

The Will and the Way.

There's something I'd have you remember,
boys,
To help in the battle of life;
'Twill give you strength in the time of need,
And help in the hour of strife. [done,
Whenever there's something that should be
Don't be faint-hearted and say,
"What use to try?" Remember then,
That where there's a will there's a way.

There's many a failure for those who win,
But though at first they fall,
They try again, and the earnest heart
Is sure, at last, to prevail.
Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb,
You can win the heights, I say,
If you make up your minds to reach the top,
For where there's a will there's a way.

The men who stand at the top are those
Who never could bear defeat;
Their failures only made them strong
For the work they had to meet;
The will to do and the will to dare
Is what we want to-day;
What has been done can be done again,
For the will finds out the way.

—Harper's Young People.

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Home & School.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

A Sunday-School Boy.

OUR Thomas dropped a fine red apple out of the front window, which rolled very near the iron railing between the grass plat and the street. Thomas forgot to pick it up. Shortly after, two boys came along.

"Oh, my!" cried one. "See that bouncing apple. Let's hook it out!" The other boy nudged him with a whisper, "Oh, don't; there's somebody looking." And on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple, and stopped, looking very hard at it; then put her hands through the rails, and tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked around; a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand, and went away.

A ragged-looking little fellow came by soon after. "That boy will grab the apple," I said to myself, looking through the blinds. His bright eye at once caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking at it for a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked it through the rails, and drew the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy hands, I could not help seeing how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it, and run? No. He came up the steps,

and rang the bell. I went to the door.

"I found this big apple in your front garden," said the boy; "and I thought maybe you had dropped it out, and didn't know that it was there; so I picked it up, and have brought it here."

"Why did you not eat it?"
"Oh," said he, "it's not mine."
"It was almost in the street," said I, "where it would have been hard to find its owner."

"Almost is not quite," replied the boy; "which, Mr. Curtis says, makes all the difference in the world."

"Who is Mr. Curtis?"

"My Sabbath-school teacher. He has explained the Eighth Commandment to me, and I know it! What's the use of knowing, unless you act up to it!" Here he handed me the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" said I.
"I am glad you brought it in for I like to know honest boys. What is your name?"

He told me. I will not tell you, however; only I think you will agree with me that he is the right sort of Sabbath-school scholar. He squares his conduct by the faithful Christian instruction which he gets there.

The Popular Science Monthly for November contains an article by Dr. B. W. Richardson on "The Hygienic Treatment of Consumption," which is full of information of the utmost practical value to those who are suffering, or who are threatened, with that fatal disease. The paper consists of ten simple rules of living, with full explanations of the reasons for them, which any one of ordinary capacity can understand. They may be followed with or without the aid of a doctor, with the certainty of salutary results, where the present methods of treatment usually end in death.

MR. GEO. PARSONS LATHROP makes his first appearance as teller of stories for children in a volume called "Behind Time," which Cassell & Company will issue immediately. The story is told somewhat in the vein of "Through the Looking Glass," that is, with that strange mixture of the probable and the improbable. The book is dedicated to the author's nieces, the children of Julian Hawthorne—"Hildegard and Baby Imogen."

"THE Stories Grandma Told" is the title of a collection of stories by Mary D. Brine, which Cassell & Company will publish at once. They are in Mrs. Brine's happiest vein, which has proved so attractive to the young people.

"How Long will it Do to Wait?"

DR. NETTLETON had come home from the evening service in a country town. The good lady of the house, after bustling about to provide her guest with supper, said before her daughter, who was in the room, "Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you'd talk to Caroline. She don't care nothing about going to meeting, nor about the salvation of her soul. I've talked and talked, and got our minister to talk; but it don't seem to do her any good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton." Saying this, she soon went out of the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast; when he had finished, he turned round to the young girl, and said:



TRENTON FALLS.

Trenton Falls.

THE most enjoyably beautiful spot among the resorts of romantic scenery in our country is Trenton Falls. To the lovers of nature who visit it, the remembrance of its loveliness becomes the bright spot to which dream and reverie oftener return. It seems to be curiously adapted to enjoy, being somehow not only the kind, but the size of a place the arms of a mortal heart can enfold in its embrace. Trenton Falls is the place above all others where it is a luxury to stay—which one oftener revisits—which one most commends to strangers to be sure and see.

The Methodist Church.

SOME VERY INTERESTING STATISTICS.

THE billet book of the General Conference contains a table of religious statistics, of which the following is part:—

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.				
Rank in 1881.	Denom.	1881.	1871.	1871.
1	Methodists...	591,503	462,264	1
2	Presbyterians	417,749	356,442	2
3	C. of England	366,539	330,995	3
4	R'n Catholic	350,839	274,163	4
5	Baptists	106,676	86,630	5
6	Lutherans	37,901	32,399	6
7	Con'g'tion's	16,340	12,868	7
8	Disciples	16,031
9	Brethren	7,714	3,600	10
10	Quakers	6,307	7,100	8

It also contains a table showing the relative growth made by each of the five principal denominations in the Dominion, Province, and city, compared with the growth of population.

	Dom.	Prov.	City,
	p.c.	p.c.	p.c.
Methodist	35	28	73½
Presbyterian	24	17	62½
Baptist	24	23	88
Church of England	16½	10½	49
Roman Catholic	21	17	32½
Increase of Population	25	18½	54

It is easier to fall than to rise; therefore, take good heed to thy ways.

"Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once:

"Yes, sir, they do: they keep talking to me all the time, till I am sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. Nettleton "Let's see; how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. Nettleton, "religion is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it! And you're in good health, you say. Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do to die without it. I wonder how long it will do for you to wait."

"That's just what I've been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said Dr. Nettleton, "suppose you say till you are fifty! No, that won't do; I attended the funeral of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty! How will that do?"

"I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No; I don't think so either. Something might happen. Say, now, twenty-five, or even twenty—if we could be sure that you would live so long. A year from now—how would that do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and of how many young people, as well, apparently, as you are, die suddenly, I am afraid to have put it off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, "Now is the accepted time." We must take the time. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel down here, and ask God for mercy through His Son, Jesus Christ?"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, kneeled on the spot. In a day or two she came out rejoicing in hope, finding she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.—Band of Hope.