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HOME AND SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 24, 1886.

[No. 9.]

Easter Hymn.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

CHRIST has risen!
Down through the ages the story has rolled,
Bringing to millions a raptur' untold;
Into the sepulchre, shrouded in gloom,
Hallowed with blessings, the message has come;

Making the saints of all ages rejoice,
Hailing with joy even Death's chilling voice.

Gladly the story was told by the few,
Wondrous its meaning, stupendous,
but true;

Now, the glad tidings are heralded wide,—
"Lo! the Redeemer the grave has defied!"

Yes, He is risen, our glorified Lord,
Now and forever His name be adored!

Never let trials our spirits depress!
One ever liveth our wrongs to redress;
He who was slain for us hearth our cry,

Help surely cometh our grief to defy.
Never a billow our bark shall o'erwhelm,

Jesus, our Master, keeps watch at the helm!

:o:

A Home for his Mother.

BUSINESS once called me to the United States land-office. While there a lad, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land. I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he had got the money. He answered,

"I earned it."

Feeling then an increased desire to know something more about the boy, I asked about his parents. He took a seat and gave me the following narrative:

"I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often returns home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother and brothers and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log house, and when it is all ready will bring father, mother, brothers and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother, which will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father if he continues to drink?"

"Oh, sir, when we get him on the farm, he will feel at home and be happy, and, I hope, become a sober man."

"Young man, God bless you!"

By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said,

"At last I have a home for my mother!"—*Selected.*

will carry for days, along wild mountain tracks, where they could never be traced, and then deliver it into the right hands.

These runners are always spinning, as are also the other men of the mountains. With a bundle of loose, short wool in the breast of their blouses, and a small stick for a distaff, they spin yarn as they go and come, or while

A poor woman, being prostrated by cholera, had cholera pills sent her by an English party, travelling among the mountains. Her husband put a pill on the end of a long stick, and thus, pill by pill, administered the medicine to her.

Between that cautious standing afar off from a sick wife, and the Princess Alice kissing her darling daughter, dying of the diphtheria, there have intervened centuries of Christian education.

The First Easter.

THE first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre. But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.—John xx. 1, 11-17.

Spare the Birds.

ANY one who has paid attention to the matter knows that even crows and blackbirds are productive of more good than harm, and that the vast increase in late years of destructive insects is owing almost entirely to the wanton destruction of birds which are not even legitimate game.

In Japan the birds are regarded as sacred, and never, under any pretence, are they permitted to be destroyed. During the stay of an expedition at



THE FIRST EASTER.

Hill Men of India.

THE postal service of India extends as far north as Kolghur, a village of the Himalayas. Beyond this point a letter is sent by a native runner, who carries the message for days in the split end of a stick, and delivers it at the end of his journey, as clean as when he received it.

These runners are so honest that money is intrusted to them, which they

waiting for hours at their employer's door. Sickness is the test which they cannot stand—few barbarous tribes can. If one of their number falls sick, he is left to get well or die, especially if the illness is cholera. A Hindoo baboo, or clerk, had under him several mountain-eers, whom he had nursed through two or three attacks of cholera. But when he was taken ill, every one of them fled, and left him to die alone, or to get well.

Japan a number of officers started on a gunning-excursion; no sooner did the people observe the cruel slaughtering of their favourites than a number waited upon the commodore and remonstrated against the conduct of the officers. There was no more bird-shooting in Japan by American officers after that; and when the treaty between the two countries was concluded, one express condition of it was that the birds should always be protected. What a commentary upon the practices of our shooting-gentry, who are as eager in the pursuit of a tomtit as of an eagle, and shoot everything in the form of a bird which has the misfortune to come within the reach of their murderous weapons!

On the top of the tombstones in Japan a small cavity or trough is chiselled, which the priests every morning fill with fresh water for the use of the birds. Enlightened America should imitate these customs of the barbarous Japanese, if not by providing fresh water for the feathered warblers, at least by protecting them from the thoughtless people who so ruthlessly destroy them. Unless something is done, and that speedily, our insect-eating birds will be exterminated, and then farewell to fruit-growing! A thousand plans have been suggested for the destruction of the curculio, all of which have proved worthless; we have one which we know to be infallible: "Protect the birds."

The Easter Guest.

I KNEW thou wert coming, O Lord divine,
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard,
In the ripple of brooks and the chirp of bird;
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love divine,
To gather the world's heart up to thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that, living, Thy life might save.
But, blind and wayward, I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me;
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chambers to take Thee in.

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head;
There was nothing to offer—no bread, no wine,

No oil of joy in this heart of mine;
And yet the light of Thy-kingly face
Illumed for Thyself a small dark place,
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made sweet,
And the tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

Now let me come nearer, O Lord divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest,
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Easter-tide.

—Mrs. M. L. Dickinson.

Little Becky.

"WHAT do you want, Becky?" asked Joe Wilkins, the proprietor of "The Retreat," as he came to the door of his saloon to take a breath of fresh air. The atmosphere of the house somehow stifled him to-day. His mind had been wandering back to childhood's hours, and such tender remembrances had come over him that the child before him was not met, as usual, with a bitter curse. "My shoes don't look very nice, do they?" said Becky, as she seated herself in such a position that he was not only obliged to see the ragged covering

of her feet, but that little Becky's garments were very shabby indeed.

"Look rather bad, little girl; but you haven't told me what you want. Is—is it your father?" glancing hesitatingly at a figure lying in a drunken heap in a corner.

"I've come to see you, Mr. Joe. You know I've been going to Sunday-school."

"Sunday-school!" he exclaimed, glancing involuntarily at the little one's tattered clothes.

"Oh, I have some other things at home. Mrs. Chilson gave them to me, but I save them for fear they won't look nice on Sundays. We have such a good time there, singing and praying."

"Praying!"

"Yes, and the last time I was there, Mrs. Chilson told me something that has done me so much good. She said that when we prayed, we must believe God would give us what we asked for. What do you think I have been doing all morning?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, I have been out there in the woods, praying that you'd shut up this saloon and be better, and let other men be better. Then I thought I'd come over and see when you intended to do it."

The man started, as though he had been stung, and then a suspicious moisture began to creep over his eyes.

"Come here, little girl," he said huskily.

Taking the child in his arms, he went to the prostrate figure in the corner, and a few vigorous shakes brought Becky's father to his feet.

"Men!" called Joe's ringing voice; and some dropped the cards they were shuffling, while others set down the glasses they were about to raise to their lips, and listened. "Take off your hats, every one of you. Now, I'd rather see you all get down on your knees, but, being as we are all so wicked, maybe we'd better stand. Now, Becky, say that prayer you said in the woods."

Without a moment's hesitation, the child knelt in the midst of them. Many a man felt his eyes grow dim and a big lump rise in his throat, especially when the child asked with such sweet truthfulness, that each there might see that he was doing very wrong to drink so much and let those at home suffer.

"I want every one of you to go home now, and mind, you needn't come back, for Joe Wilkins has sold his last glass of liquor. I wish I could return you what you have lost here—not only your money, but your lost manhood."

The men fled out with downcast heads, but Joe Wilkins, from his station at the window, saw that each one shook hands with Becky's father and bestowed some token upon the child ere they parted.

"And a child shall lead them," said a watcher, as he turned away.

Sunday morning dawned clear and bright, and Becky, who had persuaded her father to go to church with her, stopped as they were passing "The Retreat."

"I'll be back in a moment, papa," she said; and Joe Wilkins was surprised in his gloomy meditations upon his misspent life by feeling a little hand steal within his own.

"Papa is going to church," said a childish voice, "and I want you to come, too."

"Me go to church!" cried the man, raising a despondent face, as he spoke.

"Yes, indeed! Mrs. Chilson said to get you to come if I possibly could."

"Then I'll go," was the answer; and as he joined her father outside, he was thankful that there were true Christians in the world—those who would extend a helping hand toward the two who had so long been outcasts from society.—*Church and Home.*

Easter.

WHEN the snow was deep we said:
'Tis a coverlet, gently spread—
Spread and folded tenderly
Where the sleeping lilies be;
Fold on fold of fleecy white,
Cold to touch and pure to sight,
Wrapped about the deep repose
Of the violet and the rose.
Softly speak and lightly tread,
Death is guarding Life, we said.

When the spring was late, we said,
While the storm-wind blew o'erhead,
God's dear springtime doth but wait;
Come it soon or come it late,
Come it slow or come it fast,
It shall surely come at last.
Frosts may blight and buds may rue;
Still the promise standeth true.
Though the earth seem sore bestead,
God does not forget, we said.

When our souls were dark, we said:
Courage, soul, be comforted!
Every life some hardness knows,
Winter time and heavy snows;
Every heart must learn to wait,
Though the spring be cold and late;
Prayers in time shall change to praise,
Easter crown the Lenten days;
Christ is risen from the dead;
Christ shall raise us, too, we said.

—Susan Coolidge, in *Independent*.

Nobody's Business.

"It's nobody's business but mine; I hurt no one but myself," said Alfred Dana, a young man, when reproved for intemperate habits.

Was it nobody's business? What of the lad of fourteen, employed in the same store, who began to smoke cigars just because "Alf Dana did!" or a few months later drank his first glass of liquor at the request of this same friend? Was it nobody's business when this lad continued to accept the proffered drinks until an insatiable thirst fastened upon him and bound him in the destroyer's grasp? Alfred had been strong; he was weak. Was it nobody's business that at twenty-five this same young man died a horrible and sad death, with drink the cause of it; and his mother, an accomplished and lovely woman, was bending in awful agony of soul above the pale, dead face? Was no one hurt but Alfred Dana?

It is true of liquor-drinking that it loves company. Therein consists its greatest snare. Hence the danger of the saloon, with all its appointments for sociability.

There is not a drinker, moderate or immoderate, but has an influence in leading some other soul toward destruction. He cannot say in truth, "It is nobody's business."—*Royal Road.*

What the Scott Act Does.

It is impossible to enter a Scott Act county without seeing everywhere that it is effecting a moral temperance reform. It has effectually and forever killed the treating system, perhaps the greatest ban connected with the liquor traffic. No longer is it customary in the commercial world to bind a bargain over the publican's bar—no longer is the traveller or the farmer as he puts up at an hotel compelled, by public usage, to take a drink; nor do we see our young men, the hope of our country, aping at manliness by treating in

the saloon or hotel. Men who spent their evenings before in the bar rooms are now found in some other place of entertainment or at home. It has removed the cloak of respectability thrown around the liquor interest by the license system. It has also taken away the interest of the municipalities in the revenue derived from the traffic, and has taught them that they are not necessarily bankrupt because this source of revenue is dried up. And, above all, it is aiding in forming a healthy public opinion as to the enormity of the evils connected with drink, and the necessity of some effective action in decreasing them.—*Rev. W. J. Armitage, in the Evangelical Churchman*

A Talk with the Boys.

"DISTANCE lends enchantment," and the city looks well from the farm. Perhaps you do not see the thorns and thistles, but they grow in the city. Home discipline may be hard to bear, but in it are the germs for all success. Parents are midway in the temple of life, and certainly must know more than those standing upon the threshold. It is always safe to listen to the voices of wisdom and affection. You may not be permitted to control all things at home, but please remember before seeking the large liberty of the city that you can control nothing here. You may wear store clothes, but you must be the servant of all. Liberty and ease are the fruits of toil.

The boy who knows more than his parents and teachers goes to the wall in the city. Success depends upon industry, obedience, economy, and purity. Brown hands, clean tongues and hearts are in great demand in the city. A country loafer becomes a city loafer, and neither country nor city crowns loafers. The earthquake never breaks the ground so as to heave the gold at their feet. Boys whose noble and manly lives are the guiding impulse of the pastor's hand when writing letters of commendation, receive the most cordial welcome from merchants here.

There is a famine of boys who feel that God is watching them, and who are true to their employers because of loyalty to their heavenly Master. The demand for such is always greater than the supply. In the city you must begin way down, but smilingly submit to the inevitable, and make each day tell how much, and not how little, good work you can do, and you will be in the line of promotion. Never desire to coin a dollar except around the golden rule. You may not accumulate as rapidly and love your neighbour as yourself, but the smile of God is upon every dollar.—*Selected.*

The Rev. Sam Jones rakes the boys terribly sometimes about their gambling and drinking frolics. "O! I've been all along there, boys. I know all about it, and I used to go to balls, and dance, too, boys. But when I wanted to get married, when I wanted to settle down with a good wife, I quit drinking and gambling; and I didn't go to a ball-room to get my wife, but I went to a prayer-meeting, and I got a good one." He told this in Texas, and when he returned to his boarding house his landlady, who had heard his remarks, said:—"I don't blame you, Brother Jones; but, poor Sister Jones, where did she go to get her husband?" They say this is the only time he has been floored since he quit drinking.

Easter Morning.

The fests are done; the prayers are said;
The moon has filled her horn;
And in the solemn night I watch
Before the Easter morn.
So pure, so till the starry heaven,
So hushed the brooding air,
I could hear the sweep of an angel's wings
If one should earthward fare;—
Great Michael with his flaming sword,
Sandalphon bearing to the Lord
Some heart-ery of despair.

Now days are bright, and woods and fields
Thrill to the kiss of spring;
The plow calls across the marsh,
The mated robins sing;
And in all the summer gardens
No fairer flowers will twine
Than the shy arbutus yester eve
I found beneath the plue,—
A censur every blushing cup
Whose breath of Eden floating up
Made the lone dell a shrine.

As for April song and bloom!
My eyes are dim with tears
I think of the dead no spring will wake
Through all the circling years!
With broken hearts we laid them down;
We followed them with prayers;
And warm and true for aye we keep
Our love and trust with theirs;
But silence shrouds them evermore,
Nor sun, nor star, nor sea, nor shore,
A pitying message bears.

Oh for a rift in the arching heaven!
A gleam of the jasper walls!
A single note of the holy hymn
That ceaseless swells and falls!—
Their graves are cold, and they never come
When the evening sun is low,
Nor sit with us one happy hour
In the firelight's fading glow;—
And I dream till my eyes are dim with tears,
And all my life o'erpowered with fears,
As the night-watches go.

Hark! 'tis the west wind blowing free,
Swift herald of the dawn;
Faint murmurs answer from the wood:
The night will soon be gone.
Sad soul! shall day from darkness rise,
And the rose unfold from the sod,
And the bare, brown hills grow beautiful
When May their slopes has trod,—
While they for whom the sun shone fair,
And rose and bird rejoiced the air,
Sleep on, forgot of God!

Depart, dear visions of the night!
We are the dead, not they!
Through nobler worlds, with larger life,
They hold their blissful way.
Look out! The sky is flushed with gold
In glad, celestial warning;
The purple clouds are backward rolled,
And, gloom and shadows scorning,
O'er grief and death victorious,
Above all glories glorious,
Comes up the Easter morn!
—Edna Doan Proctor.

Two Girls.

BY CHARLOTTE HAMMOND.

"THE top o' the mornin' to ye's!"
exclaimed Harriet Hill to her friend,
who stood on the farm-house piazza.

"Good morning, Harriet," smiled the
other, as she poured the last drop of
water from the watering-pot on to a
geranium. "Seems to me you are tak-
ing an early walk."

"So I am," said Harriet, seating her-
self on one of the steps. "Lettie, I've
an inspiration."

"Your inspirations are apt to be
good," said Lettie. "What has the
goddess favored you with this time?"

"Nothing more nor less than this—
that we take in washing and ironing!"
she said with a side-glance at her friend
to catch the effect of her words.

"Take in washing and ironing!" ex-
claimed Lettie. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," said Harriet,
earnestly; "that we—you and I—take
in washing and ironing. There's lots
of money to be made by it."

"Perhaps so," said Lettie dubiously.

"But—"
"None of your doubtings till you
hear more of the plan," said Harriet;

and she went on gayly, "Here we
are, two girls aged respectively eighteen
and nineteen, with ambitious plans of
getting something more than a common-
school education. But it will take
money to do it, and we've got to earn
that money. You have the hope of
teaching the summer term of school in
the Swan District, at two dollars and a
half a week for nine weeks—twenty-
two dollars and a half; and I have the
offer of the Doble School ten weeks at
two dollars—twenty dollars. Now, the
way I reckon, we should need to prac-
tice the highest, or lowest, type of
economy to board, clothe ourselves, buy
books, and pay tuition even for one term
at R—Academy. We should be
gray-haired before we could get through
college; and I mean to go to Wellesley
if it's in the range of possibilities. Two
years more at the Academy and four at
college, at an expense, all told, of from
twelve to fifteen hundred dollars at the
least."

"O Harriet," murmured Lettie, "we
never can do it."

"Yes, we can," said Harriet, reso-
lutely; "but it would take a good
many years of teaching as we've been
doing the last year. But I think I
know a better way of earning this
money than by teaching school. Wash-
ing and ironing won't be romantic work,
it won't be easy work, but it will pay."

"Oh, dear! but what will people say
of us?" urged the timid Lettie.

"Why should we care what certain
folks may say? We shall be doing
honest work for a good end; and peo-
ple whose opinions are worth having
oughtn't to think any worse of us,"
said high-spirited Harriet. "The vil-
lage will be full of city company, and
there will be lots of washing to be done
at a dollar a dozen, and more for white
dresses and things of that class."

Harriet was enthusiastic and thor-
oughly in earnest, and ere long she
brought Lettie to take the same view of
it as herself. Some insight into the char-
acter and aims of the two girls has been
gained from their conversation. Lettie
Hamilton's father was a farmer on a
rather small scale, with an income
barely sufficient to meet the ordinary
wants of his large family, Lettie being
the eldest of seven children. An aver-
age common-school education, supple-
mented by one term at R—Academy,
was all her parents could do for her.

Harriet Hill was the daughter of a
widow whose home was in the village.
She had one brother, Robert. Her
mother's pride and hopes were centered
in her son, who must have a college
education, and every point was strained
to meet the expenses of this, while
Harriet was only a girl, well enough
off as she was. She only worried and
annoyed her mother when she talked
of a college-course for herself. Harriet
taught one term of school and took the
money for a term at R—Academy at
the same time Lettie was there.

That term at R—Academy meant
a great deal to those two. Their former
acquaintance ripened into a warm
friendship. A new impulse, higher
aims, came into their lives, and a reso-
lute determination to make something
of themselves and a strong desire for a
higher education. Toward the accom-
plishment of this they were now bending
their energies.

So the two girls matured their plans
for washing and ironing. Lettie's
mother at first disapproved; but her
father laughed good-naturedly as he
said, "Guess you'll git sick of it; but

'tain't such a bad idea, and, marm, if
we can help the girls enny we will, for
oddication's a good thing."

And Mrs. Hamilton, being a gentle
woman, did not oppose her daughter.

But Harriet had many a struggle and
argument with her mother's pride and
prejudice.

"Oh, dear! Harriet," said her mother
at one of these times, "if you want to
work, you might do something genteel
and respectable, like teaching or em-
broidery, and not disgrace your family
by taking in washing."

"But washing is respectable, mother,"
said Harriet; "and if the family never
suffers a worse disgrace than that, I
think it will survive. You know I do
it for the purpose of going to school."

"You don't need to go to school any
more," said the mother, with tears in
her eyes. "You know enough to teach
school now. Oh, dear, dear! that a
daughter of mine should take in wash-
ing! You'll ruin your future prospects;"
and she wept at the thought.

"Now, mother," urged Harriet,
"please don't feel so badly about it. I
trust my future will not be seriously
injured by any honest work. And
then, Lettie Hamilton will be in partner-
ship with me."

"She's only a farmer's daughter,"
moaned the mother. "It's cruel of you
to put such shame on your poor brother
and me!"

Harriet's face flushed hot; but with-
out making any reply she left the room
and walked rapidly a mile or more,
"to cool off," as she expressed it.

The above was but one of many such
scenes which Harriet encountered with
her mother. But she was brave and
determined, and was never quite dis-
heartened. Her fearlessness and steady
persistence in any course she felt to be
right were like her father, while her
brother Robert in his beauty and dis-
position resembled the mother. "If
father had only lived," Harriet had
often thought, "he would have sympa-
thized with me."

Many a talk and plan the two girls
had in the month which elapsed before
the season of city company opened.

They got out some little printed cir-
culars, which they distributed at the
hotels and boarding-houses in the vil-
lage. The following is the copy of one
of these circulars:

We, the undersigned, are prepared to
do washing and ironing promptly and
well. The price for ordinary pieces will
be one dollar a dozen. White dresses,
skirts, etc., at moderate prices. Clothes
called for and delivered twice a week,
Wednesday and Saturday evenings, un-
less otherwise ordered.

LETTIE HAMILTON.
HARRIET HILL.

The second week in June saw their
beginning, with four dozen pieces.

Mrs. Hamilton gave the two girls the
use of an unused shed for a wash-room.
In the shed beyond was a tub always
full of soft spring-water. It was the
watering-place for the cattle. Here
the girls got the water to wash with.
Mrs. Hamilton made them a present of
a barrel of soft soap. They bought four
wash-tubs, a box of starch, eight flat-
irons, a clothes-line, and four weeks
later a small coal iron-heater and a ton
of coal. The expenses of starting, all
told, were a little over fifteen dollars.

The second week they had seven dozen
pieces, and four white dresses at an
average of seventy-five cents each; the
third week ten dozen, and the third
week in July twenty dozen, and ten

white dresses. Thirty dozen was the
greatest number for any one week.
They averaged from twenty to thirty
dozen during August and September.

Of course it was hard work. They
rose at half-past four in the morning,
took a glass of milk, and worked an
hour and a half before breakfast. At
half-past nine they took a rest, a lunch,
and read ten lines of Virgil. After
dinner they slept an hour, then read
history till four o'clock or half-past,
when, during the busiest time, they
ironed for an hour or more, till supper-
time. Some people were inclined to
snub them because of their avocation;
but the girls minded these as little as
possible. Lettie sang in the choir, and
one genteel young lady, who also was a
member of the choir, declared she could
not sing with a washer-woman, and
tried in several small ways to make
it disagreeable for Lettie. But Lettie
was too good a singer to be rpared, so
there was no change made in the choir.

Harriet's mother never ceased her
opposition and reproaches.

Everything about their work did not
always move smoothly. During rainy
weather they were much troubled
to dry the clothes. Once a number of
articles "mildewed." People com-
plained if their articles were not
promptly returned. At one time over
three dozen pieces became iron-rusted
from contact with iron buttons covered
over with white, which were on a
wrapper in the wash. It took two days'
hard work to remove the spots with an
acid preparation which they had for
the purpose. There were some bad
bills. People went away and, inten-
tionally or not, omitted to pay their
washing-bills. Other small blunders
and losses occurred from their in experi-
ence.

They were well satisfied, however,
with the result of their experiment
when, the first week in October, all
expenses paid, each received one hun-
dred and twenty-eight dollars and sixty-
three cents.

They entered on the year at R—
Academy full of health and strength,
with minds untired and eager for study.

The next summer they tried the same
plan of washing; and at the end of the
season each received the sum of two
hundred and six dollars. They were
succeeding. Popular opinion always
goes with success; and those who
had at first been inclined to sneer and
snub now became quite friendly. They
had made taking in washing respect-
able.

Lettie and Harriet finished the course
at R—Academy in two years, and
last September they entered college
with about four hundred dollars each
toward defraying their expenses.

They intend to continue their wash-
ing and ironing scheme each summer
vacation, and hope with economy to
thus pay their expenses for the whole
college-course.

Mrs. Hill often speaks now with
pride of "my daughter at Wellesley
college."

"I DARE you to put your finger on a
place in this world where rents have
gone down or business suffered because
of prohibition."—Sam Jones.

"THE truths about alcohol are now
so well known that you can't get a life
assurance company anywhere to put
you, if you are a moderationist, into
the same class with a total abstainer."
—Joseph Cook.

Easter Hymn.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."

Now comes the sweetest Sabbath of the year;
The Easter-bells are ringing,
And, fancy led, we almost seem to hear
Glad angel-voices singing;
And we a tribute of our love would bring
Unto the risen Lord who is our King.

Right royally He sits upon the throne
Where seraphs low are bending;
Yet will He not reject us, or disown
Our humble prayer ascending.
He knows full well how gratefully we lay
Thank-offerings upon the shrine to-day.

And well He knows how deep within our hearts
Are praises all unspoken;
The voiceless thought, the trembling tear
That starts,
Must be their only token;
Yet trustfully we look into His face,
And thank Him for His wondrous love and grace!

O Lord of life and light! Thy boundless love
Exceeds our feeble story.
To Thee be praise from all below, above;
Thy name have all the glory!
And here, to Thee, we raise an altar-stone;
For "hitherto" Thy hand hath led us on!

Oh, lead us still! and help us evermore
Our fondest hopes to centre
Upon the treasure which Thou hast in store,
The glory we may enter!
Help us to overcome through all the way,
And find with every morn an Easter-day!

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Home & School.

Rev. W. H. WTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 24, 1886.

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

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 500 persons engaged in the work of the Society as Missionaries, Teachers, Native Agents, and Interpreters; and the income of the Society for 1884-5 was \$180,000.

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 33 Missionaries, 14 Native Assistants, 27 Teachers, 12 Interpreters; total, 86. The membership is 3,783. 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, 12, Missionaries, 11; Assistants, 2; Teachers, 3; total, 16. The present membership is 280. 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 is now a school for men, where the attendance ranges from 40 to 100. The religious services are crowded, and ready-cleven adults have been baptized; while others are under instruction with a view to the same solemn ordinance.

5. JAPAN MISSION.—This mission was begun in 1873, and has been successful from the very beginning. In that important empire we have now 8 Mission Stations, 14 Missionaries (of whom 9 are native), 6 Native Assistants, and a membership of 465. One of the most important agencies in this mission is the college in Tôkyô, which was opened near the end of 1884, and is now crowded to its utmost capacity with a 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 Women'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.

3. CHINESE MISSION BUILDINGS.—To make our Chinese work in Victoria permanent, buildings are necessary; but the Board cannot provide these out of the regular fund. Authority has



HE LEADETH ME.

therefore been given to the General Secretary to receive special contributions for the above purpose. For such an enterprise as this a few hundred dollars will not suffice. Good solid contributions are needed; but "every little helps."

4. THE MACDOUGALL ORPHANAGE.—This institution is located at Morley, 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 Women's Missionary Society, and application has been made to the Dominion Government for a grant of land as a site for an Industrial Farm. Donations of money, clothing, or materials for the same, will always be welcome, and may be sent to the Mission Rooms, Toronto.

5. FRENCH METHODIST INSTITUTE.—The French people must be reached chiefly through the young; and to reach the latter an educational institution seems to be a necessity. A Boys' Institute was organized some time ago in connection with the First French Church in Montreal, and a grant in aid is made from the General Fund. Lately a Girls' Institute has been organized, under the direction of the Women's Missionary Society, with promise of good results.

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

"He Leadeth Me."

In the East it is customary for the shepherd to walk before his flock, and thus lead them from one place to another. David, who had been a shepherd himself, speaks of our Heavenly Father as leading him, and in that fact finds great encouragement. We should not only be willing to follow the Good Shepherd, but we should be unwilling to pursue any path that He has not chosen for us. Then, no matter how devious may be the way, or how great may be the dangers that beset us, we can be patient and courageous, knowing that if the Good Shepherd leads us, all must be well.

The Canadian Methodist Magazine for April, 1886. Price \$2 a year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. For sale at all Booksellers.

Mr. J. T. Moore's charming articles on "Wonderland and Beyond," maintain their fascination of vivid description and exquisite illustration. A striking series of engravings accompanies a paper by the Editor on "Landmarks in History." They will attract much attention. Mr. John Macdonald contributes a chapter of "Leaves from the Portfolio of a Merchant," giving graphic sketches of the strange variety of characters with whom he comes in contact. Much humor is developed in the narration. The Rev. H. F. Bland writes an able and discriminating review of the life and work of the celebrated William Wilberforce. An article of much interest, in connection with our North-West Territory, is Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley's paper on Hudson Bay—"The Mediterranean of Canada." A valuable chapter on the Gospel of St. John, by Canon Farrar, is of special interest, as the Sunday-schools of Christendom are just entering on the study of that book. Dr. Laing concludes his trenchant criticism of certain theories on the Millennium. The story of Jan Vedder's Wife grows in tragic interest. The Editor discusses Labor and Capital, Mission Adjustments, etc. A number of Easter poems, and an exquisite engraving of Correggio's "Christ Crowned with Thorns" are also given. This Magazine was never so successful as now. The subscription list is far ahead of the highest point reached last year. Back numbers can still be supplied. Address—William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

REV. DR. SANDERSON, of the Methodist Church, Strathroy, who is now in his 70th year, on a recent Sunday preached three times, conducted two sacramental and love-feast services, and drove eighteen miles through a blinding snowstorm. He voluntarily shoulders work from which many younger men would plead off.



FATHER'S COME HOME.—(FOR TEXT SEE NEXT PAGE.)

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Easter Hymn

CHRIST is risen! O the wonder!
Rending bands of death asunder,
Rising to glory yonder!

Silently as morning breaking
Came the wonderful awaking,
Christ again His Godhead taking.

In the stillness of the morning,
Angels heralding no warning,
Though the world's new light was dawning.

Ere sunrising, one came seeking,
She whose heart with pain was reeking,
Tears her pallid cheeks bestreaking.

Last she saw Him faint and dying;
Stark and cold her Lord was lying,
Ere she left Him, weeping, sighing.

Lone she stood in tearful wonder;
Whom had rent His tomb asunder?
Who so vile the grave to plunder!

She, amazed, her watch was keeping,
Blinding mists her vision steeping:
"Woman, why art thou a-weeping?"

Was she startled woman chary?
Was she in her answering wary?
What a change when He said, "Mary!"

Once the piteous supplication,
Now the glad ejaculation,
"Master!" in rapt adoration.

No more mocking, no more scourging,
Priest and mob the soldiers urging,
While the rage of hell was surging.

Crown of thorns no longer wearing,
Cruel taunts no longer bearing,
Nails no more His body tearing.

Majesty and gracious sweetness
Join in Him with perfect meetness,
God and man in full completeness!

Lord Jehovah! low before Thee,
Ransom'd by Thee, we adore Thee;
Glory in the highest! Glory!

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Father's Come Home.

How eagerly the little girl in our
picture leaps to fasten the marigold
blossom in her father's button-hole, and
how pleased both father and mother
look at this mark of her love. There
is no happier sight on earth than that
of the honest, hard-working man find-
ing rest from toil in the bosom of his
family.

His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns what'er he can;
He looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Easter.

BY ELA A. SMALL.

DAWN of a sacred, glorious day,
Freighted with hope so sweet,
We hail Thy advent with delight,
With joy Thy coming greet.

In thought we visit Palestine,
And see the guarded tomb
Where Jesus lay, while soldiers grave
Watched through those nights of gloom.

The morning breaks! Exultant morn!
For with its coming gray,
Angelic hands have sought the tomb,
And rolled the stone away.

Then from its portals dark and grim,
Triumphing o'er His foes,
Revealing His divinity,
Our Saviour, Christ, across.

Blest Easter morning, hail to thee!
For to our hearts ye bring
Sweet memories of a risen Christ,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Arisen! Arisen! let all the bells
Of earth their music swell
In loudest strains of melody,
The joyous news to tell.

Christ has arisen! This Easter day
He lives, enthroned on high,
Sharing the Father's majesty,
No more for man to die.

We fain would crown this risen Christ,
And reverently pray
That we with Him in hope may rise
At the last Easter day.

The Camp Meeting.

THE great event of the season on the
Bug Royal District, of which Fair-
view, at the time of which we write,
formed a part, was the District Camp-
meeting. This had been in the early
days of Methodism a most potent in-
stitution in those parts. In those
times meeting-houses, or even school-
houses, were few and far apart, and
the camp-meeting was made a grand
rallying place for all the settlers far
and near. Two famous camp-meeting
preachers were Elder Case and Elder
Metcalf, in their early prime, and
marvellous were the scenes of religious
revival and spiritual power which they
witnessed, and in which they took
part.

To the young folk the occasion
offered very special attractions—the
charm of a change from the regular
routine of life; the charm of kindred
youthful companionship, and the ex-
citement of picnicking for a week or
more in the woods.

Around an area of about half an
acre were a row of rough board build-
ings or tents, as by a rather bold meta-
phor they were called. These con-
sisted, for the most part, of only one
room, the principal use of which was
as an eating-room by day and a sleep-
ing-room by night. Between the
religious services relays of hungry
people would fill every corner, and at
night the board tables were removed,
and quilts and curtains divided it into
two sleeping apartments. The same
articles furnished the doors and win-
dows, so that if not tents exactly,
these "lodges in the wilderness" still
possessed to the imagination of their
occupants quite an oriental character,
as was becoming to a "feast of taber-
nales."

The kitchen arrangements were in
the rear of each tent, beneath the
shadow of the trees, or perhaps of a
booth of boughs. They consisted
chiefly of open fires with a crotch-
stick at each side and a cross-piece at
the top, from which hung the kettles
for boiling water for the tea and coffee,
the making of which was the chief
culinary operation of the camp.

The preacher's tent differed little in
character from the others, except that
before it was a platform elevated about
a yard from the ground. Along the
front of this ran a flat board by way
of desk; at the back was a long bench
—the whole making a pulpit large
enough to accommodate a dozen men.
The room in the rear was occupied by
one enormous bed, greater than the
Great Bed of Ware or than the iron
bedstead of Og, King of Bashan. But
it was generally pretty well filled with
clerical occupants on such occasions,
and with the aid of plenty of straw
and buffalo-ropes was by no means
uncomfortable.

In front of the preacher's stand were
rows of plank benches, resting on sec-
tions of saw-logs set on end, and the
ground was plentifully strewn with
straw. At the four corners of this
area were four elevated platforms about
six feet high, covered with earth, on
which at night were kindled fires of
pine knots for lighting up the camp,
which they did very efficiently.

The camp-meeting began on Friday
evening of the first week in September.
All day long teams continued to arrive,

* Condensed from "Life in a Parsonage,"
by W. H. Withrow, D.D. Price 50 cents.
Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal,
and Halifax.

laden with bedding, household stuff,
and provisions. With much innocent
hilarity the farmers' boys unloaded
the wagons, and the girls and matrons
unpacked the boxes and set their houses
in order for their ten days' encamp-
ment in the woods. Lawrence Temple
had a tent of his own, and Edith ex-
hibited in its dainty curtains and in
the pictures on the wall, the same
refined taste that characterized her
little parlour at home.

"What a cosy nest of a place you
have here," said Mrs. Manning, as,
with her friend, Mrs. Marshall, she
made a brief call, "I declare it's as
pretty as a picture."

"What does she want with all them
jimcracks out here in the woods," said
her amoretic companion, as they walked
away. "A prayer-meeting won't be
any better for all them pictures on the
wall."

"I don't know but it will," replied
Mrs. Manning, "if they help to put
people in a pleasant frame of mind." She
was evidently unobservant of the
contrary effect which they seemed to
have had upon her friend.

As the darkness fell, the pealing
strains of a huge tin trumpet,—like an
Alpine horn, some six feet long,—
blown by stentorian lungs, rolled and
re-echoed through the woods. Soon,
from every tent and lodge, the occu-
pants were streaming toward the audi-
torium—only that was not what they
called it, it was "the evenin' preachin'."
The fires were kindled on the elevated
stands which soon blazed like great
altars, sending aloft their ruddy tongues
of flame, brightly lighting up every-
thing around, changing the foliage of
the trees above them apparently into
fretted silver, and leaving in deep
Rembrandt-like shadow the outskirts
of the encampment and the surround-
ing forest.

In the evening a very large congre-
gation was assembled, and seemed full
of expectancy. The preacher for the
occasion was the Rev. Henry Wilkin-
son—a fiery little black-eyed, black-
haired man—a perfect Vesuvius of
energy and eloquence, pouring forth a
lava-tide of impassioned exhortation
and appeal. When warmed up with
his theme, he reminded one, says Dr.
Carroll, of nothing so much as "a man
shovelling red hot coals." The effect
of "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" were
heard on every side, and also sounds
of weeping and mourning.

The general impression on the com-
munity, made by the camp-meeting,
may be inferred from the remarks of
Bob Crowle, a notorious scape-grace,
famous for all manner of wicked and
reckless exploits in disturbing previous
camp-meetings and other religious ser-
vices. He was conversing with Jim
Larkins, the keeper of the Dog and
Gun Tavern in the village, who stood
by, a sinister observer of the proceed-
ings.

"Why, bless my eyes," exclaimed
that individual, "if that ain't Bill
Saunders a-roarin' like a bull o'
Bashan, there at the mourner's bench.
Well, wonders will never cease. I'd
as soon expect to see you there as Bill
Saunders."

"You've often seen me in a worse
place," said Crowle, "and where I had
better reason to be ashamed of myself
than Bill Saunders has. I guess he
won't spend so much of his earnings
at your bar; and that'll be a good
thing for his wife and kids."

"Why, you aint jined the temper-
ance, has you, Bib?" asked Jim, in
real or affected dismay. "You'll be
goin' for'ad to the mourner's bench
yourself, I reckon." This was said
with an intensely contemptuous sneer.

"Well, if I did, it would be nuthin'
to be ashamed of," replied Crowle.
"If a man's got a soul, I don't see why
he shouldn't try to save it. I've served
the Devil long enough, and what have
I ever gained by it? I've sprud away
a good farm and dranked up a small
fortune—most of which has gone into
your till, Jim Larkins. I'm thinking
it was about time I was turning over
a new leaf."

At this moment the vast assemblage
were singing a hymn of invitation,
the refrain of which rang sweetly
through the forest aisles—

"Will you go? Will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above!"

Edith Temple had been a not un-
interested observer of the colloquy be-
tween Crowle and Larkins. She knew
who they were from having seen them
at the Fairview church. Yielding to
an impulse for which she could not
account, she walked toward Crowle
and stopped before him still singing—

"O say, will you go to the Eden above!"

There was an irresistible spell in the
thrilling tones of her voice and in her
appealing look.

"By the help of God, I will," said
Crowle, with a look of solemn resolu-
tion in his eye and taking her proffered
hand he followed her to the altar
for prayer.

It was certainly very noisy in that
prayer circle. Strong crying and sobs
and groans were heard, and tears fell
freely from eyes unused to weep.

Poor Saunders, the village black-
smith, who was also a zealous patron
of the Dog and Gun, had indeed a ter-
rible time of it. He was a large and
powerful man, and as he wrestled in
an agony of prayer, the beaded sweat-
drops fell from his brow, and the veins
stood out like whipcords on his fore-
head. His weeping wife—a godly
woman and loving consort, but bearing
on her cheek the marks of a cruel
blow received from her husband in a
drunken bout—though kinder man
ne'er breathed when he was sober—
knelt by his side trying to comfort him
and to point him to the Saviour, who
had been her own support and solace
during long years of trouble and sor-
row. At length, with a shout of
deliverance, he sprang to his feet and
exclaimed:—

"I've done it! I've done it! I've
done it! I've given up the gog for-
ever! I thought I never could; the
horrid thirst seemed raging like the
fire of hell within me. But I vowed
to God I'd never touch it more, and
that very moment it seemed as if the
Devil lost his grip upon my soul, the
evil spirit was cast out, and God spoke
peace, through His Son, to my troubled
heart."

"Oh! Mary," he went on, "I've
been a bad husband and a bad father,
but by God's grace we'll be happy
yet."

A great shout of praise and thank-
giving went up from the people, and
few eyes in the assembly were unwet
with tears.

Amid the general joy poor Crowle
seemed forgotten. He remained with
head bowed down, but his mind, he
said, was all dark, not a ray of light

learned amid the gloom. Even after the meeting was dismissed, he still lay upon the ground. Presently he felt a soft hand laid upon his shoulder, and a soft voice spoke gently in his ear. "I waited patiently for the Lord," and He inclined unto me and heard my cry."

"I'll wait," he replied. "He waited many a year for me; I'll wait His good time." And with a gentle pressure of his hand, Edith glided away.

And wait he did till after midnight, with two or three who remained to pray with and counsel him; and after that, all night long he waited in the silent forest, wrestling with God as Jacob wrestled with the angel, saying: "I will not let thee go until thou bless me." But still the blessing came not. Still the burden was unremoved.

The Sabbath morning dawned bright and beautiful. The dew-drops hung like sparkling jewels on every leaf and shrub and blade of grass. The lake and islands and the surrounding forest lay fair as Eden on the first Sabbath which dawned upon the world. And not unlike the voice that breathed over Eden was the sound of prayer and praise from many an Indian wigwam, from many a rustic tent. Shortly before the preaching was to commence, Lawrence Temple came to a tent where a prayer-meeting was being held, and beckoned to his wife to come out.

"Bob Crowle wants to see you," he said, "come and see if you can help him. He is in deep distress."

"Poor fellow," Edith replied; "he is like the man in the Gospel out of whom the evil spirit would not depart."

"This kind," said Lawrence, "goeth not out but by prayer and fasting; and yet I am sure he has tried both."

On a little knoll overlooking the lake, sat Crowle, looking haggard in the morning light. He gazed with fixed stare into space, as though he saw naught. He heaved a deep and heavy sigh as Edith took his hand and asked him in sympathetic tones how he was.

"It's good o' you to come and see a poor wretch like me," he said, "but I'm afraid it's too late. I'm afraid I've sinned away my day of grace. I'm afraid I've committed the sin for which there's no forgiveness either in this world or in the world to come. I know what the Scriptur' says about it, for though I've been a drunken vagabond for years, I was brought up in the Sunday-school. But I hardened my heart like Pharaoh, and resisted the Spirit of God, and made a mock of religion. Perhaps you've heard how at the revival last winter I did the Devil's work, tryin' to break up the meetin' by puttin' pepper on the stove. Since then I took to drink worse than ever, and got kinder past feelin', I 'low," and he gazed with stony stare on the dimpling waters of the lake, but evidently saw them not.

"But you're not past feelin', my brother," said Edith. "You feel deeply concerned about your soul. The very fear that you have committed this sin is a proof that you have not; for if God's Spirit had indeed left you, you would be perfectly indifferent about it."

"No, thank God," he said, "I'm not indifferent. I'm in dead earnest, and if I perish, I will perish at the foot of the cross;" and a look of fixed resolve lighted up his face.

"None ever perished there," said Edith. And she began to sing softly the sweet refrain—

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree."

"I see it! I see it!" exclaimed the penitent soul, after some further counsel from Lawrence and his wife. "I've been doubting and mistrusting the blessed Lord, though He died on the cross to save me; and, bless the Lord, He saves me now! I do trust Him! I'll never doubt Him more! Let me go and tell my brother Phin. We wuz companions in sin. We ought to be companions in salvation as well."

"Go," said Edith, "like Andrew of old, and bring your brother to Jesus;" and she placed her soft hand in his brown and horny palm, with a gentle pressure of sympathy and congratulation.

Bob Crowle soon found his brother Phineas loitering on the outskirts of the camp-ground with a number of boon companions, among whom was Jim Larkins, the landlord of the Dog and Gun.

"Come with me, Phin," said Bob, "I want you."

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked his brother, as they walked through the forest aisles. "Larkins was telling the boys the preacher's wife carried you off by the ear last night just as a collie dog would a sheep."

"She's been my good angel, Phin, and she'll be yours if you'll let her. I've led you into wickedness many a time. I want now to lead you away from it."

"Well, I don't want no women running after me; I'm feart o' them. I know I'm as awkward as an ox, an' if such a fine lady was to tackle me, I'd be sure to act like a fool. I know I should."

"She's just an angel, Jim. Why, she laid her hand on my arm and called me Brother—me! a poor drunken wretch—just as if I were her own brother for certain. An' I thought if this woman that knows nothin' about me but what's bad, is so much concerned about my soul, the good Lord that bought me will not cast me off."

"Why, Phin, the very world seems changed," exclaimed the new convert after a pause. "The sky seems higher, the sunlight brighter, the forest a fresher green, and the lake a deeper blue. It seems as if I had just come out of a dungeon into a bright and beautiful garden. My heart is as light as a bird's, and I can't help but sing." And he burst forth into a glad carol of joy.

"Oh, Phin," he went on, "won't you come to the blessed Lord yourself?"

"I wish to goodness I could," said Phin, with a great sigh. "I feel that mean and ashamed of myself, and mad at myself after coming off a spree, that I often wished I wuz a dog that had no soul to lose."

"But you've one to save, Phin, and the blessed Lord that saved mine will save yours, too. Let it be this very day."

"I've often thought I'd try, Bob; but then the Devil 'ud get his hooks into me, and temptation 'ud get the better o' me, and when the liquor's in the sense is out, and I care for neither God nor man."

"Dear Phin," said Bob, "stay away from Larkins and the rest, and come with me to the meeting. Oh! Phin, the text o' that preacher last night just makes me shudder, 'One shall be taken and t'other left.' God forbid it should be one of us."

"Amen to that, Bob. I'll try, dear old fellow;" and for a time the brothers parted.

In the evening the sermon was on the nearness of the spirit-world, and the terrors of the Judgment Day. Deep convictions seized upon strong men. Scoffers were silenced, and desperate and hardened sinners were smitten down before the power of God. One old reprobate fairly roared for mercy as he realized the terrors of an angry Judge. Many souls struggled into the liberty of the children of God; but some, among them Phin Crowle, resisted the strivings of the Spirit, and plunged the more madly into sin, to stifle and drown the upbraidings of conscience.

"Let us get out of this," said Jim Larkins, to a group of his cronies and patrons of his bar. "Let us get out of this. These people are all going crazed, and if you don't look out they will make you as crazy as themselves. Come along! There's free drinks at the Dog and Gun for all hands. Let's make a night of it;" and a band of them broke away, as if under the guidance of an evil spirit, from that place of sacred influence. As they reeled through the shadowy forest—for some of them had brought liquor, and were already under its influence—they tried to keep their courage up by roaring drinking and hunting songs. At length, when they had got away from the camp, certain strange forest voices—the snarl of a wild cat, the yelp of a fox, and the melancholy cry of a loon on the lake, smote upon their ears, mingled with a strange hooting more unearthly still.

"The saints preserve us! what is that?" exclaimed Phin Crowle, as almost directly above his head a strange cry, as of a soul in mortal fear, burst forth. Then he caught sight of a pair of large and fiery eyes glaring at him, and a great horned and snowy owl, perched on a mossy branch, uttered again its weird "to whit, to-whoo," and sailed on muffled and silent pinion directly across his path.

"Mercy on us!" he cried, "I thought it was a ghost."

His companions burst forth in scurrile mockery at Phin, for being afraid of an owl; and their ribald laughter and wicked oaths rose on the still air of night, and fell back from the patient skies, like the laughter of evil spirits.

From the tent where she sat, Edith Temple could hear on the one side the unhallowed sounds of the blasphemies, and on the other the singing and praying of the camp-meeting. One solemn refrain, which was sung over and over in a sad minor key, mingled weirdly with the sighing of the night-wind among the trees—a refrain like the awful *Dies Ira*—

"Oh! there'll be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning;
Oh! there'll be mourning at the judgment-seat of Christ."

If the Government would take the same method to enforce the Scott Act as it does to enforce our customs and excise, there is no doubt but that the liquor traffic would soon be extinguished.—*Bruce Reporter*.

Easter Day.

BY L. EVA KINNEY.

REJOICE in the Lord, ye saints,
'Tis Easter Day.
O, hush all your sad complaints
On Easter Day.
For Christ the Lord has come,
He's burst the bars of the tomb,
And taken away death's gloom,
This Easter Day.

O, that all would praise the Lord
This Easter Day.
Believing the truth of God's Word
This holy day.
Accepting the wisdom and light,
He gives by the power of His might,
To save from an endless night,
On Easter Day.

O, how sweet to think of His love
On Easter Day,
Of the glories of Heaven above
This Easter Day,
Prepared by our Father above
Through Christ, who was given to prove
The wonderful depths of His love
To all who obey.

Yes, His praise we will ever sing
On Easter Day,
An humble tribute bring
On Easter Day.
For had Christ not risen again,
All our prayers and faith would be vain,
And no hope of salvation remain,
Nor Easter Day.

Being Dead She Yet Speaketh.

VISITORS at the Toronto General Hospital may have noticed in the Women's Ward, No. 8, a bed bearing the name of The Amy Macdonald Bed, and in the Men's Ward, No. 6, a bed with the name of The John Macdonald B.d. The first is in memory of a daughter of Mr. Macdonald, in whose name he pays \$100 a year towards the support of the bed, and he contributes a like sum towards the support of the bed which bears his own name. The Hospital lately received a legacy from the late Mrs. John Roaf for the support of another bed which will bear her name. Mr. Macdonald also initiated in the memory of his daughter a fund called the Amy Macdonald Fund for providing for patients delicacies and comforts which the ordinary supplies of the Hospital may not afford. His contribution toward this fund is \$100 a year in the name of his daughter, to which he adds an equal amount annually in his own name. The fund is managed and applied by the Lady Superintendent of the Hospital, and has proved of great benefit and value to the sick persons for whom it is designed. The knowledge of these generous and considerate gifts may suggest to others a channel into which their benevolence may usefully be directed. Miss Macdonald was a very devoted young lady, whose last illness and death were a benediction to the entire household of which she formed a part. It is pleasant to think that through this benefaction she can alleviate the sufferings of the children of sorrow and pain.

A SIGNIFICANT fact illustrates the rapid political and social changes now taking place in England. Mr. H. Broadhurst, the Under-Secretary of the Home Department in the Gladstone Government, took part as a stone mason in the building of the Home Office, where he is now second in command. "Mr. Broadhurst," says the *Methodist Times*, "naturally shrank from the high honour when it was offered him, but Mr. Gladstone pressed it upon him with so much heartiness and so much courtesy that he could not refuse it."
— *Wesleyan*.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 27.] LESSON V. [May 2,

JESUS AT THE WELL.

John 4. 5-26. Commit vs. 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4. 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus satisfies every thirst of the soul.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 3. 19-36. Tu. John 4. 1-26. W. John 7. 37-39. Th. Isa. 55. 1-13. F. Isa. 41. 17; Jer. 2. 13. Sa. Ex. 20. 3-11. Su. Ps. 42.1; Rev. 22. 1, 2.

TIME.—December, A.D. 27. About 8 months after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jacob's well at Sychar, a part of the ancient Shechem, at the foot of Mount Gerizim. The well was one-half a mile from Sychar, and two miles from Shechem, between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim in Samaria.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Soon after the interview with Nicodemus in our last lesson, Jesus left the city of Jerusalem and spent several months in Judea teaching and baptizing through his disciples. The crowds left John and came to Jesus, which gave occasion for a further testimony of the Baptist to Jesus. In December Jesus left Judea to go to Galilee, and in passing through Samaria on his way came to Jacob's well, the scene of to-day's lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—5. *Jacob gave*—Gen. 48 22; 6. *Jacob's well*—9 feet in diameter, 105 feet deep, formerly; now, 75 feet; dug in solid rock. *Sixth hour*—Probably 6 o'clock in the evening, Roman reckoning; by Jewish reckoning it would be 12 o'clock, sixth hour from sunrise. But John was writing in Ephesus among Romans. 8. *Meat*—Food. 9. *Jews have no dealings with Samaritans*—No free social intercourse, but would buy and sell. They had rival forms of religion, rival temples. The Samaritans accepted only the five books of Moses as their Bible, and were partly descended from heathen ancestors (2 Kings 17. 6, 23, 24). 10. *Living water*—Flowing as from a fountain. The Holy Spirit, bestowing spiritual life (John 7. 37). 13, 14. *Thirst, never thirst*—Every person is full of desires, bodily, mental, spiritual. The world cannot satisfy the soul. Jesus Christ sanctifies the natural desires, and satisfies the spiritual, the longing for happiness, for worthy life, for friendship, for forgiveness, for eternal life, for God. 16. *Go, call*—Said in order to convince her of sin, that she might seek the living water. 20. *Our fathers, etc.*—A question of great interest to her. The Samaritan temple was on Gerizim close by. 22. *Ye worship, etc.*—That which ye know not. They accepted only a part of the Bible, and therefore their knowledge of God was imperfect. *Salvation of the Jews*—Promised in their Bible, and the Messiah was to be descended from them and born among them.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Intervening history.—The Samaritans.—Jacob's well.—Living water.—The place of worship.—God our Father.—Worshipping in spirit and in truth.—Salvation is of the Jews.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Jesus in our last lesson? With whom did he have a long conversation? Where did he go after that? (3. 22) How long did he remain there? Doing what? Why did he leave? (4. 1-3.) For what place? At what season of the year?

SUBJECT: THE WATERS OF ETERNAL LIFE.

I. THE THIRSTY ONE (vs. 5. 9).—To what place did Jesus come on his way to Galilee? What can you tell about Jacob's well? Why did Jesus stop there? What can you learn about Jesus' human nature from his becoming weary? What time of the day was it? Who met him there? What do you know of her character? What favour did Jesus ask of her? Why? What did she reply? Who were the Samaritans? Why did they have no dealings with the Jews?

II. THE WATER OF LIFE. (vs. 10-15).—What was Jesus' reply to the woman? Did she understand him? (vs. 11, 12.) How did Jesus further describe the living water? Why is it called living water? What did he mean by this living water? (John 7. 37-39.)

What will it do for us? In what respects is the Gospel like water (as free, abundant, cleansing, etc.)?

III. PREPARING THE THIRSTY TO RECEIVE IT (vs. 16-18).—What did Jesus say to her then? How would this convict her of sin and need? Why must we feel our needs before we will seek the living water? (Rev. 3. 17.) Have you sought this living water?

IV. TRUE WORSHIP (vs. 19-26).—What question did the woman now ask Jesus? Why was it important to her? What was the difference between the Samaritans and the Jews? Whom did Jesus say we must worship? In what place? In what way? What is worship? What is it to worship in spirit and in truth? What reason is given? (v. 24.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. We may be weary in Christian work, but not of it.
2. Christian service may refresh our weary bodies.
3. We should take every opportunity of doing good.
4. Scot, race, social position, rivalries, should never keep us from kindly service or religious help.
5. Man is full of thirsts for earthly good, happiness, forgiveness, larger life, friendship, eternal life, God.
6. This world cannot satisfy these thirsts. (See Solomon's experience in Ecclesiastes.)
7. Jesus Christ satisfies every thirst.
8. The Gospel is like living waters,—refreshing, abundant, free, cleansing.
9. True worship is sincere, spiritual, of the true God, loving, obedient.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Where did Jesus go after his conversation with Nicodemus? ANS. He spent several months teaching and baptizing in Judea.
2. Whom did he meet on the way to Galilee? ANS. A woman of Samaria at Jacob's well.
3. What did Jesus teach her there about the Gospel? (Repeat vs. 13, 14.)
4. What did he teach her about true worship? (Repeat vs. 23, 24.)

A.D. 27.] LESSON VI. [May 9,

SOWING AND REAPING.

John 4. 27-42. Commit vs. —.

GOLDEN TEXT.

One soweth, and another reapeth.—John 4. 37.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 4. 27-42. Tu. Ps. 126. 1-6. W. Mark 4. 1-20. Th. Luke 10. 1-11. F. 1 Cor. 3. 5-15. Sa. 2. Cor. 9-6; Gal. 6. 7-10. Su. James 5. 14-20.

TIME.—December: A.D. 27. The same day with the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jacob's well, half a mile from Sychar in Samaria.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—To-day's lesson follows close upon our last. On his way to Galilee Jesus passed through Samaria, and resting at Jacob's well while his disciples went on to Sychar to buy some food, he had a conversation on the living water with a Samaritan woman, who had come to the well for water. Just as he had announced himself as the Messiah his disciples returned with the food from the city, and our lesson for to-day begins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—27. *Marvelled*—Because Rabbis were not accustomed to give their learning in public to women, because she was a Samaritan, and because of the evident interest the Lord took in her welfare. 28. *Waterpots*—The same word as is used for the waterpots at the marriage in Cana (2. 7). 32. *Meat that ye know not of*—The spiritual life God gave him in his work, and the refreshment that came from helping the needy and serving God. 35. *Say ye not, four months, etc.*—Four months from that time. The harvest was in April. This time was therefore December; the sowing was a month or two earlier. *Lift up your eyes*—Doubtless pointing to the Samaritans who were approaching from Sychar to learn from him. 36. *Fruit unto life eternal*—The result was the eternal salvation of others, and nobler and better life for themselves. This was their wages. 38. *I sent you, etc.*—Jesus had sown in their absence; now they were to reap. So it would be all through their lives. Prophets of old, John the Baptist, and Jesus himself, sowed the seed that grew into the church of God.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Review of last lesson.—Faith through the testimony of others.—Faith through our own experience of the truth (v. 34).—The spiritual harvest.—Sowers and reapers rejoicing together.—Fruit unto eternal life.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Jesus going in our last lesson? At what season of the year? Where did he rest? With whom did he have a long conversation? On what subject?

SUBJECT: SOWING AND REAPING.

I. FIRST SOWING.—*Personal Invitations to Christ* (vs. 27-29).—Where were Jesus' disciples during his conversation? At what did they marvel on their return? Why? What did the Samaritan woman now do? What did she tell her fellow-townsmen? Why these rather than strangers? What can you do in inviting men to Jesus?

FIRST REAPING.—What was the effect of her invitation? Were they wise in going to Jesus to learn more? What does Paul say about sowing and reaping? (Gal. 6. 7, 8; 2 Cor. 9. 6.) What is said in the Psalms? (Ps. 126. 5, 6.)

II. SECOND SOWING.—*Working for Christ* (vs. 31-34).—What did Jesus reply when asked to eat the food bought by his disciples? What was the food "that they knew not"? Can we have that food? Does working for Christ refresh our bodies?

SECOND REAPING (vs. 35-38).—How long was it before the harvest? How near was the spiritual harvest? What were the "fields white to the harvest"? What are the "wages" of those that reap? What is "the fruit unto eternal life"? Who had sown the harvest the disciples were to reap?

III. THIRD SOWING.—*Faith* (vs. 39, 40).—Why did the Samaritans believe on Jesus? Was this a good foundation for faith? What two things did it lead them to do? (vs. 30, 40.)

THIRD REAPING (vs. 41, 42).—How long did Jesus remain at Sychar? What was he probably doing during this time? What two results of their faith do we see? (vs. 40, 41.) Why did they believe now? What did they believe?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Those that sow shall reap what they sow.
2. Only by sowing good seed can there be a harvest of good.
3. Invite all you can, especially those nearest you, to come to Christ.
4. God feeds our spirits through work for him and our fellow-men.
5. The harvest of souls is always ready to be gathered.
6. A little faith well used leads to greater faith and brings us into communion with Jesus.
7. Let us place our faith more and more on the foundation of personal acquaintance with Jesus and his Gospel.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

5. What did the Samaritan woman do when she had found the Saviour? ANS. She went to her townsmen and invited them to go to Jesus.
6. What does Jesus say was his food? ANS. (Repeat v. 34.)
7. When is the spiritual harvest? ANS. (Repeat v. 35.)
8. What is the reward of those who sow and reap this harvest? ANS. (Repeat v. 36.)
9. What harvest was gathered during the two days at Sychar? ANS. Many of the Samaritans became Christians.

"It is the duty of the government to make it easy for the people to do right, and difficult for the people to do wrong."—Gladstone.

THE use of tobacco is bad, but the smoking of cigarettes is worse. Physicians are speaking out with emphasis in condemnation of the practice. A prominent physician of Athens, Ga., says that "he has frequently of late been called in to see young boys suffering with diseased throats, and every case can be traced to cigarette smoking." Many of the youths, he says, are in a serious condition, as they have been poisoned with arsenic contained in the wrappers. This matter should have the proper attention of all parents.—*Pittsburg Advocate*.

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