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MONEY AND SCHOOL

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

[No. 23.]

The Rescue.

HAWKS and eagles are very fierce and daring birds. Their hooked beak and talons enable them to seize and carry off their prey as the one in our picture has done, but here the companions of the stolen bird come to his rescue, and seem likely to deprive the marauder of his stolen meal.

Historical Study.

"WHAT are your studies at school?" asked a lady of her guest, a bright lad of sixteen. The question was put more to make talk than to elicit information, and to open up such avenues of conversation as the guest would be quite at home in.

"Composition, algebra, history, natural philosophy. We don't have history every day in the week, but only on Wednesdays."

"And what is your text-book in history?"

"We have no text-book—we study by topics. A little while ago, 'Egypt' was assigned to the class. A list of the authorities to be consulted was given us—Rawlinson, Wilkinson, Brugsch, Bunsen—and if there were found any conflict in the authorities as to dates we were told to prefer Wilkinson."

"And where do you get the books to consult? Have you a library connected with the high school?"

"No; but the town library is open to all the pupils of the high school. Our next topic is 'The Jews,' and our authorities are Milman, Josephus, the Bible, and some others."

"It must be interesting to hear the different accounts the pupils give of their explorations among these authors. Of course you don't all hit on the same things."

"No. Some are most interested in the events that have transpired, and some in the manners and customs of the people they are studying. Some

dwelling upon their wars and conquests, and others upon their arts and sciences."

The picture that had suggested was a delightful one. Think of eighteen or twenty bright-eyed boys and girls searching these volumes that have been in times past practically the exclusive possession of a privileged class, and quite inaccessible to the great masses of the people! How much better this way of studying history than the old method

in ground, he saw his favourite pointer standing with her forepaws against it, and shaking it, evidently for the purpose of attracting his attention. On going up to her, he found her with his watch in her mouth, which she restored to him with much seeming delight.

TRUE honour is not derived from others, but originates only from ourselves.



THE RESCUE.

of committing to memory a list of dates with their connecting history, all from one meagre outline! What a chance for the teacher to awaken enthusiasm, to stimulate enquiry, to direct attention, to make scholars!

The multiplication of free circulating libraries is a feature of the present time, and it is to be hoped that every town and village in our land may thus afford seekers after knowledge the most ample opportunity to gratify their desires.

An absorbing love for science, for literature, for art, leaves little place in the soul it possesses for ignoble pursuits, for low purposes, for base designs, for unworthy indulgences. Libraries, picture-galleries, botanic gardens, museums of natural history and of art—these are among the most efficient means for elevating and ennobling our youth, and giving solace in advancing years. The founders of these centres of instruction rank deservedly with the greatest benefactors of our race.

The Restored Watch.

A MAJOR in the army had a very sagacious pointer, which was kept in a kennel with several other dogs. His gamekeeper having one day gone into the kennel, dropped his watch by some accident. On leaving the place, he fastened the gate as usual, but had not gone far from it, when he heard that it rattled very much. On look-

Her Treasures.

She had put her little children to bed,
And was sitting before the fire,
Watching the sparks from the back loga fly,
Then fall on the hearth and expire.

She was sitting alone, for her husband was late,
Detained at the little store
Which he kept in the mining-camp. But—hark!
Is not that his step on the floor?

She turned with a smile; then her face grew pale;
For she saw in the lamplight's glare
Two men, with fierce and menacing looks,
Who were standing behind her chair.

She did not scream, but she paused to think;
Then she prayed to heaven for aid;
When one of the men, in a rough voice, said:
"Well, you don't seem much afraid."

"You're a sensible woman. Just show us the place
Where you keep your silver and gold,
And no harm shall befall you; but if you refuse
No power our wrath shall withhold."

"Come show us your treasures," the other said.
Then a sudden smile lighted her face.
"I will," she replied, as she took up the lamp,
"Follow me; I will show you the place."

She led the way to the children's room,
And there pointed to the bed
Where, nestling on either pillow, lay
A beautiful curly head.

"These are my treasures; I have no more,"
She said, "neither silver nor gold."
As she spake, down the foremost robber's cheek
A glistening tear-drop rolled.

"I cannot stand this, let us go," he said;
"Little woman, you put us to shame.
Your treasures are safe." And they stole away
As quietly as they came.

What John Tuck's Smoke Cost.

OLD SQUIRE TUCK—so the people called him—
sat on a bench in the kitchen, smoking his pipe.
He had been a hard-working farmer, and hard
workers are apt to be money-getters, and Jeremiah
Tuck had reaped this reward of hard work. Then
he had been a justice of the peace, and would try
small, unimportant cases, and this gained for him
the titles of "Judge" and "Squire."

It was the latter that stuck to him, and far and
near he was known as "Old Squire Tuck." One
other thing stuck to him as if glued to him, and
that was a pipe—an old, black pipe. What charm
there can be in this only those who love dirty
tobacco can say.

Old Squire Tuck sat on the kitchen bench one
day, and smoked and smoked. His face was
wrinkled and brown, as if the smoke and heat of
his old tobacco-pipe had affected his very skin.
His three grandchildren—Susie and Ben and Tom
—had come to see him, and were now clustered
about the table in the kitchen. Tom was clustered
upon the table. Susie had found Squire Tuck's
account-book. It was a funny document. On one
page would be the figures that represented so many
pounds of sugar and tea, so many gallons of oil
and molasses, so many bushels of potatoes and
wheat. On the next page might be a picture that
pleased the Squire's fancy, and which he had here
preserved, so that the volume was alternately a
scraps-book and an account-book. When the chil-
dren reached one picture, it was Susie who ex-
claimed: "What's that underneath?"

Old Squire Tuck, his black felt hat on his head,
had been serenely smoking, silently watching the
children. He now pulled the pipe out of his mouth
and replied: "That is my tobacco-bill. I thought
I would see one day what it was a-costing me; but

I got tired of it, and stopped. I don't think it did
me any particular harm."

Two small boys at the table were glad to hear
that; for, little as they were, they imagined it
would be nice to be like Grandpa Tuck, and shove
round a pipe in the mouth all day long. And then
there was a stout boy, aged fourteen, John Tuck,
who was passing by the open kitchen-door at that
time, and he heard Grandpa Tuck's remark.

"Grandpa say that?" thought John; "then
why can't I smoke? If an old man like that says
it, guess I'll smoke. I'll get a pipe to day—see if
I don't!"

In a little while John appeared behind the barn,
equipped with a pipe he had lately purchased for
one cent, and with tobacco, for which he had paid
five cents. Then he crept slyly through the long,
low barn, filled and lighted his pipe, and began to
smoke.

"Who's that?" he asked, hearing a step, and
then a whistle.

He had hardly asked himself the question when
around the corner of the barn came Zebulon Price.
Zebulon was the hired man, a person of strict prin-
ciples; a sturdy foe of dram-drinking, tobacco-
chewing, and tobacco-smoking.

"He shan't see me!" exclaimed John. "I'd
rather anybody would see me than Zebulon. I'll
run into the barn."

Zebulon was carrying a bushel of red, rosy
Baldwins on his back, and he stooped so low that
he could not distinctly see this young disciple of
Smoke. He was conscious that a grayish cloud
was hovering around the barn-door, and through
the cloud suddenly wriggled a form. That was all
he saw.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Zebulon, "who's been
smoking?"

He looked into the barn, but seeing no one,
turned away, and resumed his journey through the
orchard, and reached the apple bins, which were in
a dry, warm cellar under the tool-house.

Zebulon's course had been without misfortune,
but John's record was different. In his haste to
escape from Zebulon he had run behind a row of
barrels of round, golden pumpkins, ranged along
the barn-floor. Stumbling over the uneven floor,
he had fallen, dropping his pipe.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed John, "there go the
ashes out of my pipe!"

Sparks, too—bright, sharp—flashing out of the
hot, gray ashes!

"Let me put them out!" exclaimed John, trying
to extinguish every sign of a spark, and badly
singeing his hands in the attempt. He succeeded,
apparently, in putting to death all the fire dropped
from his pipe; but how he tired himself behind
those barrels, twisting himself out of shape as he
tried to hide away from Zebulon, and then scorch-
ing his hands, as he covered and extinguished the
fire. It was a relief to hear a loud slam, of which
he knew Zebulon was the cause, when he opened
and then closed the door of the tool-house cellar.

"Good! He's gone!" said John, creeping out
from his retreat. "Oh! oh! oh!" What was the
matter? Tobacco is not a healthy article of diet,
and John began to be sick. He was so sick! He
could now hardly crawl out of that barn into which
he had so hastily run. On his hands and his knees
he crept out on the withered grass of autumn, and
rolled over in agony. "Oh, dear!" he exclaimed,
"I didn't know it would feel like this! Oh!—oh!
—oh!"

If Zebulon could have seen that white, pitiful
face—that twisted, rolling form on the grass—and
heard these miserable groans, although he hated
tobacco, he would have pitied the tobacco-smoker.

"Somebody come and help me!" moaned John.
"Grandpa, come! Mother, come! Tommy, oh,
come!"

He even invited Zebulon to come. He would
have been thankful for pity from the hens, even, as
they passed him on their way to the hen-house, but
their stupid little brains could not appreciate his
need, and they obediently followed Old Billy, the
rooster, and left him.

It was the latter part of the afternoon, and
everybody was busy about the duties that on a
farm precede the shutting down for the night.
John had engaged to pick some apples for a neigh-
bour, for which he expected to receive twenty-five
cents; but all apple-picking must now be post-
poned. He remained a while in the rear of the
barn, and then— Did any one see a pale-faced boy
stealing round the corner of the barn, through the
yard, into the house, up the back-stairs, and so to
the bed which John Tuck nightly occupied? No
one noticed him. He dropped on the bed, and
staid there.

"Where's John?" asked his mother, at the
supper-table.

"I guess, mum, he was a-tired out," said Bridget,
the servant. "I saw him a-lyin' on his bed, fast
asleep."

"He probably went to pick those apples that
Mr. Smith spoke to him about, and I guess it
tuckered him out," said his mother.

"Seems to me," remarked his father, "it used
him up more than it commonly does."

Old Squire Tuck had no observation to make,
for he was fast asleep in his chair before the fire.
He had applied himself so vigorously to his pipe that
it might well be supposed to have exhausted him,
and sent him off into a profound nap.

By nine o'clock that evening all at the farm-
house had retired. Old Squire Tuck was in his
bed. Zebulon Price was in his bed. John, aroused
by his mother, had kept awake long enough to re-
treat from the outside to the inside of his couch.
All the others had finally gone to bed. One little
word, shouted under the window, sent everybody
out of bed speedily: "Fire!"

It was Phineas Staples who raised that fearful
cry, making every heart tremble at night, and in
the day-time also. Returning to his home in that
neighbourhood, he had concluded to shorten his
journey, by taking a path that left the road near
the Tuck farm, and traversed the orchard in the
rear of the Tuck barn, and then stretched off into
the Staples' fields. Nearing the barn, he saw the
sharp-tongued flames hissing out through the cracks
in the walls. He swiftly ran to the house, rattled
the doors, shouted "Fire!" on every side, and
quickly roused the family. The alarm was given
in the town. The church-bells rung. The people
gathered. An engine came rattling and thumping
down the road. But the cry of "Fire!" the ring-
ing of church-bells, the water thrown by the en-
gine, availed nothing. The barn crumbled away
in the flames as if it had been a building of paper.

The next day there was a lad with a sorrowful
face, who sat down to write this:

"I smoked tobacco. I lost the money I paid for
it and for my pipe. I lost my time when I was
going to pick apples. I lost my comfort and
health, for I was so sick! And,—oh, dear!—
grandpa lost his barn! Catch me smoking again!
"John Tuck."

I wish grandpa—the old squire—could have had
this memorandum, and pasted it in his account
book. He knew, though, of the reason of his dis-
aster, and in some way it leaked out that his
grandson had heard his remarks about smoking,
and had followed his poor example. He went to

his account-book, and finished out the page where he had once attempted to estimate the cost of the tobacco habit. There he wrote:

"I have footed up the bill at last, and have smoked my last pipe." Then he went outdoors, laid down his pipe on the ground, and put his foot on top of the pipe. If he had only put that same foot on that same pipe twenty-four hours sooner!—*Royal Road.*

A Mother's Reverie.

In the quiet of my chamber,
When the daily tasks are o'er,
And the voices of the children,
Hushed in sleep, resound no more,
Comes the question, oft-repeated,
"What this day have I divined
Of the vast and wondrous workings
In the kingdom of the mind?"

What great thoughts have filled my vision,
Fired my soul with purpose high—
From the wells of hidden knowledge
Have I drawn a rich supply?
And my restless spirit answers,
In its unfulfilled desire,
Vainly have its baffled pinions
Sought the heights it would aspire.

In the lowly vale of duty
Have I trod the way along,
Pausing not to cull the flowerets,
Nor to hear the wild-bird's song.
For life's burdens—be they light or
Be they heavy—must be borne,
And the rest is not till evening
From the tasks begun at morn,

Yet, O patient, tired mother,
Is there naught to cheer thy toil?
Canst thou not some treasure gather
From the rich and fruitful soil
Of the garden where thou plantest,
Which shall aid thy downcast eyes
To look upward to the summits
Of thy higher destinies?

Ah, thou hast a mission holy;
To instruct the mind of youth,
And to sow the seeds of goodness,
Which shall bloom in love and truth.
Thou canst lead the tottering footsteps
By thy gentle, guiding care,
O'er the rough and thorny pathway,
Till they reach the golden stair!

Thou art working out a poem
Grandeur than the "bard's sublime,"
Which shall live in glowing numbers,
Far beyond the bounds of Time;
For the song, though feebly chanted
Mid life's dark and toilsome way,
Angel voices shall re-echo
Through the realms of endless day!

Stick to Your Bush.

BY REV. W. TINDALL.

SCENE 1.—A lovely autumn day in 1861. Place—Durham County, Canada West (now Ontario).

An interesting party of young people, full of life and cheerfulness, drive out into the country to pick blackberries, armed with pails, baskets, and tin cups, with an ample supply of sandwiches, cakes, pies, tart, and pickles. It would be hard to guess who was the most happy of the group.

Arrived at the berry-patch in the woods, all were busy gathering the rich fruit. Tom — shouted, "Oh, come here! I have found the best bush in the patch." Some went and were somewhat disappointed.

A few minutes afterwards Tom cried, "Oh, come here, and you will soon fill your pails!" A few went, and they found nothing uncommon as to the quantity of berries. Again from another point Tom shouts, "The bushes here are just toppling over

with berries." Every one worked away, no one heeding him.

After a little while the same familiar voice, from another point of the compass, yelled out, "Oh, come here! the bushes are fairly black with berries." Every one stayed where they were, patiently picked away, and as they cleared the bushes of berries moved on to another place.

SCENE 2.—Nearly sundown—nine miles from home. All gather around the provision basket, eat, drink, and merrily chat, as they regale themselves with the good cheer they brought with them. This done, they "take stock." Every basket and pail and tin cup full, excepting Tom's pail, which contained only a few stinky berries away down near the bottom—not more than a quarter full. Tom, who had kept on the move, travelling from place to place in search of better bushes, looked kind of chop-fallen. We all went to our homes. I never saw some of my companions of that day since.

SCENE 3.—A gentleman travelling out west stopped over in the village of — in one of the western states of the American Union.

"Do you know Mr. —?"

"Oh, yes; I know him well. He lives in our village."

"Ah, indeed. How is he doing?"

"We call him Tom Fickle-mind. He is a sober man, an honest, good-natured sort of fellow, not lazy, any amount of vim, quite a genius in his way, but he never gets along. He is very poor, and his family have a hard struggle to make a living. He is so whimsical, always building castles in the air. He learnt the jewellery business, but afterwards thought that shoemaking would pay better, so he spent two years more in learning it, and was beginning to prosper, when he dropped it and went into the book agency, quite sure he could make ten dollars a day, but he soon tired of this money-making employment. Went to the academy, was a brilliant student, took a good position as a teacher, and stayed three years as principal of our school, wooed and married a lovely young girl, one of his pupils. He was very popular, but grew discontented, and thought he was hiding his light under a bushel in the hum-drum work of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot.' Medicine is more honourable and a more lucrative profession. Once a doctor, he would soon grow rich. He accordingly spent three years at college, and obtained an M.D., hung out his shingle, and waited for business. Finding it difficult to obtain a paying practice at once, he grew disheartened, dropped it, saw thousands of dollars in selling patent rights of a new invention which every farmer in America would be glad to take hold of. He spent what little he had, wasted his time, caught cold, lost his health, and came home a sadder if not wiser man. He now sometimes does a little conveyancing and book-keeping for the merchants of the place, sometimes drives a dray-cart, and does any little job that comes in his way, often out of employment, and sometimes not able to work."

"Is he a religious man?"

"Yes—no—yes. He was a Methodist when he came here. Changing his views on baptism, he was immersed. He left the Baptists and joined the Presbyterians, afterwards took a great interest in the Second Adventists and sometimes preached for them; then he saw a divine beauty in the New Jerusalem Church, but his zeal for them seems to have died out, and I don't know where you would find his theological whereabouts just now."

Alas, poor Tom! You are deficient in *stick-to-it-iveness*, and this narrative must end with the moral, "*Stick to your bush*" if you want to succeed in life.

The Workman's Song.

"I AM poor, I know, I am very poor,
As poor as a man need be;
But my Saviour was poorer still than I,
I never so poor as he.
I toil for my bread, I toil for my wife,
I toil for my children three;
But hard as I toil, he toiled as hard
In the valleys of Galilee.

"My raiment is coarse, and I'm rude of speech,
Of learning full little have I;
But I think that he loves me no less for that,
And I'll tell you the reason why
His carpenter's tunic was coarse as mine,
His hand with the tool as rough;
For of leisure, away in his Nazareth home,
I guess he had little enough.

"But soon as he taught on the mountain slope,
With the grass for a pulpit floor,
He lifted on high his toil-worn hands,
Saying, 'Blessed shall be the poor.'
And blessed we are, for he cares for us,
Stoops low to be one with us all;
So I love him, and trust him, and go my way,
Until I shall hear him call.

"Then I'll climb the ladder of gold, I ween,
While the angels are looking down;
And my God, my Saviour—'the carpenter's son'—
Shall give to me mansion and crown.
Come, such, then, come little, to spend or to spare,
I tell you it matters not which,
For Jesus, in love to me, made himself poor,
That I in his love may be rich!"

The Crooked Tree.

"SUCH a cross old woman as Mrs. Barnes is! I never would send her jelly or anything else again," said Molly Clapp, setting her basket down hard on the table. "She never even said 'Thank you!'" but "Set the cup on the table, child, and don't knock over the bottles. Why don't your mother come herself instead of sending you? I'll be dead one of these days, and then she'll wish she had been a little more neighbourly." I never want to go there again, and I shouldn't think you would."

"Molly! Molly! come quick and see Mr. Daws straighten the old cherry tree!" called Tom through the window; and old Mrs. Barnes was forgotten as Molly flew out over the green to the next yard.

Her mother watched with a good deal of interest the efforts of two stout men as, with strong ropes, they strove to pull the crooked tree this way and that. But it was of no use.

"'Tis as crooked as the letter S, and has been for twenty years. You're just twenty years too late, Mr. Daws," said Joe, as he dropped the rope and wiped the sweat from his face.

"Are you sure you haven't begun twenty years too late on tobacco and rum, Joe?" asked Mr. Daws.

"That's a true word, master, and it's as hard to break off with them as to make this old tree straight. But I signed the pledge last night, and with God's help I mean to keep it."

"With God's help you may hope to keep it, Joe," responded his master. "Our religion gives every man a chance to reform. No one need despair so long as we have such promises of grace to help."

"That's my comfort, sir," said the man, humbly; "but I shall tell the boys to try and not grow crooked at the beginning."

"Mother," said Molly, as she stood by the window again at her mother's side, "I know now what is the matter with old Mrs. Barnes. She needn't try to be pleasant and kind now; for she's like the old tree—it's twenty years too late."

"It's never too late, with God's help, to try to do better; but my little girl must begin now to keep back harsh words and unkind thoughts. Then she will never have to say, as Joe said about the tree, 'It is twenty years too late.'"

Beautiful Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were far at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That children might be glad.
I always weep, as looking back,
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
While mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!

They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their work
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But, oh! beyond this shadow-land,

Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

Sunday-school Matters at the General Conference.

The quadrennial report of the Sunday-school Board presented at the General Conference gave evidence of great prosperity in every department of our Sunday-school work. The full result of that work cannot be tabulated or adequately represented in figures. Only the great day shall declare it. The following statistics, however, will in part represent its progress:

Number of schools in 1890, 3173; number in 1886, 2675; increase, 498.

Number of officers and teachers in 1890, 28,411; number in 1886, 24,246; increase, 4,165.

Number of scholars in 1890, 226,050; number in 1886, 191,185; increase, 34,865.

Number meeting in class in 1890, 37,158; number in 1886, 31,496; increase, 5,622.

Number studying catechism in 1890, 36,486; number in 1886, 32,827; increase, 3,659.

Number who have taken temperance pledge during 1890, 49,419; number during 1886, 37,268; increase, 12,139.

Raised for missions in 1890, \$27,851; raised for missions in 1886, \$20,762; increase, \$7,089.

Raised for school purposes in 1890, \$105,313; for same purposes in 1886, \$77,692; increase, \$25,621.

Raised for Sunday-school Aid Fund in last quadrennium, \$13,874; in previous quadrennium, \$7,717; increase, \$6,157.

GRANTS TO POOR SCHOOLS.

Special prominence has been given to what may be called the missionary operations of the Board in promoting the establishment of new schools in remote and destitute neighbourhoods, by means

of grants of books and papers from the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund. In this way 498 new schools have been established in the last quadrennium, and very many more, which in all probability could not have maintained an existence without the aid of the fund, have been liberally assisted. Schools applying for aid are required, if possible, to contribute something toward the grant given. In this way the schools assisted have, during the quadrennium, contributed in part payment for grants the sum of \$5,175, as against \$1,822 during the previous quadrennium, an increase of \$3,353.

The grants are given in small amounts, generally from \$5 to \$10 at a time, and are distributed through every province of the Dominion and island of Newfoundland, especially among the fishing villages of the Eastern Conferences, among the new settlements of the upper Ottawa and in the Muskoka and Algoma Districts, in Manitoba and the North-West, and in British Columbia. Many grateful testimonies show the warm appreciation with which these grants are received.

The extent of the Sunday-school operations of our Church, and the deep interest felt in those operations, is shown by the fact that the expenditure for school maintenance during 1890 reached the very large amount of \$105,313, an increase of over one-third on the income of 1886. When to this is added the amount raised for missions, the \$27,851 for missions and \$3,517 for the Sunday-school Aid Fund, we have the aggregate of \$136,681, or nearly fifty cents per head for every scholar in the schools.

Few things are more encouraging than the growing interest of our Sunday-schools in the missionary cause. The juvenile missionary offerings have increased, as shown above, from \$14,701.07 for all the Methodists of the Dominion in 1883, to \$20,762.97 for the United Methodist Church in 1886, and to \$27,851 in 1890.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PERIODICALS.

The number of children and youth reported as studying that excellent compendium of Christian doctrine, the Methodist Catechism, is 36,486; but this is far too small a proportion out of 225,953 scholars. Superintendents and teachers are earnestly urged to do all they can to promote, as much as in their power, the study of those Christian doctrines that make wise unto salvation. These catechism lessons find a place in all our Sunday-school lesson papers, and circulate to the extent of over 324,000 copies every Lord's-day.



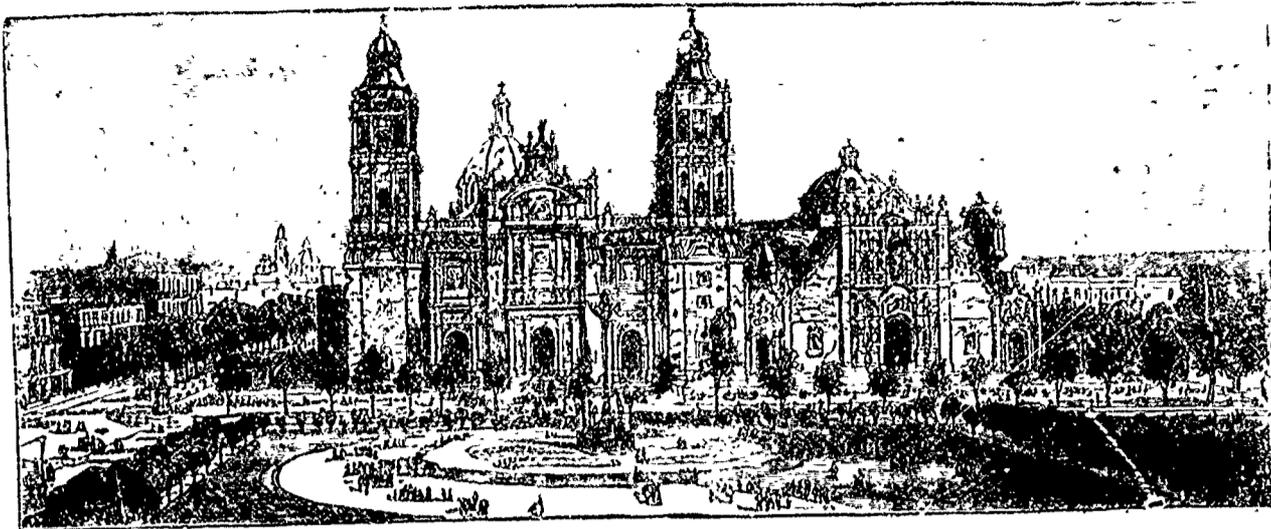
LESSON PICTURE.

NOVEMBER 23.—JESUS CRUCIFIED.—Luke xxiii. 33-47.

In no department of our Sunday-school work has more marked progress been exhibited than in the growing circulation and improved character of our Sunday-school periodicals. The circulation has increased from a total of 103,729 on March 31st, 1882, to 194,076 on March 31st, 1886, and to 252,566 on March 31st, 1890. But these figures do not represent the aggregate circulation, as many schools are not open in March. The circulation at the 1st of September was 324,350.

These papers have also greatly improved in mechanical excellence and in style of illustration. There is scarcely a hamlet in the English-speaking parts of the country where they do not penetrate. From their cheapness, and by their distribution through the Sunday-schools, they reach many who possess no other religious reading, and in many cases no other reading of any sort. They do not lay claim to very high literary art. They are adapted to the comprehension of the humblest. But they bring the Word of Life to many by whom the voice of the living preacher is seldom heard. They are of much assistance to scores of thousands of faithful Sunday-school teachers in the instruction of the young people committed to their care. They focus upon the selected lessons all the light that can be concentrated from various sources, so as to be a continuous commentary, by some of the best Biblical scholars living, brought within the reach of the most remote, the poorest, and the humblest of these self-denying teachers, and of the scholars under their instruction. These papers are permeated throughout with sentiments of loyalty to Methodist doctrine and practice; with loyalty to Queen and country; with implacable hostility to the twin evils, intoxicating liquors and tobacco; with love for pure, sound, wholesome literature; and, above all, they are filled with those holy teachings which make wise unto salvation. They furnish important vantage ground for moulding, in large degree, the future of the Church and nation, by influencing toward piety and godliness, in the most susceptible and formative period, the minds of the young people of Methodism. Of the papers, over 160,000 pages are printed for every working-day in the year. The influence of such a stream of directly religious teaching proceeding from the press is incalculable—only the great day shall reveal it.

It is a gratifying fact that the foreign periodicals, which once had a large circulation in our schools, have in a very large measure been superseded by



THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

our own papers, which, for their size and character, are among the cheapest in the world.

Notwithstanding the growth of our Sunday-schools, there are still a very large number of appointments in connection with which no Sunday-schools are yet organized. In some cases there are union schools, where no schools of separate denominations can be maintained. But where there are no such schools the assistance of the ministers is urgently solicited, that in every place where there is Methodist preaching there may also be a Methodist Sunday-school. It is in helping this work that the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund has been most useful in the past, and may be expected to be increasingly useful in the future.

The Cathedral of Mexico.

THIS grand cathedral was built at the time when religious intolerance in Mexico was at its height. The Roman Catholic is even now the dominant church, having three archbishops and ten bishops in the city of Mexico. However, all other sects are tolerated, and liberty of worship seems to be one of the signs of the times. This spacious and massive cathedral was erected over the ruins of the great Teocalli, or temple of the Aztec god Mixitli, and adorned with the kollenda, a circular stone covered with hieroglyphics by which the Aztecs used to represent the months of the year. It is situated on the Plaza Mayor, one of the finest squares of the western world. The imposing cathedral piles up pyramid-shape from this point of view, fronting a square whose stones should be ankle-deep for all the blood of various sorts that has been spilled on them. But really it is hard to imagine desperate conflicts in this bright sunny spot, with multitudes of novel sights and sounds about. At one side is a beneficent institution, the National Loan Association, where once was the Palace of Cortez; on another the long, white, monotonous National Palace, which is on the site of that of Montezuma. The cathedral, like most of the earlier architecture, is of Renaissance style, run far into the vagaries of rococo; but it is saved by its massiveness, except in the terminations of its towers, which are in the shape of immense bells, from any appearance of finicality. Adjoining and forming now a part of it, is another church, in a rich, dark red volcanic stone, with a front that recalls the fantastic facades of Portuguese Belem. What a water-colour the mass would make, and especially if it could be taken on one of the perfect moonlight nights, which bring out every line of the sculpturo softly, and display it all like a lovely vision! Besides this Zocalo the city contains another beautiful park, the Alameda. Also there are fourteen churches, some monasteries, convents, and numerous charitable institutions, and many

other objects of interest to a sojourner in this remote capital.

It is important that we should understand, not only that there is now liberty in Mexico, but also that there are native Christian workers who are competent to preach the Gospel in its purity, with faithful congregations gathered from among the poor, who long to do what they can to extend the knowledge of the Gospel among the people of those lands, millions and millions of whom are living and dying without ever having a copy of the Bible in their hands, many of them without even so much as having heard that there is a Bible.

The Mexican Church has congregations where services are regularly held. There are about three thousand persons regularly attending the services of the church. There are orphanages and day-schools. In the city of Mexico there are four distinct departments in connection with this mission work: first, the work connected with the cathedral of San Francisco and the parish church of San Jose de Gracia; second, the work of the divinity school; third, orphanages and schools; and, fourth, country congregations, largely composed of Indians.

The population of Mexico is over nine millions. Some of these are descendants of Montezuma and the Aztecs, whose marvellous civilization and progress in the arts before our own country was discovered, are attested both by history and the relics now collected and exhibited in the city of Mexico and elsewhere.

As the congregations that maintain the faith in its purity have been gathered almost entirely from among the poor, to do church work in their midst, and also to extend our Christian educational work among the neglected multitudes of poverty-stricken children that crowd the Mexican cities, and to aid to build up effective centres of Christian influence among the millions who speak the beautiful language of old Spain, contributions are greatly needed.

The cathedral of Mexico is the grandest church-building in America. The Spaniards were a hundred years at work on this church, and spent two millions of dollars on the outside walls and towers. Costly pictures and statuary were brought from Europe and carried on mule-back over the mountains between here and Vera Cruz. They sent to China for a balustrade of precious metals, which weighed twenty-six tons and cost millions more. Each one of the golden candlesticks was too heavy for one man to lift. The church has been plundered again and again, but it is still ablaze with splendour—a great treasure-house of gold and silver and precious stones. We grew tired of gazing and wondering, and were glad to get out on the plaza again and stroll about among the trees and flowers and watch the people.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church.

[We have been requested to furnish a condensed account of the proceedings of the General Conference. We therefore abridge the report which we furnished to the *New York Independent*.—Ed.]

THIS body has recently held its quadrennial session in the city of Montreal. It is composed of equal numbers of ministers and laymen. The ministers are elected by the annual conferences in the proportion of one minister for every ten in the pastoral work. The laymen are elected by the lay delegates of the annual conferences. This body of two hundred and ninety men includes the officers of the missionary, educational, publishing

and administrative departments; leading ministers from both urban and rural districts, and laymen prominent in commercial, professional and public life. The Conference meets in the new St. James church, a magnificent stone structure of pure Gothic architecture—the most costly, commodious and beautiful Methodist church, it is believed, in the world. The Methodist Church in Canada is the largest Protestant denomination in the country, embracing about one-fifth of the population of the Dominion. In the province of Ontario it comprises one-third of the population.

FEDERATION.

One of the most important subjects that came before the Conference was that of University Federation. For fifty years the Methodists have had a denominational university at Cobourg, which has won a high reputation for the standing of its faculty and graduates. For thirty years the Provincial University at Toronto has been developing in resources and influence. About six years ago it was proposed to federate all the arts colleges of the country with the State University. Trinity University (High Church) at Toronto; Queen's University, Kingston, and the Baptist University, have not accepted the proposition. Knox College, Wyckliffe College and St. Michael's College were already affiliated. The General Conference of the Methodist Church, held at Toronto four years ago, after a spirited debate of four days decided in favour of federation by a majority of twenty-five. A vigorous opposition to the plan of federation was maintained by an influential section of the minority. The policy of federation has been the subject of much debate during the quadrennium. The federationists urged the importance of sharing the advantages of the State University, in which as citizens they had so large a right, and where many Methodist students already resorted, the duty of assisting to develop to the utmost the national institution, and the benefits accruing to the youth of the Methodist Church by meeting and mingling with the intellectual life of the country as represented in the State University. The anti-federationists urged the importance of maintaining the "traditional policy" of the Church in supporting an independent university, the danger of entangling alliances with the State and of losing, in part, control of the moral and intellectual training of the Methodist youth.

In order to avert what would probably be a long and heated debate at the General Conference, the Rev. Dr. Douglas, Principal of the Methodist Theological College, Montreal, moved a resolution of a conciliatory character in its preamble, but reaffirming the decision of the previous General Conference. The scene was both dramatic and touching, as the venerable principal, who is quite blind,

in strong, stirring and tender words, besought the Conference, in the interest of the peace and harmony of the Church, to adopt his resolution without debate. An amendment was proposed, in calm and tempered words, by Dr. M. Lavell, urging the maintenance of an independent university, but pledging himself to abide by the decision of the majority. The amendment was lost by a vote of 83 to 165, and the motion for federation carried by a vote of 171 to 76.

PASTORAL TERM, ETC.

An animated debate took place on a proposal to extend the pastoral term from three to four years, and in special cases to five years. This was urged chiefly in the interest of urban churches, as promoting pastoral influence and efficiency, and as promoting a more expository mode of preaching. The resolution was lost, however, by a vote of 131 to 104.

During the last year one of the General Superintendents, the Rev. Dr. Williams, died. The proposal to elect a successor, and the proposal to have three General Superintendents, both failed; and the Rev. Dr. Carman, the exceedingly able General Superintendent, continues to bear the undivided burdens and responsibilities of his office.

The exchanges of Christian courtesies with other churches were very graceful and cordial. None of these was more touching than the reception of Bishop Hawkins, of the British Methodist Episcopal Church. The old man, seventy-nine years of age, thin and small, and black as midnight, received an ovation. As he told of his sufferings in slavery, his groping for light and liberty, his labours for his people, every heart was touched, and many an eye was dimmed.

The Rev. Dr. McMullen, the delegate from the Wesleyan Church of England, and from the Irish Wesleyan Conference, brought greetings from those sister Churches to which most cordial response was given.

The Conference gave a strong deliverance on the subject of temperance. It not only exhorted the membership of the Church to vote as they pray, but appointed a delegation to wait on both the leaders of the Dominion Government and the leaders of the Opposition, and if possible obtain pledges in favour of temperance legislation.

"Does any one doubt," asked Dr. Carman, in his inaugural address, "that if the vote of the entire Methodist Church were cast solid for Prohibition they would not have it in two or three years? Why should not our people be as a unit on this matter, letting go all partisan thoughts? Should they not be solid, compact, united, on this question? The clarion voice of conscience must sound above the din of party strife. An uprising, a vindication of conscience, must come if we are to have Prohibition."

A strong reprobation of the use of tobacco by either ministers or lay members was pronounced, and petitions to the Legislature were adopted, praying for the prohibition of the sale of tobacco to minors under sixteen.

The Conference closed its deliberations at midnight on October 1st, after being in session twenty-two days. Much of its work was the revision of discipline and arranging practical details of church organization and church government. But much of it also was of broader interest, touching great questions of interdenominational and international polity. One of these was the reply of the Conference to the communication from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States on the evils of war and the importance of adopting arbitration in the settlement of international disputes.

PRESBYTERIAN GREETINGS.

Another significant episode was the reception of fraternal delegates from the Presbyterian Church of Canada. They were the Rev. Dr. MacVicar, principal of the Presbyterian Theological College, Montreal, Prof. Scrimger, of the same college, and Mr. James Croil, editor of the *Presbyterian Record*. "If there are any churches that have a warm sympathy with one another," said Dr. Carman, in introducing the delegation, "it is the Methodist Church and that noble Protestant body, the Presbyterian Church." Dr. MacVicar conveyed, he said, the most cordial fraternal greetings of a church numbering 1,920 congregations. He often enjoyed the privilege of occupying Methodist pulpits. He preached solid Presbyterian sermons there, and was told by members of the congregation that they could not see much difference between them and the best Methodist sermons. The truth was that the points of agreement were far more numerous than the points of difference. They rejoiced in the success of the Methodist Church, and hoped that the time was coming when in everything they would see eye to eye with one another.

Prof. Scrimger said that if they had any cause of complaint against the Methodist Church it was that it was taking from the Presbyterians those points which had been historic points of difference. They were beginning to wonder where they would be able to stand soon if this went on. The night before he had heard a member of the Methodist Conference preach as good Calvinism as he ever listened to. He believed the only way the Presbyterian Church could avenge itself was by adopting, as they had already done, some of the strongest points of Methodist polity. It was gratifying to know that year by year the two churches were drawing nearer and nearer together. They hoped that the time was not far distant when they would understand each other still better and sympathize still more fully with each other. They united cordially to co-operate with the Methodist Church in mission work and in maintaining civil and religious liberty.

Mr. James Croil said he would go further than the previous speakers in his wishes for unity. He hoped the day was not distant when they would not only see eye to eye, but would unite hands, perpetually inscribing on their banners, "Canada for Christ." The sooner they united the better. There was nothing gained by delay. What an immense saving of resources there would be by a union of the churches. In the meantime he hoped there would be no rivalry between the churches but rivalry in doing good.

It should be added that already provisions have been made whereby on missionary ground the two churches may arrange their work so as not to overlap or trench either on ground occupied by the other.

AMERICAN GREETINGS.

Another pleasant occasion was the reception of the Rev. Dr. Sledg, fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He depicted the condition of that church during the war and the great work it had achieved since its close. While there were diversities of opinion and polity among Methodists, thank God there was none in doctrine. A chief part of the mission of Methodism was to care for the young people, and nearly half of the Sunday-school scholars of the continent belonged to Methodism. As a church they regard the manufacture and sale of liquors as immoralities, and were solidifying on Prohibition. They had among them six million persons all of whom or their fathers had been slaves. For these they had 16,000 schools and normal colleges, and the outlook was bright with hope.

Through personal illness the fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church was unable to be present, but the Rev. Dr. Berry, editor of the *Epworth Herald*, of Chicago, and Mr. Willis Cooper conveyed the greeting of the Epworth League of the United States to the Canadian Methodist Church, and invited it to swing into line with the great Epworth League movement of the United States. Less than a year ago the League was introduced into Canada as an independent but affiliated organization, and already over 150 branch Leagues have been formed. A strong effort is being made to affiliate the Canadian Leagues with the Society of Christian Endeavour, as well as with the American Leagues, and with good hope of success.

The report of the Committee on Civil and Religious Liberty was a strongly worded document, which was adopted with very little debate. It protested against "the constant aggressions of the Roman Catholic Church and its encroachments on the civil and religious liberties of the Protestants of the Dominion, especially in the incorporation of the Jesuits in 1887, and the passing of the Jesuit Estate Act in 1889, in the preamble of which act there are statements which accord to the Pope of Rome a recognition of rights and privileges which is an invasion of Her Majesty's supremacy, in the recent payment out of the provincial treasury of Quebec of the sum of \$400,000 to the representative of the Pope, to be divided according to his wishes, and in the injustice inflicted upon the Oka Indians by discriminations against those of them who have embraced Protestantism."

A good deal of personal interest centred about the election of the General Conference officers, editors, book-steward, educational and missionary secretaries, etc. All of these officers were re-elected, most of them by acclamation, and the others by very large majorities. A little breeze was caused by the report of the Committee on Indian Affairs, a clause of which, adopted by a majority of one, apparently censured the administration of Indian missions. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the very able and popular Secretary of Missions, who had just been re-elected by acclamation, thereupon felt it his duty to resign his office. This resignation the Conference declined to accept, and rescinded the objectionable clause, for which many had voted under a misapprehension.

Provision was made for celebrating the centennial of two events, namely, the introduction of Methodism into the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and the death of the founder of the original Methodist societies. A memorial volume is to be issued and a fund raised to relieve certain trust funds embarrassed by the union of 1883, which rendered a number of church properties unnecessary. Strong deputations were also appointed to the Ecumenical Conference to be held in the United States in 1892.

Provision was also made for the formation of an order of deaconesses—a Methodist sisterhood of consecrated workers in city evangelism, the visitation of the poor, and other forms of Christian benevolence.

STATISTICS.

The statistics of the Church report marked progress in every department. The assets of its educational institutes amount to over a million dollars, the annual income \$190,000, staff 156, students in 1890, 2,522, graduates 3,157.

Other statistics, as furnished by the Rev. Dr. Cornish, are as follows:

		Increase.
No. of ministers and probationers for the ministry	1,748	138
No. of local preachers and exhorters	3,142	450

		Increase.
No. of leaders, male, 6,108, female, 945; total	7,143	102
No. of ministers who have died, Sept., 1886, to Sept., 1890	77	2
No. of members	233,868	36,349
No. of baptisms, 1886 to 1890	73,374	
No. of marriages, 1886 to 1890	29,604	
No. of burials, 1886 to 1890	40,193	
No. of Sunday-schools	3,173	498
No. of officers and teachers	28,411	4,165
No. of scholars	226,050	34,865
No. of average attendance of scholars	120,811	23,451
No. of scholars meeting in class	33,449	6,516
No. of scholars learning catechism	25,677	2,371
No. of scholars taken total abstinence pledge	41,522	12,588
No. of volumes in libraries	217,383	7,497
No. of churches	3,092	159
No. of parsonages	907	125
No. of burial grounds	1,117	206
Total value of church property	\$11,597,491	\$1,702,413
Total amount of insurance	4,425,950	

Around the Winter-Hearth.

Draw up your chairs; the panes are white
With winter-growth, the ferns of frost;
Without the old elm moans to-night;
Its long, bare arms are wrung and tossed.

The gates on froze'n hinges creak,
The rude wind rattles door and sash;
And where it smites the whitening cheek
It stings and tingles like a lash.

Upon the path the hardy snow
Laughs, chuckling at the heavy heel;
And where the laden waggon goes
It groans and sighs beneath the wheel.

The white smoke, lifting fold on fold,
Writhes, snake-like, beaten in the air;
The man in the moon looks pitched and cold,
The heavenly lanterns wink and flare.

But bring choice apples from the bins,
And crack the nuts, while in the heat
The corn its mimic fight begins—
The skirmish, battle, and retreat.

And pass the words of sprightly speech,
The brisk retorts of wit and jest;
Give laughter easy room, and each
In turn make mirth for all the rest.

Tell the old tales, and once again
Let the deep-buried geists loosed;
Sing nonsense songs—we'll not disdain
The melodies of Mother Goose.

So let the crazy norther roar;
Sung by this hearth we will not mind;
To-night be written o'er our door,
"Who enters here leave care behind."



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus"—John Wesley.

Is this Practicable?

The young men and women of our several Leagues are, as a rule, employed, and do not have leisure to visit and work as they honestly desire to do. If there is a league whose members are very busy and can afford to do it, let me suggest a plan: Employ some young man or young woman (great care must be exercised in making a selection, but the pastor can advise) at a stated salary. It shall be his duty to go wherever he is sent, to visit the members; to call upon strangers, to invite children to the Sunday-school, and all to the League meetings and the church service, to visit the sick, to go on errands of mercy and help, to bring names to pastor, superintendent, and president. What a world of good he could do! How the League, the Sunday-school, and the Church would increase in numbers. *Epworth Herald.*

Use the Pledge.

At a recent convention at Howell, Mich., Rev. E. B. Bancroft urged all Epworth Leagues to use the pledge. These were his reasons: 1. It furnishes a particular aim—an essential in everything. 2. It has a binding force, and increases the feeling of obligation. 3. It has an impelling force. One is incited by the fact of having made a pledge. 4. The pledge helps to form a habit of doing, and thus duty becomes easy and pleasurable. 5. Pledges have been proven useful in societies, reforms, politics, and churches. Analogy suggests its usefulness here. 6. Its propriety may be inferred from the fact that the Bible is full of pledges, covenants, and oaths. 7. The League pledge is especially advisable, as it is simply a promise that every young person ought to make when he gives himself to Christ.—*Epworth Herald.*

Epworth League Notes.

(From the Epworth Herald.)

—The long winter evenings will soon be here. Plan to take the Epworth reading course.

—"The empty pews soon filled up when the League took hold." That is the testimony of a pastor not a thousand miles from the spot where this paragraph was written. We rejoice with him.

—The wise League president organizes his forces. He develops his chapter by giving it something to do. The unwise president discounts the ability of the chapter, and insists upon doing about everything himself. While he groans under the burden the people look on in mute astonishment, and wonder what he is making such a fuss about!

—A Montreal brewer built a church and inscribed this upon it: "This church was erected by Thomas Molson at his sole expense. Hebrews, eleventh chapter." Some of the McGill college wags got a ladder one night and altered the inscription to make it read: "This church was erected by Thomas Molson at his soul's expense. He brews (double) XX." The boys made a point.

—The Baptists of Iowa held a large convention at Des Moines recently. Its most important item of business was the organization of a state young people's union. It is modelled somewhat after the Epworth League, and the work of organizing is to be pushed with enthusiasm. We congratulate our Baptist brethren upon their practical wisdom in providing for the culture of their young people through an organization controlled by their own Church.

An Unexpected Aide-de-Camp.

The following anecdote of the great Duke of Wellington was related to his friend and biographer, Dr. Gleig, late chaplain-general to Her Majesty's forces:

On the field of Waterloo, the Duke was sitting on his charger, Copenhagen, watching the progress of the battle. His aides-de-camp were all away on different errands, when a little man, on a rough pony, rode up to him, and, touching his hat, said: "Please, sir, any orders for 'Todd and Morrison'?" The Duke replied:

"No; but will you do me a service?"

The little man assented with great pleasure.

"Go," said the Duke, "to that officer"—pointing him out—"and tell him to refuse a flank."

The little man rode off, and duly and safely executed his commission. He then returned to the Duke, and told him he had done what he wanted. The Duke thanked him, and said that perhaps some day he might be able to do him a service in return. The little man touched his hat, and rode off.

Years afterwards the Duke rode into the city, and stopping at the door of the establishment of Messrs. Todd and Morrison, inquired if there was any one in their employ who had acted as their agent in Flanders at the time of the Battle of Waterloo. Inquiry was made, and it was found that the little man was still on their staff, and on the premises at the time. The Duke asked to be allowed to see him. The little man came. The Duke asked him if remembered the incident above related.

"Yes, perfectly so!" was the reply.

"Are you comfortable?" asked the Duke.

"Yes, sir—fairly so; but I am getting old, have a wife and family, and shall not be able to keep my present position much longer."

The Duke put down the man's name and address, and rode away. In a few days' time the man received a missive from "F. M. the Duke of Wellington," appointing him to a sinecure office, with emolument sufficient to provide for him and his to the end of his days.

Bits of Fun.

—Miles O'Reilly, Miles Rourke, and Miles Finnegan are prominent Irish Nationalists. There are thus three Miles in the Irish Land League.

—Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows: "I s'pose it's nice 'nough, what there is of it," he said, without enthusiasm, "but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."

—An old engineer says, "If you get a cinder in your eye don't rub it, but rub the other eye." This may be good advice to follow, but what is a fellow to rub when he gets a cinder in each eye at the same time?

—Small boy (outside of base-ball grounds)—"How many's on de groun's, Jimmy?"

Jimmy (cooling his eye at a knot-hole)—"Bout four t'ousand."

Small boy—"P'lice an' all?"

Jimmy—"No, includin' the p'lice 'bout six t'ousand."

—Willie Anderson was a resident of Kilsyth, and was one of the thinnest men ever seen, being "a perfect rickle o' banes." He was continually ailing, and one day, on the doctor visiting him and asking him where he felt the most pain, he replied: "Weel, doctor, I'm that thin that I dinna ken whether it's a sair stomach or a sair back."

—An Irishman, writing to his wife, who was still in "ould Ireland," began his letter by making the following surprising statement: "It's a foine country, Bridget, an' no mistaké. I've this day put phwat they call an inshoorated on me loife, an' if I'd fall down a ladder wid me hod an' break me neck to-morry, faith an' I'd get \$25 a wake as long as I'm dead. It's a foine country, that's phwat it is."

—On returning home from skating during last winter's severe frost a gentleman was surprised to receive the congratulations of his family on his happy escape from drowning. He thought somebody had been playing a joke on them, and laughed heartily until he found that his best suit of clothes had been given to the man who had brought the news, and who said he had been sent for some dry clothes.

—The Saunterer overheard the following the other day: Two labourers met upon a street corner and one of them with kindly interest asked,

"How are you doing, Pat?"

"O, finely, man; never did better in my life."

"What are you working at?"

"O, I'm a real estate conveyancer."

"And what in honour's name is that?"

"Why, I'm driving a dump-cart, man."

The Song of the Brook.

I come from the haunts of the coot and
horn,

I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirsty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays—
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow;
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter—chatter—as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing;
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel;
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—Tennyson.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 30] **LESSON VIII.** [Nov. 23

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Luke 23. 33-47. Memory verses, 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity
of us all.—Isa. 53. 6.

TIME.—Friday, April 6, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—Calvary, outside the city walls.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story runs rapidly on. These lessons follow immediately one on the other. Jesus was crucified immediately after this succession of trials, and without any intermission of suffering.

EXPLANATIONS.

Malefactors—Workers of evil. **Crucified him**—Capital punishment has until recently been in public in all countries. **Father, forgive them**—Words that were probably uttered while the nails were being driven through the palms of Jesus' hands. **Parted**—Made an equitable distribution among themselves. This was regarded as their right. **Beholding**—Solemnly gazing at.

Mock him—The soldiers followed the example of those about them. **Vinegar**—Sour wine. **Superscription**—A writing above. **Greek**—The common language. That which was read by most men who could read at all. **Latin**—The official language, used in all legal documents, as Russian is used in provinces where the Russian language is not spoken by the people. **Hebrew**—The language of the place in which Jesus' crucifixion was taking place. **Do not thou fear God**—Probably these robbers were nominally Jews, as the Bedouins are to-day good Mohammedans, and the Italian brigands superstitious Romanists. **This man hath done nothing amiss**—Jesus had been the most notable man in all Palestine for three years, and few people had not heard of him, and perhaps most had seen him, and this confident assertion of his innocence may very likely have come from personal observation and knowledge. **Lord**—Rather "Jesus." **Into thy kingdom**—The thief believed that Jesus was the Messiah, and, like every other Jew, believed that in the Messianic kingdom the ancient fathers were to rise. His prayer might be turned into, "Count me in the roll of thy chosen ones." **In paradise**—A "garden." That beautiful portion of the spiritual world where the souls of the good were gathered together.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Man of Sorrows**, vers. 33-34.
Where was Jesus crucified?
By what other name is the place known? Matt. 27. 33.
Who were crucified with Jesus?
What prayer did Jesus offer?
What was done with his garments?
Who cast lots upon them? See John 19. 23, 24.
Why did Jesus bear this sorrow? Golden Text.
- The King of the Jews**, vers. 35-38.
Who looked on at the crucifixion?
What did they say?
What others mocked him?
What did they do and say?
What accusation was placed over Jesus?
In what language was this written? By whose order was this done? John 19. 9. 1.
- The Son of God**, vers. 39-47.
Who now joined in railing at Jesus?
What did the man say?
What did the other robber say to him?
What did he then say to Jesus?
What answer did he get to his prayer?
What time in the day was this?
What occurred for three hours?
What happened in the temple at the ninth hour?
What did Jesus cry out?
What did he do?
What did the centurion do and say?
Comp. Mark 15. 39.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- Where was Jesus crucified? "At Golgotha, also called Calvary." 2. How was he crucified? "Between two thieves." 3. What Scripture was thereby fulfilled? "He was numbered among the transgressors" 4. How was he treated by all in that hour of misery? "He was mocked and reviled." 5. What great lesson does his crucifixion teach us? "To bear God's will patiently" 6. What great practical truth does the Golden Text teach us? "He hath laid on him," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sacrificial death of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. How is the Holy Spirit an Agent? In the works of creation and providence, but more particularly in the work of salvation.

A D. 30] **LESSON IX.** [Nov. 30

JESUS RISEN.

Luke 24. 1-12. Memory verses, 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

TIME.—Sunday morning, April 8, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—The tomb in the garden, and its neighbourhood.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Jesus died in the early evening of the day of the crucifixion. His friends asked permission to have him buried. Pilate made sure that he was dead, and granted the request. The Sabbath with the Jews begins at sunset, and the hour

on Friday afternoon was so late that he could be only partly embalmed. This loving duty was performed as completely as possible under the circumstances, and the remainder of the work left over until the first day of the coming week, which answers, according to the calendar, to our Sunday, but which was the first business day of the week, as is our Monday. The women who had loved him through his life hastened on that first day morning to pay what they supposed to be their last tribute to his memory, and our lesson tells of the remarkable revelations made to them.

EXPLANATIONS.

First day—Sunday. **Very early**—While it was dark. **Sepulchre**—Tomb in the rock. **Rolled away**—Lifted off. **Much perplexed**—Utterly confused. **Two men**—Angels—generally appeared in the form of men. **In shining garments**—Clothed with lightning flashes. **Bowed down their faces**—As any frightened person would; but the Orientals are naturally more demonstrative than we. **Why seek ye**—Why seek you eternal life among grave-clothes, and in a sepulchre? **Sinful men**—The Gentiles. **Idle tales**—Nonsensical talk. **Then arose Peter**—John was with him, but, as usual, Peter fills the evangelist's eye. **Linen clothes**—Bands in which the body had been swathed in spices. **Laid by themselves**—Mentioned to refute the false stories circulated by the Jews. **Wondering**—Stunned.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Empty Tomb**, vers. 1-3.
What visitors came first to the empty tomb? Ver. 1. See chap. 23. 55, 56.
For what purpose did they come?
Upon what day, and what hour was this visit?
What did they find at the sepulchre?
Who had rolled away the stone? Matt. 28. 2.
What did they not find within the tomb?
- The Ki-en Lord**, vers. 4-8.
How did the women feel when they found the tomb empty?
Who suddenly stood by them? See John 20. 12.
What did the women at once do?
What question did the men ask?
What did they say about Jesus?
What words did the women then recall?
Of what good news does the Golden Text tell us?
- The Dazed Disciples**, vers. 9-12.
To whom did the women go with their good news?
What were the names of the women?
What did the disciples think of their story?
Who went at once to the tomb?
What did Peter find?
How did the discovery affect him?
Who also saw and believed? See John 20. 3, 8.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- On what morning did the women come to the sepulchre? "On Sunday morning" 2. What did they find? "The stone rolled away." 3. Who stood there? "Two men in shining garments." 4. What did these angels say concerning Jesus? "He is not here, he is risen." 5. What disciple, when he heard these things, ran to the sepulchre to see for himself? "Peter."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. Where do the Scriptures speak of the Holy Spirit in creation and providence? The earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.—Genesis 1. 2.

WE cannot always be sure when we are the most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed, which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labour you are not alone; for God, the eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you

A YEAR of pleasure passes so fleetly that we scarcely realize the time, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.



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