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the same. All was now lost; Saul and his three sons were dead, and the whole country was in a panic.

II. *The Mighty Fallen.*—What a terrible scene was that field of battle! Among the thousands of the dead were lying, close to each other. Saul the king, and his three sons, among them the valiant Jonathan. He had died fighting for his father, who had treated him so badly (see ch. xx. 30, xxii. 8).

On the morning after the battle, the Philistines came "to strip the slain." We may imagine with what gladness they came upon the bodies of Saul and his sons. They cut off Saul's head. They would remember what David had done to Goliath. Then, in gratitude to their gods, who they thought had gained them the battle, they carried Saul's armour to their idol's temple. But first they sent the armour about as a trophy of their victory—as in modern times captured flags or cannons are set up as trophies in different towns. They dishonoured and insulted the mutilated bodies. The bodies of Saul and his sons (see v. 12), were taken away to Beth-Shan, and nailed to the city walls. They wished to indulge in a fiendish triumph over the slain, in the same way as the bones of Wickliffe were dug up and burnt. They wished to strike terror to the hearts of Israel, as in old times the English used to leave the bodies of criminals hanging in public places.

But across the river on the hill opposite the men of Jabesh-Gilead saw the deed. They remembered Saul's former kindness (ch. xi.) And valiant men stole over in the night, and risked their lives, that they might honour the dead. They took the bodies down; they buried them to save them from further indignity, and buried their bones.

Saul's career was now closed. It had been a painful story, and unspeakably wretched in its close. It is full of warnings for us all. He was like a beautiful ship, setting sail with the promise of a prosperous voyage. But he "made shipwreck of his faith." And the awful sword of God's judgment cut him off in the prime of his manhood.

A STORY OF AMBITION.

For three-quarters of a century the name of Napoleon has been a familiar one, the world over. Monarchs trembled and thrones tottered at its mention. Fertile districts and peaceful communities found it to be but another name for desolation. Mothers, widows and orphans pointed to it as the cause of their woe and lamentation. If these make fame, then truly was Napoleon famous; if these are the elements of honour, then, indeed, was he honoured.

The story of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte is a story of ambition. All his efforts were made for self. He believed in the real existence of a star of destiny which ruled his life, and from earliest youth followed its guidance in a persistent struggle for power, conquest and renown.

He was born in Ajaccio, Corsica, in 1769. From his mother he inherited great mental vigour, and much of the strength of purpose and force of character that afterward distinguished him as a commander.

Napoleon the boy was father to Napoleon the man. The desire to lead, to rule, and to distance others, was manifested even in his earliest childhood. At school he formed his playmates into companies and, as their leader, urged them to victory in mimic affrays. In his home he would never bear restraint. His uncle, on his death-bed, called the family around him for a parting counsel.

"Although you are the older," he said, addressing the eldest brother of the family, "I see plainly that Napoleon is destined to be the master of the house."

This was enough for the ambitious youth, and no sooner was his uncle dead and buried than he evinced his determination to rule by whipping his brother until the latter acknowledged his superiority.

When ten years of age Napoleon entered a military school at Brienne, France. Here he attracted attention by his love for mathematics and history. For poetry, fiction, and light literature he had an undisguised contempt. He had few friends among his fellow-students, and no intimates. He was taciturn and moody, delighting in solitude and meditation.

His life as a soldier began at the age of sixteen, when he obtained a commission as sub-lieutenant in an artillery regiment stationed at Valence. The

time was a favorable one for the success of a soldier of fortune. All France was on the alert. The mighty Revolution of 1789 came with a force that shook the whole country; then followed the Reign of Terror, which carried dismay to the hearts of the people and overthrew all government.

In the struggle between the people and royalty, Napoleon took the popular side. But he never displayed great enthusiasm in the cause; the inclinations of his own nature ran too much in the channel of despotism for that. But bravery and ability he did display, and these gained for him prominence and position.

When the Convention for the settlement of the government of France met in Paris, in 1795, Napoleon was put in command of the troops reserved to protect the authorities. The National Guard, thirty thousand strong, made a descent upon the Convention, but Napoleon conducted the defense with so much skill and energy that this immense army was utterly overthrown and put to flight. This victory procured for him the command of the Army of the Interior, and afterward of the Army of Italy.

For a year and a half he conducted a brilliant campaign against the Austrians and Piedmontese in northern Italy, and then was dispatched by the government at the head of an expedition into Egypt. He achieved several victories here that added prestige to his name, though the expedition proved of little real benefit to his country. Upon his return his services were rewarded by the office of First Consul.

A great continental war followed. All Europe was in arms. Old governments were overthrown; new governments arose, and in their turn were destroyed. Reigning houses saw the power they had long possessed pass into the hands of usurpers of humble birth; kings were made and unmade in a day. But through all the confusion and change Napoleon remained the same aspirant for power and renown. He it was that brought the deluge of war upon the land, and through it all he maintained the same determination to win glory and triumph.

In 1802, he was made Consul for life. It was his ambition, however, to go still higher in civic authority. Accordingly, in 1804, he was crowned "high and mighty Napoleon I., Emperor of the French," by Pope Pius VII., the latter having come to Paris, at the request or command of Napoleon, to perform the ceremony.

Although he had robbed France of her liberties, Napoleon was the idol of the army and the people. But, though army after army was raised and taxes increased to an almost unbearable burden, to carry on the wars he waged against neighbouring countries, the time finally came when the power of French arms began to fail. The great European powers, casting all other differences aside, began a united effort to protect themselves from the attacks of the ambitious Emperor. Seeing that only a continued series of brilliant victories could preserve his prestige, Napoleon determined upon a campaign greater than any he had ever before conducted. Accordingly, with an army of half a million, he invaded Russia. But disaster met him on every side, and the brilliant army returned to France defeated and demoralized.

Lower still sank the star of destiny, in which the mighty Emperor claimed to place such implicit faith. His enemies in his own country came to the head of affairs, and, in 1814, he was deposed by the Senate from the high position he occupied. He was sent to the Island of Elba, just off the coast of Italy, as the nominal governor of the island, but really that he might be kept from influencing affairs at home.

He remained here but a few months, when he escaped from the island and again raised his standard in France. His old soldiers rallied hurriedly to his support, and for a time he regained some of his former power. But on the field of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, he was disastrously defeated by the allied armies of the nations whose enmity he had excited. He was taken prisoner on the battle-field by the English, and for six years, till his death, in 1821, he was kept as a prisoner of state on the lonely island of St. Helena, in the Pacific Ocean.

The story of ambition was completed. The boy who, in youth, had whipped his brother into subjection, and in manhood had tried the same with nations, had failed.

That Napoleon had great ability, and that a measure of good resulted from his warfare, cannot be denied. But it is somewhat to be doubted if the good accomplished was from any intention on his part that such should be the case. All his great powers were exerted in bringing desolation and destruction to others, that he might be elevated. Power was the one object of his ambition, and yet he ended life powerless.

"Like sunshine in a shady place,"
The poet called a woman's face
That gladdened all who saw its beauty.
A face, no doubt, that beamed with health,
That blessing which is more than wealth,
And lightens every daily duty.
O how can woman, whose hard life
With many a wearing pain is rife,
Escape the grasp of such affliction,
And be a power to bless and cheer?
The answer comes both swift and clear—
Take Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of satisfaction being given in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

ONE LESS AT HOME.

One less at home!
The charmed circle broken—a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place,
But cleansed and saved, and perfected by grace,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore
One farewell word unspoken; on the shore
Where parting comes not, one soul landed more—
One more in heaven.

One less at home!
A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;
And far away our coming to await,
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise,
And wrap our footsteps round, and dim our eyes;
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies
One more in heaven!

One less at home!
This is not home, where cramped in earthly mould
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;
But there, where face to face we shall behold,
Is home in heaven!

One less on earth!
Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,
At home in heaven!

One more in heaven!
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and heaven!

One more at home—
That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eternally,
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with thee,
At home in heaven.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.