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HOME AND SCHOOL

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

RUDOLPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1888.

[No. 12.]

A Ship in Winter.

A SHIP in summer when the weather is clear, the breezes are gentle and the water smooth, is a thing of beauty and a delight to those who have the privilege of sailing in them; but when the winter comes and storms of sleet and rain cover the rigging and decks with ice, the life of the sailor is dreary enough. The ship in our picture has been in a severe storm and every rope, mast, spar and cable is covered with ice. The waves dash fiercely against the sides of the hull and the sea moans most dismally. Surely it is not a very pleasing spectacle. But let that same ship float out into a clear, calm sea where the sun is shining, and the air is clear and balmy, and it would be a pleasure to ride upon her. Well, what good lesson can we learn from the ship? We were just thinking what if the ship should sail along willingly and faithfully when the wind and weather was favourable, but when the storm and cold came would say, "I cannot endure this tedious weather. I must be excused from service when the storm comes." That would be about the way some Christians do. You have heard of fair-weather Christians, have you not? Of course you have, and no doubt you have seen them too, for they are far too common. They are quite ready to be Christians when the tide of religious interest is favourable, but when temptations and persecutions come, they are ready to turn aside and shirk the responsibility of standing up for Jesus. The readers of the HOME AND SCHOOL must not be fair-weather Christians, but stand steady and strong against the storms of trial and persecutions, and Jesus will bring them through gloriously in the end.

Our beliefs are independent of our will, but our honesty is not: and he who keeps his honesty keeps one of the most precious possessions of all true Christians and gentlemen.



A SHIP IN WINTER.

Birds' Nests.

THERE are few things as wonderful as birds' nests. These little creatures, which one would suppose good for nothing but to pour forth their sweet songs, are really capable of building "houses without hands." These are built for the purpose of rearing and protecting their young. The materials used for the nest are different with different birds, but they are generally straw, twigs, wool, thread, or moss. I once saw a nest made out of some fine lace, taken from the clothes-line of our neighbours.

The styles of building their nests are nearly, if not quite, as numerous as those employed by man in building houses. Some English author has classified them into twelve distinct groups: Miners, ground-builders, masons, carpenters, platform-builders, basket-makers, weavers, tailors, felt-makers, cementers, dome-builders, and parasites. These names indicate the methods used in building. Under the head of miners come the common bank-swallows. The hawk is both a ground and platform-builder. The robin is a mason, and the woodpecker

is a carpenter. The martial eagle, of Southern Africa, builds a platform said to be strong enough to hold the largest man. The magpie and crow are basket-makers, and hang their nests from some twig or branch where the leaves entirely conceal them. Of the weavers, the Baltimore oriole is, perhaps, the most familiar example.

There are many other examples of the wonderful ways in which birds construct their nests. Who teaches them how to do all these things is a question we cannot answer. We know, however, that they must have a natural impulse which leads them to do, without reasoning, what is best for their own safety.

A short time ago I read a story about a magpie, which was accustomed to receive dainty bits from the mouth of its mistress. One day it came and perched on her shoulder, and, putting its beak between her lips, the grateful bird dropped a large, fat worm into her mouth!—*Band of Mercy.*

Trying to Drown the Cat.

MR. CLIMIE remarked: "I know a man who had in his house a vicious cat, which he determined to destroy. So one day he took the cat down to the river, and, taking a rope from his pocket, he tied a stone around the neck of the animal, and threw it into the water. He turned for home with a feeling of satisfaction at having accomplished the task. But on his arrival, he found that the cat was there before him, and waiting at the door to welcome him. And it is much the same with the man who tries to fight his besetting sin in his own strength. He faces it, fights it, and struggles against it until he thinks it is dead; but, unexpectedly, it meets him again, and gets him in his power once more. Men are very foolish to fight sin in their own strength. It is only through the grace of Christ that any conquest may be achieved and evil overcome."

The Riders of the Plains.

FROM AN EX-MOUNTED POLICEMAN,
FORT WALSH.

SO WAKE the prairie echoes with
The ever-welcome sound,
Ring out the "boot and saddle" till
Its stirring notes resound.
Our chargers toss their bridled heads
And chafe against the reins,
Ring out! ring out the marching call
For the riders of the plains.

O'er many a league of prairie wild
Our trackless path must be,
And round it rove the fiercest tribes
Of Blackfoot and of Cree.
But danger from their savage bands
A dauntless heart disdains—
'Tis the heart that bears the helmet up
Of the riders of the plains.

The prairie storms sweep o'er our way,
But onward still we go,
To scale the weary mountain range,
Descend the valley low.
We face the broad Saskatchewan,
Made fierce with heavy rains,
With all his might he cannot check
The riders of the plains.

We tread the dreadful cactus land,
Where, lost to white man's pen,
We startle there the creatures wild
With the sight of armed men.
For whereso'er our leader bids
The bugle sounds its strains,
Forward in sections marching go
The riders of the plains.

The fire king stalks the prairie,
And fearful 'tis to see
The rushing wall of flame and smoke
Girding round us rapidly.
'Tis then we shout defiance,
And mock his fiery chains,
For safe the cleared circle guards
The riders of the plains.

For us no cheerful hostelry
Their welcome gates unfold,
No generous board, no downy cotlet
Await our troopers bold.
Beneath the star-lit canopy,
At eve, when daylight wanes,
There lie those hardy wanderers—
The riders of the plains.

In want of rest, in want of food,
Our courage does not fail,
As day and night we follow hard
The desperado's trail.
His threatened rifle stays us not,
He finds no hope remains,
And yields at last a captive to
The riders of the plains.

We've taken the haughty feathered Chief,
Whose hands were red with blood,
E'en in the very Council Lodge
We seized him as he stood.
Three fearless hearts faced forty braves,
And bore their Chief in chains
Full sixty miles, to where lay camped
The riders of the plains.

But that which tries the courage sore
Of horsemen and of steed
Is want of blessed water,
Blessed water in our need.
We'll face like men what'er befalls,
Of perils, hardships, pains,
Oh, God! deny not water to
The riders of the plains.

And death, who comes alike to all,
Has visited us out here,
Filling our hearts with bitter grief,
Our eyes with many a tear.
Five times he drew his fatal bow,
His hand no prayer restrains;
Five times his arrow sped among
The riders of the plains.

Hard by the Old Man River,
Where freshet breezes blow,
Five grassy mounds lie side by side,

Five riders sleep below.
Neat palings close the sacred ground,
No stranger's step profanes
Their deep repose, and they sleep well,
These riders of the plains.

There is no marble column,
There is no graven stone,
To blazon to a curious world
The deeds they may have done.
But the prairie flower blows lightly there,
And creeping wild rose trains
Its wreath of summer beauty o'er
The riders of the plains.

Sleep on, sleep on, proud slumberers,
Who died in this far west;
No prancing steed will feel your hand,
No trumpet break your rest.
Sleep on till the great archangel
Shall burst death's mortal chains,
And you hear the great "Reveille,"
Ye riders of the plains.

We bear no lifted banners,
The soldier's care and pride;
No fluttering flag waves onward
Our horsemen as they ride.
Our only guide is "duty's" call,
And well its strength sustains
The dauntless spirits of our men,
Bold riders of the plains.

We muster but five hundred
In all this "great lone land"
Which stretches o'er this continent
To where the Rockies stand.
But not one heart doth falter,
No coward voice complains;
That few, too few in numbers are,
The riders of the plains.

In England's mighty empire
Each man must take his stand;
Some guard the honoured flag at sea,
Some bear it well by land.
'Tis not our part to fight its foes—
Then what to us remains?
What duty does our Sovereign give
Her riders of the plains?

Our mission is to plant the reign
Of British freedom here,
Restrain the lawless savage
And protect the pioneer.
And 'tis a proud and darling trust
To hold those vast domains
With but five hundred mounted men—
The riders of the plains.

The Waldenses.

JOHN H. EAGER.

ON the northern border of Italy,
just at the foot of the Alps, and in
full view of the perpetual snow, lies
a beautiful, mountainous country,
which for a long time has been called
the Waldensian Valleys. In the
winter it is very cold, the whole coun-
try being covered with snow—some-
times five or six feet deep, and not
unfrequently even deeper still. But
in the summer the snow passes away,
except on the tops of a few distant
mountains, where it never melts, and
the air is cool and pleasant and breath-
ing, even in August.

Many years ago the Waldensian
country extended a good deal further
down the valley, towards the city of
Turin; but, after a while, persecution
arose, and the people were compelled
to take refuge in the mountains,
where they could find good hiding-
places, when pursued by their enemies.
Often men, women, and children were
compelled to leave their pleasant
homes, and climb the steep mountain-

side, and hide in the dark dens and
caverns of the earth. Sometimes they
were compelled to fight for their lives,
and to shed their own and their ene-
mies' blood.

When captured by their inhuman
foes, no cruelty or barbarity was too
great to be inflicted upon them—even
upon delicate women and sweet, in-
nocent little children. The words of
the Apostle, in the Bible, give almost
an exact description of how they suf-
fered at the hands of wicked men:
"Others were tortured, not accepting
their deliverance; that they might
obtain a better resurrection; and
others had trial of mockings and
scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds
and imprisonment; they were stoned,
they were sawn asunder, they were
tempted, they were slain with the
sword; they went about in sheep-
skins, in goatskins; being destitute,
afflicted, evil entreated (of whom the
world was not worthy), wandering in
deserts, and mountains, and caves, and
the holes of the earth."

I have walked over the mountains
where these poor people were com-
pelled to wander, and have been in
the caves and holes of the earth where
where they hid themselves. And why
did they suffer such things? Were
they robbers and murderers? Were
they rebels against the authority of
the government? A troublesome
and disturbing element in the land?
No; they were good people—obedient
to the laws, wishing ill to no one, and
anxious to live a quiet and peaceful
life in their own humble homes. Why,
then, were they so persecuted? Simply
because they refused to be Catholics
—because they wanted to read and
study the Bible for themselves—be-
cause they wished to worship God
according to the dictates of their own
consciences.

It may seem strange to you that
God would allow such good people to
be so persecuted; but this has been
the history of God's people, from time
to time, in all ages of the world.
Those who are called to endure great
sufferings for the cause of Christ, and
remain faithful, are highly favoured,
and will be richly rewarded in heaven.

But the Waldenses are not perse-
cuted now as they were many years
ago. They no longer worship God in
caves and holes of the earth, but have
their own churches, where large con-
gregations assemble every Sunday to
hear the gospel preached, and to sing
their sweet songs of praise to God.
In the summer-time, some of the con-
gregations meet every Sunday after-
noon, on some cool, shady, romantic
mountain side, to worship God in the
great temple of Nature, with only the
blue sky overhead, and the soft, green
grass under foot. I shall never forget
the first service of this kind I at-
tended in those historic valleys. The
sight of the people gathered in groups
on the green grass—the words of the
aged preacher—the sweet, plaintive
songs that went echoing down the

valley—all had a peculiar effect upon
me, and touched my heart most ten-
derly. I could not keep the tears
from gathering in my eyes—tears of
pity for the poor people who suffered
such cruelties on these very mountains
years ago, and tears of gratitude that
those horrible days are passed, and
that such a meeting as the present is
possible. I attended other similar
meetings, but none impressed me just
as the first one did.

Once a year these people have a
great national gathering in some con-
venient valley, to talk of their past
history and sufferings, and to thank
God for the wonderful changes he has
wrought. They are God's people, led
through the furnace, and preserved
for his service. Let us pray that they
may be faithful to their high calling.

"Thank You."

It is so easy to say these simple
words. The effort it costs is so little,
and yet the expression means so much.
It not only indicates due gratitude for
favour received, but it shows a proper
observance of those small courtesies
of life which distinguish the true lady
and gentleman.

There are, of course, things of far
greater value than mere polish or
glitter. Solid deeds are of vastly
more consequence. But even the best
deeds acquire added worth when per-
formed with gentleness and grace,
rather than in a rude, uncouth man-
ner. The diamond possesses intrinsic
value in the rough, but its worth is
immensely heightened when the gem
is polished. The gold from the mine
is also valuable, but how greatly is its
worth increased when it is purified
and stamped into coin, or wrought
into ornaments by the skill of the
artist!

A kindly "Thank you" to your
parents, to your brothers and sisters,
to anyone to whom you may be in-
debted for the slightest attention, will
tell greatly upon yourself in making
you more gentle and refined, and en-
couraging a proper degree of respect
in the estimation of others for you;
and this habit once formed you will
find it very easy of practice; indeed,
the difficulty will then become to omit
rather than express obligation for
courtesy received.

To cultivate this habitual polite-
ness, you should constantly address
those in the home circle precisely as
you would strangers to whom you
visited to be particularly well be-
haved. When this habit of constant
politeness is well established at home,
you will be freed in society from a
hundred awkward embarrassments to
which young people are often subject
because of their defective training in
the home.—*The Angelus.*

A JAPANESE convert, a heavy smoker,
gave up the use of tobacco in order to
have something with which to help
spread the Gospel.

The Absence of Little Wesley.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Since little Wesley went, the place seems
all so strange and still—
Why I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I'd
miss the whipporwill!
And to think I ust to scold him fer his ever-
lastin' noise,
When I on'y rickollect him as the best o'
little boys!
I wish a hunderd times a day 'at he'd come
trompin' in,
And all the noise he ever made was twic't as
loud ag'in!—
It 'u'd seem like some soft music played on
some fine instrument,
'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence
little Wesley went!

Of course the clock don't tick no louder than
it ust to do—
Yit now they's time it 'pears like 'u'd bu'st
itself in two!
And, let a rooster, suddent-like, crow som'ers
clos't around,
And seems 's of, mighty nigh it, it 'u'd lift me
off the ground!
And same with all the cattle when they bawl
around the bars,
In the red o' airly mornin'. or the dusk and
dew and stars,
When the neighbours' boys 'at passes never
stop, but jest go on,
A-whistlin' kind o' to theirs'v's—sence little
Wesley's gone!

And then, o' nights when Mother's settin' up
oncommon late,
A-bilin' pears er somepin, and I set and
smoke and wait,
Tel the moon out through the wiuder don't
look bigger 'n a dime,
And things keeps gittin' stiller—stiller—
stiller all the time,—
I've ketch'd mysef a-wishin' like—as I
clumb on the cheer
To wind the clock, as I hev done fer more'n
fifty year—
A-wishin' 'at the time hed come fer us to go
to bed,
With our last prayers, and our last tears,
sence little Wesley's dead!

—The Century.

Homing Pigeons.

BY REV. W. V. KELLEY, D.D.

MANY years ago Father Taylor, the
inspired genius of the Mariners' Bethel,
arose in a prayer-meeting in the old
West Church in Boston, and began to
talk in a quiet way about doves. One
who heard him says, "He hadn't talked
many minutes before that old meeting-
house seemed to be full of doves; and
then somehow pretty soon he made us
all feel like doves waiting to be fed
from God's hand." Among the mys-
teries of things animate and inanimate,
few are more wonderful and suggestive
than the carrier-dove, or homing pigeon.

Every bird is a marvel. The mir-
acle of wings puzzles and defies the
earth-bound creature, man. The bird
floats superior, still unexplained and
unmatched, describing its ancient chal-
lenge in circles on the blue dome above
us. The frigate-bird, with its slight
body hung between prodigious pinions
fifteen feet in span, outstrips the tor-
nado, and finds the hurricane, which
breaks frigates like egg-shells, a mere
frolic; with incredible wing-sweep
covers eighty leagues of ocean in an
hour, and spouses on the storm, un-
wearied, superb, victorious.

Man envies this power of flight. Egypt betrayed the desire in that strange and significant conception, the Sphinx, composite of a human head, a lion's body, and a bird's wings, indicative of man's wish to add to his thought-power the strength of the tawny brute-king and the bird's gift of aerial transit. Well, it is believed that the human creature has wings. Greece figured the scul by her winged Psyche. Dreams that are not all a dream give us the sense of wings concealed or prescience of wings to come. It was not on us that the degrading sentence was pronounced, "Upon thy belly shalt thou go and dust shalt thou eat." Mounting faculties are felt in us, flutters which have charter to a large, liberal and lofty franchise. We have no occasion to be jealous of the bird.

The bird is a creature that moves in and on an element that is invisible, from the tangible, hard earth into the viewless air; from the visible up into the unseen, living and breathing and having its being in that realm. The atmosphere, you cannot see it; take a telescope, and you cannot; take a microscope, and it is all the same. But the invisible is not therefore unreal; wings find something in it substantial enough to rest on, lean on, and rise upon. The bird finds it practicable to advance through the unseen and live there. So do we. For us, also, the invisible is actual, veritable, substantial.

The homing pigeon challenges admiring wonder by its fine fidelity and mysterious faculty for finding its way. Loose it anywhere, and it starts instantly homeward. Carry it however far away and toss it up, it spirals to a great height in the air, sails around a moment or two, chooses its course and sets out for home, making sometimes a hundred miles an hour, and a flight a thousand miles long. How it knows the way is inexplicable. Not by landmarks, for it may be loosed far out at sea, beyond possible sight of any object that could give direction, coming back safe and straight. This knowledge is strange enough to fill us with awe. It is as if that little flying craft of the upper ocean, with trim, slender hull, and wide spread of canvas, had machinery on board for winding in its clew, as the *Great Eastern* might take up, haul aboard, and coil away an Atlantic cable from mid-ocean shoreward, so coming in at last to the headlands of Heart's Content.

This swift, unerring navigator of the air, where does he keep his sextant? What observations does he take of sun by day or pole-star by night? Whose logarithms does the little mathematician use in ciphering out latitude and longitude on the aerial sea? Where is the binnacle which hides the needle that gives him his bearings? By what chart does he know the where-away of the unseen port? The Sphinx has no more answerless riddle. No man guesses the bird's enigma. The in-

struments of its strange feat are not among the visible organs; science is baffled at the hiding of this power. "The secret of the Lord is with them" to whom it is given, and who "fear him" so much that they would not disobey the instinct or the revelation he has given them; it is a secret not to be explained, conveyed, or transferred. Take in your hands one of the homing pigeons when it flutters in at the dove-cote, stroke the panting breast that holds the true home-loving heart, and ask, "How did you know the way home?" It could only say, if it should speak, "I cannot tell. Ask God!"

"O wise little birds how do ye know
The way to go?"
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away,
And maketh the way appear"

Then to this answer of the doves let your heart make response, "Dear little birds, he calleth me who calleth ye." Heinrich Heine, having passed through flippant skepticism, atheism, and pantheism, repented of them all, and at last wrote himself down a Christian. Attributing his late enlightenment entirely to reading the Bible, he gave this account of what happened him: "A sort of heavenly home-sickness fell upon me and drove me forth."

The homing instinct is in the soul of man, and, moreover, the God of doves has not left the human spirit without faculty for finding its way to the home which it longs for. Remember the beautiful words of the priest to Evangeline, seeking in vain for many a day and many weary miles her lost lover:

"Patience," the priest would say; "have faith and thy prayers will be answered! Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from the meadow.
See how its leaves all point to the north as true as the magnet:
It is the compass flower that the finger of God hath suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is Faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxurious flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here and hereafter,
Crown us with asphodel flowers that are wet with dews of Nepenthe."

"In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." "Thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee, saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'" "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eye-lids look straight before thee." A man of eminence has told us how, when in childhood, he raised a stone to crush a tortoise; at the moment of the lifted arm something said, whether from within or from without he could not tell, "No, you must not. It is wrong!" What is it plucks the boy by the sleeve, holds his arm back, and makes him drop the stone harmless to the ground? "A

power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," say the philosophic phrase-inventors. It is a saving of breath, and perhaps of souls, to say, God. Man circles round, like a pigeon bewildered in the air, till he takes the way of Christ homeward through penitence, forgiveness, adoption and obedience, and as he settles to it, sings—

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

Origin of "Mr." and "Mrs."

THE history of these everyday titles, "Mr." and "Mrs.," which are now the common property of everyone, is not without interest, though in some of its steps it is a little obscure. In the earlier times of our history, the ordinary man was simply "William" or "John"—that is to say, he had merely a Christian name, without any kind of "handle" before it or surname after it. Some means of distinguishing one John or one William from another John or another William became necessary. Nicknames derived from a man's trade, or from his dwelling-place, or from some personal peculiarity, were tacked on to the Christian name, and plain John became plain John Smith. As yet there were no "misters" in the land. Some John Smith accumulated more wealth than the bulk of his fellows—became, perhaps, a land proprietor, or an employer of hired labour. Then he began to be called—in the Norman-French of the day—the "maistre" of this place or of that of these workmen or of those. In time the "maistre"—or "maister," as it soon became—got tacked on before his name, and he became Maister Smith, and his wife was Maistress Smith. It is only within comparatively modern times that the term came to be considered an almost indispensable adjunct to every one's name when mentioned in ordinary conversation or writing. Maistress Smith soon became Mistress Smith. Exactly how and when the term got corrupted cannot be said. Maister Smith, however, remained Maister Smith long after his wife became Mistress Smith.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Waking the Branches.

Now is the time of year for tempting the little sleeping branches to wake up somewhat earlier than usual. Carefully cut a few from maples, willows—even from stiff and leafless garden shrubs, however drear and wintry they may appear. Put them in water, which should be changed every day; give them sunshine and shelter, place them in-doors, and watch for the waking! Soon you will see swelling buds, then the blossoms, and, later, the green leaves, if you have pear or cherry branches, or cuttings from flowering almond bushes, or from Forsythia or *pyrus Japonica*. In this way young city-folk may enjoy the sweet spring blooming even before it comes to their country cousins.—*St. Nicholas, for May.*

A Minute.

A MINUTE, how soon it has flown!
And yet, how important it is!
God calls every moment his own,
For all our existence is his;
And tho' we may waste them in folly and
play,
He notices each that we squander away.

'Tis easy to squander our years
In idleness, folly and strife;
But, oh! no repentance or tears
Can bring back one moment of life!
But time, if well spent, and improved as it
goes,
Will render life pleasant and peaceful its
close.

And when all the minutes are past,
Which God for our portion has given
We shall certainly welcome the last,
If it safely conducts us to heaven.
The value of time, then, may all of us see,
Not knowing how near our last minute may
be.

—Selected.

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1888.

The Patient and the Medical Students.

A WORKER says: "Not long ago a young man in Alexandria was brought to Christ. He became ill, and consulted a doctor, who told him that he was unable to form any opinion of the nature of his disease, and that he thought the best thing he could do was to consult a medical professor.

"The young man acted upon that advice, and the professor honestly told him that he had upon him a disease that certainly would end with his death. There was only one possibility of cure. If he would consent to undergo a painful operation he might be saved, but the result was not at all certain. The young man, after an earnest prayer to God to give the operator wisdom, prayed for the students, who had come in, that God would save such as were unconverted, and that he would bless them all. Then, casting himself upon the Lord, he declared himself ready.

"Many of the students were completely broken down, and the pro-

fessor himself was moved to tears, and turning to the students, he said. 'Young gentlemen, many of you have heard it said that there is nothing in religion; but I think that we must all see that there is something in a religion that enables a young man to look at death so bravely, and in the midst of his own overwhelming troubles to think of the salvation of others. I had much fear regarding the success of this operation, but now I have none.'

"The operation was a success; and while lying in the infirmary, the young man was visited by many of the students who thanked him for showing them the way of salvation—for that earnest prayer, offered in the operating-room had gone to their hearts."

A Lad's Avowal of Christ.

AN Evangelist relates: "When I was addressing a gospel meeting in London, not long ago, among those who waited at the close of the service to be spoken with was a young lad, who told the worker that he would like to be saved, but he was afraid of his companions laughing at him. The worker showed him the necessity of confessing Christ, and that he need not go forth in his own strength; that God would be always with him to strengthen and uphold; and that if he were ashamed to confess Christ, Christ would not confess him before his Father. The lad accepted Christ, resolving to openly avow him. Next day, as the friend who had spoken to him was walking along the street, a bright-faced lad came up to him, and held out his hand. At first the gentleman did not remember the face, but a second look enabled him to recognize the anxious inquirer of the previous night. 'Well,' he asked, 'how did you get on?' 'Oh, I just told them the whole story, and after they had laughed and mocked a bit, that was all they could do.'

Glorifying Christ in Japan.

At a meeting in Japan, where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was, "How to glorify Christ by our lives." One of the girls said:—

"It seems to me like this: In spring my mother got some flower seeds—little, ugly, black things—and planted them. They grew and blossomed beautifully. One day, a neighbour coming in, and seeing these flowers, said, 'Oh, how beautiful! I must have some too. Won't you please give me some seed?' Now, if this neighbour had only just seen the flower seeds, she wouldn't have called for them. 'Twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed.

"And so with Christianity. When we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible, they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say, 'We don't care to hear about these things—they are not as interesting as our



SAMSON CARRYING THE GATES OF GAZA.

own stories.' But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, 'How beautiful these lives! What makes them different from other lives?' When they hear that 'tis the Jesus teaching, then they say, 'We must have it too!'

"And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends."

Tragedy, Indeed.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune and high social position was a moderate drinker. He came home one day in a state of great exaltation, and his little boy ran to the door to meet him, crying out, "Mamma, here's papa! Here's papa!" The father caught him up playfully, swinging him about furiously in his semi-delirium, and the little fellow's temple came in contact with the corner of a marble table, and he fell down dead.

The mother shrieked and fell to the floor in a state of absolute insensibility; and the father staggered off to a bed, upon which he threw himself, and was soon in a state of drunken stupor, unconscious of all the surroundings.

The pastor was called, and spent the whole night in that fearful scene—the wife in wild delirium, and she died without recovering consciousness. The father, when reason returned, inquired for his boy, and upon being told the facts, fell to the floor in spasms, became insane, and died in a madhouse.

The pastor, who saw the whole of that fearful tragedy, described it afterwards at a ministers' meeting, painting it in all its horrors. The pastor at the time was a most respectable moderate drinker. The scene he had

witnessed suggested nothing to him, and in ten years after he was himself an outcast and a drunkard, and is now a hostler at a tavern stable.—Neal Dow.

Samson Carrying the Gates of Gaza.

THIS was one of the greatest feats of the strongest of men, carrying off the great gates of the city of Gaza. Observe the great web of hair he wore in fulfilment of his Nazarite's vow. It is a pity that Samson's piety and good sense were not as great as his strength.

A Christian Railway Ticket Collector.

MR. D. J. FINDLAY observes: "I was travelling from Manchester to Bradford, a short time ago, and when we stopped to have the tickets collected, I noticed that the collector was a fine, bright young fellow, and I took the opportunity of speaking to him of his soul. 'I suppose there is sometimes an accident on this line?' I remarked. He laughingly replied that there was. Then, pointing to my companion, who sat beside me, I said, 'If there be a collision this run, my friend and I are going straight to heaven, if the Lord sees fit to take this life from us. If anything should happen to you, would you go there also?' 'Yes, I would,' was the confident reply. 'Then you are a Methodist?' I continued. 'Oh, no,' he answered; 'we do not need to be Methodists to be saved. All who believe in Christ are saved. Jesus does not save for the Church's sake, but for his own sake.' I was much pleased with this young man's answer, for I saw that he had built on a sure foundation."



OFFERING FIRSTFRUITS.

Be Careful.

BY FLORA M'ELWELL.

Be careful what you sow, boys !
For seed will surely grow, boys !
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash,
The clouds will darken,
And the sunshine flash,
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls !
For every seed will grow, girls !
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and in shade
It will surely grow ;
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys !
For the weed will surely grow, boys !
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest,
By and by,
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seeds now !
And not the briars and weeds now !
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home,
For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit to-morrow.

—Selected.

Offering Firstfruits.

THE ceremony represented in the picture is thus described in Leviticus, 23. 10, 11, "Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them. When ye be come unto the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the firstfruits of your harvest unto the priest: And he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted of you: on the morrow after the sabbath the priest shall wave it." So should we bring the firstfruits of all our increase and industry to offer it to God, especially, the best and earliest years of our lives, not the mere fag-end of an existence the whole of which is due to him.

New Testament Religion.

THE Rev. Sam Jones was speaking of growing in grace, and of a religion that made men kind, and concluded by saying: "That is what we want—love toward God and love toward man. It is said that the larks of Scotland are the sweetest singing birds on earth. No piece of mechanism that man has ever made has the soft, sweet, glorious music in it that the lark's throat has. When the farmers of Scotland walk out early in the morning, they flush the larks from the grass, and as they rise they sing, and as they sing they circle, and higher and higher they go, circling as they sing, until at last the notes of their voices die out in the sweetest strains that earth ever listened to. Let us begin to circle up and sing as we circle, and go higher and higher, until we flood the throne of God itself, and the strains of our voices melt in sweetest sympathy with the music of the skies."

Training.

THE foundation of all training is the desire for self-improvement, and the results depend wholly on the material we have to work upon. The person who is anxious to become a good nurse is not satisfied with waiting and tending, and giving doses, but studies the patient, and endeavours to make everything contribute to his comfort and speedy recovery.

Good nursing is often more beneficial than medicine; and as sickness is likely to visit every household, all the members of it should early train themselves to quiet movements, to thoughtful ways, and considerate kindnesses, so that these will come naturally "when pain and anguish rend the brow."

The child or grown person accustomed to noisy stampings and demonstrations cannot easily control these habits, and the efforts to do so is painfully

apparent to the nervous invalid, who prefers rather to be alone than in such company.

Loving service may be made doubly valuable by the manner in which it is performed. The eye, the ear, the hand, the foot, the voice—all need training; and while we are fitting ourselves to take care of the sick we are also attaining a higher degree of culture, and establishing traits of character that make us more attractive and companionable.

There is a place for everyone to fill; there is work for everyone to do; and those who have undergone the discipline of self-training understand the full meaning of the poet Milton, when he said,

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

And those eager to serve seldom have to wait long.

Using the Bible.

WE all say that the Bible is the Word of God, but do all of us consider what a blessed thing it is to have the real Word of God in our own hands, printed in our own language? We have been so familiar with the Book from early childhood that we are in danger of forgetting what a priceless possession it is. We need to think many times of its origin and of what it is, that we may learn to prize it as we ought, and get from it the blessings that it brings to us.

The Bible is meant to be used. It is not a charm, as some superstitious people suppose a crucifix or a horseshoe to be. Merely having a Bible in the house, or owning a personal copy, or even carrying one in the pocket, will not do us any good. Sometimes, when a battle was beginning, soldiers have been known to fling away a pack of cards, and put a Bible or New Testament into their pocket instead. They felt that they would be safer in battle with God's Book on their person than with a pack of cards.

But such superstitious use of the Bible, if that is all we do with it, brings no blessing. A bullet will be just as likely to strike a soldier with a Testament in his pocket as one with cards. Let us get clear of all superstition, even about the Bible. We may have copies of it in every room in our house, and on every shelf and table; we may carry one in every pocket, and may always have one under our pillow; but if this is all we do with the Book, we might as well not have it at all.

The Bible blesses us only when we use it. We must open it, and read its pages for ourselves. We must read it, too, as God's word. A heathen convert said: "I kneel down to pray, and I talk to God; I open and read the Bible, and God talks to me." Mere reading of the Bible will not do us any good. We must read it, listening to God in its words. It is his voice that we hear in the sentences. We must read it, therefore, reverently, lovingly, humbly, as little children, wishing to know what our Father in heaven has to say to us. We must read it, also, ready to accept whatever it says, and to do whatever it commands.

The Bible is meant to rule our life; it is of no use to us unless we try earnestly and sincerely to live out its lessons. When it tells us that anything is right, we ought instantly to do that thing, or try to get that divine quality into our character. When we read the beatitudes of Jesus, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers," we ought to strive to get all these beautiful attributes into our lives. We ought to seek to be humble, to be meek, to be merciful, to be pure in heart, to be a peacemaker. So of all the Bible: we really learn just so much of it as we honestly try to live.

We ought, therefore, to make daily use of our Bible. Every young person ought to have one of his own. The book can be gotten now for a very little, although it is better not to buy a cheap Bible with poor print and frail binding, but to get a good copy that will last nearly a lifetime. We ought not to grudge paying a good price for a strong and beautiful Bible. But, of whatsoever sort it be, let every young person have his own Bible. Then let him study it every day, poring over its pages, deeply and prayerfully pondering its sacred words. Then let him live it. Every beautiful thing he finds in its pages let him get straightway out of the Book and into his life; every duty the Bible teaches, let him begin instantly to do; every quality of moral beauty it commends, let him try to work into his own character; every comfort it gives, let him accept and receive as a lamp to shine in darkness.

Another time we shall say something to the young people about how to get blessings from the Bible.—*Forward.*

Lines

ADDRESSED TO MISS BESSIE LESTON ON HER
DEPARTURE AS A MISSIONARY TO JAPAN.

We bow the knee, O Lord, to thee,
In reverent prayer to pray,
That thou wouldst bless the dear bright girl
Whom duty calls away
From friends and home,
And help to come
And each brother's best plan,
To teach thy word of truth and grace
In far-away Japan.

Grant her safe voyage o'er the sea,
And in that land afar
May all her life-work honour thee,
Not less nor weakness mar
The good designed;
O may she find
Rich harvest-ground for seed,
And may she sow for thee, and know
A full return, indeed.

Oh do thou bless each willing gift
She sanctifies to thee!
And by thine own strong Spirit lift
Her soul and let it be
Ev'n unto death
Firm in the faith
Her sires have kept so well:
And grant a crown for work well done
At life's dismissal bell.

Thy "Prophet's Children" love the Truth
As in the olden days,
And in the blush and zeal of youth
Aspire to speak thy praise.
For thy dear name
And faith intensely burn
And yield each consecrated life
Thy promised-pearled return.

Each earnest toiler in thy way—
Do thou in mercy bless;
And hasten on the glorious day
Of ultimate success,
When 'neath thy sway
Men Truth obey,
And Christ's dear love shall span
And rule the Nations—one and all
And far-away Japan.


—L. A. Morrison.

A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Story of Boy Life in England.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH INTRODUCES A FRIEND AND AN
ENEMY.

 HE widow and her son led a quiet life at the cottage, having few acquaintances in the village, hearing little and seeing less of the people of Middleport, who, in days gone by and in better times, were so ready to call. Poverty drives those away who do not really love us, and sends us for shelter and comfort to the arms of that unflinching Friend "who sticketh closer than a brother," and judgeth not by what we have but what we are.

The simple folk of Crickleford did not fail to appreciate them, however.

Frank had a friend to whom, next to his mother, he was most anxious to tell all the news about the stranger and his kindly talk on the way. So, the following morning, he lost no time in walking up the one steep street of the village in search of the forge, where Ben Garwood worked and sang. The place was grimy, smoky, and noisy, as a blacksmith's

shop is expected to be. It stood at the top of the street, just where the road branched off by the elms to the old church; and the musical clink of the blow of Ben on the anvil could always be heard first by anyone entering Crickleford. The next thing, probably, which would catch the ear of the visitor would be Ben's voice singing away some familiar hymn, and the next object would be the rough, smoke-blackened, but most happy countenance of Ben himself, if he cared to pause by the wide-open door.

In a corner of the forge was a heap of old chains and a big block of wood, where many a day Frank sat, safe from the shower of sparks, and talked with the old Methodist.

"Come in, Maister Frank, I be right glad to see ye. It's warmish this morning, I fancy."

"Yes, Ben, very; and I've been walking so fast up the High Street that I am for once almost as hot as you always seem to be."

"Eh, ma lad, I sometimes feel a bit tired after all these years o' work here at the forge; but then, as I say to my missis, arter all it's not such hard work as having nothin' to do."

"You're always happy, Ben."

"Happy! Bless yer heart, what else can I be? It's because 'He maketh me lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters,' that's why I feel like singing all the day."

And the old man took off his black, rough cap, and wiped his brow—a head already besprinkled with the snows of advancing age, a face furrowed and begrimed with honest toil. But the hand that held that old red pocket-handkerchief had never lifted the beer tankard to his lips; and those bright, sparkling eyes, under the bushy brows were the windows through which a holy and blessed soul looked out upon a world without fear of man. One of the Lord's great men was Ben—a nobleman of divine rank—living in a two-roomed cottage down the lane, on eighteen shillings a-week, and working early and late, at the age of seventy-three.

"Ben, I met such a nice gentleman last night when I was out fishing in the backwater under the willows."

"Aye, and what did he say to you, boy?"

"A good deal, Ben, and very kindly too."

"God bless him for it, I say."

"I told him, Ben, about my idea, you know, of writing a book, and what do you think? He said I couldn't do better than begin at once."

"Nay, dear heart, you'd better not fret yourself about so much writin' and readin', for you're not over strong, Maister Frank."

"But, Ben, the book he spoke of is the book of my life, writing by every thing I do and every word I say."

"Aye, that's it, that's it, Frank! The Lord Jesus wrote large over everything in love and mercy, and he

wants us to be also 'gentles known and read of all men.'

"Please God, I mean to do it, Ben!"

"And by his grace you will. You remember those words I'm so often singing. Fetch that hymn-book, Frank, from the window-sill, and turn to No. 96f:

"Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways."

These, and other words from the Word of Life, Ben commended to Frank, and the boy sped home with a light heart. Ben was never weary of Frank's company. He had all the pleasure which old people feel in finding young ears ready and grateful for good counsel and stories of days gone by.

There was another reason why Ben liked him. Many years ago, when his hair was all brown, and his forehead less furrowed with toil, Ben too had a son, a bonnie bright-eyed lad, who used to make his little white pinafore dirty with playing at the forge, while his father, with loving glance, leaned on his hammer watching his play. How he loved that boy! But in the corner of the old churchyard is a grassy hillock, where, even now, after all these past years, Ben goes still to sit sometimes, while the big tears roll down his face.

A few days afterwards, Frank was returning from a walk across the fields when a familiar voice called from behind the hedge.

"Hallo, Frank, what's the hurry?"

It was young George Christie, the Squire's son, a youth some three or four years older than Frank, and not by any means a desirable companion. But the cottage where they lived belonged to the old Squire, and Frank could not well afford to offend him. George was one of those ill-natured fellows who take a pleasure in tormenting others who are weaker than themselves, or otherwise in their power. His training had been none of the best, truly; a hard, ungracious father, and a loving but too lenient mother; and George was growing up a source of trouble and contention at home, and an object of general dislike in Crickleford.

"I say, Frank, I've got such a capital plan in my head; what do you think it is?"

"I'm sure I can't say, George."

"Well, now, don't be a fool, and get frightened, or say you won't join me, for it will be such a lark, and I know we shall enjoy it."

"What is the idea?"

"Why, just this: You're fond of fishing, so am I. Down by the Church Meadows is a quiet little stream, flowing through the grounds of Captain Starkie, full of fish. I've seen them leaping, like silver, over and over again."

"Oh, yes, I remember the place

well, but you know, George, it is preserved."

"Preserved! what does it mean? You're not afraid of a bit of poaching, my boy, are you? It's grand fun!"

George drew closer to him, looking furtively round lest he should be overheard.

"Look here, I say, next week the Captain goes up to London, and we can just slip down under the shadow of those thick trees some evening and catch a lot of fish, without being seen."

"Which will be stealing, George Christie, and I for one won't do it."

"Nonsense; don't be a ninny."

"Ninny or no ninny, I'm not going, George."

"Wait a bit, my boy. Think of the sport we'll have. I'm bound to say there's a pike or two to be had."

"You needn't talk any more about it, George. I don't want to quarrel with you; but once and for all, I say 'No' to your plan."

These firm words made the youth pause a moment, and a change came over his face. He saw that no amount of coaxing would move Frank from his purpose, so he tried, with ill-concealed temper, another tack.

"Look here, if you don't go, I'll never speak to you again."

"I can't help that."

"All right. And what's more, I shall tell my father that you are scarcely civil, and you know he can easily get a new tenant if one is wanted."

The arrow struck home, and Frank's pale face showed it. A year ago, the Squire, in a snappish mood, had grumbled at the modest rent they were able to pay, and he knew full well how much they were attached to the place. The boy winced, but he was not to be bullied.

"George Christie, I will be plain with you, whatever it costs. To fish without leave in the Church Meadows is wrong, and I won't join you; it is not only breaking the law, but I should be breaking faith with Captain Starkie, who has always been kind to me; and, most of all, I should be sinning against God."

"You're a preaching little prig, that's what I call you, my boy; and I'll make you sorry for this, mark my words."

So speaking, George turned on his heel, nettled exceedingly that he had been foiled by the plucky determination of Frank, and all the more because he could not help feeling that his decision was a just one. George, who had been ill brought up, cared for nothing but himself, and had no thought of God, so he hated Frank for his words. He was not going to be done out of his treat, and yet he was not quite sure whether Frank might not prevent it. Anyhow, he would have his revenge.

Turning these bitter thoughts over in his mind, to injure Frank and save himself, this churlish fellow walked away.

(To be continued.)

The Other World.

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
And our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us thro' and beat;
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitate the veil between
With breathing almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarcely knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarcely asking where we are,
To feel all evil shrink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Pass nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping guide.

Let death between us be as nought,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be a reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The Peacock's Throne at Delhi.

INDIA has been the place, no doubt, where diamonds have exhibited their most glowing splendours. That was a singular and wild fancy of Aurungzebe when, in 1658, he deposed his father, the Shah Jehan, and usurped his throne. He caused to be constructed the famous Tukhti-Taus, or Peacock Throne, representing, by appropriate jewels, a peacock, its head overlooking, its tail overshadowing, the person of the emperor when sitting on the throne.

The natural colours of the bird were represented by the rarest and most gorgeous stones of the Eastern world, and the eyes of the bird were supplied by the two celebrated diamonds—the Koh-i-nur, or the Mountain of Light; and the Koh-i-tur, the Mountain of Sinai.

The gentleman who put up this very pretty piece of machinery called himself Aurungzebe—that is, the ornament of the throne; and he seems to have occupied it until he was eighty-seven years of age, when, by-and-by—after the reign of several successors—the Peacock Throne was broken up, and all its splendour scattered.

When Nadir Shah broke it up, the Koh-i-nur was missing, and all his efforts to obtain it were baffled. At last a woman of the harem betrayed

the secret, informing Nadir that the vanquished emperor wore it concealed in his turban. Nadir had recourse to a very clever trick to obtain possession of the prize. He had seized already on the bulk of the Delhi treasures, and had concluded a treaty with the poor deposed Mogul emperor, with whom he could not very well, therefore, get up another quarrel, so he availed himself, a few days after, of a time-honoured custom seldom omitted by princes of equal rank on state occasions.

Upon a great ceremony held at Delhi, Nadir proposed that he and the emperor should exchange turbans in token of good faith! The emperor, astonished, was taken aback. He had no time for reflection. Checkmated, he was compelled to comply with the insidious request. Nadir's turban was glittering with gems, but it was only itself a plain sheepskin head-gear. The emperor, however, displayed neither chagrin nor surprise. His indifference was so great that Nadir supposed he had been deceived; but, withdrawing to his tent, he unfolded the turban, and, gazing upon the long-coveted stone, he exclaimed, "Koh-i-nur!" (The Mountain of Light!)

When the Punjab was annexed, in 1849, and the East India Company took possession of the Lahore treasury in part payment of the debt due by the Lahore Government, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-nur should be presented to the Queen of England. Here happened one of the most entertaining incidents, and the last little romance in connection with its history:—

At a meeting of the East India Board, the priceless diamond was committed to the care of the illustrious John (afterward Lord) Lawrence. He received it, dropped it into his waistcoat pocket, and thought no more about it. He went home, changed his clothes for dinner, and threw the waistcoat aside. Sometime after, a message came from the Queen to the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, ordering the jewel to be at once transmitted to her. Lawrence said, at the Board, to his brother Henry—his brother-in-arms also in the greatness of Indian conquest—"Well, send it at once."

"Why, you have it!" said Henry. Lawrence used afterward to say how terror-stricken he was at his own carelessness, and how he muttered to himself: "This is the worst trouble I ever got into." This mighty chieftain, whose eagle eye and iron hand were equal to the largest and smallest interests, and who saved for us our Indian Empire, had treated the famous diamond with disrespect!

However, it was found where he had put it, and the delightful biographer of Lawrence says: "Never, I feel sure, whether flashing in the diadem of Turk or Mogul, or the uplifted sword of Persian, Afghan, or Sikh conqueror, did it pass through so

strange a crisis or run a greater risk of being lost forever than when it lay forgotten in the waistcoat pocket of John Lawrence."

The Koh-i-nur is now preserved in Windsor Castle, but a model of the gem is kept in the Jewel Room of the Tower of London.—*Leisure Hour.*

A Wise Conclusion.

A MECHANIC, about thirty years of age, having a wife and four children, was wont to step into a beer-saloon, close by, twice a day, and pay five cents each for two glasses of beer. For many months he did this under the impression that it was necessary for a hard-working man. But one day, while toiling at his bench, a new and better idea took possession of his mind.

"I am poor," he said within himself; my family needs every cent I earn; it is growing more and more expensive every year; soon I shall want to educate my children. Ten cents a day for beer! Let me see—that is sixty cents a week, if I drink no beer on Sunday. Sixty cents a week! That is thirty-one dollars and fifty cents a year! And it does me no good; it may do me harm. Let me see"—and here he took a piece of chalk and solved the problem on a board. "I can buy two barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea, and six bushels of potatoes, for that sum." Pausing for a moment, as if to allow the grand idea to take full possession of himself, he then exclaimed: "I will never waste another cent on beer!" and he never has.—*Selected.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 58]

[JUNE 24]

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

1 Cor. 8. 1-13.

Memory verses, 9-11

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.
1 Cor. 8. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. Knowledge.

2. Liberty.

AUTHOR OF THE EPISTLE.—Paul.

PLACE OF ITS COMPOSITION.—Ephesus.

TIME.—58 A.D.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Church at Corinth was planted by Paul in his first journey in the continent of Europe. Following his departure there grew up in the Church a spirit of worldliness which led to dissensions, to disorderly conduct, to improper observance of the Lord's Supper, and to a crime which made Paul pronounce sentence of excommunication upon the offender. Paul was thus led to write this letter, in which he declares that the Gospel is of divine authority, and that the mind should be subject to it; and he then proceeds to lay down directions for the rule of life in the Church. Among these practical rules comes this eighth chapter concerning self-restraint for the good of others.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Things offered unto idols*—Meats offered to idols become the property of the priests, and such parts as remained from the sacrifice, being choice, were sold by the priests and purchased by the rich and highly esteemed. *We know*—There are two words for knowledge used in this

chapter; this one means simply to be conscious, to have an idea about a thing, to know it abstractly; for example, I know that there is a city of London, but I never saw it, and I do not know anything about it except by hearsay or by reading. *Knowledge*—This word means a knowledge which has come by personal experience. The Corinthian Christians had such a personal experience in their knowledge of things offered to idols. The second use of this same word refers to a heresy called gnosticism, which Paul says "puffeth up," or, better, "blows up," like a bag blown full of wind. *Edifieth* should read in contrast to "blows up," "builds up." *Conscience*, in ver. 7, where first used, is better translated in the Revised Version, knowledge.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Knowledge.**
 - What is the particular custom to which ver. 1 makes reference?
 - What law had been passed by the council of Jerusalem concerning this matter? Acts 15. 20.
 - What are some of the things of which Paul could say that he and they had knowledge? ver. 4, and Rom. 14. 14.
 - What was the good of such knowledge in Paul's mind? (See Explanations.)
 - In Paul's view was it wrong in itself to eat things which had been offered to idols? Could he not with justice have said, if you want to eat meat offered to idols, and can afford to, you have a perfect right to?
 - On what basis was it that he could claim that these things were allowable? See vers. 3 and 6, and Explanations.
 - What is the great principle that is here established? ver. 9 suggests the answer.
- 2. Liberty.**
 - What was the principle on which personal liberty in matters of eating and drinking was based? ver. 8.
 - What danger did Paul foresee might come from this doctrine?
 - What practical case did he give as possible to occur?
 - What would be the inevitable moral result of this, 1. To the weak brother? 2. To the principal actor.
 - What warning did Paul think it was therefore necessary to give? ver. 9.
 - In Paul's view was it wrong for him to eat things which had been consecrated to the idol?
 - What was his decision?
 - How does this apply to personal liberty in the matter of wine-drinking?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

There is no place for the Christian scheme; neither for self-conceit, nor self-indulgence, nor self-will, nor selfish use of one's undoubted rights.

An idol is nothing, so Paul says. A glass of wine is nothing, so the moderate drinker says.

I can eat meat offered to idols without harm, says Paul.

I can drink a glass of wine when I please without harm, says the moderate drinker.

Possibly my example may lead others to do it, who have not my enlightenment and personal experience of God's love, and so ruin them, says Paul.

If any man is fool enough to burn himself up because he sees me kindle a needful fire, I cannot help it, says the moderate drinker.

I will not do that thing forever for my brother's sake, says Paul.

I will do as I like, says the moderate drinker.

What do you say?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study the Explanations carefully after you have read the chapter.
2. Find all you can about the custom in Corinth of idol worship and of eating such meats.
3. Note well the difference between the words for knowledge in ver. 1: 1. We know.
4. Knowledge. If you doubt what the Explanations say, get some scholar to tell you.
4. Write out Paul's argument in your own words.
5. Write answers to all the questions under Questions for Home Study.
6. Commit to memory the GOLDEN TEXT.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Paul say an idol is? Nothing in the world. 2. To whom does he use these plain words? To Corinthians, former idolaters. 3. Who does he say was the only true object of worship? God the Father, of whom are all things. 4. What then was

the term of saying to you offered to them? Because with me there is no thought of it. If a Christian says he made a covenant with me as the Christian himself says? He was talking against himself. What was Paul's reason for the Christian's duty? "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian liberty.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

- 36. What do you mean by the omnipresence of God? That God is everywhere.
- Jeremiah xxiii. 24. Can any hide himself in secret place that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.
- Psalms cxxxix. 7-12.
- 37. What do you mean by the almightiness or omnipotence of God? That God can do whatever he will.
- Job xiii. 2; Matthew xix. 26.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1491] LESSON I. (JULY 1)

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ISRAEL.

Exod. 24. 1-12. Memory verses, 7, 8

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. Heb. 8. 10.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Covenant of Israel.
- 2. The God of Israel.

TIME.—1491 B.C.

PLACE.—In the wilderness, occupying the peninsula between the two northern gulfs of the Red Sea, and at its southern part before Mount Sinai.

INTRODUCTORY.—In the first six months of the year 1887 we studied in Genesis and Exodus and traced the history of God's dealings with the chosen people as far as to the giving of the ten commandments at Mount Sinai. How God first gave them we do not know, but we do know that Moses rehearsed them and all the remainder of the law that God had given as recorded in Exodus, chaps. 20, 21, 22, and 23, and that thereupon the people had promised to keep the law and obey. To make the promise peculiarly sacred Moses instituted the ceremony of formal covenant making recorded in our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—Come up unto the Lord—That is, come up into Mount Sinai, or upon the mountain whose summit was capped with the darkness which indicated God's presence. *Moses wrote all the words*—Notice the assertion that the record of the law is the work of Moses. *Twelve pillars*—Heaps of stones, or pillars built to represent the people, as the altar represented God. *Young men*—Consecrated for this purpose, and probably the priests meant in Exod. 19. 22. *Oxen*—A general word to represent animals. The author of Hebrews says Moses offered calves and goats. *Book of the covenant*—That is, the writing described above. *They saw God*—That is, some symbol of his glory: in Deut. 4. 15, Moses says they did not see any form. *Paved work of a sapphire stone*—Rather a pavement made of sapphire stones, which are very brilliant gems. *Body of heaven in clearness*—That is, transparent and clear as the broad, open heavens. *Tables of stone*—Better, tablets of stone, or flat, hewn stones, engraven on both sides. The law was to be put in imperishable form.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. *The Covenant of Israel.*
 - What is meant by "all the words" and "all the judgments" in ver. 3?
 - When had all these revelations of God's law been made?
 - With what sublime natural manifestation had the law been given?
 - What proof of the Mosaic authorship of this part of Exodus does the lesson contain?
 - After Moses had spoken and written the law what ceremony was performed?
 - Who were the parties to this covenant?
 - In what respect did Moses in this ceremony resemble Christ?
 - How much time would such a ceremony be likely to require?
 - At what time of day, then, is it probable the covenant feast mentioned in ver. 11. occurred?

2. *The God of Israel.*

What was the altar built by Moses representative of?

How many persons went up to the covenant feast? ver. 9, 13.

What great natural stone did God give to these representatives of his people? Can you think of any other thing concerning God that is proved by ver. 10?

Did they see a visible form in this appearance of God? Deut. 4. 12.

How was the God of Israel best shown to men? John 1. 18.

What was God's purpose in his manifestation of himself?

What was the mutual relation to be established between God and man? (See GOLDEN TEXT.)

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

God is always near his people, and if our eyes were not blinded by sin we might see him.

How God must have loved his people to make such manifestations of his glory? But this sight had no saving element in it. Nadab and Abihu perished after it. The seventy elders built the calf-idol after it. They saw God. Can we? Yes; and our sight saves; for our sight is of Christ.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Find every instance in Scripture which speaks of God as being seen by men. Use a reference Bible.
- 2. Find what Jesus said about the person of God in his talk to the woman of Samaria.
- 3. Make an order of exercises which will represent the occurrences of this day, described in our lesson.
- 4. Find out all you can about the past and future of Nadab, and Abihu, and Joshua.
- 5. Find from Heb. 9. 18-20 some of the things that happened that day that are not told in the lesson.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- 1. What was the first thing Moses did after receiving the law? He came and told the people.
- 2. What did the people respond? "All that the Lord hath said will we do."
- 3. How was this covenant publicly sealed? By a solemn service and a covenant feast.
- 4. What represented the people and their pledge in the service? Twelve pillars sprinkled with blood.
- 5. What promise did God make to his people as the divine part in this covenant? "I will be to them a God," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The nearness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

- 1. How did all these things come into being? By the will of God; who created all things and brought all into their present order.
- Genesis i. 1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.
- Psalms xxxiii. 9. He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast.
- Hebrews xi. 3. By faith we understand that the worlds have been framed by the word of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which do appear.

The Progress of The Gospel in Fiji.

In the ancient city of Bau stands a stone with a history like that of Moloch. It stood in front of the chief temple, Vata mi Tawaki, which on a high foundation towered above the many shrines and fanes of Bau. The corpses destined for cannibal orgies, trailed in their gore along the dusty soil, were dashed by the head against this stone as an offering to the divinities before being devoured. For at least thirty years this stone has had upon it no stain of human blood, and now is converted into a baptismal font, and stands in the great Bau Church.—*Crisis of Missions.*

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