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# HOME & SCHOOL.



OL. III.]

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1885.

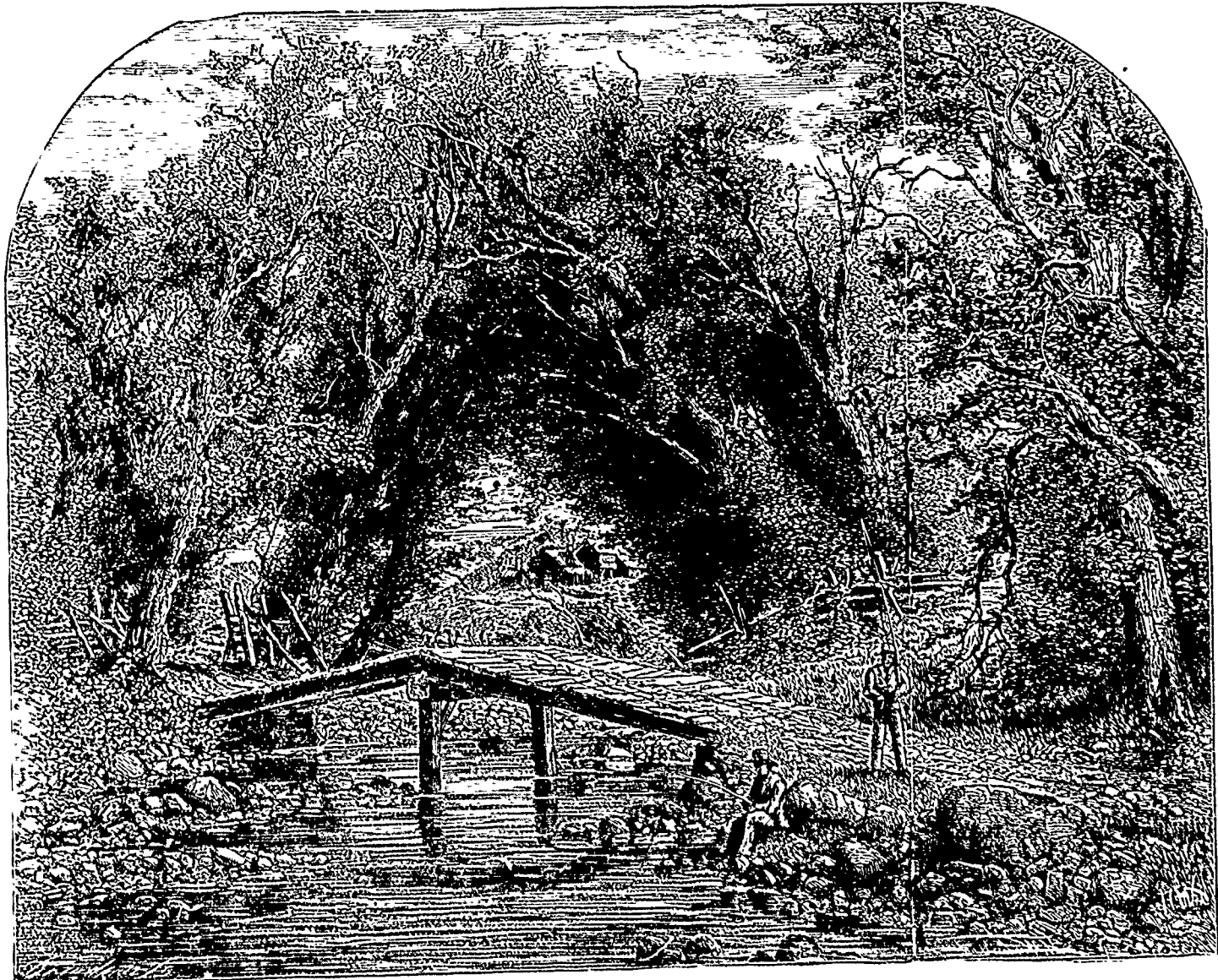
[No. 10

And They Said, The Lord Hath Need."  
 BY V. G. RAMSEY.  
 Those whose hands are loaded with gifts of love divine  
 There comes at times a whisper, "These treasures are not thine."  
 We fill our barns to bursting, we clutch the world with greed.  
 The voice cries, "Oh, remember, the Lord who gave has need."

Oh, Jesus, blessed Master, whose mercy gives us all;  
 When Thou hast asked a pittance, have we refused Thy call?  
 Thou sawest us lost and ruined, in the blackness of despair,  
 And for our great salvation, Thy blood Thou didst not spare  
 And is it so, dear Saviour, that we let Thee stand and plead;  
 Asking of our abundance, for what Thy poor doth need?

adjacent clearing adds its sense of companionship and takes away the feeling of solitude of the primeval forest, it heightens the enjoyment. And where running water—some purling brook or rapid stream—with its quaint wooden bridge as in the engraving, adds life and variety to the scene, the picturesque effect is complete. Our readers should cultivate a love of nature. It will prove a source of continual delight.

**The Habit of Sin.**  
 A LABOURING man in Ballymoney, Ireland, when coming out of a state of "conviction," said to those around him, "Boys, what's the biggest wonder you ever saw?" He repeated his question, and then said: "O isn't it to see an old gray-headed sinner like me saved at the eleventh hour? O you are young—you are in the first, you are in the third hour, and so on. Come, it is far



A RURAL SCENE IN CANADA.

We load our dainty tables, we wear our silks and gold.  
 We dwell in "coiled houses," like those who lived of old.  
 We gather up the blessings the hand of God has strown,  
 But do we all remember, the Lord may claim His own?

**A Rural Scene in Canada.**  
 FEW countries in the world can present lovelier rural scenery than Canada. Our primeval forests of majestic native trees are a sight to kindle enthusiasm in any mind that has not become indifferent to its beauty by its very familiarity. When an

God spreads a perpetual feast before our eyes, and He means that we should enjoy it to the utmost.  
 We would often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

easier than if you wait as I did. O sin's a nail the devil drives into the heart, and when it gets riveted it's hard to pull out."  
 This homely but forcible expression was the means of deeply awakening a minister's son who heard it.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Spring in the Alley.

SHE stooped and told him that the spring was born;  
A ring of triumph in her fresh young voice;  
For she, poor child, was in her life's glad morn,  
And the soft sunshine made her heart rejoice.  
"Wert thou not longing for the Spring?" she said:  
But the pale sufferer sadly shook his head,  
And gazed with sunken eyes upon her face,  
Till its pure beauty filled his soul with peace,  
Then smoothed her locks, and in a fond embrace,  
Clasping her slender form, he whispered:  
"Cease  
To sing the praises of the young Spring flowers;  
Child of the narrow court! they are not ours!"  
O'er the despondent sufferer bending low,  
Till her fair tresses swept his throbbing brow,  
With tender glistening eyes, and cheeks aglow  
With joy and hope, she softly told him how,  
Not very far away, the golden bees  
Wooded the white clusters of the hawthorn trees.  
She spoke of twittering birds, and raised her eyes,  
Bright with the glory of poetic thought,  
To the dark ceiling that shut out the skies,  
'And lowered upon her, as she vainly sought,  
With words of loving sympathy, to cheer  
The flickering life that suffering made so dear.  
For O, that life, unlovely though it seemed,  
Was the dear object of her fondest love;  
Volumes of witching poesy she dreamed,  
Morn, noon, and evening, as she bent above  
His weary form, yet neither light nor bloom  
Could tempt her footsteps from that dingy room.  
Oft when she heard his hollow cough, she wept  
In the still midnight—how it wrung her heart!  
Yea, she could hear it even when she slept,  
And often wakened with a feverish start,  
Beseeching God, in many a tearful prayer,  
To ease the pain that she so longed to share.  
Blithely she carolled when the morning sun  
Rose o'er the alley like a blushing bride;  
Or grave and silent, like some meek faced nun,  
Plied she her needle by the sufferer's side—  
And O, it was so sweet to toil for him  
Till her hands trembled, and her eyes grew dim!  
Till from those weary hands her work would fall,  
And her dim vision could distinguish naught  
Save the black spiders crawling on the wall,  
And the dead violets she herself had bought  
With the few coppers she had stored away  
From her poor scanty earnings day by day.  
For when before the market-stall she stood,  
Her little purse clasped tightly in her hand,  
She needs must purchase—for each dowy bud  
Seemed like a messenger from fairyland;  
And well her fine poetic fancy knew  
The sheltered places where the violets grow.  
And when she raised them to her eager lips  
With the pure rapture of a little child,  
The dewdrops twinkled on their azure tips,  
Till the young dreamer bent her face and smiled  
With the sweet consciousness that they would bring  
Into the meanest slum a breath of Spring.  
Returning home, her joyous footsteps fell  
Like the soft patter of the Summer rain;  
And O, one weary sufferer knew it well,  
And moaned a welcome from his bed of pain!  
Close to his breast she crept, and kneeling there  
He twined the violets in her sunny hair.  
Charmed from his fretful mood, the sufferer laid  
One thin white hand upon her worn gray dress;

"Dear child!" he murmured, while the sunbeams played  
At hide and seek amid each wandering tress,  
"Withdraw the blind—let in the rosy morn:  
I, too, am grateful that the Spring is born!"  
—Fanny Forrester, in *Chambers' Journal*.

## Tim, the Heroic Newsboy.

"EVENING Telegram, fourth e-dition!  
All about the bulls an' bears, totterin'  
dynasties an' furrin' affairs! Telegram,  
sir? only a penny."

Above the tumult and roar of Broadway the shrill little voice piped its song in the ears of hurrying humanity. The shadows are beginning to fall, and the lamp-lighter, intent on duty, ran past with his ladder and link. Two living, breathing tides surged in opposite directions through the great thoroughfare. Each looked out for himself; no one thought of his neighbor.

"Evening Telegram, fourth e-dition!"

The little thin voice in its sharp staccato was alone sufficient to conjure in the mind of the imaginative a picture of hunger and want, and youth without childhood, coupled with the experience and sorrow of age. All this in addition to the legion woes of his tribe, a chanced glimpse of the pinched little form conveyed. He was a boy of a dozen years perhaps, with a freckled face and a pair of honest blue eyes, whose whole vitality seemed to have centered in a remarkable shock of brick-colored hair. He stood pressed against a lamp-post, with his bare feet drawn close for safety and the ragged jacket buttoned to the chin. Under his arm was a bundle of papers, and a grimy little hand flourished one in time to his shrill little tune: "Buy a paper, sir? Telegram; only a penny!"

But somehow the hurrying crowd cared little for the news, and the pennies accumulated slowly in the ragged pocket. He counted them over now and then, spreading them out on his palm: "One, three, seven, ten, fifteen! No dinner to-night, Tim, if you don't do better'n this."

For a moment his face would fall, but he would sing a line or two of "Sweet by-and-by," and then, as if the inspiring words had given him fresh courage, begin again, "Fourth e-dition, Evening Telegram."

Still the crowd surged on—the labourer to his humble home, where all his treasures were gathered and in which his joy centred; clerks and shop-girls dragging their weary bodies on blistered feet to the doubtful refreshment or comfortless boarding-houses; gentlemen of leisure sauntering to their clubs; women whose sole vocation in life was to be as "the lilies of the field."

The honest blue eyes staring out of the hungry, freckled face, scanned them all as he offered his paper with nice discrimination to those only whose mien was inviting.

The shadows fell swiftly now, and a myriad of gas-jets burst into light, while a sudden cry of "Fire!" caused the struggling streams of life to rush yet more frantically each in its own direction.

"In the sweet by-and-by" sung the newsboy, watching with his bright blue eyes the efforts of a beautiful young woman to free herself from the crowd. As she neared him Tim put out his hand and touched her sleeve.

"Move this way, lady; come here on the curb by the lamp-post, an' stand

still for a minute. I won't let you get hurt."

"O thank you, my boy; I am so frightened," she answered, slipping into the place made vacant, while he put his little form between her and the struggling mass of humanity.

"There's nothing like a Broadway crowd this time o' day, lady. But the rush'll soon be over. The cry of 'Fire!' made it worse, and everybody's a-goin' to dinner just now; leas'tways everybody wot's got any dinner to go to," he added gravely.

One pretty arm, clothed in its blue velvet sleeve, was wound round the lamp-post for safety, but as Tim finished she slid it down without removing it, and laid that hand on his ragged shoulder, saying, "Do you ever have to go without dinner?"

"Very often, lady," he made answer, looking with honest admiration in her sweet face.

"How is it to-night? Will you have a good dinner?"

"Not very, I guess, 'less I sells enough papers to pay for my stock an' dinner too, and I ain't done that yet, lady."

"Are you very far off?"

For answer he held up his bundle of papers, and spreading out the pennies on his hand, counted again: "Three, eight, ten, thirteen, eighteen, twenty-three; not a very sumptuous dinner to-night, lady."

"Will this help toward it?" she asked, laying a bright silver dollar among the small coin.

"It will pay for a feast, lady—clam soup, roast beef, huckleberry puddin' an' all," he answered, with an unctious that showed the pretty young lady how little he was accustomed to such fare. But he picked up the silver coin from among the others, and held it out to her. "I'm very much obliged, lady, and it's uncommon kind in you, but I couldn't take it, cos I likes to earn what I eats."

"But you have been of service to me, my lad, and you can be still more, if you will go with me across the street and call a coach. Then you will have earned the money."

"Thank you, lady, but it's worry big pay for a little work."

Then they threaded their way through the lessening stream of people, Tim always a step or two in advance to clear the road. When they reached the middle of the street an engine drawn by a pair of powerful black horses, frantic for the fire, came dashing past with breakneck speed. Tim turned and saw his companion's danger, threw himself forward with reckless heroism, and thrust her back, while the great beasts bore down and trampled him beneath their feet.

When he opened his eyes hours afterward, and found himself in a wonderful place whose floor was covered with rich carpets and walls were hung with tapestry, himself lying on a couch whose softness and luxury brought a sense of ease to his crushed form, he could only look with wonderment at all this beauty, touched with a soft, rose-colored light, and whisper:

"There's a land that is fairer than day."

In a moment light feet passed around the bed, and the sweet face was bonding over him. "My dear child, are you easier now?"

But his memory was clouded still. He thought he had reached "the sweet by-and-by," and the beautiful face was

that of a seraph, until she began smooth his shock of brick-colored hair with her soft hand. Then a light came into his eyes, and he whispered: "You are the lady wot I met on Broadway who gave his life for her."

"Won't I get well, lady?"

"I fear not, my dear boy; but me, where is your home?"

"Home!" He repeated the word if it was a stranger to his vocabulary, and yet the next sentence, spoken fully, showed that he felt dimly all the sweet possibilities it embodied.

"Home? I haven't no home, leas'tways, none to speak on. I sleeps in a flat-boat down at the wharf, an' never goes there till after 'dark an' the cops is scarce."

"But have you a father mother?"

He shook his head negatively.

"What is your name, my child?"

"Tim."

"What else?" she asked.

"Nothin' else, as I knows on."

"Could you eat something, Tim, or drink a little tea, if I feed you?"

"No, thank you, lady; I ain't hungry or thirsty any more."

"But you saved my life, dear Tim by giving your own in place. I can never repay you, because you cannot live, and I want to do something for you. Think and tell me, is there any thing you would like me to do?"

She had covered the little hand lying on top of the silken quilt with her own soft, rosy palm, and bent over him waiting. A tremor of delight ran through all the bruised little form at the touch; the honest blue eyes looked into her sweet gray ones above as he asked, "Do you sing, lady?"

"Yes, Tim."

"Then I'd take it worry kind, dear lady, if you'd hold my hand an' sing me 'Sweet by-and-by.'"

A little group gathered outside the half-open door saw a slender arm clothed in blue velvet slide gently beneath the shock of brick-colored hair, while the other palm held close a grimy little hand; then all the room was filled with the sweet voice:

"We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest,  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—  
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest."

With the last seraphic burst the last grain of sand had slipped through the hour-glass, never more to begin its work again until inverted in

A land that is fairer than day.

THERE is many a wounded heart without a contrite spirit. The ice may be broken into a thousand pieces. It is ice still. But expose it to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and then it will melt.—*Middleton*.

"You object to my taking the pledge," said a reclaimed man to an acquaintance who believed in freedom in everything, and that a man should drink when he wants to. "Why, man, strong drink occasioned me to have more to do with pledging than ever teetotalism has done. When I used strong drink I pledged my coat, I pledged my bed, I pledged, in short, everything that was pledgeable, and was losing every hope and blessing, when a temperance friend met me and convinced me of my folly. Then I pledged myself, and soon got my other things out of pledge, and got more than my former property about me."



## The Symbol of the Dandelions.

The cups were on the downs,  
The tops were green with heather,  
The dandelion's disk of gold  
Shone in the bright spring weather;  
The blue above, the green below,  
Were glad and gay together;

Were glad, as were the merry lads  
And curly-headed lasses,  
Pulling the dandelion stars  
Among the fresh, green grasses—  
The gay, the splendid yellow disks  
That grow in golden masses.

The spring-time went; the summer brought  
The hot and sultry daytime,  
The scented rose, the singing-birds,  
The sweet dried grass of haytime,  
The dreamy, dusky evening hours,  
The children's happy playtime.

But then the dandelion stars  
Were downy, white, and fairy,  
They blew them south and east and west,  
They were so light and airy;  
Away they went, but never came back  
To bloom in sweet Hungary.

Away they went on summer winds,  
But where? there was no knowing,  
Yet on some sunny slope or field  
Next spring would find them growing  
To golden stars, to fairy domes,  
Meet for the children's blowing.

And even so the children passed,  
In spite of love's endeavour;  
Some went beyond the star-strown skies,  
Some hills and oceans sever;  
But to Hungary's banks and braes  
They came no more forever.

Yet still they lift their fresh young hearts  
In old lands sad and hoary,  
Or tell in new, unplanted ways  
Their simple childhood's story.  
Ah me! If those more happy ones  
Still keep it in heaven's glory!

I think they do—both here and there  
One Father's love are sharing!  
The dying flower, the deathless soul,  
Have the same Father's caring;  
Our childhood's blossoms, loves, and griefs,  
Our manhood's work and bearing,  
All help toward that higher life  
For which this is preparing.  
—Harper's Weekly.

## A Fish Story.

BY REV. W. H. MOORE.

In all countries and in all ages boys have been fond of fishing. It is not wrong to catch fish, if they are needed to supply the table with food. To catch them for the fun of it and then throw them away would be wicked. Our Saviour chose fishermen to be His apostles, and even after they became His disciples He encouraged them to take fish from the Sea of Galilee for food; and at one time after they had toiled all night and caught none He aided them; and so many were taken in the net that they could hardly get them into their boats.

Christ was once up north in Galilee preaching the gospel to a great multitude of people. They were far from home and as night was coming on He said to His disciples: "They must not go home without something to eat, lest they faint by the way; feed them." After looking about for some time in search of food and finding none they came back to Jesus and report their failure. But one of His disciples said: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are these among so many?" The people thought that boy was hardly worth noticing, but Jesus regarded him very differently. He thought he was a very worthy boy, and that his loaves and fishes were of great value. He commanded the multitude of people to sit down on the grass in companies, and then taking the bread and fishes from the basket gave thanks and with

them fed thousands of men, women and children.

Now that boy was somebody; he had been fishing in the lake of Galilee, and he had had good luck. Nobody would think of saying he was a good for nothing fellow. It was evident that he was good for something. He owned a basket and carried in it the fish he caught and the bread he needed to eat; and very likely out of his abundance he had some to sell. Perhaps the bread he had was some he had swapped fishes for.

He did not pass his time in loafing about, getting into mischief and bad company. He felt that he was made for a wise purpose: that he must do some good in the world and had been a-fishing. With his basket well supplied he seeks the best society and is found one of the great multitude who follow Jesus to hear the gospel preached. He could not have carried his basket of bread and fish to a better place. He had looked forward to a time of need and provided for it. In all that great crowd of people this lad was the only one who was prepared with food for the coming of night.

He had simply provided for himself a supper and breakfast; but, important as that was, Christ made use of his industry for larger purposes. In looking out for one he was made to care for many. How little the lad knew of the real value of the human store he carried in his basket. It is likely that many of the thousands who were fed from it made inquiry for the lad, anxious to see the one the Master had so greatly honoured. His supply was not lessened, for he had for himself all he wanted to eat, and then such additions were made to it that some ten or fifteen thousand people were fed. What he had might weigh five or six pounds, but with that to begin on the Saviour added to it by actual creation ten or twenty thousand pounds. That was a wonderful work; greater, perhaps, than raising the dead. It was addition to the substance of the universe. That boy is associated with the creation of something—with the organization of being—one of the profoundest of mysteries.

It is thus that the Lord has use for boys. This one was made to supply food for thousands of people. The boy that has his basket and has something in it is useful now; and his usefulness will increase as he becomes older. The lads of to-day are a prophecy of what the twentieth century will be. This fact has a physical, moral, social and intellectual application. Difficulties and dangers will arise, and then shall we need the lads; but they will be of no use unless they have a basket supplied with loaves and fishes.

Bishop Simpson has done his work and passed away. Is the great place he filled to remain vacant forever? From his boyhood he carried a basket from which millions have since been fed. Brain and heart may be wrought into a basket and filled with all that is solid and delicious in life. Boys, don't go about empty-handed, empty-hearted and empty-headed. Carry something. Get a basket and go a-fishing.—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

A YOUNG Centenarian.—Lady (with an eye for the picturesque): "How old are you, little boy?" Little Boy: "Well, if you goes by wot mudder says, I's six; but if you goes by de fun I's had, I's most a hundred."

## The Ambulance.

A SCENE often witnessed down town in this city proves that there is a tender spot in every heart, a place where a man can be touched and moved and, if the operator be skillful, be turned from evil to good. We mean the manner in which a way is made through these crowded streets for the ambulance. These drivers of trucks and drays and wagons are a rough lot. They do rough work and acquire rough ways. Often when the street is jammed with vehicles, the volleys of profanity are terrifying. But if the bell of the ambulance is heard everybody makes and gives a way. Nothing will break a deadlock sooner than the approaching sound of the bell of the ambulance, if it can be broken. It is often surprising to notice how easily the jam is removed, one hauling off on this side and another on that, and a passage opened through a crush of vehicles that a moment before seemed almost immovable. The roughest men give way. The bell speaks of some poor fellow who has fallen through a hatchway or from a masthead, or of one on whom some heavy weight has fallen, or of a man or woman overtaken with sudden and dangerous illness, with illness too severe to be treated at the police station; it speaks of suffering, of life in peril, the life that of a workman or woman on whose daily toil a family is dependent, and so these men, almost savage as they are at some other times, make way promptly, energetically for the light one-horse vehicle which bears a physician and relief. There is plainly a tender spot in the hearts of these men. There is hope for them still, hardened as some of them may appear. They can be moved, moved to humane and kindly action. They are not given over to selfishness. The woes of other men affect them as few occurrences do. There is a lesson in this power of the bell of the ambulance to clear a way through the crowded thoroughfares, a lesson to all who would minister to the improvement of their fellows by reclaiming them from vicious ways.—Christian Intelligencer.

## Soldier and Thistle.

LITTLE Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first and pout with vexation afterward.

"I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. "I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service once," said her mother, "they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on the sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted as still as possible until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprung to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss."

"Well, I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie thoughtfully.—Baptist Weekly.

## Early Conversions.

DR. TALMAGE says: "It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the Kingdom of God the more useful they are."

Robert Hall, the prince of Baptist preachers, was converted at twelve years of age.

Mathew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at eleven years of age.

Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian Church, was converted at ten years of age.

Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age.

Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age. "You are too young to be a Christian," or "you are too young to connect yourself with the Church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.—Methodist Armour.

## What's Your Persuasion.

SOME years ago a visitor said to a poor, wounded soldier, who lay dying in the hospital, "What Church are you of?" "Of the Church of Christ," he replied. "I mean, what persuasion are you of?" "Persuasion," said the dying man, as he looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." None should rest contented with any hope less sure or bright.

## A Journey to the Sun.

As to the distance of ninety-three million miles, a cannon-ball would travel it in about fifteen years. It may help us to remember that at the speed attained by the limited express on our railroads a train which had left the sun for the earth when the *Mayflower* sailed from Delfhaven with the pilgrim fathers, and which ran at that rate day and night, would in 1885 still be a journey of some years away from its terrestrial station. The fare, at the customary rates, it may be remarked, would be rather over two million five hundred thousand dollars, so it is clear that we should need both money and leisure for the journey.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the sun's distance is given by expressing it in terms of what the physiologists would call velocity of nerve transmission. It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that it occupies a very minute time in travelling along the nerves; so that if a child puts its finger into the candle there is a certain almost inconceivably small space of time, say the one hundredth of a second, before he feels the heat. In case then a child's arm were long enough to touch the sun, it can be calculated from this known rate of transmission that the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred before he knew that its fingers were burned.—Century.

### The Heavenly Bridegroom.

Thou find youth think the maid he loves  
Seems all the beauty of the land;  
But what of Him who shaped her brow,  
And the white wonder of her hand?

The earth and sky no doubt are fair,  
And ravishing to soul and sight;  
But fairer He who made them fair,  
And gave our organs of delight.

When from His Oratory chamber comes  
The Heavenly Bridegroom—bashful slips  
Behind a cloud the risen sun,  
Conscious of a divine eclipse

O Thou, who art the spouse of souls!  
With curtains of my window drawn,  
I watch with weary lids to catch  
The earliest glimpses of the dawn.

Dear absent Lord, make swift return!  
My hungry heart faints from delay—  
Rise, Sun of Righteousness, now rise,  
And turn my night to happy day!

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## Home & School:

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

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1885.

### The Sunday-School Teacher.

This is indeed a "high calling." A teacher of God's word holds an office of great and grave responsibility. One who would magnify this office will feel a profound solemnity when coming into the presence of his class. He is to mould these young and tender hearts, and shape these growing lives, and guide these restless feet. For the proper teaching and training of these he is accountable to God. The lesson must therefore be prepared by earnest prayer to God for light, help, and direction, as also by close reading and careful study. To teach the holy word aright, one must be first taught of God to discern spiritual things. The mind must be full of the lesson. The teacher should endeavor to have so much of real valuable truth to communicate as to feel that the usual half hour allotted to the recitation is far too short. No Bible lesson has yet been exhausted. A young man followed Mr. Moody across the Atlantic with the gospel burning in his heart. He preached in Chicago seven sermons in succession from the same text. The people were enchained all the while. With unabating interest they listened to catch every word that fell from the lips of him whose words were to them a "glad evangel." And he had not exhausted that single verse of Scripture, for it was inexhaustible. Those teachers who are so soon through with the lesson lose the force of reserved power, and sometimes betray a lack of interest in the

blessed word they are called to teach. The teacher should love the Bible, love it as God's message of love to us. The heart must be fired with the truth—so full of the lesson that it swells to the brim. In teaching saving truth

It is not an over-estimate to say that the teacher who is not interested in his work is not doing his duty.

For the time the teacher must give himself wholly to the work before him. Let it be a loved employ to lead these little ones to a knowledge of the truth and to the love of Jesus. Let him give himself to the class—become identified with each child in such a way as to make it feel that he is especially interested in its welfare. He should study character and disposition, and adapt himself and his teaching to each child. Firmness, kindness, and Christ-likeness will win personal respect and confidence in the teacher's religious professions. Teach the word of God in the simplest possible manner. Do not hide the all-precious truth in the drapery of fine, flowery language. Rather open the rich treasures of divine truth, and let the children see it and feel its blessed power. Teach by precept and example, that this truth is only valuable as it affects the life, taking form in the words and actions and regulating the entire conduct. Children ought to be instructed and influenced to put the truth into practical exercise just as soon as it is learned—to receive and follow the light as it falls upon the pathway of each unfolding life.

Last, but not least, let the teacher so express the truth he teaches in all his actions as never to cast a shade of doubt upon the child's mind as to its power to renew and save.—*Pacific Methodist.*

### Mission Notes—Port Simpson.

"A THOUSAND mercies call for thankfulness in connection with the last year's work on this mission. We have been sorely tried at times; yet 'out of all the Lord has brought us by His love.' We have been privileged to witness the happy deaths of some who have left behind a triumphant testimony that they were going to be with Jesus. One woman, supposed to be about ninety years old, assured us she had no doubt of her safety, for she had long been just waiting to pass over the river, and now Jesus was with her and we must not weep. A little girl also, who had learned to love Jesus, when dying, sang most beautifully, and told her parents not to mourn; for her the shining ones had come to bear her away."

### Church Libraries.

We can think of no good reason why every church should not have a library for the general use of the pastor, Sunday-school teachers and church members. We know of a few churches that have, and they are found to be very useful, especially to pastors and teachers in their preparation for the work of preaching and teaching the Word of God. The Sunday-school library does not meet the necessity; that is for the children, and is composed of a selection of popular books adapted to interest, please and profit the different grades of pupils in the school.

The adults, including the pastor and teachers, the members of the Bible classes, need a different class of books altogether; they need, in their study of the Scriptures, to have access to the standard commentaries and histories, to the best exegetical and archaeological

works. Such a library is indispensable in thorough Bible study. No pastor can get along without it, and no band of teachers, met for mutual improvement, can make efficient preparation for the work of instruction without it.

Such books are expensive, and not many can afford to buy them. But there is no church so poor but it could start and ultimately establish such a library, if it would only set out to do so in real earnest. We know of no better way to do it than by collections. Let a collection for the church library be included in the schedule of quarterly and annual contributions, and the thing is accomplished. When once a church library is established, there may be valuable additions made to it by individuals, of books that they have procured and read, and which they can easily spare. It would be well if all churches would give some attention to this matter of furnishing such libraries as they may be able, that their pastors and teachers in the Sabbath-school might be to that extent better equipped for their work.

*The Companion to the Revised Old Testament.* Showing what changes were made by the Revisers, and the reasons for making them. By Talbot W. Chambers, D.D., a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee.

The preparation of this useful and well-nigh indispensable work in connection with the appearance of the long expected Revised Old Testament, could not have fallen into better hands. Dr. Chambers was a most valued member of the Revision Committee, and is, besides, a ripe and accomplished scholar and Biblical critic. Moreover, he is thoroughly trustworthy, conscientious and painstaking in all his literary work.

"The companion to the Revised Old Testament" will be about the size of Roberts' Companion to the New Testament, possibly a little larger. It will discuss the need of a revision, and the method of making it; then consider the original text of the Old Testament, and follow this with a mention of the changes made, and the reasons for making them, from Genesis to Malachi, concluding with a list of the Old Testament Revisers, British and American, and their Bibliography. The work will be timely and welcome to all who purchase and desire to understand and appreciate the merits of the Old Testament Revision. This book will be issued simultaneously with the Revised Old Testament, which will appear, approximately, May 15. Those desiring the work should notify us immediately by postal. Price \$1.00. William Briggs, sole Canadian wholesale agent for Funk & Wagnalls, publishers.

*Monteith's New Physical Geography.* Small quarto, 144 pages, 125 illustrations, 15 colored maps. It embraces all the recent discoveries in physiography, hydrography, meteorology, terrestrial magnetism and vulcanology. The maps and charts have been compiled from original sources. While the easy style, graphic description, and the topical arrangement of subjects, adapt it especially for use in Grammar schools, it will be found equally adapted for use in High and Normal Schools. A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers, New York and Chicago.



The Coast Guardsman.

This picture represents a type of character that has almost disappeared. During the war against Napoleon, an indeed till the reduction of tariff made it not worth while to smuggle, but desperate seamen used to defy the revenue laws and try to land by night French wines and brandies, and other goods. They know all the nooks and corners of the coast: and on dark and stormy nights would run in cargoes of contraband goods, which they would hide in caves, or in lonely houses till they could cart them away to sell. The coast guardsmen kept a keen look out for these smugglers, and often had sharp conflicts with them, and sometimes lives were lost in these conflicts. John Wesley used to denounce strongly the sin of smuggling, and through the growth of religious opinion and the spread of wise economical views, it is now in England a thing almost unknown.

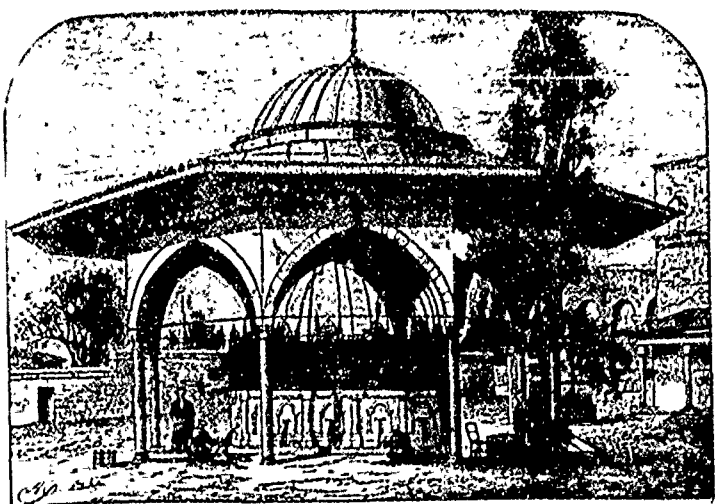
### Out-of-the-Way Knowledge.

A DRAWER or depository of out-of-the-way things is a constant boon, and frequently a positive blessing. The habit of picking up out-of-the-way knowledge, when it does not interfere with methodical application or regular duty, has many a time proved of great use. So, for example, a number of emigrants found it when their ship sprang a leak thousands of miles from land, and they were forced to take to the boats and a raft. Fortunately the weather was calm; but after a few days a danger as alarming as a coming tempest threatened them. They were running short of water, and would soon be perishing of thirst. And so they must have perished—for days passed before they were noticed—had it not been for one of their number, a busy-brained fellow, with an insatiable appetite for learning every thing that came in his way, and who had once happened to pick up the art of distilling sea-water. That bit of out-of-the-way knowledge, that might have rusted in him all through his life, as it happened, saved them all.—*The Quiver.*

STUDY your company. If they are superiors, imbibe information; if not, impart.

COMMENDATIONS of gifts and cleverness properly put are in good taste, but praise of beauty is offensive.

OF Turner it has been said by one of his biographers that his life had two centres—the love of money and the desire of fame. The true life has but one centre—God.



PUBLIC FOUNTAIN AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

## Alone with Conscience.

I SAT alone with my conscience,  
In a place where time had ceased;  
And we talked of my former living  
In the land where the years increased;  
And I felt I should have to answer  
The question put to me,  
And to face the answer and question  
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions  
Came floating before my sight,  
And things that I thought were dead  
Things

Were alive with a terrible might;  
And the vision of all my past life  
Was an awful thing to face,  
Alone with my conscience, sitting  
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,  
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,  
In a land that then was the future,  
But now was the present time;  
And I thought of my former thinking,  
Of a judgment day to be;  
Put sitting alone with my conscience,  
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there were a future  
To this land beyond the grave;  
But no one gave me an answer,  
And no one came to save:  
Then I felt that the future was present,  
And the present would never go by;  
For it was but the thought of my past life  
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,  
And the vision passed away,  
And I knew the far-away warning  
Was a warning of yesterday;  
And I pray that I may not forget it  
In this land before the grave,  
That I may not cry in the future,  
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson  
Which I ought to have learned before,  
And which, though I learned in dreaming,  
I hope to forget no more.  
So I sit alone with my conscience  
In the place where the years increase,  
And I try to remember the future,  
In the land where time will cease;  
And I know of the future judgment,  
How dreadful soe'er it be,  
That to sit alone with my conscience  
Will be judgment enough for me.

—The London Spectator.

## Public Fountain, Constantinople.

IN Eastern cities, public wells and fountains are matters of great importance. Indeed in many cities of Europe, the people are supplied with water from public wells, and one of the most curious sights to a tourist is to see the people in their picturesque costumes going to the fountains, and bringing home water for domestic uses. These fountains are proverbially places for gossip and lounging and news telling. The picture shows a large fountain in Constantinople with a broad cool canopy which makes it a pleasant resting place for loungers.

## The Hospital for Sick Children.

AT the head of Elizabeth Street, Toronto, stands an antiquated building, in which, from year to year, is carried on a most successful and interesting work. The Hospital for Sick Children was founded by two Christian women some ten years ago, upon the principle of voluntary contributions. The work has grown until it embraces, besides the hospital proper, a convalescent home at the Island, which is shortly to be enlarged through the kindness of a citizen. These institutions are managed by a committee of ten ladies, who meet together weekly for prayer and conference.

Having a morning to spare a few days ago we paid a visit to the establishment. Upon entering we found it was the usual morning, Friday, for the weekly devotional meeting, and that it was not customary to admit visitors to the wards in the forenoon. However, an exception was made, and we were kindly invited to inspect the institution and remain to the devotional service.

Passing through the hall to the larger boys' ward, which is a cheerful room facing the south, we found the nurses in uniform busily engaged dressing and bathing their young charges, bandaging limbs when necessary, and making everyone as comfortable as possible. The majority of the patients in this ward are suffering from chronic diseases of the spine and hip joints, and have, some of them, been in the institution for years. Here we met one of the ladies of the committee, and could not but be impressed with the manner in which opportunities for imparting religious instruction are improved. One of the boys called out, as soon as the lady mentioned appeared: "Oh! here is Mrs. —"; another said hastily, "Where have you been this long time, we wanted you." Mrs. — replied: "One of my friends has been very ill, so ill that I could not leave him; he is not very much better now, but I have been able to get away a little while to see you all." During this explanation the eyes of the boys opened wider than usual, and their faces gathered an expression of sympathy, and one a little more confident than the others, said rather sadly, "What is the matter with him?" The answer was: "He can't walk or move, has to lie or sit all day and all night, but he does not fret nor complain, because by-and-by, when Jesus comes, he will have a new body, a strong leg and a strong arm, and then he will be able to walk about and move his hand." We watched the child intently, and were

moved to tears to see him mutely lift his hand and put it upon the leg, which had not touched the floor for months, as if he had said, "Will I too have a new leg and foot so that I can walk about?" Another boy wanted "some real pigeons to hang up in a cage over the door." The lady said: "She did not know whether it would be best for him to have pigeons or not, but she would mention it at the meeting, and if it was right for him to have them, she believed God would send them to him."

The smaller boys' ward we found to be in many respects the counterpart of the other. The children, however, were much younger, and were as busy as little bees, amusing themselves in various ways, only one or two being seriously ill.

The girls' wards are up stairs, and are three in number. In one of these a young lady was seated beside the cot of a bright little girl, teaching her a text. The tiny learner seemed eager, even anxious in her efforts to repeat correctly the text, consisting of only two words. The reason was explained when a second lady entered, and softly said: "Well, Clara, dear little Maggie is gone to Jesus, and you are taking her place, lying in her cot. We are all so glad that poor Maggie is happy now and free from pain, but we shall all miss her text at the meetings." Then the bright face became illuminated, and "little Clara" cried out: "See Mrs. —, I have got a text for the meeting in Maggie's stead. Miss — taught me, and I can say it right off and it's 'Wait patiently.'"

We learned afterwards that the "little Maggie" spoken of, dead a few days previously, had for months given a text for the Friday morning meeting. The following are some of her selections:—"The Lord knoweth." "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" "This same Jesus." She died, leaving as an impression of her own hope and trust and a message of comfort to the Christian women who had so tenderly cared for her through weary months, these words: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." The power of the grace of God to sustain both soul and body in severe suffering, was tested and proved sufficient in "Maggie's" case. She was afflicted with abscesses on the body, and frequently when bearing for many minutes at a time, a strong and steady stream of water into the holes, produced by these sores, for cleansing purposes, she would wince, tremble, and set the lips firmly, but seldom or never cried out. When asked how she was able to bear what seemed almost like torture, though absolutely necessary, so well, she would reply simply as if it were a matter of course: "Why, I just ask Jesus, and He helps me." After looking through the other girls' wards we descended to the prayer meeting, not much surprised at the prosperity of this institution, as we listened to the earnest prayers of these women, asking God for money for current expenses, a new building, for the conversion of the children and the consecration of every worker in every department in the establishment.

Note.—Contributions for the Hospital may be sent to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

## The North-Western Rebellion.

THE news from the Saskatchewan district has been most startling and alarming. A large number of half-breeds, at the instigation of the notorious Riol, are in rebellion against the Government. As a party of 100 loyal men and policemen had gone to Duck Lake to secure a quantity of supplies stored there, they were surrounded and attacked by a force of 200 insurgents, and compelled to retreat to Carleton. In the engagement 11 were shot dead, and 13 wounded. This terrible intelligence startled the whole country; and at once from Winnipeg a volunteer battery and a battalion made ready to go to the scene of trouble. Batteries A from Quebec, B from Kingston, and C from Toronto, were ordered to make ready to go out by the O.P.R. All Saturday and Sunday the greatest excitement prevailed in Toronto. The volunteers met in the drill shed to select from the Queen's Own and Tenth Royals 500 men for the North-West. These with Battery O left on Monday. In all the churches in Toronto reference was made to the alarming news from the North-West. Every family which has a son or brother going out with the volunteers is deeply stirred. Most of the killed and wounded are from well-known Canadian families. This brings it home to the hearts of the people as a matter of profound personal interest. Home guards are being formed in all the towns of the North-West. There was a report on Sunday that another collision had taken place between the police and rebels, in which 30 loyalists were killed and 34 wounded. It is said 47 rebels were killed. Fort Carleton has been evacuated and burnt; and the force under Col. Irvine, consisting of 170 policemen and 200 loyal Stoney Indians, have fallen back on Prince Albert. All news from that point will have to come by Battleford, which is 120 miles distant. Major-General Middleton has called for 2,000 volunteers. Volunteer battalions are forming at different points ready to move. There can be no question that the situation is very serious and critical. If the Indians largely join the half-breeds, the trouble may be protracted for some time. The greatest danger of failure is from hasty and impulsive action before our forces are fully ready. Cool judgment and care should prevail. Especially should there be great care taken to see that the volunteers have the best possible arms, and are well provided with all that is necessary to their protection from cold and hunger. There should be no bungling. The cheerful spirits of the men should not prevent great care and caution. This rebellion is so utterly unjustifiable, that it must be put down with a firm hand. This is not a rebellion against a despotism sustained by an army. It is a base and murderous attack by settlers on the lives and property of peaceful and loyal Canadian settlers.—Guardian.

## REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG OFFERS HIS SERVICES.

ON April 1 the Rev. Egerton Young, well known as a successful Methodist ex-missionary to the Indian tribes of the North-West, lectured on the present condition of these people, and the general state of the country, to a large and interested audience in the lecture room of the Queen Street Methodist Church. Speaking of the probable spread of the rebellion among the



Indians, Mr. Young stated that the great majority of such as had been brought under the influence of the Gospel might be relied upon to remain loyal to the "great mother across the water." Those in the vicinity of Battleford were to a great extent, he was sorry to say, pagans, and their action was not to be depended upon. The halfbreeds, he explained, were divided into two distinct classes—the French halfbreeds and the Scotch halfbreeds—the result of intermarriages with the Indian women by the French employees of the North-West Company and those of the Hudson's Bay Company respectively. The former (French) were the disaffected ones, while the latter, he ventured to assert, would be found loyal to the core. Riel, he said, was a very intelligent man, and had been educated for the Church, but owing to his uncontrollable wickedness was refused admission to the ranks of the Roman Catholic clergy, and has ever since pursued a restless course of almost uninterrupted mischief-making. The particulars of Scott's murder were given with a minuteness of detail only possible to one thoroughly conversant with all the facts, and the shooting of the already half dead man and the subsequent dumping of the body, wound round with chains, into a hole cut in the ice, elicited a thrill of horror on the part of every one present. The speaker closed a most interesting address by stating that he had offered his services to the Government with a view to counteract, as far as possible by his personal influence, the machinations of Riel and his gang, but that as yet he had not received a reply—a statement which is scarcely necessary to say was received with much applause. A cordial vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Young for his admirable address.

#### Old-Fashioned Mothers.

THANK God some of us have had old-fashioned mothers. Not a woman of the period, enamelled and painted, with her chignon, her curls and bustle, whose white, jewelled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love light shone, and brown hair just threaded with silver lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands worn with toil gently guided our steps in childhood and smoothed our pillow in sickness, ever reaching out to us in yearning tenderness.

Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats now to us like the beautiful perfume from some wooded blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on. When in the fitful pause of business life our feet wander back to the old homestead and crossing the well-worn threshold stand once more in the room so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childhood, innocence and dependence comes over us and we kneel down in the molten sunshine streaming through the open window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping; "Our Father."

How many times when the tempter lured us on has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin. Years

have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### After.

After the storm, the calm,  
After the bruise, the balm;  
After the pang, the bliss,  
After the tear, the kiss;  
After the battle,—rest?  
The good Lord knoweth best!

After the darkness, light,  
After the blindness, sight;  
After the doubt, belief,  
After the pain, relief;  
After the weakness, strength,  
And the grace of God at length!

After the quicksands, clay,  
After December, May;  
After the fever, sleep,  
Solemn and sweet and deep;  
After the race, the prize,  
And the doors of Paradise!

#### Learn to be Handy.

Room can be found in the house or barn, and a little money will put a boy in the way of becoming a handy man. In my workshop I have two hand-saws, a hammer, two chisels, a small anvil, a large and small vise, a jack-plane and a smoother, a mitre-box, mallet, gimlet, screw-driver, brace and several bits, nail-set, try-square, drills, rule and awls. With these tools you can do almost any job required about the house. The handy boy is going to make the handy man, and the handy man is going to save himself many dollars and many vexatious delays by being able to handle different tools.

In pulling the table around a caster comes off. Are you going to send it to the shop, or get a carpenter to come up? If you are not a handy man you will have to; if you have a screw-driver and two or three screws about, you can fix it in five minutes. A door sags and shuts hard. Let it go for awhile and you'll break the locks and have the knobs off. If you are not a handy man you'll go from two to six blocks out of your way to a carpenter shop. A workman will come up that day, or that day week. He'll lift the door off its hinges, run his plane over the sagging end a few times, and your bill is seventy-five cents. Ten minutes of your own time would have accomplished the work. A door-lock refuses to work. Something is the matter with the bolt. The lock is fixed and your bill is at least fifty cents. Now, the wire spring had slipped out of place or got bent by a jar. Any handy man would have fixed it with no other help than a screw-driver.

When you have your workshop, take care of your tools. In that you can learn the value of order and time. Have a place for every tool and keep it there when not in use. Have every article where you can find it at midnight without a light. If the handle of your hammer becomes loosened don't drop the whole thing into a pail of water to swell the wood. Don't drive nails into the end to fill up the eye. Knock the handle out, split the end which goes into the eye, and when you have replaced it drive a wedge into the slit.

If the ear comes off a pail, tub or coal-scuttle, you can replace it by drilling a new hole and using a soft rivet. With a screw-driver and hammer you can put one of the patent fasteners on a garden hose in two minutes. You will find a glue-pot an indispensable article in your workshop. Wherever you are making a joint which is not to

be exposed to the weather, glue will hold almost like nails. After a while get a pair of tinner's hand-shears. They not only come handy to cut all sizes of wire, but you can peel off the end of a joint of a stove-pipe like paring an apple, work over a piece of old eave-trough or make use of tin cans kicking about.

I would add to your workshop a tinner's soldering iron, a bar of solder, a penny's worth of rosin and a bottle of muriatic acid. I'll venture to say that in nine houses out of ten there's a job awaiting the tinker. There's a leak in the wash-boiler—in some of the pans, the wash-dish, the dipper, or some other much used article. This leak bothers and annoys, but to get it mended you must carry the article a mile and back. I should simply take the leaky dish and scrape the tin around the leak. This to remove the grease. Your acid is in a bottle, and you put it on with a brush made of a stick and a rag. Your iron is heated in the stove or range, and when you have wiped it off, touch your bar of solder and pass the iron over the leak. In thirty seconds you have saved yourself a visit to the tinner. In soldering on new tin use powdered rosin in place of the acid.

Besides the saving of time and money in being handy, you have a quiet satisfaction in having accomplished this or that. In handling a rule you get a quick eye for distances. In using either bit or drill you must exercise care and exactness. Your eye says that the end of a board is square; your try-square shows how easy it is to be deceived. With a saw-awl and a couple of needles you can repair almost any break in a harness. Five cents' worth of material in your glue pot will cure all the lame chairs in the neighbourhood. A mitre-box enables you to make a joint which the best carpenter dare not try with his eyes for a guide, and gives you a chance to use mouldings and fancy pieces.

I don't want to see the plumber and lock-smith and carpenter and tinner shut up shop for the want of patronage, but I believe that the handy man is a blessing to a whole neighbourhood. He can supply a missing bolt for a boy's velocipede, adjust a sewing-machine needle, put in a window light, make a bench, glue in a chair leg, fix a spring for a screen door, doctor a lock, hang an axe, adjust a lawn-mower, mend a toy, make a box and feel dependent upon nobody's convenience or caprice.—*M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.*

#### The St. Gothard Tunnel.

YEAR by year the mighty barriers of nature are yielding to the needs and skill of man. How many vast improvements a rapid thought of the past twenty years recalls to the mind! The Atlantic cable, wedding Europe and America by its mystic bond; the Suez Canal, revolutionizing the method of mercantile transit between Europe and Asia; the Pacific Railway, a girdle binding our Atlantic and our Pacific coasts; the Mt. Conis Tunnel, doying the Alpine heights by shooting beneath them,—these are some of the vast and once thought impossible works which genius and patience have achieved, within the memory of men yet young. The work of subduing the difficulties of nature to the necessities of the race still goes on. It will not be many years before the Isthmus of Panama will have its watery way, as well as the

Isthmus of Suez; and then the world will not complain of doubling of either the Cape of Hope or Cape Horn.

The greatest recent engineering has been the completion of the tunnel beneath the famous St. Gothard Pass in Switzerland. The figures which relate to this noble achievement give some measure of its extent. The cost was not far from fifty millions of dollars. It took ten years to penetrate the rocky bases of the mountains which it passes. The tunnel is some fifteen thousand yards in length. Other tunnels connecting with the larger one, carry the total subterranean length to over forty thousand yards.

Already, indeed, for some years the Mt. Conis Tunnel has been in working order, so that the traveller has no longer been obliged to creep, in lumbering coaches, slowly up the zig-zag passes, and over the steep highways, going from Switzerland into Italy. But the St. Gothard road is much the larger, and is besides much the shorter and direct way between these picturesque lands.

Some idea of the time saved by the tunnel may be judged from the fact that the traveller passes through from end to end, in the space of forty minutes. In the old days, it took him to traverse the same journey, at least twelve hours.

Thus the tourist who takes a summer trip in Europe this year, for the first time, may make the most rapid possible trip from Central Europe into the land of the Caesars, the Popes, and the great masters; at the same time enjoying almost to as great a degree, the sublime scenery which his predecessors viewed on the St. Gothard, and which for many generations has been the theme of poets and painters.

The valley of the Reuss, which the railway traverses between Lake Lucerne and the tunnel is the narrowest, most rugged, and steepest of all the Swiss valleys; while, on the Italian side, the road passes by a gentle descent down the famous valley of the Ticino, where some of the most notable scenes of the Italian war of 1859 occurred. The Ticino valley, all smiles and verdant and lovely slopes and bright picturesque landscapes, form a most vivid contrast to the gloomy grandeur of the valley of the Reuss; and so the tourist in this thrilling jaunt, is excited by every emotion which the varied beauties of nature impart.

SOME years ago William Cullen Bryant received a letter, as editor of the *Evening Post*, which was written by a servant girl, yet so simply and beautifully expressed that he and some of his literary friends were interested to learn how she had acquired such an admirable style. On questioning her she told him she had a dread of spelling words wrong; and when she undertook to write anything, if a word suggested itself to her which she could not spell, she selected another which she was sure she could spell right. This was the secret of her pure and simple style.

A MAN who claimed that he knew a great deal about ships, once went on a voyage on a leaky vessel. Seeing the sailors working the pumps, he said "Dear me, Captain! I did not know you had a well on board; but I am really very glad, as I do detest river water."

## "He Knoweth All."

As twilight falls, the night is near,  
I fold my work away,  
And kneel to One who bends to hear  
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel  
To tell it at Thy call;  
And eyes grow lighter as I feel  
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all the morning and the night,  
The joy, the grief, the loss;  
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,  
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,  
My weary eyelids close,  
Content and glad awhile to tread  
This path, since Jesus knows.

And He has loved me! all my heart  
With answering love is stirred,  
And every anguish pain and smart  
Finds healing in the Word.

Here I lay me down to rest,  
And mighty shadows fall,  
And lean confiding on His breast  
Who knows and pities all.

—Select d.

## Patrons of the London Pawn Shops.

LONDON, August 31.—Near the Ludgate Circus end of Fleet Street a narrow dirt branches off to the left. In order to enter this you pass under a deep arch from the main street. The passage is six feet wide and resembles a tunnel through a mountain, for it has no light save what comes in at either end. An iron gate with spear-pointed pickets is closed after a certain hour of the night. After passing about thirty feet from the street you come to a low, narrow door on the right. It stands open and faint light streams through into the darkness of the little dark lane. Over this door you see three glittering balls, and you know that you are at the entrance of one of the many thousand places in the vast city of London, where the poor and unfortunate find a temporary relief from want—albeit a false relief, for want returns again with redoubled power and there is nothing left to pawn, and the things already given cannot be redeemed, thus accumulated misery is brought on the wretched subject. Let us for the present retreat from this door and watch those who enter. In the shadow of a deep doorway we take our stand. The hour is nine o'clock on Saturday evening and we will for thirty minutes watch those who pass under the dark arch. This is easy enough because the light from your wall street lamp falls directly across the opening. Here comes a man bearing a kit of mason's tools. His step is unsteady and he seem to be muttering as he walks. He has no doubt spent his week's pay in the tap room and is still unsatisfied. Every nerve in his well-nigh ruined body is a fiery serpent with gaping jaws crying, "Give us strong drink." Reason, love, conscience, all—all are speechless, paralyzed, while his trembling limbs are urged on by passions which must be obeyed. He goes under the arch and speedily returns, his right hand clutching the pittance as he hurries on. There go two small girls hand in hand, their little small feet pattering on the bare stones. They surely cannot intend entering. Yes, there they pass through the door. We wonder what they have gone into such a place for. They quickly return, and as they pass we note them closely and observe the eldest carries a parcel hastily wrapped in a newspaper, a part of which is visible, indicating that it is a man's coat.

"Whose coat is this?" I ask. "Fath-

er's," answers a little, tremulous voice as a frightened little face is upturned. "He had no work last week, but he has had this week."

"Is it his best coat?"

"Yes, the coat he wears to church."

The little thing trotted off with papa's Sunday coat in order that he might wear it on the morrow. Now a woman crosses the street, halts before the passage, peers trembling into the darkness. She is dressed in seedy black and clasps in her arms a feather pillow. Is not this a strange thing to pawn, and a thing suggestive of much connected with the dearest ties of home life among the lowly? Perhaps on that pillow she laid her head when a happy bride, and about it gathered the radiance of life's happy morning which presaged a day with cloudless sky. The first-born may have rested on this when first held before her grateful, wondering eyes, when the mist of a newly-felt love made that pillow seem a couch of beauty on which rested a heavenly visitant. She has on a widow's weeds now. They indicate a suffering, dying husband. Those hands gently lifted that head and turned this pillow that its folds might press cool and soft against that dear face. To-night that pillow goes into your financial tomb to buy a loaf of bread for to-morrow's dinner. God help the poor!

Another woman quickly follows. Her tawny hair is crawling from under a bruised bonnet and straggling over her greasy shawl. She shuffles along, and as the light falls across her face it is easy to see that it is as hard as a beaten highway. And no wonder, because across that face the fiery steeds of unbridled desires have been flying for many years. She does not hesitate to enter. No, no, the path is not new to her. She disappears into the gloom like a slimy earth-worm, wriggling into a muck heap. The parcel she carries seemed to be a woman's dress, and we doubt not the few pence advanced for the man within will be squandered for gin that she may forget the hunger and desolation which surround her, and dance with ribald song while tottering on the brink of temporal and eternal ruin. Others come; old and young, some in rags, others well clothed. The faces of some are hard and cruel; others frank and kind; a motley throng, each having an unwritten history, much of which they would gladly forget if it were possible.

We have seen enough from the outside, let us enter. But it will not do to walk in, stare around, and if asked by the man what is wanted, inform the man in charge that we simply came inside to see his place and "write him up" for an American paper. Evidently, I must have some business or I will not be allowed to see the place. So slipping off my outer coat I leave the busy street and grope through the darkness to the door, and entering, find myself in a long, narrow room, with a counter along one side, with little stalls leading from an exceedingly narrow corridor up to the counter, so that each applicant could be isolated from the others. There I stand face to face with the money-lender. The third stall from the entrance was empty and I took possession of it. Coming close to the counter I saw a number of men moving very briskly to and fro, handling various sized parcels. With downcast eyes I enquired the conditions of leaving goods and what I might expect for the coat. A man with keen black eyes,

pallid face, retreating forehead and bristling dark hair, after a quick, keen glance at me, caught the garment, flung it on the counter, felt the texture rapidly, examined the edges, pockets and lining, then sharply inquired, "How much you want?"

"A pound, sir."

"It ish too much. It ish very sheep goods, not vord to me more dan four shillings."

"Yes, but, my dear sir, I paid——"

"Never mind vat you paid, I geeve no more but four shillings, and if you don't vant dat let somebody else come in."

Not feeling content with my observations of the place and knowing that unless I did some business I must leave at once, I replied: "Very well, sir." A dapper little clerk now stopped up who folded the garment, checked it, and said: "A ha-ponny, please, for the ticket." This was given and the four shillings counted out. During this time my eyes had been roving about the place. It was piled high with packages. An open door revealed another room filled in the same manner and an elevator was taking packages to the basement beneath. The amount of business done in one of these is simply enormous. Before my bargain was closed groans and sobs were issuing from an adjoining stall and the voice of a woman was plainly heard, crying: "Oh, for God's sake, sir, give me a shilling more. My children are starving. For the love of heaven don't say no, and the Lord reward thee."

"What does this mean?" I asked the clerk.

"O nuthin', sir, nuthin'; only this voman's tryun to prig the guvner out o' a shillin' by bantering about her babies. She's got no baby, it's gin as what she's after, sir."

In passing out I noticed that the floor was a step lower than the court, and on glancing back at the little illuminated sign on the door found it read thus:

MONEY LOANED.  
MIND THE STEP.

This means of course the step down into the room, but to me it had a deeper significance. "Mind the step" ought to ring in the ears of every poor man who begins to patronize a pawn broker. Mind the step! It leads in many cases to discouragement, improvident habits, to poverty and degradation. —J. H. Clark, in *Syracuse Standard*.

## Why Shouldn't I?

My canary sings the whole day long,  
Behind his gilded bars,  
Shut in from all that birds enjoy  
Under the sun and stars:  
The freedom, grace, and action fine  
Of wild birds he foregoes,  
But spite of that, with happiness  
His little heart o'erflows.  
"The world is wide,  
And birds outside  
In happy cheer always abide—  
Why shouldn't I?"

I, too, must dwell behind the bars  
Of toil and sacrifice:  
From weary heart and weary brain  
My prayers or song arise;  
But all around, sad hearts abound  
And troubles worse than mine,  
If aught of comfort I can bring  
To them, shall I repine?  
God's word is wide;  
If I can hide  
The crowding tears and sigh beside—  
Why shouldn't I?

## Tract Distribution.

A TRACT district in one of the small streets in the vicinity of a Wesleyan chapel, has lately been visited by "power from on high."

During a Revival Mission conducted by the District Missionary, one family in which, as the tract distributor, I was much interested, was greatly blessed. The conversion of the father was very gradual. He first received good impressions at a Mission held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. These impressions were deepened at our own Mission services, and early in the week he was enabled to rejoice in Christ. His son, who lived near, on the Monday night of the Mission lay intoxicated on the floor of his kitchen, and again the next day. On the Wednesday he was induced to come to the service, and was that night deeply convinced of sin. He found no rest till Friday evening, when he was made happy by conscious peace with God. The wife of this man is now converted, and they have given up their best room for a cottage prayer meeting, having purchased new chairs specially for use at this little weekly service.

These good people (father and son) often testify that their homes are "so different," and that they are "so happy now."

It is quite delightful to see their happy faces.

They are not without persecution from some of their neighbours, but this seems to make them brighter Christians. Their attendance is regular at the services, at class, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, nor do they forget to put their pence into the collection plate.

Not only in these cases is the work of the Holy Spirit manifest, but in various degrees in many other homes of the district is there evidence of thought, repentance and amendment.

Surely one should be encouraged then to continue working, and, praying, that all these dear people may be brought to Christ!

Many of the readers of this little magazine are engaged in tract work, and it is for such I have penned this account. "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."  
G. J. C.

PASSING by Shakespeare's house at Stratford, one day, Mr. Henry Irving met a native of the place, and asked the man "who lived there." "Dunno," was the answer. "Come, come," responded Mr. Irving, "you must know who lives there. Is his name Shakespeare?" "Dunno." "But can't you tell us whether he's alive now?" "Dunno." "Surely you know whether he was famous—whether he did anything?" "Oh, yes, he—he—" "Well, what did he do?" "He writ a Boible."

The laziest man is on a Western paper. He spells photograph "tograph." There have been only three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas, and dated his letters "llworth," another spelt Tennessee "10eC," and the other wrote Wyandotte "Y&."

In the cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl; and on the stone were chiselled these words, "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" I used to think, and I do now, that it was one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever heard.



## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A.D. 62, 63.] LESSON VII. [May 17.

PHILIPPIAN CONTENTMENT.

Phil. 3. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 1-7.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The God of peace shall be with you. —Phil. 4. 9.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Joy, contentment, peace, repose in God, are lessons learned in the school of Christ.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Phil. 3. 1-11. Th. Matt. 6. 19-34.  
T. Phil. 3. 12-21. F. Ps. 103. 1-22.  
W. Phil. 4. 1-23. Sa. Ps. 107. 1-15.  
Su. 1 Tim. 6. 6-19.

TUNE, etc.—See last lesson.

INTRODUCTION.—The Philippian Church were exposed to three trials, (1) from persecutors; (2) from poverty; (3) from some quarrelsome members, besides the usual trials of life. Paul comforts and exhorts them how to bear these trials. And the exhortation to joy and contentment comes with peculiar grace from one who was in prison, and liable any moment to martyrdom, and yet was full of joy and content.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—5. *Your moderation*—Your forbearance; that yieldingness which urges not its own rights to the uttermost. 6. *Be careful*—Anxious, distracted with care. 7. *The peace of God*—Peace which is like God's; peace which God gives; peace with God, with nature, with ourselves, with others. 8. *Honest*—Honourable. 9. *Your care hath flourished again*—As the trees flourish and revive in the spring, after the deadness of winter. 11. *To be content*—Contentment is not the stupidity which desires no more; nor indifference; nor laziness; nor fatalism; but repose in God's love and care. Making the most of all God gives us, using every opportunity for bettering our condition without murmuring over what we cannot help; and trusting God perfectly in it. 12. *I am instructed*—I have learned the secret.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Christian joy, its source and its usefulness.—"Careful," the change of meaning in the word.—Christian contentment.—The peace of God.—Thinking on noble things.—Paul's school, and what he learned in it.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To what trials was the Philippian Church exposed? How might these tend to make them discontented? Where was Paul when he wrote this Epistle? Had he learned the lesson of contentment? How would this fit him to give this advice to the Philippians?

SUBJECT: THE ELEMENTS AND MEANS OF CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

I. JOY (v. 4).—Ought the Christian to be the happiest of men? Why? How does Christian joy differ from pleasure? From a disposition to look on the bright side of things? What is it to rejoice in the Lord? Whose joy is the Christian's like? (John 15. 11.) What were the elements of Christ's joy? Why is a happy Christian the most useful Christian?

II. FORBEARANCE (v. 5).—What is meant by "moderation" in this verse? How does Paul explain it in two other epistles written about this time? (Eph. 4. 2; Col. 3. 13.) How will this forbearing love help us to be contented? What motive does he give for this virtue?

III. PRAYER OF FAITH (v. 6).—Meaning of "careful" here? How may we avoid undue anxiety? What three elements of prayer are noted in this verse? About what things are we here taught to pray? How does believing prayer help us to be contented? (1 Pet. 5. 7; Heb. 4. 15, 16; Matt. 7. 7-11.)

IV. THE PEACE OF GOD (v. 7).—What is the peace of God? (John 14. 27.) How does Paul describe it? How may it be obtained? (Gal. 5. 22; John 16. 33.) How does faith in God give us peace?

V. THINKING ON NOBLE THINGS (v. 8).—On what does Paul bid us think? Why on what things are true? Just? Honourable? Pure? Lovely? Of good report? Virtuous? Praiseworthy? How will thinking on these things help us to overcome evil thoughts? How will such thoughts make us good?

VI. DOING THEM (v. 9).—Whose example and teaching does Paul exhort them to "follow"? Will thinking on good things help us to do them? Will doing them help us to think upon them? Is either one enough when alone?

VII. MAKING OTHERS HAPPY (v. 10).—What had the Philippians done for Paul? (14.) Had they helped him before? (Phil. 4. 15; 2 Cor. 11. 9.) What can we do to make others happy? How will this help us to be contented?

VIII. THE SCHOOL OF CONTENTMENT (vs. 11-13).—What is true contentment? Is it a hindrance or a help to progress? Where did Paul learn to be contented? Who helped him to be right and feel right in all these troubles?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The happy Christian shows to the world how good a master he serves.
2. The Christian cannot avoid having enemies, but he can make them help him show to the world a Christian and forbearing spirit.
3. Repose in God and believing prayer are great aids to contentment.
4. We should cherish all the virtues, and be complete in character.
5. By thinking on noble things we become noble ourselves.
6. Paul was a learner in the school of life with its various experiences, and Christ for his teacher.

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

13. To what privileges and duties does Paul invite us in this lesson? *Ans.* Joy, peace, contentment. 14. How may we attain them? (Repeat v. 6.) 15. What will be the answer? (Repeat v. 7.) 16. On what things should we love to think? (Repeat v. 8.)

A.D. 64, 65.] LESSON VIII. [May 24.

## THE FAITHFUL SAYING.

1 Tim. 1. 15-20, and 2. 1-6. Commit to mem. vs. 15-17.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1. 15.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the one Saviour for all men.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Tim. 1. 1-20. Th. 1 Tim. 4. 1-16.  
T. 1 Tim. 2. 1-15. F. 1 Tim. 5. 1-25.  
W. 1 Tim. 3. 1-18. Sa. 1 Tim. 6. 1-11.  
Su. 1 Tim. 6. 12-21.

DATE.—The First Epistle to Timothy was probably written A.D. 64 or 65, a year or two after Paul's release from prison at Rome.

PLACE.—Probably from Corinth, to Timothy at Ephesus, of whose church he was pastor.

AUTHOR.—St. Paul, aged 62 or 63. He was released from prison March, A.D. 63, not long after he had written the Epistle to the Philippians. From Rome he went to Antioch, Colosse, Ephesus, Crete, Greece, and perhaps to Spain.

TIMOTHY.—Born at Lystra, in Lyconia, Asia Minor, about A.D. 30. His father was a Greek and a heathen; his mother Lois, and grandmother Eunice, were Jewesses, and became Christians during Paul's first missionary journey, A.D. 51. On his second journey Paul associated Timothy with him, and he was Paul's almost constant companion till this time, A.D. 64, when Paul sent him to preside over the church at Ephesus. He died a martyr, probably about A.D. 96.

INTRODUCTION.—Paul, having left Timothy for a time, writes him a long letter full of the wisest advice.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—15. *A faithful saying*—One worthy of being believed. *Of whom I am chief*—In the light of his present experience of goodness, his past sins seem exceedingly great. Only God's love is greater. 16. *In me first*—Not in point of time, but the chief. *A pattern*—An example of how God's love can change the greatest sinners. 17. *Amen*—A Hebrew word meaning "truth," "so let it be." 18. *Son Timothy*—Not his natural but his spiritual son. Timothy had acted like a son to the older Paul, and was loved as a son. *The prophecies*—The things foretold in his early life, and at his ordination, that he should do. He was a young man of promise. *By them*—As an aid. 20. *Hymeneus*—Probably the

false teacher of 2 Tim. 2. 17. *Alexander*—The copper-smith 2 Tim. 4. 14.) These were examples in Ephesus of the truth just spoken. *Who will have their souls with remorse*—Excommunicated from the church, and perhaps allowed Satan to afflict their bodies and torment their souls with remorse. 4. *Who will have all men saved*—God wishes men all to be saved. He has prepared salvation for all, invites all, loves all, has sent his Spirit upon all. If any fail, it is because they refuse to be saved. 5. *One God*—For all men, one Saviour for all, one God seeking the salvation of all; therefore we should pray for all, and seek the salvation of all.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Paul's life after he was released from prison.—Timothy—His position at the time of this letter.—The First Epistle to Timothy.—Paul the chief of sinners.—The good warfare.—Faith and a good conscience.—Prayer for all men.—God's desire that all be saved.—Christianity as the universal religion.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Paul go after he was released from prison at Rome? From what place did he write this letter? To whom? What can you tell about Timothy? Where was he at this time? What doing?

SUBJECT: SALVATION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

I. THE SAVIOUR (vs. 15, 5, 6).—What was a faithful saying? Why is it worthy of being believed? How could Jesus come into the world? Why did he come? What did he do that sinners might be saved? What is meant by his being a Mediator? A ransom? Could not God have saved sinners without the atonement of Christ? (Acts 4. 12; Heb. 9. 22.) Give your idea of how salvation comes through Jesus Christ.

II. AN EXAMPLE OF THIS SALVATION (vs. 15, 16).—What did Paul call himself? Why? (1 Tim. 1. 13.) What had he thought of himself formerly? (Acts 26. 5, 9.) Why did he obtain mercy? Of what was he an example? How is this an encouragement to believe, and to labour for others?

III. PRAISE FOR THE SALVATION (v. 17).—By what words does Paul represent God? How does salvation by Jesus honour and glorify God?

IV. THE HUMAN SIDE OF SALVATION (vs. 18-20).—What charge did Paul lay upon Timothy? What is meant by "the prophecies that went before on him"? What warfare is referred to? What two things are mentioned as necessary to success in it? What is it to "hold fast"? What is a good conscience? Why must the two go together? What is the result of putting away a good conscience? Who had done it? What befell them for it? Meaning of "delivered unto Satan." What was the object of this punishment?

V. PRAYERS FOR THE PROGRESS OF SALVATION (vs. 1-3).—What four kinds of prayer are here named? Why should we pray for all men? Why especially for our rulers? Are we ever selfish even in our prayers? Under what circumstances will Christianity make most progress?

VI. GOD'S DESIRE FOR THE SALVATION OF ALL MEN (vs. 4-6).—What does God desire for all men? Name some other Scriptures that express this feeling? (Ezek. 18. 31, 32; 33. 11; 2 Pet. 3. 9.) What has God done to show this desire? What must men do to be saved? What argument in vs. 4, 5 why we should pray for all men and seek their salvation.

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Jesus Christ is the one great Saviour of all men.
2. The more holy any one grows the worse does sin appear in his eyes.
3. The Christian life is a warfare against sin in the heart and in the world.
4. No one can keep the Christian faith unless he lives the Christian life.
5. God desires the salvation of all men.
6. If any are not saved, it is because they refuse the salvation God has prepared for them.
7. We should pray and labour for the salvation of all men.

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

17. Who is the one Saviour of men? (Repeat the Golden Text.) 18. Give an example of his salvation. *Ans.* Saul, the persecutor, changed into Paul the apostle. 19. What must we do in this salvation? *Ans.* "Holding fast and a good conscience." 20. What does God desire for all men? (Repeat v. 4.) 21. What should we do? *Ans.* Labour and pray that all men may be brought into the kingdom of God.

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