

HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

ROLPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO

The City of New York.

SUPPOSE, now, you were a bird, and could soar and sail about in the air wherever you chose. If you were flying over the city of New York you would behold a sight very much like that shown in the picture.

New York City is on Manhattan Island, about thirteen miles long, and about two miles wide at the widest part. The river to the left of the picture is the Hudson, and that on the right the East River, leading into Long Island Sound. In the right-hand corner is shown part of the city of

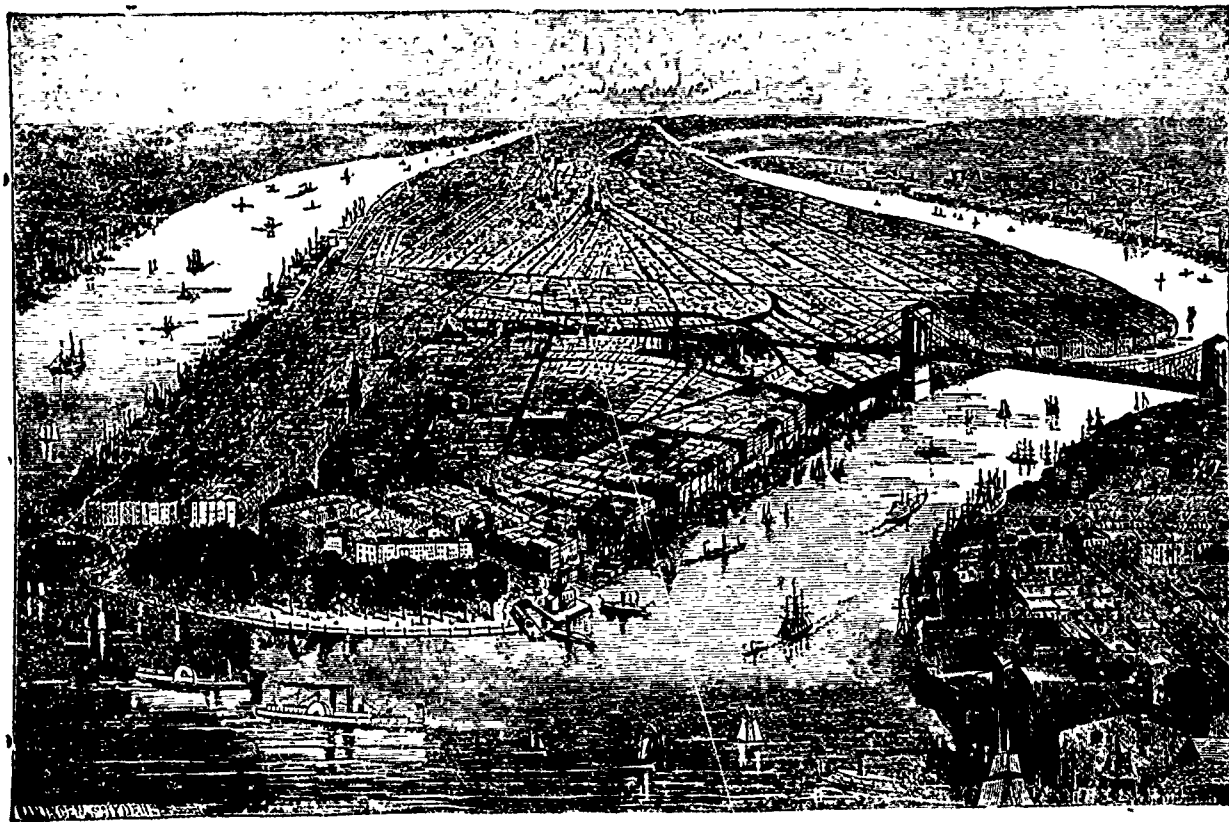
round building at the extreme left is Castle Garden—an old fort, with surrounding buildings. Here all the emigrants who arrive at New York are landed—sometimes two or three thousand in a day—and are kept till they are shipped to their destination.

From the Battery can be seen a long, straight street, leading northward. This is Broadway, a hundred feet wide and about four miles long—lined with magnificent buildings, and one of the noblest streets in the world.

The population of New York is over 1,207,000.

Showers of Gold.

TRADITION has it that many thousands of years ago the Emperor of China, perceiving the wretchedness and destitution brought upon his people by the use of intoxicating beverages, issued a decree which closed every liquor shop in the empire. And the strangest thing about it was that for three days after the decree went into effect the heavens rained gold. It came down like manna from the skies, and the people being in possession of their senses were able to gather enough to make them rich and happy for years thereafter. While the latter part



THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, on Long Island; and on the upper left-hand corner, part of Jersey City, in New Jersey. Crossing the East River is seen the famous Suspension Bridge. It is so high above the water that ocean vessels can pass beneath it. It slopes down on each side to the level of the ground, and street cars run across it. Another bridge is built across East River higher up, and a tunnel is now made under the Hudson.

All around the two river fronts of the city you see hundreds of vessels and steamers, which sail to all parts of the world. The park, covered with trees at the point of the island, is called the Battery, because it was once strongly fortified. The

There are only two larger cities in the world—Paris, with 2,226,000, and London, with over 4,000,000. Berlin and Vienna have a little over a million each.

Brooklyn, which may almost be called a suburb of New York—as many thousands who do business in the larger city live in the smaller one—has over half a million.

Parts of New York are more densely peopled than even the densest parts of London. As the greatest receiving and distributing point for the commerce of the continent, New York is destined to be one of the most important cities in the world.

of this story can hardly be accepted as literally true, we have no doubt the results of a general closing up of the dram-shops were better even than a shower of gold upon the land. An abundance of wealth is not so sure to bring peace, joy and contentment to the homes of the people as virtuous and temperate living. If \$900,000,000 annually wasted on drink in this country could be saved to the people the golden age would surely be upon us. —Selected.

“WHAT is your name, little girl?” “Minnie.”
“Minnie what?” “Minnie don’t, mamma always calls me.”

The Daughter's Grief.

Just six years to-night—and re-membered too well,
Since the blackest of shadows has crossed my path fair,
A life that was dear to my own me went out
In the terror of fear, in the anguish of doubt!

They brought father home from the gilded saloon,
And said he had suddenly fallen in a swoon.
We watched by his bedside, my mother and I,
And sorrowed and prayed, as the hours went by.

Dear mother, sweet mother!—not till then did I know
How many long nights she had watched by him so,
Not till then did I know the dark secret which lay
In the cup where the serpent is lurking away.

My father was kindly, and noble, and good,
And never before had my heart understood
How the club-room could draw him from mother and me,
When we were so happy together, we three.

What lightning-revealings there came that dread night!
They filled my whole being with anguish and fright—
Their memories still are burning deep in my brain.
O God, must I bear evermore their keen pain?

My father awoke, and his mournful brown eyes
Looked into my own with a tender surprise,
I covered with kisses his beautiful face,
He whispered—how fondly—"My dear little Grace!"

Then throwing his arms round my mother, he cried;
"Oh, faithful and true, still here at my side!"
What self-reproach then, and what penitent tears,
Confession of weakness, revealing of fears!

He sank on his pillow—a pitiful sight—
No hope in the future, or faint gleam of light;
No comfort or solace his soul found in prayer,
But deeper and deeper it sank in despair.

Then suddenly over his features there fell
The silent precursor, life's closing to tell.
"I'm dying," he whispered, "I'm dying I know,"
"And my soul! oh, my soul! tell me, where will it go?"

My mother assured him of welcome in heaven,
Said even the thief on the cross was forgiven,
That Christ never turned from a penitent's prayer—
He answered: "No drunkard can ever go there!"

He spoke nevermore, and his last uttered thought
In the overcharged brain of my poor mother wrought
A ruin most fearful! And I—how bereft!
But God and his promise were still to me left.

Where now is my mother? Ah me, dare I tell?
She spends these long years in a maniac's cell.
And this strain she weaves in her songs, inorn and even,
"No drunkard inherits the kingdom of heaven."

O fathers, I plead for your dear ones to-night;
Oh, shield their glad hearts from all risk of such blight.
By the grief I have borne, by my mother's dark life,
I plead for each daughter, I plead for each wife.

Sister Elsie's Song.

BY EDITH CORNFORTH.

SISTER LINTHORPE'S eyes were sparkling with happiness, though she spent her time in nursing the poor sufferers at the Ophthalmic Hospital. Only an hour ago she had been busy bathing blind eyes, or bandaging suffering ones, but now she was cosily shut up in her own room, arranging the trimmest of trim caps, the neatest of neat aprons, and tying such knowing little knots of heliotrope ribbon at her wrists, as were to work sad havoc in the heart of the house surgeon.

The wards were shaded for the night, and many of the inmates already half asleep. Downstairs, in the board-room, a company of men in evening dress, and ladies in rich attire, had assembled; while downstairs still lower, in the operation-room, the gas was blazing, and the musicians were putting out their music. It was the night of the annual concert given in honour of the sisters and nurses of the Ophthalmic Hospital, and a large company was expected.

Sister Elsie Linthorpe had been detained by a little patient named Tim. He was very, very ill,

was little Tim; and he had taken a special fancy to the lovely young Scotchwoman, whose light hand ministered so tenderly to his needs. A year before, fever had almost robbed him of his sight; and when he was first carried into her ward, and the doctors gathered round his bed, they had been unanimous in their opinion that little Tim would never see again in this world.

Sister Elsie had been so sorry. She loved the poor yellow-haired mite of a boy, and with gentlest hand and kindest tone had obeyed his frequent calls for help. Only to-night it was different, because this was her treat, and she was supposed to have a holiday. So she sat before her glass, arranging her wilful black hair, and thinking to herself that a conscientious and skilful hospital nurse could not possibly help it even if she had a lover. And then she thought of the grave house-surgeon with the calm gray eyes and the Byronic throat and she sighed softly to herself, and wished that the lady-superintendent had allowed her to wear a fashionable dress just for once, instead of the tiresome old black thing which showed her pretty high-heeled shoes so plainly.

Before going down stairs, where already the music had begun, she peeped into her own ward, and noticed with pain that little Tim was breathing very heavily. Softly she stepped up to his bed side, and, glancing down into the poor, childish face, was startled to see that it was the beginning of the end. Her experienced eye saw that he would not live till morning. The lonely child had set foot in the dark valley. Her favourite patient was dying.

Noiselessly she slipped from the ward, rapidly gained the music-room, and looked in on the inviting scene. She soon caught sight of the face she wished to see. The house-surgeon was seated beside another sister, with blue bows, and blue eyes. Very likely her own chance of happiness would escape her that night, unless she fulfilled her promise, and sang—in her rich, pure contralto—the song he wished her to sing. But what about poor little Tim, upstairs, in his solitary death pang? How would her sweet notes sound in the ears of the Lord Jesus, who would know of her selfishness? Better, far better, the eloquence of silence than song at the expense of the dying child.

So she only gave one tear-dimmed look into the powerful face of the young doctor, who had no idea that she was there outside in the cold, and then ran back in all her bravery to little Tim.

This time he heard her welcome step, and feebly moaned her name. It sounded very piteous from the thin, blue lips.

"Sister," he whispered, "shall I see the dear Lord Jesus when he touches my eyes, and I wake up in heaven? Oh, this darkness is terrible—it gets blacker and blacker."

Oh! yes, my darling; you will see quite clearly there. You will see what we all so long to see—the face of the Saviour, who died for us all."

"I am cold—cold—cold, so very cold; but I can hear as I never did before. Won't you sing the song that you sang on Sunday, dear Sister Elsie? And hold me tight, very tight in your arms, for I love you—and I feel afraid."

So she lifted him out of bed, and laid his beaded brow on her bosom, and bending caressingly over the dulling ear, she sang the song which somebody downstairs had hoped to listen to:—

"I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band."

and on to the last verse, which is this:—

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—

Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth breathe on its faceless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child!"

Very softly the rich, full notes stole over the dimly-lit ward, where the swinging lamp revealed a nurse and her sick charge to the house surgeon, who had slipped away from the concert to see how Tim was getting on, for his case was evidently critical.

And standing there—in his turn unobserved—the doctor's shrewd eye and perceptive brain appreciated to the full Sister Linthorpe's sacrifice, and his love for her deepened as it might never have done if he had heard his favourite song in the full blaze of the gas, and amidst the plaudits of a crowd.

Faintly the last tones died away, and little Tim gave no sign, but rested peacefully on the gentle, warmly throbbing bosom. How quiet he was! How faintly he breathed! A fuller breath—a deep, long sigh—a pause—and little Tim had escaped from the encircling arms of his nurse, and at last looked into the eyes of the Great Healer, who has given him sight, and opened to his enraptured gaze the glory of the better land, where

"Around the throne of God in Heaven
Thousands of children stand"

And one of that great band of happy children, we say good bye to little Tim, who will never, never suffer or be afraid again. . . . "Elsie," said the doctor gently, "the child is dead. Let me lay him on his bed."

"Elsie!"—not Sister, or Nurse,—"Elsie!"

And after that it was always "Elsie" when they were alone together.

The Ophthalmic Hospital still has its noble house-surgeon and its brave sisters and nurses, and, alas! its suffering patients; but the house-surgeon, and Sister Elsie Linthorpe, left it together some time ago, for a different sphere of service and healing. And after they left it, they were married; for even in this suffering and work-a-day world strange dreams of hope and happiness will come; and they, I am glad to say, declare that the reality of their happiness together far exceeds their fondest hopes. Only I warn you, that they both belong to the good and useful class; if you do not, you have no prospect of a like success.—S. S. Record.

Keep in the Middle.

CHILDREN, did you ever play that the street was poison and the sidewalk safe, and then try how long you could walk on the curbstone without stepping into the gutter; and did you ever see a boy or girl who did not step off at once in going home from school? Just when you feel sure of your footing and begin to run you lose your balance, and off goes one foot on the ground below.

If the street really were poison you would think it very silly to walk on the edge of the sidewalk instead of safely in the middle; but I have seen children, and grown people too, walking just as near to a line as they could without quite touching it. How long do you think they can do so before they lose their balance and step over the boundary, staining the white souls that God gave them? Why just about as long as the children could keep from slipping off the curbstone.

It is only a question of time. Take care; do not walk too near the edge.

HAPPY are they who in a crowd of business do not lose something of the spirituality of their minds, and of the composure and sweetness of their tempers.

Step by Step.

"He knoweth the way that I take."

THE fog hangs thickly about me
As I start to begin the day,
I see not the hills or the meadows,
No beauty is on the way;
And carefully step by step I take
Lest I lose myself, or fall,
But ever the path is opening out,
And the sky is high over all.

The way is never so hidden
But the next step can be seen,
And a Guide is ever beside me
Who always a light has been;
And every hour the sun on high
More strongly and brightly shines,
And the beautiful landscape afar is shown
As the sun in the west declines.

Long is the reach of life's journey
But the way grows strangely fair,
And the nearer I get to its ending,
The sweeter the songs in the air.
The heart laughs out in its gladness
As the home is coming in sight,
As the western skies are all golden,
Where the day melts into the night.

Courage, O weary pilgrim,
Timidly journeying on;
The mists that are thick about thee
Will soon be over and gone.
Take the step that is nearest to thee,
And soon shall the shrouded way
Brilliantly open before thee,
In the full fair light of the day.
—*Christian World.*

Earnest Sam.

MISS FLETCHER, who is well known for her philanthropic efforts in the education of Indian youth, relates the following:—

Last fall a man, desirous of getting up a show, went among the Kaws, in the Indian Territory. He gathered a group of young men who were willing to deck themselves and dance to amuse and astonish the Eastern people. Among those who joined his company was "Sam." He had long been seeking how he might get to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and now he thought the way opened. Having been at school, and speaking some English, he was valuable in the troupe. By waggon and rail the party made its way to Kansas, and on to Missouri. The show business, however, did not prosper, and the manager dismissed his company. All of the Indians returned to their reservation but Sam, who, with a capital of two dollars and seventy-three cents, determined to start for Carlisle.

Reserving the money for food, he sold his ornaments and got as far as Bloomington, Illinois. There he began his thousand-mile walk to school. Once in a while he succeeded in getting a lift on a freight-train; and a kind traveller, moved to compassion, paid for a hundred miles' ride. Food was scant, and the lad was often hungry and very tired; but he kept on, until at last the Alleghany Mountains were reached. Snow was on the ground, his moccasins were completely worn out, and his feet sore and numb. He determined to trade his basket for a pair of shoes, and, having succeeded, he pushed on, defying the cold.

One day in December a tattered, haggard lad passed the gate at the barracks, and presented himself to Captain Pratt as a new scholar, telling the story of his six weeks' walk across over fifteen hundred miles of country. There was no money to support him at the school, but he was sheltered and cared for, and kind friends who heard his story, sent to the captain the needed contribution. Meanwhile Sam had been put through the bath

transformation, and had come out a student worker in blue.

At every one must labour at Carlisle, Sam, with another new boy, was put to sifting ashes. Sam's heart was full, and he craved sympathy. His companion knew little of English speech, and was of a different tribe from Sam's, so the lad had mainly the comfort of his own voice, as he said, "Are you home sick?" No answer—only a blank look. "Home sick is hard—makes me feel bad; but I don't want to go home. I stay here—learn work—learn study; but I so home-sick! It is good here; I want my brother here; he must not come the way I did—that way very hard."

The ashes flew in clouds about the boys, and Sam began to sing, for, like most Indians, he is fond of singing. The strong religious nature of his race caused the hymns he had heard at the mission to come to him, and he thought to share their consolation with his fellow-worker, by explaining the words. "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," sang Sam; and then he said, "I can't tell very well about that, but I know the Rock is Christ."—*National Presbyterian.*

The Toronto Conference.

ADDRESS TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

The address was handsomely engrossed, and in book form. It was read by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, and set forth that the Methodist Church has now under pastoral charge one-third of the population of Ontario, and nearly one-fifth of that of the Dominion. They were endeavouring to do their part of the great work of evangelizing the aborigines, and had succeeded to a gratifying extent.

His Excellency replying, said, "I need hardly tell you that it is with feelings of deep emotion that I receive from such an important body as that which you represent, the address of loyalty to Her Majesty's person and throne, of which you were good enough to be the exponents to-day. It is a source of satisfaction to those who occupy the position which I hold, to feel that there are such influences at work, tending, without the hope of reward, to break down the barrier which divides civilization and uncivilization, and to carry into the very utmost parts of the Dominion those principles of religion, of truth, and of godliness, which you hold in common with other communions. I well know that it is one of the special merits of your Church that it endeavours to get hold of the people by the people, to bring the doctrines of religion to a man's home, and to keep before him those truths which we all hold dear, and to press on his view those examples of life which are the guides of a Christian community. It is a recognition of how efficient those labours have been when you can point to the results which are mentioned in your address—when those of Her Majesty's Indian subjects to whom you refer, notwithstanding all the temptations which were placed before them by designing persons, remained faithful to their Queen and to their religion; and so far from taking part with those who wished to uproot the institutions of the Dominion, upheld them to the utmost extent—even by force of arms. We all feel, however, that it is not by arms that a Dominion like this is to be conquered. Those who are the pioneers of art or of science, are, perhaps, thrust aside a little in the early stages of the history of a community; but we can never forget the importance of mentioning the love of education, the love of truth, the love of exactitude and truth in all dealings between man and man. It is by these things only that the civilized institutions of a country can grow up on a sound and enduring basis; and I well recognize, both from the principles of your commu-

ny, and from the important position it holds, how much it must have done in the past, and of how much in the future that is in itself a guarantee. You belong to those who do not use words of idle courtesy. I accept your words in the same spirit of truth and cordiality in which they have been uttered, and I heartily thank you for the kindness of your welcome."

Vacant Chairs.

MUTE, inanimate things we think them, and yet they are eloquent with a language of their own, and which appeals to our inmost hearts.

We have sent them away, perhaps, in an unused room, and coming suddenly upon them sometimes, we have been thrilled with the rush of memories they recall. That easy chair with wide, padded arms, in which grandpa sat down to rest a little while, before passing on to the eternal rest, seems yet to be hallowed with his presence.

The old rocking-chair, with easy sway and soft cushions, in which grandma rocked away her latest years, and around which the children gathered as a shrine, until one day it was empty, seems to be holding out mute, imploring arms for her return.

Possibly you have an invalid's chair, in which some dear one has been made perfect, through long years of suffering. Around it have clustered pure-hearted, unselfish friends, bringing to its occupant everything possible to lighten the weary hours, and taking away with them, as from an altar, such lessons of patience and loving trust as shall abide with them forever.

And yet there are other vacant chairs, which, though the owners are with us still, appeal very tenderly to every mother's heart—the high chair which the children have outgrown, and the tiny rocker, in which for years all the dollies were snug to sleep.

We keep these chairs, battered and worn as they are; for were they not once the centre and throne of the family, where the royal household were wont to gather, and render abject homage to the music of king or queen?

But now the children have passed the stage of royalty, and have stepped down and out into the ranks and busy warfare of life, and, because they are mortal, have become soiled with the dust of humanity.

The owners of the other vacant chairs we hope to meet again, freed from all their infirmities; but in no hereafter shall we ever find the babies who have outlived their babyhood.

What wonder that the old high-chair causes the eyes to fill, and the heart to yearn for the dimpled innocent darlings, and the memory to linger over the tender grace of those vanished days?

Cost of a Child.

"How much that little girl costs!" said a mother, as she and I passed a little child leaning against an iron railing eagerly watching some boys playing at marbles.

"Costs?" I said. "What? her shoes and stockings, her plaid dress and gay ribbons, her hat and feathers, her—?"

"That is her least cost," replied the mother; "nor was I thinking of that, but what pain and suffering she costs, what fatigue and watching how much of a mother's anxiety, how much of a father's toil, how many prayers, how many fears, how many yearnings, how much patience, how much responsibility, how much instruction, how much correction, how much love, how much sorrow, how many teachers, how many sermons, how many Sabbaths! She costs to a dying Redeemer!"

A Chautauqua Hymn.

BY MISS E. E. HILWITT.

We gather in this woodland shrine,
'Neath stately oak, and fragrant pine,
To spend a few brief summer days
In prayerful study, joyful praise.

CHORUS:

Oh happy place, we love to meet
And gather at the Master's feet,
When stronger words of love entwine
Around the friends of "auld lang syne;"
And faces new we welcome here,
To join with us in work so dear.

We read the mighty Maker's love,
In Nature's book; around, above;
But sweeter lessons shall we learn,
When to the sacred Word we turn.

The flutt'ring foliage of the trees,
Gives music to the wooing breeze;
So may our spirits, touched by thee,
Respond with grateful melody.

Now, while our early hymns ascend,
Still draw us nearer, Heavenly Friend,
Come tarry with us, till this grove
A very mount of blessing prove.

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Home and School.

Rev. W. H. WITHEROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

AIM.

This organization aims to promote habits of reading and study, in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life; to give college graduates a review of the college course; to secure for those whose educational advantages have been limited, the college student's general outlook upon the world and life; and to develop the habit of close, connected, persistent thinking.

METHODS.

It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books, which shall be indicated; by local circles, for mutual help and encouragement in such studies; by summer courses of lectures, and "students' sessions" at Chautauqua; and by written reports of each year's work.

I.—Is it too late for you to go to school or to college? Are you too old, or too poor, or too busy? Would you like to pursue a carefully arranged course of reading, in history, literature, science, and art? Would you like to turn mature years,

middle life, and old age into youth again? Would you like to turn street, sitting-room, parlour, shop, railway-car, market, kitchen, seaside and forest into recitation rooms? The CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE is designed to meet just this need.

II.—The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle does not claim to be a substitute for either the high school or the college. It does not guarantee to its students what is implied in the term—"a liberal education." Its diploma does not assert more than this fact: That the graduate "has completed the four-years' course of reading required by the C. L. S. C."

III.—The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle does aim (1) to encourage people to read helpful and instructive books; and (2) to stimulate these readers, as far as possible, to become careful and thorough students.

The four years' course of the "C. L. S. C." embraces the subjects taken up in an average college course, and in this way the Circle gives to its readers the college student's general outlook in history, literature, science and art.

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Many college graduates, ministers, lawyers, physicians, and accomplished women, are taking the course. They find the required books entertaining and helpful—giving them a pleasant review of studies long ago laid aside. Several of our members are over eighty years of age; comparatively few are under eighteen.

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The required books may be ordered of the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

A Modern Wonder.

We live in an age of wonders. We can scarcely realize the wonderful progress that has been made even in a single generation. We sometimes talk of going back in thought a hundred years, and comparing the social and domestic inconveniences of that period with the present. But it is not necessary to go back half that time to find strong contrasts with our present comforts and advantages. The railroad and the telegraph seemed for a time to be crowning achievements. But they are only the most prominent of a host of inventions and discoveries that have lightened labour and added greatly to human happiness. The telephone has become such a familiar and useful thing that we can hardly conceive how strange and doubtful would have been a prophecy a few years ago that people would shortly be able to converse many miles apart. Now, Mr. Edison's improved phonograph may be less practically useful, but it is as wonderful an achievement of genius as any of the inventions of the past.

The *Christian World* recently contained an interesting account of an evening spent by journalists, and other invited guests, at Colonel Gouraud's, in London, to witness the results achieved in the use of one of Mr. Edison's phonographs, from which we condense a few points:—

Mr. Edison had sent across the ocean, by Mr. Gilliland, certain hollow cylinders of wax, charged with vocal utterances, which he had spoken some time before in the United States, and the company



CHINESE SCENERY.

was called together to witness the result. The cylinders were placed on the phonograph, and were set revolving, with the result that the great inventor's singing, talking, whistling, and the rest of it, were reproduced word for word and tone for tone, almost as loud, and quite as natural, as when they were delivered; and quite as loud when the hearing was assisted by two conducting tubes attached to the phonograph, with the glass extremities inserted one in each ear. A formal introductory speech, committed to it by Mr. Edison, was spoken by the phonograph to the audience. Colonel Gouraud's visitors experienced the novel sensation of hearing songs and instrumental music that were rendered months ago in America. Mr. Eric Bushnell, a splendid baritone, favoured the company, unconsciously to himself, with a song from *Faust*, in which the demoniac "Ha, ha, ha!" was heard with startling effect; and the same accomplished vocalist gave the "Friar of Orders Gray." The instrument was tested by speeches, songs, and whistlings, which it gave back with astonishing accuracy of tone and enunciation. It is said that people do not at first recognize the tones of their own voice, but others recognize it readily. Several of the company addressed some words to Mr. Edison, which in due time he will hear in his own workshop in America.

It is an interesting fact, that the treasured up utterances of the phonograph are not exhausted at one repetition. The speech, song, or musical sounds committed to the phonograph may be repeated thousands of times without any lessening of the loudness and clearness of the tone. Years afterwards, the voice of a dead friend or relative may

be heard. By means of a large funnel, the sounds may be given out with sufficient loudness to be heard by a considerable audience. A minister may enjoy the doubtful pleasure of sitting silent and hearing himself preach his own sermon. It has been suggested that, perhaps, when some ministers hear *how* they preach, and what they preach, under circumstances that will allow them to criticize themselves, both their manner and their matter will undergo improvement. That may be one of the practical uses to which the instrument will be applied in future.

It is a remarkable thing that the gifted inventor of the phonograph is quite deaf. It is said that already three thousand machines have been ordered, so that the factory that is being built in New York will have plenty to do. Up to the present time the phonograph is more curious than useful. No doubt its practical use will be found out in due time. Our cut exhibits one of the earlier forms of the telephone.—*Guardian*.

Chinese Scenery.

SOME of the islands off the coast of China are remarkably picturesque. One of these is shown in our cut. It rises abruptly from the sea to a great height. The strange, fantastic buildings upon it, and the pagoda by which it is crowned, add to its picturesque appearance. It must be a weary climb from the boat-landing to the topmost pinnacle. But the view from the summit must amply compensate for the climb.

LET thy thoughts be on the Highest, and thy prayer directed unto Christ without ceasing

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

Maria's Story. A tale of the days of Louis XIV. By Mary E. Bamford. Pages 115. Price \$1.00. —A touching story of the suffering brought on a group of young children by the persecution of the Huguenots, which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Three brothers and a sister escaped when their parents were arrested and their home burned, and fled from Cevennes to Bordeaux, and thence to Amsterdam. The facts referred to are carefully verified, and the references to the authorities are given. In these days, when the cross which we are called to bear is so light, it is well for old and young to be reminded of the time when sorrow and loss and death were the portion of all who loved the Lord Jesus and the Book which gives us the record of his life. We commend Miss Bamford's story for this purpose.

Chubby Ruff, and other Stories. By the Rev. George Huntington. Pages 200. Price \$1.00.—A charming little book for the children, fresh and bright and wise. It carries its readers into the borders of wonderland, but always has a hidden bit of wisdom to hint, but not quite to disclose. The visits to Santa Claus in his home, and to the Bobos, a people who had no feelings, are equally amusing and instructive. It is a good book for Christmas, or any other time of the year.

Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.

MR W. L. COWLES has made for Cassell & Company a miniature cyclopaedia, that gets within the space of one 12mo. volume the cream of the information contained in such works as the *Britannica* and *American Cyclopaedias*. The man or woman seeking information, will find here biographical, historical, scientific, geographical, statistical, and other facts that he would have to delve through libraries of volumes to find. Mr. Chas. DeKay has written an introduction to the book that explains its aims and character with a conciseness that is in harmony with the compiler's work.

The Quiver, for October.—The opening paper is devoted to an account of "The Day of Atonement, as observed by the Modern Jews," which is followed by a paper from the pen of the Rev. R. H. Lovell, on "Sentimental Christians," a class whom he does not encourage. "The Unselfishness of True Evangelical Religion," is dwelt upon by the Rev. Hay M. Aitken. The subject of "Conversion" is discussed by the Rev. Harry Jones, and will prove interesting reading in the light of Harrison's, the "Boy Preacher's," recent efforts in New York and elsewhere.

New York: Cassell & Co. 15c. a number; \$1.50 a year, in advance.

The *Woman's World* for September is one of the most attractive numbers that have yet been published by this very attractive magazine. The frontispiece is a portrait of the Empress Josephine, after the original by Gerard, which accompanies a sketch of this unfortunate but always interesting woman.

New York: Cassell & Co. 35c. a number; \$3.50 a year, in advance.

A KENTUCKY paper puts it in this way: "Whisky is the cause of nearly all crime, disorder and misery. Strike it out, and striking will cease. Tramp it out, and tramps will be few. Murder it, and murders will cease. Stab it to the heart, and hearts will no longer be stabbed. Put an everlasting end to the mean thing, and meanness will be the exception and not the rule."

The Two Paintings.

BY DELLA ROGERS.

THE sun sank low in western sky,
But yet its bright beams slanting fell
Upon a painting, hanging high,
Whose beauty charmed me, as a spell.
A maiden fair with golden hair,
That parts with every passing breeze,
Was clinging to a rude cross there,
As if some danger near she sees,
And 'neath its shelter would find rest,
Secure from all her soul might harm;
As startled eaglet seeks its nest,
When first it hears the gun's alarm.

Around, tall rocks are looming high,
And sombre trees dark shadows cast;
Across the blue vault of the sky
The fleecy clouds are hurrying fast,
As if to seek some lone retreat,
For shimmering through them sunbeams fall,
And hurry on with flying feet
To brighten and disperse them all.

And still the maiden clinging there,
Both arms uplifted grasp the cross,
Each glance turned heavenward speaks a prayer,
Her soul in earnest thought is lost
And as I looked, there *seemed* a voice
To speak from heaven with wondrous thrill,
It maddled the troubled heart rejoice
To hear the answer, "Peace, be still."

Again, my eager wandering gaze,
Fell on a painting near the first,
As over it with golden rays,
The sun in parting glory burst.
The same rude cross and shadowy tree
With tall rocks rising all around,
While wild flowers sweetening the breeze
Are springing from the mossy ground.

But, streaming through yon cloud's wide rift,
A clearer tide of sunlight beams;
As over all the bright rays drift
On trees and barren rocks to gleam,
The same slight figure clinging there,
The same, yet not the same, for lo!
Gone from that brow is look of care,
And from that face it's touch of woe.

One arm uplifted grasps the cross,
The other is stretched down to save
A helpless wanderer tempest-tossed
Stranded by life's tumultuous wave.
For having gained that blest retreat,
Where restful peace the soul o'erflows,
To guide another's erring feet,
To that *same refuge* swift she goes.

And so through life, when thy own heart
So filled with peace the Saviour gives,
With his *commandment*, for thy chart,
Go teach some other soul to live.

MARK xvi. 15.

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

BY MISS K. F. KIMBALL.

WITH the close of the year 1887-8 the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle completes the tenth year of its history, and as we look back over the past decade the results of this movement seem little less than marvellous. Since the organization of the Circle in 1878 more than one hundred and thirty thousand people have begun its course of reading, while during the last five years of this period the number of students enrolled has been more than double the membership of the preceding five years.

Nearly forty-five hundred members of the Class of '87 completed last year their four years' course of reading. The Class of '88 will add nearly, if not quite, as many more to the membership of that society. More than twelve hundred graduates have this year been pursuing special courses of study, and recent letters from many of these students show how deep and strong is the tie that still binds them to the Chautauqua Circle. One says, "I can

never tell all that the Chautauqua reading has been to me. With the cares of a large family on my mind and almost all the work done by my own hands, with much sickness and sorrow, it has been my refuge and help, and almost my only recreation. I place the Chautauqua reading next my Bible in its influence on my life." Another writes, "My enthusiasm is not lessened, but rather increased as the years go on. This is the sixth year of my reading. My attention was called particularly to the C. L. S. C. soon after our only child left us for our Father's home above. I took up this course as a diversion from my sad thoughts, and can truly say it has been not only a profit, but one of the greatest blessings of my life. It would be a severe trial to give it up now."

The study of American history, and beyond our northern boundary, that of Canadian history, has led to much careful investigation of local historical records, and the memories of the "oldest inhabitants" have frequently been taxed to satisfy the demands of inquiring students whose courage and enthusiasm seem quite in proportion to their numbers.

These and hundreds of similar reports which cannot here be enumerated, with their records of success or of failure, enthusiastic, despondent, humorous or pathetic, show how closely Chautauqua touches the daily life of many a community.

Among the most magnificent events of the year must be mentioned the competitive examination for the Class of '88, held in Chicago under the auspices of the Northern Illinois Chautauqua Union in May. Valuable prizes were given by prominent publishing houses in New York and Chicago, and twenty students, business men and women, house-keepers, teachers and people of leisure, ranging in ages from twenty-two to sixty-four years, entered the contest. One month later, at the annual banquet of the Union in Chicago, the first prize was awarded to a busy mother living on a large farm in Illinois, whose study hours for four years had been won from a life of cares and responsibilities only by great patience and self-denial, and who made a journey of ninety miles, leaving her home at two o'clock in the morning, to be present at this Chautauqua gathering. The first prize for the best essay on subjects connected with the year's work was also awarded to a woman, the head of a family with heart and hands already more than full, but who possessed the courage and perseverance born of earnest conviction. No incident in all the ten years of our history illustrates more strikingly than this the power of the C. L. S. C. to reach and help mature men and women surrounded by daily cares, and in many cases denied early educational advantages, but who long for a broader culture for themselves and for their children.

The work begun a few years ago among the prisons and penitentiaries, though hampered by very serious difficulties, has yet made steady advance.

There are also zealous Chautauquas in England, Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Turkey, China, Siam, India, Persia, Burmah, Egypt, New Zealand, South Africa, Brazil, Chili, Mexico, Sandwich Islands, and 3,000 in Japan.

Besides these direct results of the work of the C. L. S. C., its influence has proved a stimulus to education in many ways, not so clearly apparent but none the less effective. Mr. Cook, our secretary, writes from Scotland: "There is reason to believe that the benefits of the system have been adopted by many who have not as yet become members."

The kingdom of science, like the kingdom of God, can only be entered in the character of a child.

"If I had but the Moon!"

It is the cry of most of us. We all cry it.
"If I could have the good I never can have, I would so gladly relinquish the good I hold in my hand!"

An unknown English author says --
"Little men sometimes, though not so often as is taken for granted, complain of their destiny, and think they have been hardly treated, in that they have been allowed to remain so undeniably small, but great men, with hardly an exception, nauseate their greatness for not being of the particular sort they most fancy."

"The poet Gray was passionately fond of military history; but he took no Quebec.

"General Wolfe took Quebec, and whilst he was taking it, recorded the fact that he would sooner have written Gray's Elegy." Carlyle, who panted for action, and whose heroes were Wellington and Cromwell, sat still and wrote books. He stood by at Auldgarth Bridge, which his father had helped to build, and with pride and even envy said: "A noble craft, that of a mason. A good building will last longer than one book in a million." If Carlyle had had the fashioning of his own destiny, we should have had "blows" instead of "books."

A certain longing after excellence makes men admire qualities which they do not possess; and an ignorance of their own deficiency makes them believe that they might succeed in walks of life for which they are totally unfitted.

Almost all men look at results, knowing nothing of the labour and trouble it has taken to reap them. The fact that so many are discontented shows that there are nearly equal difficulties in all paths of life.

The best way is to be pure, self-reliant, industrious and prayerful, leaving the results with God.

On the Vistula.

SOME years ago, during a flood of the river Vistula, in Poland, a truss of hay came floating down the current, and was washed ashore close to the home of a large landowner. Fancy the amazement of the bystanders when they discovered thereon a real "happy family," which had made the voyage in peace and safety! A wolf, a fox, and a hare made up the strange party—the two former seemingly quite at their ease, while Mrs. Puss alone wore a terrified air in the too near presence of her natural enemies.

In the same region it is very common, after a flood, to find the lowlands bordering the Vistula enriched with a harvest of fine fresh fish, which are left in the soft sticky mud when the waters retire. The peasants rush in crowds to collect these treasures, which are often excellent in quality, and which they either sell at once in the nearest market or preserve for their own use.

The Vistula is in many respects a dangerous river, not alone from the sudden rush of its waters, but because of the quicksands which abound in many parts of its course. The rush of its current is also so rapid, that deep holes are sometimes formed in the very bed of the stream, in places which had hitherto been safe for bathing.

A few years since, a party of seventeen peasant women, merrily enjoying their bath, joined hands, and began to dance in a ring. All at once there was a cry—a confusion—and the whole party were seen to sink beneath the surface, never to rise again. The cause of the accident proved to be the formation of one of these pits by the ever-changing stream. The poor folk, though they knew the ground, had lost their footing, and were drowned in the swirl of the waters.

Mother's Way.

OUT within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
At this closing of the day,
Begging God for grace and favour,
As was once our mother's way.

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its doors of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy day by day,
'Tis because we all remember
"This was ever mother's way."

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,
Or our task seems very long,
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise and brightly say,
"Let us do our duty bravely:
That was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That at last when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly
"To go home our mother's way."

What She Did.

MANY stories are told of the courage of the women of that early generation who first broke ground in the forests of Pennsylvania and Virginia. They were in constant peril from wild beasts and from hostile Indians; but with heroic patience endured hardships, labour, and disease.

An example of another kind of courage is preserved by the descendants of Christiana Dickson, the wife of one of the first settlers of Erie County, Pennsylvania. She was a small, blue-eyed, low-voiced woman—extremely timid by nature. On only one point she was resolute—she had a horror of drunkenness.

She lived in the days when the use of liquor was universal. Whiskey was as common a drink as water among these hardy, hard-working pioneers. A temperance or abstinence society was unheard of.

But when her sons were born she resolved, as far as she could, to put a stop to whiskey-drinking in her home. Her husband being absent from home, her brothers called for the help of the neighbours—according to the custom of the time—to put up a barn needed on her farm. They all assembled and went to work, while she prepared a great dinner. After an hour or two whiskey was asked for. One of her brothers came to the house for it, to make her friends drunk.

Her other brothers, and at last an elder in the Church, came to reason with her—to tell her that she would be accused of meanness. Without a word, the little woman went out to the barn, and, baring her head, she stepped upon a log, and spoke to them in a modest tone: "My neighbours," said she, "this is a strange thing. Three of you are my brothers, three of you are elders in the Church, all of you are my friends. I have prepared for you the best dinner in my power. If you refuse to raise the barn without liquor, so be it. But before I will provide whiskey to give you, these timbers shall rot where they lie."

The men angrily left the work and went home. The little woman went to the house, and for hours cried as though her heart would break. But the next day every man came back, went heartily to work, enjoyed her good dinner, and said not a word about whiskey.

Afterwards the use of whiskey at barn raisings was discontinued in the county. Her sons grew up strong, vigorous men, who did good work in helping to civilize and Christianize the world. Their descendants are all of a high type of intellectual men and women. If she had yielded this little thing they might have degenerated, like many of their neighbours, into drunkards and spend-thrifts.

Our stout-hearted pioneer forefathers redeemed the land, and drove out the wild beasts and serpents; but there are still vices and malignant customs to be conquered, and for the work we need women of high souls and gentle spirits, like Christiana Dickson.—*Companion.*

The Paris Exhibition of 1889.

THE year 1889, which will be the one hundredth anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, from which the French Republic dates its history, will be celebrated by a world's fair in Paris—an international exhibition of industries and arts, which will have several features new to such exhibitions.

One of the remarkable features of the fair of 1889 will be the Eiffel Tower, a gigantic structure of tapering trestle-work, which will reach a height of one thousand feet, and to whose summit passengers will ascend by means of an elevator. This enormous construction, the building of which was opposed by almost all the French architects and artists, who felt that it would be in bad taste, and disfigure the city, is now very favourably spoken of. It will be by far the tallest structure that has ever been erected by man.

Another interesting feature of the exhibition of 1889, will be a series of buildings to be erected on the Quai d'Orsay, along the Seine, representing the habitations of different nations in all times. It is called the "History of the Habitation," and is designed by a famous French architect, M. Charles Garnier.

The series of habitations of man in all ages will begin with the dwelling-place of pre-historic man—a mere shelter or cover under trees and rocks. Then comes the grotto of the Troglodytes, or cave-dwellers of the early Stone age; the "lake-dwelling" of the later Stone age, built upon piles over the water; and then the huts of the Bronze and Iron ages.

After these follow, in order, the dwellings of the historic period, with representations of the houses of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, and others. From these the dwellings pass down to the present day; and the houses of the Iffas and the Aztecs, the wigwams of the Indians, and the huts of the African are represented.

In very many respects the exhibition of 1889 will be the most instructive ever held, as it will mark a more advanced epoch of the world's industrial history than any other.

The King's Son.

THERE was once a king's son, who heard that the people in one of the king's countries a long way off used to be afraid of the king, and used to say that the king did not care for them. So he thought to himself, "I will go and teach them better." But he said, "If I go in my fine robes and crown, they will say, 'What do you know of a poor man's life? You do not know what it is to be cold, and half-naked, and hungry.' I will put off my royal dress, and I will wear clothes like the poor people, and live and eat as they do." So he changed his clothes and left his palace, and went to that distant country, and there he lived among the poor, leading a harder life than any of them. And yet, though he

was often hungry and cold, and sometimes did not know where to find a night's lodging, he never complained, and never broke the laws.

After he had lived in that country for some time, he went back to the king at home. It happened that, soon afterward, the people in the country sent messengers to the king, to complain that the laws were too hard. The king's son then said to the messengers: "Believe me, the laws are all for the best, and the king loves you as though you were his own children."

"Ah," said the messengers, "but you do not understand our way of life—how poor and miserable we are, and how hard it is to live."

"You are wrong," said the prince. "I understand your life quite well, for I lived myself as a poor man among you for a long time. I know you have suffered a good deal; every one of your troubles is known to me, for I have suffered the same things. Yet still, I assure you that the king is very fond of you, and will make you perfectly happy in the end."

Then the people, when they heard that the king's son had lived amongst them, and knew all about their troubles, began to be more hopeful, for, they said, "He knows what it is to suffer, and he will surely help us."

The king's son is Jesus, who is the Son of God the Father. Jesus was, as we are, tempted to do wrong. He knew what it was to be poor, and hungry, and homeless—he felt the bitterness of death. More than this, he knew what it was to be persecuted by enemies, and to be misunderstood and deserted by his dearest friends. Do not fancy, then, when you have your little trials and troubles that Jesus knows nothing about them, and cannot understand them. Jesus was a child as you are, and he has never forgotten that he was a child. You may tell him of all your troubles—he will understand and sympathize with them all.

Things One Would Never Guess.

GOLD-BEATERS, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch; yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them, laid on any surface—as in gilding—gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin, that, if formed into a book, 12,000 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked library of 1,500 volumes, with 400 pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called "gold lace." Platinum and silver can be drawn in wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol, or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the colour may be perceived. A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will in that period have lost little of its weight. A burning taper, uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one thousandth part of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The threads of the silkworm are so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but the thread of the spider is finer still, for two drachms of it by weight would reach 400 miles.

WHEN you have learned to submit, to do faithfully, patiently, duty that is most distasteful to you, God may permit you to do the work you like.

MANY are very careful to have a fair and well-printed Bible, but the fairest and finest impression is to have it well printed in the heart by the Spirit.

Writing.

On the wings of proud ambition
We may soar to lofty height,
On the page of worldly honour
Oft we strive our names to write;
But the blows of adverse fortune,
Soon have dashed them to the ground,
Till of hopes once fondly cherished,
Not a vestige now is found.

Or, with pencil and with paper,
Write our thoughts that men may read,
And with impulse, good or evil,
Sow the good or evil seed;
Or, upon the solid marble,
Write our names with skilful hand,
Chisel words, that through the ages
Of enduring years shall stand.

Still we're writing, though unconscious,
Every hour an every day
And it either helps or hinders,
As we traverse life's rough way.
Every sinful thought we cherish,
Eve y idle word we say,
Stam in its impress, deep and lasting,
On our heart, or molds our clay.

What you've written, "you have written,"
Spend not time in vain regret;
Life was given thee for labour,
Use it not to pine and fret.
From the ashes of past failures
Rise to better life and true;
Live, that through succeeding ages
Angels may write good of you.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1444] LESSON VI. [Nov. 11

CALEB'S INHERITANCE.

Josh. 14. 5-15. Memory verses, 10, 12

GOLDEN TEXT.

Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Psa. 37. 3.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Caleb.
2. His Inheritance.

TIME.—1444 B.C.

PLACE.—Gilgal.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Seven full years have passed. They have been years of war. Great victories have crowned the efforts of Israel's commander. At Ebal and Geriz in the magnificent service of the reviving of the law of God, as written by Moses, has once more committed the people to absolute allegiance to God, and the time for the peaceful possession of the promised inheritance draws nigh. Our lesson is an incident of these closing days.

EXPLANATIONS.—Divided the land—That is, precluded it out among the tribes as God ordered. In mine heart—That is, in his mind; it was a matter of intellect, not of affect on. How . . . melt—That is, to be filled with abject fear. Wholly followed—That is, was willing to entirely trust God's word, and to advance them into Canaan. This mountain—Hebron is the highest point of southern Palestine.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Caleb. To what command of the Lord is reference made in ver 5? Num. 35. 2. Why did the children of Judah come to Joshua in Gilgal? To what historical fact does Caleb allude in his speech? What was Caleb's character? How old was he when he made the request in this lesson? What kind of a request did he make? What would necessarily come to him if his request were granted? How different was Caleb's self-seeking from that of most men!
2. His Inheritance. Who had first promised Caleb his inheritance? Why did Moses make this promise? What had Caleb said concerning the land when he spoke for the spies? Num. 13. 31. What spirit did he then display?

What spirit does he now display? Had this part of Canaan been left unconquered? Josh. 10. 36. How can you explain the reference here and Caleb's action? Did Caleb succeed in his enterprise? Josh. 15. 13, 14. Where have we heard before of the three men here mentioned? Search in Numbers. In what respects was Caleb's inheritance a symbol of our heavenly inheritance?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Notice, Caleb was patriotic for all the years of earnest he fought for others. He was patient he waited his time till everything was settled. He was humble. "The Lord will be with me," was his plea. He was invincible: at eighty-five years he asked the hardest work which had yet been done. He was pious: "The Lord hath kept me alive."

Notice, he sought no easy gift from the pursuit of his leader. He wanted no sine cure. He was willing to work for what he was to have. He appealed with perfect confidence to his record. Learn from Caleb fearlessness, uprightness, and godliness.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- This is one of the important lessons, be sure it is so many years in time after the lesson. In studying,
1. How many years have passed since the defeat at Ai.
2. Find what has occurred in those years. This makes it necessary to learn the named places of the battles, of the services that occurred, of the settlements that were made, etc.
3. Locate the inheritance which Caleb claimed.
4. Find all the passages that you can which refer to Hebron. Gen. 13. 18; 23. 2. Num. 13. 22; Josh. 10. 36; 2 Sam. 2. 1, etc.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- 1. Who came to Joshua with a request for an inheritance? Caleb, one of the spies.
2. On what did he base his request? On the promise made by Moses.
3. Why did Moses promise Caleb an inheritance? Because he wholly followed God.
4. What was the nature of the work which his request involved? Difficult and dangerous.
5. What was the only help he said he needed? That the Lord would be with him.
6. What is the lesson that Caleb's example and success should teach us? "Trust in the Lord," etc.
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The service of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. Into what state did the fall bring mankind? Into a state of sin and misery. Romans v. 12. Through one man sin entered into the world, and death through sin; and so death passed unto all men, for that all sinned.

B.C. 1444] LESSON VII. [Nov. 18

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

Josh. 21. 43-45; 22. 1-9. Mem. verses, 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Gal. 6. 2.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Rest.
2. Reward.

TIME.—1444 B.C.

PLACE.—Shiloh.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The narrative of events between the last and the present lessons is concerned with the dividing of the whole land between the various tribes, the erection of the tabernacle at Shiloh, the naming and setting up of the cities of refuge, and the distribution of the Levites throughout the country. It is the era of settlement, and was made memorable by the skill and energy with which the great successor of Moses accomplished it.

EXPLANATIONS.—Unto their fathers—That is, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob. Swore—Promised. Have not left your brethren—These two and a half tribes, whose home was east of the Jordan, had passed the river with the rest and aided in the conquest. Get ye into your tents—Rather, go to your allotted inheritance east of the Jordan. Keep his commandments—These were already written, and called the book of the law. Much riches—Probably booty, from the spoiling of the inhabitants of the land.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Rest. What was the land which God had promised to their fathers? Gen. 13. 14, 15; 15. 18, etc. What does ver. 41 show as to the completeness of their conquest? Did the Israelites utterly expel the Canaanites from the land? How, then, could they have rest and peace? See Judg. 2. 28, 30, 33, 35. What other reference to their happy condition in these early years can you find beside ver. 45? Read chap. 23. What does this happy condition show as to their obedience to God? What was the one condition for their lasting prosperity? Who first broke the compact? Judg. 2. 10-14.

- 2. Reward. On which side of the Jordan was the country that received this rest? Had the country on the other side of the Jordan been conquered? Deut. 4. 46-49. What tribes had received this east country as their possession? Why had they not already settled it? What was the reward which they received? Was the condition imposed at Jericho, that no spoil be taken, kept up through all the war? Give authority for your answer. What was the last commandment which Joshua gave them before sending them away? How many warriors had they furnished for the joint army? Josh. 4. 12, 13.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Rest after toil is the divine law for men. But the toil must come first. The idle man does not know what rest means. There can be no heaven till after earth. No salvation, save out of sin. Work here, rest in heaven. Pain here, joy in heaven. Temptation here, eternal purity in heaven. Learn also the lesson of Christian hopefulness. Remember, it is only "a cup of cold water" that Christ asks.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Find where these last headquarters of the people were. Locate the place upon a map. See what other important occurrences happened here. Josh. 18. 1; Sam. 1. 3; 2. 14; 3. 21.
2. Find a prophecy that connects this name with Christ.
3. Study Heb., chaps 3 and 4, to see what the writer says about the Christian's rest.
4. Find in the geographical relation of the inheritance of these eastern tribes to the western a reason for ver. 5.
5. What political danger did this geographical position make imminent? Read carefully chap. 22. 10-34.
6. Commit to memory the GOLDEN TEXT and the memory verses.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- 1. How much of the promised land did God give to Israel? All that he had promised.
2. What was the political position of Israel in the land? They were stronger than their enemies.
3. By whose aid had the western tribes won their possessions? Of the tribes from east of Jordan.
4. What reward did they receive for their fidelity? Half of all the spoil.
5. What word of commendation did Joshua give them? Ye have kept the commandment of God.
6. What practical Christian duty had these tribes fulfilled? "Bear ye one another's," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Brotherly kindness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. What is the sinfulness of that state? The want of original righteousness, and the depravity of our nature, through which it has become inclined only to evil. Romans v. 12. Through the one man's disobedience the many were made sinners. Romans iii. 10. There is none righteous, no, not one. [Matthew vii. 11; Luke xi. 13.]

It is strange how easily we can tell our brother what he ought to do, and yet when the case comes to be our own, do precisely what we had rebuked him for doing.

Our best opportunities are nearest us.

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