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# HOME AND SCHOOL

Vol. III.]

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1885.

[No. 6.]

## A Visit to Plymouth Rock.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THAT man is little to be envied," said Dr. Johnson as he moralized amid the mouldering monuments of the early Pilgrim faith, "whose patriotism could not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety could not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." So also, we think, there must be a very sluggish nature whose pulses are not quickened as they stand on Plymouth Rock and recall the thrilling memories of the *Mayflower*.

Nowhere in the world can the founding of an empire be so minutely studied as at the town of Plymouth. In the stone-vaults of the Registry Office may still be seen the earliest records of the Plymouth Colony, in the handwriting of the men who are now held in reverence the world over, for their courage in braving the perils of an unknown sea and an equally unknown shore, to face the dangers of savage men and savage beasts, in their constancy of what they believed to be their duty.

The seed of the three kingdoms, says the old chronicler, was sifted for the wheat of that planting. Winnowed by the fan of persecution, of exile, of poverty, of affliction, the false and fickle fell off, the tried and true only remained. Even after leaving the weeping group upon the shore of Delft-Haven, and parting with their English friends at Southampton, the little company of exiles, for conscience sake, was destined to a still further sifting. Twice was the tiny flotilla driven back to port by storms. One of the two small vessels of which it was composed, and a number of the feeble-hearted adventurers, were left behind, and only a hundred souls remained to essay the mighty enterprise of founding a nation.

### THE MAYFLOWER

In the little cabin of the *Mayflower* were assembled some of the noblest and purest spirits on earth, whose names are an inspiration and a moral power for ever—the venerable Brewster, Governor Carver, and Bradford, his successor; Allerton, Winslow, the burly and impetuous Standish; Alden, the first to leap ashore and the last to survive; and the heroic and true-hearted mothers of the New England commonwealth.

On the wild New England shore, at

the beginning of an inclement winter, worn and wasted by a stormy voyage, and with a scant supply of the necessaries of life—behind them the boisterous ocean, before them the sombre forests, haunted by savage beasts, and

barren sand dunes of Cape Cod, an arm stretched out into the sea, as if to succour the weary voyagers. In deba king, they were forced to wade through the freezing water to the land, and sowed the seeds of suffering in

the quiet harbour—since known, in grateful remembrance of the port from which they sailed, as Plymouth Bay. The next day, despite the urgent need of despatch, they sacredly kept the Christian Sabbath in devout exercises on a small island. On Monday they crossed to the mainland, and a grateful posterity has fenced and guarded the rock on which they stepped. Thither, as to a sacred shrine of liberty, many men of many lands have made a reverent pilgrimage. "Plymouth Rock," in the brilliant rhetoric of one of these, the accomplished De Tœqueville, "is the corner-stone of a nation." The principles of which it is the symbol are certainly the foundations, broad and deep, on which national greatness is built.\*

### TRIALS OF THE PILGRIMS.

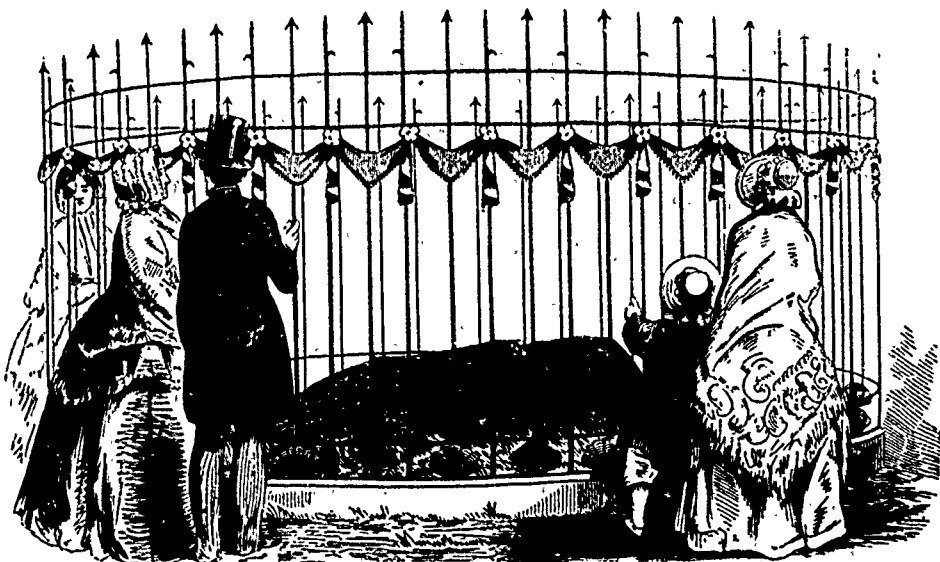
The *Mayflower* soon anchored in the quiet bay, and on Christmas Day its passengers debarked and began the building of the town of Plymouth. By the second Sunday the "Common House," some twenty feet square, was ready for worship; but the roof caught fire, and they were forced to worship beneath the wintry sky. At length, little by little, in frost and foul weather, between showers of sleet and snow, shelter for nineteen families was erected. But disease, hunger, and death, made sad havoc in the little company. "There died," says Bradford, "sometimes two or three in a day." At one time only six or seven were able to attend on the sick or bury the dead. When spring opened, of one hundred persons, scarce half remained alive. Carver, the Governor, his gentle wife, and sweet Rose Standish,—

"Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed by the wayside,  
She was the first to die of all who came in the *Mayflower*;"

with many another of unremembered name were laid to rest in the "God's acre," overlooking the sea, still known as "Burial Hill." In the spring, wheat was sown over their graves "lest the Indian scouts should count them and see how many already had perished."

At length the time arrived for the departure of the *Mayflower*; and as the signal-gun of departure awoke the echoes of hill and forest—

\* Down by the sea shore, now protected by a graceful canopy, is the huge boulder on which sprang John Alden, the first of the Pilgrims to land, the last of them to die.



PLYMOUTH ROCK.



BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH.

still more savage men, even stouter hearts than those of the frail women of that little company might have failed for fear. But we read no record of despondency or murmuring; each heart seemed inspired with lofty hope and unfaltering faith.

The first landing was effected on the

their weakened frames. "The bitterness of mortal disease was their welcome to the inhospitable shore."

### PLYMOUTH ROCK.

But they must seek a more favourable site for settlement. By the good Providence of God, they reached safely

"Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people. Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible. Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in earnest entreaty. Then from their homes in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth, Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *Mayflower*, Homeward bound o'er the seas and leaving them there in the desert.

Meanwhile the master Taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller, Sprang into his boat and in haste shoved off to his vessel, Glad to be gone from a land of sand, and sickness and sorrow, Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel. Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims. O strong hearts and true! not one went back with the *Mayflower*! No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this plowing. Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel, Much endeared to them all as something living and human. Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapped in vision prophetic, Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth Said, "Let us pray," and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage. Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them Bowed and whispered the wheat on the field of death, and their kindred Seemed to wake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered. Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean, Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard; Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of returning."

We make no apology for quoting so fully Longfellow's truthful account of the Pilgrims. We have carefully compared his poem with Governor Bradford's Journal, and other contemporary documents, and have been struck with its marvellous fidelity to historical fact, both in minute details and even in the speeches of its principal characters.\*

But their sufferings were not yet ended. At the beginning of the following winter came an arrival of new emigrants, not only unprovided with food, but the very ship that brought them had to be provisioned for her return voyage out of the scanty harvest of the colony. During the cruel winter the entire population was put upon half allowance. "I have seen men," says Winslow, "stagger by reason of faintness for want of food." "Tradition declares," says Bancroft, "that at one time the colonists were reduced to a pint of corn, which being parched and distributed, gave to each individual only five kernels; but rumour falls short of reality; for three or four months together they had no corn whatever." They were forced to live on mussels, ground nuts, and clams, which they dug up on the shore, and returned thanks to God who gave them, as to Zebulon of old, "of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand." (Deut. xxxiii. 19.) Meanwhile the village was inclosed with a stockade, a brazen howitzer was mounted on the roof of the church,—

"A preacher who spoke to the purpose, Steady, straightforward and strong, with irresistible logic, Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen;"—

and the little garrison kept "watch by night and ward by day on their half

\*Longfellow does not give the full name of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as perhaps unsuited for poetic uses. It was Priscilla Mullins.

rations, no man of them sleeping but with his weapon beside him ready for battle."

Thus, among manifold privations and sufferings, amid famine and fever, and perils, and deaths, but sustained by a lofty hope and an unfaltering faith, the foundations of empire were laid.

#### BURIAL HILL.

As one walks to-day beneath the venerable elms of Leyden Street, whose name commemorates the old Dutch town where for a time the Pilgrims sojourned, the past is more real than the present. The scene is haunted with oldtime memories, and with the ghosts of the Pilgrim forefathers of New England. Inexpressibly sad to me was the outlook from Burial Hill, thickly studded with grave stones bearing the historic names of the Pilgrims. The tide was out, a broad expanse of dulce and seaweed spreading far and wide beneath the eye. Not a sail was in sight, and only a solitary seagull gleamed white against a sullen sky, and hung poised on unmoving pinion, "like an adventurous spirit o'er the deep." Here amid the graves of that first sad winter, with loving hearts and eyes that were dimmed with long watching and with tears, I felt sure that the fair Priscilla must often have gazed wistfully upon the sea—"the awful, pitiless sea"—hoping for the needed succour whose long delay made their hearts sick.

Burial Hill is thickly studded with gravestones, bearing rudely-carved inscriptions of the descendants of the Pilgrims. Among the characteristic Puritan names I noted the following: Consider, Experience, Patience, Mercy, Thankful, Desire, Abigail, Selah, Abiel, Antipas, Bethiah, Silvanus, Seth, Nathaniel, Bathsheba, Elnathan, Ebenezer, Job, Perez, Eliphalet, Mehetabel, Tabitha, Zilpah, Bethian, Gideon, Ichabod, Israel, Zabdial, Pella, Zeruah, Eunice, Jerusha, Lois, Lemuel, Priscilla, Penelope, and many others. Sarahs and Rebecca were especially numerous. One of the oldest epitaphs read as follows:

"He glanced into our world to see  
A sample of our misery."

One tombstone commemorates seventy-two seamen, who were wrecked in the harbour. Near by is the cenotaph of Adoniram Judson—whose body, deeper than plummet sinks, lies buried in the Indian Sea.

#### PILGRIM HALL.

In Pilgrim Hall, a model museum, is an extremely interesting collection of relics of the forefathers of New England: Governor Hancock's clock, with its appropriate motto, *Tempus fugit*, still keeping time correctly, though 180 years old; Elder Brewster's chair; Alden's Bible and halberd; the cradle of Peregrine White, the first child born in New England; the sword of Miles Standish, the valiant captain, "who knew, like Cæsar, the names of each of his soldiers." This is an ancient Saracen blade, brought from the east during the crusades. There is shown a piece of embroidery, wrought by the redoubtable Captain's daughter, and bearing the following verse:—

Lorea Standish is my name,  
Lord guide my heart that I may do Thy will;  
Also fill my hands with such convenient skill

As will conduce to virtue void of shame,  
And I will give the glory to Thy name.

There are also in a glass-case, the originals of Mrs. Heman's ode, "The breaking waves dashed high," and of Bryant's poem: "Wild was the day, the wintry sea;" a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, whose strange words no man on earth can read; and other objects of interest. A noble painting of the embarkation of the Pilgrims will rivet the attention. The faith and hope and high resolve written on each countenance; the pathos of the partings, "such as wring the life out from young hearts;" the high-souled heroism of even the women and the children will long linger in the mind. Near Plymouth Rock is the old Winslow House, with its quaint interior architecture and decorations, which I was kindly permitted to examine. Near the town is the noble Forefathers' Monument,—crowned with a majestic statue of Liberty—over eighty feet high.\*

#### British Land Agitation.

FOR some months there has been serious trouble in the island of Skye. The island is one of that famous group of the Hebrides which lies off the west coast of Scotland. It is noted for the visit once paid to it by the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, and for the loyalty of its people, in the last century, to the Stuart "pretender," Charles Edward.

Skye is a bleak and rugged, yet romantic island. It lies in a very stormy and gloomy sea. Its soil is for the most part difficult and little fruitful. Yet a large part of its people derive their existence from the cultivation of the soil.

The trouble which has for sometime disturbed the tempest-worn little island arises from the dispute between the proprietors of the land and the tillers of the soil. The latter are called "crofters." They have long been subject to oppression and extortion on the part of their landlords; and have at last combined to resist them with all their resources.

A hardy, stubborn race are these crofters. The men of the isles for centuries played a notable part in the repeated wars in which the Scots were engaged. They followed Bruce and Wallace, and fought bravely on the field of Culloden.

The evils of which they now complain are much the same as those which have made Ireland so long discontented. The Skye landlords demand high rents, which the crofters find it hard to pay, and yet live and support their families. The landlords also pitilessly use their legal right of eviction. If the crofter does not promptly pay his rent, he and his wife and children are turned out into the road.

But the present attitude of the crofters amounts to outright rebellion. They have combined throughout the island both to resist the collection of rent, and to defy the landlord's power to evict them. Not only have they paid no heed to the land bailiffs, but they have refused to submit to the sheriffs and the officers of the law.

Sooner or later, no doubt, the crofters will be forced to obey the power of the

\*For the information of readers, statistically inclined, I may mention that the figure is 216 times life-size. The nose is 16 inches, the upraised arm 20 feet, and the fore-finger two feet long. It is the largest granite statue in the world.

Government. It will not do to allow the laws to be defied, and disorder to reign, in any part of the British kingdom.

On the other hand, the condition of the crofters, if they have again to submit to the exactions of their landlords, will be a pitiable one. It is even doubtful if they can continue to till the almost barren soil of the island. The alternative of starvation or emigration is likely to stare them in the face.

This agitation of the land question, however, in the remote north-western island, has already called attention afresh to the unjust condition of the land laws throughout Scotland and England. It bid fair to arouse a powerful agitation for their reform.

Ireland has already obtained a welcome change in her land system; the English peasant also needs and should have relief from the inequalities and oppressions of the present law, which had its origin in the feudal system.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### "Making up Your Mind."

PERHAPS there is no one habit that has greater effect upon the character and prosperity of human beings than that of indecision. The people who do not know their own minds, or who have great difficulty in what is called "making up their minds," are too frequently people who have not any great amount of mind to make up. They wait, and worry, and ask others what to do, without ever, for a moment, intending to follow anybody's way but their own. One moment they decide; the next they change their minds; and, which ever way they finally settle any point, they are sure to wish they had chosen the other way.

It is mistaken kindness to try to help such people in their decisions, as they are pretty certain to regret any step they have taken, and not always so considerate as not to say, "Well, I never should have done it that way if it had not been for you." Indeed, one marked characteristic of people who cannot make up their minds is that of holding other people responsible for their mistakes. They want to find fault with some one, and cannot quite "make up their minds" whom to blame, and do not like to blame themselves, and end by great injustice to their friends. The little mind such people have is really in a pitiable state, and indecision is the most uncomfortable and exasperating of all possible mental frames. It is exasperating and wearisome to other people as well as to one's self, for we are so linked together that we cannot do or be anything without affecting the comfort or welfare of others.

The ability or inability to look promptly at the reasons for or against a decision, and the power to decide wisely and readily, is largely a matter of habit. Practice in small things will prepare the mind to think vigorously and to act promptly in greater matters, as they come up. Create the habit, young friends. Do not spend time in a "valley of decision" that should be spent in the highways of action.

Men seldom die of hard work, activity is God's medicine. The highest genius is willingness and ability to do hard work. Any other conception of genius makes it a doubtful, if not a dangerous, possession.

## The Canadian Highlander.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

THANKS to my sire, I'm Highland born,  
And trod the moorland and the heather,  
Since childhood and this soul of mine  
First came into the world together!  
I've "paddled" barefoot in the burn,  
Roamed on the braes to pu' the gowan,  
Or clomb the granite cliffs to pluck  
The scarlet berries of the rowan.

And when the winds blow loud and shrill  
I've scaled the evenward summits hoary,  
O' grey Ben Nevis or his peers  
In all their solitary glory,—  
And with the enraptured eyes of youth  
Have seen half Scotland spread before me,  
And proudly thought with flashing eyes  
How noble was the land that bore me.

Alas! the land denied me bread,  
Land of my sires in bygone ages,  
Land of the Wallace and the Bruce,  
And countless heroes, bards, and sages.  
It had no place for me and mine,  
No elbow-room to stand alive in,  
Nor rood of kindly mother earth  
For honest industry to thrive in.

'Twas parcel'd out in wide domains,  
By cruel law's resistless fiat,  
So that the sacred herds of deer  
Might roam the wilderness in quiet,  
Untroubled by the foot of man  
On mountain side, or sheltering corrie,  
Lest sport should fail, and selfish wealth  
Be disappointed of its quarry.

The lairds of acres deemed the clans  
Were aliens at the best, or foemen,  
And that the grouse, the sheep, the beeves  
Were worthier animals than yeomen,  
And held that men might live or die  
Where'er their fate or fancy led them,  
Except among the Highland hills  
Where noble mothers bore and bred them.

In agony of silent tears,  
The partner of my soul beside me,  
I crossed the seas to find a home  
That Scotland cruelly denied me,  
And found it on Canadian soil,  
Where man is man in life's brave battle,  
And not, as in my native glens,  
Of less importance than the cattle.

And love with steadfast faith in God,  
Strong with the strength I gained in sorrow,  
I've looked the future in the face,  
Nor feared the hardships of the morrow;  
Assured that if I strove aright  
Good end would follow brave beginning,  
And that the bread, if not the gold,  
Would never fail me in the winning.

And every day as years roll on  
And touch my brow with age's finger,  
I learn to cherish more and more  
The land where love delights to linger.  
In thoughts by day, and dreams by night,  
I fond memory recalls, and blesses  
Its heathery braes, its mountain peaks,  
Its straths and glens and wildernesses.

And Hope revives at memory's touch,  
That Scotland, crushed and landlord  
ridden,  
May yet find room for all her sons,  
Nor treat the humblest as unbidden,—  
Room for the brave, the staunch, the true,  
As in the days of olden story,  
When in our outvalued grouse and deer,  
And lived their lives,—their country's  
glory.  
—The Scotchman, New York.

## Christmas and New Years at Port Simpson.

BY THE REV. T. CROSBY.

FOR a month or six weeks before  
Christmas, the people had gathered  
home, and the young men were formed  
into a singing class, led by one of  
their own number at the organ, and  
practised for church and also for  
Christmas carols. The brass band was  
also practising new pieces, and then as  
the time drew near, the people went off  
and brought stores of wood, for if they  
do not provide much wood any other  
time of the year, they have a good  
stock for Christmas. The children  
were also prepared for the anniversary  
in connection with the Christmas tree.

Christmas eve came, clear, cold, and  
frothy, (no snow); at 1 a.m. about forty  
singers went out. The village was  
beautifully lighted up, and nearly all  
the people sitting round good warm  
fires to wait and listen to the singing.  
The singers did very well; it was really  
delightful to hear them sing those  
beautiful pieces, (in contrast to their  
old heathen songs and the dancing and  
drinking of a few years ago). There  
is not allowed any noise or any one  
walking about the village while the  
singing is going on.

By daylight we had crowds of people  
to shake hands, and this went on till  
time for the church service at 11 a.m.,  
when the church was well filled. The  
week is spent by the people in inviting  
each other to their houses. Indeed  
this is carried to a very great extent.  
Much of it very kind and innocent, but  
it leaves them poor and is not always  
a help to their spiritual growth. A  
day is set apart to send out a little  
parcel of food to all the old and poor  
or sick people. The Christmas tree  
with about 130 children. Their sing-  
ing and recitations were very good. It  
was under the charge of Miss Hending  
and our teacher. Every child got  
something, thanks to the friends who  
helped to make this such a success.  
The children have done well in Sab-  
bath-school and are committing a great  
many texts of God's Word to memory.  
And the day school is well attended,  
but they are away from home so much  
that it is very much against advance-  
ment among them.

At the watch meeting we had a very  
blessed time and a large congregation.  
When it came to silent prayer it was a  
season long to be remembered, and  
our Covenant service on first Sabbath  
was a blessed time. A large number  
stood up to resolve on a fresh conse-  
cration of themselves to God. New  
Year's day all the companies were out.  
The fire company, with the brass band,  
did well, the rifle company was also  
out, and the Council. The Temperance  
Society had marched on another day.  
And all seemed to try to make one  
another happy.

## Will You not Get an Answer to Your Signal.

CAPTAIN HAWSER is down in the  
trim, snug cabin of the *Racer* overhau-  
ling his box of signal-flags, and Will  
Waters, the new cabin-boy, is standing  
by, watching the captain.

"Those are to signal with, Cap'n  
Hawser?"

"Yes, that's what we talk with, and  
a red flag is good as a tongue, better  
even, when we are a quarter of a mile  
away from a ship or a life-saving station  
on shore."

"And you got an answer?"

"Get an answer, boy! What do you  
mean? See here? I'm off a life-saving  
station, and I am in distress and I  
want a boat immediately, having lost  
mine. I show the ensign, this Amer-  
ican flag, and this pennant—red, striped  
with white. That shows 'em on shore  
I want to talk with 'em. They will  
answer it. I show then a red pennant  
with that white ball in centre, and  
above, a blue square flag with white  
block in centre. That means 'Want  
boat immediately.' They will answer  
that, too, and, what is more, they will  
send a boat. Of course they will.  
Why not, boy?"

Will goes to his berth and sits down  
by it. He bows his head. He buries  
his face in his hands. He is away

from home. He is in distress. There  
are temptations about him to give up  
prayer, to use profane language, to  
forget God. If he lifts "a signal" to  
God, won't he see it and answer it? If  
men can trust one another, and "sig-  
na ling" g'ts answers, can't a boy trust  
God? And there alone, Will Waters  
kneels by his berth. And God, looking  
down out of the wide, lonely sky, sees  
that "signal" lifted by a boy on a wide,  
lonely sea. Won't God answer? Try  
him, boys, on sea and on land.

"He shall call upon me, and I will  
answer him." That is one of the  
promises in God's signal-book. Do  
you know where it is? Only try the  
signals.

## Now, Noblest of the Land.

Now, noblest of the land, be brave;  
Once more your precious country save.  
Again the day of earnest choice  
Demands that you shall use your voice.

And trusty weapons burnished bright,  
Against King Alcohol's base might;  
Oh, see the almost countless foes,  
Who have no pity for life's woes!

Now, noblest of the land, be true;  
Once more the helpless look to you—  
Bring all your gifts, your service bold,  
To the great warfare you uphold.

As watchers your alarm will try  
All men whom party cannot buy;  
Thus you'll be gaining strength and might  
Because your principles are right.

Now, noblest of the land, be wise;  
Delay not when you're called to rise  
And bring deliverance from the curse  
Which fills the liquor-dealers' purse!

## Our Young Women.

A PARTIAL defect in our social life is  
the notion that girls have nothing to  
do. Boys are brought up to some  
employment, but girls to none, except  
where pecuniary want compels them.  
The family that is "well off" has busy  
boys and idle girls. The young man,  
after eating his breakfast, starts out to  
his daily occupation, and returns at the  
close of the day. The young woman,  
after eating her breakfast (usually at  
a late hour), saunters about in quest of  
amusement. Novels, gossip, shopping  
(for necessary trifles), dressing in three  
or four different costumes; formal visit-  
ing, drawing if able, and lounging, are  
the elements of the young woman's day.  
In the evening by way of recreation (!)  
she goes to the theatre or a ball.

This unequal discipline of the sexes  
is the basis of innumerable evils. It  
makes the girls careless and selfish; it  
turns her mind to personal adornment  
and other frivolous matters as the great  
concerns of life; it takes away the  
sense of responsibility, and produces  
feebleness and disease in her physical  
constitution. It also prevents her from  
asserting her true dignity in the eyes  
of man; for the life of utility is alone  
dignified. Women thus brought up in  
indolence, are looked upon by men very  
much as were the women of the old  
dark times of the world, as mere play-  
things, expensive toys, not counsellors  
and friends. Marriage in such circum-  
stances belongs to a low, sensual plane;  
and the girl is prepared neither in body  
nor in mind for the serious responsi-  
bilities and lofty duties which marriage  
implies. Her training moreover, or lack  
of training, has made it necessary for a  
long purse to apply for her. Economy,  
helpfulness, co-operation—these are  
not coming to the new household  
from this vain source. Dresses,  
drives, entertainments—these will form  
the staple demands on the young hus-

band. Accordingly in city life, where  
this class of young women is chiefly  
found, a young man is (greatly to his  
hurt often) kept from marrying by  
reason of its costliness, whereas society  
should be so ordered that marriage  
would help the larder and not beggar  
it. We want simplicity in life, fru-  
gality, modesty, industry and system.

If we could introduce these virtues  
in our higher society, we should diminish  
the despair, envy, jealousy, dissipation  
and suicides of the single, and the  
bickerings, wretchedness and divorces  
of the married.

Let our girls have as regular daily  
duties as our boys. Let idleness be  
forbidden them. Let recreation be in-  
deed recreation, at proper times and in  
proper quantities. Let us open more  
numerous avenues of female industry,  
and let every woman be clothed with  
the dignity of a useful life. Can such  
a reformation be brought about? My  
dear madam, begin it yourself. Rule  
your household on this principle. Have  
the courage to defy fashion where it  
opposes. Be a bold leader in this re-  
form, and you will soon see a host of  
followers glad to escape from the old  
folly.—Dr. Howard Crosby.

## Nelson's Works.

"NELSON ON INFIDELITY" has been  
blessed in bringing scores of infidels to  
Christ. 100,000 copies have been cir-  
culated. He was eminent as an intelli-  
gent infidel physician, and then as an  
able minister of Christ.

Nelson, at twelve, thought himself  
converted, and soon entered Washing-  
ton College. He graduated at sixteen,  
and entered on the study of medicine.

Studying the works of Volney, Vol-  
taire, and Paine, he thought he had  
been deceived, and that all religion  
was a delusion.

By the dishonesty and unfairness of  
Voltaire, and by other infidel writers,  
and by patient, intelligent examination  
of the subject in his own heart, in the  
lives and conduct of believers and un-  
believers, he was again led by the  
Holy Spirit in the true and right way.  
He became a "burning and shining  
light" to the whole congregation, and  
throughout the State, and it was those  
revivals that were the manifest per-  
suaders of the great revival of 1831,  
which extended through the land and  
added to the Churches more than one  
thousand souls.

He wrote the "Cause and Cure of  
Infidelity," in 1836, under the shade  
of four large oaks. He also wrote  
"Wealth and Honour," breathing a  
missionary spirit as expansive as the  
ruins of the fall.

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

At an Australian hotel colonial beer  
is sold at threepence the imperial pint;  
and the local paper tells how two gentle-  
men were talking together over their  
glass, when one of them hazarded the  
opinion that at such a price the ale  
could not possibly be good. The re-  
mark was heard by an old man who,  
in a very advanced state of inebriety,  
was standing at the bar enjoying his  
cheap beer. "Not good, gen'l'men?"  
said he. "You're mistaken. Look at  
me for ninepence!"

## Give to Jesus.

Of course you give two cents a week,  
We hope that you give four,  
To help the heathen o'er the wave,  
The heathen at our door;  
But are you giving all you can?  
And doing all you may?  
This is the golden age of earth,  
A glorious giving day.

The thirty-fold, the sixty-fold,  
Returned but yesterday;  
Is multiplied a hundred-fold,  
In every gift to-day;  
For where arose two heads of wheat,  
Now waves broad fields of grain,  
And he who dares so largely sow,  
Shall largely reap again.

O! sister, is your income small?  
Can you-but give a mite?  
Then cover it so deep with prayers,  
It shall be hidden quite;  
For 'tis the soil insures the crop,  
And prayers make rich the soil;  
Your mite-seed in a generous loam,  
Will bring return for toil.

We're glad you give two cents a week,  
And hope that you give four;  
But have you settled on your knees,  
That God requires no more?  
Ask His advice, give as He bids,  
He loves the generous soul;  
Who gives to His, gives to Himself,  
And He deserves the whole.

—Selected.

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## Home &amp; School:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1885.

## The Bible in the Public Schools.

WE are glad to learn that arrangements have been made whereby the Holy Scriptures shall be read in every Public and High School; and that special facilities are being provided for the religious instruction of the children by ministers of the different denominations. We take from the public prints the following account of these arrangements:

A volume of Scripture Readings has been prepared under the direction of the Education Department in order to place in the hands of every teacher in a convenient form those portions of the Bible best adapted to the capacity of Public and High School pupils. This volume is not intended to be a class book to be used by the scholars, but as a guide to the teacher in his daily public reading of the Scriptures to the scholars. We are given to understand that "it has been carefully revised by representatives of all the leading religious denominations, and will be found to contain a course of lessons, so arranged as to include the most instructive portions of both the Old and New Testaments." The following are the regulations, which have

received the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council:

1. Every Public and High School shall be opened with the Lord's Prayer, and closed with the reading of the Scriptures and the Lord's Prayer, or the prayer sanctioned by the Department of Education.

2. The portions of Scriptures used shall be taken from selections authorized for that purpose by the Department of Education, and shall be read without comment or explanation.

3. Where a teacher claims to have conscientious scruples against opening and closing the school as herein provided, he shall notify the trustees to that effect in writing.

4. No pupil shall be required to take part in the exercise above referred to against the wish of his parent or guardian, expressed in writing to the master of the school.

5. When required by the trustees the Ten Commandments shall be repeated at least once a week.

6. The trustees shall place a copy of the authorized readings in each department of the Public and High Schools under their jurisdiction, within one year from the date hereof.

7. The clergy of any denomination or their authorized representatives shall have the right to give religious instruction to the pupils of their own Church, in each school-house at least, once a week, after the hour of closing of the school in the afternoon.

It is not a little which has been gained when the representatives of all the religious denominations of the Province have given their sanction to such a volume of Scripture selection, and to the use proposed by these regulations to be made of it.

No Christian of any name can object to the use of the Lord's Prayer, while the conscientious scruples of those who do object, whether they be parents, pupils, or teachers, are to be fully respected, and their rights carefully defended.

The following is an extract from the preface:—

"In conducting the devotional exercises of the school, as required by the regulations of the Department, the teacher would do well to remember that much depends upon the spirit in which the subject is approached. Reverence, decorum, and earnestness should characterize every exercise. Besides merely reading the lesson for the day, choice verses might be written upon the blackboard and committed to memory by the pupils. Selected passages might be repeated in concert, and thus, while carefully avoiding any attempt at giving a sectarian bias to the instruction imparted, the truths of the Bible might be impressed upon the pupils as the safest guides for life and duty."

"As bearing upon this department of the teacher's work attention is also called to the following regulation:— 'Teachers shall not confine their instruction and superintendence to the usual school studies of the pupils, but shall, as far as possible, extend the same to their mental and moral training, to their personal deportment, to the practice of correct habits and good manners among them, and omit no opportunity of inculcating the principles of truth and honesty, the duties of respect to superiors, and obedience to all persons placed in authority over them.'"

We trust that the increased facilities

thus offered to the different ministers of the Province, or to their authorized representatives, for imparting religious instruction to the pupils belonging to their various Churches, will be largely taken advantage of.

The friendly co-operation of the different denominations lately recommended by Dr. Sheraton can now be brought to a practical bearing, for if all the representatives of the religious denominations in a school section agree together to support one person as their representative, the person thus appointed may regularly give religious instruction to the children connected with all the Churches which enter into the arrangement.

In the same way, in cities, if such an arrangement were entered into, one minister or his authorized representative, might take all the children of the Churches thus combined who attend one school, and another those of another, and so on. Thus in Toronto the work might be so divided among the members of the Ministerial Association, or other similar bodies, as to have authorized religious teaching given at least once a week to all who through their parents or guardians choose to accept it.

## Hints for Young Christians.

NEVER neglect daily prayer, and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers. 1 John v. 14.

Never neglect daily private Bible reading, and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. All backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. John v. 39.

Never let a day pass without doing something for Jesus. Every morning, reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What am I doing for Him?" Matt. v. 3-16.

If you are ever in doubt as to a thing's being right or wrong, go to your room and consider whether you can do it in the name of Jesus, and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. iii. 17. If you cannot do this, it is wrong. Rom. xiv. 23.

Never take your Christianity from Christians or argue, because such and such people do so and so, that therefore you may. 2 Cor. x. 12. You are to ask yourself, "How would the Lord have me act?" Follow Him. John x. 27.

Never trust your feeling, or the opinions of men, if they contradict God's Word. If authorities are pleaded, still, "let God be true, but every man a liar." Rom. iii. 4.

## The Jewish Surgeon.

In a garret room in London a poor woman lay dying. A surgeon, who was a Jew, in visiting her, said: "My poor woman, you seem very ill; I am afraid you will not recover. Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you, sir," said the woman, "There is a New Testament behind my pillow, and I should be very glad if you would read a chapter to me."

The young man seemed surprised, but he took the Testament and did as desired. He continued to come and read to her for several days, and was greatly struck by the comfort and peace which the word of life seemed to give the poor invalid.

With almost her dying breath, the

poor woman gave the Testament to the Jewish surgeon, and urged him to read it. He took the book home with him, and determined to keep his promise. He read it diligently, and soon found Him of whom Moses and the Prophets wrote—Jesus the Messiah—and was enabled to believe in Him as "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

## A Noble Offering.

THE superintendent of one of the street-car railways leading out of New York in the country, told a touching story to a friend the other day which found its way into a city paper.

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. After some hesitation, he said, conquering great agitation:

"I have a favour to ask of you. I had a little boy, and I've lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change she found, she would put it away for the baby. Well, he's gone. Here is the box. We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion we could not do better than to bring the money to you to pay the fares of poor sick children out of town during the summer. It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty we will fill it. While we live we will keep up the bank."

The box has been twice emptied and filled, and hundreds of sick or dying children have owed this dead baby their one breath of fresh air this summer.

How much more tender and true is such a memorial of the beloved dead than a pretentious monument, or even a painted church window, beautiful though they be! In England it is a frequent practice to build and furnish a life-saving station on the coast, in remembrance of a friend who is gone, and in this country memorial beds in hospitals are becoming a usual way of keeping in memory those we have lost.

Surely if the dead can look back on earth, they are better pleased to know that kind, loving deeds are done in their names than to see them emblazoned on cold stone in forgotten grave-yards.

## The Lord's Prayer.

DEAR reader, have you ever thought how much is contained in the Lord's Prayer? It is indeed beautiful and instructive; and like a diamond in a queen's crown, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us—every one of us—to look to God as our parent: "Our Father."

It teaches us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth: "Which art in heaven."

It tells that we must reverence our Heavenly Father: "Hallowed be thy name."

It breathes in hopeful words the saints' reward: "Thy Kingdom come."

And a submissive, obedient spirit: "Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit: "Deliver us from evil."

And, last of all, an adoring spirit: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

—Friendly Visitor.



OLD FORTIFIED MEETING-HOUSE, ON BURIAL HILL.

**Beautiful Feet.**

What if the feet be tired,  
With running God's errands sweet?  
'Twas said of His messengers long ago—  
How beautiful are their feet!

Whether the road to tread  
Be a lengthened and weary way,  
Or the dull routine of a narrowed sphere—  
Small duties, the same each day—

Either of these, and both  
Will be cheered by His constant smile  
If the feet trudge on at His love's command  
In patience a little while.

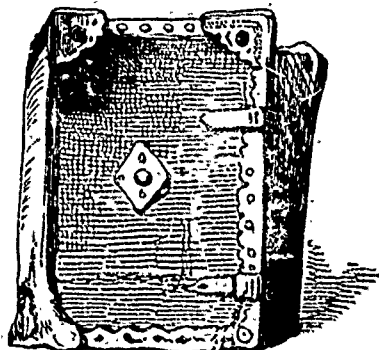
Stained with travel and toil  
May the feet of the worker be,  
And the steps nigh fail for their weariness,  
Yet the heart be glad and free.

Soon will those "kept" feet stand  
Untired in heaven's glorious street,  
While the angel harps sound a welcome  
tune  
The visitors to own and greet.

Sandalled in light they'll come—  
Earth's workers with heaven's to meet,  
While the angel-choirs sing in chorus grand—  
"How beautiful are their feet!"  
—Annie Maston Watson.

**The Church and Temperance.**

It is only about fifty years since the first active and united efforts commenced in the interests of the cause of temperance in this country. The work that has been done in this half-century is certainly most encouraging, and although the enemy has not been completely destroyed, yet the results of the aggressive efforts that have been made are enough to warrant us in carrying on the good cause with still greater zeal. Fifty years ago the use of intoxicating liquor, by farmers in gathering their crops, and by mechanics in their shops and homes, was almost a universal habit. Fifty years ago there were very few temperance societies, and the pulpit was almost silent concerning this giant evil. Now the position is



JOHN ALDEN'S BIBLE.

entirely different. Temperance Associations have been formed; men of ability and influence have spoken and written on the subject until public sentiment has almost entirely changed. It is no longer considered a respectable thing for a man to habitually indulge in intoxicating drinks; and in all positions of trust total abstinence men are invariably given the preference. The Church now takes a very different stand on the temperance question. Instead of refraining to refer to the matter at all, the evil of intemperance is being attacked on all sides by ministers of the Gospel of various denominations. The press, religious and secular, is giving more and more attention to the subject, and never was there so much good temperance literature being circulated as to-day.

In looking at the progress that has been made during the past few years, and considering the prospect for the next decade, nothing is more cheering than the advanced position now taken by the Churches, and, we may say, especially by the Methodist Church. The temperance question was regarded very differently by the Church than it is to-day, even within the memory of many of our readers. It is said that a Church in the eastern part of Canada, some years ago, actually rented its basement as a wine and beer storehouse, while the upper part still continued to be used for the preaching of the Gospel. The trustees became somewhat ashamed of the use to which they had allowed their building to be put when a wag placed a placard over the front door, on a Sunday morning, bearing the inscription,—

"A Spirit above, and a spirit below,  
A Spirit of love and a spirit of woe:  
The Spirit above is the Spirit divine,  
The spirit below is the spirit of wine."

Such a thing as a Church employed, even indirectly, in the liquor business, seems to us now scarcely possible, which simply shows that a wonderful change has taken place in public sentiment, and more especially among Christian people. The Church should not, however, rest satisfied with what has been done. The temperance question is the great living question of the day, and must be dealt with. The Church is an institution which aims at overthrowing evil, and cultivating and encouraging the purest morality. It has the true remedy for vice—the

Gospel of Christ—and ought, therefore, by example and action, seek to so influence public opinion that this traffic in strong drink shall be declared illegal. Much has been done, there is still room for improvement. There are still many members and adherents in all our Churches who, if not direct patrons of the liquor trade, are at least indifferent and careless in opposing it. In a pamphlet by the late Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, published a year or two ago, the author makes the following astounding statement. He says: "I have no doubt that the money expended by the Presbyterian Church in the United States for intoxicating drinks amounts every year to more than all the receipts of our Home and Foreign Missionary Societies; and the total amount expended for drinks in the United States, if devoted to the national debt, would pay it in four years." If this statement be true, there is yet much to be done in the Church itself before we may expect it to enter very energetically into aggressive movements against the traffic. In the agitations now going on in different countries, and in the great conflicts for prohibition, the Church ought to lead. The cause of temperance reform is certainly a legitimate field for Christian activity. Let all ministers of the Gospel, all members of Christian Churches, be pledged to total abstinence, and moreover pledged to work for the complete overthrow of intemperance, and we believe the good cause would soon triumph.—E. H. Dewart, D.D., in *Shot and Shell, for the Temperance Conflict*.

**How the Answer Came.**

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"A STORY boys? Yes, come here, and I'll tell you a story of my own boyhood."

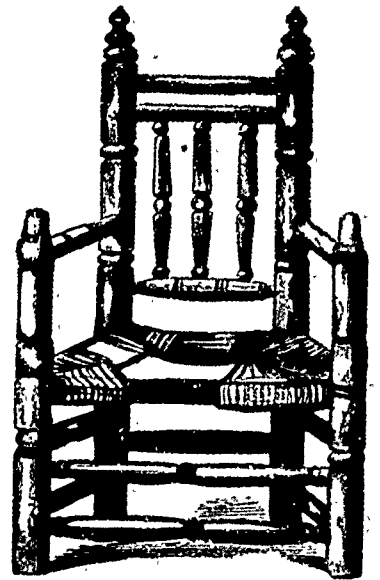
They gathered around the old doctor and listened while he went on:

"I wasn't the kind of boy you are. I never had a carpeted bedroom nor curtains at the windows to keep the morning sun from awakening me too early. I washed myself at a bench by the old well-curb, and never wore shoes except on Sundays. As to my clothes, I don't know whether you fine young gentlemen would be most likely to laugh or be horrified at the idea of wearing every day what I thought fine for Sunday.

"The hardest time I ever knew was the autumn when my father died and left my poor mother, broken down with sickness and sorrow, to my sole care. The day after his funeral I went out and looked at the bare, rocky hills that surrounded our home, not with any reflections as to their bareness, for I had never dreamed of their being any better country than old New Hampshire, but in a sort of despairing wonder how a living was to be wrung out of them for mother and myself, much less the education which I had never given up hoping I might some day obtain.

"I'm afraid it's rather a poor lookout for us this fall, mother," I said, going back to her after finding nothing encouraging out of doors.

"There's been hard times before, dear," she said, "but the Lord has



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

always brought us through, and He will now."

"I did not remind her how much harder it must be now that father was no longer with us to help in the struggle; there was no need of that. I knew I had to work out the matter myself somehow, and I meant to do it. I had to work and she had to trust, and I thought in those times the working was a great deal the easier of the two. It's better to learn as early as you can, boys, to do both, for working and trusting go well together.

"Everything which could be sold off the little farm had been sold to meet the heavy expenses, even to the growing crops. As they matured I hauled them to market, and then stood one morning trying to catch a word in my Latin grammar as I waited while my team of poor old horses took their last drink at my trough before being driven to the neighbour who had bought them, their price going to pay the last debt.

"A good way to earn your bread," said a sharp sneering tone beside me.

"Mr. Flint, one of the thriftiest farmers in our neighbourhood, had paused to speak to me.

"It's all I can find to do just now," I said.

"If that's so I'll give you a job," he said.

"I was glad enough to hear of anything I could get, for the barest comforts for my mother depended on what I could do, so I hired with him to tend sheep, although a hard master and for poor pay; but there were few chances, and I was thankful for anything to do.

"The flock was large, and I was to share the care with a half-witted son of the farmer, poor good-natured Billy, who had just enough brightness to care for the gentle creatures he loved and who seemed each one to know him. The pasture lay on a long slope, too barren for anything but to graze sheep. As long as they kept on the lower side of this they were safe and required little watching, but the upper side was bordered by steep, rocky crags which overlooked a small lake. If the sheep strayed in this direction, then look out, for the fencing was scanty and Farmer Flint relentless.

"The days were long and the real work so trifling that I got into a way of slipping my Latin grammar into my pocket and snatching a few moments at it now and then. I persuaded myself it was a perfectly safe and honest thing to do, but I might have known, if I had been entirely frank with

myself, that there was some doubt about it when I found that I was very careful never to let Mr. Flint see it.

"It's a good way to decide a thing is perfectly right, boys, to find out whether there's a single soul you're afraid or ashamed should know it.

"Well, on one dreadful day I became so absorbed in a verb that I forgot everything else until a shriek from Billy aroused me. I looked and saw one of the sheep breaking its way through the old fence at the very top of the pasture. We both ran with all our might, but our shouts probably frightened the poor animal, for it only worked its way the more quickly through, and then, instead of stopping to browse on the other side, rushed on, and we saw it disappear over the steep rocks.

"I ran back a moment to make sure the other sheep were safe below, and then with Billy climbed down to ascertain the fate of the wanderer. To my great dismay I found my worst fears realized. Its poor life had been beaten out by the fall, and it was just drawing its last breath as it lay on the water's edge.

"Billy put his arms around the poor thing and cried till my heart ached for him. I had a heavier burden to bear than his sorrow, though, for I well knew that Farmer Flint would turn me away the moment he knew of the disaster.

"And as it all stared me in the face—the thought of winter approaching and my mother suffering from absolute want—Satan met me with a suggestion of a very fair way out of the difficulty.

"The sheep pasture had been divided so that Billy and I each had charge of about one-half. I noticed that the sheep had been very near Billy's half when it fell over. Now, what more easy than to drag the dead animal a little farther and make it appear that it had fallen through Billy's neglect instead of mine?

"I could find some very smooth reasoning to bolster me up. Billy would not suffer by it, for the one tender spot in Farmer Flint's hard heart was held securely by this poor stricken boy of his. And one of Billy's peculiarities was that of forgetting a thing the moment it was out of his sight, so that I knew he would soon be laughing as heartily with the living sheep as he was now mourning over the dead one.

"Surely, in view of all this I might be justified in merely putting an appearance on the thing which could injure no one.

"You see, boys, I was almost thrown.

"Run up and watch the sheep, Billy," I said.

"Then I took hold of the sheep. Then I let go. Something almost seemed taking hold of me.

"I drew from an inside pocket of my old blouse a Testament which my father had read until his eyes had dimmed to all earthly sights. I read on the fly-leaf words traced by his hand:

"Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding."

"I knelt down on the sand. My own understanding just now was that my only hope of finding employment for the winter would be gone, that my mother would be a sufferer if I did not try by a subterfuge to conceal the fact of my having done the mischief.

"But before I had got up I had flung my own understanding to the

winds. I drew my knife across the throat of the dead sheep, that it might be in a fit condition for being used for food, and made my way back up the rocks, still, however, with the earnest prayer that Farmer Flint might not turn me adrift.

"I met him on the way and told him what had happened. I was quite prepared for the rage into which he flew.

"All because of your wretched books!" he exclaimed; and before I knew what he was about to do, he had seized the Testament which I still held in my hand and flung it into the lake. "Now, go."

"I went, and told my mother the whole story, finding great comfort in her hearty sympathy, and in her strong faith, which seemed to beam forth more brightly as everything else grew darker.

"Weeks now passed during which I waited and searched till my very heart failed me, for weeks seem long to boys. I still kept a sort of desperate hold on the words, 'Lean not unto thine own understanding;' they came before my eyes as written by my father's hand as plainly as though they were not lying in the bottom of the little lake.

"But even they almost slipped away when my mother's health seemed to fail so completely that I at last made a visit to a new doctor who had come to the village which lay in the valley below the hills, after waiting because of seeing no prospect of paying him till I dared wait no longer.

"He came and talked with her and desired me to come to his office next day. I did so, and finding it empty, sat down to wait.

"I have seen many a fine, well-appointed office since then, but never one which so filled me with such an impression of richness as that shabby twelve-by-fourteen room; for its walls were lined with books from floor to ceiling. I had not realized that any one man in the world had so many.

"On the table near me lay a Latin grammar, which I opened, and presently, seizing a piece of wrapping-paper from the floor, began copying from it as fast as I could. I was so absorbed that I heard nothing until some one said,

"You seem very busy!"

"I sprang up with an awkward bow.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I was copying a bit here where some leaves are gone in my grammar."

"Who teaches you Latin?" he asked.

"Nobody now; my father did a little while he lived."

"The doctor talked with me, finding out my eager desire to work, then spoke of my mother.

"Do you know that she never can be better while she is exposed to the winds up on those hills?"

"My very heart seemed to stand still at this, for where else could she go?"

"His next question was equally startling.

"Could you come and work in my office?"

"What a heaven seemed suggested by it! But it was much more easily answered than his other question.

"I could not leave my mother, sir."

"Well, not to lengthen my story, after a little more acquaintance the doctor astonished us with another proposition. It was that our few acres on the hill should be sold, and that my mother should buy a tiny house in the

village. In the course of time this was done, her health soon greatly improved. I went into the doctor's office, and he stood my firm friend until the day I graduated.

"If my prayers had been answered according to my own understanding, I should probably have been Farmer Flint's drudge all through my young days."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

#### The Way to Heaven.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summits round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from its common clod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,  
By what we have mastered of good or gain,  
By the pride deposed or the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings,  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for angels, but feet for men!  
We may borrow the wings to find a way,  
We may hope and resolve, and aspire and pray,  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again!

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillar of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

#### A Chopped Bible.

A FEW years ago, a Bible contributor, while passing through a village in Western Massachusetts, was told of a family in whose home there was not even the cheapest copy of Scriptures—so intense was the hostility of the husband to Christianity.

The contributor started at once to visit the family, and found the wife hanging out the week's washing. In the course of a pleasant conversation, he handed her a neatly bound Bible.

With a smile that said, "Thank you," she held out her hand, but instantly withdrew it. She hesitated to accept the gift, knowing that her husband would be displeased if she took it.

A few pleasant words followed, in which the man spoke of the need of the Bible to that need, and the woman resolved to take the gift. Just then, her husband came from behind the house with an axe on his shoulder.

Seeing the Bible in his wife's hand, he looked threateningly at her, and then said to the contributor, "What do you want, sir, with my wife?"

The frank words of the Christian man, spoken in a manly way, so far softened his irritation that he replied to him with civility. But stepping up to his wife, he took the Bible from her hand saying:

"We have always had everything in common, and we'll have this too." Placing the Bible on the chopping block, he cut it in two parts with one blow of the axe. Giving one part to

his wife, and putting the other part in his pocket, he walked away.

Several days after this division of the Bible, he was in the forest chopping wood. At noon he seated himself on a log, and began eating his dinner. The discovered Bible suggested itself. He took it from his coat pocket, and his eye fell upon the last page. He began reading, and was soon interested in the story of the Prodigal Son. But his part ended with the son's exclamation, "I will arise and go to my father."

At night he said to his wife, with affected carelessness, "Let me have your part of that Bible. I've been reading about a boy who ran away from home, and after having a hard time, decided to go back, and how the old man received him."

The wife's heart beat violently, but she mastered her joy and quietly handed her husband her part without a word.

He read the story through and then re-read it. He read on far in the night. But not a word did he say to his wife.

During the leisure moments of the next day, his wife saw him reading the now joined parts, and at night he said abruptly, "Wife! I think that the best book I ever read."

Day after day he read it. His wife noticed his few words which indicated that he was becoming attached to it. One day he said, "Wife! I'm going to try and live by that book; I guess it is the best sort of a guide for a man."

And he did. A strong prejudice against religious truth, growing out of a partial conviction of its necessity, is often followed by a changed life, and such was this experience.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### A Plucked Brand.

JACK TURNER was a hard case, so his friends said: swearing, blasphemous, ribald, he never went to church, he ridiculed religion, he declared "It was all stuff and nonsense, and that pious people were a fraud." He had an interesting family, was a steady and capable workman, but no religion for him, he could get along without it. Good people never thought it possible he would be converted, they had given him up long ago. He had lived past middle age and was the same swearing Jack Turner. But somebody must have been praying for him, he was the "one sinner" some one was casting their net for. He began to come to church, he was seen in the prayer-meeting with his happy wife, his shop-mates saw he had ceased swearing, he was more quiet, he had on a different expression, he seemed to be thinking intently. At last his voice was heard in prayer-meeting; halting, ungrammatical, quaintly worded, were his petitions, but they had the genuine ring; they took hold of the altar. Some of the brethren thought he had better keep quiet for a while, but Turner had been redeemed and he wished the world to know it.

The men at the Works said "If there was anything in Christianity, Jack Turner had got it," he was honest, consistent, earnest, he became a "living epistle," and to-day is leading a godly life in a wicked world.

MADAGASCAR has now its first newspaper, composed and printed by the people themselves, and published once a fortnight.

## In School Days.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its walls;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls  
And brown eyes, full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favour singled;  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Whore pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered:  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hands light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child face is showing;  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him,  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her—because they love him.

—John G. Whittier.

## "Ye Did It Unto Me."

BY MRS. G. HALL.

## AN INCIDENT ON BOARD A FERRY-BOAT.

It is a lovely morning in October,  
With its sapphire sky overhead,  
And the blue violet river far as the eye can  
reach, decked with many a snowy sail.  
The ferry-boat swiftly plies across the  
waves, bearing its usual freight of  
business men, clerks, porters and  
errand boys, of every grade and nation,  
to their various occupations in the  
great city; while here and there are  
women in silks and satins, feathers and  
jewels—women only fitted to bask in  
the sunshine—side by side with those  
whose lives are ground out of them  
day after day, by arduous labour and  
inadequate pay.

Amid this motley group, a pinched  
and weary woman paced the deck from  
stem to stern, bearing in her arms a  
child so emaciated, that were it not for  
the movement of the tiny hands as it  
tried to press them against the poor  
mother's cheek, with an almost indis-  
tinct murmur of pain, it would have  
seemed the very counterpart of death.

The poor, heart-broken parent is not  
thinking of the sapphire sky, nor the  
river with its many sails, as she clasps  
to her breast the one frail flower that  
God has given her. Only a mother  
could have cared much for that queer  
bit of humanity, so out of proportion,  
and not a feature of the little face  
rightly adjusted, and yet, for this  
strange little waif food and rest had  
been all forgotten, if she could only  
keep the flickering taper yet alive.

Backward and forward she paced,  
soothing the child's restless moanings,

the great mother heart all the same,  
even if the little thing is not as comely  
as other children,—she is all the world  
to her. What matter, too, if her gar-  
ments are threadbare, or if her home is  
a very desolate one. She has left it,  
hoping all things from the health-  
restoring breeze she is now seeking for  
her child, for she has been told there is  
but a single chance. Tenderly she  
moves the child from shoulder to  
shoulder, she kisses the thin cheek, but  
still the child moans. The boat has  
nearly reached the pier,—and now all  
go on shore, all but the weary mother,  
who is ready to sink from exhaustion  
and want of food, and she is told to go,  
too, by the hard-hearted ferry-master.  
"Oh! good sir, you will not be so  
cruel, when it may save my baby's  
life!" she timidly pleads. "Will you  
not let me go across once more, just  
once? The doctor says it is all I can do  
for my baby." Others might go, but she  
cannot even go once without another  
penny, he tells her, and she has not  
another one.

How can she reach her home then,  
wretched as it is? Again she pleads,  
with all the eloquence of her mother  
heart, but it is of no avail. The surly  
officer assures her that she must pay  
the penny at once, or be arrested as a  
vagrant. The heart-broken mother  
staggers, and is about to fall. She  
cries in her despair to God for help,  
and He who hears the lowest breath-  
ing of His name, is not deaf to that  
agonized call.

People crowd again into the cabin,  
and like the Levite of old, all pass by,  
and take no heed to the cruel words  
that have fallen upon the pained ear of  
love, except to gaze with curious eyes  
upon her, or to be told by some impu-  
dent urchin that she had better put  
her baby into the menagerie for a  
show.

But wait! One passenger hears the  
conversation and stops,—a woman  
plainly clad, with a basket upon her  
arm. She has known what it is to  
walk the earth with the skeleton, star-  
vation at her side, and can hardly now  
keep soul and body together, though  
she works from dawn to dark.

Her eyes are full of sympathy as she  
bends an earnest gaze upon the child.  
She too has a baby, and it is sick.  
How her kind, loving look stills the  
poor mother's throbbing heart, and  
when she places in her child's slender  
fingers a little red rose she is carrying  
home to her own feeble child, and  
from the time-worn wallet puts a penny  
in the hard ferry-master's hand, and  
several more into the troubled mother's  
honest palm, with a kindly pressure,  
the baby looks up in her face as if it  
were the face of an angel, while a  
smile passes over the little wrinkled  
face, and a faint flush brightens the  
pallid cheek, as if it understood the  
kindly deed. And grateful tears flow  
down the mother's cheeks because her  
baby smiles once more. What matter  
now if "the barrel of meal is empty,  
or if the cruise of oil has failed?"  
What if the home be cheerless and  
desolate, with its scanty comfort? She  
will never forget the friendly act; and  
though she may not again see the face  
of her benefactor, life will seem ever-  
more brighter, and the breeze more  
life-giving for that timely aid to the  
lonely woman and her suffering child.

And as the poor seamstress goes on  
her way, she does not think that one  
day she will find a bright, bright star  
in her crown of rejoicing for those

tender offices, which resulted in the  
restoration to health of the feeble  
infant, with her simple, earnest words,  
with the baptism of sympathetic tears,  
consecrating mother and child, gave  
new courage to the fainting mother, as  
she too went on her homeward way.  
Yes, not only the star in the crown,  
but in that day when God makes up  
His jewels, He will surely say to her:  
"Ye did it unto Me, because ye did it  
for that poor child of Mine."—Selected.

## One By One.

One by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going—  
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each;  
Let no future dreams elate thee—  
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)  
Joys are sent thee here below;  
Take them readily when given—  
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,  
Do not fear an armed band;  
One will fade while others greet thee,  
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee for to-morrow—  
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passion's hour despond;  
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links—God's token—  
Reaching Heaven, but one by one,  
Take them lest the chain be broken.  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

## Travelling in the West on a Dark Stormy Night.

A LAWYER was up to his saddle in  
mud. He came where two roads met;  
either was bad enough. The only  
person he met, in answer to the ques-  
tion which was the best road, said,  
"Neither. If you take the one, you  
will wish you had taken the other."  
In a miserable hut he sought shelter.  
He seated himself by the fire. The  
walls were hung with bowie-knives  
and shot-guns, like a banditti's den.  
He wished he had braved the elements.  
The old man looked like a prairie  
ruffian. Soon, the son came in, looking  
like a bandit. A long, low, earnest  
conversation was carried on; the con-  
sultation related to himself. Robbery  
was expected; perhaps murder. Pale  
with terror, he resolved to flee. The  
old man said, "We are a rough people,  
and live by hunting. We start early  
in the morning. Before we go to bed,  
we always read the Bible, and have  
prayer. Have you any objection?"  
"Oh! no," said the man. Tears came  
into his eyes, for he knew those who  
prayed did not cut throats. He said,  
"How is this? This seemed like a  
banditti's den. Yet I feel as safe as if  
I was pressing the bosom of my mother.  
There must be something in religion.  
I will seek my mother's Saviour, and  
my mother's God, and work for him  
the rest of my life."

DRUNKENNESS IN LIVERPOOL.—In  
Liverpool last year there were 22,000  
convictions for drunkenness, of which  
no fewer than 10,000 were against  
women.

## Water-Drops.

In one year, in the municipal labo-  
ratory of Paris, 3,361 samples of wine  
were examined, and more than one-  
half found to be bad, while 202 were  
positively dangerous.

WOMEN AND PUBLIC-HOUSES.—Arch-  
deacon Farrar recently stated that in  
four hours in one evening in an Eng-  
lish city 36,803 women were seen go-  
ing into public-houses.

AN honest old farmer once, address-  
ing a school-house audience on tem-  
perance, confessed that he had been a  
drinker. "But, my friends," said he  
in conclusion, "I never drank to suc-  
cess."

WILWOOD READE, the celebrated  
African traveller, says: "Brandy and  
water is certainly the most prevalent  
and fatal cause of disease on the West  
Coast of Africa. 'Died of brandy and  
water,' is a common phrase."

THE Queen of Madagascar, in a re-  
cent proclamation forbidding her sub-  
jects either to sell or drink rum, says:  
"I cannot take a revenue from any-  
thing that will debase and degrade my  
people."

It is calculated that about 2,377,736  
acres of land in the United Kingdom  
are devoted to the reduction of the raw  
material used for brewing and distilla-  
tion. This is exclusive of the 60,000  
acres used for hop growing, and repre-  
sents nearly one-nineteenth of the acre-  
age of land under cultivation.

MR. MACKAY, of the Nyanza Mis-  
sion, writes: "Drink is the curse of  
Africa. Go where you will, you will  
find every week, and, where grain is  
plentiful, every night, man, woman and  
child reeling from the effects of alcohol.  
The vast waste of Africa is ruined with  
rum."

THREE-FOURTHS of the Bibles shipped  
from New York to foreign mission sta-  
tions go to Mexico and South America.  
After the Bible has been so long pro-  
hibited in these nominally Christian  
lands, this is a great triumph.

SAID one wealthy Christian mer-  
chant: "I was the son of a minister  
who had never more than \$200 salary;  
but I never went to the monthly con-  
cert without my penny, and I have  
kept up the giving habit, by the grace  
of God, from that time to this."

THE female missionaries in the in-  
terior of China have access to the rich  
as well as the poor women. All classes  
seem interested in their labours. Opium-  
smoking is rare among the women of  
Southern China, but is said to be more  
common in other parts of the Empire.  
It is reported that fifty of the students  
recently recalled from America are to  
be sent back to complete their studies.

BISHOP FOSTER, of the Methodist  
Church, after his recent official tour  
round the world, speaking of the cheap-  
ness of wages in India, said that twenty-  
three men servants are hired there for  
what two servant girls receive in this  
country. "And I often thought," said  
he, "that every missionary ought to  
hire twenty-three of the Hindu ser-  
vants in order to bring them within  
the range of Christian influence."

THE best Christian apologetics are  
Christian missions. Never are the di-  
vine origin and power of the gospel so  
apparent as when this gospel is carried,  
with the living faith and devotion, to  
the sinful and benighted.



## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## PAUL VINDICATED.

A.D. 60.] LESSON XII. [March 22.  
Acts 26. 19-32. Commit to mem. vs. 22, 23.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.—Acts 26 22.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

God calls us; let us obey.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 26. 1-18. Th. Isa. 53. 1-12.  
T. Acts 26. 19-32. F. Isa. 60. 1-22.  
W. Matt. 3. 1-12. Sa. John 10. 1-21.  
Su. Luke 18. 18-30.

TIME.—First of August, A.D. 60.

PLACE.—Caesarea; in Herod's palace.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Paul had been defending and explaining the Gospel before Governor Festus, King Agrippa, his sister Bernice, and a brilliant assembly of officers and leading men of Caesarea. Our lesson begins with a continuation of his address.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—19. *Whereupon*—After seeing Christ and hearing him, before Damascus. 20. *That they should repent*—Paul's preaching was practical. This, and the following, was the aim of his labours. 21. *Caught me in the temple*—(see Acts 21. 28-31.) Two years before. 23. *Rise from the dead*—His Saviour and king was a living Saviour, and divine. 27. *I know that thou believest*—He believed with the head, not the heart. 28. *Almost thou persuadest me*—There are three interpretations of this phrase—(1) As given here. (2) As in the Rev. Ver., "With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian." "Do you expect to change me with so little argument as you can use in this brief speech?" (3) "In a little time thou persuadest me;" i.e., either seriously, "If you keep on, you will soon persuade me," or ironically, "Do you expect to persuade me in this brief time?" 29. *Were both almost and altogether*—or as in the Rev. Ver., "Whether with little or with much;" or as Alford, "Both in small measure and in great."

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The circumstances.—Paul's ministry (v. 20).—Repentance.—The Christ Paul preached.—Festus' view of Paul's preaching.—vs. 28, 29.—The results of the trial.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul? How long since his imprisonment? Before what audience was he speaking? What point in the history of his conversion had he reached in his address?

SUBJECT: DIFFERENT WAYS OF TREATING GOD'S INVITATIONS.

## I. PAUL'S WAY (vs. 19-23).

(1) *Obedience*.—To what "heavenly vision" does Paul refer? To what had God in this vision called him? How did Paul treat the call? Have we had similar invitations? (Isa. 55. 1; Matt. 4. 17; 11. 28-30; Rev. 22. 17.) How have you treated these invitations? How far does our salvation depend on God, and how far on ourselves?

(2) *Works for Christ*.—What did Paul do as soon as converted? In what places did he preach? Meaning of "coasts"? Do all who really love Christ want to tell others of him? By whose help did Paul continue in the Christian life and work?

(3) *Teachings*.—What was the practical teaching of Paul? (v. 20.) What is repentance? What is it to turn to God? What are the works meet for repentance? What was his doctrinal teaching? Where were these things taught in the Old Testament? Is Christ the centre of all true Christian doctrine?

II. FESTUS' WAY (vs. 24, 25).—What did Festus think of Paul's teachings? Why did Paul seem to him to be a lunatic? Does the Christian life seem thus to any persons now? Who are the ones who are "beside themselves"? What was Paul's reply to Festus?

III. AGRIPPA'S WAY (vs. 26-29).—What was King Agrippa's knowledge of the Gospel? What was his belief? Did his faith and knowledge make him a Christian? What was lacking? What did he say to Paul? Was he sincere? What would it have cost him to become a Christian? What was Paul's answer? What had Paul that was superior to what Agrippa possessed? What exception did Paul make? Apply this to the Christians' desire that all men should be like them.

IV. THE VINDICATION (vs. 30-32).—What was the result of this hearing? Why was

it better for Paul that he was not set at liberty?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God gives us all a call to the Christian life.
2. We must each for himself decide whether we will obey the call.
3. As soon as we know Christ we should seek to lead others to him.
4. Our teaching should be both practical and doctrinal.
5. True repentance will be proved by its fruits.
6. An earnest, devoted, self-denying Christian seems to be beside himself in the eyes of the worldly.
7. There is no madness so great as the neglect of eternal life for the sake of worldly pleasures.
8. One may know the truth, and believe it, and yet not be a Christian.

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

15. What did Paul do after his conversion? ANS. He preached the Gospel to the Jews and Gentiles. 16. What was his practical teaching? ANS. That men should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. 17. What was his doctrinal teaching? ANS. The crucified and risen Christ. 18. What did Festus say to Paul? ANS. Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad. 19. What did Agrippa say? ANS. Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. 20. What did Paul reply? (Repeat v. 29.)

## LESSON XIII. [March 29.

## REVIEW AND EASTER LESSON.

## REVIEW.

(Scripture Lesson.—The Golden Texts of the Quarter, or Paul's review of his ministry, Acts 20. 17-36; in Lessons II. and III.)

## GOLDEN TEXT.

But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.—Acts 20. 24.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 20. 1-38. Th. Acts 23. 1-35.  
T. Acts 21. 1-40. F. Acts 24. 1-27.  
W. Acts 22. 1-30. Sa. Acts 25. 1-27.  
Su. Acts 26. 1-32.

## QUESTIONS.

I. TIME.—At what date do the lessons of this quarter begin? Over how many years do they extend? How old was Paul at this time? How many years had the Gospel now been preached?

II. TERRITORY.—In what countries had the Gospel obtained a foothold? Name some of the principal cities where there were churches.

III. PERSONS.—Name the leading Christians who are connected with Paul during this quarter. With what other persons did he come in contact?

IV. MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.—How many great missionary journeys had Paul made? How long was he gone on each of them? (See Chart of Chronology.) Trace them out on the map.

V. THE RETURN OF THE MISSIONARY.—On which of the three journeys do we find Paul at the beginning of this quarter? How long had he been on it? Where had he spent most of his time? Where do we find him in our first lesson? Trace on the map his journey from Corinth, and give the leading dates. At what time did he arrive at Jerusalem?

VI. EVENTS.—What took place at Troas? What did Paul do at Miletus? What warning did he receive at Tyre? What at Caesarea? What occurred at Jerusalem? What plot was laid against Paul? How did he escape? Where? How long and in what circumstances was he at Caesarea?

VII. PAUL'S REVIEW OF HIS CONVERSION.—How many times does Paul relate the story of his conversion? Give a brief account of his life? What lesson can you learn from this story?

VIII. PAUL'S REVIEW OF HIS MINISTRY.—At what place did Paul give an account of his way of preaching the Gospel? Before whom? What do you learn from this of Paul's spirit? Of his earnestness? His faithfulness? His hopes? His unselfishness? What were the chief subjects on which he preached? Why did the Jews persecute Paul so fiercely?

IX. LESSONS.—What are some of the chief practical lessons you learn from Paul's

life and work? From Felix? From Festus? From Agrippa?

## EASTER LESSON.

(Scripture.—John 20. 1-22.)

## GOLDEN TEXT.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

I. THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.—What is the meaning of Easter? When was Christ crucified? When did he rise again? What proof is there that he became alive again? (1 Cor. 15. 5-8.) How is this appearance to Paul at his conversion a proof that he is living? How was the gift of the Spirit at Pentecost, in fulfilment of his promise, a proof? Could any but a living being do the wonderful works which have taken place under Christianity?

(1) *That we have a Living Saviour*.—How could we know that Jesus is alive unless he had come back from the dead? What promise did he make his disciples? (Matt. 28. 20.) Could he fulfil this if he were not alive? Could he fulfil any of his promises to us? What is he doing now? (Acts 7. 55; Heb. 7. 25.)

(2) *That Jesus was the Messiah, the Promised Saviour*.—What does Paul say in 1 Cor. 15. 14-17? How does the resurrection prove that Christ was from God? How else could Jesus prove that he came from God, except by returning to those who once knew him? How else could he show that he was the everlasting king over the whole world, but by showing that he is alive and reigning in heaven? Could he be God unless he was stronger than death?

(3) *That there is a Life beyond the Grave*.—How does the resurrection of Christ prove that the soul does not die with the body? Why is the death of a Christian called a sleep?

II. THE RESURRECTION OF THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.—What is meant by the resurrection of the dead? (John 5. 28; 1 Cor. 15. 42-44, 50-54; Phil. 3. 20, 21.) Does this same body rise so that it is we ourselves who are raised? What changes must be made in our present bodies? (1 Cor. 15. 37-45; Matt. 22. 30.) How does Paul illustrate this change? (1 Cor. 15. 37; 38.) How is spring a type of the resurrection? Give some illustration of the changes that may be made, the new powers given, the enlarged sphere of life. What will our bodies be like? (Phil. 3. 20.)

(1) *It gives Largeness and Grandness to Life*.—How long shall we live after we are raised from the dead? Why does immortality make life worth living? How does it give importance to all we are and do here? How is it a motive for living a true Christian life?

(2) *It gives us Comfort when we think of our Friends who have gone before*.—Where are our Christian friends who have died? Shall we know them? Did the disciples know Jesus? (Matt. 17. 3, 4; Luke 16. 23-25; Matt. 22. 32.) How does Christ's resurrection assure us that we shall meet them again?

(3) *It leads us to seek to be prepared for this Resurrection*.—What was Paul's aim? (Phil. 3. 11.) Can the wicked have part in this glorious resurrection? (John 5. 29.) How may we have part in the resurrection of the just? (John 3. 3, 5, 16.)

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