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# HOME AND SCHOOL

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1886.

[No. 6.]

## Sights in Russia. BY THE EDITOR.

Russia presents the largest connected empire in the world. Extending 6,000 miles from west to east, and 2,300 miles from south to north—more than twice the size of the whole of Europe or the United States—it covers one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. But a large proportion of this vast extent consists of treeless steppes and inhospitable wastes. Its population, nevertheless, reaches an aggregate of 85,685,000, of many diverse nationalities. No empire in the world has such a variety

name Russian. They may have descended in part from the Finns and the Scythians. The Russian Church is emphatically a State Church. It is not merely connected with the State, like the Churches of England and Scotland, but enters into and forms a part of the State. The Czar is the father and founder of the whole ecclesiastical community. The veneration for him at times is almost as though he were Christ Himself. "God and the Prince will"—"God and the Prince know it!" These are the two arguments against which there is no appeal. The coronation of

not as works of art, but as emblems of instruction, is thus engendered beyond all example in other countries. In the army there is not a man but carries in his knapsack a gaudy picture, with which he never parts; and wherever he halts he sets it on a piece of wood and bows down before it. The Russian priests strongly condemn the use of tobacco, while very tolerant of the still greater evil of strong drink. But they discriminate in favour of the latter by a fanciful interpretation of the text, "Not that what goeth into the mouth," as strong drink, "defileth a man; but that

empire; rather Asiatic than European, and yet compounded of both. Moscow has a population of over 600,000, of many-mingled nations. It is described as at once magnificent and mean, splendid and grotesque, beautiful and sordid, and unequalled in picturesqueness. Its hundreds of spires, domes and minarets, diverse in form and colour; the strange intermingling of pagodas, temples and churches, of Chinese tea-houses, French cafés, Turkish bazaars, and Russian market-places, produces a bewildering effect. It is surrounded by an earthwork twenty-three miles long, and dominated by the



THE CITY OF KAZAN, RUSSIA.

of tribes and nations. Their number exceeds a hundred, and they speak over forty different languages. The immense majority are Slavs—56,000,000—and Poles, 4,800,000. Among the great nations of modern times, Russia is far the most recent in its origin. Instead of running back, like France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, to the opening of the Christian era, or earlier, it dates only to the sixth or seventh century. Its Church was established two or three hundred years later. The nation had its origin in the vast steppes of Eastern Asia, and its people were called the *Rossi*, whence came the

the chief ruler is not a mere ceremony, but rather a solemn religious consecration. The Russians have not only a liking for pictures, they have a religious veneration for them. They are the mainstay and support of their religious faith and practice. On the wall of every room, at the corner of every street, over gateways, in offices, in steamers, in stations, in taverns, is the picture hung, with a lamp hung before it. In the domestic life it plays the part of the family Bible, of the wedding gift, of the birthday present, of the ancestral portrait. A passion for pictures,

cometh out of the mouth," as tobacco smoke, "this defileth a man." The most sacred city of Russia is Moscow, the seat of the chief patriarchate, and the ancient, semi-Oriental capital. Most *bizarre* and fantastic it is with its vast turreted and venerable Kremlin; its countless churches, with their flashing spires and clustering and turbaned minarets glittering in green, purple and gold; its mosques, with the cross supplanting the crescent; its streets swarming with bearded merchants and ferocious Janizaries, while its female population were immured and invisible, was a true type of the

great sacred fortress, the Kremlin, encompassed by a massive wall, sixty feet high, a mile and a quarter in extent, and entered by five sacred gates, two of them of peculiar sanctity. The Kremlin comprises the principal buildings, such as the gorgeously decorated cathedral of the Assumption of the Virgin; the cathedral of the Archangel Michael, containing all the tombs and portraits of the Czars, down to Peter the Great; the church of the Annunciation, the floor of which is paved with jaspers, agates and carnelians; the tower of John the Great, two hundred feet in height, surmounted by a mag-

nificent gilded dome, from which, as from the other domes of Moscow, rises the "Honourable Cross;" the Czar Kolokol, "King of Bells," the greatest bell in the world; several palaces and collections of ancient arms and other antiquities. Of the sacred buildings within the Kremlin the most famous is the church of the Assumption. This is the most venerated building in the Russian Empire, and in it, from the time of its erection in the sixteenth century, all the successive Czars have been crowned. It is one of the most gorgeously ornamented churches in the world. On the walls of the church are painted nearly three hundred full length figures, and more than two thousand heads in half lengths, many of them more than life size. In the middle of the church is suspended a corona of massive silver, with forty-eight chandeliers, all in a single piece, and weighing nearly three thousand pounds. There are besides, numerous candlesticks of silver, some of them six feet high, and holding candles as thick as a man's leg. It is said that two hundred and ten thousand leaves of gold-foil were used in the ornamentation of this church.

Within the Kremlin is also the picturesque cathedral of St. Basil, with no less than twenty towers and domes, all of different shapes and sizes, and painted in every possible colour. Some are covered with a network of green over a surface of yellow, another dome is of bright red with broad white stripes, and a third is gilded. Some historians affirm that it was built to commemorate the capture of Kazan; others that it was a whim of Ivan the Terrible, to try how many distinct chapels could be erected under one roof, on a given extent of ground, in such a manner that divine service could be performed in all simultaneously without any interference one with another. It is also said that the Czar was so delighted with the architect, an Italian, who had thus admirably gratified his wishes, that when the edifice was finished, he sent for him, pronounced a warm panegyric on his work, and then had his eyes put out, in order that he might never build such another!—a strange caprice of cruelty, if true—punishing the man, not for failing, but succeeding in gratifying his employer.

Near this great cathedral is the famous Czar Kolokol, or "King of Bells," by far the largest bell in the world. It weighs no less than one hundred and ninety-three tons, and is twenty-one feet in height and in diameter. It was suspended in a tower of vast strength in 1734, but three years afterwards it fell down during a fire, and a piece six feet high and three wide was broken from it. It remained sunk in the earth until 1887, when the Emperor Nicholas had it raised and placed upon a pedestal of granite.

This giant bell has since been consecrated as a chapel, and religious services are held in it.

Since the founding of Petersburg, the magnificent Moscow, the repudiated Oriental capital of the ancient Czars, with her golden tiara and her Eastern robe, has sat, like Hagar in the wilderness, deserted and lonely in all her barbarian beauty. Yet even now, in many a backward look and longing sigh, she reads plainly enough that she is not forgotten by her sovereign, that she is still at heart preferred, and that she will eventually triumph over her usurping and artificial rival.

Kazan is an important city of Russia,

capital of the Government, and ancient capital of the kingdom of the same name. It is situated on the river Kazanska, four miles from its mouth in the Volga, and four hundred and thirty miles east of Moscow. It was founded in 1257 by a Tartar tribe, and captured in 1552 by the Russians under Ivan the Terrible. It contains no less than seventy churches, nine mosques, and many educational establishments. Its university, founded in 1804, has a large number of professors, upwards of four hundred students, a library of thirty thousand volumes, an observatory, botanic garden, and several museums. Kazan is the see of a Bishop of the Greek Church. The population of the city is about sixty thousand.

#### "That I Might Live."

[Rev. John McDougall, Methodist Missionary to the North-West, describes the Indian as exceedingly fond of listening to the singing of sacred music. As an illustration of this he relates the little story of his own personal experience, upon which the following lines are founded.]

Away on the prairie's billowy breast,  
Where the bison loves to roam,—  
By the setting sun, where the gates of the West,  
Shut in the red man's home.  
Where the antelope bounds o'er the swelling hills,  
And the moose and the red deer play;  
Where, fed by his thousand mountain rills,  
Saskatchewan rolls away.

By the flowery marge of a woodland stream,  
'Neath the pine and poplar's shade,  
Through whose branches the sun's declining beam  
Is flecking the forest glade;  
What sounds unwonted are those that ring  
On the greenwood's trembling ear?  
Why shrinks in terror each timid wing,  
Why flies the frightened deer?

'Tis the sound of the white man's sweeping blade  
On the startled air that swells;  
'Tis the crash of the pine tree lowly laid,  
That pierces the bosky dells;  
While brown and dark through the lace of leaves,  
A structure strange is seen,  
And the lazy smoke upon its eaves  
Hangs gray on the tender green.

'Tis the lodge of the pale face, come from far,  
From blue Ontario's side;  
Does he come on the sulphurous wings of war,  
Does he covet the prairie wide?  
Does he come in the whirlwind of his wrath  
With conquest's flaming breath;  
To bedew with the red man's blood his path,  
And scatter the brands of death?

Through the deepening shades of the forest dim,  
A dusky warrior steals;  
Not a snapping twig, not a swaying limb,  
His stealthy course reveals.  
As the panther creeps on his gulleless prey,  
So creeps the savage, slow;  
Is there none to help! no hand to stay  
The wily, ruthless foe?

Ay, see! from its staff in the freshening breeze  
What meteor flag unfurls?  
The Indian pauses—the Red Cross sees—  
Then down his weapon hurls.  
'Tis the banner the red man's heart reveres,  
From its shadow suspicion flees;  
'Tis the flag that braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze."

But now no martial notes resound  
Where the banner peaceful streams;  
No sentry measures his watchful round,  
No deadly bayonet gleams—  
For the cabin that rises beside the shore  
Hath no need of watch or ward,  
And the soldier who stands by the open door  
Is the soldier of the Lord.

But hark! through the twilight, strong and clear,  
A voice melodious rings;  
And the Indian listens with ravished ear,  
As the Missionary sings.

He sings—and the echoes backward give  
Each tender, loving tone—  
"Jesus hath died that I might live,  
Might live to God alone."

The sweet strain fell on the savage breast  
With a softening touch sublime,  
As falleth the Sabbath's holy rest  
When the bells of evening chime,  
He listened until the voice was still,  
Then forth from his covert strode,  
And, grasping his hand with right good will,  
Thus spoke to the man of God:

"Many months ago, when my camp-fire  
glowed  
Where the beaver and martin lie,  
A pale-face stranger the story told  
Of your Jesus who came to die,  
But I may not stay to hear it now,  
For the trail of my lodge is long;  
I only ask that you teach me how  
To sing the white man's song."

Again, while the sweet scents rise around,  
The Missionary sings:  
Again and again, and o'er and o'er,  
Old "Coronation" rings:  
And again the woodland depths reply,  
As the echoes are backward thrown;  
"Jesus hath died that I might live,  
Might live to God alone."

Long years have passed, and the mission lodge  
Far leagues to the West has gone;  
And again beside his cabin door  
The preacher stands alone,  
Again the evening shadows fall,  
And the sun sinks low in the West—  
What faint sound comes through the pine  
trees tall,  
And over the river's breast?

Hark! rising and falling in cadence wild,  
Now nearer and louder grown;  
"Jesus hath died that I might live,  
Might live to God alone."  
Round the river's head a canoe appears,  
Manned by lusty arms and strong;  
In the stern an aged Indian sits,  
And keeps time to the low, sweet song.

Now quick beside the river's brim  
The Missionary stands,  
The light canoe has touched the shore,  
And the time-worn sachem lands.  
Strong arms support his tottering frame,  
But a glad light fills his eye,  
"I come, O pale-face, brother," he said,  
"To the mission lodge to die."

"Rememberest thou that hunter lone,  
Who came to thy lodge one eve,  
Who 'might not stay to hear thee tell  
Of Christ who died to save?  
His sons and daughters have borne him here,  
O'er a long and weary road,  
And they come to tell that they too love  
And believe in the Christian's God.

"Sing now to them as you sang to me  
On that eve so long by gone;  
'Jesus hath died that I might live,  
Might live to God alone."  
They lay the old man gently down  
As the soaring notes uprise;  
While the tears bedew his wasted cheek,  
And shine in his fading eyes.

"Farewell," he said, when the strain was done,  
And he raised his dying hand;  
"I see the trail through the shadows dim,  
To the shores of the Spirit Land;  
I go—where the music shall sound for aye  
Through the heavenly arches wide,  
I go!—Farewell! 'That I might live,'  
And so the Indian died.

—Orillia Packet.

#### A Piece of Mother's Cake.

BY THE REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

In visiting the city hospital of Minneapolis a few weeks ago, I found in one of the charity wards a young girl about twenty years old. She had come hither a week before from her home in Dakota, 300 miles away. Suffering from some physical disease, she sought in the hospital that relief which she could not obtain elsewhere.

She seemed bright and cheery. Although she was not a professing Christian, she said her mother was, and the last words that Christian mother said to her on leaving home

were, "Mary, don't forget to pray every day."

By her side was a copy of the Bible and it was evident that the seed early sown in her heart was taking root. So I quoted some sweet promises in her hearing, and saying I would see her soon again, I arose to depart.

"Is there anything you especially need or desire?" I inquired.

"They are very kind to me here," she replied. "I have plenty of good food, but sometimes I wish I had a piece of mother's cake."

So I went to one of our good church people living near the hospital—herself a mother, and very kind-hearted—and told her the story. She was deeply interested in the case, and said she would go to see her and take her a bit of mother's comfort if not her cake.

Here is a special opportunity for gentle woman to exercise her gifts. Let her show her sympathy and love. A few kind words and a bunch of flowers will lift the burden from a little while from some sorely oppressed heart. But why stop here? Would it not be well with the orange or bit of cake to give the stranger a text of Scripture, or say a word for our Master?

Let us never forget there is One better than mother—more loving more willing and able to help. God is not only our Father, but our Mother. The characteristics of both parents centre in Him. This is also true of Jesus, our elder Brother. How tender and sympathetic was He! Did ever mother or sister show such love as He did while He sojourned here? See Him in Bethany in social life, or comforting the mourning sisters in their hour of bereavement. Witness His benevolence as well as His power, as in Capernaum and elsewhere He heals the sick and restores the dead to life.

Do we realize that Jesus is still able and willing to help the needy? If so, why not go to Him, or lead others to Him? He will not disdain the humblest one who seeks His sympathy and assistance. He stands in the hospital and in the home, by the bedside of every sufferer, and near the heart of every weary wanderer. When you feel the want of something, whether a bit of mother's cake or something else you cannot get, go with your longing soul to Jesus.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

BEWARE of little drops of strong drink. For where do all the drunkards come from? Don't they come from young people who began to take little tastings of intoxicating liquor? And as you would not like to be a drunkard, and fill a drunkard's grave, avoid the beginnings of this dreadful evil. A great English statesman, Richard Cobden, once said: "Give me a sober Englishman, possessing the truthfulness common to his country, and the energy so peculiarly his own, and I will match him for being capable of equalling any other man in the every-day struggles of life." Then, not long ago, Lord Wolseley said that "he had long believed that the great source of crime, disobedience, and of other evils in the army, had their origin in drink. He firmly believed that, if we could have an army which not only wore Her Majesty's colors, but also wore the blue ribbon, it would be the finest army ever sent into the field to represent this country." And last summer, while at Gibraltar, I found that of the eighty-five soldiers who were then in the military prison, nearly all of them were there because of strong drink.

## The Great Storm on Labrador.

BY MRS. JOSEPH HENDERSON.

O men, who dwell in curtained ease, beneath  
A kindly sky,  
Whose houses are warm with love and light,  
For want has passed you by:  
O woman, with a soft white hand, a gentle,  
Tender breast;  
Who bend with purest lips above your  
children's sheltered nest:  
Northward the winter hurries on, with  
tempest rush and roar,  
Have ye not heard it on the wind, the cry  
from Labrador?

Bleak, bleak and desolate the land, and few  
men call it home;  
But o'er its wild and stormy bays full many  
fishers roam.  
And, O my sisters, women there, and tender  
children strive  
In cold, and wet, and weariness that they  
may rudely live;  
And ruder herd through bitter nights along  
that cruel shore—  
The rocky coast, the dreadful coast of icy  
Labrador.

A chilling mist enwrapt the dawn upon that  
fated morn,  
For in the darkness of the night the savage  
storm was born.  
A mighty, warring wind rushed fierce from  
out the land of death,  
It smote with sword of sharpened sleet, and  
with resistless breath.  
And terrible the tide that dashed on high  
with awful roar!  
Two thousand souls it wrecked upon the  
coast of Labrador.

O God! our helpless sisters there, those  
women on the wave,  
With their young children clinging round,  
was there no power to save?  
Thou lookest down, O mighty God, while  
pass dread scenes of woe!  
Grim death, that ended wretched life, was  
not so dire a foe;  
But yet their dying, drowning shrieks ring  
in mine ears the more;  
Re-echoed from that iron coast, the rocks of  
Labrador.

One there, a hero young and rude, had,  
struggling, won the land,  
Trembling and chill he cast him down upon  
the wild, wet strand.  
But oh! a woman's fearful cry from out  
that seething grave  
He hears, his strength leaps up anew, a  
stranger's life to save!  
Back! back! across that raging flood he  
fights his pathway o'er,  
Such heavenly graciousness can dwell on  
dreary Labrador.

O scant their bread, and furious the march  
in Winter's host,  
To prison men in cheerless homes on that  
stern ice-bound coast!  
They give their all, those lowly ones, that  
shipwrecked men might live.  
O brothers, think how poor and pale the  
charities we give!  
Nor know they if they gave their lives in  
giving all their store;  
Such heavenly mercy warmeth those hearts  
on frozen Labrador!

—Christmas Number of Evening Telegram.

## The Miner's Story.

BY J. C. T.

THE quaintest of Dutch clocks ticks  
with solemn deliberation behind the  
door; the quaintest of straight-backed  
chairs stands in the snug chimney cor-  
ner; and on the quaintest of mantels  
towers, amidst a profusion of crockery  
ornaments, a miniature grotto, whose  
two staid inmates, Jack and Joan, are  
reputed to be infallible on the subject  
of the weather. Seated in the straight-  
backed chair is the oldest inhabitant of  
our Staffordshire mining village, and  
as he smokes his calumet of peace, a  
pet tabby sits purring at his feet in  
supreme contentment.

"An' so, sir, you want me to tell you  
how I comed to know anythin' about  
the Methodys?" said the patriarch,  
having got his pipe into full blast. I  
noddled assent with eagerness; the  
tabby turned her grey eyes full upon

him, purred in a softer key; the Dutch  
clock, even, to my fancy, seemed to  
subano its voice, and I saw the head of  
Joan in a scarlet hood peeping with  
instinctive curiosity through the grotto  
door.

Deliberately as the clock, and in a  
voice grown tremulous with age, the  
oldest inhabitant began his story. The  
words came out with the whiffs, which  
so wreathed themselves in fantastic  
clouds about his silver head, that I  
could have fancied almost I was listen-  
ing to good Haroun-al-Raschid.

"It'll be five an' forty year ago come  
Tipton wake," he said, "if memory  
serves me, since I jine' the Methodys,  
an' afore then I never knowed what th'  
inside of a chapel or a church was like.  
Ah, lad—sir, I mean," checking himself  
at the sight of my white neckerchief,  
"I wur a sad dog in them days. I  
reckon the bull-baitin's at Wedgebuy  
yonder 'ud a come on badly without me,  
an' as for the Tipton wakes, why bless  
you, sir, I wur the very life and soul  
on 'em. The Methodys were the plague  
o' my younger days, for at every wake  
time they tried to stop our sport wi'  
their psalm-singing and prayin', an' it  
often fell to my lot to put 'em down."

"And how did you do that?" I in-  
terrupted.

"In various ways," he resumed, with  
even more deliberation. "Duckin' 'em  
in the town pond by the green, peltin'  
'em wi' rotten eggs, smashin' the win-  
dows o' the meetin'-house, an' such like.  
Ah! lad—sir, I mean, I wur a sad  
dog in them days, probably the best  
soldier in the devil's regiment."

The tabby ceased purring at this con-  
fession, and Joan emerged yet further  
from the grotto.

"But what set me agin the Methodys  
more than ever, was the goin's on o' one  
of 'em who worked with me in our  
pit. He wur an old man when I wur  
in my prime. They called him Honest  
Munchin, an' I b'lieve he was one who  
defended Wesley in the Darlaston riot."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, to relieve  
the pause which followed. It was a  
longer pause than usual, and the old  
man's thoughts seemed even to forsake  
his pipe.

"Ah, I shall remember Munchin to  
my dyin' hour. He was a torment to  
me in my wickedness, but he came to  
be my spiritual father."

"How did he torment you?" I asked.

"That's just the curious point I'm  
comin' to," he answered. "You must  
know that Munchin wur a sad dog him-  
self in his young days, an' used to per-  
secute the Methodys, but a chance word  
from a sermon preached by Wesley on  
the Bullen pierced his heart, and the  
lion became a lamb. And a lamb he  
was ever after, though never shrinking  
from his duty. He was one o' the  
preachers I helped to duck in the pond  
by the green. We soused him again  
an' again, filled his mouth wi' mud, tore  
his coat from his back, an' left him in  
the street more dead than alive. An'  
yet, b'lieve me, next time we met he  
wur as gentle as ever, an' told me he  
forgave me all I'd done. That's what  
knocked me under. I could ha' stood  
a blow or a cursin' or anythin' else from  
him, but I couldn't stand that. His  
kindness heaped coals o' fire on my  
head, as the good Book says. I felt  
abashed at him after that. I couldn't  
bear to look him in his kind, honest  
face, b'lieve me. Yet I grew hardened  
in vice, and behind Munchin's back I  
jeered about him, and devised all sorts  
of mischief against him. He used to

spend a part of every dinner hour in  
private prayer. Stealing to a quiet  
corner of the mine, he would be prayin'  
while we were blurtin' oaths and ribal-  
dry. Once we agreed to go an' pounce  
upon him in his prayin' place, an' make  
sport of him. I was to be leader. So  
I went first softly on tip-toe, an' pres-  
ently I heard his voice. I stopped an'  
listened, an' b'lieve me, lad—sir, I mean,  
I heard him prayin' for me an' all the  
rest by name. I could go no further.  
That knocked me under quite, that did.  
So I turned back an' made the rest  
come with me. He was like Daniel in  
the lions' den. We was the lions, but  
b'lieve me, that prayer had left us no  
teeth or claws to devour him with, so  
to speak. When we got about half way  
back to where our dinner-cans were left,  
a dull thumping sound almost deafened  
us, an' the little glimmer o' light from  
the shaft went clean out. For a  
moment he was dumbfounded. At  
length one said, 'It's a fall o' rock  
ahead on us, lads, an' we're buried  
alive.' He was right, too. A huge  
body of rocky earth had given way,  
an' we were blocked in without any  
present means of escape. Our tools  
were, as ill-luck would have it, by our  
dinner-cans on the other side of the  
blockade. In a moment rose a wild  
yell of despair from all of us together,  
an' it rang like a death-knell through  
the workin's."

The old man was warming with his  
subject, waxed almost eloquent, and  
became so absorbed that he laid his  
pipe on the ledge in the chimney corner  
to smoke itself out, at which unusual  
proceeding tabby gazed harder than  
ever, and Joan ventured yet further  
from the grotto.

"A voice in the darkness said, 'What  
cheer, comrades!' But we only an-  
swered with another yell. It was  
Munchin's voice; and presently he  
groped his way to where we stood.  
Munchin soon found out the strait we  
was in, but he was as calm as a dove  
and as brave as a lion. 'Lads!' he  
said, 'we must work, an' trust in the  
Lord to save us.' His courage was  
wonderful, and we clung to him as our  
deliverer. 'Lads,' he said, with a voice  
as kind as a mother's, 'this is a serious  
time, an' we want all the help we can  
get. You've often heard me speak of  
One who is mighty to save. Suppose  
I ask Him to save us now!' We was  
all down on our tremblin' knees in a  
twinkl', but bless you, lad—sir, I  
mean, I felt as how Munchin might as  
well ha' prayed for the old serpent him-  
self as pray for me; but I knelt beside  
him tremblin' in every limb, and so  
did the rest, as this dear good saint of  
God lifted up his voice to heaven.  
What a prayer that was, surely! I had  
never heard a prayer o' that sort before,  
an' I have never heard one to match it  
since. He told the Lord what sad  
rebels we was (he put himself among  
the number) an' then he spoke about  
the thief upon the cross, an' the  
prodigal son, an' he made it out as plain  
as A B C, though we all was so wicked  
that hell was almost too good for us, yet  
that the Lord wouldn't cast us off if  
we'd only come to Him. I could  
hardly believe it at first, even when  
Munchin prayed it, but somehow, as  
he went on, all my sins seemed to come  
rolling up before me mountains high,  
an' I grew more asfereed o' them than I  
was o' the livin' grave we was kneelin'  
in; but Munchin went on, an' I felt  
as though that mountain o' sin was  
sinkin' me into the earth, an' I cried

ou. Lord, save me! Lord save the  
worst sinner out o' hell! an' presently"  
—here the old man grew so fairly  
excited that he got up from his chair  
and took both my hands in his—"pres-  
ently the mountain rolled away, and I  
felt so happy here, here, sir,"—thump-  
ing his breast—"as I'd never felt  
before."

The old man stopped from sheer  
exhaustion, and I led him back to his  
seat. This was the longest pause of  
all, and I saw that tears were chasing  
each other down his wrinkled face.

"When Munchin had done prayin',  
I quite forgot for a minute or two all  
the fall o' rock, but he urged us on to  
work as well as we could, without any  
tools save such stones as we could find  
by groping in the dark. Aye, it was  
weary, hopeless work, but I was so  
happy that I could a'most sing. We  
toiled at it all that night and far into  
the next day, when hunger tamed us  
down, and we could work no longer.  
Laying us down in a sort of half-stupor,  
for I know not how long, we prepared  
for the worst. With what little strength  
I had left I tried to repeat Munchin's  
prayer, and that revived me even yet.  
Presently the sound of picks an' men's  
voices gave us hope, but we was too far  
gone to speak until they fairly broke in  
upon us and carried us one by one to the  
'sump.' Then they gave us a drop o'  
brandy to revive us, an' it brought us  
all round again in time. An' now they  
were for hauling us up the shaft, at the  
top o' which they said our wives and chil-  
dren were a'most wild to see us—my  
wife and only child are both in heaven  
now; Munchin eyed me wi' a look I  
understood, and I said, 'Lads, we'll  
thank God for this deliverance.' 'The  
men who had rescued us thought me  
wondrous changed, but they said nought,  
and we all knelt down while Munchin  
prayed as beautiful as before. An' so,  
lad—sir, I mean, I've been a Methody  
ever since, and a Methody I hope to  
die."

The Dutch clock striking at this  
moment reminded me of the hour, and  
after thanking the old man for his  
story, I rose to take my leave.

"You're welcome to it all, I'm sure,"  
he said, "for it does me good to tell the  
good old story. It often makes me  
wish we'd got more Munchins now," he  
added. "An' when I hear of High  
Church parsons quarrelling about the  
cut and colour of their—of their—"

"Vestments," I suggested.  
"Aye," he continued, "I was going  
to say petticoats. When I hear this,  
I often think o' my first service in a  
cathedral o' God's own makin', down  
under ground—they'd call it Low  
Church, I reckon?"

"Very," I assented.  
"But it was both Low Church an'  
High Church to me. It was low when  
it sunk me down beneath the weight  
of sin, an' it was high when it lifted  
me up to the arms of Jesus. Aye, an'  
dark as it was, we'd no need of candles  
to find the way to heaven. No!  
blessed be God!"

Tabby was fast asleep by this time,  
and Joan had come so far from the  
grotto as to suggest the idea that she  
contemplated suicide over the mantel.

"Good-bye, lad—sir, I mean," said  
the oldest inhabitant, grasping my hand  
with much heartiness. "Good-bye, an'  
a pleasant journey homeward. There'll  
be fair weather to-night, for I ha'n't seen  
Joan so far ahead for weeks. Good-  
bye!"

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**Home & School.**

Rev. W. H. WTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1886.

**\$250,000**

FOR MISSIONS

**For the Year 1886**

Our Sunday-Schools and Missionary Work.

We beg to call the attention of all Sunday-school superintendents and friends of missions, to the plan suggested in the *Sunday School Banner*, for March, for organizing Sunday-school Missionary Societies. For the details of the plan we have not here room. We think that great benefit would accrue to our Sunday-schools by becoming more deeply interested in our missionary operations, and great advantage to the Missionary Society from the hearty sympathy and active co-operation of our schools. We observe that at the missionary meetings in England the Sunday-school children take an important and prominent part. At the great anniversary at Exeter Hall, London, five hundred Sunday-school children occupied places on the platform and by their admirable singing added greatly to the success of the meeting. We would greatly like to see something of that sort introduced in Canada. Our missionary meetings would then be invested with greater interest; young and old would then look forward to them with keener anticipation; and the attendance and success would be greatly increased.

Some of our schools are organized into a sort of Missionary Society of their own. Each class has its missionary box; to the one raising most missionary money is awarded a banner, and keen is the rivalry for the coveted honour. At the anniversary meeting the boxes are presented by the children and the money counted, and intense is the interest felt on the occasion and great the applause accompanying the presentation of the banner. Apart from the financial advantage to the Society, there is a great moral benefit to the school. The children grow up in the habit of working for the cause of God and in intelligent sympathy with

Christian missions. Could not more of our schools adopt some such method?

**"The Whole Wide World for Jesus."**

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

THE whole wide world for Jesus, this shall our watchword be,  
Upon the highest mountain, down by the widest sea.

The whole wide world for Jesus, to Him all men shall bow,  
In city or on prairie, the world for Jesus now.

*Chorus* The whole wide world,  
Proclaim the Gospel tidings through the whole wide world.

Lift up the cross of Jesus, his banner be unfurled,  
Till every tongue confess Him through the whole wide world.

The whole wide world for Jesus, inspire us with the thought,  
That every son of Adam hath by the blood been bought.

The whole wide world for Jesus, O faint not by the way!  
The cross shall surely conquer in this our glorious day.—*Cho.*

The whole wide world for Jesus, the marching order sound,  
Go ye and preach the Gospel, wherever man is found.

The whole wide world for Jesus, our banner is unfurled,  
We battle now for Jesus, and faith demands the world.—*Cho.*

The whole wide world for Jesus, in the Father's home above  
Are many wondrous mansions, mansions of light and love.

The whole wide world for Jesus, ride forth, O conquering king,  
Through all the mighty nations, the world to glory bring.—*Cho.*

DON'T FORGET THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

**AID & EXTENSION FUND COLLECTION**

—ON—

REVIEW SUNDAY, MARCH 28.

It will be remembered that the General Conference directs that this collection be taken up in all the Sunday-schools of our Church on the Review Sunday either in September or March. Some schools, it is to be feared, neglected to take it up in September. That is the best time. For then all the schools are open. In March those schools that close in winter have not yet come out of winter quarters. But we specially request that the direction of the General Conference be carried out by all those schools which may have neglected it in September. The ministers are all asked at the May District Meeting if this collection has been taken up; and, if it has not, the ministers often pay it out of their own pockets. Now, no school desires this to be the case. The ministers cannot themselves take up the collection, for few of them can be in the schools. It is the duty of the superintendent of the school to see that it is duly taken up and handed to the minister of the circuit.

*Temperance Song-Herald.* By J. C. Macy. Price 35 cents.

A book for Temperance Meetings, Lodges and the Home Circle. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. In this book new and good Temperance words to "Home Again," "Red, White and Blue," "Glory, Hallelujah," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and other favourite melodies, constitute a marked



CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW.

feature. There are also pathetic songs, rallying songs, battle and victory songs, some good temperance glees, and music adapted to the various rites of Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

**Prayers in the Toronto City Council.**

THE new regime in civic government was fittingly inaugurated recently by public prayer in the City Council chamber. This new departure was suggested by Mayor Howland, and was approved by a majority of the aldermen. The Mayor's suggestion was a good one, and will bear appropriate fruit. Some years ago Mr. John Macdonald, the well-known wholesale merchant, while representing Centre Toronto in the House of Commons, proposed to have the sittings of that body opened with prayer. The then

Prime Minister, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, cordially approved of the suggestion, and prayers have ever since been publicly offered up by the Speaker immediately after taking the chair. The example thus set was followed by the Ontario Legislative Assembly, and if devotional exercises are not unbecoming these important bodies, they cannot be out of place in our City Council. I have no doubt that part of the credit for the improved tone of our Parliaments should be assigned to the devotional exercises, which have a chastening and sobering effect. It is to be hoped that the tendency of the City Council to resolve itself into a "bear garden" will be permanently checked by the installation of a Mayor who, notwithstanding his marked force of character, thus publicly avows his dependence on a strength higher than his own.—*Canada Citizen.*



WINTER STREET SCENE, MOSCOW.



CHURCH OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW.

## Our Methodist Tree.

BY THE EDITOR.

LIKE one who stands beneath a giant oak,  
That stretches forth its branches far and  
wide,  
Extending its dense shade on every side,  
Unscathed by tempest or fierce thunder-  
stroke;  
So stand we here to-day, beneath a tree  
Of God's own planting in this favoured land,  
Which He has guarded with His mighty  
hand,  
Till now it rises strong and fair to see.

A hundred years have shed their wintry  
snows  
And summer showers around its spreading  
roots,  
And still, by grace of God, it spreads and  
grows,  
And still brings forth its rich and golden  
fruits;  
God grant its blessed fruit may still in-  
crease,—  
Beneath its shadow may there still be peace.

As from an acorn small that forest tree  
Peered first, a feeble germ, above the  
ground,  
While chill rains fell and skies inclement  
frowned,  
Yet flourished still upon the emerald lea;  
So, from a weak and small beginning grew  
This tall and stately tree, that shaketh  
now

Like Lebanon, and weareth on its brow  
Its leafy honours, fed by sun and dew.  
Fierce storms of wrathful hate assailed its  
youth,  
Like surging tumult of the battle strife,  
Yet still it rose, invincible as truth;  
They could not crush its heaven-imparted  
life,  
Which flourishes in sturdy strength to-day—  
God grant our tree may never know decay.

I WILL never allow strong drink to  
be my master, and am resolved never  
to taste it.

## The Schoolmaster's Retrospect.

BY A. S. WHITE, B. A., LL. B.

THROUGHOUT the long, bright sum-  
mer afternoon, through the open  
windows of the old school-house on the  
hillside, had come the droning hum of  
children at their lessons. And now,  
bursting from the door with play-  
ful scuffle and merry shout, pour forth  
the noisy throng, released for the day  
and joyous of their freedom. Within  
the deserted room the old schoolmaster,  
left alone, sits at his desk. He is  
evidently weary. His pale, thoughtful  
face, old and worn, but kindly, bears  
stamped upon it the gentle dignity of  
patience. He leans back in his chair, and,  
with tired, absent look, gazes through  
the open window down upon the valley  
below, where nestles the quiet hamlet  
with its dusty high street taking its  
way past the general stores, the two  
smithies, the village inn, and, further  
on, the spire-crowned village church, and  
then going side by side with the braw-  
ling brook until, in the distance, they  
disappear together around a spur of the  
mountain.

At this bend, as he looks, there  
comes in sight a man trudging wearily  
with a bundle slung to a stick over his  
shoulder. With a momentary interest  
he observes this man, then audibly  
sighing lapses into a yet deeper reverie.  
His thoughts go back over half a  
century. He sees a pleasant sitting  
room. A lady, sweet and gentle of  
face, seated at a table by the shaded  
light of a lamp, sewing. A sea-coal fire  
blazing in the open grate, on the  
hearthrug stretched at length upon his

face, with his elbows on the floor and  
his chin upon his hands, lies a child  
poring over a large illustrated volume.  
Presently the lady rests her work upon  
her lap and gazes at the boy with a  
look half of yearning, half of pride and  
all of love—such a look as is never  
seen save on a mother's face. The  
child growing conscious of her gaze  
rises, goes to her, throws his arms  
about her neck and himself backward  
across her lap, so that he may the better  
look up into her face and receive the  
kiss she stoops to give.

Then he speaks: "Ma, when I grow  
big and become a man I am going to  
be a soldier and wear a scarlet coat  
and a sword, and be a great general, and  
fight and kill the enemy—won't you  
like that?"

"What? my child," answered she,  
"will you fight and kill men who  
were once little boys like you are now,  
and who might have little boys and  
girls at home to love him as you do  
me?"

The child's countenance fell. "Then,  
wouldn't you like me to be a brave  
soldier and win battles, and be a great  
hero, ma?"

"Yes, my boy, very much. I want  
you to be a very brave soldier and a  
very great hero and to fight, and to  
win many victories, but in battles not  
fought with swords. There is a nobler  
warfare—a loftier heroism—than that;  
when the struggle is with great and  
wicked and powerful enemies. There  
is that great enemy 'strong drink,' who  
every year captures so many prisoners  
and so often cruelly tortures and slays  
them. There are those other wicked  
enemies of mankind, sin and his great  
ally ignorance, with want and sickness  
their camp followers. These are very  
active and powerful enemies, and the  
conflict with them calls for a harder  
fight and nobler heroism than battles  
fought out under the excitement of  
martial music and the booming of  
cannon. It is a fight to save men, not  
to kill them. Paul was a hero in this  
army, and Christ is its great General.  
There are many brave men fighting in  
its ranks. There is no military display,  
no flags flying, no swords glittering—  
only hard, heroic war. But to every  
soldier when the battle is over and the  
victory achieved there will come a day  
when he will march in triumphal entry  
through the gates unto that City bright  
and beautiful beyond all imagining,  
where all is happiness and peace; and  
where radiant hosts will welcome him  
with loud hosannahs and swelling

music, compared with which the  
sweetest earthly strains seem but harsh  
discord. That is the army in which I  
would have you a soldier, my boy."

The child was thoughtful a few  
moments, then he asked: "Mother,  
was father a soldier in that army, and  
did he fight and win and go home to  
that City?"

"Yes, my boy."

"And will you go there to be with  
him?"

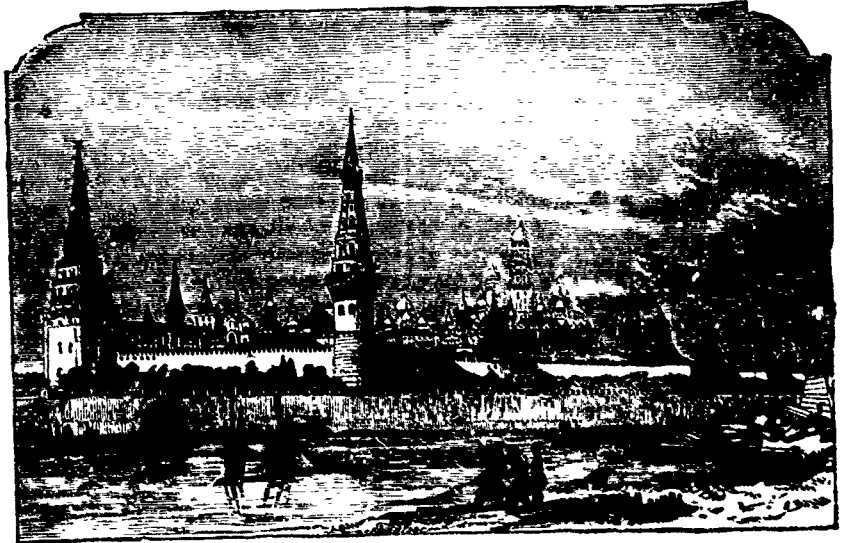
"Some day."

"Then," said the child resolutely,  
"I will be a soldier in that army, and  
you and father will be there to help  
welcome me when I have won the  
battle and enter the City."

Two hours later the little form slept  
soundly in its cot. As the mother,  
standing beside it, stooped to kiss the  
flushed face there was moisture in her  
eyes and she murmured, "God grant  
he may win the fight."

Then, as in a panorama, this picture  
passed, and the old schoolmaster saw  
another. It was commencement day.  
The work of the college year was ended.  
The great hall from floor to gallery and  
in every aisle was crowded with a  
brilliant assemblage. Ladies were there  
in elaborate toilettes, planned weeks  
beforehand. The broad deep platform,  
save an open space in its centre, was  
filled with distinguished and represen-  
tative men. There also were the grave  
professors in their flowing robes. The  
degrees had been conferred, and the  
prizes awarded. As the schoolmaster  
looked, a young man in an under-  
graduate's gown threaded his way over  
the crowded platform to its centre. At  
his appearance there swept over the  
vast audience a storm of applause like  
the burst of a whirlwind, which subsided  
into perfect calm as he lifted his hand  
and commenced to speak. He spoke  
in Latin. It was the valedictory of his  
class. Though there were many in the  
audience who did not fully comprehend  
the address, yet the old schoolmaster,  
listening to their clear distinct accents,  
caught and understood every word and  
the whole beauty and pathos of the  
farewell of the speaker and his class-  
mates to their *alma mater*, and with  
almost breathless interest he hung upon  
every accent of the orator until, with  
outstretched hand and tremulous voice,  
he spoke the closing words of the  
eloquent peroration, "*Salvati, salvati*,"  
and retired.

Then the old man heard the tempest  
of applause again sweep over the  
assembly, and then even as he listened  
the scene shifted. It was the evening



THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

of the same day. The large dining hall was brilliantly lighted. All the college students and many invited guests were there. It was a dinner of honour of the young man, the leader of his class. The schoolmaster heard the toast of the evening proposed, and the wild enthusiasm and clinking of glasses with which it was received. He saw the young man thus honoured, moisten his lips with a sip of wine from the glass before him, and, rising in his place at the right of the chairman, commence to speak. But the first words were scarce uttered when again, in an instant, the scene changed.

He saw a room half darkened to exclude the brightness of the afternoon sunshine that was without. On a bed within the room lay a woman on whose face death had evidently laid His strong hand. Though the countenance was pale and worn with illness, yet it was still unchanged in the maternal gentleness which had softened and beautified it, when the mother, standing by the cot of her sleeping boy, stooped and kissed him. It was even radiant and more softened and beautiful in the strange faint light that shone on it, and to the old schoolmaster seemed to fall upon it from another world. At her bedside knelt her son, older by three years than when he stood upon the college platform and pronounced the valedictory. His head was bowed over the cold hand he held in both his own, and between the bursting sobs that shook him, he cried:

"Mother, oh mother, I can not let you go."

"My boy," came faintly and with effort from her lips, "it will only be for a little while. Remember, I am going to that City, and when you have fought the fight and the battle is won your father and I will be there to welcome you as you come for the victor's crown."

He felt a movement and a faint pressure of her hand. He lifted up his head. She was gazing heavenward, her hand, resting on her breast, pointed to where she gazed. The strange light in her face brightened into a kind of glory. She whispered, "There!" Then slowly the light faded. There was one loud, agonizing cry of "Mother!" But she heard it not. She had entered the City.

Again the scene changed. There was a court-room crowded to its utmost. In the dock sat a man on trial for his life. The evidence was all in. The counsel for the prisoner was concluding his address to the jury. He was the same man whom the old schoolmaster had seen in all the scenes that had passed before him—still young, though three years had passed since he knelt by the bedside of his dying mother. He spoke, and as his voice, full and rich as some cathedral organ touched by a master hand, now swelled into eloquent denunciation of some perjured witness, the hearts of his hearers quickened and their eyes flashed in responsive sympathy; and again as it sank almost to a whisper, yet so distinct and tremulously clear that it thrilled to every corner of that vast room through silence broken only by sobs, strong men, moved by the power and pathos of his appeal, wept like children. But, even as the old man looked, the scene moved.

It was the evening after the trial. The barristers attending the court were seated at dinner. At the table head sat the judge. Addressing the counsel

for the prisoner he congratulated him warmly on his defence, and added: "You must be fatigued with such an effort. This is very superior brandy I have here in this decanter. Will you take a glass with me?" And the schoolmaster saw the young man bow his thanks and fill and drain his glass. But immediately again the scene shifted.

A room cosily furnished and with all the taste and beauty which naught can give save the touch of a woman's hand. On a low rocking chair by a table, near a shaded drop-light, sat a young wife reading aloud in low sweet voice to him who, on the other side of the table reclining in an easy chair, sat listening. Presently he interrupted her.

"Vera, is there any of that brandy left?" She lowered the book, looked at him an instant, then rising went to him, seated herself on his knee, rested her hand upon his shoulder, and with the other upon his forehead, bent back his head and kissed him. Then persuasively she spoke:

"My boy, you don't want any I know, now do you?"

"I am afraid, little girl," answered he, "I must plead guilty. I suppose it is because of the long steady strain of the past two days' work, but I feel exhausted and think a glass of brandy would refresh me."

A look of trouble shaded her face a moment. Then, linking her arm in his, she said "Come, till I show you something."

Lifting him with gentle force, she led him into the adjoining room to the side of a little cot where, with chubby hand thrown over the coverlid, a little child lay in the sweet balmy slumber of infancy.

They both watched the little form lovingly some moments, then she whispered,

"Harry, if you have no fear for yourself, are you not afraid for him?"

He started and stepped back. "What! little girl, you don't think—you surely can't mean—Why, Vera, do you think I shall ever become a slave to wine—a drunkard!"

"No one ever thought he would become such," she answered. "But there," as she saw the look of pain in his face, and threw her arms about his neck so that her head lay on his shoulder, "do not be grieved. But I have been so much in fear, and am afraid now. I cannot help it. It is so dreadfully dangerous a thing to touch."

Moodily he stood a moment, then rousing himself he said, "Well, little one, we won't have the brandy, then. I'll take this instead;" and, bending down, he kissed her.

Again the scene moved on. In the same room, late in the evening, alone, heedless of the open book lying in her lap, sat the same young wife. Her sweet face was a shade paler than it was, and an anxious look rested over it. Presently she catches a sound. She listens intently. It is a step coming up the gravelled walk. In an instant she is at the open door. The old schoolmaster, watching, sees a man enter. It is the same familiar face, but it is flushed with the excitement of wine. He sees the anxious look in the wife's face settle into one of pain. Then the picture moved onward a little, and the old man seen, by a strange power, though in the darkness of the night, a woman's tears gently falling on a pillow; and then a slender figure rise, and, kneeling by the bedside, pray

in whispers long and with an earnestness almost convulsive, while in the still night watches no other sound is heard save the deep stertorous breathing that marks the sleep of one under the influence of wine.

Then this picture, too, faded; and after it in quick procession scene after scene, extending over two years' time, passed in review before the old man. Present in them all was the same familiar face, but not one in them all did he see that face again flushed with wine. He saw the sweet gentleness of the young wife's face again unclouded.

Then came one picture that lingered longer than the rest. Grouped in a large room were a number of men. There had that day been a grand political dinner. Enthusiasm had run high. Speeches had been made, toasts drunk and wine flowed freely. Scarce one man in that group but had more or less deeply drunken of it. Then the old man saw among the group that one face he had seen throughout flushed and excited as on that night two years before. Scarce had he beheld when an angry word was spoken, and the face flushed the deeper crimson of wine and passion combined. Then he saw a force and sudden blow and a man fall, in his descent striking his head on the arm of a chair. He saw the bystanders raise the fallen man all limp and unconscious. He saw a surgeon hastily summoned, having made his examination, shake his head ominously. And he saw the assailant with face now no longer flushed but sobered and blanched, and he heard his almost wailing cry, "My God! have I killed him."

Then this picture vanished and in its place the old man again looked upon a crowded court-room. In the dock with bowed head and haggard face sat the man whom he had heard pleading for the life of another, now himself on trial for taking the life of a fellow-man. There was stillness, followed by a sudden movement in the crowd, the jury-men entering with their verdict. They fled into their box. The crier commanded "Silence!"

The clerk asked, "Gentlemen, are you agreed upon your verdict, and who shall speak for you?"

The foreman rose and spoke, "Guilty, with strong recommendation to mercy." Scarcely were the words pronounced when the scene again vanished.

Then, as before, the events of two other years passed in quick moving panorama before the eyes of the old man. In all he saw the same familiar face confined in a prison cell. Every fortnight, the limit allowed by the prison rules, there appeared there the sweet and gentle face of the young wife; ever, while in the cell, cheerful and bright and full of love; and ever, on leaving it, sorrowing and in tears. Then he saw one scene that stood out more vividly than others of that time. All day long, with scarce an interval of rest, the prisoner had paced his cell. Two days had passed since, in the usual course, he should have seen the face dearest to him of all things on earth. At evening, two letters were handed him. One, in the hand he knew so well, he tore open with nervous yet ravenous impetuosity. Its date was two days old. As he read, a strange sense of suffocation and sinking at his heart came over him. The words were few.

"Dearest Harry,—Our boy is ill—

very ill. When he is better I will come to you.—VERA."

Then, nerving himself to the effort, he tore open the other letter. It too was brief and almost brutal in its bluntness.

"Your son died yesterday of fever. Your wife is very ill with the same disease. She is delirious, and the doctor gives no hope. She calls for you incessantly."

With a cry, the man sprang to his feet. "My God! must I be caged here, and—?" The utterance ended in a groan, and he dropped down on the bedside and sobbed in all the fearful agony of a strong man whose heart was breaking.

Then the old man saw come forth, three weeks later, from the prison door a man so aged by grief—so broken and haggard—so desperately wild—so reckless—so crazed by sorrow, that it would have been but common charity to have restrained him there till he had recovered enough of calmness and reason to make it safe to leave him with himself. Then the picture faded.

Five years went by as time speeds in a dream, and the old man saw another picture, fearful in its vividness. It was past midnight. In the ill kept, dingy sitting-room of a low country inn, before an open fireplace in which smouldered a few embers, had sat for hours scarce moving, with his chin upon his hand and his elbow on his knee, a man with the battered, dissipated and wretched look characteristic of the common drunkard. He was alone. In the faint flashes of the firelight the old man could distinguish the features of the face, and though bloated and disfigured until they were but the wreck of what they once had been, there were still visible the traces and lines which marked those of the child that had twined his arms about his mother's neck in that pleasant sitting-room long before.

Presently the man rose, went to the door of the room, and softly closed it. Then he took down from where it hung on brackets on the wall a musket. He examined it carefully to assure himself it was loaded. Then he cocked it, rested the stock upon the floor, placed the muzzle against his forehead, and pressed his foot against the trigger. With a sharp click the hammer fell—but that was all. Impatiently he raised the weapon to again cock it, when he noticed the cap had fallen off. He stooped to search for it in the dim light, and as he did so a little book fell from the pocket of his coat upon the floor. He started, picked it up—open as it fell,—and his eye caught the words written on its fly-leaf. He gazed at them a moment, then, replacing the book in his pocket, fell again into the chair by the fire, and sat there long in his former brooding attitude. At length he slowly rose, replaced the gun on its brackets, and, taking his hat, stole quietly out into the night and walked rapidly away.

Again the scene changed. It was a beautiful Sabbath evening, in all the mellowed softness of a country mid-summer. A shabbily-dressed man, with look and mien hopeless, weary and broken, pushed open the gate before the quiet church on the outskirts of the village. He walked straight to where, secluded and half hidden by the surrounding foliage and white memorial stones, three graves lay side by side. Casting himself down by these, he threw his arms over the

ground nearest him and sobbed—"Oh, mother! Vera!—this, your hero!" Then, motionless almost as one dead, he long lay utterly broken and prostrate. Presently came the villagers, singly and in groups, wending their way to the evening service, and, all unconscious of the prostrate form so near them, entered the gate and passed on into the church. A little while, and the music of the organ and choir swelled and floated out through the open window upon the quiet air, and then died away into silence, and in the hush that followed rose the voice of one reading.

The deep and earnest cadence of the speaker's voice had something familiar in it that caught the ear of the prostrate man, until, scarce consciously, he roused himself enough to listen.

With something even of interest that grow as he listened, he heard again the story of how the Master in the Temple stooped and wrote with His finger in the dust, while the clamorous Pharisees—a weeping woman in their midst—crowded about Him, and seeking to entrap Him, asked what they should do with her, whom the law, for her crime, declared worthy of death. And he heard the answer come, when at length, looking up with a calm and penetrating glance that swept the circle and searched each heart, the Master spoke: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." And when at length the accusers, conscience-stricken and abashed, one by one had slunk away, he heard the gentle words addressed to the erring woman, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Then the reading ceased, and the other portions of the evening's service succeeded. But the prostrate man was oblivious of all save those words of the Master—"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." With distinctness he heard them uttered, as though spoken to him from the air above, and from the graves beside him seemed to come the whisper, "Sin no more."

Long hours after, when the worshippers in the church had dispersed to their homes, and were unconsciously sleeping, a man penitent and broken-hearted, kneeled in the churchyard by those three graves and prayed, long, pleadingly, earnestly, while only the stars looked down, and that pitying God who mercifully judgeth the repentant sinner and with infinite tenderness bindeth up the broken heart.

Then once more the scene changed. Around the same bend in the road, down which had trudged the traveller with the bundle slung to a stick, the old schoolmaster in his vision saw, walking wearily, the same man who had been present in all the visions that had passed in review before him. For a whole fortnight, by day and by night, by rail, by stage, on foot, without a stop, ever westward from that spot where those three graves lay in the quiet churchyard, had he travelled to where, then almost on the frontier of western civilization, lay the secluded village. He saw the stranger approach and enter the inn. Then, in quickly shifting panorama, the scene of over twenty years passed before him. He saw the man, his system unstrung and broken by the want of its accustomed stimulant, tossing in the delirium of fever. He saw him slowly recovering. He saw him an attentive listener at church. He saw him working in the Sabbath school. He saw him at the door of the gin-shop rescuing the drunkard from

the very mouth of the pit that yawned to engulf him, and afterward with gentle hand helping to unbind the chains which strong drink had forged. He saw him organizing and leading the crusade which finally drove from the village every rum-shop which had polluted it. He saw him ministering at the bedside of the sick and comforting the dying. He saw him alone in his room kneeling in earnest prayer. He saw him a guide to the young, a counsellor to the old. He saw him enshrined in the hearts and the love of all. He saw him ever earnest, ever zealous, ever striving in the cause of the Master. He saw him for years a faithful teacher in the village school. And, as the vision passed and came nearer, the old man, even as he gazed, felt himself to merge into and become identical with the man whom he had seen, and to step into and become a part of the scenes that had passed before him.

Then again, with the swift transition of a dream, came back the picture of the child by his mother's knee, in that pleasant sitting-room, long years ago; and then of the bed in that darkened room, with the face upon it lightened with a kind of glory, and the hand pointing heavenward.

With a bursting cry—half spoken, half whispered—the old man buried his face in his arms upon the desk before him and wept.

The sun, sinking behind the western hills, shot through the open windows a parting golden beam, that for a little rested upon the bowed head like a halo of glory, and then faded.

The twilight came and deepened into night, but the old man still sat motionless in the same attitude. The moon rose, and her pale beams stealing in among the shadows crept to where he sat. But he noted it not. He had won the fight. He had entered the City.

Even as the parting sunbeam crowned his head with its dying glory, then had been placed upon his brow, mid the acclaim of angels, the crown that fadeth not away, laid up for him who ever cometh.

SUSSEX, N.B.

"Mother, I'm Coming."

BY JOHN FOWKS.

[These were the last words of a dear child, in Birmingham, Eng., whose affectionate mother died about two years before.]

"ENTER softly," a sister said,  
"For she is dying."  
Gently I approached the bed,  
As friends were sighing.  
I looked upon the lovely face,  
And could in every feature trace  
The workings of the Saviour's grace,  
Grim death defying.

Her frame was weak, her voice was low,  
And death was near;  
And yet this lov'd one seemed as tho'  
A friend was there:  
She mov'd as if she wished to fly,  
Her face illumined with sacred joy;  
We heard her spirit's gentle sigh,  
"Mother, I'm coming."

"I come to you, my dearest mother,  
O give me wings!  
And take me to my angel brother,  
Where cherub sings."  
We dwell on the last words she said,  
And though we've laid her little head  
Among the silent and the dead,  
Her voice still rings.

Though severed we may meet above,  
Mid angels bright,  
And sing in bliss with those we love  
Who've won the fight.

Christ praise shall then our powers employ  
In that eternal world of joy,  
Where none can e'er our bliss annoy  
In realms of light.

AVONMORE, ONT.

The Land of Beulah.

A LITTLE while, O beautiful land,  
O beautiful land of Beulah!  
A little while on thy lovely strand  
My weary feet shall resting stand;  
A little while in thy meadows fair  
I shall wander, untouched by fear or care,  
O beautiful land of Beulah!

The trodden ways of earth are rough-hilled,  
O beautiful land of Beulah!  
But here the air with sweet peace is filled,  
The noise and strife of the earth are stilled;  
The heart sings softly a pleasant song,  
From its fulness of joy thy vales among,  
O beautiful land of Beulah!

Through golden mists at the hour of even,  
O beautiful land of Beulah!  
I see before me the hills of heaven;  
For gleams of glory and light are given  
To those who dwell on thy border land,  
And thy visions and voices understand,  
O beautiful land of Beulah!

A little while the King of the land,  
O beautiful land of Beulah!  
Will send a herald from out the band  
Of shining ones that around Him stand,  
To hear the token that calls my soul  
Where thy bordering waters deeper roll,  
O beautiful land of Beulah!

The golden bowl will break at the spring,  
O beautiful land of Beulah!  
Before the message of my King,  
The bells of heaven will sweetly ring,  
Its host come down to the river's brink,  
In the flowing waters I shall not sink,  
O beautiful land of Beulah!

—Selected.

The Curse of a Woman.

"If you want to hear a strange story," said a gentleman to a reporter of the *Alta* the other day, in Golden Gate Park, "engage that gray-haired man in conversation and get him to tell you his history. It will repay you for your time;" and he indicated a prematurely aged man with a sad face, in the sun on one of the benches of the park. The reporter needed no second invitation, and was soon seated by the man with the strange history.

"I am told," said the seeker after facts, "that you have a life story, strange in the extreme, and that you are not averse to relating it."

The eyes of the man were turned on the speaker a moment, and folding his white hands in his lap, he said:

"Yes, it is a strange story; I am a murderer and a reformed gambler; but you need not shrink so from me, for the murder was not intentional. Ten years ago I owned the largest and most popular gambling parlors in the city of Chicago, and on Saturday nights I delt out my faro-game, in which business, of course, I made a great deal of money. Many unpleasant incidents grew out of my business, but I always excused it on the ground that men did not have to play games any more than they were obliged to drink poison. I finally got to noticing and expecting one man in particular, who always came when it was my night to deal. At first he played boldly, and, as a consequence, lost heavily; but as he grew more familiar with the game he played carefully, and acted as though life depended on his winning, which, in fact, was the case, as afterward proved. I got acquainted with him, addressing him as Brown, but knowing that was not his true name.

"I think he followed the game for months, winning a little sometimes, but generally losing heavily. At last he came one night, and I saw by his flushed face that he had been drinking, although

he looked apparently cool. He sat down to the table, drew out a small roll of money, and laying it down before him said:

"There is in that pile my fortune, my honor and my life. I either win or lose all this night. Begin your game; I am ready."

"Others joined in at first and played for a while, but finally withdrew from the game and watched the strange man at my right. He played to win, but fate was against him, for he lost, won and lost again, and finally, after two hours of playing, evidently in the most fearful suspense, he lost his last dollar. Leaning back in his chair with compressed lips, and face blanched to a deadly whiteness, he looked me in the eye a moment, and rising, said:

"My money, honor, and happiness, have gone over that table, never to return. I said my life would go with them, and so it shall. Tell my wife I had gone too far to return.' Before we could prevent it he put a derringer to his breast and shot himself through the heart, falling upon the table that had been his ruin and death.

"His wife came, awful in the majesty of her grief, and after satisfying herself that her husband was dead, she asked: 'Where is the keeper of this dreadful place?' I was pointed out, and striding up to me, so that her finger almost touched my face, she exclaimed in tones that are ringing in my ears yet: "Oh, you soulless wretch, with heart of stone! You have lured my husband from me, sent him to perdition, widowed me, and orphaned my children. You are his murderer, and may God's curse rest upon you eternally!' And with a wild scream, 'Oh my husband! my children!' she fell fainting on the lifeless body of her husband.

"I lingered for weeks in a brain fever, that curse seeming always to be the burden of my mind. On my recovery I burned the fixtures of my den, and closed the place, and have devoted most of my time to travel, with the hope of escaping that woman's just curse, but I can't. I believe it is on me forever, and I feel that I was the man's murderer. I am rich, and my first attempt was to get the dead man's wife to accept an annuity from me, but she refused all aid, and tried to support herself by her own labor. I relieved my mind to some extent, however, by settling a certain sum on her and her children, which passes through her father's hands, and ostensibly comes directly from him. Her children are receiving a fine education by this means, and my will, safely locked in her father's office, bequeathes to her and her children my entire wealth, some \$100,000." "My life," he continued, "is devoted largely to visiting gambling dens, where I meet young men who are on the highway to hell, and warn them of their danger. Thanks be to God, I have succeeded in many cases in saving them; and now, young man, remember this story and let it always stand up as a white spectre between you and the gambling table. See to it that the poison does not enter your veins;" and he pulled his hat over his moistened eyes and strode silently away.—Selected.

No; we do not intend to give up the cities to drunkenness. Where the devil masses his forces the friends of God and humanity will do the same; and as God is stronger than Satan they will win the fight.



## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

424-406.] LESSON XII. [March 21.

## MESSIAH'S MESSENGERS.

Mal. 3. 1-6. L. 1-6. *Comment to mem. v. 1. 1-3.*

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me.—Mal. 3. 1.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Saviour has come as the rising of the sun to bless and purify his people, and to destroy sin from the world.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Mal. 1. 1-14. T. Mal. 2. 1-17. W. Mal. 3. 1-18. Th. Mal. 4. 1-6. F. Isa. 40. 1-11. Sa. Isa. 60. 1-22. Su. Isa. 61. 1-11.

TIME.—Probably 424-408. At the same time with Nehemiah's second visit to Jerusalem (Neh. 13. 6).

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.—Darius II. (Nothus), Persian emperor, B.C. 423-404. Nehemiah, governor of the Jews. Socrates, teaching at Athens, with Plato for his pupil. Herodotus nearly through his travels, 484-400. Xenophon (444-354) leads the retreat of the 10,000 (400).

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—Malachi corresponds with the last chapter of Nehemiah.

MALACHI.—Means "Messenger of Jehovah." He was the last of the prophets. He was a Jew, contemporary with Nehemiah in his second visit to Jerusalem, lived between 444 and 400 B.C. Of his personal history nothing is known.

THE BOOK OF MALACHI.—Consists of the words of Malachi himself, aiding Nehemiah in his reforms, and encouraging the people with a vision of the future. Date of writing, about B.C. 400, at Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—Half a century after the story of Esther, we turn again to the reformation under Nehemiah (Lec. 9, 10) in Jerusalem. After remaining there for 12 years he went back to Persia. How long he staid we do not know, but several years, and then he returned to Jerusalem. At this time Malachi appears and aids him in his reformation. What needed to be done can be seen from Nehemiah, chap. 13, and Malachi, chaps. 1-3.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. I.—God. My messenger—John the Baptist (Luke 7. 27). Before me—God in the person of his Messiah, Jesus Christ. Whom ye seek—They were looking for a deliverer and a king to bring the times promised by Isaiah (chaps. 60-63). Messenger of the covenant—The one covenanted or promised (Gen. 22. 15-18; Isa. 52. 13-15; chaps. 53, 60-63), and the one who would make a new and better covenant between them and God (Heb. 8. 6-13). 2. But who may abide—He will be very different from their expectations. A refiner's fire—Their trials were to purify. And Christ by his character and life and demand for faith would separate the good from the bad. Fullers—One who cleans or scours cloth. Soap—Lye. Our soap was not then known. 3. Sit as a refiner—The refiner sits that he may watch carefully the process of refining, and not heat the metal too hot or too long. 6. For I change not—I will keep the promises I have made, and adhere to my plan of making you the people of God. Therefore I refine, not destroy, by the troubles I send upon you. 1. The day cometh—This refers first to the troubles that come upon the Jews, especially the destruction of Jerusalem, and this is a type of the punishment of all sinners. 2. Sun of righteousness—Being to God's people what the sun is to the world,—a bringer of light, life, comfort, power, fruit. Wings—Rays. As calves of the stall—They should go out from their troublous times as joyfully as a calf shut up in the stall bounds and frieks when let out into the field. 5. Elijah—See Matt. 11. 14; Mark 9. 11, 12.

SUMMARY FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Malachi.—His connection with Nehemiah.—The evils that needed to be reformed.—"My messenger."—"The messenger of the covenant."—Refiner's fire.—Fullers' soap.—Christ as a witness against wrong.—The day that shall burn as an oven.—Christ as the sun of righteousness.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How many years after Esther was Malachi? Who was Malachi?

When did he live? When did he prophesy? What great man's reforms did he aid? Where in the Bible history does his prophecy belong?

## SUBJECT: THE COMING OF THE SAVIOUR.

I. THE NEED OF A SAVIOUR.—How long did Nehemiah remain at Jerusalem? When did he go back to Persia? (Neh. 13. 6.) Did he return to Jerusalem? (Neh. 13. 7.) What evils did he find prevalent there? (Neh. 13. 4, 5, 7, 10, 15, 16, 23, 28, 29.) What ones are mentioned by Malachi? (Chaps. 1. 6-8, 13; 2. 8, 11, 17; 3. 8, 15.)

II. PREPARATION FOR THE SAVIOUR (v. 1, and chap. 4. 5, 6).—What is meant by "my messenger?" (Luke 7. 27.) What is he called in v. 5? (See Matt. 11. 14; Mark 9. 11, 12.) What is meant by preparing the way? (Isa. 40. 3-5.) Before whom?

III. THE COMING OF THE SAVIOUR (v. 1).—Who is meant by the messenger of the covenant, and why? How did Christ come? Where? Why were the Jews seeking him? (Isa. 40. 5-11; 60. 1-22; 61. 1-11.)

IV. THE MISSION OF THE SAVIOUR (vs. 2-6 and 1-4).—In what respect was Christ like a refiner's fire? Like fullers' soap? Why does the refiner sit at his work? What would be the result? (v. 4.) What would Christ be to sinners? Is his religion opposed to every sin? What day is referred to "that should burn as an oven?" In what respect is Christ like the sun? Meaning of last clause in v. 2? How does Christ cause men to keep the commandments of Moses?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The world is full of sins, and needs the Saviour.
2. Conviction of sin and the fear of punishment lead men to Christ.
3. Christ coming purifies the good and casts out the evil.
4. Christ condemns and bears witness against all sins.
5. He is to his people what the sun is to the world,—the giver of light, warmth, comfort, life, and power.
6. Those who believe in Christ keep the law from love of right.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

15. Who was Malachi? **ANS.** The last of the prophets, in the time of Nehemiah. 16. What did he foretell? **ANS.** The coming of the Messiah, Jesus the Son of God. 17. What would he be like? **ANS.** A refiner and purifier of silver. 18. What would he oppose? **ANS.** All sins and crimes. 19. What would he be to his people? **ANS.** The Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings.

## LESSON XIII.

## REVIEW AND EASTER LESSON.

## REVIEW.

(Scripture lesson.—Ps. 107. 1-21.)

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men.—Ps. 107. 8, 8.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

God guides and controls the affairs of men for the upbuilding of his kingdom on earth.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 22. 1-13. T. Jer. 9. 1-16; 35. 12-19. W. Dan. 1. 8-21; 3. 16-28. Th. Dan. 5. 1-28. F. Ezra 1. 1-4; 3. 8-13. Sa. Neh. 1. 1-11; 8. 1-12. Su. Mal. 3. 1-6; 4. 1-6.

## QUESTIONS.

I. Over how much time do the lessons of this quarter extend?

II. Name the ten most important events which occurred during these two and one-half centuries.

III. In what lands did these events take place? What changes were made during this time in the kingdoms of the world? Point out the places on the map.

IV. Name the most prominent persons whose acts are recorded in these lessons. The kings. The prophets. The other men of prominence.

SUBJECT: GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL DEALINGS WITH HIS PEOPLE.

I. THE SAD CONDITION OF THE JEWS. (Lec. 1, 2, 3, 4).—What was the chief sin of

the Jews? Of what other sins were they guilty? Did the people grow better or worse? Had many things been done to make them better? Why were they so wedded to sin and idolatry?

II. THE REFINING AS SILVER IS REFINED (Lec. 6, 7, 10, 11).—What did we learn in our last lesson about refining silver? How does God purify the hearts of men? Name some of the things God did to the Jews to purify them from sin? What great revival of religion? What two lessons show an increased interest in the study of God's word? What warning did they have in the fate of the kingdom of Israel? What warnings from prophets? What good men set them a noble example? What punishment did God inflict upon them? When was their city and temple destroyed? How many times were they made captive? To what lands were they taken? How long did the captivity last? What new trouble came upon them in Esther's time?

III. THE DAWNING OF A BRIGHTER DAY (Lec. 5-12).—What change did the captivity work in their characters? Name some of the good men who showed the power of true religion. What times came of new interest in the study of God's word? What revivals of religion are recorded? When were they allowed to return from their captivity? How many returned? When was the temple rebuilt? What two great reformers came? What prophets aided? By whom were the walls of Jerusalem rebuilt?

IV. APPLICATIONS.—What does this history teach about God's dealings with us? What does God want us to be? Name as many as you can of the ways in which God is seeking to make you good and fit for heaven.

## EASTER LESSON.

What is the meaning of *Easter*? What does the day celebrate? When does it occur?

SUBJECT: SCRIPTURE WORDS ABOUT THE RESURRECTION.

When and where did Christ die? How long was he in the tomb? (1 Cor. 15. 4.) When did he rise again? (Matt. 28. 1; John 20. 1.) How many times did Christ appear to his disciples? For how many days? (Acts 1. 3.) To how many persons did he appear? (1 Cor. 15. 4-9.) Was there sufficient proof that Jesus really rose again from the dead? What was his last act in his earthly body? (Acts 1. 6-11.) Where is he now? (Mark 16. 19; Rev. 1. 12-16.) What is he now doing? (Heb. 7. 25; Matt. 28. 20.)

What did Paul say he was seeking? (Phil. 3. 11.) What did Jesus promise his disciples? (John 5. 28; 6. 40; 11. 23, 24.) What proof of the resurrection did he give? (Luke 20. 37, 38.) What did Paul say to the Romans about the resurrection? (Rom. 6. 8, 9.) What to the Corinthians? (1 Cor. 6. 14; 2 Cor. 4. 14.) What to the Thessalonians? (1 Thes. 4. 16, 17.) What to the Philippian? (Phil. 3. 20, 21.) What was the frequent preaching of the apostles? (Acts 4. 1, 2; 24. 15; 28. 8.)

What does Paul say about the importance of the resurrection? (1 Cor. 15. 11-20.) What does he say about the change made by the resurrection? (1 Cor. 15. 35-54.)

What comfort and help can we derive from the resurrection of Christ? What from the promise of our resurrection? How may we attain to the resurrection of the just?

WHEN you are pained by an unkind word and deed, ask yourself if you have not done the same many times.

THE number of girls in the common schools of Japan in 1882 was 930,000, and there were 3,300 woman teachers. This does not include those studying with private teachers, or in private schools, which the higher classes mostly prefer. In many of those families whose sons are abroad in Europe and America, the daughters are receiving at home such instruction as they can get in those languages which will enable them to keep in communication with their brothers, and in sympathy with them. I know of a family where three or four sisters write to their brothers in this country in English.

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