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HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 23 1886.

[No. 22.]

Spain.

ALMOST all children know something about the geography of Spain. They know at any rate that its capital is Madrid. They have also an idea that things are very different in that country from what they once were, and that though there are grand cities and splendid buildings to be seen everywhere in Spain, that somehow or other things have rather gone to the bad there for a long time past, and that it is not a very nice place to live in even though the land is very fertile, the scenery very romantic, and the climate very pleasant.

Spain is separated, as every boy and girl knows, from France by the Pyrenees, and our picture shows how that range of mountains is crossed by long trains of mules, bearing the products of the two countries.

The centre picture gives a tolerably fair idea of the Giralda—the tower connected with the grand cathedral of the famous City of Seville. This cathedral is one of the largest and finest in Spain, as it well may be when we bear in mind that it is 431 feet long, 315 feet wide, has seven aisles, and an organ with 5,400 pipes. The tower is Moorish, was built in 1196, and was originally only 250 feet high—the additional 100 feet being the rich filigree belfry added in 1568. The pinnacle is crowned by a female figure in bronze, fourteen feet high and 2,800 pounds in weight, and which veers about with the slightest breeze.

Below the Giralda is the Escorial, which some have called the eighth wonder of the world. It is an immense monastery, palace, and mausoleum, was begun in 1563 and finished in 1584. It is 744 feet from north to south, and 580 feet from east to west. It is said to have 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows, and to have cost 11,000,000 ducats.

The Alhambra is a famous Moorish fortress in the City of Granada, the most characteristic parts of which have been reproduced in the Alhambra Court of the Sydenham Palace, London, England.

Surely not many boys need to be told the story of the famous Rock of Gibraltar. It is on the southern extremity of Spain, and has on it the famous fortress held by the British since 1704, when it was taken by Sir George Rooke. It has been often

besieged since, but never taken. It is not of so great importance as it used to be, and some think that it ought to be restored to Spain.

A Brave Boy.

I SHALL ever remember a lesson which I received when at school. One

"Halloa!" he exclaimed, "what's the price of milk? I say, Jack, what do you fodder on? What will you take for the gold on the cow's horns? Boys, look here, if you want to see the latest Paris style, behold these boots!"

Watson, waving his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow

The boys attending the school were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature did Watson bear all their silly attempts to wound and annoy him.

"I suppose Watson," said Jackson, one day, "I suppose your papa means to make a milkman of you!"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them, that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified at the remark, said: "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk, too."

The day after this conversation, there was a public examination, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the neighbouring towns were present. Prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, he remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class, who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render what service he could.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. Alas! what



morning, as we were on our way to school, one of our scholars was seen driving a cow toward a neighbouring field. A group of boys met him as he was passing. The opportunity for ridicule was not to be lost by a boy of the name of Jackson.

to the field, opened the gate, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then, closing it, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school he let out the cow and drove off, none of us knew whither. And every day for three weeks he went through the same task.

could she do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless from his bruise. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy, 'I can drive the cow.'

"But his kindness did not stop here. Money was needed to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with, but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives; and, furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look down with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not slink out of sight behind the blackboard. You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

Books of the Bible.

OLD TESTAMENT.

THE great Jehovah speaks to us in Genesis and Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers see followed by Deuteronomy. Joshua and Judges away the land, Ruth gleams a sheaf with trembling hand, Samuel and numerous Kings appear, Whose Chronicles we wondering hear; Ezra and Nehemiah now Eather the beautiful mourner show; Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms, The Proverbs teach to scatter alms. Ecclesiastes then comes on, And the sweet Song of Solomon; Isaiah, Jeremiah then With Lamentations takes his pen. Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's; Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come, And lofty Habakkuk finds room, While Zephaniah, Haggai calls Rapt Zechariah builds his walls, And Malachi, with garments rent, Concludes the ancient Testament.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew begins the inspired story Of the Saviour's life and glory; Mark follows him with eager pen, Adding his memories for men! Luke, the beloved physician, now, Would crown anew the sacred brow; And John, who leaned on Jesus' breast, Writes more of love than all the rest. With Christ's history thus ended His Apostle's Acts are blended; And Paul, whom we account the chief, Adds Romans to the sacred sheaf. Corinthians First and Second then Come with Galatians from his pen; Ephesians and Philippians now, His loving care for churches show; Colossians, too, have many a rule Sent them from Christ's own perfect school. Thessalonians First and Second

With the others now are reckoned: And to Timothy two letters find Full of counsels loving, faithful, kind; Then in one to Titus we are shown, That none are saved by works alone. He writes Philemon now, and sends The slave, he to his care commends. Then to the Hebrews, Paul doth bring New proofs that Christ's their Priest and King.

James, of the Twelve, adds here his word, Urging all to pray and trust in God. Two letters Peter writes; to him give heed For Jesus bade him his flock to feed. Now John (whose words before we've heard) In letters First, Second, and Third Bids us while here we live, to love, That we may grow like God above; Then Jude, with all the rest unites, Of judgment and of mercy writes. Last, we to the Revelation come, A view revealed of heaven, the home Of all who love their Saviour Lord, Omnipotent, Incarnate Word, Whom ancient writers dimly saw Through Jewish ritual law: This light, God's love to all then lent Who read the ancient Testament. Thank God, we've both books old and new, Read, study both, and love them too; Learn, too, of Christ, and trusting his grace, We soon shall see His glorious face. And with apostle, prophet, priest, Meet at His heavenly marriage feast!

The One Phase of Drunkenness.

From John B. Gough's new book, "Pitiform Echoes."

It is an awful degradation, and yet we laugh at drunkenness!—at certain phases of it. We cannot help it. I do not blame people for laughing. Man is the only animal that can laugh, and he ought to enjoy the privilege, and I mean to. But you know, and I know, that we often laugh at some of the phases of drunkenness.

To be sure we laugh. One poor fellow fell down a flight of thirty or forty stairs in Erie, Pennsylvania, and when a man came to help him up, he said: "Go away; I don't want any help; that's the way I allus come down stairs." The Bishop of Rhode Island told me that once he saw a man whom he had known years before, very drunk by the side of the road. He went to him and said: "Mypoor fellow, I am really sorry for you," and went away. By and by he heard the man call, "Bishop, Bishop!" So he went back. "Now," he said, "Bishop, if you are very sorry, and you say so, I will forgive you." We laugh at such drolleries and at such vagaries as we do at the man who came home at four o'clock in the morning and said it was but one. "But," said his wife, "the clock has just struck four." "I know better, for I heard it strike one—repeatedly!"

Lacknowledge that the man who is always contradicting you is a very disagreeable person, but to my thinking, a more disagreeable person still is he who is always agreeing with you. I would rather live in a house with a man or woman who contradicted every word I said than with a man or woman who agreed with me in everything. Such persons are never able to come to any decision. They remind me of another story Bishop Clark of Rhode Island told me of two men coming home about two o'clock in the morning in a maudlin state of intoxication. As they staggered along, one said: "Don't you think the sun is shining very brilliantly?" "Sun," said the other, "that ish n't the sun; that 'sh the moon." "No," said the first, "it's the sun," and so they discussed together until a little ill-temper began to manifest itself. Finally, they agreed to leave the matter to the first person they should meet. Soon after, a man came along, but unfortunately

he was in the same condition as themselves. "I say, old fellow, here's a dispute, and we want you to settle it, and be an umpire and referee. Now you just look where I'm pointing, and the question ish, ish that the sun, or ish it the moon?" After looking upward in a maudlin way for a few minutes, he said: "Ish it the sun, or ish it the moon? Well, gen'tlemen, you must 'scuse me, I'm a stranger in this part of the country."

We cannot help laughing, but we know all the while that we are looking at only one phase of a terrible evil. You have heard of the man who went into his house in the dark, and, being very thirsty, groped about for the water pitcher and found it. He lifted it to his mouth and began to drink very rapidly. One of his children had dropped a soft spool of silk into the pitcher, and in his hurry he swallowed it. He felt something disagreeable and strange, and he became frightened, and dropped the pitcher. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" He caught hold of the end of the silk, and in great affright began to draw the thread from his mouth. "Wife, wife," he shouted, "hurry up, hurry up, I'm all unravelling!"

I remember when I was in Glasgow, hearing a man in the City Hall tell a story which made me laugh till my sides ached. I was not laughing at drunkenness, but at the ridiculous features of it. I cannot tell you the story as he did, but I will give you an idea of it. He said:—

"There was a man, a laird, who went with his man, Sandy, to pay rent to the squire; and the two, or it may have been all three, became intoxicated. In the gray of the morning, the laird and Sandy were riding home on horse-back, both very drunk. They had neglected the animals all night, so, when they came to a stream of water, the laird's horse very suddenly put down his head to drink, and the laird, being in a very 'limpy' state, as we call it, slipped over the pommel of the saddle and the head of the horse, into the water. 'Sandy, Sandy! something has fallen off.'

"No laird, there's naething fell off." "Sandy, I heard a splash." "Sandy dismounted and said: 'It's yourself' that's in the water.' "It canna be me, Sandy, for I'm here."

We laugh at such stories because they are ludicrous; but, I repeat, they illustrate only one phase of an awful fact.

Emancipation of the Workingman.

WHAT Goldwin Smith says of English workingmen is equally applicable to the same class in the United States: "A slight change in the habits of our workingmen would add more to their wealth, their happiness and their hopes than has been added by all the strikes or by conflicts of any kind." Whisky, tobacco and loafing are, without doubt, the weights that drag down the labouring class, in spite of efforts to elevate it, both from within and without. These have blocked the way of every advance movement and they threaten defeat to any experiment that shall require sobriety, energy and industry on the part of the workingmen.—Emma W. Rogers, in The Current

SELF LAUDATION abounds among the unpolished, but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill-bred.—Charles Burton.

The Power of Prayer.

(A RECITATION.)

IN Austerlitz the villagers were dancing through the night. The fête was gay and jubilant, 'twould last till morning light. Their careless minds, with pleasure filled, knew not the awful fate That from the hostile Zuyder Zee would reach them soon or late. Upon the dyke's high banks the captain of the town

With his two hundred body guards was pacing up and down. As he surveyed the swollen sea, he noted each great wave That lapped the bank with all the force a mighty ocean gave.

The Hollanders have learned the need of watching when the tide Rolls up to lash with maddened zeal their dykes though high and wide, For men made the embankments to gain the sea's own land, But God made wind and ocean with his creative hand.

Oh! what a scream of fright arose when first there came a crack; In vain the canvas filled the seam; the sea would not go back.

And when the canvas was quite gone and still the water pressed, The captain, looking calm and strong, his arms crossed on his breast, Said: "Take your jackets off, my men"

At once the jackets came They pressed them in the gaping cracks, which widened just the same. All human means were past avail. What could the captain do?

What use is it to have a God unless He brings you through The places that by strength or will of man can ne'er come straight?

Quickly the captain spoke these words before it was too late: "Down on your knees, my vallant men, and pray to God above;

May He protect our native town by His unerring love. No power can save it from this flood of devastating harm But God, who rules both sea and land with His all-able arm."

Two hundred men sank to their knees; two hundred voices poured A prayer of supplication to the One they most adored;

That He would still the furious waves, and turn the awful tide That might so soon lay waste their homes, their country fair and wide.

While yet they spake the wind was calmed, the rolling waves soon fell; The tide was turned, and left the dykes they loved and watched so well.

The dykes were saved. The little town of Austerlitz again Was free from her great danger. The captain and his men,

Who worked and prayed in their distress, thanked God for His kind care That saved their loved ones, homes, and land. Does not God answer prayer?

—Elizabeth Wilson.

WHEN God's people have learned the lessons their trials are intended to teach, He will bring them again to peace and prosperity.

AN undivided heart which worships God alone, and trusts Him as it should, is raised above anxiety for earthly wants.—Geikie.

FOR the pitiful sum of a dime he [the owner of a groggery] furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool and this trembling culprit a demon! How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an act not recognized by earthly tribunals; but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is *particeps criminis*.—Judge Johnson, of California, in passing sentence of death upon a criminal.

Autumn.

Summer is gone and the Autumn is here,
And the flowers are strewing their earthly
bur;
And dreamy mist o'er the woodland swims,
While rattle the nuts from the windy limbs.

From bough to bough the squirrels run
At the noise of the hunter's echoing gun,
And the partridge flies where my footstep
heaves
The rustling drifts of the withered leaves.

The flocks pursue their Southern flight,
Some all the day and some all the night;
And up from the wooden marshes come
The sound of the pheasant's feathery drum.

On the highest bough the mourner crows
In his funeral suit of woe;
All nature mourns, and my spirit grieves
At the noise of my feet in the withered leaves.

I sigh for the days that have passed away,
When my life, like the years, had its season
of May;
When the world was all sunshine and beauty
and truth,
And the dews bathed my feet in the valley
of youth.

Then my heart felt its wings, and no bird of
the sky
Sang over the flowers more joyous than I.
But youth is a fable, and beauty deceives,
And my footsteps are loud in the withering
leaves.

And I sigh for the time when the reapers at
morn
Came down from the hill at the sound of the
horn;
Or when dragging the rake I followed them
out,
While they tossed the light sheaves with
their laughter about.

Through the field, with boy daring, bare-
footed I ran,
But the stubbles foreshadowed the pathway
of man.
Now the uplands of life lie all barren of
sheaves,
While my footsteps are loud in the withering
leaves.

—T. Buchanan Read.

A Shaggy Newsboy.

THE railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great State of New York. I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat near me, arose, and touching my shoulder, asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy." I of course answered "Yes." So we stepped out on the platform of the car. The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on the lower step of the car, holding on by his left. I saw him begin to wave the paper just as we swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farm-house came into view away off across some open fields. Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railroad; and I saw a black, shaggy form leap quite over the fence from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bouncing along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mulleinstalk in an angle of the fence. It was a big black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail, and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him. Then he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields towards the farm-house. When we last saw him, he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows, and then the train rushed through a deep cleft in the hill-side, and the whole scene passed from our view.

"What will he do with the paper?"

I asked of the tall young conductor at my side.

"Carry it to the folks at the house," he answered.

"Is that your home?" I inquired.

"Yes," he responded, "my father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day, in the way you have seen."

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No," said he, "they never send him. He knows when it is time for the train, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter."

"But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sir! He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to meet the train?" I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor; "but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call my attention, for fear that I should not get on the platform till we had passed Carlo."

"So Carlo keeps watch of the time better than the conductor himself," I remarked, "for the dog does not need to be reminded."

The conductor laughed, and I wondered, as he walked away, who of my young friends, of whom I have a great many, would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not "tell time by the clock."—*Golden Days.*

Pen-Pictures.

A DAINTY, blue-eyed baby girl sitting for the first time in her high chair with the family at the stately dinner. The first-born daughter, the father's pride, the mother's joy; so bright, so winning; giving such fair promise of a sunny childhood, a true girlhood, and a brave womanhood. The wine is being poured, and, in childish wonder, the little one, attracted by its brilliant colour, begs to be allowed to taste it. Not a moment does the mother hesitate; no shadow of the future falls across that gaily-lighted table to warn her of the terrible result of that first fatal taste. The child crows and laughs and begs for more. More is given. By and by the little one grows sleepy, and is carried by the nurse to the couch which, years afterward, the guilty mother, remembering, wishes had been her last resting place.

Ten years later. A young girl, with nervous air and stealthy tread, creeping to the locked sideboard and looking for the missing keys. Vainly she searches. With angry frown she turns away and examines eagerly the contents of her pocket-book. The father, who used to be so generous with his little daughter, dare not give her spending money now. The purse is empty. Quietly, and to avoid suspicion, she arranges in the study all her materials for painting—for she is skilled, for one so young, in the use of water-colors. Then she creeps away to her room, and, hiding a jewel in her hand, goes secretly out the side door, and rushes to a pawnbroker's. She does not stay to argue with him though she knows he is cheating her, but hurries to the nearest liquor saloon and slips in the door above which is written "Family Entrance." A few hours afterward a carriage stops at her father's mansion, and she is borne unconscious and intoxicated to her daintily-furnished room.

Two years more have drifted by. Weary, sad, anxious years. Tears, entreaties, threats, and promises, alike have proved unavailing. The mansion blinds are always closed now. No laughter rings through the halls. Only the nearest of kin cross the threshold.

In a padded, darkened room, with chains upon the white wrists and chains upon the ankles, sits the fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter, not yet sixteen. The beauty is faded, the face is bloated and scarlet, the light of reason is gone.

Sometimes she raves wildly, and begs passionately for the poison which has ruined her, and then they go away and leave her alone with the misery which is too heart-breaking to witness.

Again rocking to and fro as her mother enters and sits beside her, she moans:

"Won't you call my mother? O, I've lost my mother! I want my mother!"

In vain the mother winds her arms around her daughter, seeking to soothe her. In vain she calls her all the pet names of her childhood. All in vain. She only moans more piteously:

"I've lost my mother! O, I want my mother!"

God pity her!
Fancy sketches, these? Nay, I wish they were. They are painted from life!

Unto the Desired Haven.

WHAT matter how the winds may blow
Or blow they east, or blow they west?
What reck I how the tides may flow
Since ebb or flood alike is best?
No Summer calm, no Winter gale
Impedes or drives me from my way;
I steadfast toward the haven sail
That lies perhaps not far away.

I mind the weary days of old,
When motionless I seemed to lie:
The nights when fierce the billows rolled
And changed my course, I knew not why.
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,
Foreboding danger and delay,
Forgetting I was thus to sail
To reach which seemed so far away.

I measure not the loss and fret
Which through these years of doubt I bore;
I keep the memory fresh, and yet
Would hold God's patient mercy more.
What wrecks have passed me in the gale,
What ships gone down on Summer day;
While I, with furled or spreading sail,
Stood for the haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow,
Since fair or foul alike is best;
God holds them in His hand, I know,
And I may leave to Him the rest,
Assured that neither calm nor gale
Can bring me danger nor delay,
As still I toward the haven sail
That lies, I know, not far away.

—A. D. F. Randolph.

It was admirable advice which Mr. Wesley records as having been given to a preacher by an old woman. "Preach," said she, "the law first, then the gospel, then the law again."

If once the Holy Ghost leave striving with thee, unhappy man, thou art lost for ever; thou liest like a ship cast by the waves upon some high rock, where the tide never comes to fetch it off.

A TAVERN KEEPER, who had abandoned traffic in alcohol after being engaged in the business a number of years, was asked the reason. He took down an account-book, and opening it, said: "Here are forty-four names upon this book. They were my customers. Of these, thirty-two are in drunkards' graves, ten are professional toppers, and I know not the whereabouts of the other two."

The God of the Buddha Lands.

BY J. K. LULLUM.

THE sound of a mighty tread is heard,
Shaking the earth from pole to pole,
Waking each slumbering, dormant soul
To the nations needing the Saviour's Word.

Hark! how the trembling echoes grow,
Till they roll o'er our land in a mighty flood
From Eastern lands where innocent blood
Cries for redress from wrongs and woe!

From the land of Buddha where idols stand
Crowned and throned in prominent place,
With marble, insurmountable eyes and face,
And ears that hear not, nor understand;

Where hideous reptiles on land and sea
Grow fat on inhuman sacrifice,
And the air is filled with humanity's cries
For a saving Saviour, if one there be.

The earth is shaken by ominous tread,
Stately as when a great king comes,
While a tumult of voices, and bells, and drums,
Heralds a coming both strange and dread.

The sound increases. The sunbeams glance
On dark-skinned faces and boughs of palms,
On gold and jewels, and broided arms,
On snake-skin drums and horned lance.

The royal king of the Buddha lands
Advances amid these offerings meet,
While now and again beneath his feet
He tramples a life out in the sands!

Ah! we who hold in our hands to-day
The written Word of a living God,
Who is neither unheeding, nor cold nor hard,
But long-suffering, patient—tell me, pray,

Are we not to work if ever we would
Stop this inhuman sacrifice,
Until the echoing, joyous cries
Are, *Alla il Alla*—"God is good?"

If the labourer desires to share more largely in the increasing product of industrial enterprise he must acquire capital, and to do this he must learn to save. Cairnes sets forth England's annual drink bill of 120,000,000 pounds sterling, one-half of which he thinks belongs indisputably to the labouring class, as an answer to the assertion that the labourer's income leaves no margin for saving. "The obstacles to saving," he says, "are not physical but moral obstacles, and, supposing labourers had the virtue to overcome them, the first step toward their industrial emancipation would have been accomplished."

"Thy Burden."

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown.

No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes;
And all may see its form, and weight, and size.

Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.

The burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong,
Yet, let it press too heavily and long,
He says, Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be.

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;
And hopes light up the way
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet,
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain or sin or care,
It will grow lighter there.

It is the lonely load
That crushes out the life and light of heaven,
But, borne with Him, the soul restored for-
given,
Sings out through all days
Her joy, and God's high praise.

—Marianne Farningham.

Harvest Home.

The precious freight is safely garnered in,
The fields are empty of their golden store.
Through the long August days the reapers
toll'd

But now a brief cessation comes once more:
For hark! what words do the soft breezes
bear

From the far distance on the balmy air?
The cry of "Harvest Home."

Oh! let them ring in the sweet summer air
Let them be hailed with shout and song and
smile:

Let music sound and let the feast be spread,
And recreation sweet the time beguile.
For "God is love," and with no niggard hand
Hath scattered plenty broadcast o'er the
land—

A bounteous "Harvest Home."

And 'mid our joy may we remember this,
Nor slight the Giver while we take the gift;
But to "Our Father" let us render praise;
Let gratitude to Him our souls uplift,
And let us for a righteous purpose use
The precious golden grain, nor dare abuse
This bounteous "Harvest Home."

Given for food, let us accept the gift,
Nor ever seek, with rash and thankless hand,
To change the grain into a source of ill
To scatter sin and misery o'er the land;
Sowing the seeds of discord, death, and woe,
Which only a dark reaping-time can know—
A sad, sad "Harvest Home."

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

Carrying Religion Too Far.

THE famous Mr. Wilberforce was in the twenty-fourth year of his age when he was elected member of Parliament for Hull. He afterwards attended the county election, and such was the charm of his eloquence on that occasion, in the large Castle area at York, that the people all cried, "We will have that little man for our member!" He was then one of the gayest of the gay: not an openly vicious man, but peculiar for his wit and his distinction in the fashionable circles. His wit became innocuous under Christian principles. He was said to be the "joy and crown of Doncaster races." He went to pay a visit to a relation at Nice, and was accompanied by the Rev. Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle. Mention was made of a certain individual who moved in the same rank, an ecclesiastical gentleman, a man devoted to his duty. Mr. W. said, regarding him, "that he thought he carried things too far;" to which Mr. Milner said he was inclined to think that Mr. W. would form a different estimate on the

subject were he carefully to peruse the whole of the New Testament. Mr. Wilberforce replied that he would take him at his word, and read it through with pleasure. They were both Greek scholars, and in their journey they perused the New Testament together. T at single perusal was so blessed to Mr. Wilberforce, that he was revolutionized; he became a new man; and the witty angster, the joy and crown of Doncaster races, proved the Christian senator, and at length became the able advocate for abolishing the slave trade.

The Church.

Two thousand years—two thousand years,
Our bark, o'er billowy seas
Has onward kept her steady course
Through hurricane and breeze.
Her Captain was the Risen One—
She braved the stormy foe;
And still He guides, who guided her
Two thousand years ago.

True to that guiding star which led
To Israel's cradled hope,
Her steady needle pointeth yet
To Calvary's bloody top!
Yes! there she floats, that good old ship,
From mast to keel below,
Seaworthy still as erst she was
Two thousand years ago.

Not unto us, not unto us,
Be praise or glory given,
But unto Him, who watch and ward
Has kept for her in Heaven;
Who quelled the whirlwind in its wrath,
Rade tempest cease to blow—
That Lord who launched our vessel forth
Two thousand years ago.

Then onward speed thee, brave old bark,
Speed onward in thy pride,
O'er sunny seas and billows dark,
The Holy One thy guide!
And sacred be each plank and spar,
Unchanged by friend or foe,
Just as she left Jerusalem
Two thousand years ago.

The Guest-Chamber.

Mrs. JONES, the housekeeper of Holmwood Hall, was showing us with much pride over the many rooms of the stately old mansion. We admired the magnificent hall, the fine picture gallery, the lofty reception rooms, and gazed out of the upper windows on the broad view of park, water, and hills beyond. But the best was yet to come. Mrs. Jones led us, with impressive solemnity, to a large, old-fashioned room with wide windows, and informed us with bated breath that "this was the chamber in which King James I. had slept. Yes, ma'am, it is just as it was when he left; the same furniture—even the tapestry hangings on the great carved bedstead have never been undrawn!"

"Has it never been used as a guest-chamber since then?" I asked. "Never, Miss; it was the King's chamber, and always will be his, and no one else's."

The old woman received from us as many expressions of wonderment and pleasure as we could muster, and appeared gratified at the impression the guest-chamber had produced upon us. After saying good-bye to her, we began to talk over what we had seen, as you may naturally suppose. Now, I am going to tell you the thoughts that came into my mind. You will remember in Luke xxii. 1-18, the question Christ told His disciples to ask the man with the pitcher of water—"THE MASTER SAITH UNTO THEE, WHERE IS THE GUEST CHAMBER?"

If the presence of an earthly king is considered such an honour, and the guest-chamber he occupies is such a sacred place, what about the guest-

chamber the Lord Jesus wishes to occupy?

Your heart is like a house with many chambers in it; is there room in it for Jesus? "The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guest-chamber?" He ought to have the best place in your heart, the largest part of your love; the greatest place in your thoughts: are you filling up all the rooms in your heart, and saying to Jesus when He knocks and wants to come in, "Lord, I have no guest-chamber for Thee; Thou must stay outside in the night, in the storm, wearied and waiting. No room, Lord Jesus, my heart is full!" Oh! could you say such a thing to Jesus!

Will you not rather ask Him to come in and take the best place! Do not trouble to get your heart ready for Him; He will put it all to rights Himself, and arrange the "guest-chamber" as He likes it. Only give Him a welcome and an entrance.

Listen to His word—"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me:" will you not in answer to such a loving entreaty from such a heavenly guest, *knock down now, and ask Him to come in!*

THERE are no calamities in the world from which the pious do not sometimes suffer. The best of it, however, is that God is their protection and comfort.—*Oviander*

Mr. MOODY is reported to have said that the next ten years will witness far greater gifts of money to promote Christian work than the world has ever known. The publication of "Our Country: its Possible Future and its Present Crisis" is certainly one of the signs of the fulfilment of that prophecy. No lover of his country and his kind can ponder long on these facts and arguments without being moved to do some great thing to save America from sin and to make it one of the chief factors in the conversion of the world to God. The book was prepared by Rev. Josiah Strong, of Cincinnati, and is published by the American Home Missionary Society at cost, twenty cents per copy.



JACQUES CARTIER.

Jacques Cartier.

JACQUES CARTIER was one of those memorable sailors who have won undying fame from their explorations in the New World. He was the first discoverer of Canada. Sailing from St. Malo, a seaport of France in the English Channel, in 1534, with two small vessels of sixty tons each and one hundred and twenty-two mariners, he reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, landed at Gaspé, planted a cross and the *flour-de-lis* and took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, Francis I. The next year he made another voyage as far as Montreal, and wintered in the country; but before spring twenty-six of his little company perished of scurvy. He made two subsequent voyages, but the earliest attempt to colonize New France were not very successful.

A Lament for Summer.

WEEP, Mother Nature weep;
Summer is dead.
See! there she lies in her shroud of flowers,
Drooping her sun-crowned head;
While the Past Hours
Kneel, all weeping round her flowery bed.
Blow gently, Autumn Winds;
Sigh soft and low,
Summer only knew Zephyr's balmy breath;
But she that loved him so
Now lies in death.
Sing ye her dirge—but sing it soft and low.
Mourn, O ye Dryads! mourn!
Your woods are bare.
The gracious Summer with her sunny light
No more will linger there.
Her spirit bright
Has spread her wings, and vanished into air.
Soft fall Autumn rains
Summer has fled;
Fall gently on her fair and fragrant face,
As tears from heaven shed,
Lost in her grace;
Then weeping, fall on the beloved dead.

THE beautiful idea of Grecian mythology concerning the goddess whose soft and delicate tread caused the green herbs and lovely flowers to spring up on the island of Cyprus becomes a literal fact in the experience of a Christian lady; for in whatever soil God enters, a welcomed guest, every lovely plant springs up and every beautiful flower grows with divine fertility.—*Dr. Wise.*



KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

Sunny Thoughts.

On the good that is wrought
With a sunny thought
Comes home to the hearts of all.
'Tis like that given
To earth from heaven
When the sun-kissed raindrops fall.

The happiness wrought
By a sunny thought
Is beyond all earthly ken,
Thoughts gloomy and wise
Fill the mind with surprise,
But they touch not the hearts of men.

The gems that shine
In the distant mine
May be far more precious than gold,
But the blossoms sweet
That bloom at your feet
Have a wealth that is untold.

In the heaven afar
Gleams many a star,
And for these you may strive in vain,
But the daisies grow
In the grass below
All along life's winding lane.

When the roses gay
Turn to sombre gray
And the lilies grow black as night,
It is time to weep
O'er the gems that sleep
Or the gleaming stars so bright.

Like the sun that glows
In the heart of a rose
When kissed by a drop of dew,
Is the glory wrought
In the soul by a thought
If sunny, and pure, and true.

Do not stop to sigh
For the stars on high,
But gather the blossoms rare,
Each little flower,
Though it live but an hour,
Has made the world more fair.

GET what you get honestly, peaceably, and prayerfully; then you will enjoy it gratefully.

A LADY asked a physician if snuff was injurious to the brains. "No," said he, "for nobody who has any brains ever takes snuff."

LIVE to be useful. Live to give light. Live to accomplish the end for which you were made, and quietly and steadily shine on, trying to do your duty; for those who are enabled through grace to shine as lights here shall in the world to come shine as suns and stars forever and ever.

About the Karens.

LAST Sabbath was especial missionary collection in the Bible school which George and Nellie Hatton attended; and the superintendent announced that the money then collected would be sent to spread the truth among the Karens.

On their way home from school, the brother and sister talked it over, and as they found they knew little about the Karens, they decided to ask their papa about them. As usual, they found him ready for their questions, and glad to answer as far as he could.

"The encyclopedias tell us that the meaning of the word 'Karen' is 'wild man,'" said Mr. Hatton. "Though I do not know why they should be called thus; for from all I glean from the writings of those missionaries who have laboured, they seem to be a meek and peaceful race, though, as a nation, ignorant and uncivilized."

"Where do they live?" asked Nellie. "In the mountainous districts of Burmah and Siam, though according to their traditions they are not natives of those countries. Instead, they say they came from far to the north-west of their present home; but followed along the mountain ranges until they came to Burmah."

"The Burmese seem to be their natural enemies, treating them as slaves when possible; often subjecting them to the most cruel persecutions."

"Do they live in such houses as we do?" asked George.

"No; the climate there is so warm that they do not need the protection of such houses as ours. They are built of stout posts and bamboo, and thatched with palm leaf. The floor is made of a matting of split bamboo stretched over a strong timber frame work, which is raised six or eight feet above the ground. The entrance is reached by a ladder, sometimes very rudely constructed; and when the inmates are within, if they do not wish visitors, they draw the ladder up.

"Housekeeping there is certainly performed under difficulties. The water must be drawn from a curbless well by means of a bucket and rope, and is often very muddy water when thus laboriously obtained; the fire is built out of doors, and at a sufficient

distance from the house to insure safety, and all their cooking utensils are of the rudest sort. Much of their food is such as we would turn from in the most absolute disgust.

"Then the natives have no idea of privacy in the home. They came into the missionaries' bedroom, sometimes, before they had arisen in the morning, and could not understand their desire to be alone, at least while performing their toilet."

"Why, I should think they would know that by themselves," said Nellie.

"But that among the lower classes is the least of all their troubles. Fashions do not change there as often as they do in America; and the fashion in that warm country is to wear as little as possible."

"How do they travel there?" asked George.

"Sometimes upon elephants, sometimes upon ponies, and sometimes in carts drawn by buffaloes, or occasionally by oxen. The carts are made with solid wooden wheels, and without springs. The buffaloes are said to have a strange antipathy to white people; and when they know they have such a passenger, they sometimes treat them to a most unceremonious shaking up.

"Here is a picture of a Karen mother putting her baby to sleep in what we would probably call a swinging cradle; but which she would tell you was a 'poquette.'"

One of God's Pictures.

"FATHER, what is the definition of an artist?" said Fred Inglesant, looking up suddenly from his book.

"In what particular sense is it to be applied?" was the questioning reply.

"Painting," said Fred.

"The simplest definition, I think, would be: One who produces a pleasing and natural effect in the harmony of colour, skilful grouping, and correct outline of his scenes or forms. He who comes nearest to nature is a true artist. It requires a keen eye, a ready touch, and a soul alive to all that is good and beautiful, to reproduce the work of the greatest artist the world has ever known or ever will know."

"Do you mean Michael Angelo or Raphael?" asked Fred.

"No, neither of these; if you walk out with me, I will show you one of his pictures."

As none of their friends had handsome paintings, Fred was surprised, and his surprise increased as they neared the river. His father stopped.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"The river dotted with sails," Fred said, looking questioningly at his father.

"Yes, a clear, flowing stream, widening out until it is touched by the heavenly azure of the sky, over which float opal clouds, with here and there breaking through them floods of golden light; all this reflected in the mirror below, as are the white sails gliding so smoothly over it."

"O, now I see the picture you promised me, father!" exclaimed Fred, catching some of his father's inspiration. "See how it is framed in by those trees, which seem to form an arch over this end of it, and the rocks on this side, and all the tangle of wild flowers and vines. Even this old log helps to make it more perfect, doesn't it?"

His father smiled. "I need not tell you who is the greatest artist now, I

see," he said. "The best critic can find no fault with His work."

"Drink to Make You Work."

"I DRINK to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied: "That's right; thee drink, and it will make thee work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good."

"I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good loving wife and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work and mark, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! and it will make you work."

True Bravery.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty years ago, three little English boys were amusing themselves together in a wood-lodge one summer forenoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave and left off playing. "I have forgotten something," he said: "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down, and reverently repeated his morning prayer. Then he returned to the others, and was soon merrily engaged in play again. This brave boy grew up to be a brave man. He was the gallant Captain Hammond, who nobly served his Queen and country, till he fell headlong leading on his men to the attack on the Redan, at the siege of Sebastopol. He was a faithful soldier to his earthly sovereign, but better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, never ashamed of His service, ever ready to fight His battle.

Earnestness.

ROWLAND HILL, in an address to the people of Wotton, said: "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, and saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of nearly a mile. Help came, and two of the sufferers were rescued. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall on poor sinners, and to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud to them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No! sinner. I am no enthusiast in so doing; AND I CALL ON THEE ALOUD TO FLY FOR REFUGE TO THE HOPE SET BEFORE THEE IN THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST."

JACOB had deceived his father Isaac by putting around his neck and hands the skin of a kid. He is himself deceived by Joseph's coat dipped in the blood of a kid.—*Starks.*

THE great moments of life are but moments like others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it—or of the lips, though they cannot speak.

Deal Gently With Mother.

Deal gently with mother, O Time, as you pass
With your softness and remembrance, and fast
changing glances;
Smooth softly the lake that was raven in sea,
For the white threads therein were all pen-
cilled by you.

Deal gently with her, since in earnest or play
You've stolen the years of her youthhood
away;

May her days be serene as a sweet summer
eve,

And nothing be present to vex or to grieve.

You've chiselled deep lines on that motherly
face,

From her step so elastic you've taken the
pace;

Her firm you have broken with labour and
years,

And sealed very often her eyelids with tears.

Deal kindly with mother, O Time, while you
may,

And take her not sent from our circle away;
Break not this strong link in our family chain,
But may sue with us many years yet remain.

Crown her brow with sweet peace as you've
washed it with years,

Fill the eyelids with joy you have moistened
with tears;

Lift the burdens of care that have weighed
down her breast,

And give to her body a Sabbath of rest.

Down life's Western slope lead our dear
mother's feet;

May the sunset be calm, all resplendent and
sweet;

May angels swing open the portals of day,
That shall give us in heaven a mother for
aye.

—London Methodist.

BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVI.—A HOPE FULFILLED

THE slow convalescence of Colonel Pemberton was a time of rich spiritual profit and of deep domestic joy. More even than his wife or daughter, he seemed to like to have his son to wait upon him. And with the tenderness of a girl, if without his sister's deftness and grace, Reginald tutored his awkward hands to administer the medicine and the tasteful dainties prepared by his mother's housewifely skill to tempt the invalid's capricious appetite. And his strong arms could lift and move the pain-racked frame of the sufferer as no other could.

It was now within a month of Christmas. Not a word had been said by anyone with reference to the engagement of Blanche and Elder Dunham, although it was clearly understood by all. At last, one day, as Reginald sat by his father's bedside reading to him a sermon of Mr. Wesley's from the *Arminian Magazine*, the colonel abruptly said:

"My son, I wish you would ask Elder Dunham to spend his Christmas here."

"Are you sure it would be agreeable to you both, father?" asked the young man, who rather dreaded a collision between two strong wills like theirs.

"I have reason to believe that it will be more than agreeable to Mr. Dunham; and I have changed my views on a good many things while I have been lying here, so that it will be agreeable to me: I used him very unkindly the last time he was here; and I owe him the apology due from one gentleman to another, for an offence given."

"You will find he bears no malice, father," said Reginald; "I heard him warmly defending you against the

accusation of a low-bred fellow who bore you a grudge for having, as magistrate, sentenced him for sheep-stealing to the lock-up at Frontenac."

"Did you, indeed? I confess I am a little surprised at that, after the way I treated him."

"I will not see him myself before Christmas, as I must go to the other end of the circuit as soon as you are well enough for me to leave. But I can send word through Elder Loese, who preaches here next week."

"Do, and ask Mr. Loese to eat his Christmas dinner with us, too."

"Would you like to entertain your friend Elder Dunham at Christmas, Blanche?" asked the colonel later the same day.

"If I do, father," said the girl flushing and then turning pale, "it must be as his betrothed. I cannot forsake him. I love you dearly, father, and never more than now," and she flung her arms about his neck, "but the Bible tells us to forsake father or mother for husband or wife."

"It tells you right, too. Forgive me, Blanche; I have been wrong to come between your heart and a noble man. It was my love for you that made me do it. I have learned that true happiness consists not in houses and lands, but in contentment and the blessing of God. If any one had told me a year ago that Colonel Pemberton would give his daughter to a landless, homeless Methodist preacher, I would have resented it with scorn. But I see things differently now."

"O, father! you are so good, so kind," exclaimed the enthusiastic girl, renewing her caresses of her grey-haired sire. "But I gain more, than I lose—the priceless love of a true and honest heart. God will provide a home and living for us somehow, somewhere, as He does for the birds of the air, that sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet our Heavenly Father feedeth them, and are not we more precious than they?"

"I wish I had your faith, Blanche. But you shall never want a home, my child, while your father has a roof above his head. And I have been an obstacle to your happiness so long, that I will keep you waiting no longer. If you wish to be married at Christmas, you have mine and your mother's consent; and God's blessing rest upon you"—and the old man's voice faltered, and a tear rolled down his silvery beard as he laid his hands in benediction on her head.

Blanche kissed the tear away and blushed a little, and with a woman's strange inconsequence replied, "This is rather sudden, father; I don't know what Darius"—what a name to fall soft as a caress from a woman's lips!—"will say."

"O, trust him," said the old man with a merry twinkle in his eye; "he'll not object, I'll warrant."

Reginald's letter, duly conveyed by Elder Loese, explained the state of affairs to Mr. Dunham, and speedily brought that gentleman to the Heck Settlement, to reach which he rode a hundred miles in two days. He stopped at his usual house, the house of the hospitable Hecks, to change his mud-spattered riding gear, and to don some fresh linen before presenting himself at the Pemberton Mansion.

"Right welcome, as you always are," said Dame Barbara; "but what brought you so soon? Sure your appointment is not for two weeks."

"The best business that ever brought any man," said the Elder, enigmatically, but he vouchsafed no further explanation.

"You'll not venture out the night again, and it raining, and you so weary with your long ride?" she rejoined.

"Yes, I must go over to the Mansion to-night," he answered laconically.

"To the Mansion, of all places in the world!" said Dame Barbara to Paul after he had gone, "when he hasn't been there for months and months. Whatever can it mean?"

Upon the sacred privacy of the happy meeting between the betrothed pair we will not intrude. As Mr. Dunham was brought into the sick man's room the colonel began his apology. "Forgive me, my dear sir, my unpardonable rudeness the last time we met."

"Not a word of apology, my good friend," said Mr. Dunham deprecatingly; "we both, I trust, understand each other better than we did; and this fair peace-maker," he said, looking expressively at Blanche, "has restored, I trust, the last vestige of misunderstanding between us."

"Yes," said Blanche, taking her father's and Mr. Dunham's hands in hers, "we are all good friends now and forever."

Elder Dunham could only spare a day or two, even on so joyous an occasion as this, from his manifold and wide-spread circuit engagements. But he did not leave without obtaining Blanche's consent that the Christmas festivities should celebrate also their wedding day.

This pleasant news Mr. Dunham communicated to his good friend, Dame Barbara, greatly to her delight and surprise.

"I suspicioned something was going to happen," was her very safe remark, "when you came post haste and would stay for neither bite nor sup, but it's up and away to the Mansion you must go. But I don't blame you now, though I confess I did a little then. Well, sir," she went on, "you're the only man I know good enough for Miss Blanche. God's blessing on you both."

The approaching event created an immense sensation in the settlement. It was the first marriage to take place within the bounds of Upper Canada, and the little community felt almost the interest of a single family in the auspicious occasion. It would be thought nowadays that scant time was given to prepare the bridal *trousseau*, but fashions were simpler in those primitive days.

Mrs. Pemberton's satin wedding gown, which had lain undisturbed in its fragrant cedar chest for years, was brought out, and when trimmed by the deft hands of Blanche with some rare old lace, made a dress of which even a modern belle might be proud, were it not for the "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, which we are afraid would create rather a sensation in a fashionable drawing-room.

Mamma Dinah and Aunt Chloe exhausted their culinary skill in preparing a banquet worthy of the occasion. The larder was crowded with partridge and turkey, with venison from the woods and noble salmon and whitefish from the river, and with all manner of confections and sweet cakes, that quite revived their recollections of the ample hospitality of their old Virginia home.

"It snowed within the house of meat and drink."

There was only one clergyman in Upper Canada who could legally perform the marriage—the Rev. Dr. Stuart, of the village of Frontenac—or Kingston, as it had now begun to be called. Of course, the colonel, as a magistrate, bearing His Majesty's commission, was empowered to celebrate marriages; but being a staunch Churchman, he would not think of his daughter being married except with the fine old service with which he had wedded her mother a quarter of a century before. The clergyman arrived the day before Christmas, with his lawn surplice and bands and prayer book, in the portmanteau strapped on behind his saddle. That night was devoted by the young folks of the neighbourhood to old-fashioned games and merrymaking in the great kitchen—map-dragon and corn-popping, and divining with apple seeds and peelings, and the like rustic amusements. In default of the English holly and Virginia laurel, the house was decorated by the deft fingers and fine taste of Blanche with the brilliant leaves and crimson berries of the rowan or mountain ash that grew on a neighbouring rocky ridge. Some fine old English carols were sung to the accompaniment of the colonel's violin, on which he was an accomplished performer—"Good King Wenceslas," "God rest you, merry gentlemen," "As Joseph was a-walking," and others that had come down from time immemorial, and translated to the Virginia plantations, had been sung by the loyal hearts of us well as religious duty.

Blanche's Christmas presents had a double significance as being also wedding gifts. From her father she received a splendid necklace of pearls that had been fastened by Good Queen Anne on his own mother's neck.

"Her Majesty never thought," he said, "that they would form part of the wedding gear of a Methodist preacher's wife in the backwoods of Canada. But I'll warrant, Blanche, that none of the Court dames of St. James's Palace were worthier to wear them than my own bonnie lass," and proudly and fondly he kissed her fair cheek.

From her mother she received a quantity of old-fashioned silver-ware bearing the family crest—a hart at gaze on a field sown with lilies, with the pious legend, "*Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum*."

"Make it your life-motto, my child," said that noble mother, whose own life exemplified the duty she enjoined. "So let your soul pant after the living God."

But more Blanche prized the gift of her mother's ivory-bound prayer-book, which she gave her with the words:

"Take it, my child. It has been a solace to me in many a trying hour; so may it be to you."

Mr. Dunham's gift was simple, but to her worth all the rest—a plain gold wedding ring. "It was my mother's," he said; "her last gift to me before she passed away from time. I can make no more sacred use of it than to symbolize my love for thee, endless as eternity."

Reginald gave her a handsomely-bound copy of Wesley's Hymns. "It's my library and prayer-book both together," he said; "I never cared a

straw for poetry till I read these. They are the genuine thing."

Dr. Stuart presented with much effusion an exceedingly solid-looking calf-bound book of something that seemed neither prose nor verse.

"Allow me, my dear young lady," he said, in quite an oratorical manner, "to present you with a copy of the Songs of the immortal Ossian, the greatest poet the world has ever seen. I declare that to me Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton, seem tame compared with the spirit-stirring strains of the bard of Balclutha. O, fairer than Malvina, be thy hero brave as Fingal and more fortunate. You have, young lady, the only copy of this grand poem in Upper Canada, or perhaps on the continent of America; for it was given me by my friend, the translator, an auld comrade at Marischal College, Aberdeen."

Dame Barbara Heck sent some snowy linen napery, which she had haphked, spun, woven and bleached herself after the good old Irish method, which was in America almost an unknown art.

Good Hannah Whiteside had come over the previous evening with an ancient vellum-bound copy of George Fox's "Treatise on the Inner Light."

"Father does not hold with fasts and feasts and festivals, she said, nor with the worldly fashion of making and receiving of marriage gifts; but we love thee, and wish thee as well as those that do. It was borne in upon me that I should give thee a book that hath been a great comfort to mine own heart; may it be so to thine! Thee knows the Inner Light thyself; may it shine more and more in thy soul unto the perfect day,"—and she softly kissed the fair smooth brow of the girl, who in turn pressed the silver-haired matron to her heart.

On Christmas Day, Dr. Stuart, dressed in gown, bands and surplice, held a Christmas service in the great parlour. The colonel, who was able to walk in on crutches, repeated the responses very firmly, and the sweet voice of Blanche sang, as if with unwonted significance, the *Magnificat* and *Gloria in Excelsis*.

After the service the marriage took place, according to the seemly and becoming ritual of the Book of Common Prayer. Then came a generous banquet, to which, as also to the service, a goodly number of the neighbors had been invited. After ample viands had been done to the savoury jostles prepared by the housewifely skill of Mrs. Pemberton and her sable satellite, worthy Dr. Stuart, with quite a little oration, drank the bride's health in some of the colonel's old Madeira, which was gallantly responded to by Mr. Dunham; for at that time the Temperance reform had not yet begun in Canada.

"The old colonel was jubilant, Mrs. Pemberton by turns tearful and radiant, Mr. Dunham manly and dignified. Barbara Heck warmly embraced the bride with a hearty "God bless you, my bairn." Reginald whispered in the ear of Katharine Heck, "Ours must be the next," for he had found his tongue since the far-off summer days—how far off they seemed!—when he used to bring his offerings of flowers and fruits and speckled trout, and gaze unutterable things, though never a word he said. He had urged his suit so eloquently with the fair Katharine that he had won the confidence of her virgin heart, and her mother had consented that sometime in the future—when the un-

certain and wandering nature of his itinerant life would permit—she would entrust her daughter's happiness to the keeping of the manly youth, who even though disinherited she would have preferred as a Methodist preacher to the heir of all the Pemberton estate, without that richest grace of manhood, a converted heart.

One invited guest indeed was absent from the festive gathering at the Pemberton place. Elder William Losee, when first invited to spend his Christmas at the Mansion, had cordially assented. Shortly after he received from his fellow-missionary a note, from which the following is an extract:

"Congratulate me, my dear brother, on my good fortune. At last Squire Pemberton has withdrawn his objections to my suit for his daughter's hand, and Christmas is to be the happy day of its consummation. You know the lady well, and know her many virtues, her graces, and her piety. You will therefore be able to rejoice with me in the treasure I have won. I want you to be my best man at the wedding—a friendly duty which I know you will discharge with pleasure. And now, as they say in class-meeting, 'When it goes well with thee, remember me,' till we meet again."

When Losee received this letter, it smote him like a dagger through the heart. Every word was like the wrenching of the weapon in the wound. He had himself been deeply fascinated with the moral and intellectual and personal attractions of the fair Blanche Pemberton. But a morbid sensitiveness on account of his personal infirmity—a shrivelled arm—and his knowledge of the intense antipathy of the colonel to all Methodists, and especially Methodist preachers, together with his native modesty, or rather extreme bashfulness, had prevented him from ever betraying his feelings either to their prime object or to any other human being. "He never told his love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on his cheek, and pined in thought." Unconsciously, therefore, his friend and fellow-labourer had probed his wounded spirit to the quick, and inflicted unutterable pain.

"If it had been mine enemy that had done this," exclaimed the stricken man with a pang of jealousy, "I could have borne it; but mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted hath betrayed me. Oh, wicked and deceitful world, I will never trust man or woman more." And he crushed the letter in his hand, as if he fain would crush its writer, too. Then in a moment his better self—his quickened conscience—came to his rescue, and he groined in the anguish of his spirit, "God forgive me; this is the spirit of Cain, who slew his brother." And going out into the lonely forest through whose branches moaned the melancholy wind as if in harmony with his own stormy soul, he threw himself on the ground and wrestled with his great life sorrow, and besought grace to bear like a Christian man the wreck and ruin of his dearest hopes of earthly happiness. At length a peaceful calm stole over his spirit. He rose from his knees to retrace his steps to the settler's cabin. As he bared his head, the cool wind of midnight seemed like a soft hand laid in benediction on his fevered brow. Retiring to his little chamber, he summoned courage to answer Dunham's letter—one of the hardest tasks of his life.

"My dear brother," it began, "I

wish you every happiness, and pray God's blessing to rest on you and yours. I know well the surpassing merits of the lady who is to share with you the joys and sorrows of life. May the former be many, the latter be few. Many thanks for your kind request. Pray allow me to decline. I do not feel able for it—for reasons known only to God and my own heart. And now, in the words of our great poet let me say—

"Commend me to your honourable wife; Say how I loved you; speak me fair in death;"

and should we meet no more on earth, let us meet where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."

The letter was signed "Your sincere Friend and Well-wisher," and a postscript, added in an agitated hand, intimated that the writer would have occasion to go east, and might never return to his present field of labour.

This letter reached Elder Dunham only the day before Christmas. He was much shocked and distressed at the evidence of mental agitation, if not aberration, that it contained. He showed it to Blanche, saying, "He evidently loved you, dear heart."

She read it thoughtfully, and then said, as she wiped away a tear, "Who would have dreamt it! He never spoke a word of this."

They both, of course, felt very sorry for the unhappy man, but this was one of the cases in which absolutely nothing can be done. They both anticipated a painful situation when they should meet him, but this ordeal they were spared; they never saw him again. His mental aberration became so apparent that he was withdrawn, kindly and quietly, by Bishop Ashbury from the itinerant work. "It reflects no shame on the man," says Playter in his "History of Canadian Methodism," "but thereby he was unable to perform the duties of his station. Disappointment like a thunderbolt upset the mental balance of the first itinerant missionary of Canada. He became entirely unfitted for the constant and laborious duties of his ministry." After the balance of his mind was restored, he left the Province, returned to the United States, and after a time he engaged in trade in a small way in New York—"an inglorious termination," adds Dr. Carroll, in quoting this passage, "of a heroic career." "He does not wonder," he continues, "that these ardent and not too much experienced young men were so smitten with one in youth, who when the writer saw her at the age of sixty, was still fascinating." Nevertheless, to both Elder Dunham and his wife the memory was always a painful one, the fair Blanche especially accusing herself of having been the innocent and unconscious cause of so much suffering to one for whom she had cherished a profound respect, though never any more tender feeling.

MANY people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.

EACH one of the patriarchs was to sacrifice his dearest son.—*Luther*.

A DEVOUT woman took her baby to church. The voice of the preacher awakened the child, and it began to scream. "Do not go," said the minister; "the baby does not disturb me." "That may be," said the mother, still repleating; "but you disturb the baby."

One Day at a Time.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

One day at a time! That's all it can be: No faster than that is the hardest fate; And days have their limits, however we Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme,
A good one to live by—
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches Knows only too well how long that can seem;

But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks; It's the darkened future without a gleam.

One day at a time! A burden too great To be borne for two can be borne for one; Who knows what will enter to-morrow's gate; While yet we are speaking all may be done.

One day at a time! When joy is at height— Such joy as the heart can never forget— And pulses are throbbing with wild delight, How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day Whatever its load, whatever its length: And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say That, according to each, shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life; All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein, The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife, The one only countersign, sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme,
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

—*The Independent*.

What is Faith?

A LITTLE girl lived in a house where there was a trap door in the middle of the floor, which they lifted up when they wished to go down into the cellar. Under this door was a flight of stairs, but the cellar beneath was very dark. One day this door was left open, and the little girl came and looked down into the cellar. All was dark, and no one was to be seen, so she called and said:—

"Father, are you down in the cellar?"

"Yes, child, I am here; come down with me."

"Why, father, I can't see you!"

"I know it child, but I can see you, and I am certainly here. Now you come to the edge of the floor and jump right down, and I will catch you."

"I dare not do it, father; I am afraid I'll fall."

"But I will catch you when you fall."

"But I can't see you, father."

"I know it, but I can see you, and I will surely catch you."

Then the little girl hesitated a little, but her father said, "Come!" so she stepped over the edge, and down she went, right into her father's arms.

The next day he was down there again, and as the door was open he heard her call "Father!"

"Father, I am coming!" and almost before he was ready to receive her, down she came into his arms again.

That is faith. I am to come to Jesus—to believe in God, who gave Him for my sin—not because I feel something, but simply because God's word is "Come!"

The little girl did not see her father, but she heard her father's voice, and so she ventured boldly to throw herself down into the darkness. And where did she fall? Just into her dear father's arms! Now, won't you venture to throw yourself into God's arms? He loves you. His word bids you come. Jesus, too, says, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Autumn Lesson.

AN these are the pensive Autumn weeks;
We have nothing better to hope or get,
For the best is here, and the fond heart seeks
But to keep for a longer season yet
Her fading treasures,
Her vanishing pleasures.

My life is like the October time!
The prodigal season is past and gone,
And over forever the wealth and prime
Of the long glad day when high deeds were
done.

And the quiet and rest
Are to me the best.

And I cannot afford to lose an hour
Of the shorter day that is left to me,
Nor carelessly flitter away the power
Of head or of hand, since there soon shall be
No moments here
Of my life's short year.

But I thank my God for that which has been
Of strength and sunshine, of flower and
song;

And I will not shrink from the wintry scene,
Though the days are short and the nights
are long

Let the shadows fall,
For this life is not all!

—*Christian World.*

LESSON NOTES.**FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 30.] LESSON V. [Oct. 31.]

JESUS RISEN.

John 20. 1-18. *Commit vs. 16-17.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.—John 24. 34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The risen Saviour is our resurrection and life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 20. 1-18. Tu. Matt. 28. 1-15.
W. Mark 16. 1-11. Th. Luke 24. 1-12.
F. 1 Cor. 15. 11-28. Sa. 1 Cor. 15. 34-58.
Su. 1 Thess. 4. 13 18.

TIME.—Sunday, April 9, A.D. 30, early dawn.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the vicinity of Calvary.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—John 19. 31-42; Matt. 27. 57-66; Mark 15. 42-47; Luke 23. 50-56.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matt. 28. 1-15; Mark 16. 1-11; Luke 24. 1-12.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—(1) THE BURIAL Friday afternoon between four and six o'clock, in a new sepulchre near Calvary, aided by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. (2) PRECAUTIONS. The Sabbath (Matt. 27. 62-66). In order to prove the resurrection, the death must be proved beyond doubt. In the providence of God, the centurion testified to the death of Jesus; the soldiers pierced his heart; the tomb was new, and at the request of the chief priests, the tomb was sealed and guarded. (3) THE RESURRECTION. Very early Sunday morning (Matt. 28. 2-4), accompanied by an earthquake and by a shining angel. (4) THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE. Early Sunday morning (vs. 1, 2). 1. *Mary Magdalene*—Accompanied by several others. 2. *Then she runneth*—She went ahead, saw the stone rolled away, and hastened back without looking in. The others waited, looked in, and saw an angel. (5) PETER AND JOHN VISIT THE SEPULCHRE (vs. 3-10). 6. *Believed*—That Jesus was really risen from the dead. (6) TWO ANGELS APPEAR TO MARY MAGDALENE (vs. 11-13). Mary returned more slowly, and reached the tomb just after Peter and John had left. (7) JESUS REVEALS HIMSELF AS A RISEN SAVIOUR FIRST TO MARY MAGDALENE (vs. 14-18). 14. *Knew not that it was Jesus*—She did not look up; her eyes were dimmed with tears; his garments must have been different; she was not expecting to see him. 17. *Touch me not*—Do not stop now to express your wonder and praise, but hasten on and tell the disciples the news. *I am not yet ascended*—I have not gone yet; there will be other times for you to see me. Jesus appeared on eleven different occasions during forty days.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The burial.—Precautions as to his death and burial.—The resurrection.—The empty sepulchre.—The visit of angels.—The first

appearance of Jesus.—Why Mary did not recognize him.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—At what hour did Jesus die? Where was he buried? Why in a new tomb? What two men took charge of his burial?

SUBJECT: THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

I. THE RESURRECTION.—On what day did Jesus rise from the dead? How long had he been dead? What promise was thus fulfilled? (Matt. 16. 21; 20. 19.) What signs accompanied the resurrection? What precaution had been taken so that there could be no deception? (Mark 15. 44; John 19. 33, 34; Matt. 28. 62-66.)

II. THE EMPTY SEPULCHRE (vs. 1-10).—Who came first to visit the tomb? Who were with her? (Mark 16. 1; Luke 24-10.) To whom did she report? What did the other women see? (Mark 16. 6-7.) What two men came next? Had they expected the resurrection of Jesus?

III. THE RISEN LORD (vs. 11-18).—What did Mary do on her return? What did she see? Who approached at this time? Why did Mary not recognize him? Whom did she suppose it was? How did Jesus make himself known? Why must she not touch him? With what message did he send her? How many times did Jesus appear? During how long a time? (Acts 1. 3.)

Why is so much said about the resurrection of Jesus? What does Paul say about its importance? (1 Cor. 15. 13-20.) What comfort and hope does it give us?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. We have here an excellent example of keeping the Sabbath.
2. The very efforts of opposers God compels to minister to the success of the Gospel.
3. Our eyes are often hidden from seeing our Lord because he comes in unexpected ways and strange providences.
4. The resurrection of Jesus is (1) the crowning proof that Christ is the Son of God; (2) the proof of life beyond the grave; (3) the assurance of our own resurrection; (4) that our Saviour has power over death and all enemies; (5) it is a symbol of our moral resurrection.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. When did Jesus rise from the dead? *ANS.* On Sunday morning, the third day after the crucifixion. 2. To whom did he appear first? *ANS.* To Mary Magdalene. 3. How many times did he appear to his disciples? *ANS.* On eleven different occasions. 4. During how long a time? *ANS.* During forty days.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 7.]

THOMAS CONVINCED.

John 20. 19-31. *Commit vs. 26-28.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.—John 20. 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus confirms the faith of his disciples, that they may go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 20. 19-31. Tu. Matt. 28. 8-15.
W. Mark 16. 12-20. Th. Luke 24. 13-49.
F. Acts 2. 1-18, 42-47. Sa. John 14. 1-31.
Su. John 16. 1-24.

TIME.—Sunday evening, April 9, A.D. 30, and Sunday evening, April 16.

PLACE.—A room in Jerusalem.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Matt. 28. 8-15; Mark 16. 12, 13; Luke 24. 13-35; 1 Cor. 15. 5.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 16. 14-22; Luke 24. 36-49; 1 Cor. 15. 5.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—SECOND APPEARANCE OF JESUS, Sunday morning, April 9 to the other women (Matt. 28. 9, 10.) THIRD APPEARANCE. To Peter alone (Luke 24. 34; 1 Cor. 15. 5.) FOURTH APPEARANCE. To two disciples on the way to Emmaus; Sunday afternoon (Mark 16. 12, 13; Luke 24. 13-35.) FIFTH APPEARANCE. To the disciples, except Thomas, the same Sunday evening (vs. 19, 20; Mark 16. 14; Luke 24. 36-43.) 19. *Came Jesus and stood in the midst*—Miraculously, but perhaps by silently opening the door. *Peace be unto you*—Common salutation of the Jews. 20. *Showed unto them his hands*—To show that he was precisely the same Jesus who was crucified, and not a spirit. They were

terrified at his appearance. 21. *Even so send I you*—To take my place and do my work. Mark adds that they were to preach the Gospel to every creature. Every Christian is able to be a missionary. 23. *Whosoever sins ye remit, etc.*—The Holy Spirit would so lead them that what they did would be endorsed by God. They would preach the true doctrine of forgiveness of sins to all who believed on Jesus; and Jesus would forgive all who believed through their preaching. 24. *Didymus*—The twin, Greek for the Hebrew *Thomas*.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The appearance of Jesus.—The beginning of the Lord's day as a Sabbath.—The mission of the disciples.—The gift of the Holy Spirit.—Ver. 23.—Ver. 29.—The object of John's Gospel.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To whom did Christ appear first after his resurrection? To whom did he make his second appearance? The third? The fourth?

SUBJECT: FAITH CONFIRMED AND WORK APPOINTED.

I. FAITH CONFIRMED BY THE PRESENCE OF THE RISEN LORD (vs. 19, 20).—How many times did Jesus appear to his disciples on the day he rose from the day? What were the disciples doing on that first Sunday evening? (Mark 16. 14.) How many were present? Why were the doors closed? What reason had they to fear the Jews? How did Jesus enter? What were his first words? How does Jesus bring peace? What was the effect of his appearance on the disciples? (Luke 24. 37.) How did he prove that he was the same Jesus they had known before? What other proof is given in Luke? (24. 41-43.) What was the effect of this assurance on the disciples? Does the conscious presence of Jesus always bring gladness to those who love him?

II. THE DISCIPLES COMMISSIONED (vs. 21-23, 30, 31).—Where did Jesus send his disciples? (Mark 16. 15, 16.) What were they to do? How did he prepare them for this work? (v. 22.) How did the Holy Spirit enable them to carry on the work of Jesus in the world? (John 14. 26; 15. 26; 16. 7-11.) When was this gift fully bestowed (Acts 2. 1, 2, 16-21.) What further promises did Jesus make? (v. 25.) What does this verse mean?

III. THE DISCIPLES' FAITH STILL MORE CONFIRMED (vs. 24-29).—Which one of the disciples was absent from the Sunday evening meeting? What did he lose by his absence? What did he require in order to believe? When did Jesus appear the second time to the disciples? What did he say to Thomas? What was the effect on Thomas? Did he then see Jesus as divine? Was his true faith? What kind of faith did Jesus say was still better? Why?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. True disciples love to meet together for worship.
2. Jesus will be present at such meetings.
3. Jesus' presence brings peace, gladness, and faith.
4. It is a great loss to be away from such meetings. Thomas lost (1) the blessing of Jesus, (2) the gift of the Holy Spirit, (3) the teachings of Jesus, (4) confirmation of his faith.
5. The duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature is laid upon us all.
6. Jesus has promised to bless faithful laborers in his cause.
7. There are those whose salvation or loss depends on our faithfulness.
8. A believing, trusting, loving heart is a great blessing.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

5. When did Jesus appear to his disciples in a body? *ANS.* At a meeting on the Sunday evening after his resurrection. 6. How did he prove that he was the same Jesus? *ANS.* He showed them his wounded hands and side, and ate with them. 7. To what work did he send them? *ANS.* To go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. 8. What help did he give them? *ANS.* The gift of the Holy Spirit. 9. What is the object of the Gospel? *ANS.* (Repeat v. 31.)

NEVER dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor with any sort of enthusiast.

JOSEPH goes in search of his brethren, and finds sworn enemies, bloodthirsty murderers.—*Schroder.*

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