr. Carman and the Rev. Dr. Dewart, accompanied by a portrait of the late General Superintendent. The day on the Rigi and on Lake Lucerne, the Editor says, was the most enjoyable the Canadian Tourists had. The article is splendidly illustrated, as is also Lady Brassey's account of her visit to Goa and Ceylon. The Rev. Geo. Bond describes and illustrates his horseback ride through Palestine. His adventure at Jacob's Well was strangely unique. Mr. T. Mason gives some interesting reminiscences of old Richmond Street Church and Choir, and Bishop Hurst wisely discusses the important topic, "How to reach the Masses." The story "How Honest Munchin Saved the Methodists," has a grim humor. Mrs. Barr's Yorkshire tale grows in realistic power. A portrait and sketch of the late Dr. Pickard are given, and the Editor discusses "Canada in Literature," with some recent examples. This is a strong number.

CHILDHOOD is the place to start in the pathway of virtue.



LESSON PICTURE.

MAY 11.—FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.—Luke ix. 10-17.

### A Broken-Hearted Father.

AN affecting scene—one of saddest—occurred a short time ago, at the visiting window of a certain jail. A boy, about eighteen years old, was incarcerated, awaiting transportation to Dennemora prison, where he is to serve a six years' sentence. The prisoner was a fine-looking young fellow.

His father—an aged minister—had come to visit him. The son stood with shamed face at one side of the grating, and the grief-stricken father on the other. Drink had been the cause of the boy's troubles. The father pleaded earnestly with his child to reform while in prison, to read his Bible, and improve all spare time in study.

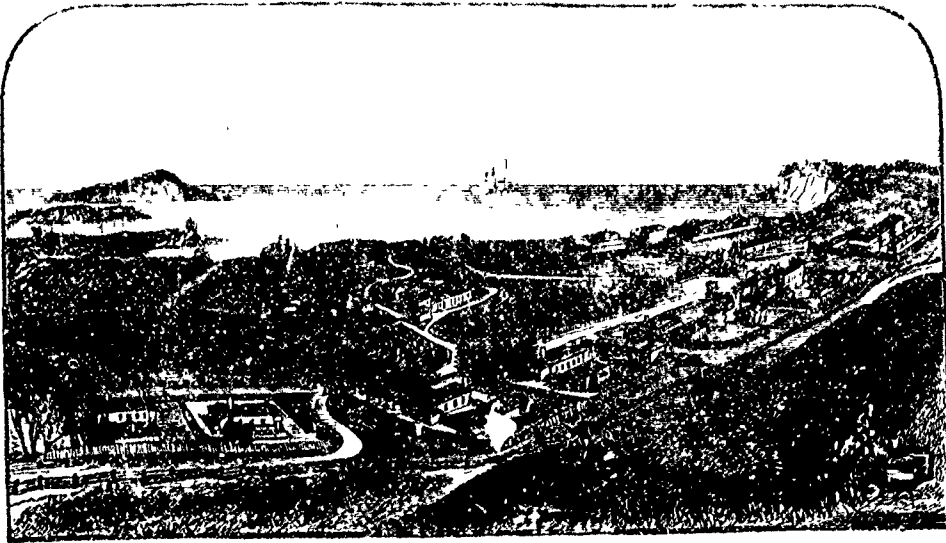
"Son," continued the father, "if you had the grace of God in your heart you wouldn't be here. If those cursed grog-shops were swept away, I'd have been spared all this. Let it be a lesson to you, boy. This is the last time you will probably ever see me. I am old, and probably won't live to see your six years out. Oh, my boy! promise me to give yourself to God, that I may see you over yonder."

The boy promised, and the old man went his way.

While this father returns to his house to go down to a premature grave in sorrow, the man who ruined his son is now engaged in ruining other sons. Which shall we have—the home or the saloon?—*Exchange.*

### Methodism in Newfoundland.

FACTS of which the writer became cognizant during a recent visit to the Island, chiefly from contact with missionaries from solitary stations—compelled at that season to visit St. John's for supplies—produced a thrill of sympathy and of exultation. It was like reading a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles or pages of John Wesley's Journal to hear of the toils and triumphs of men who proclaim the message of salvation to fishermen and their families along those northern shores. Such experiences make men heroes. We need men of that intrepid stamp and character for the extension of our work in Canada. Should they be allowed in the strength of manhood, because of sheer exigencies of family life, at much cost of feeling and personal preference, to drift away to conferences across the line. Rather should the men who have learned to "endure hardness" in Newfoundland be retained for their "work's sake" in our own conferences.—*Wesleyan.*



AN ISLAND HOME.

## An Island Home.

BY M. L. F.

IN the Pacific Ocean, about eight hundred miles east from Australia, is a little island in the possession of Great Britain, called Norfolk Island. It is in itself a little gem of the ocean, climate and productions tropical, and scenery beautiful and varied; but not so much for its own attractions has it become well known as that it is now the home of a people whose history is as fascinating a tale as any novel of to-day.

It is a story of wicked sailors, who, revolting from the tyranny and abuses of a still more wicked captain, took possession of the ship, abandoned him and eighteen others in an open boat in mid-ocean, and sailed away and were never heard from again until twenty years had passed.

Stopping at Tahiti, they took to themselves wives of the native women and set sail for Pitcairn's Island, a lonely, rocky islet in the southern Pacific. Here they made their home, and here in 1808 the little colony, then numbering forty-six souls, was found by a whaleship from Boston. Only one of the mutineers was then living, an old man named John Adams, who was the teacher and guardian of all. The only surviving book of that perilous voyage was a prayerbook, but, guided by its principles, those wicked men had abandoned their evil ways and brought upon that lonely isle, where no sound of church-bell was ever heard, a people who have been said to be as simple, innocent, and God-fearing a community as ever lived.

As time went on and the population increased, it became evident that the products of the island could not support the people, and with some regrets the colony removed to Norfolk Island, which had been offered them as a home by Great Britain.

This island had been used as a prison home for convicts, but two years before they had been taken away, and the houses were left; so that when the Pitcairners went there they found homes waiting for them.

How strange the large houses with their white paint, and the tall pine-trees and herds of cattle grazing, looked to their unaccustomed eyes! Some of the people were homesick, and a few went back to the old home. But those who remained found the new home very pleasant, and it was not long before a church spire was seen rising among the trees, and a bell called the people to God's house.

What a different people that would be to-day if God's Word had not been their guide on that lonely island!

DOCTRINE is only a trellis up which the vine may climb if the vine be living.

## It is Curious Who Give.

"It is curious who give. There's 'Squire Wood, he's put down \$2—his farm's worth \$10,000, and he's money at interest. And there's Mrs. Brown, she's put down for \$5—and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army, and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for awhile—but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause—that's why she gives."

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel after we got home from church, the day pledges were taken for contributions to Foreign Missions. He was reading them off, and I was taking down the items, to find the aggregate. He went on:

"There's Maria Hill, she's put down \$5; she teaches in the North District, and don't have but \$20 a month, and pays her board—and she has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience—the time she joined the Church—I know the Lord had done a work in her soul; and where HE works you'll generally see the fruit in giving. And there's John Baker—he's put down \$1, and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a fortnight. Cyrus Dunning, \$4. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that crippled hand. But he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work."—Selected.

## Out of the Depths.

MR. JAMES RUNCIMAN writes: "I have come through the Valley of the Shadow into which I ventured with a light heart, and those who know me might point and say what was said of a giant: 'There is a man who has been in hell.' It is true. Through the dim and sordid inferno I moved as in a trance for a while, and that is what makes me so keen to warn those who fancy they are safe. That is what makes me so discontented with the peculiar ethical conceptions of a society which bows down before the concoctor of drink, and spurns the lost one whom the drink seizes.

"In a fit of savage despair, I chose to plunge into oblivion for a time—and I thought the time would be brief, and that I might, maybe, emerge cured into the upper air.

"But it was not such a quick piece of work as all that comes to, and before I wrenched myself fairly clear I had seen the nether side of life; I had seen all possible phases of moral putridity, and I learned to look with yearning pity and pardon on all who have been blasted in life by their own weakness, and gripped by the trap into which so many weakly creatures stumble."

## The Old House-Clock.

O! THE old, old clock of the household stock,  
Was the brightest thing and neatest;  
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chimes rang still the sweetest;  
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,  
Yet they lived, though nations altered;  
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,  
When the voice of friendship faltered;  
"Tick! tick!" it said, "quick to bed;  
For ten I've given warning!  
Up! up! and go, or else, you know,  
You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And blessed the time with a merry chime,  
The wintry hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,  
As it called at day-break boldly;  
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,  
And the early air looked coldly:  
"Tick! tick!" it said, "quick out of bed;  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth,  
Unless you're up soon in the morning!"

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for bright days fled,  
And the old friends lost forever!  
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone,  
That beat like ours, though stronger;  
Its hands still move, though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
"Tick! tick!" it said, "to the church-yard bed,  
The grave hath given warning;  
Up! up! and rise, and look at the skies,  
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"



## TOPICS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

SECOND QUARTER, 1890.

May 4. *Believe only.* Luke 8. 50; Mark 9. 23; 11. 24; John 3. 18; Acts 10. 43; 16. 31; John 1. 12; 14. 12; Mark 16. 17, 18; 1 Pet. 2. 7; Heb. 4. 3; John 11. 40; 6. 47.

May 11. *The sufficiency of Christ.* Luke 9. 17; John 6. 35; Heb. 7. 25; Psa. 107. 9; Matt. 5. 6; Psa. 23. 1, 2; 36. 8; Phil. 4. 19; 2 Cor. 9. 8; Isa. 49. 10; Rev. 7. 16; Eph. 3. 20, 21.

## The Devotional Meeting.

THROUGHOUT the neighbouring Republic our League friends are devoting a great deal of thought and energy toward the perfection of some plan, the adoption of some means whereby their weekly prayer-meetings may be made most attractive and beneficial. This is of vital interest to us also, for does it not exhibit an awakening to the fact that a church's worth, power, and influence are measured by the size, earnest, and intensity of its prayer-room.

True, the Epworth League is divided into several departments, and wisely so, for this division facilitates management, and, more important still, gives to every member direct employment in church work; yet, after all, the great object of this "new child of Methodism" is "growth in grace, and the attainment of purity of heart."

Dr. J. E. Price, writing in *Our Youth*, says: "The Epworth League has on hand no more important work than the successful management of the weekly devotional service for young people. A threefold culture is proposed by this organization—social, intellectual, and spiritual; but the greatest of these is the spiritual. This must be held steadily

in view as the supreme end. To this all else must be tributary. In this weekly prayer-meeting all forces trained and developed elsewhere are to find their highest sphere of activity. The widened acquaintance, the strengthened friendships, the deeper knowledge of human nature and methods of approach to it, derived from the social meetings, the mental discipline, the better self-command, the more ready power of public speech, derived from the literary meetings, these, with all else of growing energy and accumulating experience, are, in the prayer-service, to be laid humbly and reverently upon God's altar, and upon every such power is to be written "sacred for Jesus."

These are words well and timely spoken—words we will do well to keep ever before us in connection with our own branch of the League, and having caught the full significance of their meaning, let us not procrastinate in action. It is true we have had, as yet no reason to complain, for our devotional meetings have not been lacking in interest or attendance; but on all sides of life we have examples which warn us of the necessity for constant watchfulness.

The conduct of these meetings must be well thought out beforehand; and just here we would venture to suggest that each meeting have some special topic, to be announced at least one week in advance. The members must be persevering in their efforts to increase the attendance, and above all let everybody come with the determination that not one "precious moment" shall be lost, for individual enthusiasm is after all the secret to a successful meeting. Then who will venture to forecast the blessings which must follow these concentrated efforts, directed by the hand of Him who has said, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—W. E. R. in *Toronto Epworth Review*.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood, a prominent Toronto artist, addressed the Sherboorn Street League on the subject, "How to Judge of a Picture." A very large number availed themselves of the opportunity of being present, at what proved to be, one of the most successful meetings yet held under the auspices of this League.

### A Wall of Spider's Web.

PERHAPS YOU have read about a devout man who was once hotly pursued by a band of murderers. In his flight he saw a cave, with a narrow entrance, within which he hid himself. He had scarcely secreted himself in the darkness before several spiders began weaving webs across the mouth of the cave. Presently his pursuers came up, and paused before this good man's hiding-place. But, seeing the network of webs which covered its only entrance, they said to one another: "He cannot be in here," and passed on. Then this man of God rejoiced, and said:

"Where God is, not a wall is, but a spider's web. Where God is, a spider's web is a wall."

In these beautiful words that good man illustrated the truth which is taught in these words of Holy Writ: "Whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be safe." Bad men who trust in their own wealth or wisdom find their trust only a spider's web, through which all sorts of evil pass to do them hurt; but a good man's trust makes the Almighty a protector, who builds a wall about him out of things fragile as a spider's web, yet so impregnable that no evil can pass through it to harm his trusting child.

Oh, precious trust! Seek it, dear young soul, for you cannot afford to face the duties and trials of your future without making the God who loves you your hiding-place.—*Our Youth*.

### Missionary Travel in Japan.

BY REV. DR. SUTHERLAND.

My work in Kofu was now ended, and we prepared to return. Our plan had been to go down the Fujikawa river, thus avoiding the long stage journey; but the heavy rains had greatly swollen the stream, and we were warned that the route would be difficult and dangerous.

Fujikawa is a mountain river, with a swift current and dangerous rapids—especially after heavy storms. It is navigated by large, flat-bottomed boats, which make the run of forty miles in a few hours; but it requires several days to tow the boats up against the stream.

We finally decided to return by the way we came, and it was just as well we did so, for we subsequently learned that a day or two later a boat—with thirty passengers—went on the rocks, and only ten persons got safe to shore.

At about 7.30 a.m. on Wednesday morning, the 9th July, we started in a pouring rain. The Sasaga Toge had again to be crossed on foot, as no mountain basha was available, and to ride in a kago was worse than walking. On we trudged, in a pelting storm, and at last reached a village on the other side of the pass, but thoroughly wet. A hasty change of garments made things more comfortable, and we resumed our journey by basha, reaching Inkiu at 5.30 p.m., where we remained for the night.

On the following morning we pushed on, over bad roads—though the rain had abated. Had a stiff climb over the Kogo Pass, and by the time the summit was reached our horse—though pulling an empty vehicle—was pretty well played out. Fortunately we got a better horse and a better driver, and descended the Pass in rapid style. Signs of the storm were everywhere apparent: land-slides, stone-slides, washouts—in abundance. Driving rapidly on a down-grade, our horse stumbled and fell, with a shock that sent the driver—like a stone from a catapult—away beyond the horse, and into the middle of the road. Providentially no one was hurt. Some breaks in the harness were speedily repaired, and we were soon on the way again.

We reached Hachon in good season, but found that beyond that point two bridges had been swept away by the freshet. To economize time, we changed from basha to jinrikisha, and took short cuts across the fields. On reaching the banks of the first river, we found quite a number of persons on both sides, waiting to get over, and the only means of transport was a hand-barrow on the shoulders of coolies. The barrow was constructed of two pieces of bamboo, about four inches in diameter and over six feet in length. To these, slats about thirty inches long were fastened, making a firm but light platform, upon which three or four persons bestowed themselves in a crouching position. The whole was then lifted on the shoulders of eight coolies—four on each side—who entered the river singing a kind of chant, so as to keep step together. Part of the way the water was shallow, and easily crossed; but beyond, for a distance of sixty feet or so, it was a different matter. By the time the deepest part was reached, the water was rushing like a mill-race, and broke in foam around the necks of the coolies.

A stumble, or loss of footing on the part of the bearers, would have made the writing of these notes quite unnecessary, or, at least, impracticable. At the second river we found a scow, which made crossing easy. Then followed a walk of a couple of miles to the nearest station, which made us late for the train.—*Outlook*.

### Dirk Willemzoon,

(Holland, 1569.)

OWAHGENA.

LAST night I read of a hero—  
It stirred my pulses so—  
Who lived in the north of Holland  
Three hundred years ago.

'Twas a time of bitter trouble;  
The land with blood was red,  
For the cruel Alva wrought his will  
By the Inquisition dread.

And men and women were hanged and burned  
For reasons light as foam,  
But chiefly if they dared to pray  
Outside the Church of Rome.

He dared to follow his conscience,  
This brave Dirk Willemzoon,  
And lay in prison expecting  
To go to torture soon;

When, like a vision from Heaven,  
There dawned a way of flight,  
And like a hunted deer he sped  
Into the free sunlight.

Close followed on the officer,  
O Liberty locked tight!  
O, if his God would give us strength  
And tyranny defeat!

A frozen lake lay in his path,  
His footsteps never slack;  
'Twas melting ice beneath his tread  
With many an angry crack.

Close followed on the officer;  
Before he reached the bank  
The ice gave way, in water deep,  
With piercing cry he sank.

None heard him but the stormy wind,  
Must he the womanhood find?  
Must he turn back with life in sight  
To save his foe, indeed?

No, let him drown! God will it so,  
Said Satan in his ear,  
"He now his mighty arm makes bare,  
His roaring is most clear."

A moment paused he, torn with doubt,  
Then Satan slunk away;  
"He is my neighbour, O my Lord,  
Thy call I must obey."

Back on the trembling ice he sprang,  
He reached a helping hand;  
His mortal enemy is saved,  
And brought him to the land.

Think you a Christian showed himself  
This doomed Dirk Willemzoon?  
Think you for such a deed in life  
His life was fitting soon?

Ah, no! The fated man straightway  
Though truly something loath,  
Bound once again his fetters on  
Because of Satan's oath.

No mercy shown to heretics!  
And so in lingering fire  
With glowing eyes they tortured him—  
God shall his blood require.

No staff is feared to honour him,  
No minstrel sings his fame,  
For things invisible he looked,  
In Heaven is found his name.

For such a thing the choicest gift  
Could be endure such heat;  
With the great Judge of quick and dead,  
His cause may safely rest.

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

CHILDREN, it is good and wise to walk in the footsteps of Christ, for that will take us to where he has gone—to heaven.



## Other Men's Sons.

A saloon-keeper sat in his easy chair  
And talked of his fixtures and store,  
He told of the mirrors and paintings so fine,  
And the plate-glass in window and door.

He talked of its carvings and marble floor,  
And called it a "palace" within.  
(The poor heart whose son was brought home to her  
drunk,  
She called it a palace of sin).

He told of his tables where cards were played,  
"But never for money, you know,"  
"Just innocent games, that would please all the boys,  
And would keep them from groggeries low."

For his was a High License "legal" place,  
And run just "according to law."  
His "high moral character," really so fine,  
It had not a shadow or flaw.

Or so one might judge who his license read;  
And it seemed, as his glib tongue ran,  
'Twere really an honour for parents to have  
Their sons ruined by such a man.

He told of refinement; for those who came  
Were young men of the "upper class."  
Who ought to rejoice for so cozy a place  
To partake of a "social glass."

And he "knew when a man had enough;"  
The office of judge he assumed,  
And "sent him in time to his sheltering home,"  
(When cash was all gone, 'tis presumed).

Some one who got a word edgeways at last,  
And a question squeezed into the space,  
Said that he presumed the saloon-keeper's son  
Spent most of his time in the place?

"My son—well, no—not exactly—I guess  
I would not allow him in there,"  
He answered, and hastened to speak of Maud S.,  
How he "thought her a fast-trotting mare."

And the fine young son of the merchant prince,  
Who had played his "innocent games"  
Till the spirit of gambling his soul possessed,  
As the fire-fiend enwraps in flames;

Who had drank his liquors in mirrored halls,  
And had found, alas! but too true,  
That they had just as surely maddened his brain  
As the drinks of the groggeries do;

And more; for in groggeries mean and low,  
He never would once have been;  
'Tis the "high-toned" places with marble floors  
That allure by their silver and sheen—

When he heard this, he said, "If all these fine things  
Are for sons of other men kept!  
If he set his snares for the innocent ones,  
And sowed tares while their guardians slept,

"He is black as the master he serves so well;  
And from now and forever more,  
I will seek the way of the people of God,  
And ne'er again darken his door."

—The Pioneer.

## Smoking Condemned,

We give place to the following communications  
—or selections therefrom—recently printed in the  
New York Herald. They are worthy of very  
careful consideration:—

## SMOKING IS A VICE.

"No clergyman ought to smoke, because smoking  
is a vice. It is a vice, because it is master of la-  
bour, time, attention, and health. I believe that  
intoxicating liquor and tobacco are the two chief  
enemies of the human race. It seems, therefore,  
as clear as the sun in heaven, that no clergyman  
can be held guiltless who does not set a personal  
example in opposition to them both.

"WILLIAM R. ALGER."

## AN ARTIFICIAL WANT.

"Many who begin by smoking in moderation go  
on to smoke in excess, and there they injure their

health very seriously. It seems to me that when  
man has so many natural wants, it is not desirable  
to add to them another want, which can only be  
regarded as artificial. FRED. W. FARRAR."

## CLERGYMEN SHOULD NOT SMOKE

"Clergymen certainly should not smoke. No  
clergyman should do anything he does not expect  
and wish the young men in his congregation and  
Sabbath school to do. How can a man reprove  
boys for smoking if he does it himself? No! Save  
us from clergymen who smoke! I am glad the  
Methodist Church has decided not to admit young  
men to her ministry who are addicted to the prac-  
tice. (Chaplain) C. C. McCARE."

## FROM THE VEN. DR. McCOSH.

"Smoking will be put down when young ladies  
declare that they will not look with favour on a  
young man who smokes, and when congregations  
declare that they will not take a minister who  
smokes. JAMES McCOSH."

## A FILTHY AND USELESS HABIT.

"I can give no opinion based on experience of  
the effects of smoking, as the practice has always  
seemed to me filthy and useless, and, therefore, in-  
dulgence in it simply sensual. I think the practice  
inexcusable, except in the case of those who have  
begun it in an idiotic or vicious youth, and whose  
system is so saturated with the poison that they  
fear they will, through the shock the change would  
give the brain, revert into idiocy should they cease  
taking the usual supply of nicotine.

"WM. HAYES WARD."

## NOT A WHOLESOME EXAMPLE.

"I never smoked a cigar or pipe in my life, and  
never expect to do so. It is a matter to be left to  
every minister's conscience and common sense. I  
fear that some valuable lives have ended in smoke.  
And there are times when a cigar in a minister's  
mouth does not help the Gospel that comes out of  
it, and is not a wholesome 'ensample to the flock.'

"THEODORE L. CUYLER."

## SMOKING MINISTERS BAD EXAMPLES.

"More than one important religious denomina-  
tion, notably the Methodist, now regularly makes  
inquiry of candidates for the ministry as to their  
habits concerning the use of tobacco. A large  
number of conferences refuse to accept habitual  
smokers as preachers. JOSEPH COOK."

## CALLING ITS USE A SIN.

"Against unanswerable evidence of the wide-  
spread evils—physical, intellectual, and moral—  
many subject themselves to a habit of ruinous self-  
indulgence, and do all that example can do to in-  
duce others to do the same.

"EDWARD BRECHER."

## A DIRTY AND UNHEALTHY HABIT.

"I began to smoke at eight years of age, and  
left off the same day. The cano cut from the  
hedge made me sick, and all my experience since  
has made me more sick of what I regard a dirty,  
costly, tyrannical, and unhealthy habit. Excuse  
may be made for some elderly or afflicted smokers;  
but the practice should be specially avoided by  
ministers. There are in every church some who  
will be pained by such an example; and some who may  
be injured by following it. Smokers are liable to  
become slaves to the habit, so that its indulgence  
gets to be a necessity of life. They are uncomfort-  
able without it. They become reckless of the com-  
fort of others. They must smoke in the street—  
in the car—in the house—in the bedroom. It  
often leads to drinking, wastes time, and costs  
money which is needed for better objects.

"NEWMAN HALL."

## NO ARGUMENT FOR SMOKING

"The physical evils which result from the to-  
bacco habit are notorious. The moral evils appear  
to me also serious. Whatever may be the imagined  
benefit of smoking to overworked men (and women?)  
If it is a sedative, who need it more than the  
wives and mothers (?), it is by substantially universal  
consent an injury to the young. And yet not only  
the young men in our stores and colleges, but the  
boys in their teens, are inveterate smokers.

"LYMAN ABBOTT."

## Bits of Fun.

"I'm looking for employment," said a young  
man, entering a merchant's office.

"You are, hey? Well, you'll find it in the dic-  
tionary over there—er—among the E's."

—Wife—"Why do you always get such ugly men  
to carry our baggage? This one has a long, red  
nose?"

Husband—"Don't you see? If he runs off with  
the valise, the police will catch him easy enough."

—Irate passenger (as train is moving off—"Why  
didn't you put my baggage in as I told you, you  
old—"

Porter—"Eh, man! yer baggage es na sic a fule  
as yersel'. Ye're i' the wrang train."

—We have a good many rising young men in this  
country, but, somehow, you don't notice them in  
the crowded horse-car, unless the woman who wants  
to get on has more than an ordinary share of youth  
and beauty.

—What would be a Good Name.—What would be  
a good name for an Anarchist's wife?" asked the  
snake editor.

"Don't know. What would?" asked the horse  
editor.

"Well, I think Dinah might."

—"What do you think of the modern style of  
writing-paper?" asked Cora. "Do you like it as  
well as the old?"

"I'm afraid I'm not competent to form an  
opinion," replied Merritt. I should judge that a  
great deal can be said on both sides."

—Artist—"Why have you made my coat out of  
this piece, and not from that I ordered?"

Tailor—"That would cost half as much again."

Artist—"What of that? I didn't ask you what  
it cost."

Tailor—"True! You haven't even asked me yet  
how much the coat cost I made for you last year."

—Not so big in Washington.—"You are a very  
large man," said an avenue tailor to a new Con-  
gressman, as he took his measure.

"Think so, do you?" replied the M. C.

"I certainly do."

"Well, you ought to see me when I'm at  
home."

—An Unlucky "Reading Notice."—"Excuse me,  
sir," said the business manager to the city editor,  
"but you promised to print that puff of Smithers'  
dry goods store just as I wrote it."

"Well, didn't I?"

"No, sir. It wasn't published at all."

"Did you write on one side of the paper only?"

"Certainly."

"Then I guess I must have published the wrong  
side of the manuscript."

—A newly arrived Irishman walked a long distance  
under the elevated road in New York. Meeting a  
policeman he asked.

"Phere's the wather?"

Policeman—"There ain't none."

Irishman—"Shure, it's a long bridge for nary a  
river."



## "The Many-Voiced Sea."

BY META E. B. THORNE.

The west wind tapped at my window,  
The dawn peeped shyly in  
With the lowly regard of a lover  
Who'd fain a fond glance win;  
Quick I flung back the ornament,  
And lo, before me lay,  
Still dreaming, flushing in beauty,  
The broad, unrippled bay.  
But the sun's first beam awoke her;  
As fled morn's twilight dim  
I caught the reverent murmur  
Of her praiseful, matin hymn.  
"O radiant, O golden morning!  
O sweet, glad summer sea!  
O gracious, O loving Father"  
I cried in ecstasy.

'Twas noon. On the rock-crested summit  
Of a lofty cliff I stood,  
And gazed with unspeakable wonder  
At the awful magnitude  
Of the tossing, turbulent billows,  
Uplifting white brows of foam,  
And beating with raging fury  
At the base of this eyrie home.  
Then clasping my helpless fingers,—  
"O mighty, storm-driven sea!  
From the blast of this wintry tempest  
We are safe only, Lord, in thee!"

Hist! Hear ye the grief-laden moaning  
Float through the twilight gray!  
The mist of the autumn is hanging  
All sombre above the bay.  
And out of the vague, far distance  
In low, deep undertone  
Comes a piteous plaint of sorrow,  
As of a world making moan.  
"O earth, ever darkened with sorrow  
O sad, sad, troubled sea!  
But one Hand can still life's tempests—  
His who in Galilee  
Once hushed the throbbing billows  
Christ's whisper 'Peace' to me!"

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 28] LESSON VI. [May 11

## FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

Luke 9. 10-17. Memory verses, 16-17.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John 6. 35.

## TIME.—A.D. 28.

PLACE.—The northerly Bethsaida.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Soon after the preceding miracles, Jesus sent his twelve disciples through Galilee to proclaim the coming Christ. Meanwhile Herod sought Jesus; and when the apostles returned, Jesus took them with him into a lonely wilderness for the purpose of hiding from Herod.

## EXPLANATIONS.

Privately.—Remotely. Desert place.—A deserted place, a wilderness. Received them.—Jesus had gone with great labour and toil into a remote region to avoid the crowds; but when they came with their suffering bodies and aching hearts, he received them as pleasantly as if he had longed for them. Of the kingdom Jesus could speak of nothing else. Healed them.—He helped every one he met who needed help. Send the multitude away.—That was such counsel as most men would give nowadays. They came here themselves, let them take the responsibility, and go and buy themselves food and bedding. By fifties.—In groups. Twelve baskets.—Each Oriental traveller carried such a little basket, and each of the twelve disciples found fragments enough to fill his.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Teachable Apostles, vs. 10, 12-15. From what journey had the apostles returned? See vs. 1-6. What report did they make to Jesus?

Why did Jesus then take them?  
Why did he thus seek retirement? See vs. 6-9; and Matt. 14. 13  
What request did the disciples make late in the day?  
What had they with which to feed the people?  
How many people were there?  
What did Jesus command the disciples to do?

2. The Longing Multitude, vs. 11, 12, 16. What act of the multitude showed their longing for Jesus?  
What were they likely to lack in a desert place?

By whom was that lack in part supplied?  
3. The Satisfying Saviour, vs. 11, 16, 17. What two needs of the people did Jesus first satisfy?  
With what did he satisfy their hunger?  
What did he do before feeding the people?  
By whom did he minister to the people?  
What shows the abundance of the provision?  
Who alone can satisfy our need? (Golden Text.)

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus take his apostles? "Into a desert place." 2. How did he act when the people followed him? "He received them, preached to them, and eased their sorrows." 3. What did the disciples advise as night came on? "To send the multitude away." 4. What did Jesus say? "Give ye them to eat." 5. What did he do? "Turned five loaves and two fishes into an over-supply for five thousand hungry people."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sufficiency of Christ.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

6. What does the Gospel command? It contains the command of God to all men, everywhere, to repent of their sins and to believe in Christ.

Acts 17. 30; 1 John 3. 23.

A.D. 28] LESSON VII. [May 18

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Luke 9. 28-36. Memory verses, 33-35.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Luke 9. 35.

## TIME.—A.D. 28.

PLACE.—Unknown. Probably one of the foot-hills of Hermon.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Immediately after the miraculous feeding of the multitude, Jesus informed his disciples that he must be killed and raised from the dead. The conversation was a memorable one. Eight days after it occurred, Jesus took his three most intimate friends up into a mountain, and the transfiguration took place. Matthew and Mark say "six days," reckoning the interval of time from the day in which the last incident occurred to the day mentioned in this lesson. Luke includes both these days as well as the days intermediate, and so counts eight.

## EXPLANATIONS.

Peter and John and James. The three apostles whom Jesus always selected, as best able to understand his deepest experiences. Fashion of his countenance.—Even with ordinary men, tumultuous passions, like guilt, shame, hope, and love, modify the countenance and alter the attitude and gait of a man. Jesus was now experiencing the closest intimacy with the Godhead of which the human soul is capable, and his body was glorified by the excess of spiritual power. Glorified.—His very garments were ablaze with heavenly light. Two men.—Representative men: Moses stood for God's law; Elias for his prophetic revelations. In glory.—A part of their garments still lingered the brilliance of heaven. Decence.—Going forth, passing away. Peter, and they that were with him.—Peter, et cetera. Such a phrase is one of many evidences of Peter's strong individuality of character. Wherever he goes he monopolizes attention. Heavy with sleep.—Intense feeling sometimes acts like an intoxicant, a soporific. When they were awake. This was no dream, they saw—that is, they recognized. Peter said.—Peter was always "saying" something. He was the natural spokesman for his less emphatic associates. Good for us to be here.—Good to remind. Three tabernacles.—Booths, places of shelter. He thinks only

of the holy trio who blaze before him. Such mean and unworthy mortals as himself and John and James might well spend their lives shelterless on that bleak mountain-top, if only the three immortals would remain. Not knowing.—He spoke at random. He was wild with delight. While he thus spoke.—The splendour of the heavenly vision was too great for mortals to long endure it. The cloud of God's mercy now overshadows them, and the magnificent vision is gone.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Three Disciples, vs. 28, 29. What are the names of the three disciples?  
Where did they go with Jesus?  
For what purpose did they go?  
What occurred as Jesus prayed?  
Where did John afterward see Jesus in glory? See Rev. 1. 13-15.

2. Two Saints, vs. 30-32. Who were seen talking with Jesus?  
What is said of their appearance?  
Of what did they converse?  
What is said of the three disciples?  
What did they see when awake?

3. One Saviour, vs. 33-36. What did Peter say to Jesus?  
When did he say this?  
Why did he thus speak?  
What suddenly occurred as he was speaking?  
How were the disciples affected?  
What did they hear from the cloud? (Golden Text.)  
After the voice, whom did they see?  
Did they tell what they had seen and heard?  
What did Peter afterward say about this scene? See 2 Pet. 1. 16-18.

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Jesus take into the mountain? "Peter, John, and James." 2. While he prayed, what happened? "He was transfigured with glory." 3. Who talked with him? "Moses and Elias." 4. About what did they talk? "His approaching death at Jerusalem." 5. What did Peter say? "It is good for us to be here." 6. What was spoken from the overshadowing cloud? "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine glory of Christ.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. What does the Gospel promise? The Gospel is the promise of God to pardon, sanctify, and save from eternal destruction all who, according to his commands, repent and believe on his Son.

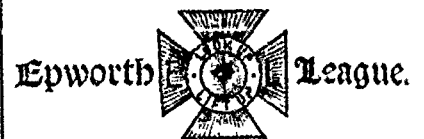
## Take my Hand, Papa.

In the dead of night I am frequently awakened by a little hand stealing out from the crib by my side, with the pleading cry, "Please take my hand, papa!"

Instantly the little boy's hand is grasped, his fears vanish, and soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence he falls into sweet sleep again.

We commend this lesson of simple, filial faith and trust to the anxious, sorrowing ones, that are found in almost every household. Stretch forth your hand, stricken mourners, although you may be in the deepest darkness and gloom, and fear and anxious suspense may cloud your weary pathway, and that very act will reveal the presence of a loving compassionate Father, and give you the peace that passeth all understanding.

The darkness may not pass away at once, night may still enfold you in its embrace, but its terrors will be dissipated, its gloom and sadness flee away, and in the simple grasp of the Father's hand sweet peace will be given, and you will rest securely, knowing that the "morning cometh."



A complete line of Epworth League Recommended Readings in the different courses now in stock, and will be shipped promptly as ordered. Epworth League Badges and Ribbons ordered and will soon be in stock.

Young People's Prayer-meeting Topics from January to July, ready; 25 cents per hundred.

Epworth Leaflets, Nos. 1, 2, 3, ready; 5 cents per dozen. Samples free.

For goods write WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto

For sample Epworth Leaflets, write W. H. WITHROW, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

## PANSY'S BOOKS.

SPECIAL AMERICAN EDITION,  
CLOTH, 50 CENTS EACH.

Her Mother's Bible.  
Six O'clock in the Evening.  
A Word to Little People.  
The Browning Boys.  
Gertrude's Diary.  
Stories of Remarkable Women.  
Stories of Great Men.  
Story of Puff.

ENGLISH EDITION,  
PAPER, 12 CENTS EACH.

Four Girls at Chautauqua.  
Chautauqua Girls at Home.  
Ruth Erskine's Crosses.  
An Endless Chain.  
Ester Ried.  
Ester Ried yet Speaking.  
The King's Daughter.  
Wise and Otherwise.  
Three People.

SEND US  
40 CENTS

And we will send you Post-paid the largest, thickest and most profusely illustrated "Child's Picture Book" ever offered at the price.

Size 9½ x 7½ x 1 inches.

Beautifully illuminated. Board covers.

JUST ISSUED.

## SIFTED WHEAT.

Being a record of the Proceedings of the Twenty-Fourth Provincial Sabbath-School Convention.

Held in the City of Toronto, Ont., on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th October, 1889.

Paper covers, 230 pages. Post paid, 25c. net.

This Report contains representative thought and testimony, reliable information and condensed facts, presented by the leading men of to-day, gathered from all quarters of the Province to discuss the efforts and success of this important factor of the Church of Christ.

WILLIAM BRIGGS.

29 to 33 Richmond St. West,  
30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HURSTIS, Halifax, N.S.