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HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. III.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 17, 1885.

[No. 2.]

The Persians.

BY REV. S. G. WILSON, TARRIZ,
PERSIA.

THE Mohammedans of Persia, as is well known, belong to the Sheah sect. A small portion of them, especially of the Koords and Eolants or wandering tribes, are Sunnees. The Sheahs are usually considered to have more liberality than their orthodox brethren. Being looked upon as dissenters themselves, and having to maintain the right to differ from the majority, they are naturally inclined to greater liberality towards those who differ from them. As in politics, so in religion—great freedom of discussion is allowed. They dispute for hours on religious themes, without displaying fanaticism or arrogance. One need not have the slightest hesitancy about expressing an opinion; it is when he puts his opinion into action that he meets with opposition and persecution.

The morals of the people have been frequently described in the portraits of the conditions of the other Oriental nations. Polygamy and its attendant evils are presented in their social life. Theft is so universal that you had best take it for granted at all times that every one will steal; deceit and falsehood so natural that it is hard for them to tell the truth when it is for their advantage. Bribery and venality are accepted factors in all transactions, bargaining habits in trade, abominable repudiation of debt, if successfully accomplished, considered clever; a high loyalty to self, which disdains to be lacking in the majority—in short, the noblest work of God is a rarity. Diogenes would light his lantern in vain in this region. True conjugal affection is exceptional, concubinage frequent. The profane use of the divine name by men and women alike strikes the ear in every kind of intercourse. Gambling



PERSIAN SCENES.

prevails among the upper classes. Drunkenness is making distressing progress. Though the penalty for the latter is a public beating through the bazaars, yet if justice were meted out with even hand, none would deserve it more frequently than the Golla B ya, or Governor of our ward. Liquor duns, instead of being stamped out, as the Koran would indicate, are made a source of revenue to the officials. We attended a native wedding, and when the time came for the bride's father to preside on the occasion, we were informed that he was sick, but the evidence of our eyes showed him and one of the chief guests dead drunk in the side room. Those who preach up the high morality of Islam should come and see its practical workings. One thing, however, is universally conceded in favour of the Persians—they are not blood-thirsty nor quarrelsome. Their gentleness, affability and courteous manner, though insincere, cannot be gain-sayed. It is a great source of satisfaction. If to their other qualities were added a fiery and haughty temper and a repulsive bearing, our intercourse with them would be far different. As it is, it can always be pleasant in form and outwardly agreeable.

In education the Persians are greatly deficient. I had been led by the accounts of some travellers to expect to find schools universal, and primary education the heritage of all the men. It is true there are many schools which give a humdrum training in the three R's, but so far is it from being universal and up to any proper standard that in the cities not one man in four can read and write, and the average is not more than two or three to a village, while a reading woman is yet a rarity. The term Meerza still holds its place as a distinctive and honorary title of one who can read and write. The schools are usually in the mosques,

with a Mollah for teacher, who holds sway in the proverbial fashion which requires every child to make as much noise as possible under pain of a rap if for a moment he ceases to add to the general hubbub. Persian, Arabic and sometimes French, are the languages taught, though the Koran is read merely with the eye and not with the understanding. The Arabic Bible, which is frequently trumpeted as giving the Scripture to the 120,000,000 of the Mohammedan world, Persia included, could not be understood by one in a thousand of our population. But in spite of their deficiency in school education, the upper classes are intelligent and quite well informed. It is sometimes surprising to find how much information on science, history and the world's doings they have obtained without instruction or reading. The desire for education is developing among them, and they would gladly welcome any efforts which are not mixed with designs to subvert their accepted faith.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

In the accompanying picture the central section represents the great mosque of Teheran, the capital of Persia. Its splendid dome, lofty arch and twin minarets will be noticed. The other groups represent travelling and domestic scenes, the upper one being a caravansary or inn, and the lower the court of a private dwelling.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death; and with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I'll give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
he kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord in Paradise he bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
the reaper said, and smiled;
Dear tokens of the earth are they, where He once was a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
transplanted by my care;
And saints upon their garments white, these sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave in tears and pain, the flowers she most did love.
She knew she would find them all again in the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, the reaper came that day:
'Twas an angel visited the green earth, and took the flowers away.

Her Reward.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

THE superintendent felt very anxious to find a teacher willing and able to manage six rough, ignorant boys, whom he had picked up here and there about the town. He announced his desire before the school, but found no response; each teacher seemed to have his hands already full, and no scholar in the advanced classes appeared to feel equal to the undertaking. At last he requested the minister to ask from the pulpit if there was anyone in the congregation who would venture to lead so many black sheep into the fold. If there should be one such, he would like that one to report after the dismissal of the congregation.

There was one in the church who listened to what the minister said, in whose mind a train of thought ran

speedily. This person was a little woman dressed in mourning. Not much of her face was visible, because of the crape veil folded about it, but the glimpse one could get revealed a face sweet and earnest, but heavily marked with grief. And no wonder. She was not only a widow, but her only child—a bright and winsome son—had gone astray; at the present time she did not even know his whereabouts.

The minister's eyes grew moist as Mrs. L— touched his arm after service, and said firmly: "I will try to lead the black sheep if you think I'm capable, but, you know, of course that I have a black sheep of my very own wandering off somewhere." With a voice husky with deep feeling, the minister said, "Yes, yes, I know, and I hope and pray that his feet may soon turn toward the fold. As for you, God bless you, that you are willing to lead these others while your heart is heavy and bleeding." The following Sabbath, Mrs. L— was introduced to her class, surely a decidedly unpossessing one, and rather formidable too. In ages the boys ranged from twelve to sixteen. The twelve-year-old boy was both awkward and ignorant; he seemed too stupid to learn anything except mischief. Then there were three boys about fourteen, regular street Arabs, their eyes gleaming with an intelligence of an undesirable kind. The remaining two were not repulsive, although they were not encouraging scholars. They were twin brothers, bright, but rude, and deplorably ignorant concerning the Saviour who had died for them. They paid very little attention to what Mrs. L— said, and they were constantly whispering, while their eyes wandered off on a tour round the pretty room. Most teachers would have been discouraged with such a class—and justly so; even Mrs. L— felt somewhat dismayed but she reasoned wisely: "Faint heart never won a battle yet; it seems to be my duty to lift up these poor boys. If I shirk my duty, I ought not to expect that anyone else could take it."

It did not take long for Mrs. L— to find out that the stupid boy had been beaten upon the head by a drunken father, until it was no wonder he was stupid. Her heart went out to him there. She visited him in his wretched home, and comforted him, and after awhile had the satisfaction of seeing him reach out his hand to clasp the Saviour's. As for the Arabs, two of them did not come after the second Sabbath; they had gone off on a ship; so she never knew whether the little seed she had sown in their hearts had taken root. The remaining Arab reached the "green pastures" and the "still waters" before the close of a year, and after that he moved steadily upward, leading some of his associates with him.

At the end of two years you would not have recognized the twin boys. They were eighteen now; great, noble-looking fellows, with a purpose in life, and faithfully pursuing it. Through Mrs. L—'s influence they had attended a night-school, and had progressed rapidly.

* * * * *

Five years have gone. It is New Year's Eve; the snow is beating drearily against the windows of Mrs. L—'s home. She feels strangely desolate to-night. For two years she has been an invalid, and it is four

years since she has heard from her only child. Just a little after dusk, the minister who had asked God to bless Mrs. L—, entered her home, and saw the servant, doing her mistress's bidding, packing a basket for some poor neighbour.

"Don't send all the chickens off; you'll need some here," he warned, and then he entered the invalid's room, where she sat sick and sad. "I've a little story to tell," he said; "please promise not to interrupt. I will make it short, but it will be eloquent in fruitful suggestion. Some years ago a broken-hearted Christian woman undertook to lead some wanderers home. Her task was no light one, but she did not shirk it. Sweetly, but firmly, she picked up the golden opportunities, and made a gleaming crown that will shine upon her forehead in the glorious hereafter. But," and a strangely tender quiver came into his voice, "she'll have some reward for her labour even here. Two of the lads—twins—young men now, found in a great wicked city, two years ago, a widow's only child, when they learned whose child he was they laboured untiringly to lift him from the depths of degradation, where they had found him. It was wearying work, but they never slackened their love or their zeal. 'It is her boy,' they said, 'he must be saved.' And a year ago he was saved from the gulf of intemperance. He longed then to return to his mother, but he would not until he felt sure that he could stand firm. Now his feet are upon the Rock."

Mrs. L— put out her hand beseechingly. All the pain had faded from her face, and in its place shone only joy unutterable.

"Where is my boy?" she asked.

"Coming."

The jingle of bells was heard at the door, then quick steps through the hall, and three young men entered—the rescuers and the rescued.

The happy mother felt that her reward had come.—*Westminster Teacher*.

The Lost Child.

ONE day the Count von Stornan went hunting. While in the woods a cry of distress from a cliff high above arrested his attention. Looking up in the direction from which the cry came, he saw in an eagle's nest a sweet little boy, whom the bird of prey was just on the point of throwing to her young for food. The sight of the lovely child moved the heart of the Count. He climbed the cliff as anxiously as the most of loving fathers, and rescued the child from the beak and talons of the bird.

The Count afterwards educated the child, who was called Otto, in all useful and necessary knowledge, and in return the boy gave his foster-father a great deal of happiness, and grew up to be a promising youth.

After some years had passed away, the Count went with Otto to his country seat. There came one day a stranger to the castle. He had recently lost his humble cottage by a disastrous fire, together with all his other possessions, and was now obliged to ask help of benevolent people.

Otto, who at this time was feeding the fish in a pond in the garden, as soon as he saw the poorly-clad man, went up to him, and speaking kindly to him, asked what he wanted. Upon hearing the poor man's sad tale he assured him of his sympathy, and conducted him to the Count.

The Count was very gracious to the afflicted man, and after encouraging him by promising help, ordered him to wait until he should return from his study. In the meanwhile the poor man looked about him in the beautifully furnished room, and discovered a picture which represented the rescue of Otto from the eagle's nest. The Count had caused this picture to be painted in memory of that adventure and hung in this room. The poor man gazed long on this picture. Tears glistened in his eyes.

"Oh, gracious sir," said he, greatly excited, when the Count came back again into the room, "pray tell me what this picture represents?"

The Count then related how he found his beloved Otto in the eagle's nest, and had taken him to himself and treated him as his own; and how, in spite of all his efforts, he could never gain any reliable information concerning his parents.

"I, too," said the distressed man, "about twenty years ago, lost a darling son in like manner. We were mowing in the meadows, and the child was asleep on the grass near, when a powerful bird of prey, swooping suddenly down, seized him and flew away."

The Count thought instantly that perhaps his Otto might be this man's child. He said to him: "Do you know of no mark by which, if the child lives, you can identify him?"

"Oh, yes," answered the man, "our little Martin had a mother-mark on his right arm."

Now, the Count had already discovered such a mark on Otto's right arm, and the clothes which Otto wore at the time of the rescue were identical with the description which the man gave.

The Count could now doubt no longer. Pointing to Otto, he said, "Look, my good man! that youth who brought you to me is your lost Martin!"

For a moment the happy father could not speak for joy; then he began to weep and cry: "Oh, my son!"

Otto cried, "O my father!"

And each embraced the other heartily. They could not sufficiently thank and bless the good God who had prepared for them this great joy.

The Count now desired to know the mother and Otto's brothers and sisters. He sent his own coach for them, and after a few days they arrived at the castle. The happiness which both parents and children felt at meeting thus with their long-lost Martin was indescribable.

The Count, when he became satisfied of the poor man's perfect honesty, made the proposal that they should settle near there with his family, and gave him a nice farm for his own.

Jacob—for that was the poor man's name—soon was in comfortable circumstances; but Otto became an active and noble man. He was esteemed and loved by all who knew him, and afterwards the Emperor, in consideration of the valuable services he had rendered the country, raised him to the office and honour of Baron Alderheim.—*Selected*.

LITTLE NELL—"What church were you married in, grandma?" Grandma—"I was not married in a church, dear." Little Nell—"Were you married at home?" Grandma—"No dear, I was a very naughty girl and ran away with your grandpa." Little Nell—"Mercy me! I'd never run away with such a fussy old gentleman as grandpa."

Three National Drink Bills.

What the Liquor Traffic Costs the United States, Great Britain, and Canada Every Year.

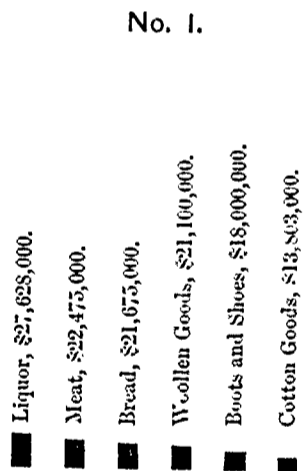
\$1,527,000,000!

TWICE AS MUCH AS FOR BREAD!

The diagrams given here hardly need any explanation. They present the truth regarding the liquor traffic with far more force than could be done by words. The three which are placed side by side represent respectively the expenditures of Canada, Great Britain, and the United States, arranged according to the size of their respective bills. Canada, with a population of four and a half millions, comes first; Great Britain, with a population of thirty-five millions, comes next; and the United States, with a population of forty-five millions, comes last. These three diagrams, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are all drawn on the same scale for purposes of comparison.

CANADA'S LIQUOR BILL, compared with various other large items of the expenditure of the Canadian people, based on the Census of 1881 and Government Blue Books, and compiled by Toronto *Globe*.

SCALE.—Each perpendicular inch represents \$200,000,000.

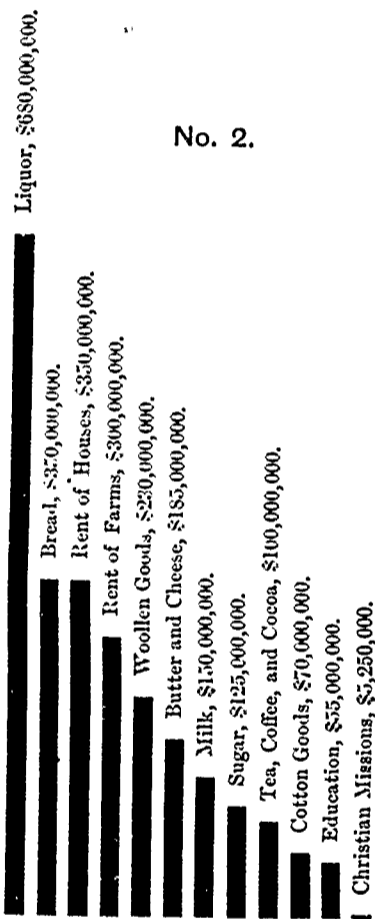


No. 1.

DIAGRAM, comparing the average Annual Expenditure of the United Kingdom on Intoxicating Liquors, with some other principal items of expenditure based on the figures of Mr. Hoyle.

AVERAGE of ten years, 1874-83.

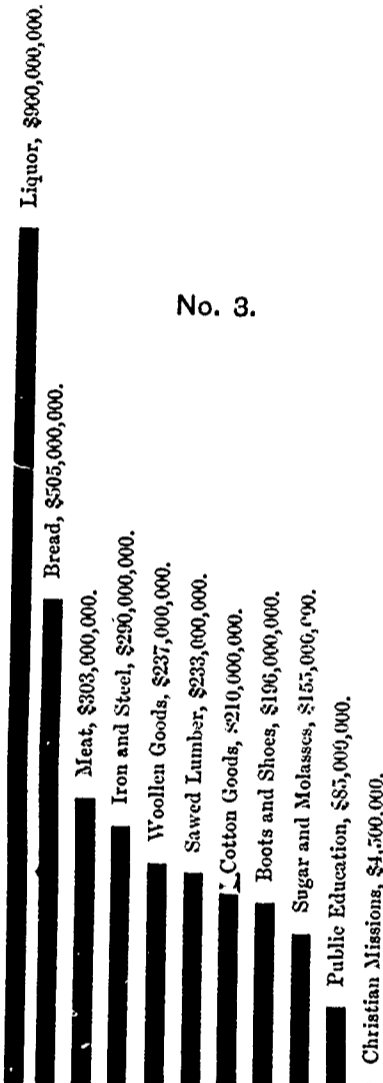
SCALE.—Each perpendicular inch represents \$200,000,000.



No. 2.

DIAGRAM, comparing the Annual Expenditure in the United States for intoxicating Liquors, with various other of the largest items of expenditure based on the figures of the *Christian Union*.

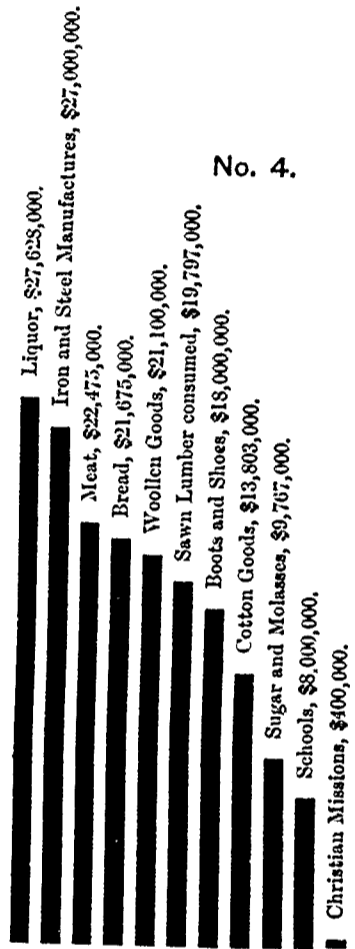
SCALE.—Each perpendicular inch represents \$200,000,000.



No. 3.

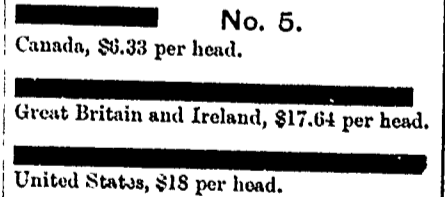
CANADA'S LIQUOR BILL, compared with various other large items of expenditure of the Canadian people, based on the Census of 1881 and Government Blue Books, compiled by the Toronto *Globe*.

SCALE.—Each perpendicular inch represents \$10,000,000.



No. 4.

COMPARATIVE EXPENDITURE per head on liquor in Canada, Great Britain, and United States, based on same authorities as other diagrams.



No. 5.

Diagram No. 4 is drawn upon a larger scale to show more accurately and more fully Canada's expenditure upon intoxicating liquors as compared with her expenditure upon other things.

Diagram No. 5 shows the average expenditure for each person in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada, for purposes of comparison. In Canada liquor is cheaper than in either of the other two

countries, so that the comparison cannot be used for showing the comparative quantity consumed per head of the population, though that also is greatly in favour of Canada.

Blind.

AMERICAN boys are not apt to be interested in the lives of foreign public men. Yet there was something in the history of Henry Fawcett, who died in November, that appeals to every young man.

At twenty-five he was a handsome, high-spirited, ambitious young fellow who had passed through Cambridge with honour, was studying for the bar, and was among his fellows a noted athlete and sportsman. One day, while out after partridges, an accidental shot blinded him for life. His friends looked upon his career as closed.

"I resolved," he said long afterwards, "that my life should go on precisely as if I still saw. I did not give up a

study, a pursuit, or even an amusement."

His success in his long fight with this terrible obstacle, is proved by the fact that he retained his position as fellow at Cambridge, entered into politics, was returned to Parliament, became one of the foremost Liberal leaders, wrote several books on political economy that are read in every country, and finally was appointed Postmaster-General.

This department has never been so efficient and so useful as it has been since Mr. Fawcett took it under his control. He established a parcel-post, changed the money-order system and improved the postal savings banks by which the poorest of the poor are en-

couraged and helped to habits of thrift and industry. In all the movements inaugurated or aided by Mr. Fawcett in Parliament, his motive was the elevation of the lower classes of his fellow-men.

Until the time of his death he remained a daring horseman, a skilful swimmer, skater, and angler. He conquered the difficulty which threw a bar across his life by simply ignoring it.

"When I found that I was black," said Dumas, "I resolved to live as if I were white, and so force men to look below my skin."

Not many of us find such obstacles waiting for us on the way through life as did these men. But each has his difficulty, which he fancies is an enemy.

Take it by the throat at once and it will prove a poor scare crow, a thing of shreds and patches; or sometimes a friend, helpful and strong.

For four hundred years the people of England have tried by the license system, embracing four hundred and fifty Acts of Parliament, to reduce the evils flowing from the use of intoxicating drink, and they have failed,—wiserably failed—as the crowded prisons, and poor houses intimate. Where prohibition has had a trial for four hundred years, and failed as completely, it will, in common fairness and logic, be time for us to pronounce the verdict which shall consign it to the limbo of administrative mistakes.—*Selected*.

Methodist Centenary Hymn.

Composed for the occasion by the Rev. J. K. Cox, D.D., of Washington, and sung at the opening of the Centennial Conference at Baltimore, U.S.

Thou God of Providence and grace,
Our father's God in days of old!
Alike to us reveal Thy face,
And all Thy wondrous love unfold.

We come to magnify Thy name,
With joyful lips Thy praise to sing;
To-day as yesterday the same,
To Thee our tribute song we bring.

With Thy rich favour deign to crown
The meeting of Thy servants here;
Make to Thyself a great renown
On this our centenary year.

For all the past and prospered days,
A hundred years of gracious power,
Our Ebenezer here we raise—
For Thou hast helped us to this hour.

Grateful, we own Thy guiding hand,
By which our fathers first were led—
Which brought them to this goodly land,
And then their holy mission sped.

For all the goodness Thou hast shown,
For all the wonders Thou hast wrought,
For all we've heard and seen and known,
Help us to praise Thee as we ought.

Planted by Thee, by Thee we've grown,
The little one becomes a host;
The glory be to Thee alone,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

And may the century to come
Witness new wonders of Thy grace;
May mighty works through us be done
To honour Thee and bless the race.

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Home & School:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Editor.
TORONTO, JANUARY 17, 1885.

Centennial of American Methodism.

Though Methodism had its origin in England, it has achieved its greatest triumphs in America. The Centennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States in the city of Baltimore reminds us that it is only just one hundred years since that Church was organized, and yet it is already one of the largest and most influential Protestant ecclesiastical organizations in the world. It is true, the origin of the Methodism on this continent dates as far back as 1766. In that year the first Methodist "class" was formed in the city of New York; but it was not until eighteen years afterward that the Methodist Episcopal Church was formally organized by the adoption of the constitution which Wesley had drawn up for it. This took place at what in Methodist history is known as the Christmas Conference, which was held in Baltimore in the closing days of 1784.

At that time there were 83 itinerant preachers, and 14,984 members in the societies, but they had not a single ordained minister, and only about sixty chapels, mostly of an inexpensive and primitive character. Even Lonely Lane Chapel, in which the first General Conference was held, seems to have been a rude structure, though the congregation worshipping in it won for themselves the grateful commendation of Dr. Coke by their kindness "in furnishing a large stove, and backs to 'some of the seats for the comfort of 'the Conference."

To-day the Methodist Episcopal Church has 99 Annual Conferences, exclusive of fifteen Mission Districts. It has 12,365 ministers, 1,742,021 members, and not less than 7,000,000 of adherents. It owns 18,152 churches and 6,224 parsonages, the aggregate value of the former being \$65,467,082 and that of the latter \$9,250,288. It expends about three-quarters of a million dollars annually upon missions, and is continually enlarging the field of its missionary labours, having its agents already at work in every quarter of the globe. It maintains, at enormous expense, a vast system of educational institutions, including 92 Classical Seminaries and Female Colleges, 43 Colleges and Universities, and nine Theological Schools. It has a net capital of \$1,494,505 invested in its two great publishing establishments, located at New York and Cincinnati respectively.

Significant and suggestive, however, as these facts and figures are, they only vary inadequately represent the results which have been achieved by this body during the last hundred years. As early as 1844 the Methodist Episcopal Church was rent in two by the agitation which prevailed at the time respecting the question of slavery. Since then there have been the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Church South. The latter of these, though little known in this country, is a body of vast proportions and influence. In 1882 it had 3,736 ministers and a membership numbering 787,299. Besides, there are no less than six minor bodies of Methodists—three of them being African—which are offshoots from the Methodist Episcopal and retaining the episcopal form of Church government. These are all the outgrowth of the organization which took place in Lonely Lane Chapel in 1784; and they, together with the two larger bodies, represent an itinerant ministry of 23,899 and 3,805,741 Church members. And even the Methodist of this Dominion is very largely the offspring of the Church organized in Baltimore one hundred years ago. Surely the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation!—*Globe.*

The Elm Street Revival.

THE Elm Street revival has now been in progress nearly ten weeks, and during the whole of this time the interest has been such as to fill the large auditorium every evening, and there has not yet been an evening in which there have not been new cases of awakening. The total number of seekers is now about 940, and the prospects are good for a great increase. Over one hundred have been forward during the past week, about thirty of whom came out on Sunday night. There is now every assurance that the

thousand souls asked for by Mr. Harrison when the meetings commenced will be led to the Saviour. No such meeting has been held in Toronto since the days of Caughoy. The services will be continued during this week. Mr. Harrison bears his work well, his strength being renewed, as he says, day by day. The Agnes Street revival also continues with growing interest and effectiveness. An all-day service was held last Sabbath, beginning at 7 a.m. with a praise meeting, which was well attended. Rev. John Shaw, of the Mission Rooms, preached at 11 a.m., and Mr. D. McLean addressed the mass meeting at 4 p.m. The evening services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Kerr. Much earnestness and interest were evinced at all the meetings, that of the evening in particular being marked by great enthusiasm.—*Guardian.*

Home.

Home is not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart has builded.
Home! Go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love;
Home is where there's one to love us.
Home is not merely roof and room;
It needs something to endure it.
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's something kind to cheer it.
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us.

The Teacher's Courage.

BY REV. ALFRED ANDREWS,
"Now enter—and all fear forego—
Since it is always to the bold in mind,
Though strange his stock,
That fortune shines most kind."
—*Bryan's Homer.*

If this be not the origin of the English proverb, "Fortune favours the brave," it is at least a twin sister. Brother teachers, as it appears to my mind, no teacher who has not courage for his work can succeed well in it. God long ago said to Joshua: "Be strong and of good courage," and it is equally important now. Possibly, some teachers may have too high a sense of their ability, and with a pompous spirit they enter their class, feeling that few can teach better than they. If the real work of teaching as they come into contact with active young people from Sabbath to Sabbath, does not soon strip them of this conceit, I fear that nothing I can say will do it. And I write not for them, but for the larger class who go to Sabbath-school fearing and trembling, and saying, I cannot do this work as it should be done; I am no teacher.

To you, dear brethren, I speak. I would commend to you the spirit of the English local preacher, whose text was, "These that have turned the world upside down, have come hither also." He divided his subject into three parts. "I. World is wrong side up; II. It wants righting; III. We are just the chaps that can do it." No less a courage than this will do for us or any Christian worker. But do not misunderstand me. Having prepared the lesson as well as I have had opportunity and ability, then let me enter my work feeling that I can and will, by God's good help, teach my class as well as I can do the work, and be willing then to leave it with God.

He demands no more, and if I cannot teach as well as some others, let me be willing to do my best, and dismiss all fear as to the result.

No one expects you, dear brother, to teach the class given you as the superintendent or as some other teacher could, but just as you can do it with your ability and your opportunity. Do this courageously, for God says to you:

"Go work to-day in My vineyard,
Be active, be earnest, be strong,
Go forth in his might,
Who will strengthen the right,
And will pay thee thy wages ere long"

Jock Halliday: A Grassmarket Hero.
By Robina F. Hardy. Toronto: William Briggs. 65 cents.

Jock Halliday as a boy is one of a numerous class to be found in any of the large cities of the Old World—keen, shrewd, and well used to push his own way under difficulties—but a drunken father and thriftless mother gave little promise of a hopeful future for a boy growing up in such a home as they provided. But Jock had the mettle in him out of which moral heroes are made, and therefore, in spite of his surroundings, he was true to the generous and the right, and so forced his way up to respectability and honour. The book is valuable for boys as showing how, amidst the utmost disadvantages, a true boy may preserve his self-respect and win his way to the respect of others who have it in their power to help him. Such was "oor Jock."—*Guardian.*

Vick's Floral Guide. A beautiful work of 150 pages, Coloured Plate, and 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Seeds and Plants, and how to grow them. Printed in English and German. Price only 10 cents.

At the recent meeting of the General Board in Kingston it was found that the income of the four uniting Churches aggregated last year about \$185,000. It was felt that in this union year, and following, perhaps, the richest harvest ever gathered in this country, it was reasonable to expect a marked increase in missionary income; and appropriations were accordingly made on a basis of \$195,000, or an advance of \$10,000 over the income of last year. But as there are always items of expenditure during the year which cannot be foreseen or provided for, it will require fully \$200,000 to cover the year's expenditure, and keep the Society out of debt. Let it be remembered, moreover, that the appropriations made, added to what the missions will raise, will give the men on Domestic Missions only 70 per cent. of their modest claim of \$750 to married men, or an average of \$525 each. This, while a little better than formerly, is still far below what it ought to be.—*Outlook.*

GREAT talkers are seldom great performers. There is much truth in the old adage, that a barking dog seldom bites. A man who is full of talk about what he can do seldom does it. He expends all his energies in talk. Self praise is no recommendation. Let another praise thee and not thine own mouth, is wise counsel. If many persons would think more, talk less, and do something, it would be much better for themselves and others.—*Methodist Recorder.*



HOW THEY PAID THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE.

His Mother's Songs.

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the Captain begged;
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell in a line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises in prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

What Liquor Costs the Dominion Annually.

BY REV. D. ROGERS.

It is of great importance to keep facts and figures relating to the liquor traffic constantly before our minds, for in proportion as we see the evils of that traffic, will be the earnestness of our efforts to suppress and remove them.

Statistics are generally considered dry, but there is a wonderful power in them after all, and when we are told that in Canada we spend six million dollars more for liquor than for either bread or woolen goods, all the poetry is taken out of our talk about "the hard times."

It has always been found difficult to state with accuracy the expenditure of any country in intoxicating drinks, yet there is a basis from which we can make our calculations with a tolerable degree of correctness as to the cost of the traffic in Canada.

The drink bill may be divided into two branches, viz.—the direct and the indirect expenses—the latter including criminal prosecution, support of paupers, loss of labour, etc. The direct expenses of the drink traffic in Canada is about \$65,000,000, the indirect \$50,000,000, making the enormous sum of \$115,000,000. Let the citizens of this country weigh that fact well, and not be carried away with the clap-trap statement of the whisky dealers that "If you vote for prohibition you will lose \$5,000,000 of revenue. We expend \$115,000,000 to receive back again \$5,000,000. Any country that will persist in pursuing such an irrational political economy will sooner or later sink into decay and leave a mass of mouldering ruins as a monument of the gigantic folly of licensing a traffic that always impoverishes a people and produces crime, disease and death. Think of the money thus wasted every year. It would buy 23,000,000 barrels

of flour at \$5 per barrel, or about five barrels for every man, woman, and child.

We have about 6,000 churches and 8,000 preachers laboring for the salvation of men, while the demon Alcohol has 21,000 temples and 50,000 agents, all working with Satan for the damnation of men. Satan's is six times larger than God's army and costs the country twenty-five times as much as is paid to support all the churches and benevolent institutions in the land. (The people of the United States pay over \$700,000,000 a year for spirituous and fermented liquors and only \$95,000,000 for education, and \$48,000,000 for religious purposes.) Added to this is the damage done by the traffic. Every year it sends 10,000 criminals to prison, 20,000 to poor houses and 20,000 children are made orphans. It causes twenty-five murders and thirty-five suicides every year, sends 6,000 to a drunkard's grave, and keeps up a loathsome procession of about 60,000 drunkards. These marching in line, two deep, would form a procession about thirty-five miles long. Out of this line for every eighty-eight minutes one falls into a drunkard's grave, and the taverns have another ready to fill the place of the one that falls.

It has been affirmed, again and again, that nine-tenths of the criminal cases on the calendar are directly traceable to strong drink, and the cost of criminal courts and prisons, which amounts to thousands of dollars, is chargeable to the traffic in drink.

About 30,000 or more use strong drink to excess, and as a result much time is lost. A man's work in some useful calling is worth about \$200 a year. The time he wastes, through the use of drink, is so much lost of productive labour and the country impoverished to that extent. The labour of many engaged in the traffic, who do worse than nothing, is also lost from the productive resources of the Dominion.

Then there is another bill that cannot be measured by dollars. For every one who becomes a drunkard, there are hearts wrung with grief, and homes made sad and desolate when love and joy might have cheered the passing hours.

How much more happiness is to be destroyed? how many more Canadian homes are to be blighted? how many more parents to look into the faces of their sons through prison bars? how many more lives lost and immortal souls ruined before we waken up to the horrors of the drink traffic, licensed and made respectable by law?

The Other Side of Life.

A LITTLE girl laid ten pennies on the counter beside a black bottle, and said, "Ten cents' worth of gin."

The barkeeper, anticipating her order, had already drawn from a cask the odorous liquor. The child was bare-footed. Her little, thin legs were bare to the knees. She wore not even a hood. Her only attire was a ragged, thin calico dress. As she passed out of the door the cold, piercing wind sent a shiver through the little one's frame.

In a garret on Mulberry-street, in a foul room, lying in a drunken stupor on an old mattress were a man and woman crouched in rags. Two ragged children were on the cold floor crying for bread. There was no coal in the stove, no warmth in the house.

Listening to the cries of the drunk-

ard's children was a poor woman who resided in a small room adjoining. She enters hastily with a small basin of milk and a loaf of bread. The little ones seize the food as eagerly as do the wild animals in Central Park. They ate as if half-starved.

The oldest child entered with the black bottle. The two parents, who had not heard their children's cries for food, seemed instinctively to know that their own physical longings were to be gratified. The father sprang to his feet and clutched the bottle; the mother, half rising, clutched at it. Her feet were bare, for the money that paid for the gin had been obtained by pawning the woman's shoes.

"One half the world does not know how the other half lives."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

How they Paid their Way through College.

SHIFTS AND EXPEDIENTS OF COLLEGE-LIFE.

We have pleasure in reprinting from the *Youth's Companion*, advertised in our columns a few weeks ago, the following vigorous article, which is as applicable to Canada as to the United States.—*Ed.*

The United States has very aptly been termed the Land of Self-Made Men. Large numbers of its most famous and successful men have been born, if not in poverty, in at best but very humble circumstances, and have risen to eminence mainly by their own unaided exertions.

It is said that in some of our colleges from one-fourth to one-half of the young men who have been graduated, have paid their expenses with money they have earned by their own labour.

At the college where the writer was a student, twenty-six of the one hundred and eight students who were then obtaining an education there, depended upon their own earnings for obtaining every dollar that their education cost them.

Various were the expedients to which these aspirants for academic honours and a liberal education were sometimes reduced; yet I doubt whether, on the whole, the favoured sons of wealth enjoyed college-life more than did these young men.

I remember one in particular whose means of earning money were exceedingly meagre, and who used to "board himself" in his room. During one fall term of fourteen weeks, he felt that he could spare for the whole term but seventeen dollars for food, a sum which certainly did not admit of many luxuries.

Squashes were very plentiful and cheap that season, and he came to the conclusion that there was a great deal of nutrition in a mealy "Hubbard" squash. His stove had a little oven in the top of it, in which he baked half a squash at a time.

A spoon, with salt and pepper and now and then a ball of butter which his mother sent him, completed his culinary and dining outfit, for he took his squash in the shell and followed it with a hearty draught of water at the pump. He certainly seemed to thrive upon this diet, and it took a good man to play a better "first base" than did this sturdy-going vegetarian.

Some of the young fellows often joked him about his squash dinners; but he was always ready with a quick, cheerful retort. He made no secret of

his poverty, and was not ashamed of it. He knew very well it was not his fault that he was poor. And they might have known it, too, had they given the matter one serious thought.

This young man actually got through that term at the rate of a dollar a week for food, which left him three dollars of the seven he had set apart for that purpose, and with the three remaining dollars he bought a Smith's Classical Dictionary. I hardly need add that he achieved success in life. He is now a prosperous publisher.

Several of the twenty-six young men above named were so fortunate as to have friends who advanced them money, at six per cent. interest, which was to be repaid after they had graduated and had time to earn it. To secure the debt, in the event of their death, they insured their lives for fifteen hundred dollars each, paying the annual premiums on the policy, but allowing the interest on the money borrowed to accrue.

Such a method permits the student to give his whole time to his studies while in college, but really does not tend to develop the self-reliance that comes from being independent of favours from friends.

Another student, who was a classmate of the writer and whom I used to call "Marty," busied himself during his vacations in selling sewing-machines. He was so good a salesman that his percentage on the machines he sold were sufficient to pay all of his college expenses. If, towards the end of a term, his money had been all expended, he would get leave of absence for a week, and set off with his "sample" for a brief campaign among the farmers' wives.

Another of my classmates went every summer into the hay-field. The farmer usually paid him two dollars a day for his services and he would come back to college as brown as a Moor.

Others taught school during the winter vacations, which at that college were six weeks in length; and one or two students acted as tutors for boys in wealthy families, at stated hours during term-time.

Some of these young men were very economical in clothing. One of them made the sum of fifty dollars suffice for the amount paid for his clothes for three years. It is hardly necessary to say that he did not go very much "into society," which is not an injury to a student. Balls and attendance upon young ladies are not conducive to close application and studious habits.

One of the sternest methods of self-help which I remember among my student acquaintances was that practised by a Freshman, whom his classmates called "Calhound," from his mispronunciation in a class debate of the name of a celebrated statesman.

During the winter term "Calhound" would disappear for two or three hours, immediately after morning recitation, and again after prayers at four o'clock in the afternoon.

For a long time his classmates did not know where he went, or what he did; but near the close of the term it was discovered that he had taken a contract to cut wood, by the cord, for the use of locomotives, at a railroad station a mile and a half away. He received a dollar a cord, and cut about a cord per day, and at the same time kept up in his studies with the class.

He completed his contract, and out fifty cords of wood during the term, for which he received fifty dollars. While at work with his axe, he would have his *Latin* or his *Algebra* propped open on a stump hard by, and after a hard bout at a thick log, he would sit down and master a passage, or an example, jotting the translation, or the solution, on a large, white chip which his well-applied axe had thrown out of a scarf.

And I am glad to say "Calhound" took very good rank that year in his class; and at the end of it he had become quite a giant in muscle, and was a picture of manly health.

In strong contrast with "Calhound" was one of his classmates whom I will call Estabrook, whose guardian was said to allow him five thousand dollars a year. This young fellow was of good physique and had naturally a vigorous constitution, but, during that whole term he was a victim of dyspepsia, induced by over-indulgence of various kinds. It would have been an incalculable benefit to him if he, too, had been compelled to encounter self-denial, and to "cut wood for the railroad."

Less laborious, but more profitable, was the device of a Junior, whom the others jocosely nicknamed "Aunty," on account of the way in which he earned his money.

This young man borrowed a knitting-machine—then a new invention—of a lady friend, and with it knit woollen socks for a gentleman's furnishing house in a neighbouring city. He would work and study at the same time from a propped-up book.

He could make eight or ten pairs of socks in a day, for which he received fifteen cents per pair; and for the last two years he paid his college expenses almost wholly by this light work.

The boys were much inclined to ridicule him however, not so much on account of his working, as from the effeminate character of the work.

"Calhound," on the other hand, was rather respected than otherwise for his wood-chopping, one reason being, perhaps, that the muscle acquired at it made him not a safe object of ridicule.

There are always a few "snobs" at every college, who are inclined to sneer at a fellow-student and possibly ignore him, if he is obliged to depend upon his own efforts for support, or if he is not favoured with as much money as wealthy parents are able to give their boys. But commonly the majority of students look favourably on a man who pays his own way, and is open and manly about it.

It may safely be said that no young man who feels a real desire to get a college education need be discouraged merely because he has no money with which he can accomplish his desire. There are many ways by which sufficient money may be earned, even during a college course.

I know a young man who is paying his way through college mainly from the profits of a news-stand, where he sells magazines and current publications to his fellow-students.

Another has a little "book-store" in his room, and makes many a dollar on the popular books of the day—which he takes care to let all his friends and others know he keeps for sale.

Still another is acting as "reporter" for a new-paper, for which he receives twelve dollars a week, besides plenty of exercise, in picking up items about town. And the knowledge he will ob-

tain of human nature, with the facility for effective writing might also well be taken into the account.

Another student was not above earning money by lighting a section of the city street-lamps. Indeed, no boy in our country need be ashamed to earn money in any honourable way, for the purpose of giving himself an education.

I know another young man, a farmer's son, who desired very much to get a college education. His father, however, could do nothing for him in the way of money; but he gave him three cows, as a "freedom gift."

The young man took the homely animals, not despising them as some boys might have done. Then he hired a little place of seven or eight acres which had been unoccupied for several years, and which he was able to get for an annual rental of thirty dollars.

It is located but two miles from a well-known college; and here my worthy young friend has established himself with his cows and his books. He sells and delivers milk to families in town, at six cents a quart. And he makes enough from those three cows to pay all his term-bills at the college, where he attends daily, besides boarding and clothing himself—and he does not water his milk, either.

Such are some of the ways of earning money; but I have no doubt that any needy young man, fertile in expedients, and who desires to pay his own way through college, would, if none of these should please him, or be open to him, be able to hit upon others. At all events he need not be discouraged.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."—Psalm xxv. 14.

Just to let Thy Father do

What He will;

Just to know that He is true,

And be still;

Just to follow hour by hour

As He leadeth;

Just to draw the moment's power

As it needeth;

Just to trust Him; this is all!

Then the day will surely be

Peaceful, whatso'er befall,

Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee

Through His word,

Watching that His voice may be

Clearly heard;

Just to tell Him everything

As it rises.

And at once to Him to bring

All surprises;

Just to listen and to stay

Where you cannot miss His voice;

This is all! and thus to-day,

Communing, you shall rejoice.

Just to ask Him what to do

All the day,

And to make you quick and true

To obey;

Just to know the needed grace

He bestoweth;

Every bar of time and place

Overfloweth;

Just to take thy order straight

From the Master's own command.

Blessed day! when thus we wait

Always at our Sovereign's hand.

THE Seminole Indians cannot understand the white man's method of dealing with fire water. They say:—"He first licenses a man to distil it, then a man to sell it, then he pays a policeman to catch those who drink it and take them to jail, and when they come out they drink and are put in again. Don't understand."—*Exchange*.

True to Self.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part;
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

—Pakenham Beatty.

Burying Sin.

THERE are some persons who think it much easier to bury a sin than to repent of it. But it is a very hard thing to hide a sin. It is like hiding seed or a root in the ground. It draws strength in its concealment, and finally, pushing up through the soil, brings forth fruit, thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. Sin is not dead enough to be safely buried. It is like a smouldering flame. It is like a poisonous seed; it will work ruin in its concealment and finally break out into open ungodliness, and destroy on every hand. A sin needs to be dragged out of its hiding-place and be extirpated. Hiding it only gives it a fresh hold. "Whoso covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

Slumber Song.

WHEN courting slumber,
The hours I number,
And sad cares cumber
My weary mind;
This thought shall cheer me,
That Thou art near me
Whose ear to hear me
Is still inclined.

My soul Thou keepest,
Who never sleepest;
Mid gloom the deepest
Thine eyes behold me,
Thine arms enfold me,
Thy Word has told me
That God is love.

What to Teach Girls.

Mrs. CAPEL, in one of her sermons, said:—"Give your daughters a thorough education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own dresses. Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account. Teach them that he only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a full, healthy face displays greater lustre than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them to purchase and to see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common sense, self-trust, self-help, and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in his working-dress is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty, finely-dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of nature. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting, etc., but consider them as secondary objects only. Teach them that a walk is more salutary than a ride in a carriage. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearances, and to use only "Yes" or "No" in good earnest.

The River.

BY HARRY L. BULL.

I HAVE heard of a river, broad and deep,
Where the turbid waters moan and weep;
Of a "bridge of sighs," of a boatman pale,
Of pitiless surges and fearful gale;
Of a river that all in death passes through;
But I don't believe it is there; do you?

For some who have come to the river side
Have found not the dreaded, pitiless tide,
But behold instead, when they come to look,
Only a silvery Summer brook.
And another has said, "I have no fear,
For I look, and lo, no river is here."

To one who has passed the Jordan's tide
From Egypt's land to Canaan's side,
Who lives in "the land of corn and wine,"
And beneath the sunlight of love divine,
Quite near to Heaven's own light and bliss,
It cannot be far "over there" from this.

And so I have thought that the dreaded
stream,
Over which so many sigh and dream,
Is only the Jordan, that rolls between
The desert of sin, and the "fields all green;"
And even this may be passed dry shod,
Like the waters of old, by trust in God.

And if then we live in the border land,
At what time in life we come to stand
On its utmost verge, may we not find
We have left "the dark river" far behind,
And so near to Heaven's own light and bliss
Find it only a step "over there" from this?

Honor thy Father and thy Mother.

THERE is a touching story of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor bookseller in Lichfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Uttoxeter, and sell them from a stall in the market place. One day the bookseller was sick, and asked his son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel, from a silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years after, Johnson became the celebrated author, the compiler of the "English Dictionary," and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor, hard, toiling father; so when he visited Uttoxeter, he determined to show his sorrow and repentance.

He went to the market-place at the time of business, uncovered his head, and stood there for an hour in the pouring rain, on the very spot where the bookstall used to stand. "This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Dr. Johnson standing bareheaded in the storm, atone for the wrong done by him many years before is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it (in marble) on the Doctor's monument. Many a man in after life has felt something harder and heavier than a storm of rain beating upon his heart, when he remembered his acts of unkindness to a good father or mother now in their graves.

Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, the eminent writer, never could forget how, when his old father was very sick, and sent him away for medicine, he (a little lad) had been unwilling to go, and made up a lie that "the druggist had not got any such medicine."

The old man was just dying when little Johnny came in, and said to him, "My boy, your father suffers great pain for want of that medicine."

Johnny started in great distress for the medicine, but it was too late. The father, on his return, was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy, "Love God, and always tell the truth,

for the eye of God is always upon you. Now kiss me once more and bid me well."

Through all his after life, Dr. Todd often had a headache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. It takes more than a shower to wash away the memory of such sins. Dr. Todd repented of that sin a thousand times.

The words "Honour thy father and thy mother," mean four things—always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick or grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled upon the wishes of his parents who turned out well. God never blesses a wilfully disobedient son.

When Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home and be a midshipman in the Colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, he went to bid his mother good-by. She wept so bitterly because he was going away, that he said to his servant "Bring back my trunk: I am not going to make my mother suffer so by my leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led to his becoming a surveyor, and afterwards a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on this one simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy, too, will be the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said: "Honour thy father and thy mother."—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

The Baby's Sick.

He's a daily labourer in the east end,
Hard, coarse, and gruff;
His hair and beard is grizzly, and his heart
And hands are rough.

His comrades fear him, for his mighty hand
Is heavy, when
His savage temper rises in a fray
He's dangerous then.

Full of unfeeling tricks, his comrades keep
From him apart,
But underneath his shaggy breast there beat
A father's heart.

To-day his face was sad, a tear oft fell
On spade and pick;
His comrades asked him why, he answered low,
"My baby's sick."

They worked in silence and they whispered each,
"Don't bother Mick."

Some tried to cheer him but he shook his head,
"The baby's sick."

And thus that little babe in some poor room,
All faint and sick,
Had far more power than all the world
beside
To soften Mick.

—The Khan.

A Queer Genoese Fashion.

WE soon passed an immense house which was once a palace, but is now used for other purposes. Looking up, we see that one of the great windows in the second storey is open, and a lady is sitting at it. She is dressed in very bright, though somewhat old-fashioned, attire. Flowers and vines cluster inside the window, and there is a hanging cage with a bird. As we stop and look at her, the lady does not move, and in a few minutes we perceive that the window, the lady, the open shutters, the sash, the flowers, and the cage are all painted on the wall in a space where you would naturally expect to find a window. This used to

be a favorite way of decorating houses in Italy, and in Genoa we shall frequently see these painted windows, some closed, and some partly open, some with one person looking out, some with two, and some with none. The lady at this window has sat and looked out on the street for hundreds of years. Under her window, into the great entrance of the palace, used to pass nobles and princes. Now there are shops in the lower part of the palace, and you can have your shoes mended by a cobbler in the courtyard.

Fight in the Temperance Army.

BY A. H. HUTCHINSON.

Time—"Work for the Night is coming."

Fight in the temperance army,
Fight in your earliest years,
Fight when your strength is greatest,
Fight and have no fears;
Fight as you near the portals
Of the forevermore;
And though your strength is failing,
Fight till the fight is o'er.

Fight in the heat of battle,
Fight though it seem in vain,
Fight for the Nation's dear ones,
Toiling in want and pain;
Fight, though your strength is feeble,
God is our leader here,
Soon will we be victorious,
Fight, then, and have no fear.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.
A.D. 58.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 25

PAUL GOING TO JERUSALEM.

Acts 21. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The will of the Lord be done.—Acts 21. 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should be faithful to duty, no matter what the danger or difficulty in the way.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 21. 1-14. Th. Matt. 10. 17-39.
T. Acts 8. 26-40. F. Luke 9. 51-62.
W. Acts 11. 19-30. Sa. Matt. 26. 31-46.
Su. 2 Cor. 4. 1-18.

TIME.—Paul left Miletus on Monday, April 24, A.D. 58.

PAUL.—Aged 56, near the close of his third great missionary journey.

THE ITINERARY OF THIS JOURNEY:—

Monday, April 24, sails from Miletus to Coos.

Tuesday, April 25, sails from Coos to Rhodes.

Wednesday, April 26, sails from Rhodes to Patara.

Thursday, April 27, leaves Patara for Tyre.

Sunday, April 30, reaches Tyre.

Sunday, April 30, to Sunday, May 7, a week at Tyre.

Monday, May 8, Tyre to Acre (Ptolemais).

Tuesday, May 9, a day at Acre.

Wednesday, May 10, reaches Cesarea, where he remains five or six days.

INTRODUCTION.—After the touching interview with the elders of Ephesus at Miletus, Paul and his companions resume their journey to Jerusalem.

ISLANDS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *We*—Paul, Luke, Trophimus (v. 29), Aristarchus (27. 2). Timothy went back to Ephesus.

Coos (or Cos)—A small island 40 miles south of Miletus. Rhodes—An island and a city 50 miles south-east of Coos. Patara—A sea-port of Lycia on the mainland, opposite Rhodes. 2. *Phenicia*—A country of Syria, north-west of Palestine, on the coast. Its chief cities are Tyre and Sidon. 3. *Discovers*—Came in sight of. Cyprus—A large island south of Asia Minor. Syria—The country on the east of the Mediterranean, of which Palestine is a part. 4. *Who said through the Spirit*—The Spirit informed them of the dangers threatening Paul, and they inferred that he should not go to Jerusalem.

Ptolemais—A city on the coast, anciently called Acco, now Acre (Aker), named after Ptolemy Soter, king of Egypt, B.C. 10. It is 30 miles south of Tyre. 8. *Came into*

Cesarea—By land. They finished their voyage at Ptolemais, Cesarea. The chief Roman city of Palestine, 47 miles north-west of Jerusalem. Philip, the evangelist, or missionary. One of the seven (Acts 6. 5) 9. *Prophecy*—(1) Foretell; (2) to speak or preach the word God put in their hearts. 10. *Many days*—Rather, many days, more than they expected to. Agabus—Who is mentioned in Acts 11. 28. 11. *Brought his own* (Agabus) *hands and feet*—This served to place the event foretold more vividly before them; the scene, being thus acted out before their eyes, was rendered present, real, beyond what any mere verbal declaration could have made it.

12. *We brought him*—This explains v. 4. 13. Paul was set on going to Jerusalem because it was (1) a great opportunity to meet great numbers of Christians at the feast; (2) he could declare there what God had done for the Gentiles; (3) this would unite the two great parties in the Church, the Jewish and the Gentile; (4) this would be aided by the contributions he brought for the poor, (5) by the incoming of the Gentiles he could hope to win his own country near to Christ.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The voyage from Miletus to Cesarea.—Coos, Rhodes, Patara.—Tyre, Ptolemais, Cesarea.—Philip.—Prophecy.—Women prophesying.—Its bearing on women's speaking in meeting.—Agabus.—His prophecy.—Why Paul determined to go on to Jerusalem.—Thy will be done.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul at the time of our last two lessons? Doing what? What year, and what season of the year? How old was Paul? On which of his great missionary journeys?

SUBJECT: FAITHFULNESS IN THE PATH OF DUTY.

I. PAUL'S OBJECT IN GOING TO JERUSALEM.—Where was Paul going? What was one of his objects? (Acts 24. 17; 1 Cor. 16. 3, 4.) How would this help to unite the Jewish and Gentile portion of the Church? To refute what calumnies may have been another object? (Acts 21. 21.) What other objects may he have had? (See *Helps*, on v. 13.) Were these worthy of the suffering they might cost? For whose sake did he endure all things? (v. 13.)

II. THE DISCIPLES AT TYRE.—A TEMPTATION TO TURN ASIDE (vs. 1-7).—Trace out the journey from Miletus to Tyre. Give a brief account of Coos, Rhodes, Patara, Tyre. Who were Paul's companions? How long did they remain at Tyre? How did these disciples try to persuade Paul not to go on? Did the Holy Spirit really forbid him to go, or only show him the dangers in the way? How is this shown in v. 11? Was this a severe temptation? Was it resisted?

III. THE PROPHETS AT CESAREA.—A SECOND TEMPTATION (vs. 7-12).—Trace the course from Tyre to Cesarea. Give a brief account of Ptolemais, Cesarea. Where did they stop at Cesarea? What can you tell about Philip? (Acts 6. 3-8; 8. 26-40) What is said of his family? Meaning of prophecy? Where was such prophesying foretold? (Acts 2. 17; Joel 2. 28, 29.) How does this agree with 1 Cor. 14. 34; 1 Tim. 2. 12? What light does this throw on woman's work in the Church?

What prophet came from Jerusalem? Where have we heard of him before? (Acts 11. 28.) What did he foretell? In what way? What did the disciples do in view of this? Did they do right?

IV. PAUL'S TRIUMPH OVER TEMPTATION (vs. 13, 14).—How did Paul answer them? What was he willing to do? Was Paul right? For whose sake was he willing to suffer? Should this be our motive in life? How will it help us to overcome temptation? How did the disciples acquiesce? Why should we also say "The will of the Lord be done?" Is that the safest and happiest way? Why?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God uses commerce and the works of man to aid his cause.

2. Wherever we go we should seek out Christians.

3. It is blessed to have good men visit our homes.

4. Difficulties in the way are no proof that we should not walk in it.

5. We should go on in duty, no matter who hinders us.

6. We are not wise enough to choose our own way; but should rejoice to commit it

to God, who has all wisdom and knowledge and love.

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

17. Where did Paul go from Miletus? Ans. To Cesarea, on his way to Jerusalem. 18. Where did he stay at Cesarea? Ans. With Philip the evangelist. 19. What did certain prophets foretell of him? Ans. They warned him that he would suffer if he went to Jerusalem. 20. What was Paul's reply? (Repeat v. 13, beginning, For I am ready, etc.) 21. What did the disciples say? (Repeat the Golden Text.)

A.D. 53.] LESSON V. [Feb. 1

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.

Acts 21. 15-24. Council to men, vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And when they heard it, they glorified the Lord. Acts 21. 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should rejoice in the progress of Christ's kingdom, though it be by other means and in other ways than our own.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 21. 15-20. Th. 1 Cor. 9. 1-27. T. Rom. 15. 13-33. F. Acts 15. 1-30. W. Acts 14. 10-28. Sa. Num. 6. 1-21. Su. Psalms 46. 1-11.

TIME. - Monday, May 15, to Friday, May 19, A.D. 53.

PLACE. - Jerusalem. The house or church of James, the house of Mnason; and the temple area.

RULERS. - Nero, emperor of Rome. Felix, governor of Judea. Agrippa II., king of Trachonitis, etc., east of the Sea of Galilee.

DIARY: -

Wednesday, May 10, Paul reaches Cesarea.

May 10-15, remains at Cesarea.

Monday, May 15, leaves Cesarea for Jerusalem.

Wednesday evening, May 17, Pentecost, reaches Jerusalem.

Thursday, May 18, reports to James and the elders.

Friday, May 19, attendance at the temple.

Tuesday, May 23, mobbed in the temple area.

CIRCUMSTANCES. - After a brief visit of four or five days at the home of Philip, the evangelist, in Cesarea, Paul continues his journey to Jerusalem, and completes his third great missionary journey.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES. - 15. Carriages - Baggage, including the money contributed for the poor at Jerusalem. 16. Mission. An early disciple, one of the first, having his home in Jerusalem. 18. James - The brother of our Lord, pastor of the church at Jerusalem, and author of the Epistle of James. 20. Zealous of the law - The Jewish laws of circumcision, sacrifices, meats, festivals, etc. 21. Info-med th: thou teachest the Jews - He taught, as they had agreed (v. 25) these things to the Gentiles; and that they were not essential to salvation even to the Jews (Gal. 5. 6; 6. 15; 1 Cor. 7. 19; Rom. 2. 28, 29). 22. What is it? - What shall we do about it? 23. We have four men - Christians of Jerusalem. Which have a vow - The Nazarites' vow (v. 24; Num. 6. 1-21). Purify thyself with them - Join with them in the closing rites and offerings. Be at charges with them - Rather for them; pay all their expenses, temple fees, and cost of sacrifices. For each of the five the sacrifice would be two lambs, a ram, unleavened bread, cakes of flour and oil, and wine. It would be no small expense. 25. As touching the Gentiles - See Acts 15. 1-30. He need not retract any of his teachings.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS. - The journey from Cesarea to Jerusalem. - Paul's diary for several days - James. - Elders. - What God had wrought by Paul among the Gentiles. - The difference between the Gentile and the Jewish Christians. - The Nazarites' vow. - The policy of Paul's course.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY. - To what city was Paul on a journey? How long since he had been in Jerusalem? (Acts 18. 21, 22. The feast was probably Tabernacles, September 16, A.D. 53.) Note the events of each day from the time Paul came to Cesarea till the end of this lesson. Where did Paul stay at Cesarea? Describe the parting scene.

SUBJECT: THE REVERSED MISSIONARY.

I. HIS RETURN (vs. 15-17). - How long had Paul been absent on his third missionary journey? How far had he come on his way home? How far is Cesarea from Jerusalem? What time is meant by "those days" in v. 15? What were the "carriages" mentioned? Of what doubtless did a part of this baggage consist? (Acts 24. 17.) Who accompanied them from Cesarea? When did they arrive at Jerusalem? With what did they lodge there?

II. HIS GREETING (vs. 17-19). - How was Paul received on the first evening? By whom? When did he meet the next day? Which James was this? How was he greeted here? (Rom. 16. 16.)

III. HIS REPORT (vs. 19, 20). - What did Paul report to this assembly? How many great missionary journeys had he made since he met the Jerusalem Church in the great Conference? (Acts 15.) Name some of the leading events in his second missionary journey? (Acts 16. 1; 18. 22.) Did he visit Jerusalem at the close of his journey? (Acts 18. 21, 22.) What had God done through him on his third journey? (Acts 18. 23; 21. 8.) To whom did Paul ascribe these works? Why? How did the assembly receive the report? What is it to glorify God?

IV. SLANDERS AGAINST HIM (vs. 20-22). - What is said of the number of Jewish converts? Of what law were they zealous? What had been told them against Paul? Was it true? What foundation was there for this slander? (Gal. 6. 1 Cor. 7. 19; Rom. 2. 28, 29.) Are the worst lies those that have a mixture of truth?

V. THE SLANDERS REFUTED (vs. 23-26). - What did the assembly advise Paul to do? What vow is referred to? (Num. 6. 1-5.) Would the charges be heavy? (Num. 6. 13-17.) How would this course refute the slander? Was it consistent with Paul's teachings? How did they show this? (v. 25.) Had he done anything like it before? (Acts 18. 18.) Was this plan successful?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Earnest workers will find many to greet as well as to oppose them. 2. The progress of the Gospel is the work of God through men. 3. There will arise differences of opinion among the best of people. 4. Each one should try and understand the others. 5. Each one should do all he can for the general peace, and the correction of mis understandings. 6. But we should never yield a great principle for the sake of peace.

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

- 1. How was Paul received on his arrival at Jerusalem? Ans. The brethren received him gladly. 2. What did he report? Ans. The things which God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry. 3. How was this report received? Ans. (Repeat the Golden Text.) 4. What slander was reported about Paul? Ans. That he had taught the Jews to abjure their religion. 5. How was he advised to refute the slander? Ans. By joining in some Jewish ceremonies.

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