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WELCOME AND VISITORS

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

ROLPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1888.

[No. 5.]

Land's End.

THE engraving shows the remarkable cape at the extreme south-west of England, known as Land's End. It consists of stern granite crags, against which the ceaseless surges of the broad Atlantic have been dashing for ages. Some idea of their gigantic size may be inferred from the diminutive appearance of the figures on the sea shore, and in the little boat. The clouds of scabrous which make the lonely rock their home will be observed. Near by is an inn bearing the inscription, "The First and Last Inn in England." A deep poetic interest is given to this scene from the fact that here it was, far out on the precipitous crags with the surges of the ocean breaking at their base on either side, that Charles Wesley composed that noble hymn containing the lines

Lo on a narrow neck of land,
Twist two unbounded seas I stand
Secure insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that heavenly place
Or shuts me up in hell.
O God my inmost soul convert
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

These reflections will be very appropriate as we have just crossed the "narrow neck" between the old and new year, and indeed every day and hour of our lives.

Troubles are hard to take, though they strengthen the soul. Tonics are always bitter.

Mother and Son.

AN incident occurred recently in one of the police courts of Chicago, in which a little street boy's devotion to his drunken mother was touchingly shown. A woman had been picked up in a

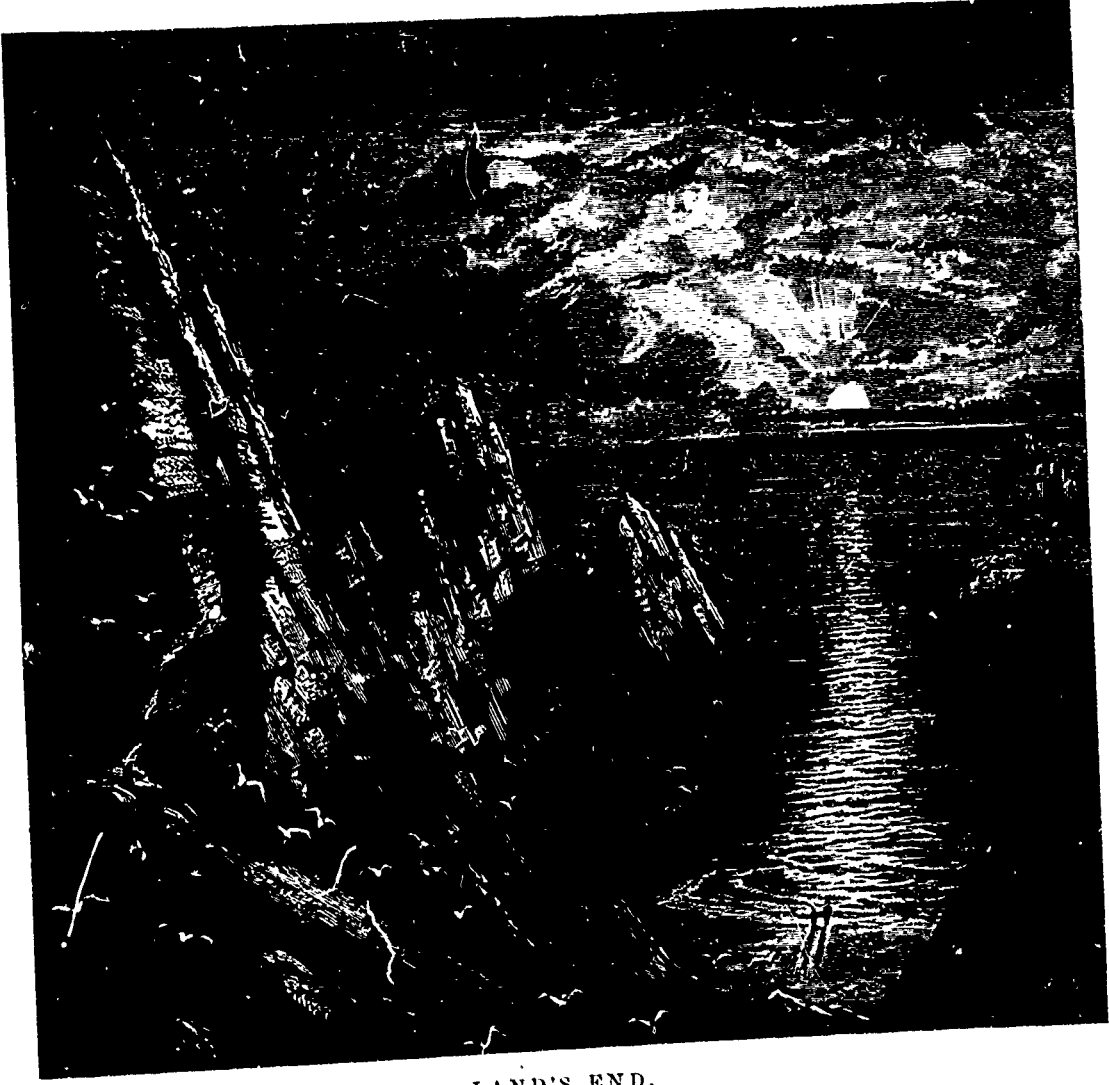
judge, sternly. "Seven dollars and sixty cents in all."

Instantly the little fellow started up, and, taking his sister's arm, he cried out: "Come on; we's got to git that money, or mam'll hev to go to jail. Jest wait, Mr. Jedge, and we'll git it!"

"There's two dollars, Mr. Jedge, and I can't git no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work; but if you'll jist let me go to jail, stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed: "Your mother sha'n't go to jail, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge, and the woman, clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees and solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life and try to be worthy of such a son as that.— *Winslow's Monthly.*



LAND'S END.

Clear Through.

A LITTLE boy, only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant Maggie as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one which was very white and nice on the outside, but when cut into pieces it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed, "Why, Maggie, that potato isn't a Christian." "What do you mean?" asked Maggie.

"Don't you see it has a bad heart?" was Willie's reply.

It seems that this little boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that, however fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right clear through.— *Chris. Observer.*

THE unselfish leader becomes the popular one.

state of intoxication and carried to a police station, where she spent the night. The next morning she was arraigned before the magistrate. Clinging to her tattered gown were two children, a boy and girl, the former only seven years of age, but made prematurely old by the hardships of his wretched life. "Five dollars and costs," said the

The children hurried out of the court room, and, going from store to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to jail," the boy bravely promising every giver to return the money as soon as he could earn it. Soon he came running back into the court-room, and laying a handful of small change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:

The Drunkard's Wife.

He comes not! I have watched the moon
Sink slowly in the dusky west,
And, like the fading of the light,
Hath hope died out in my sad breast.
'Tis midnight, but he comes not yet;
All vainly still I watch and weep—
How long, O Father, O how long
Must I those lonely vigils keep?

O for one hour of happiness,
Such as I felt when love's sweet spell
Was woven first around my heart,
Ere from its shrine my idol fell!
But now, alas! a fearful doom
Of wretchedness, and woe, and fear,
Is mine—the fate to watch and pray,
With aching heart and bitter tear.

I listen to the ceaseless stroke
Which marks the weary hours go by,
And start and tremble at the sound
Of e'en the night wind's gentle sigh.
I gaze upon my children fair,
And listen to their low, soft breath,
Till, in my broken heart's despair,
I almost wish their sleep were death.

A blight upon a drunkard's child
Rests ever, from life's opening morn;
O must my loved ones feel that sting
Of the world's cold, unfeeling scorn?
Dear Saviour, Thou whose soul hath felt
Deep sorrow's fearful agony;
O fill my weary, fainting heart
With strength that only comes from thee!
—Selected.

The Rev. David Savage and His Band of Workers.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF A GREAT MOVEMENT.

"THE band movement might be said to have been a spontaneous growth. It began at the beginning, and it grew on our hands."

The Rev. David Savage thus replied to a *Telegraph* reporter's question, "How did your movement originate?"

The famous evangelist is the guest of the Rev. W. W. Brewer, and is to remain here for about six weeks, conducting special services. He is tall and spare, gentle of voice as of manner, and appeals to his hearers with a winning earnestness which goes to their hearts. In personal conversation the rev. gentleman is quite as outspoken, but the fine courtesy which tempers his directness is even more apparent. Going on to speak of the Band movement, he said:—

"Up to three years ago I had been for more than thirty years engaged in pastoral work, with only one break, when I took charge of *The Evangelical Witness*. About the time I have mentioned, I went to Petrolea, Ontario, from London, where I had filled four terms. I went rather reluctantly; but the greatest blessing of my ministry came to me at Petrolea, in the form of a great revival. I was never really settled there, I may say, for the movement floated me out. The whole country was interested, and my brother ministers asked me for helpers. These calls came in so fast that, after a time, I divided my strength, and began to occupy several points at once. Without any effort to that end, I found myself representing a bureau where supply and demand met for

evangelistic work. I held my pastorate for more than a year while I pushed this work, having a young minister on my own charge. Sometimes I was away from home for as much as two months. (It will be a point of interest to Methodist ministers to know that my Official Board never proved obstructive.) The Church prospered at home while I was working for my brother ministers abroad; but of course I found that I must make a choice between my pastorate and the line of evangelical effort opening out to me. At the end of the Conference year I felt a call to vacate my charge, and put myself at the service of the Church at large; and the Conference designated me, by formal resolution, for this work."

"What visible results appear from your movement?" was asked.

"We make no statistical showing," was the answer. "I have avoided tabulating results, since my work is not that of an organiser; but I leave the results of the movement with the pastors, who throw it into any shape they please. We are evangelists, and aim to reach the unconverted and to awaken sleepy churches. You may say, however, that the Band movement has developed in the area of its operations as well as in the connectivity of its life. This week's *Glad Tidings* gives a showing of twenty points simultaneously occupied by Band workers to-day."

"You have trained these Band workers from the first?"

"From the beginning. To-day there are workers in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Michigan. As one result of this preparation, twenty young men are now occupying pulpits of their own. As to our method of work, Band members sometimes travel singly; but I prefer that they should go out in pairs, and sometimes in quartettes. A Band has no fixed numerical strength. My own touch upon these workers is of the lightest, and I avoid the hard-and-fast lines of the Salvation army, and the regulation spirit of that movement. No element of cohesion is applied beyond what is necessary to unify the movement. For our custom of conducting services I do not hold to any fixed plan. We place considerable reliance on the power of religious song."—*St. John, N. B., Telegraph*.

THE inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is four feet five inches, and few weigh over seventy-six pounds. They are marvellously swift of foot, and, as they smear themselves over with a mixture of oil and red ochre, present a very strange appearance. Few travellers care to encounter any of these bellicose little people, for their skill in throwing the spear and in using the bow is only equalled by their readiness to attack strangers.

Deep-Sea Wonders.

BY EMMA J. WOOD

AWAY out in the ocean is a vessel. It is moving slowly about, up and down, and the men are on deck looking out over the waters as if in search of something. Suddenly, some distance away may be seen what looks like a cloud of smoke shooting up into the air. Then the shout goes up, "There she blows! There she blows!" and all is hurry and confusion. The boats are quickly lowered, and the men get into them and pull with all their might toward the spot where they saw the water spouting up; for this vessel is a whaler, and the men who were watching know very well that the fine mist out there on the ocean was the blowing of a whale, so they hurry off to catch him if possible. They have in their boats large spears, called harpoons, fastened to long lines. As soon as the men are near enough, they hurl these at the whale. The harpoons whiz through the air, and stick in the body of the great creature. As soon as he feels the pain he dives down to the bottom of the ocean, and so fast does he go that the men often have to pour water over the lines to prevent them from taking fire and burning the boats.

After a while the whale comes up again to breathe, for although he is often spoken of as a fish he is not a fish at all, any more than a dog is. True, he is shaped like a fish, and can stay under water quite a long time; but he is warm-blooded and has lungs; and, as you know, lungs are for breathing air and not air mixed with water, so, no matter what danger is about, the whale has to come up every now and then to breathe. He has two holes in the top of his head, and when he is on the surface he has a way of throwing water out of these holes high in the air, and this is how the sailors know where he is. Well, when he comes up, more harpoons are thrown at him, till at last he dies. In his pain he lashes the water most furiously with his great tail, and although the boats are made very strong on purpose, they are often overturned, and sometimes crushed by him. If he dies under the water the men lose him, but when he is killed before he has had time to dive they fasten him by strong lines to the side of the vessel. This is no easy job to manage, for he is an immense creature—indeed, he is the largest animal known. When on the top of the water he looks almost like a little island, for some are said to be a hundred feet long. Now the real work begins. All around the body of the whale is a net-work filled with blubber, or fat, which the sailors call his blanket; and a warm blanket it must be, for it is between one and two feet thick. It must be cut in pieces and tried out in great kettles, for this is what makes whale-oil. Besides this common oil there is sperm-oil, which comes from only one member of this family. This is formed in a great case in the head of

the sperm-whale. You may know that he has a large head, for from this case ten barrels of oil may be taken. The men dip this out with buckets. When it is nearly empty they go down into the case, and stand there, as in a great cistern, while they dip it all out clean. This kind is said to have such a large throat that he might easily swallow a man if he wanted to. But this is not all that whales supply. There is the whalebone. Perhaps you do not care to have any one tell you about this, for you say you know by the name that whales furnish this too. But now are you sure that you would know in just what part of the animal to look for it? It is found in the mouth. The whale that furnishes this swallows his food whole, so he needs no teeth, but the upper part of his mouth is just filled with long ridges or plates of bone, fringed at the ends, which makes a sort of strainer or sieve. This whale lives on small fish, for although his mouth is so large that two men may go into it at a time, he has such a small throat that he cannot swallow any thing very large. When he eats he takes in a great mouthful of water, fish and all. Then he shuts his mouth and strains out the water through these ridges of whalebone. Of course, the fish remain, and are swallowed. It must take a good many of these for a dinner, for even those whales that live on codfish have been known to have six hundred in their stomachs at a time.

But whales are more useful to the Esquimaux and Greenlanders than to any other people. Its flesh is their chief food. But the blubber—that is what they consider a great dainty. Have you not heard that little children in those cold lands cry for more blubber, just as you used to cry for candy when you were smaller? The bones are used for sledges and tents, while the sinews are threaded to sew their whale skin clothes together.

But how does a whale look? As has been said, he is a very large animal, with a head about half as large as the rest of his body. These great heads are ugly-looking enough, for one side is generally larger than the other, and in one kind the nose is cut straight off with a sharp knife; at least that is the way it looks. It has nothing on its smooth, oily skin except a few bristles near the mouth.

Whales are brown or black, but as they grow old white spots come on them, just as people grow gray by age. Sometimes a whale will seem to be all white, but then it is not the whale that is seen, for he, poor fellow, is just covered with a kind of shell-fish. This never lives anywhere but on the back of some fish, to which he holds tight fast with his great claws.

The mother whale is very fond of her baby. It is a pretty big baby, but may be she loves it all the better on that account. If any danger threatens it she will give up her life in trying to save it. Sometimes great companies of whales are found together, but a few kinds seem to prefer being alone. Some say that they make a sort of grunting noise, or bark.

William Brown, Boy Martyr.

The sky is dark, although it is midday;
But in the open space of Bentwood town
Red, leaping flames about the faggots play,
Waiting for William Brown;
Only a boy, a "heretic" though a boy,
Brought to his home while all the heavens
are dim,
Brought here to die with courage—*ray*, with
joy;
Good people, pray for him.
Cold is the sky, and all those faces cold,
And all is cold save where the faggots be,
And the boy says—he is but twelve years
old—
"Good people, pray for me."
There stands a man with children of his own;
There stands a mother, her babe is at her
breast;
Brothers and sisters stand about the town—
These all hear his request.
The father turns his scornful head away,
The mother tighter holds her infant fair,
Brothers and sisters laugh as if in play,
But no one prays a prayer.
Yet one rude voice responds, while darken
down
The murky heavens as if it were not day,
"I'll pray no more for thee, boy William
Brown,
Than for a dog I'd pray."
Then the boy William Brown lifts up his eyes,
From pitiless men, from fires of agony,
And says, before dark faces and dark skies,
"Son of God, shine on me!"
At once the sun shines through the thick,
black clouds,
Full on the face of William Brown whose
sight
Is tam to look away; not from the crowds,
But from the dazzling light.
The sky is rent, the brightness of God's
Throne
Pierces the darkness with a sudden joy;
Ye need not pray—the need of prayer is gone
For him, the martyr boy.
—*The Quiver*.

Jack's Victory.

BY KATE T. GATES.

JACK BENTON was up-stairs, in his own room, standing by the window, with his mouth shut very firmly, and a half angry, half regretful look in his eyes. If he had been a girl, he would have thrown himself upon the bed and cried; as he was a boy, he only stood by the window, and choked back the sobs with all his might.

It had been such a long, miserable day; everything had gone wrong, from beginning to end. He had overslept, to start with, and, consequently, was late to breakfast and late at school also, though he had hurried as fast as he could.

In his haste he left his Algebra papers at home, and failed in his lesson in consequence. When he came home at noon he found that baby Nell had gotten his bound *St. Nicholas*, and had torn two or three leaves almost entirely out.

But the worst of all had been this afternoon. He had gone back to school, feeling all out of sorts with himself and everybody else. It did not seem to him that he could speak pleasantly to anybody, do his best.

And even here—he could not quite tell how—Joe White had begun to joke him about some unimportant little matter that he would not have cared

a bit about if he had felt all right, but which just exasperated him now. He had answered in a short, sharp way at first; and Joe, seeing that he was really vexed, had persisted in his teasing, and the other boys had half joined, just for fun. One word had led to another, until Jack had thoroughly lost his temper, and said some pretty sharp things.

"Humph!" said Joe, with a little sneer, getting rather vexed himself; "I don't see how you are any better than the rest of us. You needn't ever come round me again and try to get me to go to prayer-meeting."

Jack's face grew very white, but he turned on his heel without a word more, and went home, right up-stairs to his own room. He could not bear to speak to any one—not even his mother.

He had dishonoured his Master—he had brought reproach upon his cause. The boys would never believe in him again, and he had wanted so much to help them find the Friend above all others, who had become so dear to him of late.

In spite of his best endeavours, two great tears rolled down Jack's cheeks. He had meant to do so much—he had prayed for them all so earnestly, and he had hoped that he could influence them all for good; and, instead, he had proved a stumbling-block.

"It would be a great deal better if I had not joined the church," he said to himself. And two more tears would not be kept back.

"I might as well give up first as last; but I was in earnest. I know I was, and I don't see how I could do so."

Just then the tea-bell rang, and Jack went down; but there was a lump in his throat, and he could not swallow.

After tea, when he and his mother were alone in the sitting-room, it all came out.

"There isn't any use in my trying any more, you see, mother," he said, in conclusion. "I have made a miserable failure of it, and I had better give up now, before I do any more harm."

"Jack," said his mother, with a little smile, "I broke one of my best china cups to day. I had better never use them again, had I?"

"Why, of course you will; only, I suppose, you will be more careful how you handle them," answered Jack, rather perplexed at this apparently irrelevant remark.

"Well, dear, hadn't you better keep on too, only striving to be more careful in the future. Did you pray this morning, Jack?"

"N—no—not really. I was so late."

"Oh, Jack! No wonder you were defeated. Tell your Heavenly Father all about it, and ask his forgiveness, and start again; and never again start out on a day without seeking help."

"But, mother, the boys—and I

wanted to help them so. There is no hope of that now."

"Tell them about it, too—that you know you were wrong, but that you are sorry, and are going to try again. Isn't that the only thing you can do?"

"Oh, mother, I can't do that!" exclaimed Jack, in dismay.

There was a long, long pause. Then Jack spoke again.

"I can't, mother. Must I?"
"I think you ought, Jack. Don't you? If you are really sorry, ought you not to be willing to do all in your power to undo the wrong that you have done?"

Jack kissed his mother, and went up-stairs again to fight his battle. It did seem such a hard thing to do. How could he? And yet, though he tried hard to feel otherwise, he was quite sure his mother was right, and it was his duty. It was a long, hard battle. It seemed to Jack that he would rather do anything else; but before he went to sleep he had decided to do it.

The boys were all in the playground when he went in the next morning, and it seemed to him that they must hear his heart beat as he went up to them. For a moment it seemed impossible to speak; but there was a quick, whispered prayer for help, and then he went up to Joe.

"I want to beg your pardon for speaking to you as I did yesterday, Joe. I was as cross as could be," he said bravely and clearly. And—Joe—I know I dishonoured my Master, and I'm so sorry. But please don't think there isn't anything to it, and don't look at me, boys. I'm only trying to be like him, and I'll fail lots of times, I know; so don't watch me, will you?"

There was a minute's pause, which seemed so long to Jack, and then Joe put out his hand.

"You're all right, Jack," he said; and, to Jack's surprise, his voice trembled. "You're all right. I—guess it would be better if we were all trying to. Anyhow, I believe in you, though I don't know as I should if you hadn't said this. You see, we were watching you; and when you got mad the same as ever, we thought that there was nothing but talk in it all. But I know you well enough to know it was a tough job for you to say what you did just now, and I believe in you now thoroughly."

"I am so glad I did it mother," said Jack, that noon. "But it was tough, I tell you. It seemed to me I couldn't get the words out to start with; but the boys were so good—and, oh! perhaps I can help them even now."

JOHN BUNYAN was once asked a question about heaven, which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the Scriptures, and he thereupon advised the enquirer to live a holy life, and go and see.

The Turning Point in a Great Man's Life.

THE incident which influenced Lord Shaftesbury's whole career, and led him towards a life of philanthropy, was indeed a strange one. It occurred when he had been at Harrow about two years, and was yet a boy between fourteen and fifteen. He was one day walking alone down Harrow Hill, when he was startled by hearing a great shouting in a side street, and then he beheld a coffin, carried by four or five drunken men. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let their burden fall, and then broke out into foul and horrible language. Horrified at the sickening spectacle, he gazed spell-bound, and then exclaimed, "Can this be permitted, simply because the man was poor and friendless?" And before the horrid sound of the drunken songs had died in the distance, he had resolved to devote his life to the cause of the poor and friendless.

Nearly seventy years afterwards, when walking down the same hill with Dr. Butler, the son of his old master, his companion asked him if he could remember any particular incident which induced him to dedicate his life to the cause of the poor and wretched.

"It is most extraordinary that you should ask me that here," he said, "for it was within ten yards of the spot where we are now standing that I first resolved to make the cause of the poor my own," and he then told Dr. Butler the incident just recorded. Mr. Hodder suggests that a suitable monument should be erected there, such as a stone seat, like that which marks the spot above the Vale of Keston, where Wilberforce conversed with Pitt, and determined to bring forward the question of the abolition of slavery.—*The Quiver*.

Hard to Go Alone.

SOME years ago I stood beside what was thought to be the dying bed of a young woman suffering from heart disease. She had been a regular attendant upon my ministry, but had concerned herself little about the interests of her soul. When taken sick she was anxious to see me and seemed much concerned to find Christ. I talked with her and directed her to him, but she could not fix her thoughts upon him for any length of time because of the pain and weakness, which gave her no rest. At length she seemed beyond hope of recovery and yet no peace came to her troubled soul. One afternoon as I stood with her friends around the bed she appeared to be passing away, and putting my ear down to catch what seemed some last message I heard her say, "It is hard to have to go alone." Ah, yes, my friend, unless Christ be with us in that supreme hour we must go alone. Friends must then stand back; parents must stand back; and unless Christ be with us we shall descend into the Valley of Death alone.—*Glad Tidings*.

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1888.

Missionary Givings of the Montreal Methodist Sunday Schools.

THESE are the amounts collected by the different schools during the year 1887, for missionary purposes:—

St. James, morning	\$334.54
“ afternoon	674.57
	\$1,009.11
Desrivieres Street	103.75
Dorchester Street	20.00
Mountain Street	315.53
Mill Street	27.22
East End	341.00
Dominion Square	1,451.93
West End	315.00
Sherbrooke Street	264.17
Point St. Charles	277.45
Douglas	166.92
Cote St. Paul	4.91
St. Lambert	12.00
First French	22.86
West End French	20.00
Lachine	17.00

\$4,373.82

The following friendly messages passed between the Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday-schools at their great gatherings on New Year's day. They breathe the right spirit and point to the time when these two great Churches shall be one.

On behalf of the Methodist Sunday-school Association of Montreal, I desire to convey most cordial New Year's greetings to the noble army of Sunday-school scholars of the Presbyterian churches of this city. We join you in a solemn league and covenant against sin and the man of sin, and in an earnest consecration of the year 1888 to the service of our common Lord and Saviour. Our prayer for you is that of Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians, chap. vi., verses 23 and 24.

WM. I. SHAW,

President Methodist S. S. Association.

Mr. Smith sent the following message in reply:—

I desire, on behalf of the Presbyterian Sunday-school Association, to reciprocate in the most cordial manner the kindly greeting of the Methodist Sunday-school Association for the new year. While heartily uniting with you in a common warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil, we pray that the line which divides us may year by year become less marked, and that in the glorious work in which the two great Churches are engaged there may be a coming closer together, a great harvest field. Our prayer for you is that you may be greatly blessed in the work of bringing the young to a knowledge of him whom to know is life eternal.

J. MURRAY SMITH,

President Presbyterian S. S. Association.

The Mercy-seat.

THE following is the account given of the mercy-seat and its meaning, given in Exodus xxv. 17-22.

And thou shalt make a mercy-seat of pure gold: two cubits and a half shall be the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof.

And thou shalt make two cherubims of gold, of beaten work shalt thou make them, in the two ends of the mercy-seat.

And make one cherub on the one end, and the other cherub on the other end; even of the mercy-seat shall ye make the cherubims on the two ends thereof.

And the cherubims shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy seat with their wings, and their faces shall look one to another; toward the mercy-seat shall the faces of the cherubims be.

And thou shalt put the mercy-seat above upon the ark; and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee.

And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel.

The holy presence of the shekinah was the manifestation of God to this ancient people, during long ages, upon the mercy-seat of the Ark of the Covenant.

Nature's Dumb Nobility.

THE Toronto Humane Society, which was organized about a year ago, for the prevention of cruelty, held a public meeting in Association Hall. This is a class of work that will always find sympathisers, because of the breadth of its creed; and, as some of the speakers predicted, the society is likely to grow in numbers and influence until it occupies a prominent position among the agencies at work for the moral elevation of the people.

The chair was occupied by the Deputy Minister of Education, Dr. J. George Hodgins, who outlined, in a pleasing way, the plan of campaign adopted by the society. Its aim was to educate the public mind, so that there may be no more wanton ill-treatment of the dumb creation. This was to be accomplished by means of humane literature, public meetings, the establishment of drinking fountains, educating the children to be thoughtful, demonstrating the intelligence and virtues of animals, and generally by scattering the seeds of universal kindness.

The ex-Mayor addressed the meeting on a subject which he evidently has much to heart—the neglected waifs of the city. He told of what a curse to the children was the business

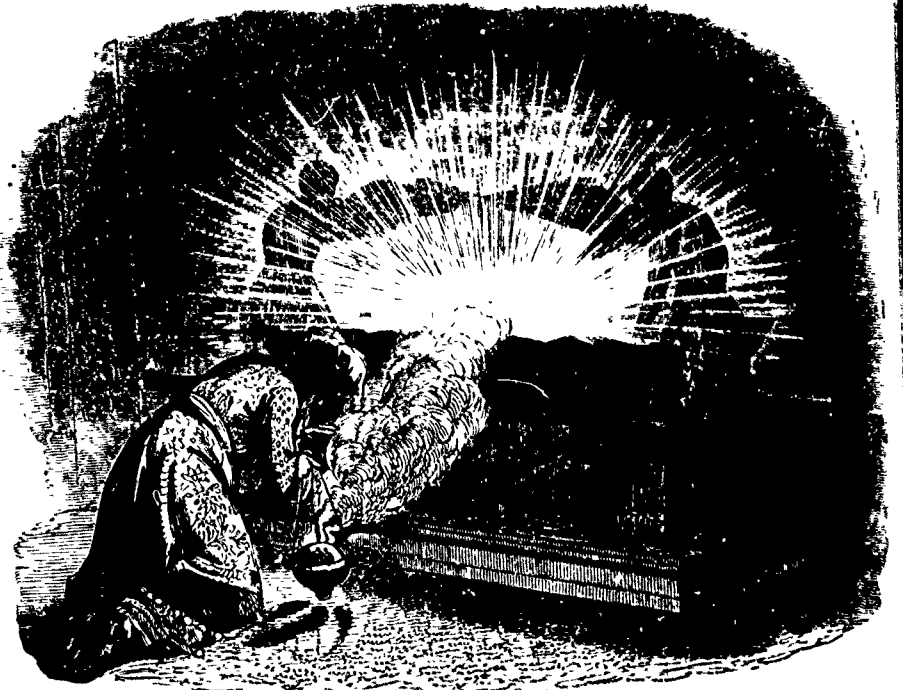
of newspaper-selling, where, constantly on the street, they speedily learned many pernicious habits, and often became hardened in crime and immorality. It was cruelty to allow them to remain in such surroundings, and it was the duty of society, if only in self-protection, to place neglected waifs in schools where they could be trained in habits of industry and usefulness.

The Rev. Dr. Wild entertained the audience with an account of the kind treatment which horses, dogs, and even chickens receive at his Bronte farm. He told an amusing story of how a boy, named "Crazy Bob," humanely separated two bull dogs, which were killing each other, by putting snuff in one of their noses. He urged all who were present to follow his example, and become members of the society.

The Rev. Dr. Sutherland, who is Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church, took up the "Plands of Mercy" feature. This is a sort of juvenile humane society, in which the principle of kindness is inculcated, and for membership in which the only requisite is the pledge, "I promise to be kind to all living creatures." The Doctor showed that, by getting children interested in humane work, they would be more considerate of each other's feelings, and would make better citizens when they went out into the world.

The Rev. Dr. Castle warmly advocated the objects of the society. He expressed the conviction that before twenty years the society would be grown to immense proportions, and its influence extended all over the Dominion.

We hope to interest our young readers in this society, and in the principles it teaches; so look out for other articles about our "four-footed friends."



THE MERCY SEAT.

A Methodist Bishop.

MATTHEW SIMPSON had no fondness for show, and always dressed in the plainest style, as though intending not to offend by contrast the hundred of his poor brethren he must constantly meet in Conference, who from sheer necessity were often very poorly dressed. On one occasion I thought he drew the line between foppery and shabbiness a little loosely. The New England Conference was to hold its session of 1864 I think, in County Street Church, New Bedford. I met the dear Bishop Simpson at the station, and took him to my house. He had been long from home, and his dress had the appearance of summer foliage touched by frost. His countenance was careworn and weary, and I was reminded of another who moaned, sadly saying, "Besides all this, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." We noticed that his vest buttons wanted replacing, and the extremities of his pants were frayed and ragged. We got him off early to his needed pillow, and when we thought him to be in the land of dreams, like a thief I stole into his chamber, and, hearing him breathing heavily, I gathered up his garments, and stole softly out. And then my good wife plied her needle into "the wee short hours ayont the twal," sponged and pressed and brushed them, and they were returned to his room. His appearance was fresher every way when he came down to breakfast; but I do not think he noticed the amendments at all, and so little did he think of dress, I doubt if he would have noticed an entire new suit, unless it had been ring-streaked and speckled.

The Bishop of Peterborough said: "Tell me of Christ as my example only, and I am driven to despair; but tell me of Christ as my Saviour, and I am filled with joy."



THE CROSSING-SWEEPERS.

The Story of the Children's Home.

BY REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D.

III.

O THAT one-half of the world did but know how the other half lives! As you hurry along the street you see a woman leading a boy by the hand. Quite probably he is not her own, but is hired for begging purposes. But whether or not, the future of that boy is dark beyond all conception of decent people. He is sold to vice, and the devil, and hell, as surely as ever slave-child was sold to some Legree in Kentucky.

And then one thinks of what these children might be. One looks, perhaps, in some country stroll, on a sight like this: Two bonny bairns, tenderly loved and jealously cared for, ignorant of the world's evil, and living each a childhood's happy idyll. Or one sees a little maiden on her way to school; every particle of her dress, and each sweet look on her face, telling of home love and home care. Or, perhaps, through the favour of some lady friend, one is permitted to peep into the night nursery of a wealthy and well-ordered home. And there one sees rosy faces half-buried in the pillows, and the dainty little dresses laid aside, and the crumpled socks warm from the foot, and the curtained window, and the shaded light—all speak of a tender affection that is ever thinking for the darlings; but not so plainly as the look of love and pride in the mother's eyes, as she shows her treasures to the sympathetic

visitor. Even while I have looked with a full heart on such a picture, there has risen up before me the sight of other faces as young, but how far less happy! faces wearing a look too old for their years; faces and forms telling of famine, and cruelty, and the too early education in caring for themselves, whilst yet a mother's care should have kept them in an innocent helplessness! Ah, dear madam, if you knew my poor children, and could see the differences between their lot and that of your own darlings, how quick you would be to help me to care for those who need help so sorely!

But there is a class of children—of whom these last paragraphs irresistibly remind me—whose case is in some respects even sadder and more pitiable than that of the street children proper. I mean those generally described by the simple but sad word, "orphan." For these have known comfort, and now it is no more. They have tasted the sweetness of tender love, and have lost it; they have known what it is to be cared for, and now they must float on the world's wide tides, human flotsam and jetsam, about which nobody can say on what shore it will be cast, or by what power claimed.

For example: Off the Manx coast a fishing-boat goes forth, with its master at the helm. He is a godly man, a good father, and universally respected. The night is wild. Presently a great sea washes over the boat; and when she rights herself, and the crew, who have been clinging desperately to the rigging, look round, the master is gone, and from his deep sea grave he will never rise again till

the archangel's trumpet sounds. The mother is left with seven little children—one of whom we take to train, for her father's sake.

In a factory, in Cheshire, a most excellent man—a Methodist class leader—meets a horrible death. He falls into a caldron of boiling glycerine. In a moment life here is ended, and the larger life of eternity begun. But for that good father, a widow and eight little children are left to weep; and it seems due to the father's memory, and to the widow's sorrow, that brethren in Christ should provide for some of the orphans.

Again. A Congregational deacon dies, in middle life. He is a man greatly respected, and who has tenderly loved and cared for his children. His widow, now that his strong arm is removed, proves wholly incompetent to manage affairs, or even to manage herself. Bankruptcy, ruin, shame follow; and at last the children—bright, bonny bairns—have nothing before them but life in a London workhouse. Surely they may claim that something shall be done to save them from the pauper brand.

Or, take the story as a sample of many others: Two little girls are left orphans. Their grandmother is a hard-working, noble-spirited woman; and though she is advanced in years, she will not hear of the children going to the workhouse. She shoulders bravely the burden now thrown upon her; and by work almost cruelly hard, and by economy severe to the last degree, she struggles to maintain the children. Very poor they are—poor in the harshest and severest sense of the word; poor to the extent of seldom having bread enough to satisfy healthy hunger. And gradually the struggle becomes severer, until at last the old woman—over seventy years of age—sells the bed from under her, and, with the two girls, sleeps on the bare boards. And yet the children are tidy, clean—with clothes well patched, and themselves well-mannered and well-spoken. After such a struggle, was it not right to save the children from the fate against which

the noble old woman had so nobly striven? We took those children just in time. In a few months, as though she had no further need to live on earth, the grandmother sank and died.

And so I might go on, for one's memory and heart are full of such stories. But I must not let them grow upon the page, for I have yet to tell how wonderfully the gracious Lord has helped us in the development of the work by which we are trying to meet these sad and terrible necessities. They present to the Christian and the philanthropist problems most intricate and difficult. We are happy to know that we have found a system by which these problems may be unlocked.

(To be continued.)

Morning Bible Reading.

THE best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the repose of the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected. But, with most people, each recurring morning brings its own pressing tasks. Business cares, the daily toil, and the duties of the house, are the first and most engrossing concerns. Some hours must pass with many before they can find time to sit down to any quiet reading. Let the plan be honestly tried by taking some words from God's Book for the meditation of the morning. Make for the month a fair, steadfast trial of the plan of studying the Bible when your faculties are at mental high-water mark. You wonder at the familiarity of this or that friend with the Psalms, the Epistles, the Gospels. It has been gained, a little at a time, by patient daily reading—thoughtful, pious reading, too—which was hived by the soul as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immeasurably in our influence, as well as our comfort, by giving more of our unwearied thought to the holy Book. A few tired, sleepy, worn-out moments at night, and those only, are almost an insult to the Maker whom we profess to serve.



The Milky Way.

LONG, long ago, in his cloister gray,
With elbows leaning on casement low,
A monk gazed afar at that mystic Way,
Of which men for ages longed to know.

The monk fell asleep, and dreamed two
dreams:

The first, that into this Way God sent
His guardian angels; the light that gleams
Were white, drooping asphodils, used for
tents!

His second dream was strange enough,
For it seemed that when the planets were
made,

And this earth, that all the refuse stuff,
Bits of fire and water and earth, were laid

In a ponderous heap on the great sky's floor.
But why it was called the "Milky Way"
Still puzzled the monks and scholars of yore;
Of its mystical whiteness naught could they
say.

Many years after a great man thought
Of discovering this Way by other than
dreams,
And with marvelous skill a telescope wrought,
With lenses the strongest that ever were
seen,

When the mighty glass was finished and done,
He raised it aloft to the night-bound sky,
And saw in this Milky Way great suns
That glittered and sparkled and dazzled
the eye!

Quite learned and true these stories may be,
But a little girl's dream seems sweetest to me;
She says that the angels are keeping this Way
Pure and white till the judgment day,
When all God's children shall walk in his
light
To that beautiful home where there is no
night.

—Exchange.

A Bottle for a Leg.

HARK!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

They were laying the rails on the
Canadian Pacific Railway, that shoots
over lonely prairies, through rugged
forests, along wild mountain passes,
till the murmur of the Pacific winds
echoes to the tired puff of the loco-
motive.

"Hurry there, Bob," cried Joe Ste-
vens, an emigrant from Old England.

"Hurry! A good draught of
whiskey would put the hurry into
me," said Bob Sanders, alike from the
mother country.

"Twill take the hurry out of you,"
declared Joe.

Clang! Clang! Clang! went the
hammers of the track-layers, as if
saying to Joe, in confirmation of his
sentiment, "Yes, yes, yes!"

"The construction-train want to be
off!" asked Bob.

"Of course, man!" replied Joe.

Bob looked. He could see on the
end of the piece of track most recently
laid, the big boarding-cars, containing
on the first floor offices, dining-rooms,
and other conveniences; on the second
and third, also, were sleeping-quarters
for the men. These boarding-cars ad-
vanced as the sections of track were
laid, and in their rear now halted the
construction-train, whose load of
material had, but almost dropped.
Mules and horses were drawing light
waggons, loaded with ties and rails, to

the points where they might be need-
ed. Swift armed, muscular fellows
were then laying the tracks, stretch-
ing an iron bracelet across the conti-
nent. In one day five miles were laid,
as an experiment, but a less number
ordinarily.

"Ah," growled Bob, "whiskey
would make things lively."

"Of course," said Joe, laughing, "it
would set a lot of fists in motion,
poking out eyes, breaking noses, and
smashing things generally. See here,
Bob, there is to be a temperance lec-
turer round to-night, wherever we
stop, so they say, and we must hear
him."

"One of them spoonies what talk
for money?"

"No. But if they do, what harm?
Don't you work for money? I tell
ye, Bob, temperance is a money-savin'
operation, and a lecturer might well
charge a couple of shillings a head."

"Nonsense! I don't want to hear
your lecturer."

However, Bob, after supper, went
to hear the man.

It was an interesting sight. The
wide, lonely Canadian prairie, across
which the iron rails were pushing, and
in its centre the knot of boarding-
cars, the construction-train, that to-
morrow would lose its load from its
wooden back, and the sun-browned,
rugged, muscular men that ringed a
speaker who occupied the top of a
dry-goods box.

"How far could I go on a bottle as
a leg?" he asked. "See here, my
men." As he spoke, the lecturer lean-
ed forward and rested his weight on a
bottle that he grasped in his right
hand. Whether he intended it or not,
the bottle broke. The lecturer used
the incident effectively.

"See here. It has broken. Of
course it will not support me. It has
cut my hand, too."

He held up a hand stained with
blood. This object lesson was heartily
applauded by the men, some of them
pounding on the railway ties with
spikes.

"That's blarney," declared Bob, to
his crony, Joe.

"No, 'taint, Bob. It's truth, that's
what it is."

Bob went away, shaking his head
and disgusted.

The days and weeks went by. Au-
tumn came, dressing the forests in a
transient glory ere winter's cold, keen
winds should sweep across the far
north land.

"I am going to quit work on the
railroad," said Joe one day. "You
know I must build a log-house, and
so on, and get comfortable before win-
ter sets in. If you want to come out
there I can give you a job, I think."

"Thank ye. Winter and I will
come along together," replied Bob.

"Well, come when you can."

The next day Joe was escorting a
little emigrant party over the prairie.
His brother Abram had been before
him, securing and stacking a crop of

hay, in readiness for use during the
winter. He had been living in a wig-
wam the Indians had made for him,
but he was glad to leave it for more
substantial quarters. On Joe's arri-
val the two brothers made their axes
fly about the trunks of an oak patch.

"How long will it take us, Abram,
to build our house?" asked Joe.

"'Bout a week," asserted Abram.

In eight days the house was erected.
It consisted of logs, laid upon one an-
other. The spaces between them were
filled up with any convenient earth,
soft and workable. A log hut for the
live stock was also built. These two
buildings and the hay-stack rose above
the plain in a very social cluster. As
for the hay-stack, it looked like a
brown door-knob, and suggested that,
if you turned it, wonderful treasures
below would be revealed to you.

"I wonder where Bob is?" said
Abram Stevens, one bitter day, on
the very rim of winter.

"Oh, he may turn up at any time,"
replied Joe. "He won't forget the
job I promised him."

It was this very day that Bob
started to join his prairie friends.
The ground was still bare, but a sus-
picious haziness about the hills, and a
misty veil let fall over the sun's eye,
suggested that snow might not be
far off.

"The doctor says I had better not
start," soliloquized Bob. "Hurt my
leg the other day, and I must not get
cold in it, he says. Guess I can stand
it. I have a good friend for com-
panion. Ha, ha!"

Here he pulled a bottle out of his
pocket and put it to his lips.

"Got some money in my pocket,
too, and I need not work yet awhile,"
he reflected. "Bob, Bob Sanders,
you are going to have an easy time—
money enough to pay for board two
long months. Ha, ha! Let's have
another pull."

He tipped the bottle again.

"That helps me over the road," said
Bob. "That is as good as a third leg.
That old temperance lecturer—he
didn't know what he was talking
about."

How Bob laughed! He sang and
shouted; and it seemed as if half-a-
dozen, and not one, were following—
across the prairie—the old trail first
started by Father Bruin and his four-
footed family.

The evening of this day Joe and
his brother Abram sat by the fire in
the snug log-cabin.

"Snowing, brother," remarked Ab-
ram. "Cold, too—tough."

"Well, we are comfortable inside.
Got a home, you know. Say, Abram,
I was estimating to-day what my farm
has cost me, and I thought of the
time of our old minister at home—
you remember him?"

"Of course I do."

"He saw me drinking—it was beer,
you know. He said, 'Save your beer-
money, and it will buy you a home
some day.' Well, I made an estimate

how much I had saved that way, and
if it didn't amount to the cost of my
place here!"

"Good!" declared Abram.

Here Joe went to the window, and
saw the soft fold of snow clinging to
the window ledges.

"Abram, let's go out and look at
our live-stock in the barn," suggested
Joe, lighting a lantern.

Oh, how the wind drove without,
linging the fine, powdery snow into
the faces of the brothers! It was the
dreaded blizzard, raging over the
lonely northern prairie.

"What's the matter at that hay-
stack?" asked Abram.

"Don't know. Why—why?"

At the base of the hay-stack, half-
covered by the snow, senseless, was
Bob Sanders. They tenderly raised
him, and bore him into the house.

"Ah!" said Joe, "he's been drinking."

Yes, drunk, in that rough Western
storm! He had somehow reached the
farm, stumbled against the hay stack,
fallen—and fallen also into a stupor,
and was freezing.

"We must have the doctor," said Joe.
The doctor came.

"Ah, this man had some trouble
with his leg, and has taken cold there,"
said the doctor; "and I am afraid he
will have to lose the leg."

Lose it he did; and ever after poor
Bob—foolish Bob—erring Bob—went
about limping on a crutch. He had
found out what it was to have a bottle
for a leg.—*British Workman.*

Who is Your Master?

SOME months ago, five little boys
were busily employed one Saturday
afternoon, tidying up the garden at the
back of their house, receiving now and
then kind words of advice and encour-
agement from their father, who was
preparing part of the grounds for seeds.
All went well for an hour or so, until,
hearing some dispute, I went out to
settle it if I could.

"Well, what is the matter, Fred?"
I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as
Charley," he replied, placing a basket
of stones on the make-believe cart.

"Well, Charley, why not let your
brother be master with you?" I ex-
pected an answer from the young
driver; but after glancing at me to
ascertain whether I spoke in earnest
or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled
the bit from his mouth, and said:
"Well, David, how silly you are! How
can I have two masters? The one
would say 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,'
then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's
remark, so I arranged some other plan
whereby little David was happily en-
gaged, and then left the garden. But
the boy's words reminded me of the
words of the Lord Jesus: "No man
can serve two masters." Dear boys
and girls, you cannot have both Christ
and Satan for your master. "Choose
you this day whom ye will serve."

"Foundered."

When the sun rose from the Northern port, in the dawn of the April day,
When the sunrise touched the Nab's black breast, and blushed over Whitby Bay

Father and two bold sons were there as blithe as the morn all three.

"What ails thee, mate," to the fourth they said, "does ought go wrong with thee?"

"By the birds that swoop round Kettle Ness, there's fish where our lines we set.
And the brave new cable springs to her work, as no boat has served us yet."

"Ay the cable's tight, and strong onow, an' I know what the sea-gulls mean,
But I left my missus' lad up there," and he glanced at the headland green,

Where a red roof hung like a marten's nest, and his bold brown eyes grew dim;
With kindly cheer and honest jest his fellows heartened him.

Or ever the sun was high at noon, the bright blue sky was black,
The wild white horses tossed their crests over the gathering wrack;

Over the gray seas fast and fierce, through the clouds of flying foam,
The squall swept on from the cruel East—the boat was far from home.

Three women watched from the great pier-head thro' the black and bitter night;
One lay and shivered to hear the blast, as it rushed o'er the rocky height,

And nestled closely to her side lay her little new-born son,
While the women said, "He'll be back to see, long ere the day is done."

But over the pale cheek flushed and burned, and ever the eyes grew wild:
She bade them take the babe away, "for he'll never see his child."

Many a boat in bootless search flew over the lessening waves,
Many a keen eye strained its sight, from the Head with its crowded graves;

But the April days, in shade and shine, passed in a deepening pain,
And never over the harbour bar came the *Whitby Lass* again.

Hope sank and rose, and sank and died; the fishermen knew at last,
That from deep-sea harvest and busy staithees, four gallant "hands" had passed.

They found the boat on the flowing tide, ere the year to wintor grew;
Her sails were rent, her block was jammed, her strop was half cut through.

That was all to tell of the desperate strife that for life and death they made,
Who sank to the depths of the great North Sea, with never a hand to aid.

—All the Year Round.

Enduring Hardness.

It is often asked, Why do the churches in India not become self-supporting? Few men in India become Christians without suffering the loss of all things. Twenty years ago, in the town of Palamanair, a well-to-do merchant heard the gospel and became a Christian. A mob came to kill him. The carriage in which he and the missionary rode had to be guarded by a body of police. He was baptized, and it was expected that he would be a help to us financially. He had to be

taken into the missionary premises to guard his life. He went to his house and had to climb over the scullion-gate and go in by the back door; his brothers had built up the front door with masonry. His wife and child went home to her parents; she never would speak to him and never lived with him again. He tried to get possession of his property, which was in an undivided estate, shared between himself and his brothers; they would not speak to him, but spit upon him and kicked him out. He appealed to the courts, but his brothers—sons of the same father and mother—brought forward forged documents on old, discoloured paper, with faded ink, to prove that he had overdrawn his share of the estate several years before. They also produced notes made to them, and they and other false witnesses swore that they saw him make them. In the court it was believed that this was false testimony, but not a single witness dared testify for him, and the court had to decide that there was no share in the property that he could have. That merchant lost house and lands and bazaar and wife and child and friends—everything but the suit of clothes he had on—because he embraced the religion of Jesus Christ. Men of substance have joined us; their substance has not. Now you see why it is that our churches must yet be helped. But give Christianity time to effect the breaking down of caste and opposition, and you will have liberated the force which shall sweep through India and carry it all for Christ.—*Rev. Jacob Chamberlain.*

A Noble Act of Heroism.

I REMEMBER a little incident that happened many years ago. When I was in Cornwall, in 1854, I visited the mine where the incident occurred. Carlyle refers to the story in one of the chapters of his "Life of Sterling." Two men were sinking a shaft. It was dangerous business, for it was necessary to blast the rock. It was their custom to cut the fuse with a sharp knife. One man then entered the bucket and made a signal to be hauled up. When the bucket again descended the other man entered it, and with one hand on the signal rope and the other holding the fire, he touched the fuse, made the signal, and was rapidly drawn up before the explosion took place.

One day they left the knife above, and rather than ascend to procure it, they cut the fuse with a sharp stone. It took fire. "The fuse is on fire!" Both men leaped into the bucket and made the signal; but the windlass would haul up but one man at a time; only one could escape. One of the men leaped out and said to the other, "Up wi' ye; I'll be in heaven in a minute." With lightning speed the bucket was drawn up, and the one man was saved. The explosion took place. Men descended, expecting to find the mangled remains of the other miner; but the blast had loosened a mass of

rock, and it lay diagonally across him; and, with the exception of a few bruises and a little scorching, he was unhurt. When asked why he urged his comrade to escape, he gave a reason that skeptics would laugh at. If there is any being on the face of the earth I pity, it is a skeptic. I would not be what is called a "skeptic" to-day for all the wealth of the world. But what did this hero say when asked, "Why did you insist on this other man's ascending?" In his quaint dialect he replied, "Because I knowed my soul was safe; for I've gie it into the hands of him of whom it is said, that faithfulness is 'girdle of his reins,' and I knowed that what I gied him he'd never gie up. But t'other chap was an awful wicked lad, and I wanted to gie him another chance." All the infidelity in the world cannot produce such a signal act of heroism as that.—*Selected.*

Against Large Odds.

A BOY, in dirt and rags, came into Mr. Wm. E. Dodge's Sunday-school class one day. The other scholars were not disposed to give him a seat, but their teacher arranged a place in one corner, and after school learned from the boy something of his history. It was the old story of a drunken father and wretched home. Mr. Dodge told the boy to come to his house the next Sabbath morning, and here he received a suit of clothes that made a marked difference in his appearance, and also in his reception in the school. But the following Sabbath he came again in the same miserable plight as at first, only, if possible, looking more woe-begone. His father had seized the clothes and sold them for rum. Mr. Dodge provided another suit, but took the precaution to have his scholar come regularly to his house before school, put on the Sunday suit, and stop to exchange it again before returning home. The boy showed an eager interest in the lessons, and was always present.

When summer came, his father took him out of the city for a few months; but on leaving, the boy asked for a New Testament, and said he would try to learn some verses while absent. In the fall he was in his old seat again, his face beaming with joy to find himself again in school. As the class was being dismissed he asked his teacher somewhat diffidently if he would be willing to wait a few minutes to hear him recite a few verses. Mr. Dodge gladly consented, and sat down, expecting the task to be soon over.

"Where shall we begin?"
"Oh, anywhere, sir. Perhaps at the first chapter of John."

For twenty minutes the boy continued to recite, needing only an occasional prompting of a word. The church services were about to begin, and they were compelled to go; but Mr. Dodge agreed to remain again the next Sabbath. This was continued for several weeks, chapter after chap-

ter being repeated with wonderful accuracy.

In the course of time the family moved away, and Mr. Dodge lost sight of the scholar who had so greatly interested him. Many years after, as Mr. Dodge was sitting in his office, a tall, fine-looking, well-dressed young man approached him, and, with a moment's hesitation, said:—

"You do not remember me?"

"No; I can hardly recall your face."

"Do you recollect a little ragged boy named —, who came to your Sunday-school class one day?"

"Certainly I do."

"I am that boy."

And then, with some pardonable pride, and to Mr. Dodge's surprise and delight, he told how he had succeeded in obtaining work in a large manufacturing establishment; how he gradually won his way up to a responsible and confidential position; and how, finally, the original partners relinquished one branch of their business, and handed it over to himself and one or two others of their principal assistants. He had now become a member and officer of a church, a teacher in the Sunday-school, and had a family of his own.—*Memorials of William E. Dodge.*

An Orchard in Miniature.

"SPRING," says Longfellow, "is the miracle of the blooming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches—a gentle progression and growth of herbs, fruits, trees." Now the sower goes forth to sow, trusting to the earth the golden seed of promise. Often this sowing is lonely, monotonous work, but if the sower be faithful and patient, he shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him. These brown, unlovely furrows are, to the eye of faith, already an orchard in miniature—a field of ripened, shining sheaves.

You who forego your Sabbath ease, your cosy leisure, to toil in rough places and amid unpromising lives, look away from surrounding discouragements to the everlasting Word, "Ye shall reap if ye faint not." Reap! Yes, an hundredfold.

In the year 1823, a Christian worker, passing through an Indian village, stopped to leave a New Testament in the shop of a native, trusting that someone might care to take it up and read it. Months after, three or four men from that village journeyed to some Christian missionaries, asking to know more of "that wonderful Book." They were instructed; and very soon six or eight in that village publicly professed Christianity, and began to work for God. One by one they were taken hence, but for years they published Christ to their countrymen with evident tokens of blessing, and their influence—set in motion by a stray copy of the Testament—will last through deathless ages.—*The Quiver.*

Prohibition is the Word!

BY J. M'GONAGLE.

COULD we collect in one vast moat
Or sea, the rum and kindred stuff
That has run down the human throat
Since Adam's day, 'twould be enough
To float a large, capacious bark,
Or ship as large as Noah's ark!

If we could really gather up
One-half of all the human race
That have, through rum's delusive cup,
Been brought to shame and deep dis-
We could an army then enrol [grace;
Would span the earth from pole to pole!

And, concentrating all the groans
And lamentations caused by rum,
The noise would drown the worst cyclone
'That ever on our earth did come;
And, in the meantime, cause a shock
Would make old earth and ocean rock.

Could the rum-slain be brought to life,
And the rum-sellers made to face
Each starving child and weeping wife,
That ruin to their door could trace;
The scene, like a dread avalanche,
Would make saloon-men's faces blanch.

Why not at once enact a law
Ignoring rum and all its brood,
And make intoxicants withdraw
To Hades' deep, dark solitude?
For, otherwise, we'll ne'er overcome
The rude, despotic reign of rum!

—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 30] LESSON XII. [MARCH 18

THE SON REJECTED.

Matt. 21. 33-46. Memory verses, 42-44

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own re-
ceived him not. John 1. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Rejected Heir.
2. The Rejected People.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—It is the next day
after the events described in the last lesson.
It is the last day, probably, of his public
teaching, and among the many things that
he said come the words of this parable.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Hedged it*—That is, he
inclosed it for security. *Dugged a wine press*
—Dugged a trough, or cut a trough in the
rock after the custom of the times. *A tower*
—A watch-tower for the watchmen who kept
off thieves. *Let it out*—Either for a money
payment or for part of the fruits; probably
the latter. *The time of the fruit*—The time
for gathering. *The heel of the corner*—
Or simply "corner-stone;" the importance
attaching to a corner-stone is very old. *Shall*
be given to a nation—That is, to the spiritual
Israel of the New Testament. *Shall fall on*
a stone—One who stumbles at the doctrine
of Christ as the Saviour shall be bruised.
One against whom Christ comes in judgment
will be destroyed.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Rejected Heir.

- What is a parable?
What does this parable illustrate?
What part of Israel's history is suggested
by ver. 33?
In what sense were the Jews God's hus-
bandmen?
Who are meant by the servants, in ver.
35 and ver. 36?
As a historical fact, were any stoned? 2
Chron. 24. 20, 21.
Who is meant here by the heir?
As Jesus had not yet suffered, how must
ver. 39 be regarded?

2. The Rejected People.

- What ought husbandmen to suffer who
had so acted?

From whom did Jesus obtain the sentence
that should be passed upon them?
How did he at once apply it to them?
How does ver. 42 relate to this parable?
Did his enemies recognize the practical
meaning of his parable?
What action had the Sanhedrin already
taken concerning Jesus?
Why did they not carry it out now?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The householder's preparations for the
husbandmen was no more bountiful and
perfect than God's care for each of us.
He gives us time, education, influence,
power. All he asks is part of the fruits.
How do we treat his messages?
These Pharisees knew what sin was; they
knew what ingratitude deserves. Yet they
were even then ungrateful to God, and plan-
ning fresh sin.
They feared the multitude. They did not
fear God. Let us "fear God and keep his
commandments."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Explain this parable. For example:
The Householder represents God.
The Vineyard represents ?
The Time of the Fruit represents ?
And so all through.
2. Take ver 42, and in place of "stone,"
"builders," "rejected," put the proper words
from the parable.
3. Write two lessons which this parable
can teach.
4. Find whether the things said in ver. 35
ever occurred.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom is our heavenly Father likened
in this parable? To a householder.
2. Who are the husbandmen to whom he let
his vineyard? The nation of Israel.
3. How did they treat his messengers? They
beat, and slew, and stoned them.
4. How
did they treat the son? They caught him
and cast him out.
5. How does St. John in
his Gospel record what here Jesus prophesied?
"He came unto his own," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Salvation for
the Gentiles.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

15. How does the Old Testament teach
Christianity?
The Scriptures of the Old Testament were
written by many holy men, who prophesied
that the Christ was coming, and foretold
also what he would suffer and do and teach.
1 Peter i. 10, 11.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 25.

DIRECTIONS FOR STUDY.

1. Study each lesson afresh. Do not be
content with a simple glance. Study.
2. Master all that is required.
3. Write from memory alone the whole
story of the Quarter.
4. Commit to memory the Titles of the
lessons, so that you can repeat as fast as
you can talk.
5. The same with GOLDEN TEXTS.
6. The same with the Outlines.
7. The same with the names of all the
men and women mentioned in the lessons of
the Quarter.
8. What portion of our Lord's ministry
do the lessons cover?
9. Name all the places to which he went.
10. Tell all the miracles that are mentioned.
11. In what lesson does the word "ho-
sanna" occur? When you have recalled the
number, give also the Title and the GOLDEN
TEXT.
Who said, "Thou art the Christ?"
Who said, "Grant that my sons may sit,"
etc.?
Who said, "All these have I kept?"
Who said, "Be of good cheer?"
Who said, "It is John the Baptist?"
12. Tell the lesson in which each of these
sentences occurs, and give Title and GOLDEN
TEXT.
Who were displeased on the last Sunday,
or first day, that Christ passed on earth?
What family entertained him during his
last week of life?
What could have been the reason for his
transfiguration?

What lesson and what character show the
terrible power of conscience?
What is the great principle of supremacy
in Christ's kingdom?

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

A. D. 56 or 58]

[MARCH 25

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

Gal. 5. 16-26. Memory verses, 22-25

GOLDEN TEXT.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in
the Spirit. Gal. 5. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. The Works of the Flesh.
2. The Works of the Spirit.

TIME.—56 or 58 A. D.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Walk in the Spirit*—That
is, live from day to day as taught by the
Spirit. *The lust of the flesh*—That is merely
human desires springing from our corrupt
human nature. *Under the law*—That is the
old Jewish ceremonial law. *Witchcraft*—Or
magic; or such acts as were done for money
by those like Simon Magus. *Have crucified*
the flesh—That is, have so overcome such
temptations as spring from corrupt human
nature, that they have no power.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Works of the flesh.

- Who is the author of the epistle to the
Galatians?
For what purpose was it written?
Whom did Paul honour far above the letter
of the Jewish law?
Whom did Paul claim was the representa-
tive of the Christ, then in the earth?
What did he give as the great law for
Christian living?
What words of the Christ had given him
a warrant for such law? John 16. 13.
If they should attempt to walk in any
other way, what great foe would they
be compelled to fight?
What are the works of the flesh?
What does human history and the present
condition of society teach you concerning
this statement?

2. The Works of the Spirit.

- What are the works of the Spirit? John
16. 8-11.
What will the fruits of such work neces-
sarily be?
What is here meant by "temperance?"
What are some of the ways in which men
are intemperate?
When do you think is the proper age to
begin practicing this virtue of temper-
ance?
Many young people are never tempted to
use intoxicating drinks; have they any
temperance battle to fight?
What are some of the ways in which they
must strive to be temperate?
What is the one rule by which to live?
ver. 16.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Life is a constant struggle against tempta-
tion. He who yields becomes more or less
like the wretch that vers. 19, 20, and 21
depict. He who conquers becomes like the
saint of vers. 22 and 23.

Do you want to be clean from evil? Resist,
resist, RESIST.
A pure-minded boy will almost surely
make a pure-minded man.
Let each scholar apply this line of thought
to his or to her own heart.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How does Paul say one may overcome
temptation? By walking in the Spirit.
2. How
can one walk in the Spirit? By living
as the Spirit teaches.
3. How may we know
what the Spirit teaches? By daily doing
God's will.
4. How may we learn to do
God's will? By diligent study of God's
word.
5. What rule for absolute temper-
ance in all things is given by the GOLDEN
TEXT? "If we live," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Holy Spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

16. What has our Lord said about the
books of the Old Testament?
He calls them the Scriptures, says that
they testify of himself, and that they will
not pass away.
Luke xxiv. 44, 45; John x. 35; Matthew
v. 17, 18.

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