

Isaac Brown



AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION.

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TAME LION AND SAILOR.

When the lion has been brought under the dominion of man, he becomes strongly attached to those who treat him with kindness. A remarkable instance of this is related of one that was kept in the menagerie of the Tower of London. He had been brought from India, and on his passage was given in charge of one of the sailors. Long before the ship arrived in the Thames, the lion and Jack had become most excellent friends. When "Nero," as the lion had been called, was shut up in his cage in the Tower, he became sulky and savage to such an extent that it was dangerous, even for the keeper, to approach him.

After Nero had been a prisoner for being among the number, paid a visit to the menagerie. The keeper warned them not to go near the lion, who every now and then turned round to growl defiance at the spectators.

"What! old shipmate!" cried Jack, "don't you know me? What cheer, old Nero, my lad!"

The lion instantly left off feeding and growling, sprang up on the bars of the cage, and put out his nose between them. Jack patted it on the head and it rubbed his hand with his whiskers like a cat, showing evident signs of pleasure.

"Ah!" said Jack, turning to the keeper and spectators, who stood petrified with astonishment, "Nero and I were once shipmates, and you see he isn't like some folks; he don't forget an old friend."—*Friendly Visitor.*

THE LORD'S WORK.

A new temperance movement had been inaugurated, in which the churches were leading with great earnestness of purpose. They were counting their possible resources when one remarked:

"There is Miss Crosby. If she would come with us and give us her influence, she would count far more than any score of men or women in town, but she declines to do anything except in the way of giving money. She is a good woman and I have no doubt she is a Christian, but she is very exclusive. If she could be induced to join us we should have reason to rejoice."

"Is she a real Christian?" asked Mrs. Goodwin, an elderly woman who had not been long in town.

"No one doubts her piety," was the reply.

"Then, of course, she will do her duty when she sees what it is. I am poor, and plain and a stranger. I can't give much money or speak acceptable words in public;

but I'll go and talk with Miss Crosby if you'll pray for me while I'm gone."

Everybody was surprised, but the evident sincerity of the woman forbade criticism. They acceded to her proposal, and she started on her mission.

In an elegantly furnished room Miss Crosby received her visitor, who said respectfully:

"You are rich and I am poor, but they

"I thought so, and it is a blessed thing when one like you is willing to do that. I told the ladies if they would pray for me I would come and ask you to join us in our temperance work."

"Do you mean that I should attend your meetings?"

"Yes, ma'am; come and talk and pray with us, and then go out and talk to those

are both trying to make some return for the love wherewith Christ loved us, and if you haven't tried you don't know all you can do. I don't believe you would drink wine or offer it to anybody else."

"I will not do that, but—"

The woman looked at her, nothing doubting while the struggle went on in her heart. She was not troubled by the appearance of her name in public journals as a leader in society. Tributes to her scholarship, which were justly due, were by no means distasteful to her. But to appear as a pronounced social reformer, and especially as an aggressive worker for total abstinence, was a cross she was not prepared to accept.

"There are ten ladies praying for waiting for you, too. The Lord can give you to this work."

"If I was sure of that, I would try to do it," answered Miss Crosby. "Excuse me for a short time."

No sooner had she left the room than her visitor knelt to pray, and when she returned she too knelt, extending her hand to her companion in unspoken sympathy. Then the elder woman's voice was heard in supplication that she to whom God had given ten talents might not withhold them from his service.

No more was needed. When Mrs. Goodwin appeared in the chapel where a few had met to pray, Miss Crosby was with her, ready to consecrate riches, culture, talents and influence, all to the work of temperance reform.

She had thought to choose her own work, but God had chosen for her, and in doing his service in his way she has been abundantly blessed.

Are there not hundreds of women in our churches called to this work, and whom God will hold to strict account for buried talents and unused influence if they fail to make a hearty response? Are you, my reader, one of these women?

I pray you see to it that in this matter you fail not of your duty.—*Banner.*



NERO.

told me you are a Christian, and so I ventured to come and ask you to come and do the Lord's work."

"The face shaded by the plain bonnet was so good and motherly that Miss Crosby could not but respond cordially:

"I trust I am a Christian, and I trust I am willing to do what I can for the master."

who need to put away their cups. When you once begin, the work will come right along, one thing after another, until you wonder you didn't see it all a great while before."

"I am willing to do what I can, but that is not my way of working."

"I am bold, I know, Miss Crosby, but we

A MAN WHO READS most of his time is not necessarily a wise man. True mental advancement is gained by thought, and those who are said to be "great readers" have usually neither time nor inclination for thinking. No one can grow strong by continually gorging himself with food; in like manner, no one can add to his mental vigor by feeding his mind beyond its power of digestion.



Temperance Department.

THE USE OF TOBACCO BY BOYS.

The New York *Tribune* of a recent date notes as an ill omen that the internal revenue receipts for the year ending June 30th will exceed those of previous years by the sum of \$10,000,000, owing chiefly to the collections on cigarettes—this increase being chiefly due to the spread of cigarette-smoking among the boys. It is said that the women and girls also make every year a larger contribution to the revenue derived from cigarettes. These facts about boys and girls smoking ought to be the signal for war all along the line, among those who have to do with the young, against this growing evil. We are glad to note in this connection a fact, not new, but unknown to many, that in the Government Naval School at Annapolis tobacco is prohibited, and the Board of Visitors at West Point some time since recommended a similar rule for that institution. If we are to have military men of strong bodies and steady nerves, tobacco must be kept from them, at least during the period of growth. Tobacco is also prohibited to the students of Girard College, Philadelphia. General Grant, when visiting there, being informed of this fact, said, "That's right. They are not so apt to take it after they get out then." Most men who are themselves tobacco users would, if possible, prevent their sons and all other boys from getting into the same habit. While the use of tobacco undoubtedly injures men, it is much more injurious to those who have not yet attained their growth. It cuts off from the height of stature, and also from the length of life. The "British Medical Journal" says that a certain doctor, noticing that a very large number of boys under fifteen years of age were tobacco users, was led to enquire into the effect the habit had upon their general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he observed injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of circulation, digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding at the nose; ten had disturbed sleep; twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

Scientific investigation show also that the use of tobacco by boys is decidedly injurious to the brain and mind. In 1862 the Emperor Napoleon, learning that paralysis had increased with the increase of the tobacco revenue, ordered an examination of the schools and colleges, and finding that the average standing in both scholarship and character was lower among those who used the weed than among the abstainers, issued an edict forbidding its use in all the national institutions.

"Chambers's Journal" says: "A learned professor of medicine in one of the universities some time ago made a remark that those students who passed through his hands rarely succeeded in distinguishing themselves if they were habitual users of tobacco. Smoking of cigars or pipes seemed to dull their faculties, and have the effect of preventing them from sedulously gathering facts sufficient to excel in examinations for degrees." Put with this the statement, which comes to us on what we deem good authority, that within half a century no young man addicted to the use of tobacco has graduated at the head of his class at Harvard College.

While tobacco in ordinary forms produces such damaging results in body and brain, it is a well established fact that cigarette-smoking is more injurious than any other form of smoking. A valuable little tract on "Disease in Cigarettes" has been published for general circulation by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New York, showing by numerous facts the poisonous qualities of cigarettes themselves and the paper in which they are wrapped.

Since a man, however strong his intellectual faculties, can accomplish his life-work

but imperfectly if he has not a sound body as well as a sound mind, every parent and pastor and teacher in the land should join in an earnest and persistent crusade, by authority and argument and precept and example, against this widespread evil.—*Christian Union.*

OLD SANDY'S STORY.

"I'd take it very kind, Miss, if you would give me a drink of water; I've travelled from Branton this morning—"

"Oh yes, I'll bring you a drink this moment," cried little Amy, first looking at the old man who sat opposite the garden gate, and then running off to the house to get what he wanted.

Poor old Sandy sighed and leaned wearily against the trunk of the great beech-tree under which he sat. He had truded thirteen miles that morning along the hot dusty road, with the July sunshine beating down on him all the way, and then, faint and parched, sat down under the first shade he came to, too tired even to pursue his usual trade and offer his buttons and lace at the cottage opposite.

In a minute the little girl came quickly down the garden again with a tumbler of whiskey and water in her hand.

"Here," she said, holding it out to him, "Mamma thought you'd like this better when you were so tired. Here!" she said again as the old man did not take it.

"No, no, thank you, little Miss, and thank your mother all the same; but if she had come through what I have, all owing to that stuff, she'd never offer it to anyone again. But I'd take some water, and be thankful to you, Miss."

"Oh, very well," said Amy good naturedly, once more running off to the cottage and coming back this time with a glass in one hand and a big jug of water in the other. Then, as she watched him drink, and again filled the tumbler, she said rather shyly, "What did you mean a little ago, about coming through? Would you mind telling me?"

The old man looked up sadly at the little face before him. "Well, Miss, these isn't for the like of you. But if you like, I'll tell you why I can't bear the sight of that stuff. I had a bonny, bonny boy once, just about five years old he was; him and his mother were as like as could be. Well, one night I stepped into the "Raven," just to hear the news like, for I never were bad for the drink, and while I were chattering in the parlor, some fellows came into the bar. In a little bit there was such a roarin' and laughin', I went to see what was up. My little Jim had followed me, Miss, and they'd caught him, and given him the cursed stuff till he could hardly stand. I knocked two of 'em down, and took my boy home, but they'd poisoned him, Miss. He always were a delicate little chap, and had been aillin', and that finished him. He never were no better after that. Poor little Jim."

Amy waited, her eyes filled with tears, and presently the old man went on, "My wife weren't strong, and she couldn't bear it, and now I'm a lonesome old man with little cheer, but if ever I take that to try and forget things I'll deserve all I've borne twice over! Don't you touch it, little Miss. I'm not the first by many a one as could tell you of the pain and sorrow it brings them as meddle with it. Good day, Missy, and thank you."

The old man rose and trudged wearily away, and Amy ran in to tell her mother about the queer old man's story and his advice. "And I never shall touch it, mother," said Amy stoutly, "never."—*Advertiser.*

NOT A HELP, BUT A HINDERANCE.

Dr. Andrew Clark, for twenty-five years physician to one of the largest hospitals in England, and who accompanied the Princess Louise in her voyage to Canada, in a speech delivered in London at a recent meeting, in connection with the Parochial Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, related the following experiment to show the fallacy of the popular idea that beer strengthens a man and makes him better able to work:—

The most loyal, careful, faithful, and truthful of observers whom ever it was my good fortune to know—the late Dr. Parkes of Netley—began life as a physician in London, and would have risen, I have no doubt, had

he remained there, to be one of the first physicians of this metropolis, but his health was not good, and he went down to Netley. He was an earnest lover of truth, and this question of alcohol exercised his mind continually, and he tried in various shapes and ways to bring the question to such a test that even the most sceptical might be convinced by the results of his experiments. He performed this one amongst others. He got a number of soldiers of the same age, of the same type of constitution, living under the same circumstances, eating the same food, breathing the same atmosphere, and he did this that the experiment might be fair, and he divided the soldiers into two gangs—an alcoholic gang and a non-alcoholic gang—and he engaged these two gangs in certain works for which they were to be paid extra. He watched these gangs and took the result of their work, and it turned out that the alcoholic gang went far ahead at first. They had buckets of beer by their side, and as they got a little tired they took beer, and the non-alcoholic gang were in an hour or two left nowhere; but he waited and watched as I told you, and as the experiment went on, the energies of the beer drinkers speedily began to flag, and do what they would, before the end of the day the non-alcoholic gang had left them far behind. When this had gone on for some days the alcoholic gang begged that they might get into the non-alcoholic gang that they might earn a little more money; but Dr. Parkes, in order to make the experiment clenching and conclusive, transposed the gangs. He made the alcoholic gang the non-alcoholic gang, and *vice versa*—the men being very willing to lend themselves to the experiment, and the results were exactly the same. The alcoholic gang beat the non-alcoholic gang at the starting, and failed utterly toward the end of the day. This is the most conclusive and, I think, by far the most crucial experiment that I know of upon the question of the relation of alcohol to work. With that I will set aside this question by saying, from personal experience and from experiments most carefully conducted over large bodies of men, it is capable of proof, beyond all possibility of question, only does not help work, but it is a serious hinderance of work.

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.—A TRUE STORY.

BY REV. A. F. NEWTON.

A short time ago I was visiting in New York city with a friend who is studying medicine. One afternoon we went to one of the large hospitals where the medical students study surgery by witnessing operations performed by the professors. It had been published that there was to be an amputation, and the large lecture room was crowded with students and physicians.

Everything was finely arranged so as to promote all possible cleanliness and comfort. At the appointed hour the professor entered the amphitheatre. The lady nurses, with their clean white caps and white aprons, fitted noiselessly about their duties. In a few moments the assistant wheeled into the room the patient who was to undergo the operation. There was a breathless stillness as they gently placed the unconscious sufferer on the amputating-table.

How little can we realize the wonderful mercy of ether! What blessings its discovery has bestowed! After the patient was placed in the proper position and the surgeon had put on a long white apron everything was ready. The operation required the amputation of the leg just below the knee-joint. The bandages were removed. Oh! such a horrid sight we never saw before. The poor fellow's foot was a purplish black. The flesh was raw and putrid, and the infection was working toward the knee. The mass of corruption hardly looked like a human foot. Every remedy had been applied to save the limb, but in vain. The leg was carefully and firmly bound above the knee with rubber tubing. The ether was again administered. The heavy breathing of the patient indicated his unconsciousness. And then the surgeon took his knife. With great care and skill he cut through the skin to the bone, entirely circling the leg in the shape of two semicircles, so as to give a good lap over the ends. With a single sweep of the knife the flesh was severed. Then the saw severed the bones, and the foot was carried away by an assistant. The arteries were carefully tied, the flesh lapped over the end, the blood was gently wiped away, the bandages carefully

adjusted, and the man with a footless leg was wheeled back to his cot in the hospital ward. To one who never saw an amputation before all that I have described was terribly real. It was no easy matter to convince myself that the surgeon's knife was not felt by the patient. At the first sight of the terrible gash it seemed as though the man must groan with the pain. But the blessed ether saved him from pain then.

But what accident injured that foot; what disease corrupted that human flesh? It was not an accident, it was not a disease; it was the awful result of frost. Yes, during the terribly cold nights just before New Year's the young man got drunk. Some friends picked him out of the gutter beastly intoxicated. He was kindly placed in a waggon and carried to the hospital. During the night he had lost his shoe, and his foot was so frozen that nothing could save his life except the surgeon's knife.

What a warning for the youth who is smiling over his first social glass! What a lesson on temperance that poor fellow will experience when the pain of the healing limb is felt! As he hobbles through the world his regrets will not restore his foot. His friends may aid him, but they cannot undo the work of that awful night. Oh! how true, how true of the wine-glass, "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." When you are tempted do not touch the accursed glass; there may be lurking in that glass woe and suffering, even the surgeon's knife.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A HARMLESS AMUSEMENT.

As the public just now are exhibiting some little anxiety to satisfy themselves whether or not tobacco smoking is a pleasant and harmless amusement, or the terribly gradual and subtle destroyer of the constitution that many affirm it to be, I will narrate the result of my experience—my case probably not being an isolated one, as it seems pretty generally conceded that immoderate smoking is more or less injurious according to individual temperament, and moderate smoking positively injurious to some, and very likely smoking, I had enjoyed almost uniform good health. The habit once acquired, I rapidly passed in its indulgence from moderation to excess, and a gradual breaking up of my good health ensued. My color, previously fresh, became pale and sallow, and after a series of more or less distressing symptoms of decaying health, which I cannot well describe, a running tumor formed in my back, which resisted every attempt at cure for a period of three years. During all this time, so far from attributing my miserable condition to its real cause, I smoked incessantly. My eyes were at last opened. A friend very dear to me was gradually sinking into a state of a confirmed drunkard. Frequently I remonstrated with him on his folly, but of course without effect. At last, I suppose, wearied with my importunities, half in anger half in jest, he offered to abstain from drink for three months if I would cease from smoking for a similar period. Though somewhat startled with the challenge, I accepted it, and at the end of that time my back was so much better, and my general health so greatly improved, that I felt I had unintentionally unmasked my foe, and I resolved never to smoke again. This resolution I have adhered to, and now I am well again. I don't know whether this letter will be worth the space it will occupy in your columns, but the correspondence which has lately appeared seems to show that an anxious interest is being taken in this subject—one that is fast becoming of national importance. The injury done by drink seems to have been reduced to figures; is it impossible for some statistical genius to give us a bird's eye view of the injury done by tobacco?—*Cor. Manchester Examiner.*

MEDICAL MEN AND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

Some years ago a medical man in Hertfordshire was applied to by a Friendly Society, banded together upon temperance principles, to undertake the medical department of the society. The doctor did not at first understand that they were temperance men, and asked rather high terms. The secretary said, "Are you aware, sir, that we are all total abstainers from intoxicating drinks?" "No," said the doctor, "I was not aware of that. If that is the case, I will take you all for one shilling per head a quarter, for I know you will not trouble me much."—*British Workman.*

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

FIND OUT THE SOUL'S SECRET.

BY RAY PALMER, D.D.

Among those who enjoy the advantages of religious education there are probably very few who do not at an early period find themselves often and tenderly affected by the great truths of religion. The soul, either by constitutional instincts implanted in it by God, or through the influence of early religious instruction, or, in connection with both, touched by the divine Spirit, becomes conscious of greatly quickened sensibility. It feels an indefinable sense of sinfulness, of spiritual want and restlessness, and of perplexities from which it knows not how to escape; and along with these, a God-ward yearning the meaning of which it does not understand, and a desire for sympathy and guidance.

A young person in such a state is in a critical condition. Like one bewildered in a forest, he sees dark shadows on every side, but no open and certain path. He has frequent hours of serious, and even deeply anxious, thought about himself. "What am I?" he asks. "What was I made for? What is to be my future course in life? What is to become of me in the end?" Perhaps he is familiar with the Bible; and the story of Jesus of Nazareth, of his life of purity and love, of his cross and passion endured as the Lamb of God, has sometimes very tenderly touched his heart and made him feel his need of such a Saviour and such a sacrifice. He wants counsel, but dreads to disclose what is passing in his heart even to a Christian father or mother or dearest Christian friend. So he gropes about in an uncertain twilight, not knowing precisely what he ought to do, and unless some one shall happen to comprehend the case who has the skill to find and use the key that unlocks the heart, the auspicious season is likely to pass by, to be succeeded, too probably, by indifference or resistance to the demands of conscience and religion.

It is, then, of the utmost importance that those who would lead souls to Christ, whether parents, should thoroughly understand this matter. Thoughtful children, and thoughtful youth still more, are apt to be reticent in relation to the subject of personal religion; and to open conversation on this topic is, to them, very difficult, in many cases almost impossible. The writer well remembers that when, in his boyhood, he often wet his pillow with many tears because his heart was aching in conscious need of a Saviour and an assurance of a heavenly Father's love. He could not gather courage to speak of it to any one, but shut up in his own breast his conflicting thoughts and emotions. There were kind Christian friends who, suspecting, possibly, something special in the case, occasionally took him by the hand and expressed their good wishes for his spiritual welfare, but gave him no opportunity, or rather, did not help him to tell what was passing in his heart. Not themselves finding out his actual state of feeling, they did him little good. It was partly from his own early personal experience that, in after years, he was led, as a Sunday-school teacher, a father, and a pastor, to strive to find such access to those he wished to benefit as would allow him to open the secret chambers of the soul, and learn what was there concealed. In making this effort he has often been surprised to find that such access, wisely sought, was readily obtained, and that the almost certain result was that the Christian life was soon decisively begun. A few words spoken with a full understanding of the case has at once opened the pent-up fountains of feeling, and decisively turned the current of the soul.

Let me illustrate by an actual case which occurred in my experience as a pastor. It happened one winter that there seemed to be more than the usual thoughtfulness among the young people of the congregation, and I was doing my utmost to reach decisive results. But the religious interest seemed, in the case of most, to stay at a certain point or stage, and that a little short of the final yielding of the soul to Christ. There were, however, two young ladies of good families and culture, and very close friends, who had not only manifested no religious feeling, but had together, beyond their wont, been apparently absorbed in the gayeties of social life. I had watched them anxiously, but had seen nothing that encouraged effort to reach them personally. But at length a relative

with whom one of them—I will call her Jenny—was staying, was taken ill, and I went to see her. Jenny received me, and showed me to the room of the invalid, and then withdrew. After conversation and prayer, I returned into the parlor, where, as I entered, I found my young friend standing at one end of the mantel-piece, near an open-grate fire. As she turned pleasantly toward me, I said, in a kind and familiar tone, "Well, Jenny, you do not care at all for these things, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, I do indeed!" she said with an instantly changed expression; and, leaning her elbow on the mantel, she covered her face with her hand, and I immediately saw the tears trickle through her fingers.

I was glad of an opportunity to draw her out, and immediately added, "You quite surprise me. I have thought of you often, but have observed, through the winter, that you were giving yourself up to social pleasures of all sorts, as if entirely happy in them."

"Yes," she replied; "but I have been anything but happy. I have enjoyed nothing. I am tired and sick of such things, and I know I shall never be happy until I am a Christian in heart. Others think me light and gay, but my heart is aching all the while."

Then she went on and freely told me what her state of mind had actually been. This seemed to open for me the way to be of service to her. So, after a few brief suggestions, I invited her to come to me for further counsel, and was about to go, when she eagerly enquired, "Have you spoken on this subject to my friend Miss B. of late?" "No, I have not," I answered. "I have thought it would do no good at present." "But you have been mistaken," she said. "I know that she feels just as I do, and I beg you to see her soon."

Then a new thought struck me. "I will," I replied; "but you must help me. Will you speak with her, and invite her in my name to come with you to my house? Come together to-morrow evening a little before sunset. If you wish to avoid notice, come, if you please, by different ways, and the matter will, of course, be wholly between ourselves."

At the appointed time they both came, and with serious earnestness assured me that it was their determined purpose to find the way to Christ, if possible, and to be guided by my counsel. The interview was a deeply interesting one; and when, after instruction and prayer, I dismissed them, I said, "Would you like to come to me again next week?" they gladly assented; and I added, "Can you not possibly bring one or two others with you, who may now be ready decidedly to enter on a Christian life?" "We shall try," they said. They came the next week with two or three others, and the two or three succeeding weeks increased the number to nine or ten—all young ladies from seventeen, perhaps, upward. They came one by one and attracted no attention. I took my seat near the middle of the room, and they gathered in a little circle round me. They frankly told me their difficulties, and asked such questions as they chose and I endeavored to help them to plant their feet on the Rock of Ages. Then we sang a hymn together, and I commended them to the renewing and forgiving grace of God, in the simplest words, asking that through the power of the Holy Ghost the love and peace of Christ might take full possession of their souls. What took place in this way, in that parlor, was known, beyond my own family, only to the persons concerned, or any friends to whom they chose to speak of it. I believe that not more than one of that precious band is now among the living; but all of them, I think, with a single exception, professed their faith in Christ soon after, and that one, held back at the time by special circumstances, died a few years since in the peace of Christ. The same was true of others, and not one of them, to my knowledge, ever turned back from the Christian life so begun. I love to think of them now as among those whom the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne leads to the living fountains of waters. Such were the direct and blessed results of finding the way into the secrets of a single heart.

Let it be understood, then—would that it might also be deeply felt!—by every pastor, by every father and mother, and especially let me say, as writing for the times, by every Sunday-school teacher, that to penetrate the secret of each individual heart, and to learn its actual state of religious thought and feeling,

is in very many cases a grand condition of success in leading souls to Christ. One's influence for good, in nearly every case, will be immeasurably increased if this be done. A pastor, with so great a number committed to his charge, cannot always do it, and is a loser to the extent in which he cannot. A parent or a teacher should be able to do it easily. Doubtless the task will be easier to some than it will prove to others. But to stop short of accomplishing it is to diminish by very many degrees one's prospect of attaining the end in view. It is certainly true that they who have been most eminently successful in winning others to the Saviour, whether in the ministry, the family, or the class, have been those skilful in finding their way to thoughtful hearts, and drawing out the hidden workings, the profoundest anxieties, conflicts and struggles of their souls.

Make faithfully the experiment, O teacher! Take time, take great pains, if need be, to see, in an easy and familiar way, each member of your class alone. When this point is gained, seek not to force the door of the heart, but in the sweetness and gentleness of love so to solicit it that it shall freely open of itself. Then follow up wisely your advantage, and you may expect a rich reward. Otherwise you will work but blindly, and, not improbably, will work in vain.—S. S. Times.

THE CURRENT SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

OCTOBER 23.—LEV. 7: 11-18.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Communion with God." A missionary from the East once said, that one of the greatest hindrances to the elevation of the people was that the families did not eat together. Very much of our acquaintance, of mutual help and love, comes from the family gatherings at the daily meals. The feasts of the church together at the Lord's Supper, the meeting often with God and his people at some joyous feast dedicated to him, are great helps to a more intimate acquaintance.

II. "Expressions of gratitude." President Hopkins, of Williams College, used to tell his classes that if our religious feelings have no appropriate forms of expression, the feelings themselves will die out. If we do not take a reverential attitude in prayer, we shall lose the spirit of prayer. It is true that if a tree is stripped of its leaves, and kept so, it will die. If we do not express our gratitude and love to God, we shall lose what we have; but by expressing them they are increased, hence these offerings.

III. "Sing, sweet nightingale," said a shepherd to a silent songstress on a lovely evening in spring. "Ah!" replied the nightingale, "the frogs make such a noise that I have lost all pleasure in singing: dost thou not hear them?"—"I hear them, indeed," returned the shepherd, "but thy silence is the cause of my hearing them."—W. F. Crafts. So let us be so full of gratitude that we shall not hear the grumbings and complaints that otherwise would fill our life.

PRACTICAL.

1. All the forms prescribed by God were full of spiritual instruction.
2. Communion with God, as one of his family and friends, is the need of men.
3. When we commune together in God's house, our souls are doubly knit together.
4. A spirit of thankfulness should be cultivated.
5. Our spiritual feelings need to be expressed: expressing them increases them.
6. Our whole daily life is better for devoting portions of it directly to God. Sundays bless all the week-days. Morning prayer gives spiritual life to all the hours.
7. The Lord's Supper is one of our feasts of joy and thanksgiving.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The peace-offerings were the means of communion with God, through the worship of thanksgiving, and gifts to God of their daily sustenance. (1) The peace-offering was a union of God, his ministers, and the people, in a joyous feast of grateful love, as the Lord's Supper should be. Show what is communion with God, and how we may attain it. (2) The thanksgiving-offerings were those peace-offerings that expressed gratitude by devoting to God part of his daily gifts to men, bringing religion into

the daily life, and cultivating a thankful spirit. (3) Vows and voluntary offerings are expressed now by giving to God's cause in token of some mercy or prosperity he has given us.

OCTOBER 30.—LEV. 10: 1-11.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Scripture examples."—Ananias and Sapphira, Acts 5: 1-11; Jonah, Pharaoh, Moses, Num. 20: 1-13; a prophet, I Kings 13: 1-25; Uzzah, 2 Sam. 6: 1-12.

II. "This severe punishment" was sent in order that, by destroying the tendency to disobedience in the beginning, it might not so increase as to destroy God's whole work of training the nation. One noxious seed destroyed may prevent hundreds of millions from filling the fields. He that destroys the first parent insects upon his garden plants, in that one stroke destroys multitudes that otherwise would spoil his garden. He that puts out the little fire may save a city from burning up. So God's act of severity here was one of purest mercy.

III. I had moved into a new house; and, in looking over it, I noticed a very clean-looking cask headed up at both ends. I debated with myself whether I should have it taken out of the cellar and opened to see what was in it, but concluded, as it looked empty and nice, to leave it undisturbed, especially as it would be quite a piece of work to get it up stairs. I did not feel quite easy. Every spring and fall, I would remember that cask with a little twinge of conscience, from the thought of a house not perfectly cleaned while it remained unopened, for how could I know but under its fair exterior it contained some hidden evil? For two or three years the innocent-looking cask stood quietly in my cellar, then most unaccountably moths began to fill the house. I used every precaution against them in vain. They increased rapidly, and threatened to ruin every thing I had. I suspected carpets, and had them cleaned. I suspected my furniture, and had it newly upholstered. At last the thought of the cask flashed upon me. It was brought up, its head was knocked in, and thousands of moths poured out. The previous occupant of the house must have headed it up with something in it that bred moths, and this was the cause of all the trouble. Now, I believe that, in the same way, some innocent-looking habit or indulgence, about which we now and then have little twinges of conscience, lies at the root of most of the failure in this higher life.—The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.

PRACTICAL.

1. Responsibility is in proportion to our privileges.
2. Wilful disobedience must be promptly punished, for it is the most aggravated of sins.
3. The punishment was the work, not of hate but of love, to prevent sin from ruining the nation.
4. It is wicked to set up our short-sighted judgment against the direct commands of God.
5. Whatsoever nation or individual disobeys God's laws, imagining they know better what is good (as to the Sabbath, the family, the penalty of murder, &c.), is sure to come to grief.
6. We must not only do what God commands, but in the way he commands.
7. Strong drink misleads the judgment, and brings multitudes to death.
8. Strong drink shuts men from a holy life and from heaven.
9. There should always be maintained a wide distinction between the right and the wrong.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

By this lesson a strong impression can be made upon children, in regard to one of their most common and dangerous sins, Disobedience. (1) Dwell first on the nature of the sin of Nadab, wilful disobedience. (2) Then naturally follows (ver. 2) the punishment of disobedience. (3) Note thirdly, The effect of this punishment on the people, vers. 3-7, 10, 11. (4) Call attention to one probable cause of sin—intemperance, (vers. 8, 9)—showing its danger in leading to many other sins, and final ruin. (5) And, lastly, show them how they may escape.

I HAVE lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.—Jean Ingelow.

THEIR REWARD.

A SEQUEL TO "WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID."

(Concluded.)

The woman recognised the little girls, and came quickly across the street.

"Why, Mrs. Weaver! I didn't know you at first," said Ellen.

"And no wonder," answered the woman, looking serious for a moment, and then letting a smile break all over her face. "Sometimes I hardly know myself."

"Do you live about here?" asked Katy.

"Yes. We moved out of that miserable old shanty down in your neighborhood long ago, and now rent just the nicest little house. There," and she pointed along the street—"you see the white cottage with green blinds and a rose-bush and honeysuckle climbing up the side. That's where we live. And that's my man sitting in the porch, reading. There's no kinder man in town," added Mrs. Weaver, dropping her voice, "if liquor can be kept away from him. Thank God! he isn't tempted at every corner as he used to be. Poor man! Drink had taken such a hold of him that he couldn't resist when shops were closed; and not only for us, but for more than twenty families I could mention right among my own acquaintances.

"Mr. Weaver didn't work in the quarries a week after liquor-selling was stopped. He's a capable person, and knows how to manage men. Mr. Lyon, who owns the quarries, wasn't long in taking the hammer and drill out of his hands when he found that he could depend on his keeping sober. And now he has charge of all the quarries, and gets fifty dollars a month."

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear it!" said Katy.

"So glad!" repeated Ellen.

"And it's all come of shutting up the bars and dram-shops," said Mrs. Weaver. "They say," she added, "that two little girls wrote a letter for the newspaper and set the whole thing going. We were not subscribers to the *Banner* then, and so I didn't see the letter they talked about. God bless their souls, say I! If I knew their names I'd pray for blessings on their heads night and day."

"You don't want to borrow our coal sieve," said Ellen, archly. She was afraid her blushes would betray her, and so quickly turned the thought of Mrs. Weaver into quite a new channel.

"Bless your dear heart, no!" And the woman laughed. "We've

got tons of coal. Enough to take us clear through the next winter." Then, with a changing manner, she added,

"You and your mother were very kind to us, Ellen, and I can never forget it as long as I live. The days were very dark then; so dark that I lost hope in the morning." And she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Just take a look at my man as you go past the cottage," she said, a moment after, rallying herself as she turned to leave Ellen and Katy, "and see how contented he looks, reading. I'm so happy about it that I go almost beside

"For the two little girls who wrote that letter in the *Banner*."

Dropping their eyes, and turning their faces aside, Katy and Ellen took the flowers and went hastily onward.

"Did I guess right?" said Mr. Weaver to himself, as he looked after them. "Dear children! May God's choicest blessing rest on them, for they were His ministers, and the work given into their hands was indeed well done!"—Selected.

EVERY to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or of faith.

been absent from her for years, seeking their fortunes in the distant land of Australia. The passage had been a good one, free from alarms and misadventures. A female passenger had died on board, but she who had been taken away was so little known that the event caused but a slight sensation.

Yet to two young beings in that ship she had been everything, for she was their loving, tender mother.

Captain Jelf was a general favorite with his passengers. He was considerate and attentive, and had done his best to secure their comfort.

"Three more days and we shall be in England, papa!" exclaimed a happy little girl who had just heard the glad news from the stewardess, and was dancing about the deck in great glee at the thought of seeing the land of which her parents so often spoke with affection.

"Do you hear that! Three more days and we shall get to England!" echoed a group of young ones who were busily employed stitching together some bright bits of colored stuffs to form a flag, intended to be hoisted in the highest spot their own small hands could reach when England came in view. "We will soon be wanted."

"Good news, my dear Mary," said a gentleman to a pale lady who had never quite got over her tendency to sea-sickness. "You will have but three more days of sea, and then old England!"

"And home, sweet home," replied she, with a glad smile, "Oh, how I long to see it again!"

And so the glad tidings spread from one to another, and everybody began to speak of their arrangements and their plans on first landing. Letters were begun that were intended to be posted immediately the vessel came to shore. Hearts beat high with anticipation, for most of those on board had been separated for years from beloved friends and relatives who were as eagerly in their turn watching the

papers for the first intimation of the arrival of the "*Hesperus*."

"Did you hear what those children said, Phil?" asked a sweet-looking little girl of about seven years old. "They say we shall be in England in three days!"

"Yes, I heard, Susie. I wish we could make the ship go slower; I don't want to get to England, because you and I have nowhere to go, no one to care for us."

The boy who spoke was a fine sturdy lad of eleven or thereabouts. Young as he was, there



OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON.—VISIT TO THE SICK.

myself sometimes."

Mr. Weaver looked over the top of his newspaper at the girls as they passed, and said:

"Good afternoon, young ladies."

"Good afternoon, sir," they returned.

"Why, it's Miss Ellen and Katy!" He had recognised them. "Oh, you must have a bunch of flowers." And laying down his newspaper, Mr. Weaver cut two small bouquets of half-opened buds from a climbing rose-bush. Presenting them, he said, with a slight tremor in his voice,

CARED FOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK THE CONQUEROR," "DICK AND HIS DONKEY," &c.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

"Trust where you cannot see,
My Father loveth me."

The good ship "*Hesperus*" was bearing bravely onward over the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. Very soon the welcome shores of Old England would greet the longing eyes of those who had

was a good deal of determination expressed in his countenance and a thoughtful look not usual at his age. Nestling close to him, with her head resting on his shoulder, was the little blue-eyed sister who had just called his attention to the remarks made near them, that they were to reach England so soon. To Philip the news evidently brought no pleasure.

They were sitting behind a great sea-chest, and were consequently unobserved by the captain and mate, who were standing together at a little distance, but near enough for every word they said to be heard by the brother and sister, who were however, little interested in the business matters being discussed relative to the ship. Suddenly the mate said—

"What is to be done with the young Arnolds, captain, when we arrive? They don't seem to have a relation or friend in the world. The boy talks of some cousin of his mother's, who would perhaps receive them; but it is years, I believe, since they heard of her, so it's a poor look-out for them. Anyhow, they must be put somewhere."

"Poor little souls!" replied the captain—"no friends, no money. There is but one case—they ~~live~~ in such a the Union. I pity them with all my heart, for a nicer, better brought-up pair of children I never carried across the seas. They are worthy of a different berth than the Union, but anyhow they'd get food and shelter there, and be looked after, in a way."

"I suppose there's no help for it, and that go they must," said the mate, who had grown fond of them, and was the father of children himself. "But I fear they'll be very unhappy there, for it will be a great change to them. They had a comfortable home in Australia, I expect, and their mother seemed so superior-like. I've a horror of Unions. The life is just like a prison one, I'm told. May it never be the lot of my young ones to go there!"

"They'll soon put out the boy somewhere," said the captain, "and the girl will be kept till she can earn her own living. Being so young, the change won't be so badly felt by them as if they were older."

"God help them," said the kind-hearted mate. "My locker's not full enough to enable me to give them a berth, or I'd do it."

The captain and mate walked away to the other end of the ship, little supposing that every word they had said had been heard, and that they had sent terror and deep dismay into the hearts of the

forlorn pair, who, ignorant of England, gathered from them that they were immediately on their arrival going to be sent to a dreadful place, much resembling a prison, because they were entirely destitute.

"Must we go to that place they have been talking about, Philip?" asked Susie, who looked searchingly into her brother's face to see what the effect of the conversation had been on his mind.

"They will want to take us there, Susie, and we can't help ourselves, I'm afraid, for we may not stop in the ship. And we have nowhere to go to on land."

action reassured her, and her face brightened. Phil would never consent to leave her, she was certain.

Their history was this. Their parents had in early life been, one a butler, the other a lady's-maid, in a gentleman's family, and very highly respected. When the establishment was broken up by the death of its master, Arnold found himself in a position to marry Mary Liner, to whom he had long been attached. His master had left him one hundred pounds, and this, with their own savings, enabled him to carry out a project he had long thought of

their long voyage. Things prospered for some years, for Arnold was industrious and steady. Two children were born, who learned early to be independent, and almost from infancy to give aid in the daily work of a bush home; and they were so carefully taught to read and write by their mother, that perhaps few children of their age in England were as forward.

After some years had passed, Arnold's health failed, and in consequence affairs began to go down with him. He struggled on as well as he could, but in vain. He had some severe losses on his little farm which greatly depressed him, and perhaps hastened on the illness which eventually was fatal. His widow found herself alone with her two children in what was still to her a strange land, and with no other money than could be raised by the sale of such little property as was left after disposing of the greater part of it in order to defray the expenses of her husband's long illness.

"Look to your mother and sister when I am gone, boy," his dying father had several times said to him. "Help them, care for them; you must be a man for their sakes." The words were not lost on young Philip, and ~~he~~ ^{she} really supply his place to them. With the help of a neighbor or two, they arranged their passage in the "Hesperus," which cost nearly all the money Mrs. Arnold possessed. But once in England, she had good hopes she could obtain employment, being a good needlewoman and clever in various other ways.

Captain Jelf often pitied the sorrowful-looking widow who constantly sat apart with her children on the voyage home. The mate also spoke many a kind word to her and to them. But they noticed that Mrs. Arnold's cheek grew thinner and whiter every day, and she began herself to feel a breathlessness and other symptoms which could not but remind her that her mother and her only two sisters had died of a rapid consumption. For a time she turned her mind from the fear, but when one night she ruptured a large blood-vessel she could no longer disguise from herself the fact that her life, too, was nearly ended, and that her children would soon be without mother as well as father.

(To be continued.)

A KIND WORD is seldom in vain; it is a seed which, dropped by chance, springs up a flower.



PHILIP AND SUSIE ARNOLD ON BOARD SHIP.

"But we shall always keep together, Phil, shan't we?" asked the child, creeping still closer to him, as if half in fear it would not be so.

"No, Susie, and that's the worst part. Didn't you hear them say they would soon put me out somewhere, and then you would be left all alone, and I should hardly ever see you, and how could I take care of you as mother told me to?"

"What shall we do, Phil? Oh, don't leave me ever!" The boy made no reply, except by passing his arm round his sister. The

—to go and farm a bit of land in Australia. Neither he nor Mary had any near relatives or ties to keep them in England. Some told him that his scheme was a rash one, as he knew little about farming, and his life as a butler had not been such as to fit him for the hardships of a bush life. Mary Liner, too, was not very strong, and had been accustomed to comfort and refinement. But Arnold was set upon carrying out his plan, and Mary loved him well enough to follow him whithersoever he wished to go. So they married and started on

mind her that her mother and her only two sisters had died of a rapid consumption. For a time she turned her mind from the fear, but when one night she ruptured a large blood-vessel she could no longer disguise from herself the fact that her life, too, was nearly ended, and that her children would soon be without mother as well as father.

