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HOME AND SCHOOL

Vol. IV.]

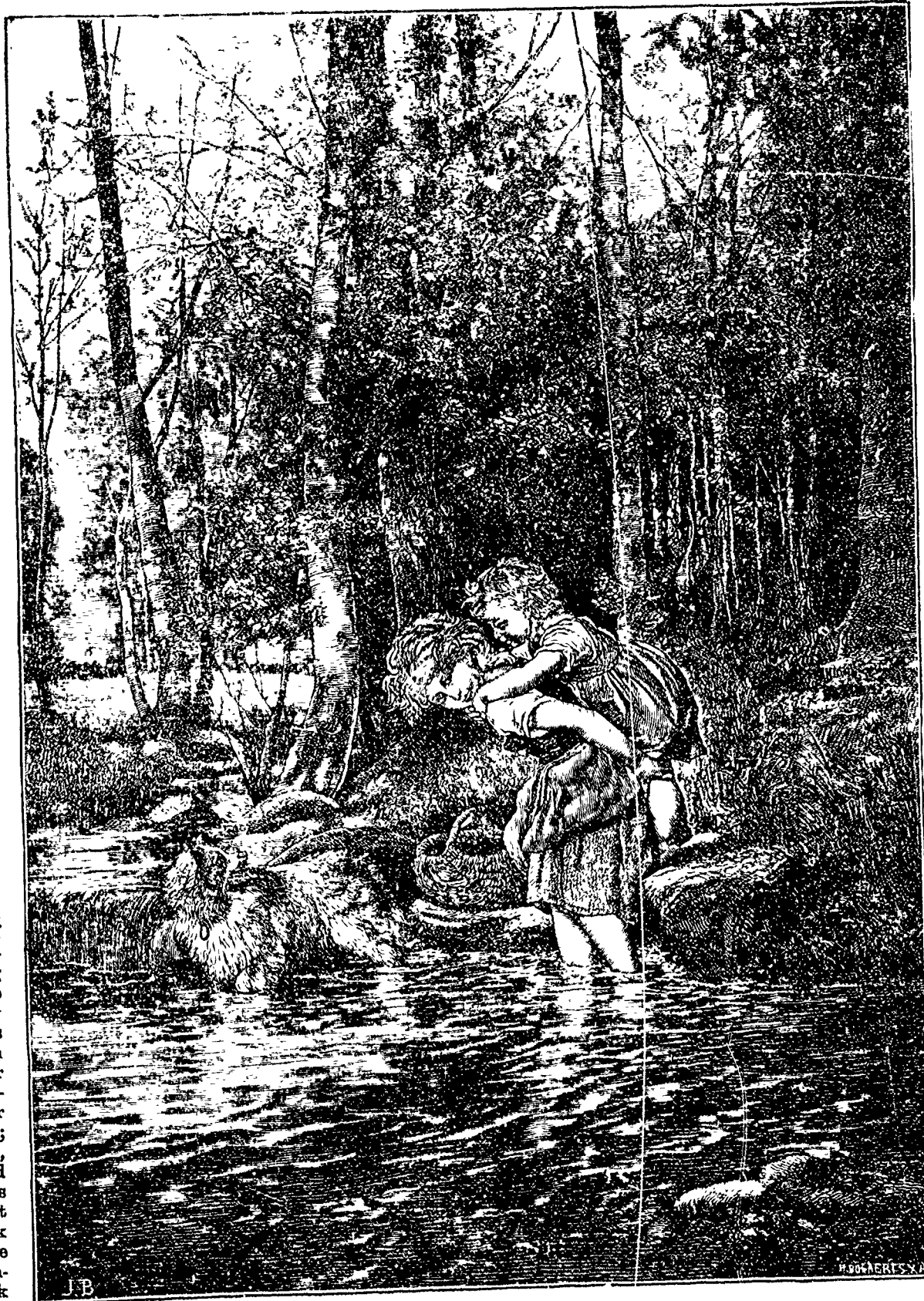
TORONTO, JUNE 19, 1886.

[No. 13.]

The Shortest Way Home.

Yes! and the very nicest way, too! for does not Willie get a ride by going this way? and how much nicer the cool, soft water feels to Nell's feet than the dusty bridge would if she went the other way. No need of that anxious look on your face, Master Will; Nell can carry you and her basket, too, if you just hold on tightly. Jip likes this way the best, and thinks his little friends are a long time getting started; he looks back as if to assure Master Will that there is not the slightest danger.

How many of the young folk who look at pictures ever see half the beauty there is in them? It is one thing to simply look at a picture and call it "pretty," and quite a different thing to look at it carefully, noting all the different ideas the artist meant to express in it, and all the beauty stamped on the various scraps of the picture which make it so attractive as a whole. In this picture we naturally notice the children first, the half-fearful look on the little boy's face, and the reassuring look of his sister; then the intelligent look of the dog who is impatient to be going but who evidently intends to wait for his little friends; then from the animate objects our glance passes to the surroundings; how clear and pretty the water is; we almost fancy that, were we near, we could see the smooth stones and the little pebbles at the bottom. Now look at the woods in the back-ground; the sunshine falls on the brook and the edges of the woods, but farther in the shadows are deep



THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

and cool, and we think of the white flowers, of the mandrakes and the beautiful ferns and mosses that must be growing in there.

Pictures are great educators, and especially such pictures as this one which portrays some phase of human nature and some of the beauties of nature which God has placed around us for our enjoyment. Madam De Stael has called beautiful architecture "frozen music," and if the beautiful as expressed by man in piles of stonework and masonry can be spoken of thus, what should be said of the beauty depicted on some canvas or even in lithograph which bring to our eye some scene of nature or some view of human disposition, so strikingly set forth, as to impress us with the involved idea at once. God has given us a love for the beautiful that it is our duty to foster and educate, and furthermore make it redound to His honour and glory. We are to use all our gifts and graces for Him and He will add to them if we will let Him. Saving grace exercises a refining influence on the mind and the soul, and we often see persons, destitute of any refinement before their conversion, who afterward develop a taste, not only for the beautiful things that recommend themselves to our sight, but also for fine literature, music, etc. In conclusion, I will add that each one of us are artists, painting the pictures of the soul on our face, actions, and conversation; let us see to it that the two essential tints—love to God and to our neighbour—are not lacking, for if they be not used, our picture will be but a confused

mass of colours, unblended and without any loveliness to recommend it to any one else or even to ourselves.
—M. L. Cady.

Lyric for June.

BY REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

THIS is the day of beauty,
The sweetest of the year;
The June is full of roses,
The heart is full of cheer;
To God the loving Father,
To Jesus His dear Son,
And Spirit all prevailing,
We offer praise, each one;
The praise of hearts and voices,
The praise of song and flowers,
For Jesus came to save us
And bless this world of ours.

He is our Elder Brother,
Sweet Mary's Son was He;
The Lily of the Valleys
Our Saviour came to be;
He was the Rose of Sharon,
In Nazareth he grew,
Himself a flower of sweetness,
So loving, kind and true.
O, could we all have seen Him,
He would have loved us all,
However low and lowly,
However poor and small.

He walketh in the gardens
Of His own realms to-day,
So near His golden palace
Where flowers have no decay;
And O, I think the sweetest
Of all the flowers therein
He gathered from the desert
Of this dark world of sin.
O, cherub happy children
In myriads are there,
He sent his angels for them,
His royal home to share.

O happy land of children,
Who would not wish to go
And see the flowers that faded
Out of this world of woe,
To dwell with Jesus ever
Where death no more shall come?
Ah, poor neglected children,
He brings them safely home;
The babes of our own households
In darkness laid away,
He calleth to His mansion,
And cherubs all are they.

What can we do for Jesus
On this sweet day of flowers?
What can we do for Jesus
To bless this world of ours?
We gather at His altars,
And first our hearts we bring
To him who died to save us,
And we His praise will sing;
We've gathered flowers for Jesus,
And here we lay them down,
To tell how much we love Him,
Our king with throne and crown.

And gold, a little handful,
We put in Jesus' hand,
To build him towers of learning
And grace in every land;
And every little giver
Shall have a sweet reward
When Christ makes up His jewels
And speaks the welcome word:
"Come, all ye blessed givers,
Who helped My cause and Me,
Go with Me to My Father,
And crowned you all shall be."

O, come let us sing of His beauty,
Who giveth the flowers their hues,
And all through the night-time distilleth
Upon them the brightest of dews;
In beautiful June,
With our hearts attune,
We come with His banners above us;
His work shall be ours,
This Sabbath of flowers,
Who promiseth ever to love us.

When we go to the land where He dwelleth
And look on the seed scattered here,
We shall see in His Kingdom triumphant
The fruit and the glory appear.
In beautiful June,
With our hearts attune,
We come with His banners above us;
His work shall be ours,
This Sabbath of flowers,
Who promiseth ever to love us.

Go then ye happy children,
And love Him more and more!
He holds a cup of blessing,
And in it He will pour

All joy and pleasure for you;
And from this day of flowers
Ye all may work for Jesus
And bless this world of ours.
O, may the King of children
Be crowned of all His own,
On this sweet day of beauty
Be every heart His throne.

Rosalie's Way.

BY MEADE MIDDLETON.

ROSALIE WAS a tall girl of sixteen. She was an energetic girl, also, and, withal, unselfish, willing to be useful to others, even during the summer holidays.

A talk with her mother, one evening, resulted in plans for the coming weeks,—plans which included work as well as play.

Rosalie was charmed! "I am having such a good time, mother," she said one morning, after a very busy hour. "I enjoy my reading, and lawn tennis, and boating as much again after I have helped you around the house! I don't know what people mean by complaining of work! I just despise lazy people, mother!"

When, a few days afterward, the doctor said, very gravely, that Mrs. Lawrence must go to the White Mountains for change of air, Rosalie was earnest in her assurances that she could take charge of home matters, and make her father and brothers quite comfortable.

Left thus, Rosalie began her work with great glee. She was up early in the morning, busy as a bee, and happy as a bird all day long. She sent the cheeriest sort of letters to her mother, and did her utmost for those at home. Every one called her a "wonderful girl," a "heartcase," a "sunbeam," a "jewel." Dick declared that he'd rather have her for a sister than any woman in history, ancient or modern,—which remark, coming from Dick, Rosalie enjoyed as a high compliment.

Everything went on so smoothly that Rosalie was puzzled, more than ever, over those who get tired sometimes, and want to run away from work. "Nonsense!" she said, "one will be happy always, if one is only busy."

If this state of affairs had continued, she would never have known what it is to sympathize with those who are sometimes weak and down-hearted. It was high time, you see, that Rosalie should learn that it is not always sunshine, even along the path of duty!

Her trouble came in the form of a visitor to Dick. She was busy dusting the sitting-room one morning, when Dick looked in to say that he had just received a letter from his special friend, Frank Leighton, and that Frank was coming to see him; he would be there by the next evening, perhaps.

"Dick Lawrence! You don't mean to say that one of your college friends is coming to make a visit while mother is away?"

"Why, yes, Rosalie; here is the letter."

"Telegraph him not to come!" said Rosalie.

"I cannot, Rosalie! He is on his way now. He will be here by tea-time to-morrow."

"And I shall have to sit at the head of the table and make the coffee!" cried Rosalie, covering her face with her hands. "I wish that I could run away and hide. If it were not for father and Joe, I would go over to cousin Nell's, and let you and your friend keep house."

"I dare say that we should get along somehow," said Dick, very much surprised at his sister's mood. "Nonsense, Rosalie;" he continued, "Frank is the best fellow in the class. He's just splendid. He won't eat you, child,—I dare say he'll not notice you."

"I dare say not," replied Rosalie, flushing. "I suppose he'll be little enough of a gentleman to act just so."

"Why, what do you want?" Dick asked. "I thought that he would please you best that way. Girls are queer."

"So are boys; college boys especially. Besides, I hate to have visitors while mother is away."

"But what can I do?" exclaimed Dick. "Mother told me to invite Frank—that was before she knew about going to the mountains. I know somebody, though, who said that none of the plans must be changed. The same person, too, said that every one should be made just as comfortable as if mother were at home. Easy enough to make promises, but not so easy to keep them."

So saying, Dick walked away very much offended.

Rosalie threw herself on the lounge, and indulged in a long fit of weeping. At last, though, she roused herself, and began again to dust tables, chairs, and books. Afterward she went up to her own room. In passing her toilet-table she noticed that she had not turned over the leaf of her daily tablet. She did it at once, curious to see the text for the day. It was: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." The very verse that they had talked about in prayer-meeting the night before. Rosalie repeated it slowly, going to the window, and looking out over the beautiful hills and fields of her country home.

"The 'race' here means the Christian life," she said; "and one duty of my Christian life is to do, moment by moment, the work that God gives me,—not the work that He gives some one else. At least, that is the way Dr. Roland explained it in prayer-meeting last night. He says that it often seems easier to run somebody else's race than to run one's own. But that is not the word of command for us. Now think of this particular verse being my text for to-day. That is what I call strange. It seems like a message to me. I wonder if it is to make my work seem easier, or to keep me from wishing myself with mother among the White Mountains? Oh, dear! think of that strange boy coming here. There are ever so many extra things to do, but I don't mind that part. There is Dick, though, to make friends with; poor Dick! How helpless boys are! It depends upon me now whether or not his friend has a nice time. If mother were here, how lovely she would make everything for them. I suppose that I ought to try my best. It is part of my 'race.' Why, certainly! If only I could make up my mind to run it 'with patience.' But hark! that is ten o'clock; I must not stop here another moment."

Rosalie did stop, however. The last part of the text took hold upon her heart just then. She repeated it very softly—"Looking unto Jesus." "I am glad that I know what that means," she said tenderly. "I couldn't run a step of the 'race' if I didn't know."

A few moments afterward, Dick,

who was sitting on the piazza in rather a disconsolate mood, felt two arms thrown around his neck; turning, he saw Rosalie, with a very penitent look upon her face.

"I am so sorry for being cross, Dick," she said. "I'll do the best that I can to give your friend a good time." Before he could answer, she was off to give directions for dinner, and to consult with Jane as to preparations for the coming visitor.

"I will help you all I can, Miss Rosalie," Jane said—which promise made things look much brighter to Rosalie. "There isn't so very much to do," Jane went on in a business-like way. "We'll get up a company supper the first night; the young gentleman will be hungry after his long journey and the drive from the station. We'll have spring chickens, and muffins, and coffee, and a sponge cake, and"—

"Oh! we'll have some cut peaches, Jane," interrupted Rosalie. "I have been watching the peaches on that tree at the end of the yard, they are just ripe."

"And I'll see that we have good, rich cream," said Jane, nodding confidentially. "We'll not let Mr. Dick miss his mother,—except, of course, for her merry way with his friends; he couldn't help missing that."

"No," Rosalie said, certain that she should stand too much in awe of Dick's friend to feel merry!

In the course of the day, Dick stopped at the sitting-room door a second time.

"Hallo, Rosalie!" he said, "cannot you hang some more pictures in my room? You ought to see Frank's room. There isn't a bare place on the wall, scarcely."

"But where shall I get the pictures?" Rosalie asked.

"Oh, I don't know! Maybe you could spare some out of the parlour."

"Why, Dick Lawrence, how you talk!"

"Oh, well, never mind! I thought that you might scare some up somewhere. I want my room to look as fine as possible, you know."

"I don't believe that there is a room in the house to suit your friend," she said impatiently.

"Yes, now, your room is just splendid!" said Dick mischievously, making his escape to the piazza.

"What does he mean?" thought Rosalie. "Does he want me to give up my room? He is very much mistaken if he expects that. No, indeed!" she said to herself, running up and down stairs half a dozen times within the next hour, trying her best to forget all about Dick and his friend and the arrangement of the room.

She had come to it again, however, and her thoughts seemed to affect her in a curious way. She would peep into Dick's room for a moment, and look at each piece of furniture as though she had never seen it before. Then she would go across the hall to her own room, and act in exactly the same way. At last she said so low that you must have been very close to have heard, "I will do it!" Then, pressing her lips together tight, as though she were afraid to trust herself to say anything more, she thought: "I will not tell Dick till the last moment. I will let it be a surprise!"

Then she remembered something that some one had said about its making people selfish to let them have their own way always. This troubled her.

"I do not want to make Dick selfish," she thought; "but there is something that I do wish for him, oh, so much!"

And that wish for Dick, whatever it was, made her fingers wonderfully skillful, just then, in the arrangement of her pretty room. She had an odd little way of talking to herself.

"I dare say that this fine Mr. Frank will laugh at my pictures. I suppose that in his home are none but the very best paintings and engravings. He cannot laugh at my books, though,—even he cannot have any better authors than Milton and Shakespeare and Jeremy Taylor. I don't suppose that there is anything in our house grand enough for him. Oh, well! he can look out on the beautiful hills and fields, no one can help thinking that they are lovely."

Five o'clock Wednesday afternoon! The carriage that had been sent to the station to meet the visitor was in sight at the turn of the road, by the school-house; just at that turn, the family at the farm always caught the first glimpse of their visitors from the city.

Joe was on the fence with his spy-glass. "He has come!" he exclaimed. "I can see him as plain as the nose on your face! He is riding in front with Dick."

Rosalie ran up stairs to open the shutters that had been closed all day against the sun; then into the parlour, a moment, for the same purpose, and afterward into the tea-room, to make sure that all was right about the table. By this time the carriage was at the door, and, as her mother's representative, she must go forward to welcome Dick's friend. She felt awkward and diffident. But, the next moment, she felt like laughing at herself.

"After all," she thought, "he is just a real, polite, warm-hearted boy,—even if Dick does call him a college man! I shall not be the least bit afraid of him."

"Come, old fellow!" said Dick, preparing to lead the way upstairs to his own room, waiting a moment to hear what Rosalie would say to him. She whispered a word or two. "To please you, Dick," she said in a low tone.

"Your room? Is that so?" he exclaimed, with a pleased smile. "Why, that is splendid! Thank you."

Rosalie felt very happy. She did not regret having given up her room, even though she had to go to a smaller one in the third story. She did not once think of herself at the tea-table. The chickens and coffee and muffins were a success, and Jane waited even better than usual.

Frank fell right in with the family ways. He seemed so much pleased with everything that nobody could help feeling pleased with him. They enjoyed the holidays all the more for his presence among them.

Yet there were times when Rosalie felt out of heart, and almost ready to give up the "raos." Things seemed so tiresome, and she could see no good coming from all her self-denial; sometimes she was afraid that her wish for Dick would never come true. He was anxious to have a good time himself, that he appeared quite forgetful about the comfort of others.

"Dick never seems to think that I get tired, or that I have given up a great deal to please him," she thought. But Dick did think, although he appeared so careless and selfish. I really believe that he began to feel just the least bit ashamed of himself. "What

makes you so good, Rosalie?" she asked, one day.

One Sunday afternoon Rosalie did not feel like walking up the hill to the old school-house, to teach her class. She wondered if some one else could not take it for that day. Then, like a flash, came the thought of "running the race,"—doing one's own work! She put on her hat, and, taking an umbrella, went out of the gate up the hill.

Dick and Frank were on the fence, making plans for the future, when they should have become great men.

Rosalie invited them to go to Sunday-school, but they laughed, said that it was too warm, and begged to be excused. Each was busy with his own thoughts after that, till Frank looked up and said, in his bright, quick way: "Dick, what makes your sister so unselfish?"

"Just what makes some other persons so, I suppose," Dick replied after a moment's hesitation. "Don't you know, Frank?"

"Yes," said Frank, decidedly. "Now, why do not you and I try the same way? With all our fine talk, I do not believe we shall amount to much till we enlist."

Dick knew that Frank meant enlist as a soldier of Jesus Christ.

"I've been thinking a good deal about it lately," he said.

"So have I," said Frank. "Do you know what set me to thinking!—it was just that kind, unselfish way that your sister has!"

Dick grasped Frank's hand warmly, exclaiming, "Why, old fellow, that is just the way it has been with me!"

How do you suppose Rosalie felt, some time afterward, when she found that her wish had been granted!

The Truest Courage.

MANY a boy is led into a wrong course through cowardice. The meanest kind of cowardice consists in being afraid to be considered a coward. Evil companions tempt to wrong-doing, and when objection is urged, they find a convenient reply in the remark, "O, you're afraid! I wouldn't be a coward!" And the poor fellow to whom the remark is made, instead of standing up in a manly way and saying, "I am not a coward, and yet I am afraid to do wrong," blushes and hesitates, and finally stammers a reluctant consent. His cowardly heart gets the better of his conscience.

Several years ago a bright lad, a pupil in the celebrated school in Rugby, England, died. After his death his friends opened his school desk, and among his books and papers they found a little scrap on which was written, "O, God, give me courage that I may fear none but thee."

Doubtless, this boy had been exposed to temptation from wicked school-mates, and had found need to pray for courage to resist. He was no coward, and was not afraid to be called one.

There is a beautiful monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Lord Lawrence, a brave English soldier. It has this inscription: "He feared man so little because he feared God so much." His true, loving fear of God made him fearless in the presence of men.

This is the truest courage. It gives the victory over temptation and sin, and helps to a decision for the right.

Solomon has two proverbs we do well to remember: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

The Valley of Silence.

BY FATHER RYAN.

I WALKED down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save God's and my own!
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win,
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the Human and Sin.

And I tolled on, heart-tired of the human:
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men:
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me; since then
I walked down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trusting-place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And about me a voice said: "Be Mine!"
And then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like perfume from censor,
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men, like the doves of the Deluge
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech:
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach,

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley, like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His Angels are there—
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

Canalling the Isthmus.

It is well known that a French company is engaged in constructing a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and every one can see that when it is completed it will separate the North American and South American continents, as Africa was severed from Asia by the Suez Canal.

Of course, too, it will shorten enormously the voyage of every vessel which is now forced to make the passage around Cape Horn. It will be much used in the trade between Europe on the one hand, and the Pacific States of America, British Columbia, the islands of the Pacific, Japan and China on the other.

"When it is completed," we say. There are not many people who doubt that it will be finished sooner or later, but as the construction of the canal involves overcoming some of the greatest engineering difficulties ever attacked, it is only the most sanguine believers in the canal who expect that it will be opened at the time now set by the company, in the year 1889.

The head of the canal company and the most enthusiastic believer in it is Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, to whose energy and persistency the world owes

the Suez Canal. M. de Lesseps made a visit to Panama a few months ago, was received with great enthusiasm on the isthmus, and on his return announced more confidently than ever that the canal was to be completed "on time."

He did not, however, convince unprejudiced observers who went at the same time to see what had been done and what was doing. These latter agree that much work has been accomplished, but they say that what remains is much the hardest and most costly part of the undertaking.

Besides the difficulty of excavation, and of removing vast bodies of rock, and beside the labour problem,—for the isthmus is one of the sickliest regions of the world,—there is the obstacle in the way of the engineers known as the Chagres River. The canal traverses the valley of this river. The Chagres is a very swift stream, and, as it is fed from the surrounding mountains, frequently rises suddenly and enormously.

In order to avoid crossing and re-crossing this river, it will be necessary to divert its channel; and the artificial banks must be very high and very strong to protect the canal from the overflow. M. de Lesseps asserts that the problem raised by the Chagres has been solved; but other people who take less rosy views do not agree with him.

Yet again the question of raising money to prosecute the work to completion is a puzzling one. The funds already provided are approaching exhaustion, and it is not decided yet how the additional sums shall be procured. One scheme is a grand lottery in France, under the sanction of the French Government, but it is not looked upon with much favour.

All the millions raised and expended have not yet done one-third of the work, and it needs very little foresight to predict that the work of providing means will become harder and harder. M. de Lesseps is as confident that there will be no financial difficulties as he is that the Chagres River can be controlled. Whether he is right or wrong, it is tolerably certain that at last, by the present company or another, the canal will be built.

A Good Creature of God.

I HAVE heard a man with a bottle of whiskey before him have the impudence to say, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving;" and he would persuade me that what was made in the still-pot was a creature of God. In one sense it is so, but in the same sense so is arsenic, so is oil of vitriol, so is prussic acid. Think of a fellow tossing off a glass of vitriol and excusing himself by saying that it is a creature of God! He would not use such creatures, that's all I say. Whiskey is good in its own place. There is nothing like whiskey in this world for preserving a man when he is dead, but it is one of the worst things for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put the whiskey into him. It was a capital thing for preserving the dead admiral when they put him in a rum-pancheon, but it was a bad thing for the sailors when they tapped the cask and drank the liquor and left the admiral as he never left his ship—high and dry.—*Guthrie.*

A Voyage.

WHEN sleep is coy and slumbers flee,
I hasten down to the dream-land sea,
Where Fancy's boat
Dots lightly float
On the silent waters, awaiting me.

I care not where the far shores be
Of the waters that sparkle so bright and free;
I leap from the strand;
And oar in hand,
I ride on the tide of the mystic sea.

I slip away from the cares of day,
And silently drift away, away,
Till dream-clouds dense
Hide the shores of sense,
And the land and the sky and the sea grow gray

Now glides my boat into darkness deep;
No.. cease my oars their rhythmic sweep;
For full in view,
A fairy crew
Is spreading the shadowy sails of sleep.

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Home & School.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 19, 1886.

\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
For the Year 1886.

Some Missing Rounds.

He has just found it out—away up on the ladder—that there are several missing rounds, and he very much needs them! Rather awkward, is it not? It is hard to supply those missing rounds for this very stubborn reason: there is a heavy hod on his back, and it is filled with brick or mortar, and his hands are already mortgaged. Fancy John, the carrier, halting on the ladder and pulling out a jack-knife to whittle a round while the boss above shouts, "More mort! more mort!" He ought to have taken a ladder that had the needed number of rounds.

Are you aware that some day you may find out that there are missing rounds in your ladder, and that it will interfere with your advancement in life? Put in the rounds now. Put arithmetic in, geography, grammar, writing, spelling—splendid rounds to be under a boy's or girl's feet. If not supplied now, it will be hard to insert them by and by, when your back and brain are loaded with cares.

And what of good habits, what of a good name, what of character? Put these rounds into the ladder now. You will not then be shedding tears over any gaps in life's ladder by and by, nor your advancement hindered by deficiencies now.

A Talk with Young Men.

OBSERVE that pale young fellow crossing the street. You see a good many of that kind just now. Some folks say that it is the climate. The truth is that the climate of America, with a fair chance, produces not only the best complexion, but the best health, in the world. Did you notice the thing he was carrying in his mouth? Well, it is that meerschaum that is doing the work for him. It is busy with three millions of our men.

Let us study one of the meerschaum-suckers. We will take a young man. He shall have money and plenty of time for sucking. Pale, nervous, irritable, thin in chest and stomach, weak in muscle, he is fast losing his power of thought and application. Let us get near enough to smell him. Even the beasts of prey will not touch the corpse of a soldier saturated with the vile poison.

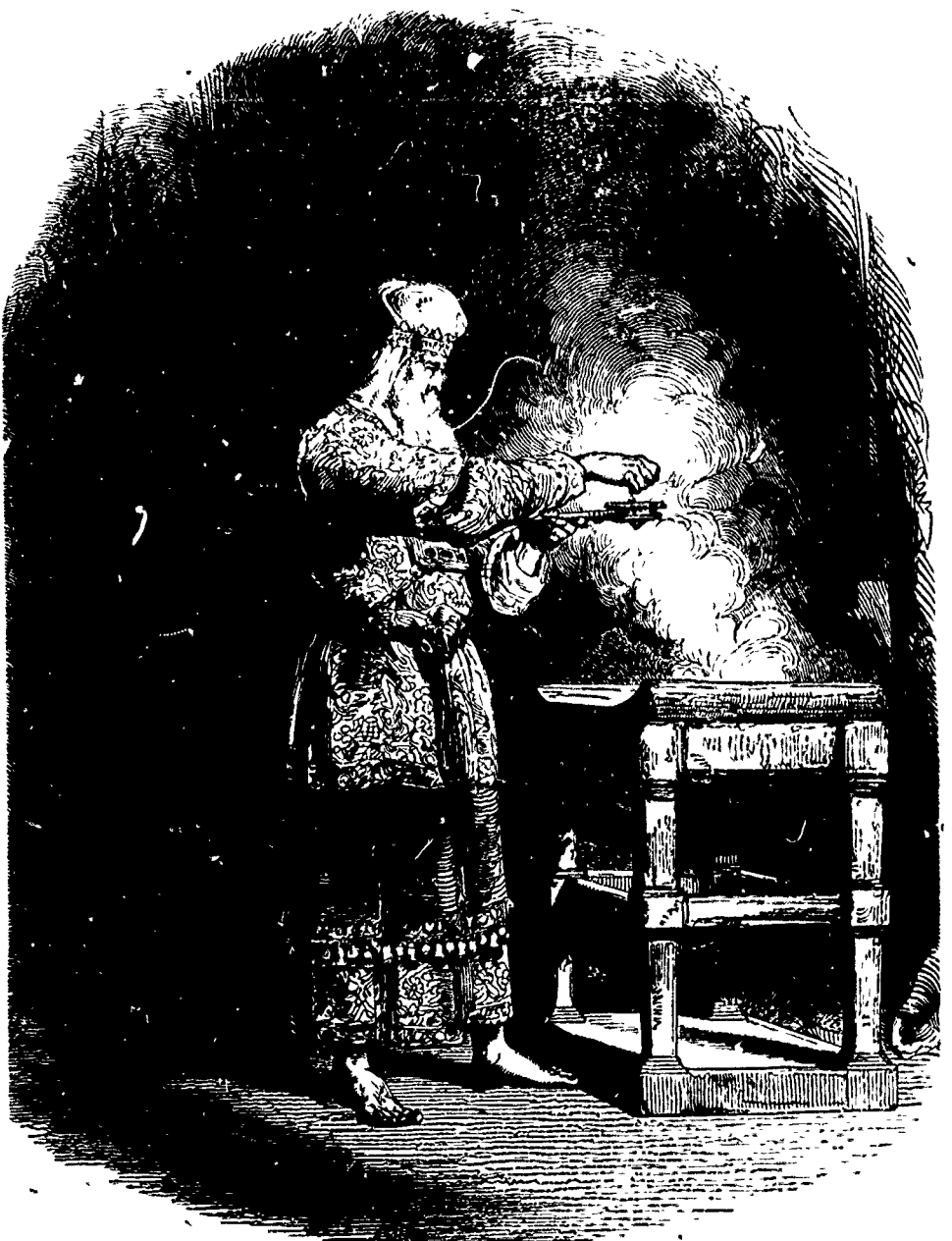
Chowing is the nastiest mode, snuffing ruins the voice, but smoking, among those who have time to be thorough, is most destructive.

Young K—graduated at Harvard (no devotee of the weed has ever graduated with the highest honours at that institution), and soon after consulted his physician with reference to his pale face, emaciation and low spirits. He weighed but one hundred and eight.

"St-p smoking!" was the prescription. In four months he had increased twenty-eight pounds and become clear and healthy in skin, his digestion all right and his spirits restored. One or two million of our young and middle-aged men are in a similar condition, and would be restored to health and spirits by the same prescription. On the whole, the cigar is worse than the pipe.—*Dio Lewis.*

Jewish High Priest.

OUR picture represents a Jewish high priest as he appeared when, in the days of Israel's prosperity, he offered sacrifices in the temple for the sins of the Hebrew people. The clothing that he wore was very beautiful and very costly, and nearly every article had some significant meaning. He wore a long, violet-coloured robe fastened with a belt or girdle which was richly embroidered. The skirt of the robe was fringed around the bottom with a row of little bells and pomegranates and on his breast he wore a golden breast-plate which sparkled with jewels. The turban on his head was snowy white and on the front of it, in golden letters, were these words "Holiness unto the Lord."



JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.

Methodist Magazine—Vol. XXIV.

WITH the June number completes the 23rd volume of this MAGAZINE, which is in every respect the most successful yet issued. Of some of the numbers a second edition had to be printed; and the circulation is far ahead of any previous period. The illustrations, too, for number and variety and artistic merit have never been equaled in any previously Canadian periodical.

Among the features of special interest in the 24th volume (July to December, 1886.) will be a fine steel portrait, costing over \$100, of the late Dr. Rice, with memorial tributes by Revs. Dr. Douglas, Dr. Harper, Dr. Stuart, and the editor. This number will not be sold separately, but will be furnished only to subscribers. A graphic Story of Irish Methodism, in two parts, by E. M. Morphy, Esq., will prove of special interest to our Irish friends. Mr. J. T. Moore's splendidly illustrated articles on "Wonderland and Beyond," which have attracted so much attention, will be concluded, as also those on the "Great North-West," and the absorbing serial, "Jan Vedder's Wife."

Among illustrated articles of unique importance will be "Our Indian Empire," "Saunterings in England and Scotland," "Through the Bosphorus," "Footprints of St. Paul," "The Seven Churches of Asia," "In Bible Lands,"

"Swiss Pictures," "In the German Fatherland," "In the Carolinas," "Among the Zuni," "Jamaica and its People," "Wanderings in South America," "Picturesque Canada," and several others. The illustrations will equal, if not surpass, any that we have yet presented.

Of the other contributions promised we would invite special attention to Dr. Williams' paper on the "Less Known Poets of Methodism," to articles by Dr. Carman, Dr. Dallinger, Dr. Dewart, Dr. Burwash, Prof. Shaw, Hon. G. W. Ross, Dr. Thos. Nichol, Dr. Daniel Clarke, and others too numerous to mention.

The English Princes at the Antipodes, from the Journals of Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales; Ohivalry, by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of the President of the United States; and Wesley and his Helpers, by the late Thomas Guard, will also be of special interest. A condensed record of the Annual Conferences and of the approaching General Conference, in a form convenient for permanent preservation, will also be furnished. The present is a very convenient time to subscribe, only one dollar to the end of the year.

It will generally be found that a man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.



FIRST METHODIST SERMON IN BALTIMORE.

Up the Hill.

Up a steep and rocky hillside
Climbed a little child one day,
Headless of all stones and briars,
Haetening, panting, all the way;
Hair all flying in the breezes,
On she went with cheeks aglow,
Though her tiny feet were weary,
And her steps became more slow;
But she never faltered till she
Reached the summit; then stood still,
And with childhood's joyous laughter,
Shouted "I am up the hill!"

Backward through the misty shadows
Of the years that since have flown,
Comes that echo to my fancy
Like some long-forgotten tone.
I can almost feel the bounding
Of that baby heart again,
As the world lay stretched before me
In that long ago. Since then
I have climbed another hillside,
And am toiling upward still,
And the evening shades as ever
Find me climbing up the hill.

But this hill seems so much longer
And the way sometimes so steep,
That 'tis hard to keep the pathway,
And to shun its pitfalls deep.
Then the briars on life's journey,
Harder are to thrust aside,
And most all that early courage,
With that fresh young hope has died.
Many of the dearly loved ones
Now are lying cold and still,
And have left me sad and lonely,
Slowly climbing up the hill.

But the summit of life's mountain
Must be very near to me,
And I know when I have finished
All my climbing, I shall see
That oft-times I have laboured
When I fain would stop and rest,
It had made the rest but sweeter—
For the Father knoweth best.
And perhaps ere long—who knoweth?—
I may cry out with a thrill
Of that same old joyous rapture,
"I am safely up the hill!"

"MISSIONS are a failure—they cost too much." So some people say. The statement is not true. The Governor of Natal in a brief address, said: "One missionary is worth more than a battalion of soldiers." The Earl of Shaftesbury says "if London did not have its four hundred missionaries it would require 40,000 more police." Civilized nations cannot afford to cease to carry on missions.

The People of Labrador.

IF environment moulds a people, then the Labradorians should have strong traits. The climate, the unique features of the country, the undisputed supremacy of the sea, the isolation from the world—all their circumstances, indeed—are so strongly marked as to be irresistible.

I was fortunate in being storm-stayed at a few of these French Canadian homes, where I found now and then a person able to give me some account of the summer and winter life of the people. To begin with external and material things, the average home of Labrador generally consists of a rough board dwelling, with two rooms and a garret, a small dock and store-house for receiving, cleaning, curing, and storing fish, and two or three open fishing-boats.

In the best places there may be in a hollow a little sand, enriched with decaying fish, where a few turnips and cabbages manage to show themselves during a brief season. You get a gleam of hope and of horror on beholding a gaunt scaffold about eighteen feet high; but it is not a gallows for the ending of life, only a platform for keeping the frozen fish for dog-meat. The interior of these homes is not quite so distressing as their hard surroundings, for the human hand in-doors can make its mark, which is not always a clean one. The furniture, diet, costumes, are rough and common-place; but the people are courteous and kind, and they observe well their religious rites. Their isolation is such that they keep the run of time by marking the days of the week on the door-post. An exception to this dreariness is to be met here and there, at a light-house, or at the home of a merchant. I asked an intelligent fisherman how he could content himself in such a place.

"Well, sir, I expect we're fools to stay here. The worst of it is, our children are growing up as ignorant as we are—just like the dogs. Hardly any of us can read or write. Our houses are too far apart to get the

children together for school, excepting at Esquimaux Point, Notashquan, and Mutton Bay. Then, too, we can't see the priest more than once or twice a year, and that's very inconvenient about dying, for pleurisy and consumption are very headstrong. And there's no doctor at all, nor any roots or herbs for medicines. We keep alive on pain-killer and salts that the traders sell. It's a hard life, and we don't live to be very old."

The social season of Labrador is the winter. There is no fishing then to keep people at home; cutting wood and a little hunting are the only occupations. Winter lasts about eight months; when the channels among the islands and the bays are frozen over, dog teams can run up and down the coast for three hundred miles. People then go visiting; they carry no provisions, for everybody keeps open house, and the little cabins are often packed with people and dogs. The winter homes, as a rule, are back some miles from the coast, where wood is handy. Several families who fish at Whale Head live on a swamp in winter, where the tread of a man along the street shakes every house. The Abbe Ferland says that in his time—about fifty years ago—the hospitality of the coast was such that the people on going away from home used to leave food, and sometimes even money, on the table, and the doors unlocked, that needy travellers might enter and help themselves. But the advent of more travellers in these days has led to more caution and less generosity.

But their most astonishing traits are laziness and improvidence here in sight of heart-rending hardships and want. Labrador, however, was formerly a sea of plenty; fishing, sealing, trapping, gave even the

indolent a sure though a miserable living. In a few weeks the average man could catch fish enough to exchange with traders for the necessities of life. This enabled him to idle away three-fourths of the year, and relieved him of any sense of responsibility. But now fish, oil, and fur are no longer so abundant. The average family spends about one hundred dollars per year to get only the absolute necessities of life; and yet the government is obliged very often to distribute flour and pork to prevent actual starvation; and it offers free passage and work to those who will leave the coast. The lazy depend upon the industrious, the provisions are shared, and if navigation is tardy, the first sail is watched for in the spring with very great eagerness. —Harper's Magazine.

The One Journey.

"WHEN I was a young man," says James Simpson, "there lived a man who was universally reported to be uncommonly liberal in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing his frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage. Now, my friends, mark the answer of this man: 'God Almighty has given me but one journey through the world, and, when go e, I cannot return to rectify mistakes.' Think of this friends—but one journey through the world."

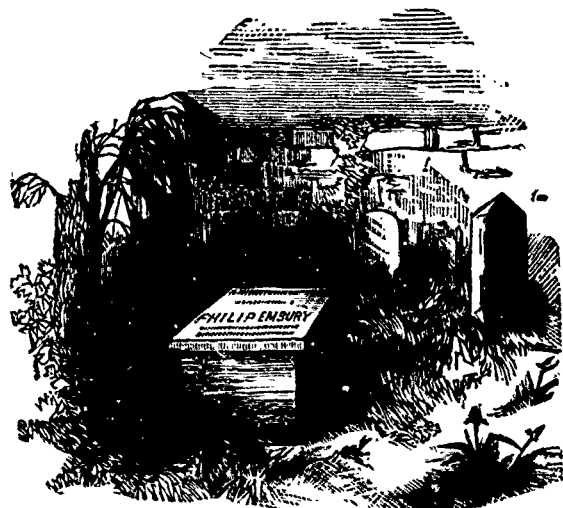
BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.—BEGINNINGS OF METHODISM IN THE NEW WORLD.

METHODISM having been established by lay agency in the largest city in the New World, it was soon destined to be planted by the same means, in the waste places of the country. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that shortly after Embury had introduced Methodism into New York, another Irish local preacher, Robert Strawbridge by name, was the means of its



EMBURY'S GRAVE.

introduction into the Province of Maryland. Like Embury, he preached first in his own house, and afterwards in a humble "log meeting-house," the type of thousands such which were destined to rise as golden candlesticks amid the moral darkness all over this vast continent.

Captain Webb had the distinguished honour of being the founder of Methodism in Philadelphia, and its zealous preacher in many other places on the Atlantic seaboard.

The honour of preaching the first Methodist sermon in Baltimore belongs to John King, an English local preacher, who landed at Philadelphia in 1769. His pulpit on the occasion of his first visit to Baltimore, was a blacksmith's block as represented in the accompanying picture, which was studied from the location itself. These grounds now comprise one of the finest portions of Baltimore, containing, among other notable structures, the famous Washington Monument, and the elegant Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church.

The preacher's courage was tested on this occasion, for it was the militia training-day, and the drunken crowd charged upon him so effectually as to upset the table and lay him prostrate on the earth. He knew, however, that the noblest preachers of Methodism had suffered like trials in England, and he maintained his ground courageously. The commander of the troops, an Englishman, recognized him as a fellow-countryman, and defending him, restored order, and allowed him to proceed. Victorious over the mob, he made so favourable an impression as to be invited to preach in the English Church of St. Paul's, and improved that opportunity with such fervour as to receive a repetition of that courtesy. It is recorded that he "made the dust fly from the old velvet cushion" of the pulpit, and it is to be feared that, under the exhilarating effects of such unwonted good fortune, he may have partly forgotten Mr. Wesley's adjuration not to scream.

Meanwhile John Wesley, at the solicitation of Captain Webb and other Methodists in America, had sent from England as missionaries, to carry on the good work begun in New York, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, the pioneers of an army of ten thousand Methodist preachers on this continent. To these Philip Embury readily gave up his pulpit. His services had been entirely gratuitous, although he had received from his grateful hearers a few generous donations. He had discharged the duties of his office under a sense of grave responsibility, from which he was glad to be relieved by the arrival of authorized and ordained pastors.

"Sirs," he said, as he welcomed them to the quaint "Wesley Church," "I have held this place like the lone outpost of a great army. I rejoice to see the watch care of these people and the duties of this office pass into other and better hands. The Lord give you favour and prosperity, and make this house the birthplace of many souls."

But even his faith did not rise to the conception of the mighty result whereto this small beginning would grow, nor of the honour he should wear throughout all time as the first preacher and founder of American Methodism. "He builded grander than he knew."

For some months he laboured cordially with the new missionary evangelists, frequently occupying the pulpit during

their absence on preaching tours. During the following year, 1770, he removed with his family, together with Paul and Barbara Heck and other Palatine Methodists, afterwards well known in Canada, to Salem, Washington County, New York. Previous to his leaving his recent spiritual charge, the trustees of Wesley Chapel presented him, in the name of the congregation, the sum of two pounds and five shillings, "for the purchase of a Concordance, as a memento of his pastoral connection with them."

"Brethren," he said, with faltering voice, as he thanked them for the kind donation, "I need no memento to keep your memory green. Ye are in my heart to die and live with you; but the hand of Providence beckons me elsewhere. No more welcome present could you have given me. A Concordance I have long desired to have, that I might the better study the Word of God, and bring forth and compare its hidden treasures. Now that your love has placed it within my reach, I shall prize it for a double reason, and when distant from you I shall still feel united with you by a tender tie, as I study by its help the sacred volume that we so much love. The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen!"*

Embarking in a small river sloop on the broad bosom of the Hudson, these pioneers of Methodism made their way slowly up that noble stream. Its stately banks, not then as now adorned with elegant villas, were almost in a state of nature. The towering Palisades reared their wall of rock, and the lofty Crow-nest, and Storm-king, and romantic Highlands were clothed with foliage to the very top. They sailed on past the quaint Dutch town of Albany, and the site of the present city of Troy, then a wilderness. A couple of ox teams conveyed the settlers from the river to their new homes on the fertile meadows of the Pawlet River. This now flourishing and populous part of the country was then a wilderness.

Under these new conditions these godly pioneers ceased not to prosecute their providential mission—the founding of Methodism in the New World. While they sowed with seed grain the virgin soil of their new farms, they sought also to scatter the good seed of the kingdom in the hearts of their neighbours. Embury continued his labours as a faithful local preacher, and soon among the sparse and scattered population of settlers was formed a "class"—the first within the bounds of the Troy Conference, which has since multiplied to 200 preachers and 25,000 members.

Embury seems to have won the confidence and esteem of his rural neighbours, no less for his practical business efficiency and sound judgment than for his sterling piety, as we find him officiating as magistrate as well as preacher.

He received, while mowing in his field in the summer of 1775—the year of the outbreak of the Revolutionary War—so severe an injury that he died

* This Concordance, a stout leather-bound volume, bearing the inscription "Phil. Embury, April, 1770," is now in the library of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. It was presented to the College by a great granddaughter of Mr. Embury.

suddenly, at the early age of forty-five. His end was pre-eminently joy and peace. Though suffering much physical pain, his soul rejoiced in God. "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," were his dying words, "for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. The mustard seed of Methodism which, through God's grace, has been planted in this New World, shall yet grow to be a mighty tree, whose branches shall fill the whole land." He knew not, good man, that seven years of tribulation were to scourge his adopted country, and that he was but taken away from the evil to come. "Ho was," writes Asbury, who knew him well, "greatly beloved and much lamented." He was buried, after the manner of the primitive settlers, on the farm on which he had lived and laboured. "After reposing," writes Dr. Stevens, "fifty-seven years in his solitary grave without a memorial, his remains were disinterred with solemn ceremonies, and borne by a large procession to the Ashgrove burial-ground, where there resting-place is marked by a monument recording that he 'was the first to set in motion a train of measures which resulted in the founding of John Street Church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has beautified the earth with salvation and increased the joys of Heaven.'"

My Little Lad and I.

I TAKE a little hand in mine,
And walk the village street,
With chirp and chatter as we go,
In mingled converse sweet,
And pleasant salutations
From every one we meet—
Dear little lad and I!

I take this little hand in mine
To climb a neighbouring hill,
To pluck wild flowers or to trace
A laughing mountain rill.
By which, when weary or athirst,
We pause to drink our fill—
Dear little lad and I!

I take two little hands in mine,
My boy upon my knee:
I listen to a pleasant voice,
Made rich with notes of glee;
I feel a breath against my cheek,
A breath of life to me—
Dear little lad and I!

I take those little hands in mine;
I hear a prattler's tongue
Repeating childish thoughts and songs
So sweetly said and sung,
In harmony with spirit-harps
For heavenly music strung—
Dear little lad and I!

With those two little hands in mine,
I think of other days—
One generation full of years
Between our parting ways;
And yet our souls clasp hands across
The chasm in close embrace—
Dear little lad and I!

These little hands, so very fair,
God keep them ever white!
Those little feet, unfettered yet,
May they e'er walk aright!
That little life, so precious now,
May it be ever bright!—
Dear little lad, pray I!

The Vanderbilt Boys.

HOW THEY WERE TAUGHT TO SHIFT FOR THEMSELVES—LESSONS WELL LEARNED.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT is forty now, and he is worth, I suppose, at least \$80,000,000, perhaps more. This, at compound interest, should double every twelve years, which would make it no less than \$640,000,000 when Mr. Cornelius is seventy-six. It would increase a great deal faster than that at

the interest which he is to-day receiving on his stock and bonds, but there will come panics, reverses, cataclysms, and he cannot safely count on making more than \$150,000,000 in thirty-six years.

These young men are exceptional characters. They started in the path of life under the iron rod of their remarkable grandfather, the old Commodore. He didn't believe in boys at all; he didn't believe in anything much, and when Cornelius and William K. got out of short clothes he said to their father, "Look-a-here, Billy, boys are no good; there's only one way to save 'em, and that is by putting 'em at something, and making 'em work all the while. Now, stick those boys in somewhere and make 'em come down to it. Don't let up on 'em."

William H. was not half as hard and inflexible as his father, but he was accustomed to mind that gentleman—as obedient when he was forty as when he was fourteen—and he knew perfectly well that it was better to kick a boy out than to pet him and to give him money; so he told the boys, as his father had told him, that they "must support themselves."

Cornelius got a little clerkship in the Shoe and Leather Bank when he was sixteen, and for four years he got there as early as any clerk, and worked as late and as hard. He allowed himself no extra holidays, and neither his father nor his grandfather did anything to make his life easier. During these years his uncle Torrance, going to Europe for the Commodore, invited "the younger" to go with him, and the grandfather relented and consented. The boy was delighted at the chance, but the question of salary was involved. He presented the matter to the President. "You can go," said that amiable functionary, "but of course you will lose your salary, \$150." That settled it. Cornelius turned his back on the temptation, and declined to go.

When he was twenty he was made a clerk "at the bottom of the ladder" in the Hudson River railway office, and his younger brother, William K., was put at work there the next year. For more than eighteen years, now, they have "bowed down to it" in that concern, and they are far better trained than their father ever was in all the details of the business.

They are not fast men. They own no yachts. They care nothing for clubs. They love their children, and each family, filing into church, looks like a pair of gently sloping stairs. They care little for fast horses. One of them is superintendent of a Sunday-school, and both are deeply interested in various charities of the city.

Cornelius is first vice-president and head of finance; William K. is second vice-president and master of transportation. Each knows his business thoroughly. The most striking thing about either of them is that they work as hard as if they were hired by the job—which they are by the way—and that they are perfectly democratic and accessible to anybody who has business with them. On the whole, the present seniors of the house of Vanderbilt are about the most quiet, unassuming, well-behaved, well-trained, and level-headed of the New York millionaires of the present day.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—*Rowland Hill.*

The Temperance Call.

THROUGHOUT the land,
On every hand,
An earnest call is heard,
It rolls along
Each day more strong,
Till every heart is stirred.

From far and near,
The call we hear,
From city, town and wood;
And proud heads bow
While prayers ascend
To the Author of all good.

It gathers force
From every source,
From age and sunny youth;
Before its power
The demons cower
As falsehood shrinks from truth.

This call we hear;
O shall we fear
The tyrant bold and strong?
Our Father's hand
Shall guide our band
To victory o'er the wrong.

O Thou to whom
We may all come
With every joy and grief,
Hear thou our cry;
Lord, save, we die—
O come and bring relief!

Then on we'll go
Till all shall know
That Thou hast heard our call;
Till every knee
Shall bow to Thee,
And crown Thee "Lord of all."

Sowing and Reaping.

"MY child!" said Mrs. A—, "I do not wish you to go with the Thompson children. They are very good, no doubt, but they are not just the kind for you. There are the De Lanceys now; they are such nicely brought up children; I wish you to be friends with them." And so the simple unaffected children of Mrs. A— get their first lesson in worldliness. They are to cut the Thompsons whom they like, and they are to cultivate the De Lanceys whom they do not like, but whom mother recommends for reasons which the youthful mind readily guesses.

Ten years pass. Mrs. A— is in widow's weeds. She is consulting a friend of her late husband as to what she shall do with Charley. Listen to her once more

"I would be glad to get him sent away anywhere. Young De Lancey has led him into such a reckless and extravagant life that he cares for nothing, and will do anything now to get money. He is my greatest sorrow. Ah sir! a living grief is the worst grief." Poor Mrs. A—! It is her sad harvest time.

"Well, for my part, I don't approve of such strictness. I like my children to enjoy themselves, and I see no harm in a play. I feel as good, for my part, in a theatre as I do anywhere else." Mrs. B— was sincere, and probably correct in this remark, and she acted upon it and now and then took her boy Harry to the theatre. It was very nice to both, and she brought him safely home. And when Harry went to business in New York, which could boast of a stage such as his native city poorly rivalled, he saw no harm in spending his nights in the same manner. He made friends; he found his way to the bar-room, to other rooms, and to such company as they presented. He needed money. He had little principle. Any time that might have been given to sober reflection he spent where reflection is impossible.

Several years pass, and here is a distracted line from Harry:

"My darling Mother:—It breaks

my heart to say good-by to you—but I must. I am ruined; and if I stayed would be arrested. I go away to-night—where, you will hear if I have any better luck. I am your unfortunate son,
HARRY.

That is Mrs. B—'s melancholy harvest.

"Money! at all risks. I must make money, and keep it, too, when I have it." So said Mr. D—, a young man of steady habits, with a cold gray eye and a narrow forehead. He came from the village of Westfield, where his parents lived; but he did not go to it; to go cost money. He gave no gifts; it cost money. He joined no church; it cost money. He supported no charities; they took money. And so Mr. D—'s wretched whole field of his life with wind. Forty-five years pass. Mr. D— is old and sick. He has no friends about him. He has sore trouble of mind. His one servant is faithful, but wants his money, he suspects. His "man of business charged high," and he is now getting a will made by a sharp attorney who scented the prey from afar, who will do anything he is asked while his client lives, and pay himself when he is dead. And there he is dying. Sympathy from man he never sought. He sought money. Grace from God he never sought. He sought money. And there he dies without love from earth or hope from heaven. The harvest is as the seed.

But one has not always to wait so long. Here is a corner of a harvest field for example. "I am very sorry to say it," says old Mrs. G—, but I have very little comfort in my child-on. They did not marry the kind of persons I would like; and when people marry, they generally go with those they join; and somehow they do not think much about their mother." Now let us go back fifteen years. Then, after a period of hard work to bring up her children, Mrs. G— having attained to some means and comfort, resolved to have "society" and "life" for her children. She drew about her people of like mind, old-fashioned morals were laughed at in her parlours, and "modern" ways were introduced. Some pious friends drew off in consequence, but their place was more than filled by others. The associations so formed grew closer. One daughter married in haste, and soon obtained a divorce. The sons united themselves to women who do not believe in the old-fashioned obligations to honour one's mother, especially when it is a mother-in-law. And the youngest daughter is "engaged" to a man of "varied accomplishments," who is a scoffer. They will be married as soon as he can get something to do. The seed was sown in worldly ambition; the harvest is gathered in heartless disappointment. Oh parents! who make your children pass through the fire of fashionable folly, in the hope of advancing them in life, ye know not what ye do.

Now, if all these things happen in life, as it is easy to see, is it to be wondered at that the rule reaches on into eternity? You are a blameless, upright man. You have been honest, and men trust you. You have been kind-hearted, and men like you. You have been industrious, and God—who rewards natural virtue in its own department, and as far as it goes—has given you prosperity. But you have sown only natural seed—not spiritual. And as you sow, you will reap—only more than the seed.

You live here without God. Then you can only expect to be without God always. You sow no spiritual seed. Then you can look for no spiritual fruit. You live for men. Let them reward you if they can. You let God alone. Then He will let you alone. You sow the wind of worldliness; you can only hope to reap the whirlwind of judgment and despair.

"Oh, God forbid!" you exclaim, "that it should come to that!" But God will not forbid it. His already established rule is that if we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption; if we sow to the Spirit, we shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. You can read it for yourself in the epistle to the Galatians, 6:8. How can you expect God to forbid the workings of His own laws? How absurd to sow thistle-down, and say, "God forbid that I have thistles!" Go then, at once, to God, and beg His mercy for Christ's sake. Take His word and keep it. Beg Him to lead you in the way of life, and to show you how to sow to the Spirit. And to show that you are in earnest, *move in the direction of your prayers.*—
Dr. John Hall.

Mrs. Lofty and I.

MRS. LOFTY keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple greys to draw it,
None have I;
With my blue-eyed laughing baby,
Trundling by,
I hide his face, lest she should see
The Cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace—
Mine a cot;
Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er cares she.
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold His loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I,
She wears hers upon her bosom,
Inside I,
She will leave hers at death's portals,
By-and-by;
I shall bear my treasure with me,
When I die.
For I have love and she has gold—
She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.
She has those who love her station,
None have I,
But I've one true heart beside me—
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in His balance,
By-and-by.
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

Dancing.

BY ANNIE WARNER.

You think I am very hard upon dancing; and I have reason. "Two years ago," said a young girl to me, "you told me that if I went on doing those things I should myself change; that I could not do them and keep myself. I was almost angry then—but do you know, it has come true. I have changed. Things that I minded and shrank from then, I never notice now. I have got used to them, as you said; it frightens me when I think of it."

Poor child! neither fright nor warning have stayed her course since then. A ceaseless thirst for excitement, and endless round of unsatisfying pleasure—so called—a weary, old, disappointed look on the young face; broken engagements, forgotten promises, a wasted

life. This is what it has all come to. "Hard upon dancing?" "Yes; certainly I have reason. Do I not find it right in the way of my Bible class, who might else become Christians? Do I not know how it tarnishes the Christian profession of others? Do not the careless young men in the class boast that they can get the church members to go with them anywhere for a dance? Or how would you like to have a young girl come to you, frightened at the things she had permitted at the ball the night before, entreating to know if you thought them very bad?"

Street Arabs.

THE reporter of a New York paper was recently applied to for help by a bootblack who said his box had been stolen, and after giving the little fellow a few cents he went to the superintendent of the boy's lodging-house to inquire about him. "A small boy is often robbed of his box and brushes," said the superintendent, "and when we know or believe him to be honest and industrious, we start him afresh. But some of them will sell their kit to go to the theatre, or to see Jumbo, or anything else that's going, and then they'll try to beg money for a new kit. If you are ever asked again, tell the boy to bring you a note from me; if he deserves it, he'll get it."

"How many of those who began as newsboys or bootblacks have succeeded in life?"

"Hundreds! Why, the other day, a man stopped me in the street and asked me if I recollected him. Of course I didn't, but he soon recalled himself to my mind. He had been under my care, and he told me that he was now owner of a factory in Newark, employing two book-keepers and sixty workmen.

"Another man visited me lately who had been picked up, wandering about the Bowery, and had been brought to the lodging-house. His parents were dead. He is now proprietor and editor of a paper in Warsaw, Indiana.

"There are aldermen in this city who began life under our care, but some of them are ashamed to have it known. They ought to be proud of it.

"Many of the little bootblacks work for the big ones, who sit majestically on stools, or in door-ways, looking on; and the big boy feeds the little one, giving him six cents for his lodging, and pockets the rest of the day's earnings. It's wonderful how faithful the little ones are, too. I suppose they're afraid of getting thrashed."

PATIENCE is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too. Patience lies at the root of all pleasures as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness when impatience accompanies her.

A YOUNG Japanese, says the *Christian Union*, had been imprisoned for being too outspoken. In his prison at Tokio he set to work to preach Christ to his fellow-sufferers, and the news of these efforts attracted others, till he had three hundred hearers. When released he laid the neglected state of the prisoners before those in office, and he has been appointed governor of a new prison, with the consent of the authorities to pursue his religious work—an evidence of the value of words spoken in season.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A. D. 27.] LESSON XIII. [June 27.

REVIEW AND TEMPERANCE LESSON.

REVIEW.

(Scripture Lesson.—John 1. 1-17.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.—John 1. 14.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 1. 1-51. Tu. John 2. 1-25. W. John 3. 1-36. Th. John 4. 1-54. F. John 5. 1-47. Sa. John 6. 1-71. Su. John 7. 1-53.

TIME.—This quarter covers nearly three years of Jesus' earthly ministry, from Jan., A. D. 27, to Oct., A. D. 29.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, Cana, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Sychar. John leaves out a large portion of the ministry in Galilee, because recorded in the other Gospels, which were written before his, and he dwells chiefly on the ministry in Jerusalem and Judea.

SUGGESTIONS.—(1) Read the first eight chapters of John's Gospel at one sitting. (2) Trace out the movements of Jesus on the map in order to make his life real and vivid to you. (3) Study up the state of the country in the time of Christ. (4) Review the *Titles, Golden Texts, and Central Truths* of the quarter.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What Book of the Bible have we been studying? Who wrote it? When and where? Tell all you can about the book. Give some account of the apostle John. How much time do the lessons of this quarter cover? Where did the events take place? Name the principal persons mentioned.

SUBJECT: THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.

I. HIS NATURE (Lessons 1, 11, 12).—Who is the Redeemer of the world? How long has he existed? What great works did he do before he became man? When did he become man? How is he the Light of men? the Life? the living water? Meaning of "Christ." What reasons have we to rejoice that our Saviour is divine? that he became man?

II. THE BEGINNINGS OF HIS KINGDOM (Lesson 2, 3, 4).—Who were his first disciples? How were they led to him? What great results have grown from these small beginnings? What was his first miracle? When and where? What was it meant to teach?

What was the first great doctrine he taught? To whom? Why is this placed first?

III. HIS MIRACLES (Lessons 3, 7, 8, 9).—What are miracles? Why did Jesus perform them? What was the first one, and its teachings? What is the next recorded one? What was that meant to teach us? Describe the next one. What does this teach us? What one the following night? What miracle did we study in Lesson 9? What are its teachings?

IV. HIS TEACHINGS (Lessons 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12).—What great doctrine was taught to Nicodemus? What comforting truths to the Samaritan woman at the well? What did he teach her about worship? What instructions did he give his disciples on the same day about working for God? What "he" teach about the bread of life? About the living water? About the liberty of the Gospel? About eternal life?

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

(Scripture Lesson.—Mark 5. 1-20.)

INTRODUCTORY.—Read over the story given in the Scripture Lesson. In what two other places is the same story given? (Matt. 8. 28-34; Luke 8. 26-39.) Who were the principal actors in it? Where did it take place? And when?

SUBJECT: THE DEMONS OF INTEMPERANCE, AND HOW TO CAST THEM OUT.

I. THE POSSESSED OF DEMONS (vs. 1-5).—Who met Jesus on the shore of the Sea of Galilee? Where was his home? What is

meant by being possessed of demons? How did men come to be under such control? Why is strong drink like these demons? How do men come to be under its control? Are they to blame for it? Can they escape?

II. THE RUIN WROUGHT BY THESE DEMONS (vs. 4-13).—What injuries did the demons do to the man possessed? How would this affect his home-life? his happiness? his usefulness? his life and health? What injury did they do to property on the shore? Did they injure everything they touched? What is said of their number? Their power?

What injury does strong drink do to the drinker himself? What to his family? to his usefulness? to his happiness? to his life and health? to the community by inciting to crime? to property?

Are the demons of strong drink also legion? What do you know of the difficulty of binding and restraining this evil? What of its opposition to all good?

III. THE POWER BY WHICH THESE DEMONS ARE CAST OUT (vs. 8, 15).—Who cast the demons out of this man? By what power? Had other efforts been in vain? What was the effect on the man?

By whose power must the demons of intemperance be cast out? Will any other power alone do it? Name some of the ways in which Jesus uses his power for this purpose. How does Gospel *Relation* aid? What can be done by *Temperance Literature*? What by *Temperance Societies*? What by *Instruction and Training*, and in what places? What by *Public Meetings*? What by *Law* and its enforcement? What by *example*? What by *signing the pledge*?

Does the religion of Jesus aid, inspire, and encourage all these?

IV. THE OPPOSITION OF MANY TO THE WORK (vs. 14-17).—What did some who had seen the wonderful change in the man do? What harm had come to them? What did they fear? Was their conduct evidently selfish?

Why are many opposed to the Temperance reformation? How does it injure them? Does this counterbalance the good? Is their opposition selfish?

V. THE TESTIMONY OF THE SAVED (vs. 15, 17-20).—What change was wrought in the man? Whom did he tell of the change? With what effect?

What changes has temperance wrought in many? Why should they tell others what the Lord has done for them?

REVIEW EXERCISE.

LEADER.—What injuries are done by the demons of the cup?

SCHOOL.—They destroy life. They squander property. They injure the hearth. They destroy happiness. They incite to crime. They ruin families. They are a curse to the State. They lead the young astray.

LEADER.—By what means can they be cast out?

1. By the Gospel. 2. By temperance literature. 3. By temperance societies. 4. By instruction in temperance. 5. By public meetings. 6. By prohibitory laws. 7. By good example. 8. By signing the pledge. 9. By personal effort. 10. By the power of the Lord Jesus inspiring and working in all these ways.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A. D. 29.] LESSON I. [July 4.

JESUS AND THE BLIND MAN.

John 9. 1-17.

Commit vs. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.—John 9. 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the light of the world.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 9. 1-17. Tu. John 9. 18-41. W. 2. Cor. 12. 7-11; Heb. 12. 6-11. Th. Is. 35. 1-10. F. Is. 42. 1-16. Sa. John 1. 1-14. Su. Luke 6. 1-11.

TIME.—Oct., A. D. 29. Probably the next Sabbath after the feast of Tabernacles. Less. 11 and 12, 2d. Quar.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, near one of the gates of the temple.

JESUS.—About 33 years old, about six months before his crucifixion

ROBBER.—Tiberius (cesar, emperor of Rome (16th); Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea (4th). Herod Antipas over Galilee (33d).

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last regular lesson Jesus was discoursing with the Pharisees in the temple, and they had taken up stones to kill him, when he passed quietly out among the throngs. The events of this lesson took place soon after, probably on the Sabbath following.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *As Jesus passed by*—Not the same verb as the one translated "passed by" in the last verse of the last chapter. Hence it need not refer to the same occasion. *Blind from his birth*—And therefore more difficult to cure. 2. *Who did sin?* Whose sin was the occasion of this great sorrow? The Pharisees taught that each trouble was the punishment of some particular sin. *This man*—Of course blindness from birth could not be the punishment for the man's own sin. Therefore was it in consequence of his parent's sin. 3. *Neither hath this man sinned*—This was not on account of any sin of either the man or his parents. It does not mean that they never had done wrong. Such evils as blindness are the results of sin in general, but you cannot always trace a trouble to a particular sin, nor judge of character by the amount of trouble. *Works of God*—His works of love, goodness, salvation; that these might be shown in the man's spiritual good, and thus also be revealed to others. 4. *While it is day*—While the opportunity lasts. 6. *Made clay*—Used some means to awaken the man's faith and test his obedience. *Siloam*—A pool south of the temple area. 14. *Sabbath day*—Both making clay, and healing the man, broke their interpretation of the Sabbath law, but did not break the fourth commandment.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—What is mortal and spiritual blindness?—Connection between sin and suffering.—Works of God.—Working while it is day.—Jesus the light of the world.—v. 16.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the last regular lesson about? At what time were those words spoken? How long after did the events of to-day's lesson take place? Where? In what part of Jesus' ministry are we now studying?

SUBJECT: JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

I. THE DARKNESS (vs. 1-3).—Whom did Jesus see one day as he was walking with his disciples? Why is it mentioned that he was born blind? What question did the disciples ask? What led them to ask it? Is suffering always the fruit of sin? (Ezek. 18. 20. Rom. 5. 12. John 5. 14.) What was Jesus' reply? Did he mean that these people had never done wrong? Is suffering the proof of special sin? (Luke 13. 1-5.) What is meant by the "works of God"? How were these made manifest in this man? What other darkness is in the world besides blindness? Why is sorrow called darkness? Why is ignorance like darkness? Why is the state of sin called darkness?

II. THE LIGHT (vs. 4-6).—What did Jesus call himself? In what respects is he like light? How does he take away the darkness of sin? of trouble? of ignorance? What is meant by "the day" and "the night" in v. 4? Give an account of the cure of the blind man. Why did Jesus use such means?

III. THE CONFLICT BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARKNESS (vs. 8-17).—What did the neighbors say about this cure? What was the man's testimony? Why did they take him to the Pharisees? What wrong did they think Jesus had done? Had he broken the Sabbath? What two opinions prevailed? Which one was right? How did this discussion result?

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

1. *The blindness*, of the body, of sin, of ignorance, of sorrow; because the light is absent

2. *The causes*. (a) In general it is the fruit of sin. But no one can infer great sin from great calamity (Luke 13. 1-5). The best of people are often great sufferers. (b) God permits this suffering, and he transforms people by it. He makes it work out spiritual goodness and joy. He makes it to show his love, his goodness, his power, his redemption.

3. *The light* signifies all that makes us see God, truth, goodness, culture, purity; all that brings brightness and peace into the soul, all that takes away sin, sorrow, ignorance.

4. *Jesus is the light* of the whole world.

5. *Our part*. We should receive the light. We should reflect it to all people. We should use all the means God has provided. We must do each duty in its time. We must expect that the coming of the light should make commotion in the darkness.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

6. Whom did Jesus see one day? ANS. A man blind from his birth. 2. What question did his disciples ask? ANS. (Repeat v. 2.) 3. What did Jesus reply? ANS. (Repeat v. 3.) 4. What did Jesus do? ANS. He gave sight to the blind. 5. What was one result? ANS. The Pharisees hated and opposed Jesus.

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