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WOMEN AND SCHOOLS

Do unto others
As ye would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

ROLPH SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Elizabeth Fry.

NINETY-FOUR years ago there lived in Norwich, England, a motherless girl of twelve years. Her mother had just died, and she was left in the care of others. She was sensitive and timid. Without a good, pious mother to guide such a nature she was at a great loss. To add to her misfortune she was considered dull and did not like to study. She grew obstinate and became worldly-minded. She loved dress, and wore a scarlet riding habit and purple sleeves with scarlet lacings. She was fond of music and dancing, and these led her into excitement, vanity and flirtation. These things went on until she was seventeen years of age. It will not do to forget her name. It was Elizabeth, and her father's name was John Gurney. She was born May 21, 1780.

Elizabeth's mother was an earnest Christian. Her firmness of character was such that the influence of it never left her daughter. At the age of seventeen the prayers of that good mother for her began to be answered, and Elizabeth's heart was led to God. Although there were many influences to lead her away from Christ, she remained firm in her mother's faith. Her former timidity was changed into courage. Her obstinacy

turned into a godly firmness in what she believed to be right. The Gospel she heard preached gave her new views of life and duty. She learned the value of that excellent Christian grace, self-sacrifice for the good of others. She felt that God had called her to do some great work, and with a noble firmness of soul she devoted herself to it, not dreaming of the greatness of the work which she should accomplish. One of the secrets of her great success may be learned from some of her latest words. She said, "Since my heart was touched at seven-



ELIZABETH FRY.

teen years old, I believe I have never awakened from my sleep, day or night, without my first thought being how best I might serve the Lord."

Some time after her conversion she united with the Quakers, whose doctrines and customs she fully endorsed and observed. In 1800 she was married to Joseph Fry. In 1813 she made her first visit to Newgate prison, and four years after that she succeeded in establishing a school and manufactory within the prison, organized a ladies' association for the reformation of the prisoners, and thenceforward

devoted all her energies to prison reform. A writer in an exchange gives the following account of her beautiful and heroic life:

"Soon after she united with the Quakers her fitness to expound the Scriptures was recognized, and her eloquence and power as a preacher gave her great influence. But it was as a prison reformer that she was most eminent. The revolting conditions of prison life in Great Britain at that time, and the causes that led to it, cannot be detailed in a sketch like this. To visit Newgate as Mrs. Fry

first found it, was like going into a den of infuriated wild beasts. Women, almost without clothing, huddled together, screaming, begging, and threatening with awful violence. Not long afterward, under the influence of Mrs. Fry, the change was marvellous. Loud and angry words were no longer heard; order and propriety now reigned. As related by a visitor, the picture was one never to be forgotten. Around a table, occupied in sewing, were many of the women who so lately had been filled with wrath and turbulence. At the head of the table sat Mrs. Fry, reading the Bible, and explaining as she read, while all listened respectfully, and many with eager interest. Instead of scowling, leering, and ill-suppressed laughing, there was in the countenances of the women an expression of self-respect and consciousness of their improved character and condition.

The work begun at Newgate broadened, till not only in England, but throughout Great Britain, the Channel Islands, and Continental Europe, her influence was brought to bear upon the elevation of prison regulations and convict life; remedies in modes of punishment and discipline; and the erection of buildings necessary to the carrying out of her system. In her extensive travels, she was received by royalty and government officials everywhere with great cordiality. They followed her counsels, and joined her in measures of reform; and she enjoyed the rare privilege of living to see most of her reforms become laws of the land. Organizations were founded by her for the improvement of prison life for female and juvenile convicts; for the improvement of prison discipline; for the protection and reformation of juvenile offenders, and of females after

leaving prison; for the protection of servants in times of emergency; and, in fact, for almost every phase of human need; her last effort of the kind being the founding of an order called the "Nursing Sisters," a band of women to be trained as nurses for the sick.

"She passed to the heavenly home, October 12th, 1845, at the age of sixty five. Soon after her death, at a public meeting in London, measures were taken for establishing, as a fitting monument to her memory, 'The Elizabeth Fry Refuge,' for affording temporary food and shelter to destitute females on their discharge from metropolitan prisons."

Martin the Monk.

"THE dim cathedral arches o'er my head:
The fretted aisles where the long shadows play,

Gold-barr'd by sunbeams, through the summer day:
Why do they seem less calm and sweet!"

he said,
Pacing the solemn-sounding nave at will,
Martin the monk, at Lincoln on-the-Hill.

"Was it but yesterday I knelt within
My quiet cell, that looks across the hill,
And saw the city, mist wreathed, hushed,
and still,

Nor dream'd a thought that might be call'd
a sin;

For my desire seem'd but then to be
Of praising God through all eternity.

"Was it but yesterday I paced so late
The cloister cool, and watch'd the shadows fall

Upon the moulded stone-work of the wall;
When one who came cried: 'At the outer-gate

A kinsman, brother Martin, waits for thee,
And prays that thou would'st pass to Galilee'

"In the carved porch, the lovely Galilee,
From which a glimpse of roofs and courts
is seen,

Sun-touched, with many a bright-clad
form between,

I greeted him with gladness, for that he,
My kinsman, brought me from my distant
home

Tidings from lips to me a long time dumb.

"He spoke of home, of parents, and the
pain

That one had borne, of love, and joy, and
life,

Told of success, of triumph, and of strife;
Then turned him to the busy world again.
And I, the monk, back to my cell did go,
With downcast face and footsteps sad and
slow.

"Ah! what a narrow cell is mine, and bare;
Could I have triumphed in the outer
world?

Loved, and the banner of success unfurled!
Is my long life to be one constant prayer,
Bounded by gray cathedral arches still?"

Sighed the young monk at Lincoln-on-the-
Hill.

Lo! as he drew adown the holy choir,
Where the glad angels wait, upon the wall
Where hung the crucifix, a ray did fall,
Touching the Saviour with a crown of fire;
And Martin, seeing this, was fain to kneel,
For that his soul a reverent awe did feel.

"Martin! I bore upon the cross for thee
Loneliness, pain, and sorrow, and wilt
thou

Forsake me—shrinking from thy burden
now?

Martin, canst thou not bear thy cross for
me?"

And Martin, kneeling saw that gracious head
Thorn-crowned and weary, and with tears
he said:

"Lord, I will follow thee! my cross is light,
My heart is thine!" and with these words
the ray

Slipped from the wall; and Martin passed
away

Back to his cell; and from that summer
night

No man sang praise to God with lustier
will

Than Martin, monk, at Lincoln on-the-Hill.
—All The Year Round.

A Brave Boy.

LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

THE big farm waggon stood at the
front gate, filled with vegetables, fruit
and poultry, and Mrs. Maxwell hurried
out with a bucket of sweet, fresh
butter.

Her little son Dexter followed her,
proudly carrying a basket of eggs,
laid by his own little black Spanish
hens.

He had gathered the eggs from the
nests, day after day, saying in a glad
whisper to himself, "These will buy
the present for dear little mamma."

It was the first thing he thought of
in the morning, and the last at night—
the pretty book of poetry he intended
buying her for Christmas. How glad
she would be, and how she would love
to read it aloud to him of the long
winter evenings.

Dexter was only ten years old, but
he was a quiet little fellow, much
given to thinking things over seriously
to himself. Indeed, life seemed sober
enough to him, for he understood now
that his father's frequent spells of
"sickness" were really fits of drunken-
ness.

The sad truth came to him with a
shock one day, when an angry school-
mate said to him, "Your father is
nothing but a drunkard, anyway."

For a moment Dexter's eyes flashed
and wrathful words rose to his lips in
reply, but like a cruel stab the thought
that it might be, that it *was* true, went
through his heart.

For a little while he stood silent, his
face dyed scarlet with shame, the hot
tears welling up in his eyes, till they
fell upon his burning cheeks; then he
ran for home and mother. He felt
that he could not endure the shame
and grief and disgrace, without his
mother's comforting words; so he ran
and threw himself down by her side,
and burying his face in her lap, cried
as if his heart would break.

Very tenderly his mother stroked
the brown hair of her boy, and gently
and consolingly talked to him of their
great sorrow. Dexter listened, the
first keen spasm of pain subsiding
under her loving influence, but as he
began to realize the injustice of it all,
his little heart swelled with indigna-
tion, and a fierce desire to wreak his
vengeance on the wicked men who
coaxed his father into saloons, where
he spent for drinks the money so

hardly earned, and so much needed at
home.

So, that cold December morning, as
he stood for a moment at the gate with
his mother, he understood perfectly
what she meant when she said, "Dex-
ter, love, take good care of papa, and
be sure to have him start home early
this afternoon."

"I'll do my best, mamma," he said
earnestly, proud and glad that she
trusted and depended upon him.

It was an exciting time to him, for
they lived fifteen miles from the town
to which they were going, and he had
only been there two or three times
since he could remember. The ride
through the woods, over the rough
country roads, to the little city, was of
greater importance to him than a trip
to Europe would be to many of my
young readers.

They drove slowly to the town, when
at last they reached it, his father call-
ing out loudly, "Here's your sweet,
fresh butter and sound cooking apples!
Here's your mealy Irish potatoes and
fine fat turkeys for Christmas!"

Occasionally some busy housekeeper
or cook rushed to a window or door,
threw it open and bargained for some
of the things they had to sell.

Sometimes, when the loads were not
too heavy, Dexter carried in the things
purchased, and this seemed most ex-
citing of all. Some of the ladies were
very kind to him, and some were
so cross they fairly frightened him out
of his wits.

One lady looked so pleasant and
spoke so kindly that he ventured to
tell her about his own basket of eggs,
and the book he wanted to buy for his
mother.

To his joy she bought all of them,
and gave him a beautiful picture paper
beside, for which his shining eyes and
smiling face told his delight and thanks
so well that the lady went into her
home again almost as happy as the boy
himself.

When he went back to the waggon
he displayed the shining silver to his
father. Mr. Maxwell took it and
thrust it into his own pocket.

The tears sprang to Dexter's eyes,
and his lips quivered as he said,

"But papa, I want that money to
buy a book for mamma, to give to her
to-morrow."

"All right, my son. Wait till we've
sold out our load, then we'll go to a
book store, and you can pick out what
you please. I have to buy some flannels
and shoes too, but there is plenty
of time yet, and you might lose your
money if you carried it so long," said
his father.

Dexter tried to feel that it was all
right, but not even the sight of the
pretty picture-paper could keep his
heart from being heavy.

At last everything was sold but a
few heads of cabbage, and as they
passed a saloon a man came out and
called:

"Stop a minute, Maxwell. I want

some cabbage for slaw. I'm going to
have a free lunch to-night."

Mr. Maxwell looked troubled and
said slowly,

"I haven't time to come in to-day.
Got the boy with me, and I'm in a
hurry to get home before it snows.
I'll bring the cabbage, though."

"Oh! papa, papa please don't go!
Don't sell him the cabbage at all, or
let me take it to him. Oh! please
don't go inside the saloon, papa," Dex-
ter said, pleadingly, but his father
shook off the little detaining hand, and
went straight to the saloon, looking
half ashamed and reluctant, and yet
not having strength to resist the
temptation.

Poor little Dexter waited patiently
a half hour or more, anger, grief and
fear battling in his heart, the tears
dropping upon his face in spite of him-
self. At last he could keep quiet no
longer, and called out:

"Papa, papa, please come now—I'm
so cold and it is getting late!"

His father came to the door, looked
out, and said he would come in a
minute, then went back again.

Another half-hour went by, and
Dexter called again, but no one an-
swered. He grew desperate at last,
and ran to the saloon door and pushed
it open.

There sat his father at a table with
a lot of rough-looking men who were
playing cards, drinking, smoking and
swearing. The sight frightened Dex-
ter, and the odors from the room sick-
ened him, but he remembered his prom-
ise to his mother, and tried to coax
his father to go home, but in vain.

At last some of the men tried to
make Dexter drink some beer too.
The little fellow refused indignantly,
and left the saloon, despair and grief
almost overcoming him.

He climbed into the waggon again,
and sat there till he was stiff and numb
with cold, and it was nearly sunset
when his father at last staggered out
of the saloon, so drunk that it took
two of his companions to help him into
the waggon.

He took the reins from Dexter, and
started the horses homeward.

Dexter ventured to say, "Papa,
can't we go to the book store now,
please?"

"No! monish's all gone—ain't got
nothin' to buy thim's with; 'sh up!"

Dexter had feared this, and his heart
ached with such a dull, heavy, hope-
less pain as I hope may never come to
anyone who reads this story.

People looked at them curiously as
they drove through the streets, some
pitying the little boy and his drunken
father, who could scarcely keep his
seat, others ridiculing them in a man-
ner that made Dexter's blood boil.
He was glad when they entered the
quiet country road, where there were
no prying eyes to witness his shame
and humiliation.

Soon it began to grow dark and
Dexter could scarcely see the outlines
of the road. His father had dropped

the reins, and was half sitting, half lying on the seat in a drunken sleep.

Dexter took the reins in his little, chilled fingers, but could not see well enough to guide the horses, so as they went to cross the railroad track, one of the wheels struck a projecting tie. The jolt was but a slight one, yet slight as it was, it threw Mr. Maxwell out of the waggon.

He fell in the middle of the track but did not seem hurt at all, for after muttering a few indistinct words, he fell into a sound sleep again.

Dexter sprang out of the waggon and ran to his father, while the horses walked quietly across the road, stopped a moment, and then trotted briskly off towards home.

At first Dexter did not realize the full danger of their situation, he was so thankful to find his father uninjured, but after awhile, when he had tried again and again to arouse him, or to get him off the track, a great fear took hold of him. What if a train should come before his father awoke? He turned sick and faint with terror at the thought of it. Oh! he must get him off that dreadful track! Had he not promised his mother that he would take care of him?

With strength wonderful for so small a boy, he pushed and pulled until it seemed to him his arms and back would break, but his efforts were useless. His father was a very large man, and in his drunken stupor was a dead, heavy weight, impossible for Dexter to move.

For a few minutes the little fellow sat down in mute despair and helpless misery. It was growing darker every moment, and the snow was beginning to fall in little icy particles that stung him sharply.

The strange stillness, the awful loneliness of the place, added new terrors for him. He knew, too, how uneasy his mother must be by this time; how she ran to the door every moment to see if they had come; how bright and warm the sitting-room was; how his little sister played bo-peep with his baby brother, while he was away off here with his drunken father, and no other human being near him.

Suddenly a line from a Sunday-school lesson flashed through his mind, "For thou, O God, seeest me." It was the greatest comfort to him at once. After all, he was not alone, when God could see him. Surely then, if God saw him, he would pity him and help him save his father.

He thrust his cold hands into his pockets to warm them, when suddenly he felt some matches in his pocket, that he had put there to light a bonfire. Perhaps he could build a fire and keep his father and himself from freezing.

He groped around in the darkness, but could find no fuel but a long slender stick.

Suddenly he heard a sound which made his heart stand still with terror;

the distant rumble of an approaching train.

He sprang to his father's side once more, calling and pulling him frantically, but in vain. Then he began trying to break the stick, hoping to set it on fire with his matches, but it was green and tough and would not break. Oh! if he had only some paper—anything that would make a light. He thought of his coat, but it was woollen and would not do; then of his little shirt waist—that would surely burn.

Just then, far up the straight road he saw the coming train. Fortunately for them, it was running slowly, as there was a slight up-grade. With shaking hands he tore off his coat and then his waist, not even feeling the cold wind and icy snow beating on his tender skin.

More quickly than I have told it he put the waist on the end of a stick, set fire to it with a match, and ran with all his might directly toward the coming train.

He knew he risked his life, but he must keep his promise, and "take care of papa." He could be spared, but if his father should be killed who would take care of dear mamma and the little ones? For their sakes he must die if necessary.

Again the words, "Thou, O God, seeest me," rang through his brain, and then, blinded by the dazzling headlight of the engine, and weak from fright and exhaustion, he fell on his face in the centre of the track.

The engineer, who had seen the burning signal, had whistled on brakes and reversed his engine as quickly as possible, but when the train came to a stand, and the fireman had jumped out to learn what was the matter, brave little Dexter was lying almost under the wheels of the locomotive, too weak to say anything but "Save papa—he is asleep on the track!"

By this time the passengers began to pour out to learn what was the cause of delay, and a kind old gentleman picked Dexter up tenderly, and carried him into the warm, bright car, while the fireman and a brakeman went down the track to find the sleeping father.

When they found him they gave him such a thorough scouring with cold snow, besides some not very gentle pounding, that they soon had him upon his feet and in his sober senses.

Meantime Dexter had told his pitiful story, and was kissed and petted by the lady passengers, and called a brave little man by the gentlemen, till he felt that it must be a dream, from which he longed to awaken and be in his mother's arms.

Then Mr. Maxwell was brought into the car also, feeling overcome with horror as he heard of the risk his little boy had run to save his unworthy father's life. He took Dexter in his arms and kissed him over and over, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"Don't cry, papa—just be good, and

never, never again go into a saloon," said Dexter in a whisper.

"I will never touch a drop of liquor of any kind again as long as I live, so help me God," his father said solemnly.

It seemed to Dexter then that his heart was singing for joy, and when a dear old lady gave him a lovely book of poems for his mother, and a gentleman who had gone through the car to tell all of the other gentlemen, came back and gave him ten dollars all for himself, the greatness of his joy made him speechless, but they all understood how grateful he was just the same.

The conductor had kindly offered to put him off at a station only a mile from their home, and in a few minutes they were there and climbed out into the snow and darkness again, followed by the kind wishes of all the passengers.

The way home did not seem long or cold to Dexter, as wrapped in a warm shawl a lady had loaned him, he trudged cheerfully by his father's side, holding to the strong hand that was never again to touch intoxicants.

That was a happy Christmas Eve in Dexter's home, when, seated by a cheerful fire, after they had eaten a warm supper, and the horses, that had come straight home, had been attended to, Mr. Maxwell told his wife of the resolution he had made, and of the bravery and thoughtfulness of their little boy.

When Christmas morning came bright and clear, Dexter gave the beautiful book to his happy mother. She clasped him in her arms lovingly, calling him her true-hearted, faithful boy—her little hero—and to both of them it seemed all nature was singing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," and the world had become to them almost like heaven.—*Union Signal*.

An Argument for Prohibition.

DIAGRAM OF THE ANNUAL COST IN THE UNITED STATES.

Home and For'gn Missions.	\$5,500,000
Public Education.....	\$85,000,000
Sugar and Molasses.....	\$155,000,000
Boots and Shoes.....	\$196,000,000
Cotton Goods.....	\$210,000,000
Sawed Lumber.....	\$233,000,000
Iron and Steel.....	\$290,000,000
Meat.....	\$303,000,000
Bread.....	\$505,000,000
Tobacco.....	\$600,000,000
Liquor.....	\$900,000,000

—*Portland Herald*.

With Women's Consent.

(General Nettleton spoke of the liquor traffic as a million-rooted wrong which has grown with woman's consent for a thousand years," and Mrs. McVean replies in the *Union Signal* as follows:)

Yes, the consent of the lamb to the hand that is poisoning the knife!
 Yes, the consent of the worm to the foot that is crushing its life!
 Dumb, like the lamb and the worm, denied any voice of her own,
 Told that no argument lies in her heart-broken moan.
 Over a half-orphaned land how the mother-heart yearns;
 Over its wrongs and its shame how the mother-heart burns;
 Yet she is gagged by the law, has no vote, has no voice;
 Others make laws for her children and she has no choice.
 Place the white vote in her hands, it shall never be bartered nor lent:—
 And no one shall dare to affirm that this crime has "a woman's consent."

Changed.

THERE is scarcely a man so hardened but that one tender spot may be found in his heart. If that is gently touched, the man responds. At a religious meeting in Scotland the following anecdote was told because it illustrated a drunkard's sensitiveness to the influence of a dead child whom he had tenderly loved. A fisherman, who habitually drank to excess, used to sail from a small cove on the Scotch coast to the fishing grounds, several miles out on the ocean. There was no lighthouse to guide him, not even a beacon-light, and the channel was intricate. When the fisherman had taken a drop too much and night had fallen, it was dangerous work entering that cove. His little son used to watch for his father's coming, and as soon as he saw him he would run down to the point and cry out—

"Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!"

The boy died, and one evening the father was sitting at a lonely fireside. His conscience troubled him, for he had been thinking over the sins of his life. As the night settled down he thought he heard the voice of his boy sing out through the darkness,—

"Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home."

Springing to his feet, he called out: "You're right this time, my son!"

From that moment he was a changed man, one whose sobriety and pious life attested the genuineness of his conviction of truth and his purpose.

"Judge not." Despair not of any soul, whatever may be its lapses. You know not its secrets, its struggles, its prayers. A right word may rouse its latent energies, and a simple incident may give force to the wing of right resolutions when discipline, dangers, and the most solemn events have failed.

A TRUE friend is forever a friend.

If a man is right, he can't be too radical; if wrong, he can't be too conservative.

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Mission Notes.

FROM the Annual Missionary Report of our Church we quote the following:

Repentance of Mrs. Saito, Japan.—She was an idolater, aged 95, but hearing of God's great love, of his Son's atonement, and of human sinfulness, her heart began to move; and, after deep thinking, she at last came to understanding that she herself is one of the sinners against God, and truly repenting of her own sin, was baptized at Hamamatsu. She will perhaps be the oldest woman who was baptized in Japan since Christianity came from without. We must thank God for that great blessing.

THE INDIAN WORK.

In British Columbia, as the direct result of missionary effort, tribal wars have entirely ceased, heathen villages have been transformed into Christian communities, and the gross immoralities of the dance and the "potlatch" have given place to assemblies for Christian instruction and sacred song. In the North-West similar results have been achieved, and it has been demonstrated that the advancement of the native tribes in intelligence, in morality, in loyalty, in the arts and refinements of civilized life, keeps even step with the progress of Christian missions. Very significant is the fact that during the revolt in the North-West not one member or adherent of the Methodist Church among the Indians was implicated in the disturbances, and it is now generally acknowledged that the unswerving loyalty of Chief Pakan and his people at Whitefish Lake contributed more than any other

circumstance to prevent a general uprising of the Cree nation.

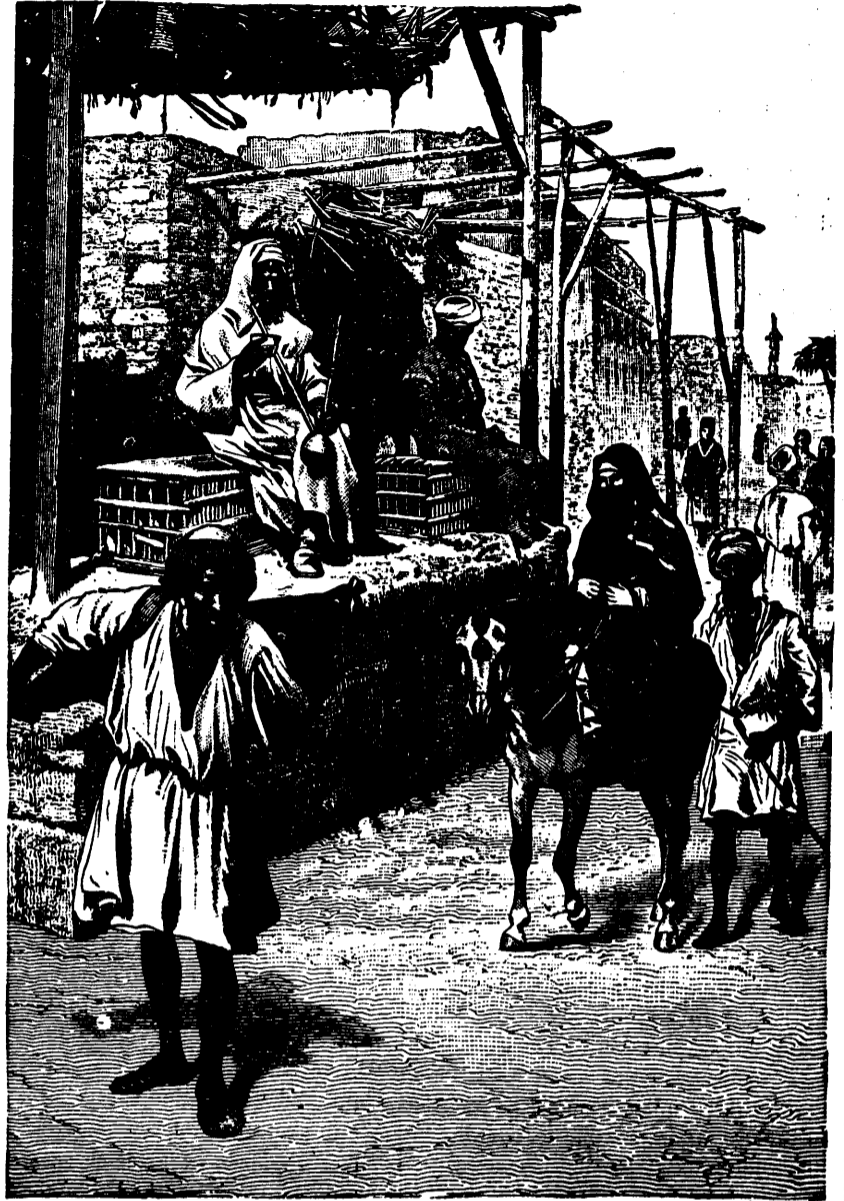
PORT SIMPSON DISTRICT

stands well to the front for successful work among the Indians. It is especially gratifying to observe the self-reliant spirit that is being cultivated among them. They contribute liberally out of their poverty to aid in the erection of places of worship, and many of them show praiseworthy zeal in carrying the Gospel message to their heathen fellow-countrymen. Of Port Simpson Mission the Rev. Thos. Crosby writes as follows:—

"This is our twelfth annual report from this mission. We came here strangers to everyone, and have tried to preach faithfully the everlasting Gospel, and on every hand the work has spread. In 1875 we reported 112 members, all on trial. In 1885 the District reports a membership of 862. Twelve churches have been built, besides school and mission houses, and thousands have heard the Word of Life. Numbers have joined the Church above, and we say with gratitude, 'What hath God wrought!' The year just closing has been one of much blessing in the midst of great trial. Death has invaded our own home, and some of our people have had a similar experience to pass through. One little boy was dying and said to his father, 'I do so much wish to see the missionary before I go.' I had been away, but returning home went at once to see him and talked to him about Jesus. He said, 'Now I know that God has heard my prayer, and I can die in peace.' A poor man came here to die. He was nursed and cared for, and when we would speak to him about Jesus, he would say, 'Yes, he is my Saviour.' He left his little girl to be cared for in the Home.

"The Sunday-school has had an attendance of about 140 during the winter months while the people were at home. Great interest is shown in committing Scripture to memory, and a number of the scholars manifest a desire to love and serve God. The old people are still as earnest as ever to get the text of the Sabbath morning sermon in their own language. One old man named Enoch, although crippled and often unable to get to church, recited thirty-eight texts recently which he had learned in this way, for which he received a Bible. The mission ship, *Glad Tidings*, has done good service, having travelled 9,000 miles and carried the Gospel to many tribes, as well as taking lumber to assist in building."

Of the *Canada Methodist Magazine*, the *St. Louis Methodist* says: This is an admirable family magazine. Upon its merit it holds an equal place with any other family magazine we know. It will be found equally acceptable to Methodists in the Dominion or in the United States, for everywhere Methodism is one in faith and spirit.



SCENES IN CAIRO.

The Fishery Question.

We take the following from the *New York Christian Union*: "Put yourself in his place" is a good motto to be applied in the settlement of all disputes, whether national or individual. The *Canadian Methodist Magazine* thus puts the Canadian question as it is seen on the other side of the border:

"The Canadian Government, we think, is willing to extend all customary international courtesies to American vessels engaged in legitimate trade on our coasts. But when they come to steal the bread out of the mouths of our fishing population, that is another matter. Having ruined their own fisheries by the reckless use of the seine and other methods, unlawful in our waters, they would soon destroy ours also if permitted. It is not only the right but the duty of our Government to protect the harvest of the sea of those who have no other harvest. The present writer thinks that scarce any one in the Dominion receives so many letters from the poor fishing villages of the Maritime Provinces as himself, and in some of these the poverty shown is distressing. . . . Is it upon these poor, starving fisher-folk that a great, powerful, and we trust chivalrous na-

tion like the United States wants to make war? We reject the thought as an insult to the humanity, not to say Christianity, of its people."

The Senate bill which has given the President the power to retaliate on Canadian shipping, and has finally passed both houses and received his signature, has not made it his duty so to do; and we venture the hope that he will have a broad enough outlook to see that there are other interests at stake besides those of the American fisheries, and other and better ways even of protecting the American fisheries than retaliation.

Bedside Poetry, a Parents' Assistant in Moral Discipline. 143 pages. Two bindings, 75 cents and \$1.00. D. Lothrop & Co.

The literary editor of the *Nation* gathers together nearly a hundred poems and parts of poems to read to children going to sleep. The poems have their various bearings on morals and graces; and there is an index called a key to the moralities. The mother can turn, with little search, to verses that put in a pleasant light the thoughts the little one needs to harbour. Hence the sub-title.



DISTANT VIEW OF CAIRO.

He Leadeth Me.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes he
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways where heavy shadows be,
Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and
bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,
Only for this—I know he holds my hand!
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.
And by still waters? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.
But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."
Above the tempest wild I hear him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."
So, whether on the hill tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.
And more than this; where'er the pathway
I lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But his own hand, sufficient for my need.
So where he leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in his wisdom he hath led me so.

Scenes in Cairo.

ARRIVED at Cairo, we went at once to Shepherd's Hotel. To get clear of the railway terminus, however, was by no means easy. The crush of donkey boys, omnibuses, carriages, and camels with the crowd of nondescript characters, raised such a storm of sound and such clouds of dust and of doubt, as made the "situation" for a moment bewildering. But once in the hotel we are again in Europe.

I must pass over many sights in Cairo. If time permitted I could gossip about the magnificent tombs of the Caliphs, the citadel, and the splendid view of the city from its walls, with the mosque and busy streets at our feet, like Mohammedan ant-hills, and with the hazy Libyan desert, and

the Pyramids in the distant shore beyond the dark inlet of the Delta.

But let us pay a visit to its bazaars. A walk of a quarter of an hour across the open space before the hotel and through nameless streets, with little interest save to the Franks, brings us into those crowded arcades of merchandise. They are broader, higher, more aristocratic, and richer than those of Alexandria, and are the most picturesque we have seen. Not so out-and-out Oriental, critics say, as those of Damascus, but, to a stranger who cannot detect the true signs of genuine Orientalism, they are fully more interesting. They are partially covered, at the top with matting or palm-leaves, to keep out the glare of the sun and to produce coolness. Every trade has its own "location," and birds of a feather here flock together, whether gunsmiths, butchers, coppersmiths, or shoemakers, dealers in soft goods or hardware, pipes or tobacco, horse gear, groceries, carpets, or confections.

The people who crowd these bazaars, in their various costumes of many colors, are always a source of intense interest. The most striking points in the buildings are the balconies, which in some cases almost meet from opposite sides of the street; but there is an endless variety of quaint tumble-down bits of architecture, with fountains and gateways shutting in the different quarters, while the mosques, with their high walls and airy minarets, overlook all. Ever and anon we saw vistas along narrow crowded lanes, and views into back courts and caravanserais, with such groupings of men and camels, merchants and slaves, horses and donkeys, Bedouins and Nubians, mingled with such brilliant colors, from Persian carpets and shawls, such bright lights and sharply defined shadows, as made every yard in our progress exciting, and tempted us to sit down as often as possible on some bench or shop-front to enjoy the inimitable picturesqueness of the scene.

Literary Notes.

The Midnight Sun, the Tear and the Nihilist. Adventures and Observations in Norway, Sweden and Russia. By J. M. BUCKLEY, LL.D. 72 Illustrations, 376 pages. \$3.00. D. Lothrop & Co.

Dr. Buckley, the brilliant and versatile editor of the *Christian Advocate*, says in the preface of his book on Northern Europe, "I hope to impart to such as have never seen those countries as clear a view as can be obtained from reading," and "My chief reason for travelling in Russia was to study Nihilism and kindred subjects." This affords the best clue to his book to those who know the writer's quickness, freshness, independence, force and penetration.

American Explorations in the Ice Zones. By Professor J. E. NOURSE, U.S.N. 10 maps, 120 illustrations, 624 pages. Cloth \$3.00. D. Lothrop & Co.

Two or three years ago the writer best equipped for such a task put into one illustrated book a brief account of every American voyage for polar exploration, including one to the south, almost forgotten. Nothing has happened since to make it old. Not written especially for boys; but they claim it.

Growth of Methodism in Canada.

THE following figures, taken from the journal of the last General Conference of the Methodist Church, show something of the numerical and financial strength of Methodism in Canada. What hath God wrought? In 1790, the very year in which Mr. Wesley died, Methodism entered Ontario from the State of New York. A lone local preacher then represented the whole Methodist Church. Now we have 1,959 local preachers, 1,610 travelling ministers, and 197,479 members.

At that time we had no Sunday-

schools, no congregations, no churches, no parsonages, no colleges, and no newspapers. Now we have 2,675 Sunday-schools, 4,187 congregations, 2,943 churches, 842 parsonages, 6 or 7 newspapers, having a weekly circulation of more than 300,000 copies, and 9 colleges, all doing noble work for the Master. These churches, parsonages, schools and colleges, represent an accumulated capital of nearly ten millions of dollars.

What wonderful toil, sacrifice and triumph is here represented; and what wonderful possibilities of good still lie before us. Let every Methodist remember he inherits a glorious historic record, and that on him it depends in part whether the future will be as bright and successful as the past.—*Christian Advocate and S. S. Times.*

"And What Then?"

A STORY is told of a good man who was living at a university, when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him that what he had long been wishing above all things in the world was fulfilled—his parents having just given him leave to study law. . . . In this way he ran on a long time, and when at last he came to a stop the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said: "Well, and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's degree," answered the young man.

"And what then?" asked he

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall . . . gain a reputation."

"And what then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then . . . I shall be promoted . . . make money, and grow rich."

"And what then?"

"Then I shall live comfortably and honourably in wealth and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age."

"And what then?"

"And then," said the youth, "then I shall die."

Here the holy man again asked, "And what then?"

Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. The last "And what then?" had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get clear of it.

The question is one which we should put frequently to ourselves. When we have done all that we are doing, all that we aim at doing, all that we dream of doing, even supposing that all our dreams are accomplished, that every wish of our heart is fulfilled, still we may ask, what will we do—what will be then? Whenever we cast our thoughts forward, never let them stop short on this side of the grave; let them not stop short at the grave itself; but when we have followed ourselves thither, and have seen ourselves laid therein, still ask ourselves the searching question, "And what then?"

The Maiden's Song.

BY CHAPLAIN HENRY B. HIBBEN, U. S. N.

I SAW a maiden young and fair,
At evening's quiet close,
A flow'ret bloomed in her dark hair,
And on her cheek the rose.
She sang a song in plaintive strain,
With mien of sage or seer;
The echoes of the sweet refrain
Still linger on my ear:
"I fear not death; I love not earth,
'Tis full of toil and pain;
The soul is of celestial birth,
To die in Christ is gain."

When a few days had floated by
Adown life's solemn main,
I saw that gentle maiden lie
Upon a couch of pain;
The damp of death was on her brow,
Her cheek had lost its bloom—
"What is it," said I, "cheers thee now
So near the voiceless tomb?"
I bent down o'er the dying bed
To hear the maid's reply;
In whispered words she sweetly said,
"I do not fear to die!"
And while my own lips moved in prayer,
Her eyes beamed as of yore,
And faintly on the evening air,
She breathed her song once more;
"I fear not death, I love not earth,
'Tis full of toil and pain;
The soul is of celestial birth,
To die in Christ is gain!"

The fleeting years have passed away
Like cloud specks from the sky,
Since on the summer evening day
I saw that maiden die;
Yet sometimes in the crowded throng,
And sometimes when alone,
I fancy that I hear the song,
The sweet familiar tone—
"I fear not death; I love not earth,
'Tis full of toil and pain;
The soul is of celestial birth,
To die in Christ is gain!"

Missionary Sermon.

BY SAM JONES.

THE consolatory proverb that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" seldom receives a more convincing evidence of its truth than was offered at the Carlton Street Methodist missionary meeting. Sam Jones was preaching there during a flying visit to his favourite city of Toronto, the city which he is so fond of holding up as a model to the great majority of cities in the United States.

After an opening prayer and hymn the pastor, in a few appropriate words, introduced Sam Jones to the congregation. He mentioned that the sermon would be on behalf of the mission fund of the Methodist Church, and pointed out incidentally that statistics showed that whereas it cost something like \$500,000 to kill an Indian, it cost but \$500 to the Church to convert one to Christianity. He referred also to the fact that in the North-west rebellion there was not found a single Methodist Indian fighting against the Government.

It always gives me great personal pleasure, said Sam Jones, to look in the faces of a Toronto audience. My heart is very close to your hearts, and I am profoundly interested in the welfare of all of you, spiritual and temporal. My prayers have gone up,

"God bless this city in all your life, and make her prosperous in temporal things and in spiritual things;" and I hope in heaven to join hands and shout with thousands of the redeemed from Toronto. We have selected for your prayerful attention these words:

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I purpose to quote another text, not so much as a text, continued the evangelist, as to use as Gospel territory, around the inside of which we may brouse and enjoy the fruits of it. It is this:

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

His text, said the preacher, announced to the world a fact that ought to make them clap their hand and rejoice with gladness. Despair could never sit upon the world with these words ringing in the ears of the multitude, and articulated by God himself. What an ocean of sympathy is contained in them! The needs of the world are great. I look out on the fourteen hundred millions of people on the earth, and judge each man by myself; and if

EVERY MAN ON EARTH

needs as much sympathy as the humble speaker to-day does, none but God could supply the wants of a world like this. My needs are not only many to-day, but they were many yesterday, and they will be many to-morrow. When my memory runs back over the last fourteen years, it seems to me that God has been better to me than to anyone else living, and yet, if I were to say here that that was so, perhaps every man and woman here in this church would rise up and say in turn, "Surely God's infinite mercy and kindness have been greater to me than to anyone else in this world." And when my wife tells me how God blesses by day and by night, and when my little children talk to me, with the image of the God who made them beaming from their countenances, I say to myself, "If God is so good to me and my wife and children, so he is good also to every father and mother and family on earth." Now you know there is such a thing as

RUNNING A "CORNER"

on a great many things. I have known of "corners" being made on meat, and wheat, and cotton, and the prices raised so that the poor could scarcely buy bread to eat or clothes to wear; but there is no force on earth or in hell that can put a corner on the sympathy and mercy of Jesus Christ. It just flows like a mighty ocean and touches the great earth from shore to shore, and will so go on until every heart has been baptized in its wonderful grace and goodness. Now, perhaps, somebody may ask: "Who is God?"

"Why should his mercy and sympathy possess such charms for us?" God is the Father of us all. Not only that. I will go a step further and say that God is the Mother of us all. The greatest blessing that ever accrues to a human soul is the privilege of rushing into the arms of

GOD YOUR MOTHER,

and receiving the imprint of a mother's kiss and a mother's blessing. You know how it is in a family. It takes a father and a mother to run it smoothly. Sometimes father gets out of patience with the children. Then the mother is so much the more in patience, and it's a case of mother's heart against father's head; and I tell you I'd not give one mother's heart for a thousand father's heads. God my Father—God my Mother—so loved—Europe? No! no! Asia? No! no! America? No! no! God so loved the world—the world!—that he gave his only begotten Son," etc. It was this Son that God gave that taught us the value of the human soul. Jesus asked the question that earth never answered, never will answer: "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" That was how the soul was valued by Jesus Christ. If it had been written, "God so loved America," etc., here is one man who would have lived and died preaching and talking home missions instead of foreign missions. But it was not so written, and

THE WORLD MUST HEAR THE GOSPEL.

A Christian's arm will reach across the ocean. A Christian's voice can be heard across the Pacific. A Christian's pocketbook belongs on both sides the Atlantic ocean. But some of these little fellows tell you, "Oh, I am for home missions." A man who says that may be a very good man, but he is ignorant. We get out of a great deal of trouble in this world on the ground of pure unadulterated ignorance. But I believe that ignorance sometimes becomes a crime in itself. Voluntary ignorance is a crime in the sight of God. Another text tells us that "God is love." I used to say to my wife sometimes: "Why, wife, I believe you cared more for me when I was a drunken vagabond than you do now that I am preaching the Gospel." "Well," she would say, "You were more in need of it then than you are now. You're able to tote your own skilly now." God loves us with an everlasting love, and is incapable of anything else. "But," you say, "if God does love us so, how is it that any of us are ever lost?"

"CAN LOVE SAVE?"

Look at that poor drunken boy going down to destruction, with a poor, loving mother going step by step after him with a breaking heart. If love could save him from a drunkard's grave, would not he be saved? Love cannot save. Love can only help and

sympathise with you. But for the cross of Jesus Christ, the great heart of this world would break. There is the hope of the world, the light and salvation of the world. God's mercy and love would not save us, heaven would not attract us, and hell would not repulse us but for the cross of Jesus Christ. I'll tell you when the world is going to have the Gospel. Listen to me! I'll whisper it into your ears. It will be when Sam Jones and Brother Gooderham, and Bill Smith and Brother Briggs will give as much to carry the Gospel to the outside world as they will to have it preached to their wife and children. Now, there's a brother out there who gives \$200 to Brother Johnston to preach to his wife and himself and their four children—only six of them in all; and gives \$10 for the preaching of the Gospel to all the rest of the world besides, counting himself and family as being equal twenty times over in value to hundreds of millions of heathens! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

SIX LITTLE TADPOLES

trying to monopolise God's universe. God's Gospel is intended for the universe, and our selfishness and stinginess has held it back from the world. We can't touch this logic. You can't get around it. The Gospel of Jesus Christ has been and is circumscribed and narrowed down by our stinginess. I am getting on myself. I am budding. I hope next year to be in fruit, and to be able to give as much for the evangelization of the world as for the preaching of the Gospel in my own town. Do you know I'd rather pitch in and starve Brother Johnston than starve the souls of the poor heathen. Starve him, and he'll be in heaven next day. Starve them, and they're lost forever. If we are going to starve one or the other, I say let it be our own minister.

"Hear, hear," said Rev. Hugh Johnston from Sam Jones' rear.

Brother Johnston says "Hear, hear," continued Sam Jones, and some of 'em will be mean enough to throw it up to you before the year's over. O for broader views!

THE BALANCE OF THE WORLD

is at least of as much importance as my own family. Don't that look reasonable? Then surely we ought to give as much for the preaching of the Gospel to them. I say it with the emphasis of eternity—If I had the money some of you have and didn't give \$1,000 a year to missions, the devil would get me sure. He'll get you too. In this church, with thousands of money piled up, you only have one man giving \$100 a year. Wake up, wake up, my brethren! I like to see a church liberal to its pastor. I commend this church. You pay nearly as much as the best churches of this city. You cannot afford to climb up in everything else and neglect your missions. A church

that gets along very well as far as looking after its internal affairs go, but neglects missions, is as useless as a very handsome 60-mile-a-minute locomotive would be if it were unable to pull a single car. The President of the C.P.R. doesn't want such an engine as that, and God doesn't want a church that only looks after itself. Bank stock and railway stock are very good things in their way, but the best stock in the world is stock in the conversion of the world. I have found out there's a thousand things better than money.

A GREAT COLLECTION.

Sam Jones then made a direct appeal for ten \$100 subscriptions, and after considerable coaxing and urging, and a promise that if anybody bankrupted himself by giving too much to the mission fund he would take him down to Georgia with him and find a place for him in his orphan's home, he succeeded in getting nine \$100 subscriptions and one for \$200, besides many for smaller amounts. The \$200 and \$100 subscribers were: Mr. R. I. Walker \$200; Messrs. Wm. Gooderham, T. Thompson, J. H. Beatty, F. W. Walker, J. Ogden, R. J. Wilkes, N. G. Bigelow, R. I. Tackaberry and Mayor Howland, \$100 each. The sum of \$450 was subscribed also in \$50 and \$25 amounts, making a total of subscriptions of \$1,771, outside of smaller amounts, and subscriptions yet to come in. The plate collection was \$114, making in all \$1,867. In the vestry Mr. Johnston was jubilant, and said he was sure the total would be over \$2,000. It was, we believe, \$2,600.

Words.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A LITTLE, tender word,
 Wrapped in a little rhyme,
 Sent out upon the passing air,
 As seeds are scattered everywhere
 In the sweet summer-time.

A little, idle word,
 Breathed in an idle hour,
 Between two laughs that word was said,
 Forgotten as soon as uttered,
 And yet that word had power.

Away they sped, the words,
 Out like a winged seed,
 Lit on a soul which gave it room,
 And straight began to bud and bloom
 In lovely word and deed.

The other careless word,
 Borne on an evil air,
 Found a rich soil and ripened fast
 Its rank and poisonous growths, and cast
 Fresh seeds to work elsewhere.

The speakers of the words,
 Passed by and marked, one day,
 The fragrant blossoms, dewy wet,
 The baneful flowers thickly set,
 In clustering array.

And neither knew his word;
 One smiled, and one did sigh.
 "How strange and sad," one said, "It is
 People should do such things as this;
 I am glad it was not I."

And, "What a wondrous word
 To reach so far, so high!"
 The other said, "What joy 't would be
 To send out words so helpfully;
 I wish that it were I."

Beecher on the Training of Children.

THE practice of allowing children to go out at night to find their own companions and their own places of amusement may leave one in twenty unscathed and without danger; but I think that nineteen out of twenty fall down wounded or destroyed. And if there is one thing that should be more imperative than another, it is that your children shall be at home at night; or that, if they are abroad, you shall be abroad with them. There may be things that it is best that parents should do for their children, though they would not do them for themselves; but they ought not to go anywhere at night, to see sights, or to take pleasure, unless their parents can go with them, until they are grown to man's estate and their habits are formed. And nothing is more certain than that to grant the child liberty to go outside of the parental roof and its restraints in the darkness or night is bad, and only bad, and that continually.

I aver that there are many things which no man can learn without being damaged by them all his life long. There are many thoughts which ought never to find a passage through a man's brain. As an eel, if he were to wriggle across your carpet, would leave a slime which no brush could take off, so there are many things which no person can know and ever recover from the knowledge of.

If I wanted to make the destruction of a child sure, I would give him unwatched liberty after dark. You cannot do a thing that will be so nearly a guarantee of a child's damnation as to let him have the liberty of the streets at night.

I do not believe in bringing up the young to know life, as it is said. I should just as soon think of bringing up a child by cutting some of the cords of his body and lacerating his nerves and scarring him and tattooing him and making an Indian of him outright as an element of beauty as I should think of developing his manhood by bringing him up to see life—to see its abominable lusts, to see its hideous incarnations of wit, to see its infernal wickedness, to see its miserable carnalities, to see all those temptations and delusions that lead to perdition. Nobody gets over the sight of these things. They who see them always carry scars. They are burned. And though they live they live as men that have been burned.

I thank God for two things—yes, for a thousand; but for two among many: First, that I was born and bred in the country, of parents that gave me a sound constitution and a noble example. I never can pay back what I got from my parents. If I were to raise a monument of gold higher than heaven it would be no expression of the debt of gratitude which I owe to them, for that which they unceasingly

gave, by the heritage of their body and the heritage of their souls, to me. And next to that I am thankful that I was brought up in circumstances where I never became acquainted with wickedness. I know a great deal about it; for if I hear a man say A, I know the whole alphabet of that man's life, by which I can imagine all the rest. If I see a single limb, I have the physiologist's talent by which I know the whole structure. But I never became acquainted with wickedness when I was young by coming in contact with it. I never was sullied in act, nor in thought, nor in feeling when I was young. I grew up as pure as a woman. And I cannot express to God the thanks which I owe to my mother, and to my father, and to the great household of sisters and brothers among whom I lived. And the secondary knowledge of these wicked things, which I have gained in later life in a professional way, I gained under such guards that it was not harmful to me. To all husbands and wives whom these written words may reach, I say, if you have children, bring them up purely. Bring them up with sensitive delicacy. Bring them up so that they shall not know the wickedness that is known, unfortunately, by the greater number of men.

And if there are children that are sometimes impatient of parental restraint, let me say to them, you do not know what temptation you are under, and if held back by your mother, if held back by your father, you shall escape the knowledge of the wickedness that is in the world, you will have occasion, by and by, to thank God for that, more than for silver or for gold or for houses or for lands.

Keep your children at home at nights. There is many a sod that lies over the child whose downfall began by vagrancy at night, and there is many a child whose heartbreaking parents would give the world if the sod did lie over them. What a state that is for children to come to, in which the father and the mother dread their life unspeakably more than their death! What a horrible state of things that is, where parents feel a sense of relief in the dying of their children! Then, I say, take care of your children at night.

Cruelty.

It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relation of temperance to his own safety and prosperity and that of society. The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form

of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbours and friends, happy should we be. But this great abominable curse dominates the world. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil, the better it will be for them and for the world.—J. G. Holland.

A Mother's Influence.

THE Rev. Dr. Talmage, in a sermon on "Motherhood," related the following interesting story, adding to it a pertinent reference to "Hannah and her son Samuel, as recorded in the Bible, and concluding his discourse with some good and timely advice to young men:

"One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the one hundred and twenty clergymen, how many of them do you suppose assigned as a means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the one hundred and twenty. Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tiles of a chimney fire-place. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the fate of nations—rocking the glories of Heaven. The same maternal power that may lift the child up may press a child down.

"A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: 'Oh! stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I'll give you a dress that will cost \$500, and you may wear it next week to that party.' The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay, that night; and, sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments she said: 'Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost \$500.' The mother thought it a very strange request; but she brought it to please the dying child. 'Now,' said the daughter, 'Mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed;' and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother, and then pointed to the dress and said: 'Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!' Oh! what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

"Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as the 'governor,' the 'squire,' or the 'old chap.' Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her 'maternal ancestor,' or the 'old woman.' The eye that mocketh at his father and refraineth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.

Improve Thy Time.

BY GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

LIFE is passing, swiftly passing,
Fritter not the time away;
Lose not thou in idle dreaming
All the bright and golden day.
Fill the hours with something nobler,
Deeper far than idle play.

Let a purpose, strong and noble
Light thy path with rays divine,
Opportunities are waiting,
Take, improve them, they are thine;
Let them each bear fruit eternal;
Do ye dare e'en one resign?

Let an influence, pure and holy,
Through thy life be shed abroad,
Thus the sinful, far from heaven,
May be pointed to thy God;
Let them by thy holy living
Be rebuked, convinced, and awed.

Walk not thou among transgressors,
Follow in the good paths old;
Shun the base, all things unholy,
Leave the dross, keep but the gold;
Will ye let thy soul eternal
For this world's gilt toys be sold?

Time with thee will soon be ended,
Swiftly pass the years away,
All too soon the days are speeding,
Then improve them while ye may,
Earnestly, for night is coming;
Up, be doing, while 'tis day!

When when comes to thee death's summons,
Thou shalt go with heavens of gold
Up to heaven's peaty portals;
Wise for thee will they unfold,
Thou shalt have abundant entrance,
And shalt know the "half ne'er told."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1580] LESSON V. (May 1)
Exod. 1. 6-14. Memory verses, 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He increased his people greatly; and made them stronger than their enemies. Psa. 105. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. A Growing people. 2. A Cruel King. TIME.—1580-1571. A period longer or shorter down to Moses' birth.

PLACES.—The land of Goshen. Pithon. Raameses.

RULES.—In Egypt, Ramesses II. or Amosis J.

CONNECTING LINKS.—There is a long jump in the history. Jacob and his children have long been dead. Joseph has been at rest for a half-century. The descendants of the patriarchs have remained in the land of Goshen, and their occupation as shepherds subjects them to the insult of the lordly Egyptians. Yet they are becoming a mighty people. Now comes our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—A new king—Probably a king who came in by conquest.—A new not Joseph—Of course not; Joseph was dead. But it means, did not know of the wonderful service Joseph had performed. Unto his people—These people were peculiarly his, for he represented the old Egyptian kings, after the aliens were expelled. More and mightier—That is, in that particular district. Get them up out of the land—They had received only permission to sojourn in Goshen. Now the royal policy of keeping them is announced. Task-masters—Chiefs of tribute, men of rank, who superintended the public works.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. A Growing People.

How many direct descendants or relatives of Jacob came with him into Egypt?

How many years passed from the presentation of Jacob before Pharaoh to the birth of Moses?

How many years from the descent into Egypt till the exodus?

Was it possible for the population to increase to a million or two millions in this time?

What was the purpose of this prosperity in God's plan?

Why was the life in Egypt necessary? Give probable reasons why they did not go directly back to Canaan when the famine was over.

What was the effect of trial upon these Israelites? What sort of life did they lead in the times of our lesson?

2. A Cruel King.

Who was this Pharaoh? What dynasty had preceded him? How was his cruelty shown?

What settled purpose concerning the children of Israel did he announce?

What place was this experience of cruelty to have in the memory of this people? Deut. 26. 8.

To understand it, read also v. 1-5. What is meant by the king not knowing Joseph?

What more serious defect was there in this king's knowledge?

What allusion to this bitter bondage is found in the opening of the Decalogue?

Do you see any resemblance between Pharaoh's course and that pursued by Satan toward the sinner?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is a proof that God's word fails not. This very affliction was long before foretold. Gen. 15. 13, 14.

Here is a proof that the Church cannot be destroyed by persecution.

Here is a picture of the life of a sinner held by his master to serve with rigour.

Pharaoh's wise dealing was the supremest folly.

So always the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Reckon out the chronology of this lesson. There are certain dates fixed, which we have had, which will lead to our conclusions.

2. Examine carefully every sentence to be sure that you understand what each one means.

3. Study this lesson as you study a school lesson. Find all its facts, and commit them to memory in order.

4. Joseph had two sons. Find what must have become of them. They had a princess for a mother. Were they and their children of the royal house, or were they in Goshen?

5. Make a comparison between the bondage of sin and the bondage of Pharaoh.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Bondage in sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

21. What is this sinfulness commonly called?

Original sin: being that from which all actual transgressions proceed.

[Romans v. 12.]

B.C. 1571] LESSON VI. (May 8)

THE CHILD MOSES.

Exod. 2. 1-10. Memory verses 7-10

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is thy keeper. Psa. 121. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Mother. 2. The Child. 3. The Princess.

TIME.—1571 B.C.

PLACE.—Egypt. Zoan. (?)

RULES.—The name of the reigning Pharaoh is unknown.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The rapid increase of these people has alarmed Pharaoh. The order for the destruction of all male children has been given.

EXPLANATIONS.—The house of Levi—A descendant of Jacob's third son. The first mention of the growing tribe or clan. Could not longer hide him—Because he was growing rapidly, and could not, in the nature of things, be hidden. An ark of bulrushes—The same Hebrew word is used for Noah's ark. This was a little boat woven of papyrus, a reed three-cornered in shape, as large as

your finger, and ten feet long. Slime and pitch—Perhaps clay, from which the bricks were made, and bitumen. His sister—Miriam. She and Aaron were both older than Moses. The daughter of Pharaoh came—Showing that the parents of Moses lived near the court of the king. He became her son—This refers to her formal adoption of the boy.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Mother.

Who was the mother of Moses? Can you give a reason why she is so particularly mentioned?

What traits of character are displayed by her in our lesson?

Is there any reason for supposing that she taught Moses the past history of his people?

What proof do the Scriptures afford that she was a religious woman?

2. The Child.

To what chance circumstance do we owe the life of the greatest man of Old Testament history?

To what chance circumstance do we owe his name?

Men call these occurrences chance. What does the servant of God call them?

What difference in education from the ordinary training of an Israelite did this adoption secure?

What saved this child from becoming an ordinary Egyptian priest?

Why should the circumstances of Moses' birth be so particularly told, when the births of Aaron and Miriam are unnoticed?

3. The Princess.

How many agents were employed in the preservation of Moses?

What motive led the princess to save the infant in the river?

Did she know that it was one of the prescribed male children?

What is suggested as to the influence or power at court of this woman, who thus dared to go contrary to the king's decree?

How is the working of God's providence shown in this story?

What traits of character did the princess show?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The faith of this Hebrew mother ought to inspire us to trust God absolutely.

God's wonderful providence in raising up Moses ought to lead us to trust him without a question.

The watching sister is a pattern for us to follow. The open eye can always find some way in which to be useful.

Human sympathy was a chief factor in the solution of this problem.

Let us cultivate the divine gift of sympathy.

Moses was a slave at birth; a prince by education, and so was fit to be his people's saviour.

So was our Saviour. In form, a servant; but, in spirit Immanuel.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The great political question of that day was how to keep Israel in Egypt. Find all the traces of it that you can on both sides, Hebrew and Egyptian.

2. Find what you can in regard to the early life of Moses. Bible dictionary, Stanley's "Jewish Church," Josephus, etc.

3. Study between the lessons; between this and the next, to be able to comprehend what follows in Moses' life.

4. Notice the skip in time from v. 10 to 11. Modern history would have told every detail of these years. Why not done here?

5. Read this lesson. Read, read, read! Remember that it is a lesson to be learned, and that you are a student. Above all pray for light upon it.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The word of faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

22. What is the misery of the state into which man fell?

All mankind, being born in sin, and following the desires of their own hearts, are liable to the miseries of this life, to bodily death, and to the pains of hell hereafter.

[Ephesians ii. 3; Galatians iii. 10; Romans vi. 23.]

THE real things are inside. The real world is the inside world. God is not up, nor down, but in the midst.

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