

SUPPLYING LONDON WITH PURE WATER.

The whole of Greater London, covering an area of about 630 miles, is supplied by these organizations, whose power and districts are defined by law. The six Thames companies are allowed to draw a maximum supply of 120,000,000 gallons a day; the East London is allowed to take 33,000,000 gallons, and the New River 22,500,000 gallons a day from the Lea; the rest comes from the chalk wells; there is also, however, a supplementary supply drawn by several companies from the gravel beds by the side of the Thames, and in time of flood or drought this natural store is very useful. In March last year, 180,000,000 gallons of filtered water were required every day for the supply of London, which gave an average of about 33 gallons to each person in the area of supply, for drinking, domestic, and trade purposes.

But in March last the consumption had increased so greatly that the daily total was 220,000,000 gallons, or 40 gallons per head. Every drop of the water has been carefully purified, with the exception of that from the wells. For this purpose, the companies have 114 filter beds, covering 117½ acres. Every company, except the Kent, has storage reservoirs, in which water is kept in readiness for emergencies. There are storage reservoirs for unfiltered water, covering 474½ acres, and holding about 1,280,000,000 gallons, and sixty filtered water reservoirs holding 217,000,000 gallons. That is to say, if every source of supply were cut off, London would have enough water in store for a little more than a week.

The pumping operations represent an enormous expenditure of force. The Southwark company, for instance, pumps 12,000,000 gallons every day a distance of eighteen miles to Nunhead, with a rise of 215 feet, for distribution thence to the other parts of the district. The pipes, too, are often enormous in size, some of the tunnels being nine feet in diameter. As for the length, there are in all London 5,000 miles of water pipes, on which there are some 27,625 hydrants. It is hard to gain from mere figures an adequate conception of the extent of London's water supply, but the enormous stream of water flows steadily into the houses—over 800,000 of them—day after day, carefully filtered and purified; and the system contrasts curiously with the old New River water carts and Chelsea's wooden pipes.—*Chambers' Journal*.

CULTIVATE YOUR CHILD'S TEACHER.

The first thing to do is to visit the school which your children attend. Make a point of this, even if it means a sacrifice of something else, writes Edward W. Bok in an article on "Our Schools and our Teachers," in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. Few things can be more important than to see for yourself the surroundings of your child during school hours. Observe quietly yet keenly, but remember that any observations or comments you have to make, the teacher of the class in which your child happens to be is not the proper person to whom to make them. The principal of the school or the superintendent is the proper functionary for such purposes. The teacher is helpless; she must accept conditions as she finds them. She is an employee, pure and simple. But seek her out and win her acquaintance and confidence. Show her that you mean to co-operate with her. She knows that the best results can only be obtained when teacher and parent co-operate. Invite her to your home—not in a general way, but at a definite time. Make her feel that you want her to be something more than the teacher of your child. Make a friend of her if you can; at least give her the opportunity to show that she has another side to her nature than that which she shows in the classroom. The teacher's burden is a heavy one rather than a light one.

Our Young Folks.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise, With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes, "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt."

A fellow's mother has bags and strings, Rags and buttons, and lots of things; No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top.

She does not care—not much I mean, If a fellow's face is not always clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

A fellow's mother is never mad, But only sorry if you are bad; And I tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive you, what'er you do.

I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise, With a manly look in his laughing eyes, "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day; A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

—Selected.

HOW JIM WAS MADE SORRY.

Harry Thorn was very fond of pets; and when his mother moved far up town, she thought she would have a better chance to indulge her little boy's fancy in this matter, than when they hadn't, to use her own expression, "an inch of room."

But, alas! there is always some drawback. There was a nice long yard at the back of the house; but when Harry had his hen-house arranged at the lower end, and his doves and chickens all nicely settled, he one day espied a boy's eye peeping through a knot-hole in the fence.

A squirrel couldn't have climbed that fence much more nimbly than Harry did; and what was his disgust to discover, squatting on the other side, a dirty, toulze headed, small urchin, whose eyes looked so sharp that Harry fancied they might see through the boards, even if there had been no hole at all.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the boy on the fence to the one on the ground.

"Nothin'," answered tatterdemalion from below.

"Yes, you are," returned property-holder from above; "you're peeping at my doves and chickens."

"Well, I ain't a hurtin' 'em," replied the other.

"Next thing you'll be stealing them, or something; I know you will, so you just clear out," cried Harry.

"Shan't do nothin' o' the sort. That's your side o' the fence, an' this's mine, so clear out yourself," was the retort, accompanied by a certain flourish of arms and legs, and a horrible grimace.

Harry looked around. Sure enough, there was a row of small tenement houses at the back of their yard, and the sharp-eyed boy was on his own territory.

Straightway Harry ran to tell his mother the unwelcome news of disagreeable neighbors, and they both expressed their apprehensions of trouble from that quarter; nor were their fears groundless, for the very next morning one of Harry's pigeons had a broken leg, and a week later a chicken was found dead in the yard.

After each of these mishaps the owner of the unfortunate birds was in a state of towering indignation, and climbing to the top of that fence, he eased his mind, though no boy was visible, in this style: "I know you're there, Jim (he had learned that the weasel-eyed boy was called Jim), and now, I tell you what it is, you had better let my things alone, or I'll make you sorry you touched them—you good-for-nothing ragamuffin, you," with much more such like defiance and exhortation.

Not long afterward, Harry had a new pet, a lovely white rabbit, and he spent the whole day succeeding its arrival in making its acquaintance and fondling it.

Imagine then his grief and chagrin on going the next morning to greet his new favorite, to find it dead—poisoned. This

was too much, and though he was ten years old, he wept bitterly.

Two or three mornings later, Harry woke earlier than usual, and thinking of his pets, jumped out of bed, ran to the window and looked down the yard to see if Ellen had opened the hen-house. She had not, so the lad put on his clothes and went to do it himself; but as he reached the place he heard a strange sound on the other side of the fence. It was somebody crying, or rather sobbing, and in a very odd manner; so again he mounted that paling to see what was there.

It was Jim, lying all in a heap between an old barrel and the fence, and he was shaking so that his teeth rattled as the sobs came through them.

Harry gazed a moment, then said: "Jim, what's the matter?"

No answer, and the sobbing ceased, but not the shaking, nor the chattering teeth.

Then Harry let himself down, went close to the little fellow, coiled up and looking like a galvanized bundle of rags, saying, "Jim, Jim, what ails you?"

"Got the ager," was the answer from between Jim's rattling teeth.

"What are you out of doors for, then, at this time of the morning?" was Harry's next question.

"Cause," and the boy stirred a little, so that he could see the other's face; and finding only wonder and pity there, added, as he removed the arm that concealed his own visage, "'Cause father put me out last night—been out all night."

Here Harry perceived that one side of Jim's face was swollen and livid, so he cried, "Why! what did that?"

"Father," was the sententious reply, as the poor boy again covered his face, and went on shaking and sobbing.

Harry forgot all about vengeance, hurried home, roused his mother, and before half an hour had elapsed, the miserable little Jim had been brought into Mrs. Thorn's house, and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. He did not say much for some hours, for when the ague ceased the fever came on; and when this passed he slept.

At last he awoke, looked around, and, seeing Harry, said, "Say, I am awful sorry I killed your chicken and your rabbit. I dunno what made me do it, but I guess I was mad cause I hadn't nothin'; an' father drinks, an' he beats me—an' you wouldn't let me look at 'em; but pr'aaps I can get you another rabbit by 'm by."

It was now Harry's turn to be sorry—sorry he had been so selfish, so cross, and so ready to believe evil of that unfortunate child of poverty and sorrow; but both he and his mother made amends for their fault or mistake, whichever it might be; for they became good, helpful friends to the worse than orphan boy, and did not cease to care for him until he was able to support himself.

Words of Life.

BOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble, Christian boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and beloved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the Church and Sunday School. Be true to every friendship. Help others to be and do good.

Teacher and Scholar.

BY REV. W. A. J. MARTIN, TORONTO.

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REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 Kings viii. 56.

MEMORY VERSES.—Ps. cxxi.

CATECHISM Q.—27-38.

HOME READINGS.—The Quarter's Lessons.

There are many ways of conducting a review lesson. There should be no difficulty in reviewing the lessons of this last quarter, even if such review were confined to the historical facts of the period covered by these lessons. Perhaps such a review would be as profitable as any more fanciful one, for there seems to be much ignorance of Bible history on the part of many, older even than the scholars in our Sabbath Schools. To have the treasure house of the mind filled with things new and old from God's truth is a more valuable thing than to be able to detail all of the "practical lessons" deduced from these self-same facts, while our knowledge of the facts themselves remains extremely indefinite. Therefore a thorough drill in the history of Israel, from the giving of the law at Sinai until the death of Joshua will in our judgement be the most profitable for next review Sabbath. It will be well, however, to conduct such a review on some plan a little more definite than the mere recital of facts. In all history teaching more attention should be given to the philosophy of history, i. e., to seeking to point out the connection between the events which occurred, and the place each event had in bringing about the condition of matters at the close of the period being studied. The period of Israel's history covered by the past quarter's lessons is the most interesting of all, for here we have the story of a nation's founding. We find Israel a disorganized band of slaves brought out of Egypt, with no system of law, no appointed ordinances for religious worship save those preserved from the Father's traditions, and with only the promise of an inheritance in Canaan, a land highly spoken of, but utterly unknown to the people. We leave Israel a nation fully organized and equipped, with a code of laws admittedly perfect beyond the power of man's improvement, a national system of religious worship whose foundation is upon the law, and whose aim is to lead the people to unified expectation of One whom God has promised to raise up from among themselves, to be a blessing to all nations of the earth, and in full possession of a land most fertile, well cultivated, well built upon, and well prepared in every way for their habitation. Surely nothing could be more interesting than to trace the progress between these extremes, and to note particularly the place which each lesson of the quarter marks in this progress. Again, as in last review, the golden text for to-day seems to give the key note for a review of this kind. If not one word failed of all God's good promise which He promised by Moses His servant, then surely the proper place to commence our review is with the promises referred to, and then with these promises clearly in mind to go over the quarter's lessons trying to discover the place which God gave each of the incidents recorded in the working out of His good promises to Israel by the hand of Moses His servant. This does not seem a difficult thing to do; it is not a difficult thing for the God-fearing Sabbath School teacher who has tried conscientiously to perform every duty during the past three months. It would be manifestly impossible for me to even try to point out any details of such a review within the compass of a single column. Therefore it will be wiser to be content with indicating the line and to leave each teacher to fill in the details according to the capacities of the class to be reviewed.

TORONTO BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL.

From the new prospectus of this school we notice that the opening day for this session is Monday, 16th Sept. Most of those who attended last session are returning to complete the two years course while many new students are entering for the first time.

A most useful course of Bible study and practical work has been arranged for while the special lecturers are men whose names are a guarantee that the various subjects to be treated by them will be of unusual interest. Prospectus and full information can be obtained by addressing the secretary, Mr. Wm. Ferguson, Bible Training School, Toronto.