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# HOME



Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

[No. 21.]

## The Nail Marks.

THERE was once a little boy, who, like all other children, had some bad habits. His good father was trying to help him correct them, and at length thought of a plan.

"Johnnie," said he, "supposing every time you are disobedient, or get angry, or say any naughty word, we should drive a nail into the door of the woodshed?"

"Well," said Johnnie; "that will make me think, won't it?"

The door began to fill up pretty fast, and Johnnie felt very badly about it.

"Now," said his father, "let us try another plan. Every day that you are obedient and truthful and kind, we will draw a nail out."

This plan worked charmingly, for it is a great deal better to try to be good, than to be merely watching and marking ourselves for being naughty. By-and-by every nail was out, but Johnnie stood looking at the door with a very sad face.

"Why do you look so unhappy?" said his father; "are you not glad the nails are out?"

"Oh yes, sir," answered Johnnie, "but the marks are there."

I heard a gentleman speak in a waying a little while ago. He had been a wretched drunkard for thirty years, but now is saved through Christ, and for the last three years has been going about to warn people against strong drink, and to tell them how they too can be saved. "Little boys," he said, "don't do as I have done. God has forgiven, I hope, all the sins of these dreadful years, and has blotted them out of the book of His remembrance. But I can't forget them; the scars are still there."

Let us ask the dear Saviour to keep us from sin, that there may be no scars in memory and conscience, to make us sorry all our lives.

## For the Boys.

DR. LUDLOW, in the *Sunday-School Times*, says: A portrait painter once told me that the picture of a child younger than twelve would not be apt to look like him as he became a man; but that one taken after that age, would show the settled outline of features which even the wrinkles of old age would not crowd out. Your physician will tell you that about that same time the body too gets into shape.

If you are to be spindleshanked or dumpy, the stretch or the squat will have begun to grow on you. A great writer, who has had much to do in educating boys, says: "The latter life of a man is much more like what he was at school than what he was [at college]."

And so he did; for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off a dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of a crowd of men dared jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger hands got hold of

nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. This was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself making drawings on his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy, who built himself a booth down at the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would disturb him. There he read heavy books like Locke "On the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and the flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. He was Jonathan Edwards.



THE NAIL MARKS

A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell out of the window, and was severely hurt; but with clenched lips he held back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency.

her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. That boy was Garibaldi; and if you will read his life, you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that

zens are murdered every year.—National Prohibition Committee.

"DEATH and drink-draining are near neighbours," says an old Scotch proverb.

## Home Pictures.

THE most entrancing pictures  
Not frames expensive hold,  
Neath handsome, frescoed ceilings  
That gleam in blue and gold.  
They're not the dearest pictures  
That hang in halls of art—  
The dearest, brightest pictures  
Are pictures of the heart.

We see the humble cottage,  
As o'er the the rails we whirl,  
And softly from the chimney  
The lilac smoke-wreaths curl  
We see the patient farmer,  
Who plows the furrow long,  
His features full of sunshine,  
His bosom full of song.

We see the good dame rocking,  
While sunbeams round her smile,  
Her knitting-needles flashing  
Unceasingly the while.  
We see about her romping  
And laughing till they're sore,  
The children with their playthings  
Upon the well-swept floor.

We see beneath the rafter  
The cheery ember glow,  
Which makes it sweet to listen  
To winds that fiercely blow.  
We see the happy spaniel  
About the kitchen room,  
And, hanging o'er the mantel,  
The legend, "Home, Sweet Home."

We see the purring tabby  
Run up against the chair;  
We see the bright rag-carpet  
That blooms like a parterre.  
And Molly in the kitchen,  
So busy making bread,  
And tempting pies arranging  
On white shelves overhead.

These are the tender pictures  
That ever we adore,  
And in our dreaming moments  
Delight to linger o'er.  
These pictures from us never  
Can utterly depart—  
These scenes of home are always  
Reflected in the heart.

## BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF  
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XIV.—A HOPE SPRINGS UP.

THE early Methodist preachers not only proclaimed their glad evangel in the woods, in the highway, in barns, and wherever an opportunity occurred; they also visited diligently from house to house, seeking by their godly counsel and prayers to deepen the impressions of their public ministry. The house of Colonel Pemberton was not overlooked by either William Losee or Darius Dunham in these visitations. Although the gallant Colonel bore little love to the Methodist itinerants, still his Virginian hospitality and his instincts as a gentleman made him give them a sort of constrained welcome to his house. The Methodist preachers, moreover, felt it their duty to go not merely where they found a cordial reception, but wherever they had an opportunity to speak a word for their Master. They had also additional reasons for visiting the Pemberton mansion, as from its size it was generally called in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Pemberton, although not a Methodist, was a saintly soul of deep religious experience, and the visits of these godly men, and any tidings they could bring of her wandering boy—exiled from his father's house—was welcome as water to thirsty lips.

Miss Blanche Pemberton, too, the Colonel's only daughter, exerted a powerful attraction over both of these homeless, wandering men. To a face and form of great personal beauty she added a cultivated understanding and a character made up of a strange blend-

ing of her father's high spirit and her mother's gentleness of disposition and spirituality of mind. Her baptismal name was certainly a misnomer, for the warm blood of the South mantled in her dusky cheek, as its fires slumbered in her deep dark eyes, making one feel that notwithstanding the seeming languor of her manner, there was in her abundant energy of character if it were only aroused. She possessed great keenness of perception and a readiness of expression, and had enjoyed a range of reading uncommon in that day, that made her company a rich delight to both of these Methodist itinerants. Neither dreamed at the time of being the rival of the other in seeking the affections of the lady, for neither had a home to offer, and neither thought of asking the delicately nurtured girl to leave her father's comfortable house and share their wanderings in the wilderness.

The exigencies of the itineracy now sent Losee to a distant part of the Province on the lower St. Lawrence. Mr. Dunham, during his periodical returns to the Heck Settlement, felt the spell of the fair Blanche's attractions, and as often as duty would permit, sought her society. The young lady, too, found in his presence and conversation a pleasure different from any experienced in the rustic community of the neighbourhood. Elder Dunham, a man of very superior parts, and of a natural eloquence of expression, had cultivated his powers by a considerable amount of reading, and by extensive travel and intercourse with many minds of different walks and ranks of life. Humanity, after all, is the grandest book. "The proper study of mankind is man," and no study will so cultivate one's powers and increase one's efficiency as a leader and teacher of his fellow-men.

The habit of introspection and self-examination, of the early Methodists soon revealed to Elder Dunham the true state of his feelings towards the fair Blanche Pemberton. Like an honourable man, he at once declared his sentiments to her parents. From her mother he received, if not encouragement, at least tacit approval.

"I would never attempt to coerce my daughter's affections," she said, for she was not without a vein of tender romance in her gentle nature. "Her heart is a woman's kingdom, which she must rule for herself. Her all of happiness for time and often for eternity is at stake, and she must decide for herself."

"'Tis all I wish, my dear madam," said the preacher with effusion; and then with that proud humility which every true man feels in comparison with the woman whom he loves, he went on, "I know I am unworthy of her, and have nothing to offer for the priceless gift of her love but a heart that will never fail in its devotion."

"No woman can have more," said the wise mother, "and I desire for her no greater happiness than the love of a true and loyal heart."

From the father, however, the preacher met a very different reception.

"What! was it not enough to steal from me my son, without trying to take my daughter also? No, sir, I will not give my consent, and I forbid the girl thinking of such a thing, or indeed seeing you at all unless you give your word of honour that you will not broach such a preposterous idea."

Now, no man likes to have the homage of his heart treated as a preposterous idea. Nevertheless, Elder Dunham, with an effort, restrained his feelings and calmly answered.

"I can give no such promise, sir; and I tell you frankly, I shall feel at perfect liberty to win your daughter's heart and hand if I can."

"What! will you bend me to my very face?" exclaimed the choleric old gentleman. "I'll keep the girl under lock and key, if necessary, to prevent her linking her fortune with a wandering circuit rider, without house or home."

"God will provide us both in His own good time," said the preacher devoutly; "and consider, sir, you may be frustrating your daughter's happiness as well as mine."

"Blanche has too much of her father's spirit," said the old man haughtily, "to degrade herself—excuse me, sir—to degrade herself to such a lackland marriage."

"Miss Pemberton will never do aught that will misbecome her father's daughter; of that you may be sure," said the preacher, with a hectic spot burning in his cheek, and bowing stiffly, he left the house.

Elder Dunham was not the man to give up his quest for such a repulse as this, especially with such an object in view. Nevertheless he was considerably embarrassed. His sense of personal dignity and propriety would not allow him to enter a house in which such words had been addressed him as those which fell, like molten lead, from the lips of the angry Colonel. He was a man of too high honour to attempt a clandestine intercourse or even interview. What should he do? He did not wish to make Blanche's mother a mediatrix against her husband's wishes. Yet it was at least right that Blanche should know definitely his feelings, of which he had not previously ventured to speak to her. He determined to write a full, frank letter, avowing his love, recounting her father's objections to his suit, and expressing his confidence that God would give His smile and blessing to their union in His own good time.

"I do not ask you for an answer now," the letter ended. "Wait, reflect, ask guidance from on high. The way will open if it be God's will, and I feel sure it is. I will have patience; I have faith."

This letter is enclosed, unsealed, in a note to her mother, requesting her to read it and then hand it to her daughter.

This letter, without opening it, Mrs. Pemberton handed to Blanche, saying: "Daughter, if this be, as I suspect, the offer of a good man's love, take counsel of God and of your own heart, and may both guide you aright."

In less than an hour Blanche came out of her little private room with a new light in her eyes, and a nobler bearing in her gait. *Incedit regina*—she walked a queen, crowned with the noblest wreath that woman's brow can wear—the love and homage of a true-hearted man.

"Mother, I have loved him long," she said, and she flung herself upon that tender bosom which all her life long had throbbled only with truest, fondest mother love.

"God bless you, my darling," whispered the mother through her tears, as she fervently kissed her daughter's forehead, and pressed her to her heart.

Few words were spoken; no was there need. There is a stillness more eloquent than speech. Their spirits were in full accord, and never was the sympathy between their hearts so strong, so full and free as when—her nature deepening, well-like, clear—the daughter sat at her mother's feet, no longer a light-hearted girl, "in maiden meditation fancy free,"—but a woman dowered with life's richest gift—the love of a true and loyal heart. Happy mother! happy child! who each in such an hour enjoy the fullest confidence and sympathy of the other.

"Well, what answer shall I send?" asked the mother with a smile.

"Only this," said Blanche, handing her mother her Bible—a dainty velvet-bound in purple velvet, with golden clasps—a birthday present from her mother in the happy days before the cruel war. "Only this. He will understand. We must wait till God shall open our way."

"Be brave, my child; be patient, be true, and all will be well."

Although Elder Dunham had not asked an answer, and hardly expected one, yet he paced up and down, in no small perturbation, the little room in the hospitable home of Paul and Barbara Heck which they designated "the prophet's chamber," and which was set apart for the use of the travelling preacher. He tried to read, he tried to write, but in vain; he could fix his mind on nothing, and his nervous agitation found relief only in a hurried and impatient pacing up and down the floor.

"What is the matter with the preacher to-day I wonder?" said Dame Barbara to Goodman Paul. "He never went on like hitherto."

"He has something on his mind, you may be sure. Perhaps he's making up his sermon. A rare good one it will be, I doubt not," said Paul.

"I hope he is not ill, poor man. I noticed he looked pale when he came in," replied Dame Barbara.

If she could have seen him a few minutes later, as he opened the small package brought him by a messenger from the Pemberton farm, she would have been relieved of all anxiety as to his well-being of body or of mind. As he unfolded the dainty parcel, he observed a leaf turned and the Bible opened of itself at the book of Ruth. A special mark on the margin called his attention to the 16th and 17th verses of the first chapter. Not a written line but those pencil marks with the initials "B. P." made him the happiest of men as he read the touching declaration: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." He raised the sweet words to his lips, then pressed the book to his heart, and said with all the solemnity of an oath—"The Lord do so to me, and more also, if I be not worthy of such love."

## CHAPTER XV.—A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

The call of duty summoned the zealous itinerant to the furthest end of the vast circuit. But as he rode through the miry forest trail—marked out by the "blaze" upon the trunks of the trees—he felt no sense of loneliness,

for a fair presence seemed over to brighten his path, and a soft voice seemed over to whisper in his ear. "Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge." He cherished the sweet thought in his soul, and was inspired thereby to loftier faith, and grander courage, and sublimer patience, and into serf zeal. And he had need of all. For weary weeks he received no sign nor token, no word of communication from the object of his heart's devotion. When he preached at "The Heck Settlement," every member of the squire's household was conspicuously absent except the faithful blacks, who, though the slaves of an earthly master, rejoiced in the liberty where with Christ makes his own people free.

"The squire takes on powerful bad about his son joining the Methodists," said goodman Paul Heck one day. "He kind o' spites me, too, for lending him the colt. But right is right, and if it was to do I'd do it again."

"He need not be so bitter," said Dame Barbara. "He won't even let his wife or daughter attend the preaching any more. He minds me of those that shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, who neither go in themselves nor suffer them that are entering to go in. What can he expect for hardening his heart against God but a judgment like that which befell Pharaoh?"

And before long an affliction which the pious Barbara recognized as a "judgment" did befall the proud Colonel, which humbled his stubborn heart beneath the mighty hand of God. One day late in November he was with his hired men rafting timber down the river for a barge which he proposed framing during the winter. By an inadvertence of the man who was steering, the raft was driven by the rapid current upon a sunken rock and knocked to pieces. It was near the shore, so they all got safe to land without much trouble; but the immersion in the cold water after having been overheated by exercise, brought on a severe attack of rheumatism upon which supervened a fever of a typhoid type. The old gentleman was at first very irascible under the excruciating agonies which racked his frame. But the patient and loving attentions of his wife and daughter, who ministered like angels beside his couch of pain, seemed to work a wondrous change in his nature.

"You make me ashamed of myself, my patient Grisilda," he said one day to his wife, who watched with unwearied love the long night through beside him. "I am a great frothy baby, yet you nurse me as tenderly as a mother her first-born."

"You are more than a first-born to me," she said, laying her hand in a soft caress upon his brow. He caught her hand and pressed it to his feverish lips, and she felt a hot tear of compunction fall upon it.

"I've used you shamefully," he said. "Will you forgive me? And I hope God will forgive me too. You shall worship Him as you please henceforth."

The faithful soul rejoiced with a great joy, remembering the words, "For what knowest thou, O wife! whether thou shalt save thy husband?" and said softly, "Let us worship Him together, my beloved;" and kneeling by his side she lifted up her heart and voice in fervent, tremulous prayer to God. Her husband's hand lay like a benediction on her brow, and their

spirits drew closer together than at any time since her first-born son—her beloved Reginald—had been driven from his father's house.

The next day, as Blanche sat by her father's side, he said abruptly: "Blanche, send for your brother."

"Oh, father! you are so good, so kind!" she cried, as she flung her arms around his neck, "I will send this very day, but it may be a week before he can come."

"I am not good, child, nor kind, but, God helping me, I'll try to be so," faltered the old man as with feeble hand he caressed her brow.

That night a joyful surprise awaited them all. The early night-fall came dark and cloudy; the wind moaned through the surrounding forest, and whined like a houseless hound about the door. The rain drove in pattering gusts against the window panes. The fire flashed and flickered and roared up the chimney throat. A wistful look was in the eyes of the sick man, which seemed all the darker by contrast with his pallid brow and snowy hair; and the moan and roar of the wind over the chimney-top seemed to trouble his mind. Was he thinking of his wandering boy whom he had driven into the stormy world from the shelter of his father's house? Suddenly there was a quick yelp, as of recognition, of the house dog, and a stamping of feet in the outer porch. Blanche sprang to the door and flung it wide open, and there, with the rain dripping from his great frieze coat, stood the object of his father's anxious thoughts, and of his mother's constant prayers. Flinging aside his coat, after a hurried embrace of his mother and sister, he threw himself on his knees at his father's bedside, exclaiming in a voice shaken by emotion:

"Father, I couldn't stay when I heard you were ill. Take off my sentence of banishment. Let me come back to help nurse you," and he gazed eagerly and with a look of intense affection in his father's face.

"Welcome, my son, thrice welcome to your father's house and to your father's heart. Forgive me, as I trust God has forgiven me. My cup of joy is full. I am happier, with all these pains, than I ever was in my life."

And very happy they all were, as the flames leaped and roared up the wide-throated chimney as if in sympathetic joy. In the few months of his absence Reginald seemed to have changed from a boy to a man. A stamp of deeper thought was on his face, a deeper tone was in his voice, a graver air marked his mien. And as he sat between his mother and sister in the glancing firelight he exhibited a chivalrous tenderness to the one and a fond affection for the other that brightened into manly beauty his weather-browned countenance.

"Thank God," said the Colonel devoutly, "for the affliction that makes us once more a united family. He has dealt with me in mercy, not in anger, and the chastenings of His hand are blessings in disguise."

**A WISE REPLY.**—One day John Newton was asked what he thought about the origin of sin. He replied: "I never think about it. I know there is such a thing as sin in the world, and I know there is a remedy for it; and there my knowledge begins, and there my knowledge ends."

### The Year's Twelve Children.

**JANUARY**, worn and gray,  
Like an old pilgrim by the way,  
Watches the snow, and shivering sighs  
As the wild curlew round him flies,  
Or huddled underneath a thorn,  
Sets praying for the lingering morn.

**February**, bluff and cold,  
O'er furrows striding scorns the cold,  
And with his horses two abreast  
Makes the keen plow do his behest.

**Rough March** comes blustering down the road;  
In his wrathful hand the oxen goad;  
Or, with a rough and angry hate,  
Scatters the seeds o'er the dark waste.

**April**, a child, half tears half smiles,  
Trips full of little playful wiles;  
And laughing, 'neath her rainbow hood,  
Seeks the wild violets in the wood.

**May**, the bright maiden, singing goes,  
To where the snowy hawthorn blows,  
Watching the lambs leap in the dells,  
Listening the simple village bells.

**June**, with mower's scarlet face,  
Moves o'er the clover field apace,  
And fast his crescent scythe sweeps on  
O'er spots from whence the lark has flown.

**July**, the farmer, happy fellow,  
Laughs to see the corn grow yellow;  
The heavy grain he tosses up  
From his right hand as from a cup.

**August**, the reaper, cleaves his way,  
Through the golden waves at break of day,  
Or in his waggon, piled with corn,  
At sunset home is proudly borne.

**September**, with his baying hound,  
Leaps fence and pail at every bound,  
And cast into the wind in acorn,  
All cares and danger from his horn.

**October** comes a woodman old,  
Fenced with tough leather from the cold;  
Round swings his sturdy ax, and lo!  
A fir branch falls at every blow.

**November** cowers before the flame,  
Blears eyes, forgetting her own name!  
Watching the blue smoke curling rise,  
And broods upon old memories.

**December**, fat and rosy, strides,  
His old heart worn, well clothed his sides;  
With kindly word for young and old,  
The cheerier for the bracing cold,  
Laughing a welcome, sings,  
His doors, and as he goes he sings.

### Heroic Self-Sacrifice.

A FEW months ago all England rang with the story of a young physician who, to save the life of a child dying of diphtheria, applied his lips to an incision made in her throat to remove the putrid matter that was choking her. The little girl died, and the doctor fell a victim to his heroic effort. "At the gate of heaven," it was said by one who loved her, "surely he will be first welcomed by a little child!"

It warms the blood to hear of a single act of such heroism, but the latest accounts from Spain tell us that a whole city has rivalled this hero in self-devotion and courage. The people of Saragossa were famous for their dauntless bravery in the Moorish and Peninsular wars. The old fire apparently still burns in their blood, but in saving life, not in destroying it.

When the cholera broke out in the city, the inhabitants with one mind set at work to remove every case of want, to supply every household with plentiful and nourishing food, and to give to every case of the cholera the utmost skill and care. "Every citizen gave money, food, or labour; such was the care taken of the patients that very few had to be removed to the hospital."

Individual cases of heroic self-sacrifice occurred every day. The Mayor was foremost among the nurses of the victims of the epidemic; the forty firemen devoted themselves night and day to

the work, "without a thought of their own safety; only eager to save life."

A poor washerwoman bringing home clothes to a lady whom she found in a state of collapse, in which it was impossible to warm her, threw off her dress jumped into bed, took the dying woman in her arms, and rubbed and chafed the clammy limbs until circulation was restored. This is but one instance of the universal spirit of self-devotion which animated the whole community.

When the disease had spent itself, the Spanish Government offered rewards to the principal officials, who promptly refused them. It then bestowed the Grand Cross of the Order of Beneficence on the entire city. This Cross is given only to a few individuals, why have risked their lives for the help of others; there is no order more highly valued in Spain. Never before has it been conferred on an entire town.

One cannot help wondering what example or teaching lifted these people to such lofty heights of heroism.

### Whitewashed Babies.

A MISSIONARY stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this, in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow. They danced, they sung, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush, and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club, or a garment, but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened; and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

### Can't Rub it Out.

"DON'T write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on a window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing what you cannot rub out? You made a cruel speech the other day to your mother. It wrote itself upon her loving heart and gave her pain. It is there now, and hurts her when she thinks of it.

You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written on the book of memory. Be careful, the record is very lasting.

You can't rub it out.—*Selected.*

**The Legend of St. Christopher.**

"CARRY me across!"

The Syrian heard, rose up and braced  
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil;  
"My child, see how the waters boil!  
The night-black heavens look angry-faced,  
But life is little loss.

"I'll carry thee with joy,  
If needs be, safe as nestling dove;  
For o'er this spring I pilgrims bring  
In service to one Christ, a King  
Whom I have never seen, yet love."  
"I thank thee," said the boy.

Cheerful Arprobus took  
The burden on his shoulders great,  
And stepped into the waves once more;  
When lo! they leaping rise and roar;  
And 'neath the little child's light weight  
The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he wild,  
Struggling in the middle of the ford:  
"Boy as thou lookest, it seems to me  
The whole world's load I bear in thee,  
Yet—" "For the sake of Christ, thy Lord,  
Carry me," said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,  
But gained the farther bank; and then  
A voice cried, "Hence *Christopher* be!  
For carrying, thou hast carried Me,  
The King of angels and of men;  
The Master thou hast served."

And in the moonlight blue  
The saint saw—not the wandering boy,  
But Him who walked upon the sea,  
And o'er the plains of Galilee,  
Till filled with mystic, awful joy  
His dear Lord Christ he knew.

Oh, little is all loss,  
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,  
If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,  
Through the deep waters of our way,  
The burden that *Christopher* bore—  
To carry thee across.

—*Dinah Maria Mulock (Crail).*

faithfully as any other portion of the globe. But do not let us suppose for a moment that these things are general in New Zealand. This is a particular and singular case; and, if I mistake not, is without a parallel either in the history of the island or in Maorie tradition, which dates back for more than ten centuries.

New Zealand has another aspect, o'er her features, the result of other forces, which demand our observation and consideration; standing out as a light in the present darkness, and as a hope in the present distress.

We have elsewhere stated that New Zealand was "professedly religious." She is more than that. The "root of the matter" may be found within her, and many of her Christians are worthy of the admiration of the world. The Maorie has laid down his knife and tomahawk and has taken up the paddle and the fishing-line, the hammer or the plough. A spirit of liberality has been engendered among them, and the writer remembers hearing from the lips of one of New Zealand's early Christian heroes, that on one occasion he was walking along the road, very despondent, thinking of the £50 deficiency he was compelled to report in some branch of the circuit finances, when he met A—C—, a converted Maorie, who enquired as to the cause of his sorrow, and on receiving Mr. B—a reply, handed over the money at once. And there are in New Zealand to-day hundreds manifesting the same piety and equal liberality for the cause of God and the work they hold so dear. But missionary work cannot be confined to efforts put forth among the aborigines. The opposition of the Maorie—or of any other savage—is not and can never be such a hindrance to the progress of truth as the scepticism of unregenerate Europeans. We are glad to state that the work is prospering among this latter class. Well do we remember the revival of 1881, when from the Sunday-school, from the pew, and from almost all ranks of society, souls were "born again," and the seed, sown no doubt by the early missionary fathers, bore fruit to the honour and the glory of G. d. The missionaries in New Zealand are encouraged in their work. God is blessing them. The pleasure of the Lord is prospering in their hands, and they are rejoicing.

We might point to the political and commercial enterprises of the island, and see in them something—yes, even a great deal—of the teachings of the early fathers, but we have said enough. Is it not sufficient to know that on the right and on the left, on the north and on the south, among the white and native population alike, evidences of grace are found, conversions are frequent, and "Forward" is the universal motto.

When they first their work began,  
Small and feeble was their day;  
Now the word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way:  
More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail,  
Sir's strongholds it now o'erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
He alone the work hath wrought;  
Worthy is the work of Him,  
Him who spake a world from nought.

Get what you get honestly, peacefully, and prayerfully; then you will enjoy it gratefully.



A PET TIGER.

**Letter from Rev. A. Andrews.**

We take the liberty of printing the following interesting letter from Bro. Andrews:

Dear Bro. Withrow,—“We are on a tour of visitation and service on this widely-extended District. Left Qu'Appelle station (our company including Mrs. Andrews) on Wednesday, July 28th, at noon. Excepting Sabbath, during which we rested at an empty house by the side of the trail, we have travelled every day until yesterday afternoon, tenting along by the wayside. Both horses and passengers were glad to find hospitable shelter with a good Ontario family. Providentially we learned of the existence of a small Methodist church here, and a kind neighbour sent his son to notify the people for a meeting in the evening. Twenty-two turned out, a though harvest is now here. We had an excellent service, with very clear indication of the Master's presence. There has been no Methodist minister here to labour since the rebellion. The friends pledged themselves to do their best to support a missionary. This cannot be a great deal. Last year no crops, owing to the rebellion. This year the prospect for a fair return is good, and the crops, though limited in extent, will turn out well. We formed a Sunday-school after preaching and prayer-meeting, and appointed Mr. Samuel Shipman, superintendent. They are deserving of help, and need it. The secretary will ask you for assistance, and specify what is desired. I think a free grant this year would not be out of place. They will keep open whole year. Yours very truly,

“ALFRED ANDREWS.”

Prince Albert, Aug. 5th, 1886.

P.S.—We do not expect to get home before the 24th, after travelling over 800 miles.

A. A.

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.

**A Pet Tiger.**

In our picture you have the likeness of an uncommon pet—a young tiger, which an Englishman caught when he was out hunting in India. The old tigress had gone on a journey—no doubt to look out for prey; and the sportsman and his men happened to come to the cave where she had her lair during her absence. This is one of the cubs then found. It grew so tame that it followed its new master about like a puppy, and was always ready for a game. At last it was unfortunately smothered by being left under a box, where it had been put to keep it quiet. The cub had its likeness taken before this accident happened; and here you see it on the knee of the gentleman who caught it, and who is the son of a Wesleyan missionary.

I CHALLENGE any man who understands the nature of ardent spirits, and yet for the sake of gain, continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

NEITHER may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body. Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair his health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, called drams or spirituous liquors. They may be of some use in bodily disorders, although there would rarely be occasion for them were it not for the unskilfulness of the practitioner. But all who sell them in the common way to any that will buy are poisoners-general. They murder Her Majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither doth their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy them their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. A curse cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to nethermost hell.—*John Wesley.*

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

**A Word About New Zealand Missions.**

BY THE REV. J. CALVERT.

TIDINGS are coming to our shores of volcanic eruptions, burning lava, and seas of ashes in New Zealand, and we are beginning to think, perhaps, that this is a country angry within herself, and belching out her animosities in fire and burning. True it is, she has acted somewhat angrily of late, and our sympathies are drawn out towards the sufferers through the late "eruption." No doubt but the Canadian heart will express its sympathies as heartily and



EMPEROR MOTH.

## Our Heroes.

BY ELMEN K. REXFORD.

HERR's a hard to the boy who has courage  
To do what he knows to be right.  
When he falls in the way of temptation  
He has a hard battle to fight.  
Who strives against self and his comrades  
Will find a most powerful foe;  
All honour to him if he conquers,  
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily  
The world knows nothing about;  
There's many a brave little soldier  
Whose strength puts a legion to rout,  
And he who fights single-handed  
Is more of a hero, I say,  
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,  
And conquers arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted  
To do what you know is not right;  
Stand firm by the colours of manhood,  
And you will o'ercome in the fight,  
"The right!" be your battle-cry ever  
In waging the warfare of life;  
And God, who knows who are the heroes,  
Will give you the strength for the strife.

## Emperor Moth.

THE illustration represents one of the varieties of *Attacus* or Emperor Moth—its eggs, larva, and cocoon—

fastened on the stem of a plant. It is one of the most beautiful of the moth family, and also one of the largest. It is common about gardens and orchards. The larva is a large worm. The reader, not familiar with the history of insects, may need to be told that this is not a butterfly, nor a bird, as some have supposed, who have fancied it to be a kind of a humming bird. The sphinx or potato-moth (death-head moth) is, however, more frequently misjudged.

It may be of some service here to point out a few of the particulars by which these insects may be recognized, and which may be judged easily—a few particulars as regards their appearance and habits. The butterflies have their antenna, or hornlike feelers in front, of a feathery and tapering character, and these are generally covered; while moths have them straight in front and with blunt or enlarged ends. The butterflies, when reposing with their wings, are apt to have them close together vertically over their backs; while the moths incline to have them spread and horizontal; or if small, laid against the body on each side.

Butterflies are day-flyers, while moths are evening or night-flyers. Moths also are apt to be more conspicuously downy on their surface.

It is presumed every reader knows that butterflies and moths have four stages in their lives; first the egg, which, when hatched, makes the larva or worm, called caterpillar. This is the eating and growing stage; and all of their kind are very voracious—leaves and fruits generally afford the food—but many eat the fibrous or woody parts of plants. Some live on animal food. When the feeding stage is over, the caterpillar weaves for itself a cocoon or make; some other provision for protection while in what is called the chrysalis state, in which it develops its crust, legs, wings and other members for the final state, called the butterfly or moth. In this state it eats nothing, but sips nectar and enjoys its happier life.—*The Guide*.

"I THINK we are too ready with complaint, in this fair world of God's."

## Destroying the Pillars.

A COAL mine near Wilkes Barre, Pa., had long been suspected of being unsafe, but one morning in early September, the watchman hastened to give the alarm, "The roof is working." All the men must leave without delay. They made haste to obey; not even taking time to get out the poor animals employed in the works. A few minutes later the black ceiling fell with a terrific crash, and the air was expelled with such violence that timbers and ventilating doors were shivered into kindlings, and loaded cars blown from the track like autumn leaves. Over a hundred acres of the surface above was affected, a long strip of half a mile sinking from three to five feet, and the whole was scarred by deep fissures. The men were all saved, but the poor mules were left to their fate. Yet all this danger and destruction was caused by cutting away the great coal pillars which had been left here and there to support the roof. All overhead looked so firm and strong that it seemed foolish to waste so much good coal in those unnecessary supports! So one by one the careless workers picked them away, and ran the risk.

We look with surprise at these fool-hardy miners; yet they were wise men compared with those who would take away the Bible pillars which alone make this world a place of safety and comfort.

A company of young men who hated the doctrines of the Bible resolved one evening to burn the book with suitable ceremonies. One of the gayest of the company had the part assigned him of laying it upon the coals. He advanced with an indifferent air and was proceeding leisurely toward the fire when he glanced down at the book. Suddenly a trembling seized him and his whole frame seemed convulsed. He returned it to its place, and said with emphasis, "We will not burn that book till we get a better."

Some English officers spoke disparagingly of mission work among the South Sea Islanders, and said the natives "only repeated like parrots what the missionaries had taught them." They asked a company of them why they believed the Bible was from God.

"See what it has done for us!" was their triumphant reply. What else could have cast down their idols and transformed their land and their once savage natures? Take the Bible from our land and all our learning and culture will not save us from disaster here and eternal ruin hereafter.—*Mrs J. E. McConaughy, in Youth's World*.

THE whitest lie ever told was as black as perdition.—*Talmage*.

GOD makes the earth bloom with roses that we may not be discontented with our sojourn here; and He makes it bear thorns that we may look for something better beyond.

CANON FARRAR says: "He alone by whom the hairs of our head are numbered can count the widows who are widows because of alcohol; the gray hairs that it has made gray; the sad hearts that it has crushed with sadness; the ruined families that it has ruined; the brilliant minds which it has quenched; the unfolding promises which it has cankered; the bright and happy boys and girls whom it has blasted into misery; the young and gifted whom it has hurried into dishonoured and nameless graves."

## The Prodigal Son.

A FRAGMENT IN THREE ACTS.

BY H. REED HOLENDEK.

## SCENE I. "AWAKENING."

"THE portion of my goods is now all spent  
In revels that my wakening soul abhors,  
Those who have graced my miserable feasts,  
Know me no more, and I am all alone.  
My mispent youth has brought me down  
To this,

With hateful care to tend these unclean  
swine,

Whilst no man giveth food for me to eat;  
Until I find would feed upon these husks,  
Which the swine champ with eager hungry  
jaws.

Oh! for some remnant of the lavish waste  
My servants made in my unhallowed days!  
How I have sinned, and fallen fearfully!  
How sweet the flower which once I might  
have culled.

But now how far from every good I've  
strayed.

How many servants in my Father's house  
Have all they need, and plenty more to  
spare,

Whilst hungry eyes envy the feeding swine,  
And deep remorse makes bare my hideous  
sin.

How much of earthly good I might have  
done!

How many evil deeds instead I've wrought!  
The pains of death will soon take hold of me,  
Unless from pity some one brings me food,  
And drag me down into the depths of hell,  
Impenitent! Oh! what an awful curse,  
Midst mine own torments in that hopeless  
place,

To me around me those whom I have made  
Companions of the devils there who dwell,  
That very thought will make me seek to live,  
And strive to undo that which I have done,  
If but one soul may crown my later hours.  
Oh! Father! Father! fearfully I've sinned,  
And worked this evil in the sight of heaven.  
I will arise and tell Thee ere I die,  
That I repent, and seek to be forgiven.  
Thou wilt forgive, such grace within Thee  
dwells.

How can I meet the Father who has loved  
His erring son, through all these evil days;  
Whom I have grieved by every single sin,  
Whose law I've broken in my every act,  
To whose great love I've made such poor  
return!

I will arise and ponder as I go,  
What I shall say, as at His feet I fall.  
He will not spurn me, He has too much grace.  
Perchance He'll let me as a servant live  
In the old home, and earn my daily bread,  
And strive to show how truly I repent,  
By humbly doing all His perfect will,  
And loving Him whom I have grieved so  
sore."

Thus saying he arose from off the stone  
Whereon till now he'd stretched his listless  
length,  
And looked on the swine, as though he loved  
Them their brute forms, which in his reason-  
ing hours

Had been the only ones to greet his eye.  
Then all at once he eyed the dingy rags  
In which the scant remains of his fair form,  
Which once had borne the image of his  
Maker,

Were clothed; and a new blush of burning  
shame  
Swept o'er his neck, and all suffused his face.  
"How can I seek my Father in these  
rags—

He who gave half His very all to me:  
These rags which bear the stains of riot, such  
As in that sweetly pure and quiet home  
They little reek of! Of my penance this  
Is no small part, and in these rags of shame,  
I, penitent, must seek my Father's face.  
Need I go to-day? cannot I wait awhile  
And gather courage for the dreaded task?  
No, I must start at once, or else I feel  
That dark despair will overcome penance,  
And I shall sink, forever, in that slough."  
He slowly turned, then strode across the  
field,  
And took his first steps on the homeward  
way.

## SCENE II. THE FATHER.

"Oh! Royal David! thou didst know the  
grief  
Which rends my heart and kills the joy of  
life,  
When for thy son, thine Absalom, thou  
weep'st.

Oh little chamber built upon the gate,  
Would I had such a place wherein to mourn  
My younger son, my fairest, and most loved.  
More loved than ever since his wilful ways  
Took him away from me, and from his home,  
Oh how my heart doth yearn for that fair face,

My arm stretch forth to fold that form  
again.

Sometimes I dream I hear that voice once  
more,  
And wake to find the dark and aching void  
Which in my heart has reigned e'er since he  
left.

My elder born complaineth of this grief  
While he is still about me, and at home.  
He never was a father nor can know  
The depths and power of a father's love;  
If but he did, perchance he'd bear with me  
When sad and mourning for the son I've lost.  
Can he be dead? Is that fair form now cold  
And laid away out of the sight of men?  
'Twould be too sad that the young bud  
should fade

Whilst the old leaf still Winter's frosts en-  
dures.

Perchance he died a cruel bloody death,  
Slain by some beast, or slaughtered by some  
foe;

Perchance in penitence he laid him down  
On his death couch, and passed with thoughts  
of me.

Ah! were that so my mourning heart would  
break

That even now is nearly cleft in twain.  
My son! My son! thou must come back to  
me,

Whatever thy plight, thou must come home  
to me.

Shouldst thou be sick, I'll nurse thee back  
to health;

Shouldst thou be poor, I'll see thou lack'st  
for nought;

Shouldst thou be sad, myself will soothe thy  
grief;

Shouldst thou be sorry, then will I forgive  
As freely when thou com'st as I do now.

Aye, and more freely if thou only say'st,  
'Father, I've sinned; forgive, forgive thy son.'

I have no comfort hungering for my son.  
If he be living, he will surely come  
To cheer my eyes with one more sight of him.

If he be dead, what comfort is in me?  
I will go down without it to the pit,  
Losing the life for grief, which I would give,  
Could it but win my lost one back to me.

I will arise, and bid me to the roof,  
There will I sit, while I have eyes to see,  
Straining my sight I'll gaze o'er all the plain.  
Keeping unwearying watch for my loved son.

Perchance my aged eyes will be the first  
To greet his dear form when he does return.  
Oh wearying steps, how you do try the  
strength

That now is left me in my hoary years.  
Here will I sit me down and keep my watch  
For something tells me that he will return."

## SCENE III. THE JOURNEY.

The sun was sinking to his early rest  
And flooding sea and sky with ruddy light  
When, on the path between the sea and hill,  
A sorry figure plodded his tedious way  
Footsore and weary; troubled in his mind,  
Yet feeling every step brought great relief  
Because it brought him nearer to his home.  
That home where his mad folly wrought  
such grief,

Yet never doubting all his father's love  
Nor yet that after all it was his home,  
His still despite the evil he had wrought,  
He onward strode nor cast one look behind.  
That life was now forever gone from him,  
Its pomp, its vanity, its sinfulness  
Were all distasteful to his wakened soul,  
But ever as he went, a plaintive cry,  
Wrung from his soul, found utterance at his  
lips:

"My father, Oh my father, I have sinned,  
And done this evil in the sight of men,  
Before high heaven, and also against thee."  
Anon he'd fling him down upon the sand,  
And groan as though he'd cleave his very  
soul.

With the great agony of his remorse;  
Then hide his face, as though the spotless  
heaven

Were much too pure to look on such as he.  
Then rising up he'd stride on manfully,  
With teeth firm set, new life in every step,  
As though delay would give the fiends of hell  
A hold on him by which to drag him back  
From seeking out the father he had grieved.

And the whole time the devils tempted him  
By pointing out how he'd made poor return  
For all the father's mighty, loving love,  
Wasted his portion, made himself unclean  
By herding filthy swine for servant's wage.

With this great battle waging in his heart  
He turned him from the sea up the steep cliff,  
Until he reached an open, spreading plain,  
With here a wood, and there a little dell,  
And now a brook, whereat he'd quench his  
thirst,

Far sweeter draft than any ruby wine  
Quaffed from jewelled cups in his unhallowed  
days.

So all night long he passed across the plain  
Lit by the pale light of the horned moon,

Until towards morn he was not far from  
home.

Then he lay down beneath a juniper,  
And pondered in his mind until the sun  
Shone in high noon on his uncovered head.

Meanwhile the grieving father from his roof  
Kept weary watch, still straining aged eyes.  
Three days and nights the father's love  
kept watch,

And now the sun had risen on the fourth,  
Yet had the father never left his post  
But still sat waiting for the son's return,  
For something told him that he would re-  
turn.

## SCENE IV. THE RETURN.

"What is that object moving on the plain,  
That seemeth like a footsore traveller?  
He cometh from the sea, perchance he knows  
And bringeth tidings of my erring son.

But—surely I should know that manly form,  
Though somewhat of its noble mien is gone.  
My anxious, hungering weary watch is o'er.  
At last! At last! I see my much-loved son!  
Haste! let me down! that I may greet him  
first.

Haste! let me down! that I may welcome  
him.

I will not stay, I will go forth to him  
And falling on his neck, refresh my heart  
By straining him in flesh against my breast,  
My son! my son! thou hast come back to me  
To bless my aged eyes before I die."

Thus saying he descends the tedious stair  
And, passing through the garden to the lane,  
Goes forth to meet his son across the mead.

Meanwhile the son discerns his father's  
haste

And, hurrying forward, falls upon his knees  
A humble suppliant for a father's grace.  
Oh wondrous grace that never was denied  
To wandering child when truly penitent  
And meekly craved for from a broken heart.

But see! the father does not bate his speed  
But runs unto him, shedding tears of joy,  
And falls upon his neck, and weeps his fill.

For a brief space they neither of them speak,  
Contented at the first to meet once more,  
Each gazes on the other, through the tears  
They shed together, then the sobbing son:

"My father! Oh! my father, I have sinned,  
Sinned against thee, and in the sight of  
heaven,

And am not worthy to be called thy son."  
The father's hand has gently raised him up,  
The father's eye hath marked his sunken  
cheek,

His hungry look, and ragged unkempt dress.  
Bring forth a robe, the best my stores con-  
tain,

And place it on my son restored to me.  
Fetch me a ring to place upon his hand,  
And sandals fit to clothe his weary feet.  
And kill the fatted calf to make a feast  
And furnish well the board with goodly cheer,  
For this my son was dead, and is alive,  
The lost is found, and I would fain rejoice."

The servants quickly do their lord's behests,  
The board is spread, and raiment meet is  
found,

And they, within, begin to merry be.

The elder son was working in the field,  
And coming home with wonderment is seized,  
As sounds of revelry, which from that home  
Had long been banished, fall upon his ear.  
And sounds of feasting echo from the hall.

"What meaneth this?" he asked of a knave,  
Laden with meat just taken from the spit.

"Thy brother is returned, and now within,  
Having a welcome from thy father's heart.  
The fatted calf, and other goodly cheer  
Await my lord, upon the graining board."

Then is he wroth, and bluntly blurteth out,  
"I will not go and feast with such as he."

Then the knave goes and tells his master  
this,

Who straightway rising, cometh out to him,  
Entreating him that he will enter in;  
But he will not the father's wish accord,  
And answers roughly angry sounding words:

"Lo I have served thee now these many  
years,  
Neither transgressed thy laws at any time,  
Yet me a kid thou never gavest yet,  
That mine own friends with me might feast  
awhile;

But this thy son! who has devoured his  
share,

And left his harlots to return to thee,  
No sooner cometh than thou must kill for him  
The fatted calf; no, I will not go in."

The father eyes him lovingly, and sighs,  
"Son, thou art ever with me, and the whole  
Of this world's goods, yes, all I have is thine;  
But it was meet that we should now rejoice,  
For that thy brother has come home to me.  
The lost is found, he that was dead alive,  
And e'en the angels of the living God  
Rejoice because a sinner doth repent."

CHORUS OF WELCOMING ANGELS.

Welcome, welcome, sinner home.  
Welcome now, if thou wilt come,  
Thou wilt find the Lord will say,  
"Welcome, sinner, home to day.

For thee I did shed My blood,  
Hanging on the cross of wood,  
For thee! in the grave I lay,  
Till the resurrection day.

For thee! rising from the tomb  
I have taken away the gloom  
For thee when I won the strife,  
I did gain eternal life.

With thee! thro' the world I'll go,  
Helping thee against each foe  
When death's pains shall thee o'rtake,  
Then I will not thee forsake.

Through the portal of the tomb  
I will guide thee safely home.  
In My Father's house there be  
Heavenly mansions waiting thee.

Thou by His own presence blest,  
Thou for evermore shalt rest,  
And in raiment white and fair  
Live thy Saviour's fellow-heir."

Ottawa, Ont.

## Crossing the Line.

A BOY who went with his father on  
a voyage to South America was anxious  
to see the equatorial line, and said to  
an old sailor, "Jack, will you show me  
the line when we cross it?"

"Oh, yes, my boy."

After a few days passed the boy  
asked whether they had crossed the  
line. The old tar said, "Yes, my lad."

"Why didn't you tell me and show  
it to me?" the little fellow asked.

The sailor replied, "O, my lad, we  
always cross the line in the dark."

Moderate drinker, you always cross  
the line between moderate and im-  
moderate drinking in the dark. Men-  
tal and moral night settle down on  
you as you cross the line between  
moderate drinking and inebriety, blind-  
ing you to the awful facts of ruin and  
death only a little way farther on the  
road you are travelling.—*Christian  
Advocate.*

## "To be Told to Our Boys."

CHARLES LAMB writes: "The waters  
have gone over me: but out of the  
black depths, could I be heard, I  
would cry out to all those who have  
set a foot in the perilous flood. Could  
the youth to whom the flavour of the  
first wine is delicious as the opening  
scenes of life, or the entering upon  
some newly discovered paradise, look  
into my desolation and be made to under-  
stand what a dreary thing it is when he  
shall feel himself going down a precipice  
with open eyes and passive will—to  
see all godliness emptied out of him,  
and yet not be able to forget a time  
when it was otherwise—to bear about  
the piteous spectacle of his own ruin;  
could he see my feverish eye, feverish  
with last night's drinking, and feverish  
looking for to-night's repetition of the  
folly; could he but feel the body of  
death out of which I cry hourly with  
feebler outcry to be delivered, it were  
enough to make him dash the sparkling  
beverage to the earth in all the pride  
of its mantling temptation."

NEVER try to appear to be what  
you are not.

No labour for the discovery of truth  
is too great.

DAY by day we are making the influ-  
ences which will presently be our rulers  
we are making our destiny. We are  
choosing our habits, our associates, our  
traits, our homes. In time these  
acquire a power over us which enslaves  
our will, and we neither will nor can  
break loose.

## The People's Prayers.

Up to the merciful Father  
The prayers rise day and night,  
Away through the mist and darkness,  
Away on the wings of light,  
And none that was really earnest  
Ever has lost his way,  
And none that asked for a blessing  
Ever was answered nay.

Passionate, quick, and eager  
Are some of the prayers that rise;  
Languidly, long, and thoughtful  
Are others that reach the skies;  
And some are sung in the temple  
In solemn or joyous tones,  
And some are spoken in whispers,  
And some go forth in groans.

But so that they reach the Father  
We know that all is well;  
Sad were our hearts and restless  
If we could our troubles tell  
To the tender sympathizer,  
And feel that He will care;  
But the heart grows still and joyous  
That pours itself forth in prayer.

But why will the Father hearken?  
If we cast away our sin  
And knock at the gate of mercy  
He graciously lets us in;  
And, why, but because He loves us  
With measureless mighty love,  
For as dear are His earth-bound children  
As the safer ones above.

And so let none of the people  
Ever neglect to pray,  
For prayer can bring some sunshine  
Into the darkest day;  
And patience, and strength and courage,  
And power to work or to bear,  
And peace, and wonderful gladness,  
Are the answers unto prayer.

## Who Does it Hurt?

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

MRS. CLARK was taken down with a fever, and her sister Augusta had to give her whole attention to her; so a notice was put in the paper:

WANTED—A governess to take entire charge of two children, a girl and boy. Apply, etc.

Alice Gray was the first to apply. Aunt Augusta thought her too young, and she had no recommendations. She was poorly clad in rather shabby black, but she had a sweet, honest face, and was very neat in her well-worn dress and lady-like in her conversation. So, although she was not such a person as Aunt Augusta would have chosen, yet as some one must be had at once she was engaged.

A few days after Alice gave the children a story to read while she was busy at some task. They soon found out that it was a temperance story, and when she entered the school room Frank broke out with "Aunt Augusta says children should not trouble their heads with such nonsense as temperance. She says only crazy men and silly women be long to temperance societies."

"Please do not mind what Frank says," said kind-hearted little Fanny. "Ma would not talk that way, but aunt is proud and sometimes scolds mamma because she will not allow wine on the table."

"Well," said Frank, "aunt says ladies and gentlemen never talk temperance, and that it's low and vulgar people who drink too much."

"Then why did she tell papa that he had taken too much last night?"

This seemed to put Frank in a corner, so instead of answering the question he said: "Well, you needn't say so much about it. It don't hurt girls, 'cause they don't drink; and I don't see why Miss Alice says so much about temperance either."

"I will tell you a story," said Alice.

"It is a very sad one, but it is true,

and I must tell it to show dear Frank that others besides the low and ignorant sometimes drink themselves to poverty and ruin, and that it will hurt even little girls. Once there was a lady and gentleman, and they were very good and very happy; they were rich, educated, and refined. They lived in a large city and had two little girls. The youngest was called Minnie; she was very beautiful, with large blue eyes and long flaxen hair. She was a dear, kind hearted little angel, and everybody loved her. Her father seemed to almost worship her, and they were all so happy.

"But by and by the little girls noticed that their papa was often cross in the morning; then his eyes became red, and then he began to look shabby in his dress, and would forget to kiss his little girls. Then he would sometimes speak cross words to them, and even swear at their kind, patient mamma, and she began to fail. She became thin and pale, and her little girls often found her in tears. Then the servants left, and things went from bad to worse, and the little girls knew that their father was a drunkard. At last the beautiful house and all the pretty things were sold, and one morning the family found themselves on the street—almost barefoot and ragged. Oh! how brave that dear little mother was. How she tried to comfort and protect the little children, and even tried to cheer the poor, trembling, helpless man, who was sober that morning because he could not procure the liquor. Well, the next home of the little girls was in a shanty on the bank of a stream, near a little Canadian village. Just below the shanty on the other side of the stream stood an old distillery, and between the two a stick of timber lay across the stream on which people could cross from one side to the other. Every morning the poor man would go to the distillery with an old tin coffee-pot and get it filled with raw whisky. He would always remain there until one of the little girls would go and bring him home to the breakfast that the poor wife would somehow always manage to have for him. One morning he went as usual to the distillery, and as he was very cross before he went 'Minnie' was sent for him, for she could bring him home when no one else could; she found him half drunk, with one or two old sots, but he would not come. Then one of the poor old wretches asked Minnie to take a little to warm her up, for she was shivering with the cold. Her father also tried to make her take some, but she would not. Then he said if she would take a little he would come home, and the poor dear took a sip of the fiery stuff, and it nearly strangled her. Sobbing and dizzy-headed she started for home. In a little time her father followed. But why does he stop so suddenly when half-way across the stream? Why does the drunken song die upon his lips? Why does he drop the old coffee-pot and spring into the stream? I will tell you. Down in the water he saw the white, upturned face of his little Minnie; her blue eyes wide open, and her long golden hair floating down the stream. The sight sobered him and broke his heart. He brought home the dead child. Oh! what a home. The poor mother lay on the floor as if dead; the father frantic with grief and remorse; the little dead body on the old ragged bed; the sister trying frantically to bring Minnie back to life. I will not try to

describe it. There was a little pine coffin, a little funeral, a little grave, and the most miserable home in the world. The mother never recovered from the shock, and there soon was another funeral. Then the poor shattered father took to his bed. Oh! how he mourned himself, how he condemned himself, and how he longed to die, and yet wanted to live to care for his one child. How patient he was! One night he held his girl to his breast, and begged her not to think of his bad deeds if she could help it when he was dead; and she told him how much she loved him, and that she always would (and she always did). Then he said: "God bless you, my darling;" and those were the last words she ever heard him speak, for in the morning he was dead, and she was alone in the world."

"And what became of her?" asked Frank.

"Well," said Alice, "as her mother had been her teacher, she was not a bad scholar, so she tried to find a place as a teacher for small children, and, after being a nursery maid for a year, she found such a place with two dear children to take care of, a little boy and girl."

Fanny here made a rush into her arms, and, throwing her arms around her neck, she sobbed out: "Oh! you was the other little girl yourself. Oh! you poor dear." Frank dropped his head and pretended to be deeply interested in a book. He soon after suddenly threw his arms around her neck and blurted out: "Please, Miss Alice, don't be angry at what I said, and I will be a teetotal temperance boy as long as I live." And he has kept his word.—*Temperance Banner.*

## A Wonderful Thought.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE great round world is full of things,—  
Not only armies and realms and kings,  
And lands and seas and forests tall,  
But little things, so small to see,  
So many they cannot be counted,  
Yet, wonderful thought, the Lord knows  
all!

The wide winged eagles he sees, and too  
The tiny nest with its eggs so blue,  
Which the meadow-lark has hidden close;  
Not only the storm-cloud sweeping vast  
But the least dew-droplet, folded fast  
In the bosom of the summer rose.

The filament fine of purpled gold,  
On the crest of the butterfly one day old,  
Is ordered and measured by his will;  
He hears the thrill of the bobolink's song,  
And, though the thunder be loud and long,  
If the cricket chirps, he notes it still.

He counts each drop of the lifting wave,  
Each grain of sand on each nameless grave,  
Each blade and ear of the vanifold grains,  
He hears the sigh of the heart's unrest,  
The laugh from the happy childish breast,  
And the plash of a tear in the rush of the rains.

Oh wonderful thought, that he can know all,  
Not only the mighty, but the small;  
Not only the Alp, but each flake of its  
snows!  
And he pities and pardons, and loves as well,  
That you and I in the thought may dwell,  
And not be afraid, though we know he  
knows.

If you would enjoy good health, remember the conditions are warmth, plain, wholesome food, pure air, and plenty of sleep. He would confer a blessing on humanity who could impress the above facts upon the minds of all the people, with the methods to be adopted to accomplish that end.

## The Broken Bottle.

"Come on, boys, let us go in and take a parting drink."

The speaker was William Scott, a hard-working mechanic who, with three of his shopmates, was on his way home at the close of the week's labours. All of them had taken several drinks, and were beginning to show the effects of it, especially Scott, who staggered slightly as he walked.

The four went in, and stood before the bar of the saloon, which was but a short distance from Scott's home and had for years been patronized by him. Drunken men seldom drink and leave a saloon when there are two or more together, and on this occasion Scott and his friends stood at the bar and conversed, as one after the other treated in turn.

Suddenly their conversation was interrupted by Scott accidentally dropping the bottle, from which he was about to pour a dram, from his unsteady grasp.

"Halloo!" said he, "that was an accident."

"Accident or not, you'll pay for that liquor and bottle," retorted the saloon-keeper, whose attention had been directed to Scott by the crash.

"You don't mean that, Lawrence, said Scott; "it was an accident."

"That's all right," replied the saloon-keeper, "but the price of that bottle and liquor will take the profit off many a drink; I can't afford to lose it, and you'll have to pay it."

"But," pleaded the mechanic, "I've but half my wages left and I must take it home."

The saloon-keeper, however, was inexorable, and Scott handed over the money which was to have given his wife and little ones a Sunday dinner.

When he got his change he turned to the saloon-keeper and said:

"I didn't think you would do that, Lawrence, after I've been spending a good part of my wages here for the past ten years."

"Well, if you have, you got the equivalent of every penny you spent," guff responded Lawrence.

"Did I?" said Scott, quietly, and picking up the pieces he started from the saloon.

There was something in his manner that Lawrence did not like, and taking the amount he had received from the mechanic from the drawer, he threw it noisily on the counter and called to Scott to come back; but the latter had reached the door and went on out.

He proceeded direct to his home, and, meeting his wife, he placed the pieces of broken bottle in her hand saying:

"There, Betty, I paid a lot of money for that, but I think you'll consider it cheap before we get through."

Mrs. Scott did not for a moment understand him; but looking at the pieces of the bottle and inhaling the fumes of the liquor, she intuitively grasped his meaning, and with a glad feeling in her heart she said:

"What do you mean, William?"

"I mean," said Scott, "that for ten years that bottle has been swallowing my earnings; but now I've bought it, and I am going to see if the broken bottle is not better than the whole bottle."

Scott kept his promise. He never drank again, and in after years, when he had a comfortable little home and a profitable business of his own, he always told his friends that it all came through "the broken bottle."

## The Ministering Hand.

Across the fields I saw her go,  
A fair young maid of motion fleet;  
The falling petals drifted snow  
From pale white blossoms grazed her feet.  
The morning breeze was fresh and clear,  
The blue sky crowned a perfect day,  
While that fine chorus filled the ear,  
Which makes the orchestra of May.

So rosy-cheeked, so young and fair,  
Her steps I noticed long and well,  
And found they took her quickly where  
A suffering household chanced to dwell.

She bore within her basket's space,  
Dainties and food for those in need;  
And all the sweetness of her face,  
I saw reflected in her deed.

She lifted up the hearts struck down  
By lifelong sorrow and despair,  
And by her presence, shed around  
Their humble home her love and care.

She did not seem to make a task  
Of what befell so fair and free;  
But nothing more could crushed hearts ask,  
Than her most welcome ministry.

O, there is beauty in the spring,  
And strange delight in summer days—  
But oh, what joy one hand can bring  
When touched by Love's transcendent  
grace.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 30.] LESSON III. [Oct. 17.

## JESUS DELIVERED TO BE CRUCIFIED.

John 19. 1-16. Commit vs. 14-16.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified.—John 19. 16.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus condemned contrary to justice and to conscience.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. John 19. 1-16. Tu. Matt. 27. 19-31.  
W. Mark 15. 11-20. Th. John 10. 23-39.  
F. Ps. 2. 1-12. Sa. Matt. 10. 16-39. Su.  
Matt. 23. 25-39.

TIME.—6 to 8 o'clock Friday morning,  
April 7, A.D. 30.

## PLACE.—Pilate's palace in Jerusalem.

PARALLEL HISTORY.—With vs. 1-3, Matt.  
27. 26-30; Mark 15. 15-19.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—Order of  
Events.—(1) PILATE WARNED BY HIS WIFE'S  
DREAM (Matt. 27. 19). Pilate's palace early  
Friday morning while the people were de-  
ciding to choose Barabbas. (2) THE END  
OF JUDAS (Matt. 27. 3-10; Acts 1. 18, 19).  
As soon as Judas saw that Jesus was really  
condemned to death, and made no resis-  
tance, he was struck with remorse, and com-  
mitted suicide. (3) PILATE ORDERS JESUS  
TO BE SCOURGED (v. 1; Matt. 27. 26; Mark  
15. 15). Court of Pilate's palace, 6 to 7  
o'clock A.M. (4) MOCKERY BY THE SOLDIERS  
(vs. 2, 3; Matt. 27. 27-30; Mark 15. 16-19).

2. A purple robe—One of the soldiers red  
cloaks. Matthew says they put a reed in  
his hands, and Mark that they spat upon  
him. (5) PILATE MAKES ANOTHER EFFORT  
TO RELEASE JESUS (vs. 4-7). Outside the  
palace. His object was to appeal to the  
pity of the multitude. 7. We have a law  
(Lev. 24. 16)—Blasphemy was to be punished  
by death by stoning. (6) PILATE CONFERS  
WITH JESUS (vs. 8, 12). Within the palace.  
11. From above—From God. Governments  
are ordained of God. The greater sin—  
Caiaphas and the Jewish leaders sinned  
against greater light, filled an office more  
especially ordained of God, and were trying  
to persuade Pilate to disregard the duties of  
his office. (7) THE JEWS ACCOMPLISH THEIR  
PURPOSE (vs. 12-16). 13. Gabbatha—i. e., A  
hill. It was a tessellated pavement on rising  
ground, outside the palace. 14. Preparation  
—For the Sabbath, the great day of the  
feast. Sixth hour—Six o'clock. Roman  
notation, like ours, as always in John.  
This was when Pilate's proceeding began.  
(8) END OF THE MURDERERS. Judas hung  
himself; Caiaphas was deposed the next  
year; Pontius Pilate was soon deposed, and  
committed suicide 40 years after the cruci-  
fixion. Jerusalem was destroyed, and many  
of these very Jews or their children were  
crucified by the Romans.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The  
mockery.—Why Pilate hesitated to do jus-  
tice.—The influences that would lead him  
to do right.—The end of Judas.—Why

Pilate was afraid.—Pilate's power given  
from above.—The greater sin.—What in-  
duced Pilate to yield at last

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—In what books of the  
Bible is our lesson to-day recorded? Give  
the state of things at the close of our last  
lesson. When and where did the events of  
this lesson take place?

## SUBJECT: THE UNJUST DECISION.

I. BY THE SOLDIERS MOCKING CHRIST (vs.  
1-3).—How did the soldiers treat Jesus?  
What was their object? Why was it mean  
as well as wicked?

II. BY THE JEWS (vs. 4-7).—Where did  
Pilate bring Jesus? What was his object?  
What did he say to the Jews? What was  
their reply? What law of theirs did they  
charge him with breaking? Would he have  
been guilty if he were not divine?

III. INFLUENCES TO LEAD PILATE TO A  
RIGHT DECISION (vs. 8-12).—How did Pilate's  
wife try to influence him? (Matt. 27. 19.)  
How did the claim of Jesus to be the Son  
of God affect him? (v. 8.) Must Pilate  
have known something of Jesus' miracles?  
What did Pilate say to Jesus? (v. 9)  
From whom did Pilate receive his power?  
Who were greater sinners than even he?  
Why? How did this varying influence Pilate  
to release Jesus?

IV. BY PILATE (vs. 12-16).—What was  
the last argument used by the Jews? Why  
was this effectual? Where was the final  
decision rendered? At what time had these  
things taken place? How did Pilate try to  
remove from himself all blame for his de-  
cision? (Matt. 27. 24-26.) In what ways  
do people now try to throw the blame of  
their sins on others? What was the final  
decision? Was Pilate greatly to blame?  
Are we always to blame if we reject Christ?

V. A GLANCE FORWARD.—What became of  
Judas? (Matt. 27. 3, 10; Acts 1. 18, 19.)  
What became of Caiaphas? What calamities  
soon came upon the Jews? What might  
they have been had they accepted their king?  
What will be the results to us whether we  
reject or accept Jesus?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Vain are our efforts to escape a decision  
as to what we will do with Jesus.

2. Cowardly fear is the motive not of the  
Christian, but of those who dare not become  
Christians.

3. Those who tempt others to sin are  
worse than their victims.

4. By rejecting Jesus as King, the Jews  
rejected their hope, and glory, and true  
kingdom.

5. Pilate, by his crime, lost the very  
things he sought to preserve by it (Matt.  
16. 25).

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

11. What did the soldiers do to Jesus?  
ANS. They crowned him with thorns, and  
mocked him. 12. What was Pilate's three-  
fold testimony to Jesus? ANS. I find no  
fault in him. 13. What final argument did  
the Jews bring? ANS. That releasing Jesus  
would be treason to Rome. 14. What did  
Pilate then do? ANS. He delivered Jesus  
up to be crucified.

A.D. 30.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 24.

## JESUS CRUCIFIED.

John 19. 17-30. Commit vs. 17-19.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

It is finished.—John 19. 30.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ crucified is the wisdom and power  
of God for the salvation of man.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. John 19. 17-30. Tu. John 19. 31-42.  
W. Matt. 27. 32-50. Th. Mark 15. 22-39.  
F. Luke 23. 33-45. Sa. 1 Cor. 1. 18-31.  
Su. Isa. 53. 1-12.

TIME.—Friday, April 7, A.D. 30, from  
9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

PLACE.—Calvary (Golgotha), just outside  
the walls of Jerusalem on the north-west.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matt. 27. 32-50;  
Mark 15. 22-37; Luke 23. 33-45.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—(1) ON THE  
WAY TO THE CROSS (v. 17). And he bearing  
his cross—Each victim was accompanied by  
four soldiers. Jesus bore his cross as long  
as he could, and then Simon from Cyrene  
in Africa was compelled to help him. A great  
multitude followed. Golgotha—Hebrew for  
"skull." Calvary is from the Latin for  
skull. The place was a knoll in the shape  
of a skull. (2) THE CRUCIFIXION (vs. 18-22).

Jesus was nailed to the cross so that his  
feet would be but a short distance from the  
ground. 20. Hebrew, etc.—The three chief  
languages there spoken. (3) THE FIRST  
OF THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS.  
"Father, forgive them," spoken while Jesus  
was being affixed to the cross (Luke 23. 34).  
(4) THE FOUR SOLDIERS DIVIDE THE GAR-  
MENTS OF JESUS AMONG THEMSELVES (vs.  
23, 24). Soon after 9 o'clock 23. His coat  
—A long tunic, or undergarment. 24. The  
Scripture fulfilled—Ps. 22. 18. (5) MOCKRIES  
AROUND THE CROSS (Matt. 27. 39-44). 9 to  
12 o'clock. (6) CONVERSION OF THE PENI-  
TENT ROBBER (Luke 23. 39-43). Towards  
noon. 25. His mother's sister—Salome, the  
mother of John. Cleopas—Rather Cleopas,  
the same as Alphaeus, the father of James  
the less. (8) DARKNESS OVER ALL THE LAND  
(Matt. 27. 45). From 12 to 3 o'clock. (9)  
THE CLOSING SCENES (vs. 28-30). About  
3 o'clock. 28. All . . . accomplished—the  
same word as finished (v. 30). His whole  
work was done; all that the Scriptures  
had foretold; all necessary for redemp-  
tion. Scripture—Ps. 69. 21. 29. Vinegar  
—Common sour wine for the soldiers to  
drink. (10) ACCOMPANYING SIGNS. Earth-  
quake, veil of the temple rent, and graves  
opened.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Cruci-  
fixion—Calvary—The title.—The women  
around the cross.—John and the mother  
of Jesus.—It is finished.—Accompanying  
signs.—The atonement.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave  
Jesus in our last lesson? In what other  
Gospels are the scenes of to-day's lesson  
recorded? Have you read them?

## SUBJECT: THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

I. THE CRUCIFIXION (vs. 17-19).—Where  
was Jesus crucified? What is its common  
name? Give some of the incidents that  
took place on the way? (Matt. 27. 32;  
Luke 23. 26-32.) Give an account of the  
method of crucifixion. Why must Jesus die  
such a terrible death? At what hour was  
he crucified? (Mark 15. 25.) What title  
was placed over the cross? In how many  
languages? Why? Was this title a truth?  
Who were crucified with Jesus? Relate  
the story of the conversion of one of them.  
(Luke 23. 39-43.)

II. THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS.  
—What did Jesus say while they were  
nailing him to the cross? (Luke 23. 34.)  
What to the penitent robber? (Luke 23.  
43.) What to his mother and John toward  
noon? (vs. 26, 27.) What was the fourth  
word, toward three o'clock? (Mark 15. 34).  
What was the fifth word? (v. 28.) What  
was the sixth? (v. 30.) What was the  
seventh? (Luke 23. 46.) What lessons can  
you learn from these seven words?

III. THE WATCHERS AROUND THE CROSS  
(vs. 25-27).—What did the soldiers do near  
the cross? What Scripture was fulfilled by  
them? (Ps. 22. 18.) What did the crowd  
do? (Matt. 27. 39-44.) What friends were  
around the cross? How many are named?  
Why did these remain, while his disciples  
feared to approach? What touching scene  
took place in regard to his mother? What  
lessons does this teach us? Would you  
have been one that watched near the cross?  
How can you prove whether you would?

IV. THE CLOSING SCENES (vs. 28-30).—  
What took place at noon? (Matt. 27. 45.)  
At what hour did Jesus yield up his life?  
(Matt. 27. 46.) What were his last words?  
(v. 30; Luke 23. 46.) What was finished?  
What took place immediately after his  
death? (Matt. 27. 51-54)

## LESSONS FROM THE CROSS.

1. Calvary is the centre of the history of  
the world.

2. Even by those who have no interest  
in it, the Scripture is being fulfilled.

3. There is one death-bed repentance in  
the Bible, that all may hope; there is only  
one, to prevent presumption.

4. The cost of our salvation should make  
us feel its worth, and take great pains to  
obtain it.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

15. Where was Jesus crucified? ANS. On  
Calvary, called Golgotha, near Jerusalem,  
on the north. 16. When? ANS. On Friday  
April 7, A.D. 30, from nine to three o'clock.  
17. What did he say? ANS. He spoke seven  
times, called the seven words from the cross.  
18. What were the last words? ANS. "It  
is finished; Father into thy hands I com-  
mend my spirit." 19. Why was he cruci-  
fied? ANS. To make atonement for our  
sins.

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