

them. The result shows that, as God had promised to give them this land of Gilead, He would keep His word. Sihon, the king, falls before Israel; and his country becomes their first possession.

III. The Giant Overcome, (Numb. xxi. 33-35).—Where will the Israelites go now? Instead of crossing the Jordan, they journey north to a rich country. The king of this land is more formidable than Sihon. (Deut. ii. 11). Yet God bids them fear not, but press on. So they march on across the plains of Bashan, and at the edge of a great wall of black rocks they catch sight of Og's strong city, Edrei. The city is thoroughly fortified, but Og, the king, comes out of it to fight in the plain. There the giant is overcome. Again Israel is victorious, and all the lands from Arnon to Mount Hermon fall into their hands. Their swords and shields were bravely wielded in battle, it is true, but it was God who overcame this enemy for them too. (Ps. cxxxv. 10-12; cxxxvi. 17-22). And the story of their victories spread to Canaan, (Josh. ii. 10; ix. 10), just as God hath said. (Deut. ii. 25).

This successful victory over Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, the king of Bashan, made them joyfully look forward to more—it was 'the earnest of their inheritance,' and now they felt certain that they would at last obtain Canaan as their inheritance.

Family Reading.

MY REDEEMER.

There is one word full of meaning from which we collect the truth of sympathy. It is that little word of appropriation, "my" Redeemer. Power is shown by God's attention to the vast sympathy, by his condescension to the small. It is not the thought of heaven's sympathy by which we are impressed when we gaze through the telescope on the mighty world of space, and gain an idea of what is meant by infinite. Majesty and power are there, but the very vastness excludes the thought of sympathy. It is when we look into the world of insignificance which the microscope reveals, and find that God has gorgeously painted the atoms of creation, and exquisitely furnished forth all that belongs to minutest life, that we feel that God sympathizes and individualizes.

When we are told that God is the Redeemer of the world, we know that love dwells in the bosom of the most high; but if we want to know that God feels for us individually and separately, we must learn by heart this syllable of endearment, "My Redeemer." Child of God, if you would have your thought of God something beyond a cold feeling of his presence, let faith appropriate Christ. You are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself. He has counted the hairs of your head. In Old Testament language, "He has put your tears into his bottle." He has numbered your sighs and your smiles. He has interpreted the desires for which you have not found a name nor an utterance yourself. If you have not learned to say, "My Redeemer," then just so far as there is anything tender or affectionate in your disposition you will tread the path of your pilgrimage with a darkened and a lonely heart; and when the day of trouble comes there will be none of that triumphant elasticity which enabled Job to look down, as from a rock, upon the surges which were curling their crests of fury at his feet, but could only reach his bosom with their spent spray.—F. W. Robertson.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY?

"Young gentleman," said the Professor of Mental Philosophy in—University to his class, one day, "at the next recitation I wish each one to hand in a definition of true happiness, suggested by his personal experience."

Among the definitions handed in by these thoughtful young men were the following:

"True happiness is satisfaction with one's own self."

"True happiness is the enjoyment of life with the consciousness that no one is pained by it."

"True happiness is the possession of a sound body, in which is a sound mind, using its powers for the good of mankind."

"Happiness is a state of mind in which there is perfect harmony between one's self and others."

"True happiness does not exist in this world. Relative happiness is the result of having done right."

"Happiness to one man is misery to another. The happiest moment I ever experienced was when I gave my last dollar to a poorer man than myself. I would define it, then, as a feeling of self-approval at having done right."

"Happiness is the joy we feel without any effort made to obtain it."

"The truest happiness springs from conscious rectitude. It is the consciousness of perfect peace with God."

It would be hard to find a better definition than the last one.—E.x.

THE OLD FASHIONED GIRL.

She flourished thirty or forty years ago. She was a little girl until she was fifteen. She used to help her mother wash the dishes and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pie so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's; and she could fry griddle cake at ten years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was twelve, to say nothing of knitting them herself.

She never said "I can't," and "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old fashioned little girl.

She rose in the morning when she was called, and went out into the garden and saw the dew on the grass, and if she lived in the country, she fed chickens and hunted up the eggs for breakfast.

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl paper, or crimping pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead, and flounces were no trouble to her.

She had learned to sew by making patchwork, and we dare say she could do an "over and over" seam as well as nine-tenths of the grown up women do now-a-days.

The old fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beaux before she was in her teens and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plough boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and house keeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She did not think she knew as much as her mother, and that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's.

And if there be an old fashioned little girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless her and keep her, and raise up others like her.

A GOOD WORD FOR ROMPING GIRLS.

Most women have a dread of them. Mothers would rather their little daughters were called anything else than romps. They say to them, "Be very quiet now, my dears; don't run or jump, and be little ladies." As if a healthy child could be still; as if it could take time to walk, or step over what came in its way; as if it could fold its hands in its lap, when its little heart is so brimful of tickle. It is absurd and wrong, because it is unnatural. Children, girls as well as boys, need exercise; indeed, they must have it, to be kept in a healthy condition. They need it to expand their chest, strengthen their muscles, tone their nerves, develop themselves generally.

And this exercise must be out of doors, too. It is not enough to have calisthenics in the nursery or parlor. They need to be out in the sunshine, out in the wind, out in the grass, out in the woods, out of doors somewhere, if it be no bigger than the common or park. Suppose they do tan their pretty faces. Better be brown as a berry, and have the pulse quick and strong, than white as a lily, and complain of cold feet and a headache. Suppose they do tear their clothes; suppose they do wear out their shoes; it don't try a mother's patience and strength half so much to wash and mend as it does to watch night after night a querulous sick child, and it don't drain a father's pocket-book

half as quick to buy shoes as it does to pay doctors' bills.

Indeed, we don't believe there is a prettier picture in all the wide world than that of a little girl balancing herself on the topmost rail of an old zig-zag fence, her bonnet on one arm and a basket of blackberries on the other, her curls streaming out in the wind, or rippling over her flushed cheeks, her apron half torn from her waist, and dangling to her feet, her fingers stained with the berries she had picked, and her lips with those she had eaten. Don't scold that little creature when she comes and puts her basket on the table and looks ruefully at the rent in the new gingham apron, and at the little bare toes sticking out of the last pair of shoes. Wash her hot face and soiled hands, and give her a bowl of cold milk and light bread, and when she has eaten her fill and got rested, make her sit down beside you and tell what she has seen off in those meadows and woods.

Her heart will be full of beautiful things—the sound of the wind, the fall of the leaves, the music of the wild birds, and the laugh of wild flowers, the rippling of streams and the color of pebbles, the shade of the clouds and the hue of the sunbeams—all those will have woven their spell over her innocent thoughts, and made her a poet in feeling, if not in expression.

No, mothers, don't nurse up your little girls like house-plants. The daughters of this generation are to be the mothers of the next, and if you would have them healthy in body and gentle in temper, free from nervous affections, fidgets, and blues; if you would fit them for life—its joys, its cares, and its trials—let them have a good romp every day while they are growing. It is Nature's own specific, and, if taken in season, warranted to cure ails of the girl and the woman.—Selected.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The juice of a lemon will remove claret stains from table linen.

Take full-grown tomatoes while yet green, cut out the stems, and stew until tender; press through a sieve; season highly with pepper, salt, ground cloves, allspice and nutmeg; boil the pulp until thick. Worcestershire sauce may be added if liked. This is nice with cold meats.

PEARS PRESERVED WITH GINGER.—Peel the ripe pears, divide them in half, core and remove the flower and stem and drop them into cold water. Make a thick syrup, allowing one pint of cold water to every two pounds of sugar, two ounces of sliced ginger root and the juice of half a lemon. Beat up the white of an egg with the shell and stir in the syrup before it is put on the stove. Put the syrup on the stove and let it come to the boiling point by degrees, stirring it often. As soon as it boils, cover it and set it back where it will continue to boil very slowly. At the end of three-quarters of an hour, remove the cover and skim off the thick white scum which covers the syrup. You will skim out the slices of ginger also. Rinse them off in clear warm water and return to the syrup. Cook the pears in this syrup till they are tender, cooking a few at a time. When they are all cooked pour the syrup over them. There will be enough to cover them if you allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of pears.

SUNNY HUSBANDS.

We often doubt whether the male head of a family ever really appreciates the opportunity he has for diffusing sunshine at home, or apprehends how much of gloom he can bring into the family circle by entering its precincts with a dark frown on his countenance. The wife and mother is within four walls from morning until night, with but few exceptions, and must bear the worryment of fretful children, inefficient servants, weak nerves and many other perplexities; and she must do this day after day, while the husband goes out from these petty details of home care, has the benefit of the pure, fresh air, meets with friends, has a pleasant time, which altogether acts as a charm on the physical

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