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HONEY AND SCHOOLS

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1890.

[No. 6.

Homes of Cliff-Dwellers, Arizona.

COLUMBUS supposed that he was discovering a new world when he set foot on this Western continent, but, though new to him, it was old to the races which had lived upon it for centuries before he came. These races lived in caves, in houses built in the fissures of cliffs from two hundred to a thousand feet high, and in "pueblos," villages built very much on the plan of the Colosseum, at Rome, only each story had many houses upon it, and the way of entrance was by ladders to the top, and then by short ladders from terrace to terrace within the pueblo.

The cliff-dwellers interest me the most—perhaps because, as a girl, I realize how very hard it must have been for the women to live in such houses. The illustration shows you how these houses are built into the fissures of the cliffs. Some think they were places of refuge for the people during war-times, but others think they lived here year in and year out.

Both cave-dwellings and cliff-houses have a round tower connected with each set of apartments. This tower—or *estufa*—is supposed to be connected with some form of worship. The tower has no entrance except through a tube of masonry about twenty-two inches in diameter, and from ten to thirty feet long. Each person had to crawl through this tube to enter the sacred tower. Think of this when next inclined to grumble at the distance you must travel to get to church.

One of these cliff houses is described as sixty-feet long by about fifteen feet at its widest part. The walls are a foot thick, and flush with the edge of the precipice. This particular house had about twelve rooms, with the *estufa* in the centre. The walls between the rooms did not reach to the rock roof; so that the owners could pass from room to room by ladders reaching to the top of the partition wall.

The cliff-dwellers understood the art of weaving and the manufacture of pottery. Fragments of bowls, cups, jugs, pitchers, urns, and vases—in indefinite variety—may be found in nearly every heap



ANCIENT CLIFF-DWELLING IN ARIZONA, U. S.

of *débris*. Some of their drinking vessels were made to represent a man on horseback, the place to drink being the man's hat, while the handle might be either the legs or the tail.

These cliff-dwellers lived in Arizona, in Colorado, and in New Mexico. As to how they came to live in these cliff-houses, there is a legend which claims that they are a far more ancient people than even

the ancient Britons. The Pueblo, Zuni, and Moquis Indians, are descendants of the cliff-dwellers. We know this because of the similarity of their dwellings, occupations, dress, customs, and worship. (See cuts on pages 44 and 45.)

He Climbed the Tree.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us. One of the most cheerful and courageous, because one of the most hopeful of workers, was William Carey, the missionary. When in India it was no uncommon thing for him to weary out three pundits who officiated as his clerks, in one day, he himself taking rest only in change of employment.

Carey, himself the son of a shoemaker, was supported in his labours by Ward, the son of a carpenter, and Marshman, the son of a weaver. By their labours, a magnificent college was erected at Serampore; sixteen flourishing stations were established; the Bible was translated into sixteen languages, and the seeds were sown of a beneficent moral revolution in British India.

Carey was never ashamed of the humbleness of his origin. On one occasion, when at the Governor-General's table, he overheard an officer opposite him asking another, loud enough to be heard, whether Carey had not once been a shoemaker. "No, sir," exclaimed Carey, immediately, "only a cobbler."

An eminently characteristic anecdote has been told of his perseverance as a boy. When climbing a tree one day, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg by the fall. He was confined to his bed for weeks, but when his strength had grown again, and he was able to walk without support, the very first thing

he did was to go and climb that tree. Carey had need of this sort of dauntless courage for the great missionary work of his life, and nobly and resolutely did he do it.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind.

The Legend of Monk Gabriel.

BY MARY A. F. STANSBURY

DAY by day, within his cell
Dwelt the friar Gabriel,
Hour by hour, on bended knee,
Counting o'er his rosary,
All his spirit worn and faint
With its burden of complaint.
"Lord, who gav'st thy life for me,
See, I bare my soul to thee!
Fain am I to do thy will,
Yet my hands are empty still.
Gone the days when faith was young,
When ser spake and psalmist sung,
Or the knight with cross on breast,
Ringing shield, and lance in rest,
Marched o'er half the world to win
Thy dear tomb from Saladin!
O to strike for thee such blows,
Wresting victory from thy foes!
Life or death were naught to me,
Could I serve thee worthily!"

'Round him in the quiet cell
Evening shadows softly fell,
Sleep—God's sweet surcease of care—
Stilled upon his lips the prayer.
But at midnight's deepest hour,
(Like that glorious cactus-flower
Which unfolds its secret white
Only to the tender night,
In the dark a radiance grew,
Such as daylight never knew,
And a voice spake low and clear
In his spirit's quickened ear:
"Rise and follow!" Unafraid,
Questioning naught, the monk obeyed.

Clearer than the dazzling noon,
Softer than the summer moon,
Shone before that wondrous star,
While his footsteps followed far
Through the silent, sleeping street,
Past where hill and river meet,
Till, above a lonely plain,
Lo! the light was still again.
And within the steady ray
Blocks of rough-hewn marble lay.

"Son!" once more the summons came,
"Build a temple to my name!"
But he trembled at the word,
Crying, "Mock me not, O Lord!
Weak my hands, and all unskilled;
How shall I thy temple build?"
Still replied that mystic call,
"Haste thee, son, to lay the wall!"
Bidding doubt and fear be gone.
Straight he seized a massive stone,
Tingling nerve and muscle tense
Strained in swift obedience.

At his touch—O wondrous grace—
Slid the great block to its place
Noiseless, yet resistlessly
As the sunbeams draw the sea!
Stone by stone, the long night through,
'Neath his hand the structure grew,
Till the morning tipped with fire
Lofty tower and carven spire.
Then (as once the prophet prayed
For his servant, sore dismayed),
Gently from the bending skies
Fell the words, "Unclose his eyes!"
To his vision purified
Swelled the light, a living tide,
And within that radiant flood
Ranks of shining builders stood,
Each with eye and hand attent
On some heavenly instrument!

Then the voice, "Behold, my son,
These thy helpers! Not alone
Hast thou toiled with willing hand
To fulfill thy Lord's command!
Canst thou find a load too great
For such lightening of its weight?
Stone too rough to shine at last
Flawless in his temple vast?
Seek no more his will afar;
At thy door thy duties are!
Do his bidding, day by day,
So rude axe and hammer may
For thy hand be worthier far
Than the sword Excalibur!"

Grace Randall's Resolve.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." I have been thinking of that verse all day," said Dr. Gale, in young people's meeting one evening. "My dear young friends, has he done great things for you? Has he forgiven your sins? Is he your friend and helper every hour of your life? And have you told your friends? Have you urged them to seek and find this precious Friend?"

Grace Randall bent her head with a sudden sense of shame, in the stillness that followed.

"I don't believe I've ever said a word to anybody," she thought, in a conscience-smitten way, "though I've talked enough about everything else. I wish I had. It seems so mean and ungrateful not to; but, somehow, we young folks are always laughing and talking about everything else, and one can't seem to say such things. I will try to say something to somebody, though, if I have a good chance."

Grace was on her way down town the next day, when she met Tom Phillips, face to face.

"How are you, Grace?" he said. "You're just the one I want to see. In fact, I was on my way up to your house. I've had a fine offer from my uncle, in D——, and shall accept it. He wants me to come at once if I do; so I start to-night, and must say good-bye to you for nobody knows how long. D—— is a wide-awake city, and uncle belongs to the aristocracy, so I expect I'll have some fine times."

"Tell thy friends how great things the Lord hath done for thee."

It seemed to Grace that she heard those words distinctly, and she remembered her resolve. Was not this her chance?

How could she, though? Tom was so utterly devoid of all serious thought and impulse.

But she knew something of this uncle of his to whom he was going. He might, perhaps, do well by him in business, but he would be no help, either by word or example, to Tom, in finding or serving Christ; and Tom had no mother or sister to speak such words to him.

"Tell thy friend—" How sharply and imperatively the words rang in her ears! It seemed to her that Tom could not help hearing them, and the thump, thump, thump of her heart. There was only a minute for hesitation; but it seemed to Grace that she had never before, in all her life, thought so much in so short a space of time. There was a wordless cry for help went up from her heart, and Grace had decided.

"We shall miss you, Tom," she said. "I hope you will have the best of success, and find all the pleasure you anticipate. But, Tom, more than anything else, I wish that you would take my best friend for yours, too. Won't you? I can't tell you what a friend he is."

Tom's face flushed, and for a minute he, too, hesitated; then he answered, in a tone that Grace had never heard him use before.

"Thank you—you're very kind. I've often wondered why, if it really meant anything to you, you never spoke of it to your friends."

"Oh, Tom, I'm so sorry and ashamed! Forgive me, please, and remember I shall pray for you every day."

"Don't!" exclaimed Tom, with a little start of dismay. "I know it sounds awfully for me to speak like that; but, somehow, I have a feeling that I shall have to be a Christian, anyway, if you are praying for me, and I am not quite ready yet. I want to see a little of the world first."

"It isn't safe. Tom, I shall pray with my whole

heart and soul that you may see the world, with Christ at your side for your guide and master. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Tom. And then he went his way, with a strangely thoughtful look on his face—some one was praying for him now. He wished that she would not, and yet—in a certain way—it gave him a feeling of safety to think of it, though he was not ready to be a Christian yet.

Some time, of course, he would; but there were many things he wanted and meant to do, that would not be quite the thing for a professed Christian to do. There would be time enough by and by—after he had seen a little of the world—as he had said to Grace.

But she had said it was not safe. What did she mean by that? That there was danger of his yielding to temptation, or that he might be taken away suddenly, without any chance to seek and find Christ? Oh, no, there was not much probability of that! He was well and strong. He would probably live to be an old man. And having come to that conclusion, Tom tried to forget all about it.

But he could not. Wherever he went, or whatever he did, the thought that Grace was praying for him, followed him, and still he held back. He was not ready yet. The gay world was too enticing.

But, one day, there was an accident to the train on which he was. He was talking with his seat-mate, with never a thought of danger, when, all at once, there was an ominous thud and thrill, and then—one had been taken and the other left! Side by side one moment; the next—?

"What if it had been me?" thought Tom, in a horror-stricken way, as he made himself useful to the suffering ones about him. Why had he escaped unhurt? "If I hadn't, where should I be now?" was his thought. Oh, Grace, you were right—it isn't safe to be without Christ! And to think that he should have mercifully spared me, when I have striven against him so!

A few days later, Grace received the following note:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your prayer is answered. I have found Christ; and I do humbly believe, that, unworthy as I am, he has accepted me for his child. The most that I can do for him, will be nothing to what I owe him. I thank you for your words and prayers. Do not give them up now, for I am weak, and need help.

"And, Grace, speak to others as you spoke to me. If we have found help and comfort in Christ, how can we be silent about it? And how strange it must seem to others if our lips are sealed on that one subject! So let us tell the old, old story, over and over again, because it has done so much for us. Yours, gratefully, Tom."

"Perhaps I might have helped others," thought Grace, sadly. "I will never be so silent again, God helping me."—*Our Youth.*

DR. TALMAGE seems to have had a good time in Palestine. After returning to London, he took luncheon and spent the afternoon with Mr. Gladstone, at Hawarden Castle. Mr. Gladstone had telegraphed an invitation to the preacher. Dr. Talmage was received cordially, and the two gentlemen had a long talk on religious and political questions. Mr. Gladstone said: "Talk about questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the Gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christians. During the many years I was in the Cabinet, I was brought into association with sixty master minds, and all but five of them were Christians. My only hope for the world is in bringing the human mind into contact with divine revelation."

Sir Eldric.

BY A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

SIR ELDRIC rode by field and fen
To reach the haunts of heathen men.

About the dusk he came onto
A wood of birchen gray,
And on the other side he knew
The heathen country lay.

"'Tis but a night," he sang, "to ride,
And Christ shall reach the other side."

The moon came peering through the trees
And found him undismayed;
For still he sang his litanies
And as he rode he prayed.

He looked as young and pure and glad
As ever looked Sir Galahad.

About the middle of the night
He came upon the brink
Of running waters clear and white,
And lighted there to drink.

And as he knelt a hidden foe
Crept from behind and smote him so.

Then, as he felt his heart's blood run,
He sought his enemy:
"And shall I leave my deeds undone
And die for such as thee?"

And since a knight was either man,
They wrestled till the dawn began.

Then in the dim and rustling place,
Amid the thyme and dew,
Sir Eldric dealt the stroke of grace,
And sank a-dying too.

And thought upon that other's plight
Who was not sure of Heaven to-night.

He dipped his fingers in his breast;
He sought in vain to rise;
He leaned across his foe at rest,
And murmured: "I baptize!"

When lo! the sun broke overhead:
There, at his side, Himself lay dead.

James Ferguson.

JAMES FERGUSON, the famous astronomer, had a hard struggle to get along in life, having no worldly advantage save that he was the son of honest and religious parents.

He was born in the village of Keith, Scotland, in the year 1710, and his father was a common farm labourer. There was a large number of children, and, as the father could not afford to send them to school, he taught them himself after they had arrived at a proper age.

James was such a bright lad that he paid particular attention to the lessons given his brothers, and "picked up" a great deal of knowledge from hearing the elder children taught. He wanted to learn more, but he had not arrived at the age when his father usually commenced his duties of pedagogue, and he knew it was not right to over-burden him with inquiries, so he kept his ears open and his mouth shut, learned what he could at home, and, after a while—with the help of an old woman who lived near by—he had mastered the art of reading.

You may imagine how surprised and gratified his father felt when one day he saw James sitting in a corner poring over a big book which no one imagined he was able to read. His father at once gave him further assistance in his studies. Soon he was able to write a fair hand, when he was sent to the grammar school of the village, which he attended for a few months.

Like Newton, Ferguson, when a mere child, became very much interested in mechanics. When he was seven years of age, he saw his father lift up the corner of the roof of their cottage, which

needed repairs. To do this, his father used a prop and a lever. Ferguson studied this mechanical contrivance for a long while, and made many experiments, until he found the scientific reason why one man could, apparently by his own strength, lift so great a weight.

When Ferguson had made these investigations of his own accord, he thought they were entirely original, and to give the world the benefit of his discoveries he wrote a description of them on paper. This happened to be seen by a gentleman friend of the family. He did not poke fun at the boy's effort, as many men might have done, but told the enterprising boy that the knowledge, though correct, was not new, and gave him a book on the subject of mechanics, which the boy studied with the greatest interest.

Ferguson was not a strong boy, and about all he could do in the way of farm work was to tend sheep. During his spare time he would be found working with the few tools he could scrape together, making spinning-wheels, models of mills, or any other mechanical contrivance that happened to take his fancy. When he was working as sheep-boy for a neighbouring farmer, he took great interest in astronomy. Wrapping himself up in a blanket, he used to sit in the fields at night watching the stars.

"I used," he writes, "to stretch a thread with small beads on it at arm's-length between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another, and then, laying the thread down on the paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads. My master at first laughed at me, but when I explained my meaning to him he encouraged me to go on, and that I might make fair copies in the daytime of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man."

And so, it may be added, will every thoughtful person who reads the above paragraph.

The clergyman of the parish happened to see one of his "star papers," praised the work highly, and loaned him—at Ferguson's earnest request—a map of the world, which the self-taught student wanted to copy. Ferguson again pays tribute to his kind master, saying, "He often took the threshing flail out of my hands and worked himself, while I sat by him in the barn, busy with my compasses, ruler, and pen."

The schoolmaster with whom he had studied, accidentally saw some of his maps, and asked him how he would like to learn to make sundials. Ferguson said he would like it very much. He was introduced to a man who could do such work—the butler of a neighbouring squire. Then the squire happened to see him, and, hearing what he had done in the way of drawing, proposed that he should come and live with him, so that he could be near the butler. He accepted the invitation, to take effect after he had finished his engagement with his kind master—refusing the offer of the squire to provide him with a substitute, so that he could begin study at once.

He learned a great deal of the butler. Then he was obliged, by stress of circumstances, to work for a miller, who proved to be a toper, and a hard task-master. Then he worked a year for a physician, who was as bad a boss as the miller.

Meanwhile he had made a wooden clock, and got some money by cleaning clocks. He earned considerable by drawing patterns for ladies' dresses. Finally he went to London, where he became a teacher and lecturer on mechanics and astronomy, and received various honours up to the time of his death.—*Our Youth.*

Woman's Rights.

BY S. F. ELDER.

The right to be sweet and pure,
The right to be tender and true,
The right to labour for good
Whenever work is to do.

With ministry patient and brave,
To soothe the sorrows of life,
Pour oil on the troubled waters
Of passion and hate and strife.

To be a sister and friend,
In the strongest sense of the word,
Wherever a prayer for help
Or sympathy may be heard.

The right to a Christlike mind,
The right to a loving heart,
To ready feet and willing hands,
Eager to do their part.

The right to speak for truth,
The right to cast out wrong,
With a holy zeal and a patient faith,
With spirit brave and strong.

These are the rights of women:
And who dare say her "nay"?
Where the heart is strong to labour,
The Truth will show the way.

A Whole Day to Do Nothing.

"If I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons—only play all day, I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was awing on the gate when the children passed to school, and they all envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone, she climbed up into the cherry-tree, and picked a lapful for pies; but, when she carried them in, her mother said: "That is work, Bessie. Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know!"

The little girl went away, rather out of humour. She got her doll, and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all her other toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back and watched her mother, who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie—this isn't play."

Bessie went out into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother was setting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over, and her father away, she said, wearily:

"Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing! If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your work-box in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them, for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter, and presently she said:

"Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is: 'Six days shalt thou labour.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that he gave us, we can't be happy.—*Selected.*

"He Giveth us Richly all Things."

BY CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D.

Whence came the soft and milky corn
Enriching lowly valleys?
Whence hawthorn blossoms that adorn
Our lonely country alleys?

Whence came the clouds that hang aloft
O'er earth their grand pavilions?
The herds on meadows and in croft,
That feed earth's hungry millions?

Whence came the flowers that fill the air
With perfume and with beauty?
And whence came all things pure and fair
Which win men unto Duty?

Whence came the rays so swift and bright,
On sea and land so glorious?
And that unseen imperial might
Which makes man's will victorious?

Whence came the father-heart in man,
The mother-heart in woman?
The love throughout the cosmic plan
Which makes God's children human?

These never came: what we control
Is good because 'tis given,
And all made better to man's soul
By the sweet touch of Heaven.

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TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1890.

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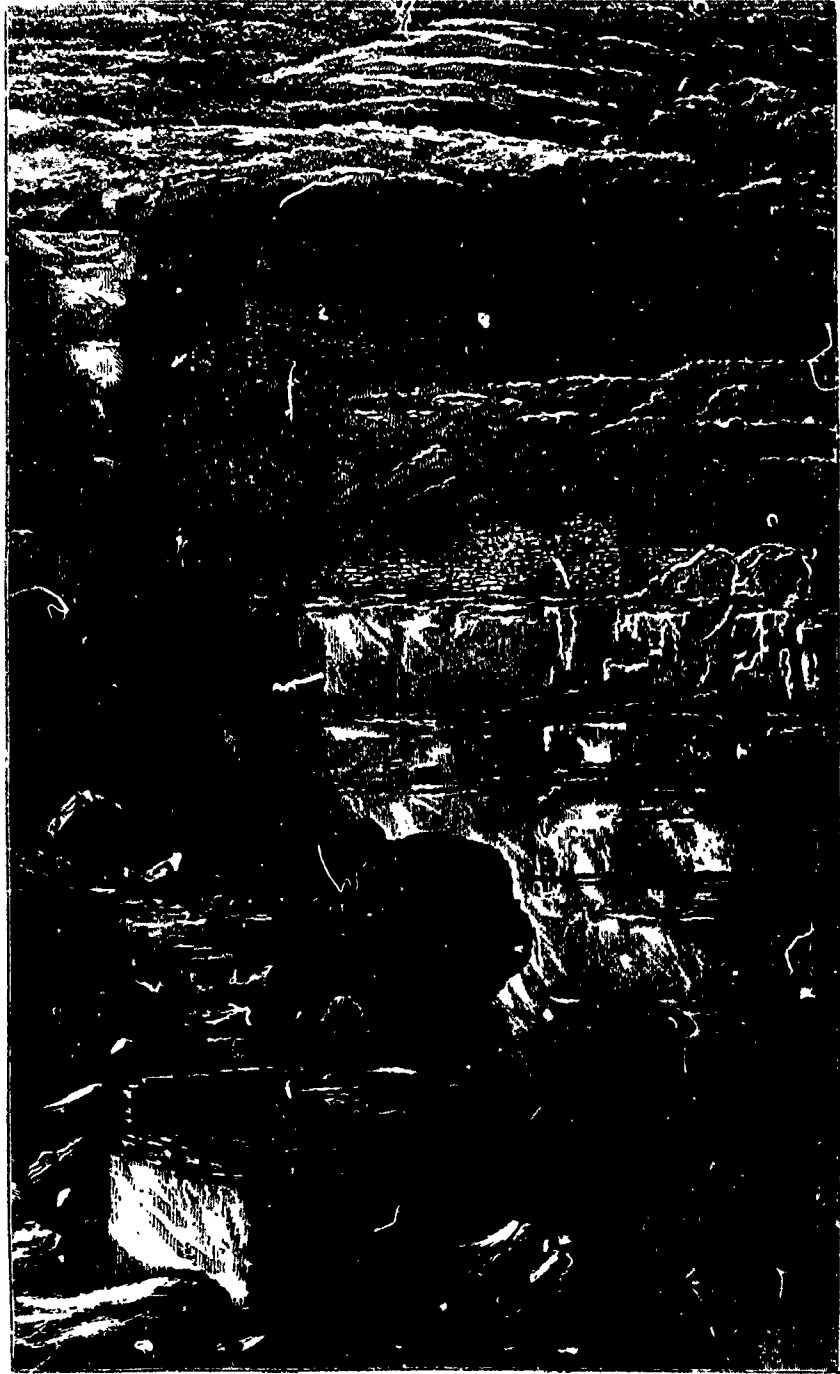
S. S. AID COLLECTION

ON

REVIEW SUNDAY,

MARCH 30TH.

THIS collection it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday, in September, is recommended as the best time for taking it up. Some schools neglected to do this. They will please take the collection on the Review Sunday, March 30th, that they may not be reported as delinquent at the May District Meeting. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall in line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with



DOUBLE TIER OF CLIFF-DWELLINGS IN ARIZONA, U. S.

the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of Circuits and Superintendents of Schools will kindly see that—in every case—the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the Circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall, in turn, remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq, Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the fund. The claims on this fund are increasing faster than the fund. We need a large increase this year to even partially meet the many applications made. Over four hundred new schools have been started in the last three years by means of this fund. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

Extracts from Letters.

THE following are extracts from a few only out of several hundreds of letters received by the Secretary of the Sunday-school Board, showing the nature of the operations of the Sunday-school Aid Fund, and the character of the benefits it confers. It will be observed that these schools are doing all they can to help themselves, and to pay back part or the whole of the grant given by the Sunday-school Board:—

A missionary at Grand Manan writes: "Your superior publications have largely served in making our school one of the most interesting and successful on the island. I have no hesitancy in stating that, for the price, your Sunday-school papers are superior to any extant on this continent."

A missionary in Newfoundland writes: "Our work here is done in the midst of poverty and ignorance; but there are many hopeful signs. One of the most promising being the eagerness with which the people—both young and old—crave for pure literature."

A brother at Rocky Bay, N.S., writes: "I have not heard a preacher in three months. We get them to visit us four or five times a year." He sends two dollars for papers for a Sunday-school he has started.

From Nova Scotia again: "Your work, I feel, is helping us in this place to a higher plane of moral and religious life; and, I think, our Sunday-school publications are among the most valuable helps in this work."

A minister in Nova Scotia writes: "I have got four new schools in successful operation on this circuit, and have been greatly aided by the grants received through you."

A missionary in Muskoka writes: "The schools are kept open the whole year, which is doing nobly here, where the snow is four feet deep. This mis-



CLIFF-DWELLINGS, ARIZONA, U. S.

sion is thirty-five miles long. Mail only once a week. The people frequently, during the winter, spring and fall, are about as good as exiled—being shut out from the outside world owing to no roads."

A missionary in Newfoundland writes: "The papers are a great boon to us. They are eagerly sought after by adults as well as children, and eternity alone will reveal the amount of good done by them. Methodism has a hard fight here. When going about among these people, I have often thanked God that I had papers that I could give them so full of the Gospel message."

Another missionary in Newfoundland writes: "In some of the poorer homes, no other literature—periodical or otherwise—is ever seen. The parents con the papers almost as eagerly as the youngsters. Our enterprising Canadian Church is doing a grand work in the distribution of healthy literature for juvenile capacities."

A brother in British Columbia writes: "This mission is over two hundred miles in length, and we can only get a few scholars in a place; but we must do what we can to save them. Although a very hard field, we rejoice that the work of God is making some advancement."

In every case, it will be remembered, that even the poorest school is expected to pay what it can toward the grant of papers made. Last year the schools receiving help to the amount of \$3,468.57, contributed in part payment therefor, \$1,403.17.

Supplying just such needs as these all over the continent, from Labrador to the borders of Alaska; and helping them to plant new schools wherever a handful of children can be gathered together, and a loving heart to point them to the Saviour, is the work that the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund is doing.

SYMPATHY is the true warmth and light of the home, which binds together mistresses and servants, as well as husband and wife, father, mother, and children; and the home cannot be truly happy where it is not present, knitting together the whole household in one bond of domestic affection and concord.

Epworth League.

The Epworth League of the Canadian Methodist Church.

BY REV. D. DAVIES MOORE, A.M.

WE clip from an English magazine this graphic account of the Epworth League by a Prince Edward Island minister:

The motto of this guild of young people is the ringing bugle-note of John Wesley: "I desire to form a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Jesus Christ."

Again, our shorter, working motto expresses its whole aim and purpose: "Look up! Lift up!"

The idea did not directly originate in Canada, but in the Methodism of the United States. It is strictly a development, there and here, being the re-organization and affiliation of a number of sporadic and local associations into one guild, combining the excellences and throwing out the objectionable features of the pre-existing associations. Last May these various societies met, through their representatives, in the city of Cleveland, U. S., and agreed to disband and re-form as a united body, known as "The Epworth League." The result has been phenomenal. Already over 1,600 branches have been formed, with great memberships, and that during the portion of the year least favourable. It is regarded by the most acute Bishop of the American Church as one of the most important developments of modern Methodism, taking hold as it does of the young life of the church and consecrating it to Christian culture and Christian service as no other instrument has ever yet done. Canadian Methodism, for some years, has been independently feeling her way in a similar direction. Our Working Bands, Chatauqua Societies, and local guilds have accomplished much, but the need has been felt of a vaster and more genuinely Methodistic association, uniting the youthful members of our churches and congregations.

Some years ago a noted Roman Catholic prelate uttered ringing words that penetrated and awak-

ened in all directions. He said, "Give me the boys and girls of Canada until they are twelve years old and then you can do what you please with them." We have been proposing ever since to keep at least our own boys and girls, and have been anxiously trying to devise means to prevent the enormous loss of young blood under which, as a church, we have suffered in the past, and have also noted with sympathy the similar trouble with you in England. At the last general conference a strong committee was appointed to look after these interests, but no scheme having sufficient width and "go" presented itself, until we saw spring up in a day, "across the line" that surprise—"The Epworth League." It was at once evident that this was what we were after and with the consent of our "Cousins" immediately set about stealing their plan.

The General Conference Committee was again called and it was decided to use the American idea, as the nucleus of a league adapted to all the requirements of the case in Canada. The result is our "Canadian Epworth League." It has already met with the heartiest support of our General Superintendents, most successful pastors and Sunday-school workers. This is at once the evidence that while the League proposes to fill a wide gap it does not propose to clash with any already established departments of church or Sunday-school. The direct object in view is to promote an earnest, intelligent, practical, and loyal spiritual life in the young people of our church, to aid them in constant growth in grace and in the attainment of purity of heart.

"The Epworth League" formed by said General Conference Committee is the parent society, with which all local leagues are to be in affiliation and auxiliary. The Sunday-school Board of the General Conference is the central governing body. All local societies and officers are under the approval of pastors and quarterly official boards. A form of constitution characterized by the best Canadian elasticity has been carefully prepared. The work of the league is divided into six departments, each under the charge of a committee. They are—(1) Christian work, (2) Literary work, (3) Social work, (4) Entertainment, (5) Correspondence, (6) Finance. The heads of these departments, with the President, constitute the League.

An admirable series of reading courses is included in No. 2. These comprise the Bible, the Doctrines, History, Biography, Travel, Art, Science, with special reference to Methodistic literature. Diplomas and seals are awarded to those who pursue the series, which (as now issued) comprises 26 courses. By a special arrangement the books are to be prepared for the guilds in the best and cheapest of forms possible. The Bible will be studied uniformly and systematically, with all the best modern helps. The department of Christian effort, comprising evangelistic, temperance, and social purity work, will be a splendid factor in the scheme. It is here we purpose keeping our thousands of annually converted young people, and saving the enormous drain into the Salvation Army, and other bodies, that has shrunken our figures in

the past. The League in its mental characters is to appeal to the noblest sentiments of young Canada. Our giant enemies are Ignorance, Intemperance, and Impurity—the same everywhere. Our Methodist League is the marshalling of a New Crusade: our soldiers a hundred thousand young men and women, boys and girls; our symbols are the white cross and the white shield; and our aim nothing short of Canada for Christ. The needs of those who are too young for membership in the League are provided for in "The Junior League," which is preparatory to the Epworth League. The colours of the League will be a white ribbon containing a scarlet thread. No fees are required and no assessments. This is left purely a matter of local option.

Epworth tracts, forms, etc., may be had by addressing

W. H. WITHROW, D.D.,
Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

A Vigorous Chapter.

THE Epworth League of Marengo, Ia., have undertaken a work of great importance. They have for several months held Young People's prayer-meetings in the parlours of the church, on Sunday evening, for an hour before preaching-time.

The parlours have been crowded to their utmost capacity, and the work of the League has increased the attendance upon the Sunday evening preaching service fully one-third. Lately they have recognized that the young men of the town, and strangers visiting the town, had no place in which to spend the evenings, where they might have the pleasures of society without being exposed to evil influences; so they have organized themselves into an association known as the "Epworth League Library and Reading-Room Association of Marengo, Ia." They have taken out articles of incorporation, have rented and are handsomely furnishing two large rooms in the business portion of the city. In these they propose to give a musical and literary entertainment once a month. The reading-room is to be free to all. They hope by this means to keep some of the young men of the place out of the billiard-rooms and other questionable places of resort. The pastor, Rev. E. C. Brooks, says: "The Epworth League, both for our church and also for our community, is proving a great blessing."

Bishop Vincent on the Epworth League.

"THE Epworth League seems to be making rapid progress. Good and strong men are taking hold of it. I do not see how it can fail to become successful in organizing our young people, and setting them at work. One may make the term 'Epworth' as general and all embracing as he desires. Was it not in Epworth that the Wesleys were born? Was not the Epworth rectory the home of loyal English churchmen—the true predecessors of our Arminian Methodists? Was not the Epworth rectory the centre of rare domestic grace and power? Was ever a stronger, gentler, wiser mother than Susannah Wesley, who prepared her noble boys to do the world-wide work to which God called them? Were not the philanthropic, the humanitarian impulses which characterized the very dawn of Methodism, really born in the Epworth rectory? Would ever the Wesleys have made the thorough students they did but for the inheritance and training which Samuel and Susannah Wesley, true saints of God, true apostles of culture, gave them? Did not the college career and early evangelistic ministry of the Wesleys begin in the Epworth rectory? Let the Epworth League, therefore, represent to us all that was strongest, sweetest, holiest,

most scholarly, most philanthropic, and most devout in the earliest Methodist movement. May your convention be full of wisdom, love, and power, is the earnest prayer of your faithful friend."

The Epworth League.

THIS new Social and Religious Movement is awakening very great interest throughout the entire country, as evidenced by hundreds of letters of inquiry from all parts—from Newfoundland to British Columbia.

Already a considerable number of branches have been established in Toronto, Vancouver, B. C., London, Oshawa, Ottawa, Peterboro', Lindsay, Ingersoll, Sarnia, St. Catharines, Belleville, St. John, N. B., Charlottetown, P. E. I., Moncton, N. B., Burin and Trinity, Nfld., and elsewhere, and others are forming every week.

The mass meetings in Toronto, London, and Hamilton, have been very successful in creating an interest, giving information, and promoting the objects of the League.

In the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, the Young Ladies' Mission Circle became enrolled in the department of Christian work of the League. They held a bazaar for mission purposes, resulting in over \$400 for that good object.

The Lombard Street Mission, carried on chiefly by the young people of this Church, holds meetings on several evenings in the week, in a large and comfortable steam-heated room, in a new warehouse in that once unsavoury street. They have had a large number of waifs from the Model Lodging House, many of whom were far gone in dissipation. Numbers of these have remained for special prayer, and much good is being done, and not least is the moral benefit received by the young workers in this Christly work. One said to the writer that she would not have believed it possible that she should become so interested in such work.

The Young People's Prayer Circle has taken up the Epworth League prayer topics, assigning the conducting of the meeting to its members in rotation.

On New Year's eve, a good supper was given to over one hundred of the attendants on this mission. Afterwards, a short religious service was held, and a number of them went to the watch-night at the Metropolitan Church.

Another mission band, in connection with this church, has conducted for over a year a very successful Sunday-school, class-meeting, and evening service, in the east end of the city, which have resulted in several conversions, and in the reformation of some confirmed drunkards.

In Carlton Street Church, in this city, 175 members are enrolled in the Epworth League, which is doing good work. A full report of Leagues organized will soon be given.

Crackling Thorns.

DID you ever throw a handful of thorns under a dinner-pot suspended from an old-fashioned crane in a wide kitchen fire-place? If so you heard a noisy crackling and saw a bright blaze which lasted but for a moment. The short-lived flame gave no warmth to the water in the pot. The noisy thorns left less than a tiny thimbleful of ashes on the hearth. Yet the wise man of the olden time drew a lesson from such a homely scene, saying, "As the crackling of thorns under a pot so is the laughter of a fool." What does he teach you in these words? Just this: that the merriment of those youths who laugh at serious persons and things is short-lived, does no good either to themselves or others, and is soon followed by heaviness of heart and the sting

of a guilty conscience. If therefore, O serious-minded youth, such pretenders to jollity laugh at you, be not moved from duty by their foolish laughter. Think of the crackling thorns, and the momentary flash that dies out in darkness, and stand firm as a rock to truth, to right, and to your purpose to be loyal soldiers of the Captain of your salvation. Foolish men mocked him. If foolish youth jeer at you, heed them not.—*Our Youth.*

The Common Question.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

BEHIND us at our evening meal
The grey bird ate his fill,
Swung downward by a single claw,
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head askant,
And, in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing,
And go to sleep;" but o'er and o'er
He asked the selfsame thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said:
How like are men and birds!
We all are saying what he says,
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
We fain the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all,
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest and perch and hearth and church
Repeat, "Thy will be done."

The Great Master.

BY DR. BACON.

"I AM my own master," cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked a friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he will fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend; "I should fail sure if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under God's direction. When he is Master, all goes right."

The Children in the World.

BY SUSAN L. ALL FERRY.

The Winter snow fell thick and fast;
The farm-house roof that night
Was hidden from the world without
Beneath a mantle white;
All through the day the winds were wild,
And sundown found large snow-drifts piled.

Beside the hearth the good man sat
And stirred the open fire.
"Come, wife," he said, "its growing cold,
Draw up a little nigher."
The sweet faced woman closer drew—
Her hair was white, and his was too.

He laid his hand upon her chair;
"In this you rocked them all—
Carline and Seth and Lucy Jane,
David and little Paul"—
And as he stopped, she whispered low:
"Our children in the long ago.

"O John, how happy we were then!
On such a night as this
We used to go up-stairs to give
Each one an extra kiss—
The wind through that east chimney made
Them sort of wakeful and afraid."

"Yes, wife. I wonder if they think
Of this old home to-night;
Of all our prayers, the hymns we sang,
The cheery warm fire light.
I think this storm must reach quite far,
I 'pose it snows, too, where they are."

"The world is growing evil, John;
It's not like our young days.
The paper seems to tell about
So many more wrong ways,
Sometimes I fear such worldly care
May tempt them more than they can bear."

"Then let us pray," the father said,
"It's all that we can do:
Commit our children to the Lord,
His promises are true."
And drifted in that night, alone,
They brought their children to the throne.

He gave his angels charge o'er them;
Afar that eventide,
Out in the world, the children sang,
"O Lord, with us abide."
A covenanting keeping God
Walked with them in the paths they trod.

Bits of Fun.

—Young man (to office-boy)—"Give that humorous article to the editor, and ask him if he can read it right away."

Office-boy (returned with humorous articles)—
"De boss returns the article with thanks. He says he's all upset with the mumps, and prob'ly won't be able to read anything funny for a week."

—Bink's coachman (colored)—"I t'ought you sayed yoah folks was so awful rich."

Jink's coachman (Celtic)—"So they are."

Bink's coachman—"Huh! I guess not. I looked in de winder las' night, an' seen two ob de young ladies playin' on de same pianny. Guess you all has ter 'conomize."

—Visiting foreigner—"My man, why is all this dirt heaped up semi-periodically on the streets?"

Laborer—"It's clanin' the streets we are, sor."

Foreigner—"But why don't they haul it off instead of leaving it to be scattered and scraped up again?"

Laborer—"Git out wid yez! Ye'd be afther takin' the bread out of a poor laborin' man's mouth."

—The class having been previously exhorted to "speak up," a small boy obeyed so literally as to astonish himself, and said, in an aside, "Pretty near I prenach that time"

—Teacher—"What was the difference between the Temple at Jerusalem and the synagogues?"

Pupil—"The Temple was where the Jews worshipped, the synagogues were where the sinners went."

—"Now, my dear," said the teacher, "what is memory?"

The little girl answered, after a moment's reflection: "It is the thing you forget with."

—"Say, ma," remarked the small boy, "isn't it funny that everybody calls my little brother a bouncing baby?"

"Why do you think it is funny, William?" returned his mother.

"Because, when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit."

—Fond Mother—"Well, Harold, how are you succeeding at school?"

Harold—"The master says I am getting on well in figures."

Fond mother—"Indeed?"

Harold—"Yes; I used to be seventh in my class, and now I'm sixteenth. Oh! I'm pushing on."

—Elevator Boy (to fat old lady)—"Goin' up, mum?"

Old Lady—"Yes, I'm goin' up; but, sakes alive, a little boy like you can't pull me up in that thing?"

The Penny Post.

THIS is the jubilee year of Rowland Hill's reform, and the tenth of January was the fiftieth anniversary of the first penny post. It is a fitting time to remind people that a thirty-two ounce packet, posted at Deal for London, cost over six pounds! That Sir John Burgoyne once paid more than eleven pounds for a large parcel sent from one part of Ireland to another; and that small tradesmen often paid twenty-five per cent. on their earnings alone!

The dearness of the service was largely a result of stupidity and lack of system. Once the mail between London and Edinburgh carried only a single letter. All sorts of useless and troublesome regulations were in force. A single letter was one written on a single sheet, and folded in that sheet. An envelope would have made the letter count as two sheets. A second and a third sheet made a second and a third letter. A stamp, or anything else affixed to the outside, would have added yet another sheet to the reckoning—so that one sheet, one envelope, and one stamp, on the longest inland journey, might have cost 5s. 1½d. in transmission. There were also different charges for different distances; so that for every letter there was an elaborate calculation, in which distance, weight, and number of streets were the factors. Prepayment was impossible, until Rowland Hill conceived the idea of stamping the sheet.

The Power of Grace upon the Heart.

As to the power which the gospel exerts over such barbarians as have embraced it in lively faith, we have a fine example from the South Seas, of the most recent date. Shortly before his visit to England, the missionary, Mr. Taylor, assembled the New Zealanders who had become believers through his means. The religious farewell service, held in the closely packed church, closed with the communion of the Lord's Supper. When the first row were kneeling in a semi-circle round the table of the Lord, a man suddenly rose and went back through the whole length of the church to his seat. After some time he returned, and partook of the bread and wine.

After the close of the service, the missionary questioned the islander respecting his singular behaviour, and received the following answer: "When I approached the table, I did not know beside whom I should have to kneel. Then I suddenly saw that I was beside the man who, some years ago, slew my father and drank his blood; and whom I then swore I would kill the first time that I should see him. Now, think what I felt when I suddenly knelt beside him! It came upon me with terrible power, and I could not prevent it, so I went back to my seat. Arrived there, I saw in the spirit the upper sanctuary, and seemed to hear a voice: 'Thereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' That made a deep impression upon me, and at the same time I thought that I saw another sight—a cross and a man nailed thereon, and I heard him say, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' Then I went back to the table."

The "Y's" Column.

THE CONQUERING LEGION

For God, for Home and Native Land,
I raise toward heaven my strong right hand,
And proudly wave my banner white,
All stainless as the morning light.

Through customs vile and banded hate,
And lust that marketh desolate,
Fearless I press my onward way,
And hopeful hail the coming day.

What though the world may call defeat?
My music never beats retreat;
And when I fall I face the foe,
And leap to victory even so.

For right is might, and right at last
Shall sound on high her trumpet blast,
And o'er the conquered field shall tread,
When every human wrong is dead.

So proudly wave the streamers white,
The emblem pure of God's own light,
While pledged beneath its folds we stand,
For God, for Home and Native Land.

The Art of Not Hearing.

THE art of not hearing should be taught in every well-regulated family. It is full as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear—many which we ought not to hear, very many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness—that every one should be educated to take in or to shut out sounds, according to his pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in our quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in a domestic whirlwind of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief these fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

If, as has been remarked, all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears, when among bad men shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbours say about our children, or what rivals say about our business, our dress, or our affairs.

This art of not hearing, though untaught in the schools, is by no means unpracticed in society. We have noticed that a well bred woman never hears a vulgar or impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little connivance in dishonourable conversation.—United Presbyterian.

The Years

The years roll on—the happy years
That held no thought of coming tears;
When full and clear arose life's song,
When years were gay and hope was strong.

The years roll on—the solemn years—
With all their freight of care and tears;
Of burdens borne, of woes we brave,
Of hands unclasped at the grave.

The years roll on—the varied years—
So much of light and dark appears
Along this checkered path of life,
The days of dalliance or of strife.

The years roll on—the tender years—
The time can soften bitterst tears;
And memory, with her gentle palm,
Lays on the aching heart a balm.

The years roll on—the blessed years—
For Heaven's light our darkness cheers;
And 'mid the changes of our lot,
Who walketh with us changes not.

Though years roll on, and day by day
The sands of life wear fast away,
Guide, Saviour, even to the shore
Where time and change shall be no more.

LESSON NOTES.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

A. D. 52] [March 30
Gal. 6. 1-10. Memory verses, 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so
fulfil the law of Christ.—Gal. 6. 2.

AUTHOR OF THE EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS.—Paul.

PLACE OF ITS COMPOSITION.—Probably
Ephesus; possibly Corinth.

TIME.—A. D. 52.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Overtaken in a fault*—
Caught in the act. *Restore*—"Set," as we
would set a dislocated limb. *Lest thou also be
tempted*—You are very likely to be tempted
if you reprove others without meekness.
Bear ye one another's burdens—Some of the
Galatians were eager to fulfil the rites and
ceremonies of the old Mosaic law. These
are alluded to as "burdens," and Paul says,
If you really want any burdens to bear, let
them be the sorrows of your next-door
neighbour. *The law of Christ*—If you must
obey a law, let it be not the Mosaic law,
but rather that law of love which Jesus
preached. *Communicate*—Share all good
things with those who teach you divine
truth. Another way of saying that minis-
ters should be paid for their sacred work.
It is the duty of those who receive instruc-
tion to do everything they can for their
teachers. *God is not mocked*—Men can
deceive themselves, but they cannot deceive
God. *Whosoever a man soweth*—"Those
who sow tares cannot reap wheat."

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Law of Christ*, vs. 1-6.
What does the law require us to do for a
fallen brother?
Why should we seek to restore him?
What is the law in regard to sharing
burdens?
When does a man deceive himself?
Whose work should every one prove?
What reward will he have for so doing?
Whose burden must every one carry?
What is the duty of the learner toward
the teacher of God's word?
- The Law of Love*, vs. 7-10.
What warning have we about seed-time
and harvest? (Golden Text.)
What crop will be reaped from sowing to
the flesh?
What is the harvest from liquor-drinking?
Pr. v. 32, 29, 30.
How can one reap everlasting life?
Why should we not weary of doing right?
To whom ought we try to do good?
How often should we seek to do good?
Whose example shall we be then follow-
ing? Acts 10. 38.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How does Paul say we are to treat our
erring brothers? "Restore such a one in

the spirit of meekness." 2. How are we to
treat each other? "Bear each other's bur-
dens." 3. How are we to treat our teach-
ers? "Be liberal to them." 4. What does
Paul say about God? "God is not mocked."
5. What sort of a harvest will all reap?
"Precisely what we sow." 6. Why should
we not weary in well-doing? "Because we
shall certainly reap."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The flesh and
the spirit.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A. D. 30] LESSON I. [April 6

CHRIST'S LAW OF LOVE.

Luke 6. 27-28. Memory verses, 35-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

As ye would that men should do to you,
do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6. 31.

TIME.—A. D. 27.

PLACE.—Not certainly known.

CONNECTING LINKS.—In our last quarter
we left our study of the life of Jesus with
the amazement of the crowd that witnessed
the curing and pardon of the paralytic who
was passed through the house-roof into the
presence of Jesus. Our present lesson
gives a portion of a discourse which is sub-
stantially the same as the Sermon on the
Mount, given in the fifth chapter of Mat-
thew. This, however, seems to have been
given "in the plain;" it may have been a
repetition of the other sermon, or it may
have been delivered from the level part of
the mountain—a plateau.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Despitefully*—Meanly.
Cloak—The outer flowing garment. *Coat*—
The inner necessary garment. *Goods*—
Treasures. *Likewise*—In the same way.
Girdle—The Oriental equivalent for pocket.
Metre—To measure. *Withal*—An old Eng-
lish word, which in this connection means
little more than *also*.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Law of Love*—vs. 27-31.
Who gives us the law of love?
Whom are we commanded to love?
To whom should we do good?
Whom ought we to bless?
For whom should we pray?
What are we to do when smitten on the
cheek?
What, when one's cloak is taken away?
To whom are we directed to give?
What may we not ask to have returned?
What rule should govern us in our treat-
ment of others? (Golden Text.)
- The Reward of Love*, vs. 32-38.
For what love do we deserve no thanks?
What good acts bring no reward?
What question is asked about lending?
Whom should we love and help?
What is said about the reward of so
doing?
Whose children will we thus become?
What example should make us merciful?
What law is given about judging and for-
giving?
What reward is promised for true giving?
What will be the measure of our reward?
Who will be the rewarder? Heb. 6. 10.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How are we to treat those who wrong
us? "Submit to them." 2. How are we
to act to all men? "As we would like to
have them do to us." 3. How does he act
who treats other men merely as they treat
him? "Like a sinner." 4. What will we
be if we love our enemies? "Children of
the Highest." 5. What are we told to do?
"Judge not . . . condemn not." 6. What
are we to do? "Forgive, give."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine
mercy.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

How is Christ a prophet?
In revealing to us, by his Word and
Spirit, all truth concerning Divine things
and our salvation.
John 1. 18; 6. 68; 16. 13, 14; 18. 14.

WHEN you speak to a person look
him in the face.

THE best kind of glory is that which
is reflected from honesty.

YOU may bury truth, but you can't
kill it. It never dies.

Un-Writing It.

NINA was told never to make pencil
marks in books, and trusting her to
obey, papa often loaned her his pencils.
But one day some naughty spirit must
have told her it would be nicer to write,
as she called her scribbling, on a blank
page of one of papa's books than on
the paper he had given her. When
she saw the mark, though, she remem-
bered what papa had said; then she
thought just the other day she had
seen papa make marks and then rub
them out with something on the other
end of the pencil.

"I'll un-write it again, as papa did,
and then no one will know it."

So she rubbed and rubbed with the
eraser: but while some of the pencil
marks disappeared, great, dirty stains
were left; and when she had rubbed
almost through the paper, still it did
not look as it had before it was written
on, and the indentation of the pencil
point was still plain in the paper.

She learned that "un-writing" was
not so easy to do. So it is with
naughty actions or words; you can
never rub them out so perfectly that
they won't leave some mark on the
character.—*Sunbeam*.

Have You Ever Been There?

If so, you understand precisely the
ambition, the eagerness, the excite-
ment of these boys. Just what animal
is down in that mysterious den they
do not know. The ripening corn, or
perhaps the great round cabbages in
the field near by have been disturbed,
and the mischief is traced to the in-
habitant of this burrow. It may be a
hedge-hog, it may be an opossum, or
perhaps even a specimen of *Mephitis
Americana* (American skunk). The
dogs do not reveal the exact nature of
the subterranean resident. They
affirm that this is the home, and that
the animal is now at home. The
question will be solved by-and-by.
The dogs will take a turn at digging,
and if the underground chambers are
not too extensive, if the ground is not
too hard, or if the dogs do not become
weary too soon, they will in the course
of a few hours come upon the animal
they are seeking. Meanwhile, the
boys will render them all the assist-
ance they can, which will consist
chiefly in encouraging and urging on
the dogs to do their best.

WHAT is a dram-shop? Let us have
a just interpretation of it. It is a
manufactory not only of paupers but
of incendiaries, madmen and mur-
derers. Is such an institution, if I
may dignify the abominable thing by
that respectable name, compatible with
the public safety? No. I deny that
civil government is faithful to its great
province while it suffers the dram-shop
to be in existence, so long as it estab-
lishes and permits it. The civil gov-
ernment that allows this enemy to the
safety of person and property is un-
worthy of the name of civil govern-
ment.



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