

ed to know that, and from that time I have never heard of anything of the sort. They are now always ready to meet any traders or other persons. Companies of natives can be passed through without fear, and they show special respect to the missionaries. Many natives at the Kuruman are well able to discuss and argue upon the doctrines of Christ. I do not mean that they can enter into any lengthy or out-of-the-way points, but this I will say, that they can argue with sense upon any general question. They may not always stick to a text, but they will rarely go out-side of the Bible. And these are a people who forty years ago were nothing better than savages, but who, by the blessing of God upon the labors of those who have devoted their lives to their work, have been brought to be intelligent disciples of the gospel of Christ.

At the age of seventy-five, having with his devoted wife, performed upward of half a century of missionary labor, Dr. Moffat returned to his native land, where he has spent the remnant of his days, rendering at home important services to the cause of which he had given the strength of his life. His friends presented him in 1873 with a sum of money so invested as to give him a comfortable support. He has been honored in his ripe old age by Christians of every name in Great Britain, and his presence, even when he was unable to utter a word, has been an inspiration in many a meeting held to advance the missionary cause.

What noble and forever abiding results a consecrated life can accomplish!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

INTELLIGENT GIVING.

Some time since, I heard a child coaxing his mother to allow him to keep the money which she had given him to take to Sunday-school. Said he:

"Well, I don't see why I must get pennies for Miss Mary to spend; I should think her papa might give her all she wanted."

His mother, surprised at his mistaken notions, at once told him to what object his contribution would be appropriated, and he was glad to make the sacrifice of the confectons he was so eager to buy.

Since then this conversation fell upon my ear:

"Harry, give me your pennies; I don't take them to Sunday-school," pleaded a dear little fellow.

"Oh, yes, I must take them; don't you know they pay for me to get in? If I wouldn't pay, I couldn't get in; and if they don't stop charging pennies just to let me in, I'm going to another school."

This same boy, after appeals were made for destitute persons in the mission field, went home and with much effort dragged a store-box from the garret to his sleeping-room.

"What are you going to do with that box?" said his mamma.

"I'm going to pack all my playthings to send to the poor preacher's little boy."

Just as soon as he knew of some worthy cause, his generous heart was willing to make the greatest of sacrifices, for he esteemed his toys among his richest treasures. Many similar instances have, in my experience as a teacher in the infant department, come under my observation.

Now it is quite probable that the Lord loves an intelligent as well as a "cheerful giver." I have no idea at all that money thrown in the basket, which is every Sunday passed around in our churches, is credited to the giver, unless in the first place it is the willing offering of a loving heart, and in the second it is understood by the giver to what cause he is contributing.

Very much money is given to the church without persons knowing or caring what will become of it. Many have an idea that they must contribute something or they will appear penurious; and many more give from habit. That it is a beautiful habit—this one of giving—there is no question; but its merit is lost when it is carried on either ignorantly or carelessly.

While there is a lack of intelligent giving in our churches, there is a still greater lack of it in our Sunday-schools. The objects to which our children contribute their offerings are various, and if ascertained, are found to be very foreign to the correct ones; and it is hardly surprising that they are frequently reluctant to give at all.

Let me say to you who have the teaching of these children in your hands, and, I believe, on your hearts, impress upon them a

knowledge of the objects to which they are expected to contribute, and have them believe fully in their merits; and you will then have little difficulty in calling forth their gifts. They will grow up with a feeling that they have a part in the church; and as their intelligence on this great subject increases, so will their generosity.—*Angsbury Teacher.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

November 4.—1 Samuel 12: 13-25.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "The service of God a necessary service." As you stood some stormy day on a sea cliff, and marked the giant billow rise from the deep to rush on with foaming crest, and throw itself thundering on the trembling shore, did you ever fancy that you could stay its course, and hurl it back to the depths of ocean? Did you ever stand beneath the leaden lowering cloud and mark the lightning's leap, as it shot and flashed dazzling athwart the gloom, and think you could grasp the bolt and change its path? Still more foolish and vain his thought, who fancies that he can arrest or turn aside the purposes of God, saying, "What is the Almighty that we should serve him? Let us break his bands asunder, and cast away his cords from us!" Break his bands asunder! How He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh!—*Guthrie.*

II. I have read of an eminent surgeon, a bitter denier of an intellectual First Cause, in the course of his lectures, coming to the examination of the structure, and functions of the human eye. As he pointed out, holding the dissected organ in his hand, the delicate adaptations of the parts to their use, and showed how manifold were the conditions which must accurately conspire to the possibility of vision, struck with the irresistible proof of forethought and contrivance, he slashed the mute demonstrator of his folly to pieces with his scalpel, and broke out in his rage, "Gentlemen, there is a God, but I hate him."—*Walker.*

III. "Motives to service." (1) Gratitude. I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice.—Rom. 12: 1. "For Christ's sake." In His Name." (2) Fear. "Some would do little for God if the devil were dead."

PRACTICAL.

1. Though rulers and governments may change, the obligations resting on all to serve God change not.
2. Two paths lie open before men,—obedience to God, leading to prosperity; disobedience, leading to adversity.
3. God has power to assert his authority.
4. The miraculous signs which attest this power may awaken fear for the Supreme Ruler.
5. There is a fear which worketh repentance; there is a fear which hardens and estranges.
6. God's service must be rendered in truth and with all the heart.
7. The penitent servant has divine help in the promise of God.
8. And human help is the sympathy, the intercessory prayers, and the wise teachings of golly men.
9. Prayer for others is not only a privilege, it is a duty; to cease from it may be a sin.
10. Ver. 22. God deals with us in mercy according to his pleasure an not our merit.
11. Ver. 23. The forgiving spirit is magnanimous; it gives more than is asked.
12. The good way and the right way coincide.
13. A sense of gratitude ought to enlist us in God's service.
14. When gratitude fails, it may be necessary to appeal to a sense of interest.
15. The service of God is a profitable as well as reasonable service.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The latter part of Samuel's Farewell Address takes up The Service Which God Requires For His People. I. The service is necessary (vers. 13-19). A change of rulers does not affect the obligation. Israel,

whether under king or under judge, is still under the Supreme Ruler, Jehovah. (1) A statement of this fact (ver. 13-15). God has yielded to Israel's desire; yet, in this relation, it still remains true, that obedience to God (see the five specifications) will bring prosperity, disobedience (note the two forms specified) will be followed by adversity. (2) A miraculous sign in attestation of God's power (ver. 16-18). (3) The salutary effect of this sign (vers. 18-19). Fear, penitence, confession of sin. II. The service must be hearty and single (vers. 20, 21). III. Helps to this service will be found (1) in the divine promise (ver. 22). The help is of grace and not of merit—"It pleased God?" "For His great Name's sake." (2) In human aid (ver. 23). (a) Mediatorial, intercessory prayer; and (b) instruction, teaching the truth, advice, warning. IV. The motives impelling to this service are to be found in (1) gratitude (ver. 24), (2) interest (ver. 25).

THE COACHMAN'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

BY AMY DEANE.

"Perhaps you would like to know I came to leave off drinking," said my friend, the Irish coachman, as we were riding in a light buggy behind his spirited horses on the outskirts of the town one summer afternoon. I answered that I certainly should,—for the coachman is not only a character study, but is always good company; more entertaining by far than three-quarters of the people one ordinarily meets.

"Well," said he, "you know how I came over from the old country when I was a young fellow with a stout arm, but only a little learning, and have been knocking about this town ever since. And when some of the boys tell me that I was one of them in those early days, driving a gin delivery wagon for a wholesaler, taking my glass with the rest, and not minding a street scrimmage once in a while, I don't deny it. But I always steered clear of the police court; and, being a hard worker and very fond of horses, I managed to get into the first families, and I have always stayed there. For if by any chance one of them has to leave me my, another is after me by sunset. I have been faithful to them all, and have made my faithfulness pay, for I own a home of my own, and some small houses to rent. As soon as I had put on the coachman's livery I began to fight shy of the whiskey bottle, for it wouldn't do for me to carry a tell-tale breath. But I used to occasionally drop into a saloon on an evening, before my children were grown up enough to know anything about it, and take a taste of something hot. But by the time they got into the public schools I gave that up, for I said to myself, it might disgrace them. Still I couldn't make up my mind to give up my cider, but put a barrel of it into the cellar every fall; and along in the spring, after it had got good and hard, I took a swig very often. And I was always thinking, What's the harm? You know all about my oldest boy, by this time, for I never can keep my mouth shut about him. He took to his books when he was little, and many's the hour that he studied them out of school perched up in an apple tree on the edge of the town, while watching the cows that I had to pasture in an open lot. I have an idea that he was saved by that apple tree, so many other boys, as bright as he, who were left to roam the streets, have gone to the bad. I made up my mind that he should go through the high school, and that if he could graduate there, he would get a better start in life than anything else I could do for him. The sons and daughters of leading citizens would be his class mates, and, in some sense, his friends. It would give him what I suppose you would call a vantage ground. He went through all right, and I was a proud father the day he spoke his oration on the anniversary stage at the Town Hall; and when the cashier of one of the leading banks came to our house that same evening, and offered him a place in that institution, we were almost beside ourselves with joy. What did it matter if he would have to sweep out and run errands for the first two years,—wasn't he the first and only Irish bank clerk the town had ever known?"

"From that day to this everything has gone well with him, so that he has now a good position. He lives in our humble home, just as he always did, and seems to enjoy his mother's company and mine, and

that of the children, as well as ever. And when we meet him away from home, we are careful not to embarrass him by being too familiar. He has got his own way to make in the world, and we don't want to hinder him in it by any of our homely, old-fashioned doings. It was one day last spring that I came near upsetting all my calculations in this respect. I had three men at work with me laying the stone foundations of a new house. It was a hot morning, and we all found our way to the cider barrel in my cellar, which was altogether too convenient for our good. Several times that afternoon I went to the bank on business. Just at evening, while I sat at the supper table thinking what a good job had been done for the new house, the boy came in looking, as the saying is, as though he had lost all his poor relations, and he ate but little and said nothing. And when I went out on the back steps to smoke my pipe, he followed me, and this was what he said: 'Father, I was ashamed of you in the bank this afternoon. You stayed much longer than was necessary, and your tongue ran wild while you were talking with the president. The clerks all noticed it, and I wanted to hide in the coal-closet, anywhere till you got away. I know that you never would have done anything of the kind if you hadn't been drinking. You have done well by me, and I love you in your stable frock or coachman's livery as well as I could the grandest father in the land; but if you have any regard for my feelings, you will knock the bung out of that cider barrel.' He went away then, and I sat on those steps till the stars came out. I thought of the time when I was a boy in the old country, and what a small chance I had of ever being anything in the world; of the gin wagon I used to drive, and the many young fellows who were with me then who had since disgraced themselves, and how this one foolish habit of mine might yet bring my wife and all my children, even the innocent baby in the cradle, to shame.

"When I got up, I opened the cellar bulk-head doors, and rolled the barrel up the steps and out into the street,—an easy task, for it was nearly empty. There was a sewer 'man-hole' near the house, and it took but a moment to knock the bung from the barrel and let the liquor drain into it. And if I ever take another drop of the stuff, you may put me down as out of my mind.

"I joined the total abstinence society the next Sunday, and since then I have spent much of my leisure time in trying to persuade young men to take the pledge.—*S. S. Times.*

THE QUEEN AND THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

It will be borne in mind that some time since a native princess sent a lady missionary to Queen Victoria, beseeching her to have pity upon the millions of women in India, whose lot, at all times bad enough, is sad in the extreme when overtaken by illness. Since then the Queen has exhibited the utmost solicitude for her suffering female subjects in India, and has sent more than one message assuring them of her warmest sympathy. A short time since, Her Majesty gave encouragement to a movement, having for its object the providing of medical women for India, medical men not being permitted to attend the ladies of the Zenana. On Thursday last, Mrs. Scharlieb was received by the Queen at Windsor, on the eve of her departure for Madras, where she intends to practise as a physician. During Mrs. Scharlieb's interview with the Queen, Her Majesty made many inquiries about the condition of the native female population of India, and was much interested in what Mrs. Scharlieb was able, from personal experience, to tell her as to the need for medical women in India. At the conclusion of the visit, the Queen presented Mrs. Scharlieb with her likeness, and desired her to tell the women of India of all classes that "she was much interested in hearing about them, and that they had her fullest sympathy."

PICKLES should never be kept in potter's ware, as arsenic and other poisonous substances are used in the glazing; and this is sometimes decomposed by the vinegar. Whole families have been poisoned in this way; and when fatal effects do not follow, a deleterious influence may be operating upon the health from this cause, when it is not suspected. Pickles should be made with cider vinegar.