

HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That they
should
do unto
you.

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HOW SHALL WE DIVIDE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Day Dreams.

While the slighted grammar unopened lay
The little maid dreamed of a fairy clue.
A magic thread that led far and away
The deep, tangled maze of the forest
through:—

"Oh! I wish there were things to do to-day,
Queer riddles to solve, great prizes to gain,
Enchantments to break, magicians to slay,
And that I, a queen, on a throne might
reign!

"But the puzzles are lost, the queens are
dead,
And there's nothing to do," she sighed and
said.

A little lad leaned on his hoe in the morn,
And longed for a horse and a burnished
shield,
To ride away from the pumpkins and corn,
To the tounny's lists on the tented field:—

"Oh! I wish there were things to do to-day,
Great dragons to kill and battles to fight;
I would break a lance in the fiercest fray,
I would fling a glove at the proudest
knight.

"But honour is lost, and glory has fled,
And there's nothing to do," he sighed and
said.

And the poor little maiden never knew
That knowledge was ready to crown her
queen,

And the clue that led this labyrinth through
Lay hidden the leaves of her book between.

And the little lad never even guessed
That the dragon Sloth conquered him that
day,

While he lightly dreamed of some idle quest,
And his unused hoe in the young corn lay.

But honour and fame passed the dreamers by,
And crowned brave Toil, who found no time
to sigh.

How Shall We Divide?

It is a rather difficult problem to divide one orange among three people. I am inclined to think that the little girl will get the largest share. I want to call attention to the admirable quality of the engravings that are being given in our Sabbath-school papers. How well the dark eyes and rounded cheeks, and the very texture of the large white sleeves of these Italian dresses are given!

A Russian Railway Station.

The following description of a railway station in the Ural Mountains, is taken from George Kennan's illustrated account of his trip across the Russian frontier, in the *May Century*. It will be read with surprise and peculiar interest by many in America, the railway country:—

"We were greatly surprised to find in this wild mining country of the Ural, and on the very remotest frontier of European Russia, a railroad so well built, perfectly equipped, and luxuriously appointed, as the road over which we were travelling from Perm to Ekaterineburg. The stations were the very best we had seen in Russia; the road-bed was solid, and well ballasted; the rolling-stock would not have suffered in comparison with that of the best lines in the empire; and the whole railroad property seemed to be in the most perfect possible order.

"Unusual attention evidently had been paid to the ornamentation of the grounds lying adjacent to the stations and the track. Even the versts-posts were set in neatly-fitted mosaics, three or four feet in diameter, of coloured Ural stones.

"The station of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic slope of the mountains, where we stopped half-an-hour for dinner, would have been in the highest degree creditable to the best railroad in the United States. The substantial station-building, which was a hundred feet or more in length, with a covered platform, twenty feet wide, extending along the whole front, was tastefully painted in shades of brown, and had a red sheet-iron roof. It stood in the middle of a large, artistically planned park or garden, whose smooth, velvety green sward was broken by beds of blossoming flowers, and shaded by the feathery foliage of graceful white-stemmed birches; whose winding walks were bordered by neatly trimmed hedges; and whose air was filled with the perfume of wild roses and the murmuring plash of falling water from the slender jet of a sparkling fountain.

"The dining-room of the station had a floor of polished oak inlaid in geometrical patterns, a high dado of dark carved wood, walls covered with oak-grain paper, and a stucco cornice in relief. Down the centre of the room ran a long dining-table, beautifully set with tasteful china, snowy napkins, high glass epergnes, and crystal candelabra, and ornamented with potted plants, little cedar-trees in green tubs, bouquets of cut flowers, artistic pyramids of polished wine, bottles, druggists' jars of coloured water, and an aquarium full of fish-plants, and artificial rockwork.

"The chairs around the table were of dark hard wood, elaborately turned and carved. At one end of the room was a costly clock, as large as an American jeweller's "regulator," and at the other end stood a huge bronzed oven, by which the apartment was warmed in winter.

"The waiters were all in evening dress, with low-cut waistcoats, spotless shirt fronts, and white ties; and the cooks, who filled the waiters' orders as in an English grill-room, were dressed from head to foot in white linen, and wore square white caps.

"It is not an exaggeration to say that this was one of the neatest, most tastefully furnished, and most attractive public dining-rooms that I ever entered in any part of the world; and as I sat there, eating a well-cooked and well-served dinner of four courses, I found it utterly impossible to realize that I was in the unheard-of-mining settlement of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic side of the mountains of the Ural. This, however, was our last glimpse of civilized luxury for many long, weary months, and after that day we did not see a railway station for almost a year."

Make Your Daughters Independent.

From an "Open Letter," in *The Century*, for May, we quote as follows:—"Would it not be wiser far to induce young girls in thousands of happy, prosperous homes, to make ample provision for any and all emergencies that the future may have in store for them? Could a better use be found for some of the years that intervene between the time a girl leaves school and the time she may reasonably hope to marry?"

"The field for woman's work has been opened up of late years in so many different directions, that a vocation can easily be found, outside the profession of teaching, that will be quite as congenial to refined tastes, and considerably more lucrative. Book-keeping, type-writing, telegraphy, stenography, engraving, dentistry, medicine, nursing, and a dozen other occupations might be mentioned.

"Then, too, industrial schools might be established, where the daughters of wealthy parents could be trained in the practical details of any particular industry for which they displayed a special aptitude. If it is not beneath the sons and daughters of a monarch to learn a trade, it ought not to be beneath the sons and daughters of republican America to emulate their good example, provided they possess the requisite ability to do so.

"Two years will suffice to make any bright, quick girl conversant with all the mysteries of the art of house-keeping, especially if she be wise enough to study the art practically as well as theoretically. The management of servants, and the care of the sick and children, will be incidentally learned in most homes, and can be supplemented by a more extended study of physiology, hygiene, etc., than was possible at school. Sewing need not be neglected either; while leisure will readily be found for reading, or any other recreation that may suit individual tastes. Another year, or longer, may be added to the time devoted to these pursuits, if desired. But, above all, let two or three years be conscientiously set apart for the express purpose of acquiring a thorough experimental knowledge of some art or vocation which would render its possessor self-supporting, and, consequently, independent.

"If the tide of public opinion favoring such a course would but set in, many a one would be spared untold suffering and misery in after-life. Let the rich set the example in this matter. They can afford to do whatever pleases them, and, therefore, have it in their power to mould public opinion. Be not afraid, girls, that you will find your self-imposed task irksome. Remember that occupation is necessary to happiness, and that there is no reason why you should not dream while you work.

"The cry will be raised that there

is danger that such a plan as the one advocated here will tend to give girls a distaste for the quiet retirement of home, but there is little cause for fear. Not one girl in twenty will voluntarily choose a business life in preference to domestic happiness. Indeed, it is absolutely certain that happy marriages would be promoted by this very independence among women. Not being at leisure to nurse every passing fancy, girls would elect to wait patiently until the light of true love came into their lives."

Fishing for an Alligator.

An alligator usually avoids human beings, but if it happens to get a taste of human flesh it becomes a man-eater. One evening an English official, while sitting in his tent near an East Indian village, was saluted by an old native, with dust upon his head and his clothing rent.

"Protector of the poor," he cried, prostrating himself at the official's feet, "help thy wretched slave! An evil-minded alligator has this day devoured my little daughter. She went down to the river to fill her earthen jar with water, and the evil one dragged her into the stream, and devoured her. Alas! she had on her gold bangles. Great is my misfortune!"

Dismissing the suppliant, the Englishman began thinking out a plan for catching the cunning saurian. He decided upon a floating bait, and ordered the village blacksmith to make him two strong fish-hooks.

Early the next morning the Englishman, followed by the villagers, stole down to the bank of the river. A live fat duck, with a fish-hook fastened under each wing, was the floating bait. Each hook was attached by a strong cord to a stout line, buoyed at regular distances by net floats.

The struggling duck was carefully put in the river, and went sailing down the current, flapping and quacking, until it floated near the hole in which the alligator lurked.

Suddenly the long waves parted in the dark current before a snouted head. There was a splash and a swirl. The duck disappeared, and the line began to run out swiftly. Its shore end had been fastened to a tree-stump, and, amid yells and execrations, the villagers tugged at the rope—now paying out and then pulling in.

At last he was drawn into shallow water, where he lashed and circled with his mighty tail, until shot in the head. On cutting him open the gold bangles were found in his stomach, and their recovery afforded consolation to the bereaved parents.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD returned from his first day at school disgusted with the ignorance of his teacher: "Why," he said, with tremendous indignation, "she kept asking me questions all the time. She even asked how much two and two were!"

The Phoenix.

BY MRS. LAWSON, HALIFAX, N. S.

YOU have heard the wondrous story
Of the strange and sacred bird,
Who in weird and lonely glory
In the far-off ages stirred?
Hood and feathers green and golden,
Burnished wing and crimson breast,
And by seers and sages holden
Messenger of God's behest.

Through the mystic Eastern ages,
Living fire in haunted air—
Centuries folded up their pages,
Still the wondrous bird was there.
Generations came and ended,
Numberless in multitude,
But the Phoenix lone and splendid
In its changeless beauty stood,

None on earth its secret sharing,
Day of death and hour of doom;
On with stately presence bearing
Ever through the coming gloom
Boughs of frankincense, scent laden,
Gathered where the dew-drops press,
Myrrh, whose twigs like weeping maiden
Hold life's sweet in bitterness.

All the fragrant branches heaping
Into one grand funeral pyre,
While the stars their watch were keeping;
Higher grow the pile and higher,
Until morning's rosy fingers
Rent the curtain night had drawn,
And with touch that faints nor lingers
Flooded all the golden dawn.

To the altar he had moulded
With brave step and fiery eye,
Head erect, and plumage folded,
Went the lonely bird to die.
Ambient smoke the air perfuming
From that slow and sacred fire,
All his glorious life consuming—
Only ashes strew the pyre.

Sage and seer their watch are keeping;
As they gaze with straining eyes,
From the holocaust is leaping
New born bird in glorious guise—
Brighter, statelier than the sire
Who had passed the flame away!
Gem unfolding out of fire
Into full unclouded day,
Still to walk adown the ages,
Or through realms of ether flying,
Folding up the centuries' pages,
Symbol of a life undying.

Country Life in Ireland.

BY D. JANES.

THE farmers in the north of Ireland were about as contented as the Canadian farmers. They—the farmers—are a privileged class, allowed to grumble when it suits their purpose or quiets their mind. The rents of good arable land are from four to six dollars per Irish acre. Courts are held from time to time for their reduction, when the tenant may apply for redress if he deems the rent a burden. Some of the farmers are making money, and are quite contented; others, like people here in York County, are only making a living.

The farmers of the north depend very much upon flax, oats, and potatoes for their profit. The yield of potatoes was very large, and the quality was better than any I ever saw in Canada. I measured vines between five and six feet long, yet the tubers were plentiful, and of good size. Was not aware that the Irish

farmer depended so much upon potatoes as an article for feeding stock and household consumption. In some houses the potato-pot is over the fire from morning to night. Not being able to raise peas, it is fortunate so good a substitute is found in the potato for their stock.

While a great majority of the holdings are small—about twenty acres—yet in some places (east of Dungannon for instance) the farms are from one to two hundred acres, have good out-buildings and fine orchards. The stack-yards are neatly kept, and were well filed.

On the small holdings, the smallness and irregularity of shape of the fields attracts the notice of a Canadian. Yet this is not so much the fault of the people as of the land laws, which are being modified from time to time. Much of the land is naturally wet; and when the tenants reclaimed it from the second growth of trees and shrubs, the small portions reclaimed each year was enclosed by a ditch and fence, answering a double purpose of protecting it from the stook and carrying the water from the cultivated land. Another reason why the fields are so irregular is, that the roads are very crooked—at least they appear so to a stranger, although, perhaps, not to a native.

One day, when out for a drive of some ten or twelve miles, and making enquiry as to the direction to take for a certain place, the reply was to "keep straight on." I thought the answer peculiar; for, during the two weeks I was in the country—with one single exception—I never saw two miles of what we in Canada would call a straight road. The roads keep the valleys as much as possible, making it much easier in the draught of vehicles. But if the roads are crooked, yet the surface of the roadbed is so smooth and nice that I never saw them nearly equalled in Canada. The less travelled roads are in such a high state of repair, that a full load can be drawn at any and all seasons of the year. The drives are most enchanting, having a smooth and hard roadbed, and the easy reclining seat of a jaunting-car.

Nice hedges of various shades of green, the flowers and berries of the shrubs in the rows, the famous holly tree, the spreading beeches and elms, the rich green of hill and field, the well-kept lawns, make quite a contrast to the wooden fences, brown and treeless fields of Canada.

The Advice of Miss Alcott.

ONCE, in the audacity of youth, I wrote to Miss Alcott a letter, the tenor of which is indicated by her prompt, characteristic reply, herewith shown you. It may help some of you young people, as it did me:—

"Concord, October 24th.

"J. P. True: Dear Sir,—I never copy or 'polish,' so I have no old MSS. to send you; and if I had it

would be of little use, for a person's method is no rule for another. Each must work in his own way, and the only drill needed is to keep writing, and profit by criticism. Mind grammar, spelling, and punctuation; use short words; and express as briefly as you can your meaning. Young people use too many adjectives, and try to 'write fine.' The strongest, simplest words are best, and no foreign ones if it can be helped.

"Write, and print if you can; if not, still write—and improve as you go on. Read the best books, and they will improve your style. See and hear good speakers and wise people, and learn of them. Work for twenty years, and then you may some day find that you have a style and place of your own, and can command good pay for the same things no one would take when you were unknown.

"I know little of poetry, as I never read modern attempts; but advise any young person to keep to prose, as only once in a century is there a true poet, and verses are so easy to do that it is not much help to write them.

"I have so many letters like your own that I can say no more, but wish you success; and give you, for a motto, Michael Angelo's wise words: 'Genius is infinite patience.'

"L. M. ALCOTT.

"P.S.—The lines you send are better than many I see; but boys of nineteen cannot know much about hearts, and had better write of things they understand. Sentiment is apt to become sentimentality; and sense is always safer—as well as better—drill for young fancies and feelings. Read Ralph Waldo Emerson, and see what good prose is, and some of the best poetry we have. I much prefer him to Longfellow."—*St. Nicholas*.

A Noble Wife.

DURING the revolution in Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciusko, many of the truest and best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. One of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland, and most bitter in the enmity against Russia and Prussia, was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been a king a hundred and fifty years before.

Sobieski had two sons in the patriot ranks; and the father and sons had been of those who persisted in what the Russians pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads.

The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was at home in Cracow, and he waited upon her.

"Madam," he said, speaking politely, for the lady was beautiful and queenly, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding."

"I know, sir."

"If you will tell me where your husband is your sons shall be pardoned."

"And shall he say?"

"Yes, Madam. I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed, and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed."

"Then, sir," answered the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime, and laying her hand upon her bosom, "he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him."

Tyrant as he was, the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which had inspired it; and deeming the good will of such a woman worth securing, he forthwith published a pardon of the father and sons.

Cigarettes.

THE increase in the use of cigarettes by boys is really alarming. There are over a billion and a half manufactured, and the number has been growing at the rate of about a quarter of a million per year. It is estimated that from one-third to one-half of all the cigarettes consumed are smoked by lads under fourteen years of age. Cigars are harmful enough—to growing lads particularly so—but cigarettes are tenfold worse. Their action is comparatively quick and deadly. Cigarettes make havoc of the nervous system. Not a few cases are being reported of young men who have been unable to rally from the effects of the poison inhaled through them. There should be a law, rigidly enforced, prohibiting their use by persons under sixteen years of age. So long as there is no such law, teachers in the Sunday-schools should wisely counsel the boys in their classes against having anything to do with them. It would be difficult to render them a more important service. Still, it should be borne in mind, that the cigar cannot well lecture a cigarette.

Having Revenge.

PEOPLE sometimes say, "Revenge is sweet." Often it is not—but quite the reverse.

One time a certain little boy was stung by a honey-bee. Of course it hurt, and he determined to have revenge. He got a stick, went to the hive, pushed up among the bees, and commenced punching them. Very soon a lot of them came out to see what was the matter. It took no time to find out, and at the boy they flew. They stung him on his hands and face, and made him yell and run with pain. They left so much poison in him that he was very sick, and his mother had to put him to bed. For a day or two his face was so badly swelled that his eyes were almost closed.

This little boy concluded revenge was not sweet, and he was very careful after that about having revenge.

"Hoe Out Your Row."

ONE day a lazy farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But the good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And the lad, as the sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze"—
"I can," said he, and manfully
He seized again his hoe;
And the good farmer smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The test the lad remembered,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will notly tell.
Take courage, man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil
Always hoe out your row.

—Selected.

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1888.

Not Bothered About Souls.

"Tom, you're the sort of Christian I like." The speaker was a young man, of no religious profession. His companion was a church member in good and regular standing. "You're the sort of a Christian I like. You never seem to bother yourself about a fellow's soul." The words were lightly spoken, but they pierced like an arrow. If we had listened at Tom's chamber door that night, we would have heard something like this: "O God, forgive me that I seemed indifferent to the welfare of my friends! Help me to trouble myself more and more about them! Make me hungry and thirsty for the salvation of those about me! Give me a passion for souls!" Kind reader, are you one of the members of Christ's church who are not bothered about souls? You have unconverted friends. You profess to believe the Bible. It declares that all who reject Christ shall be cast forth into the outer darkness, where their worm dieth not,

and their fire is not quenched. Yet you utter no warning, stretch forth no hand! One of two things must be true. Either (1) your profession of love toward your friend is mere pretence; or (2) your profession of faith in the declarations of Scripture is a serious error. May the Lord help us to believe in the verities! If there is a hell, how should we pray and strive to deliver our friends from the danger of going there! If there is a heaven, how should we stretch out both hands to help them thither! But if heaven is nothing but a dream, and hell is a hoax, then, in "not bothering ourselves about souls," we are doing the correct and logical thing. Read Ezekiel 3. 15-21.—*Interior.*

Doing for Christ.

A LITTLE boy said that he wished Christ were on earth still, so that he might do something for him.

"What could a little fellow like you do?" some one asked.

"Why, I could run errands for him," was the reply.

Do you know how to run errands for Jesus? He has said that all you do for any of his creatures you do for him. Now what is there that you can do for Jesus? If you love him, you will show it by being loving and kind to some one else, and see how much good you can do them, for Christ's sake.

The Night in the Lighthouse.

WE looked up from our little boat that was rocking in the ocean's crystal cradle. There in the door of the lighthouse tower, shooting up out of the sea, stood the keeper. Would he take us in? The sun had gone down. The night was trailing across the sea darker and darker robes of shadow. If there were no hospitality in the lighthouse, certainly the sea could offer none. But the keeper was willing to be our host. We climbed the ladder planted against the tower. We passed within the strong walls that made the shaft of this mighty candlestick in the sea. How cozy was the kitchen! The sea without was cold—how warm the shelter within! The clock could tick. The tea-kettle could hum. Sweet and domestic was this duet in the tower amid the waves.

Later we were shown to a round little room above the kitchen—our quarters for the night. We went down into the depths of slumber deeper than any diver that ever touched the ocean bed. But others watched while we slept. Above us was another snug, round sleeping-room. Higher up was the watch-room. Finally came the lantern—an eye of glass with a pupil of fire. This light must be watched. What if it should suddenly fail at midnight? What if some vessel, headed for the harbor, should miss the guiding ray of the lighthouse and be dashed upon the rocks? While we were asleep, others must watch.

As for the vessels far out to sea, they could race through the darkness, heedless of any light on the rocky shore, for the heavens were studded with the torches of worlds, each set like some Pharos in the midst of the deep, abyssal gulfs of space. But in these vessels, also, while some slept in security, others must watch.

If we extend that thought still farther, how many must watch that others may sleep! You are young. Father and mother still are with you. All anxiety about you, food or clothing may go to sleep in your bosom, because your parents watch over your welfare. In your vacation, you journey. The train rushes along all night. You may close your eyes. Ahead, though, in the locomotive-cab, is a watch that is never taken off from the track. You near your home again. You halt. You take up the duties of school-life once more. That you may safely pursue them, what is society but an aggregate of eyes looking out for your welfare?

Think of these unrecognized blessings. Be grateful for this incessant watchfulness in your behalf. Above all, think of the heavenly eye that never slumbers nor sleeps. Be grateful to God, and prove it in your life.

The Upper World.

A GENTLEMAN, visiting a large salt mine in Austria, was told that in the mine were persons living who had never been on the earth's surface. Here were they born, here had their whole lives been passed. The father of a family might sometimes visit the outer world; to his children it was unknown ground.

Before the gentleman left the mine, being anxious to ascertain what such a child must think of the upper world, he asked permission to talk with one of them.

He found the boy—a child of some ten or twelve years—ready to enter into conversation, and to tell all he knew. He was well acquainted with his own little world—the mine; he could find his way through its intricate passages, and could drive a horse with ease, for these animals, after having once been brought down to the mine, also spend their lives there.

But when the gentleman began to talk of the upper world—of which the boy knew nothing—he did not find it easy to make himself understood. He told the child—or tried to—about the sun, but how could one understand whose only idea of light was formed from the lanterns that lit up the mine? He tried to tell him of fields of green grass, of beautiful trees laden with fruits and flowers—but here he utterly failed. The boy had never seen anything which resembled in any way the things of which he spoke.

He seemed to understand more about rivers, for there was really a little lake in one part of the mine.

When his instructor saw the gloomy little pond, he felt how utterly it must fail to help the boy to realize the lovely flowing streams he had tried to picture.

At length the gentleman gave up the task, feeling that he had imparted no new idea.

"The child has seen nothing with which I can compare them," said he. "Even a clover plant might help him imagine a tree, but if one has never seen leaf or branch, how shall he get a faint idea of anything in the vegetable world more complicated?"

So it seems with the vague descriptions of heaven we find in the Bible. Heaven is far more glorious as compared with earth than is the interior of a mine when compared with the most beautiful scene upon it! But when the sacred writers would attempt to describe it, they find us like the boy in the mine—unable to follow them—and are compelled to sum it up by the assurance, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard!"

The Happiest Boy.

Who is the happiest boy you know? Who has "the best time?" Do I mean the one who, last winter, had the biggest toboggan; or who now has the most marbles, or wears the best clothes? Let's see.

There was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a rowboat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers, who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length one day a visitor came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king:

"I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the visitor took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it, and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away, and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words:—

"Do a kindness to some one every day!"

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

You cannot repent too soon, because you do not know how soon it may be too late.



OCEANIAN PRODUCING A FLAME.

Fire and Fire Making.

BY H. DEVENPORT.

It is very difficult for us to imagine a time when such a thing as fire was unknown. Fancy a state of affairs when cookery was an undiscovered art, and when warm water had never been heard of! But such a time there must have been; and even in recent days, tribes have been met with in out-of-the-way parts of the globe who had no conception of the meaning of fire, and seem to have managed very well without it.

For instance, two Englishmen were wrecked on the coast of Australia. The natives were friendly, and protected them; and the Englishmen, being hungry, began to prepare food for themselves. They thought they would like some stew, so they set about making a fire—their proceedings all the time being viewed with wonder by the curious onlookers. The fire alight, and a substitute for a saucepan having been found, they filled it with water, and placed it over the flames. Presently it began to hiss, and then to bubble. But this was too much for the savages, who at once took to their heels, thinking that the water was alive, and might hurt them.

Similarly the Ladrone islanders, when discovered by the explorer Magellan, expressed the greatest astonishment as they saw him, with the aid of

a tinder-box—of which more presently—light a fire of sticks. As the fire burned up they were half frightened out of their wits, and it was only with great difficulty that they could be persuaded that the flame was not alive; and that the heat which came from it, so far from being the bite of some strange creature and hurtful, could be made of the greatest service to mankind.

So that you see it is quite possible to exist without the means of procuring fire; but there are very few tribes who have not discovered for themselves the uses of artificial heat, and how to get it whenever they require it.

In their case, however, the obtaining of fire is a very long and tedious process—not that the length of the operation matters a very great deal to a savage, to whom time is not of the slightest value; but he is, almost without exception, remarkably chary about exerting himself more than he can possibly help.

Some tribes get a light by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together; and if you want to gather an idea of the difficulty of this process, just try it for yourself. You will probably find that you might rub away for a week right off and never see the slightest sign of smoke, or of anything approaching to a flame.

Others, such as the inhabitants of Tahiti, squat down, and scrape a bit of pointed wood up and down another piece placed on the ground, until the little bits of dust which are rubbed off by the friction catch fire. The fire-maker has at hand some very dry moss, and by blowing on the spark, he manages to puff the moss first into a smoulder and then into a flame, and so can light his fire—as we should say.

Then there are others who, rapidly twirling a bow—one end of which rests against the shoulder and the other against a piece of wood fastened to the stem of a tree—contrive, after much long and patient labour, to get fire.

The Esquimo has invented a more ingenious arrangement. He twines a thong round a stick, and placing one end of the latter between his teeth, and the other in a hole in a block of wood, twirls it until the flame comes. Let us hope that his teeth are strong ones. You and I would soon have to go to the dentist if we were to indulge often in such an operation.

But there are some who

have shown still greater ingenuity, for these have invented a weighted drill; and, going to work exactly as a man does who wants to bore a hole in a plate of iron, they soon have fire, without a very great amount of labour in procuring it.

So late as the year 1820, fire was obtained in Hanover for a particular purpose by means of friction. No doubt this was a survival of ancient usage, but in the market-place there stood a couple of posts, and a crosspiece, which rested in holes made for the purpose, twirled by the aid of a thong, produced the flames for lighting the alarm-fire of the beacon which stood close at hand.

The southernmost part of the Continent of America is, as many of you know, called Terra del Fuego. This means the "Land of Fires," and it got its name from the fact that its discoverers, on first sighting it, saw a great number of fires burning on the shore. They could not understand the meaning of these; but the fact was, they were burning because the natives had much difficulty in lighting fires, and wished to save the trouble of kindling the flames again if they were once allowed to go out.

And yet the natives of these parts were almost as far advanced in the art of procuring a light as were civilized people until within the last sixty or seventy years, for they made their fire by striking a piece of quartz against a piece of iron pyrites; and this was exactly what our grandfathers and grandmothers were wont to do, except that these latter used a piece of flint and a piece of steel.

It was anything but pleasant in those days to get up on a cold, dark, winter morning, and chip, chip, chip away with the flint at the hooked piece of steel which went over the knuckles of the left hand of the operator. When she—for the morning fire is usually lighted by a female—was lucky enough to get a spark to fall upon the burnt linen which was in the tinder-box, she would have to blow away until the linen burst into a flame. Then, having ready her matches—which were pieces of wood tipped with brimstone—she would apply one to the flame, and henceforth all was plain sailing.

If this was the best method of getting a light known to the civilized world, it is not surprising that savages, whose methods were much more tedious, took good care of fire



GAUCHO GETTING A LIGHT.

when once they had it. To this day many a savage will walk miles to take a light from some fire which has been already kindled, rather than undertake the kindling of a flame for himself. In the southern seas, travellers frequently come across islanders in their canoes, who are carrying a small fire on a little raised stage to protect it from the spray of the waves. And in the East—in patriarchal times—the people suffered from equal difficulties in this respect. You will remember that Abraham, when he ascended Mount Moriah to sacrifice his beloved son, carried the fire for the sacrifice with him.

When matches were first invented—a little more than fifty years ago—they were nothing like so convenient as those in present use, and rendered necessary the carrying of a bottle of asbestos moistened with sulphuric acid, in addition to the matches themselves; and they were valued so highly that they were sold at one shilling a box. Now-a-days a much better article can be had at two-and-a-half cents a box.—Selected.

If you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.



INDIAN FIRE DRILL.



ESQUIMO OBTAINING A LIGHT BY FRICTION.

How to Keep a Secret.

"'Tis violet,' my mamma says,
A secret should be kept;
I heard her say to papa
Last night before I slept.
I heard her talking in my room
With papa, soft and low,
'Secrets are kept in violet,'
And I'm so glad I know;
For I've the loveliest secret
I want to talk about,
Of course I can't tell any one,
Lest it should be let out.
But I can tell the violets,"—
She darted down the walk,
"You see they're just the very ones,
For the violets don't talk."

The violets heard a whisper,
A murmur soft and low,
Then warningly she ended with,
"You mustn't tell, you know."

I knew her small first finger-tip
Was seared with needle pricks,
And that something was often brought
For dear mamma to fix.
And on my birthday by my plate
A handkerchief I found,
All snowy white and neatly hemmed
With tiny stitches round.
"Tis yours," she cried, "I was so 'fraid
I could not get it done.
See all the stitches round the edge;
I hemmed them every one.
It was a secret. Did you guess?
I kept it; no one knew,
'Cept mamma and the violets
'Twas being done for you."
"Tis beautiful," I said, and kissed
Her shining curls of gold;
And it was kept inviolate,
For not a violet told.

—Harper's Young People.

A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Story of Boy Life in England.

CHAPTER IV.

A GOOD CHARACTER ALWAYS TELLS.



UNDER his rough exterior, David Grimston had a kind and honest heart, and very sincere was his grief to find this lamentable evidence of Frank's complicity in the fish-poaching at Church Meadows. Of course he knew him, and, like all the people in the village, had unbounded respect for and confidence in the boy; it seemed quite impossible that Frank could have engaged in such an expedition. But there was the rod, with his name on it! And yet the good name, which was, in the Psalmist's opinion, far better than riches, seemed better evidence to the mind of honest David that Frank was not guilty. How often he had heard him talk to those worthless fellows in the cottages down the lane, urging them to give up their bad habits; and especially to remember that God had said, "Thou shalt not steal," and he would punish them, whether they escaped the constable or not! Such a kind-hearted, straightforward little fellow was Frank, nobody had a word to say against him.

But there was the rod, with the name on it. David lost several hours' sleep that night, turning over in his mind the mystery of the rod, and was

glad when morning came, and he could put on his hat and sally forth to make inquiry. Fearing to cause trouble by going direct to the cottage, David made straight for the blacksmith's forge. The worthy man—if anything a bit grimmer than usual, but with the same bright eye gleaming through the coal-dust—bade him welcome.

"Well, David, and how's it with ye this morning, my lad?"

"Bad, Ben—bad!"

"Eh! What's matter? Why, ye look as fretted as a horse with a stone in its foot. Hast fell out wi' th' Captain?"

"No, Ben; I'm all right in that quarter, as I suppose you would say, 'Thank God, for it.'"

"Yes, that I should, David. And why not? Isn't God good, then? And can any of us say, looking at what he has done for us these many years, my 'own right hand hath gotten me the victory?'"

"I daresay you're right enough, Ben. God is very good; though I didn't think that when my poor little lass died in my arms a year ago come Michaelmas."

"Ay, I remember the dear little heart; but the Saviour has just done what we read he did in the Gospels—taken her in his arms and blessed her, and will never let her hurt her gentle feet in life's rough road agen."

This reference to little Polly had touched the old gamekeeper to the quick. He stooped down, as if very much interested in some old horse-shoes in a corner, and on the rusty surface of one of them fell two or three big tears. The loud clanging of old Ben's hammer on the fiery iron he held between his tongs, at this moment prevented him from hearing the deep sigh which was heard from under David's velvet waistcoat, and the choking words which struggled to his lips: "The purty darling; my heart's a'most broke over it."

In a few moments more he had regained his composure; and, taking his seat just where Frank had always sat, he asked Ben a question.

"I say, Ben, do you really think God always keeps from harm those that trust in him?"

"Well, let's go to the Word and the testimony, David: 'The Lord preserveth all them that love him;' then, again, 'The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance; he shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed; trusting in the Lord, his heart is established, he shall not be afraid.' These, and many others, David, are the words of your namesake, in his Psalms."

"Ay, that seems very true, Ben; and yet we do hear, now and agen, of good folks getting into all sorts of trouble, and sometimes disgraces, which they don't deserve."

"So it be, David, for 'in the world we shall have tribulation;' but Christ will give his faithful ones the victory in the end, make no mistake."

"Well, Ben, that's very much in my mind just now."

"What is it, lad? I fancied when you came in there was a bit of bother in your face."

"Then the old gamekeeper told Ben all his experiences of the last evening, and finally how Frank's rod was found, and how he could hardly believe his own eyes. He also explained that he could not find it in his heart to go to the cottage with such sad tidings, so he came straight there to the forge for Ben's advice on the subject.

The blacksmith looked grave, and folded his two arms, in deep thought. "I'll never believe it of the young master; there's some bad business at the bottom of this, I'll be bound, David."

"But there was the rod, Ben—his own rod—with his name on it."

"Well, my advice, David Grimston, is, go and see Frank on the quiet, without giving his poor mother any trouble about it, and see what he says."

"That's a good thought, Ben; and, please God, he may give a good account of himself, so that it may be explained—leastways enough to clear him."

Leaving the forge behind him, old Grimston strode through the village in the direction of the place where Frank lived, anxiously looking forward, in the hope of seeing him in the road. But in this he was disappointed. Not to be turned off his quest, however, so ardently did he wish to see the matter righted, David knocked at the door, which was opened by Frank himself.

Such a fair, open countenance the boy had, that the gamekeeper felt in his heart ashamed of his business, and half inclined to say nothing about it after all.

So he chatted about many things; and thus talking, they passed into the garden at the back of the house. Then David Grimston got very absent-minded, returning foolish and evasive answers to Frank's simple inquiries, for his mind reverted to the scene of the previous night, and what kind of explanation he would be able to give Captain Starkie on the morrow; so, mustering up all his resolution, he looked Frank in the face, and said abruptly:—

"Master Frank, did you go out last night?"

"Yes, Grimston."

"I wish you had said 'No,' my boy—it would have made me happy."

"Why?"

"Because—well—there's something wrong; and I thought—no—I didn't really think—but, perhaps, you might know something about it."

"What is it? I will do my best."

"Where is your rod, Master Frank?"

The boy got up from the tree-stump where he had been sitting, and walked to the little shed. Opening the door, he looked in vain for the rod, and

turned upon the gamekeeper a face full of dismay.

"Grimston, it's not here! Where can it be?"

"I can tell you, Master Frank. It is safely lodged in my kitchen cupboard."

"You got it! Why, however did it come into your hands? Have you been having a joke with me, Grimston?"

"No, my boy; far from that. I only wish, in my heart of hearts, it was a joke."

"What do you mean? Is anything wrong? Pray tell me, please!"

"Yes, my dear boy, I will; and I hope you will not take offence, for I feel as sure as I stand here that you are not to blame."

"Go on, Grimston, please."

"Well, your rod was picked up in Church Meadows last night, and I've got one young fellow, who was poaching for fish there, and he said he had a companion who owned the rod, and that rod was yours, with the name cut on the thickest part. I'm sure there's no mistake about it being yours."

"But, Grimston, I was not there. On my word of honour believe me; and I know nothing of it, except that Squire Christie's son asked me to go with him some days ago."

"Oh, did he? Well, I'm glad to know that, for it was that young rascal who tried to lay the blame on you."

"On me? Why should he do that? I am innocent; indeed I am, Grimston."

"I thoroughly believe you, dear boy; so don't distress yourself like that. But what bothers me is, that Captain Starkie will want to know all about it to-morrow, and will ask to see the rod. And what am I to say to him?"

"Tell him I am innocent; or, if you like, I will come and say it myself."

"So I will; but then there's the rod."

Frank thought a minute, and in that quiet interval lifted up his heart to his heavenly Guide to lead him aright in his trial.

"The best thing, Grimston, will be for me to go with you to the Captain's house, and we will see George together, and he will clear me of this before you."

The plan was soon accepted by Grimston, who was only too glad to get a chance of putting the matter straight, and getting Frank from under this cloud of suspicion.

They had more than a mile to walk, crossing the fields by the stile at the end of the lane.

Little was said on either side for several minutes. Frank, with his sensitive nature, was feeling deeply the wrong which had been done him, and hoping and praying in his heart that a way might be opened for his escape. He looked up at the blue sky, with its light fleecy clouds sailing overhead, and listened to the birds singing cheerily in the trees. And

God whispered to Frank that he need not fear, "only believe," and he felt his faith, like the feet of a drowning man, find a sure resting place and firm hold on the promise.

"I suppose you have often heard Ben singing his hymns, Grimston, haven't you?"

"Yes, Master Frank; and very comforting they are too."

"There's one comes to my memory now, and it does me good. Shall I tell it you?"

"Captain of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide—
The cloud of thy protecting love,
Our strength thy grace; our rule thy Word;
Our end the glory of the Lord.

"By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near."

Frank had just finished repeating these lines when Grimston called his attention to the Squire, walking very swiftly and excitedly towards them.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked the gamekeeper, touching his hat.

"Matter, Grimston! Why, much is the matter. My boy, George, has bolted, and his mother is at home half out of her mind lest he should never come back again."

"Gone! Why Master Frank and I were just coming up to see him."

"Ah, Frank, I'm afraid my boy is not the sort you care for. He has given me a lot of trouble, and now to run away like this is really too bad."

"Has he left any message?"

"None; at least I never saw him. But the stableman says he came home very late, with his clothes torn and muddy, as though he had been in some scrape."

"Then you've no idea which way he went?"

"None. But I tell you what, Grimston, I know you're a good hand at finding things out, and mean well towards everybody; if you can hear anything of George, so that I can get a clue, there's a sovereign for you—and more if you want it."

"Thank you, Squire, all the same; but I don't want the money—though I'll do my best, you may depend on it."

A few minutes more, and the distressed father was hurrying to the village, leaving Frank and Grimston wondering what next to do. One thing was evident—George had gone, and there was no chance of Frank being cleared in that quarter.

The next day Captain Starkie closely questioned his gamekeeper as to the trespassing in the Church Meadows, and, as Grimston expected, asked for the rod which was picked up. He looked earnestly at the name on it, and ordered Grimston to bring Frank to him at once.

(To be continued.)

The Gunpowder Plot.

ENGLAND, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was a very uncomfortable place for those who clung to the Roman Catholic religion. Severe laws oppressed them, and gave rise to great dissatisfaction. When James I. came to the throne, the Roman Catholics hoped for some form of relief; but they soon discovered that the king was not disposed to help them. Spurred on by the growing discontent, a man, by the name of Robert Catesby—with more zeal than wisdom—thought he could help matters along by blowing up the king and parliament with gunpowder. This was a novel way to work on their feelings, but it promised to be effectual, and Catesby went to work with grim determination.

He first secured the services of a desperate villain by the name of Guy Fawkes, who, by reason of his experience in crime, was well fitted to carry out the details of the plot. Then he took into his confidence a number of men who were as eager as he to help along the Roman Catholic cause.

After a secret meeting, in a lonely house, the conspirators hired a building back of Parliament House, and began to dig through the cellar wall, in order that they might place their powder beneath the room where parliament was to meet. But it was hard and slow work, for the wall was nine feet thick. It was not pleasant work either, for the cellar was damp and dismal; and, to their excited imaginations, the slightest noise seemed to be a human voice, and filled them with fear lest they should be discovered.

Learning one day that the cellar underneath Parliament House was vacant, they hired it at once, thereby saving themselves the labour of digging through the wall. Into their new quarters they cautiously carried thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, and covered them up with coal and wood. Then Guy Fawkes mounted guard, waiting for the proper time to fire the mine.

The fifth of November, 1605, was the day appointed for the meeting of parliament. Before that day came, however, one of the conspirators, becoming frightened, sent a letter to a relative—who was a member of the House of Lords—warning him to keep away from parliament at the opening session. This letter, although not disclosing the plot, gave rise to suspicions which led to its discovery.

On the night of November 4th, Guy Fawkes was captured at the entrance of the cellar, and was taken to the Tower. There he was tortured, but would make no confession save as to his own guilt. The other conspirators attempted to escape, but were too late in starting. Some were shot while trying to get away. Others were taken alive, and, with Guy Fawkes, were tried for treason, and sentenced to death.

To-Day.

If we knew the woe and heartsache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the worm wood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that never can be?
Would we wish in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and still to-morrow,
Never trouble us again?
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track?
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Hope, from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the month to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memories
With their beautiful perfume;
Come o'er us in softer accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff:
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With the patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

"The Great Thomas Campbell."

THE author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, being on a visit to Ayrshire, happened to go into a shop at "Auld Killie," otherwise Kilmarnock. The bookseller, as Campbell entered, whispered something over the counter to a portly and comely old lady, who was making a small purchase of sealing-wax and note-paper.

"Gudeness save us!" said she, in audible whisper. "Ye dinna mean it?"

"It's true, I tell ye!" rejoined the bookseller, also in a whisper.

The old lady turned toward the poet, and said, not without betraying a slight embarrassment: "An' sae ye're the great Thomas Campbell, are ye? I am very proud to meet ye; an' didna think when I left hame in the mornin' that sic a great honour was to befa' me."

The poet felt much flattered by this tribute, but confusion took entire possession of him as the worthy woman continued: "There's no a man in Ayrshire that has the great skill ye hae, Mr. Campbell; an' I will be greatly obleeged to ye if ye will come an' see my coo before ye leave this part o' the country, an' let me know if

ye can do ony thing for her. She's a young beastie and a guid beastie, an' I should na like to lose her."

There was an eminent veterinary surgeon in the neighbouring county of Dumfries, whose name was also Thomas Campbell. The old lady had mistaken the poet for the cow-doctor.

If She Was Urged.

JENNIE JONES was a very little girl, and it was the first time she had ever been visiting by herself. She was spending the afternoon with one of her school-mates, and when it came tea-time Jennie was invited to stay to tea.

"No, I thank you, ma'am," she said, shyly, in answer to the request.

"I guess you'd better," said her little friend's mother, good, hospitable Mrs. Morse. "Sit right up to the table along with Sairy—won't you now?"

Jennie fidgetted, twisted her apron, put her finger in her mouth, and finally electrified the company by remarking:

"Well, I don't know. Ma said I was to say 'No, thank you,' the first time I was asked; but—but—if you urged me I could stay!"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1491] LESSON IV. [JULY 22

FREE GIFTS FOR THE TABERNACLE.

Exod. 35. 20-29. Memory verses, 21, 22

GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Willing hearts.
2. Ready hands.
3. Rich gifts.

TIME AND PLACE.—As before.
CONNECTING LINKS.—After the prayer of the last lesson God had commanded Moses to return with two new tables of stone hewn from the granite of Sinai into the mount. He went alone. There he received a vision of the glory of God, and in a new communion received additions to the laws which he was to teach the people. When he returned from the mount to the plain below his face was illumined, and the people were afraid to look upon him, until he had veiled his face. Then Moses detailed to the people the plan for the tabernacle, and asked for the gift to enable him to build it. The way in which they responded to the request of their leader is told in our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The congregation of the children of Israel*—Or, more simply, "all the people." *The Lord's offering*—That is, an offering for the Lord. *Tabernacle of the congregation*—The tent which was to be made as a place for worship. *Bracelets, . . . earrings, etc.*—Personal ornaments which were very much esteemed among the Egyptians. *Wishhearted*—That is, instructed in domestic arts, and skilful in them. *The rulers*—Probably the heads of families in the tribes, or the seventy elders of whom we read in chapter 24.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Willing Hearts.*
What new direction did Moses show the people in which to display activity?
How large a demand would this work make upon their means?
What classes joined in this work?
What was the spirit which prompted this offering?
What was the Scripture rule for the acceptance of gifts to God? "If there be first," etc. 2 Cor. 8. 12.
What blest assurance ought to comfort the heart of the cheerful giver? 2 Cor. 9. 7.
Is there any hint that some did not take part in this service of giving?

2. *Ready Hands.*

How many classes of the people were brought to take part in these gifts?
How many different sorts of gifts were brought?
What traces of the mechanic arts are to be found in these preparations?
What evidences of domestic skill are shown?
What light is thrown on the condition of these people before they left Egypt?

3. *Rich Gifts.*

Why were these varied gifts needed?
What characteristic of these people is shown by their possessing such rich materials as they gave?
What has always characterized them since?
What noble element of character is shown in their giving?
Do you know of any evidence to corroborate this testimony to the wealth of the times?
What does the great discovery of mummies in 1881 show of the state of art in Egypt?
What is the one gift, richer than gold or silver, which God desires us to bring him?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The first Church of God in the world consisted of people with willing hearts and ready hands.

The first church building was the costliest one that nation then possessed. There was no other tent in Israel like it. It had no mortgage on it, and no other debt.

They gave willingly. Do we?
They worked wisely. Do we?
Men and women and rulers gave, yes, "every one;" and they never expected to get anything back.

Let us learn the lesson of Christian giving.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Have you read all the Questions, Explanations, and Practical Teachings? If not, do it now.

2. Are they not as good as you could have made had you been making them? Well, write eighteen questions on this lesson all different from those written, and better ones.

3. Make a list of the different sorts of gifts which the lesson says were made.

4. Now tell what each thing was to be used for.

5. Find some characteristics of true giving, and measure your own practice by them.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What were the children of Israel asked to bring gifts for. To make a tabernacle for God. 2. Who brought the gifts for which Moses asked? Every one who was willing. 3. What did each person bring? The best gift he had. 4. How does God regard those who thus give? "God loveth a cheerful giver." 5. How ought we nowadays to give? "According as the Lord hath prospered us."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian giving.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. How was man the chief creature on earth? Because the Creator made man in his own image.

Genesis i. 27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.

B.C. 1490] LESSON V. [JULY 29

THE TABERNACLE.

Exod. 40. 1-16. Memory verses, 1-3

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men and he will dwell with them. Rev. 21. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. The Tabernacle.
2. The Priests.

TIME.—1490 B.C.
PLACE.—At Sinai.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The donations recorded in the last lesson were received by Moses and put into the hands of skilled artisans, who, in the months that followed, wrought out all the implements pertaining to the tabernacle as they had been by God described to Moses. Then when all was placed in great beauty, God ordered the completed structure to be reared, and the various articles of its furniture to be put in place. For the full detail see the lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*First day of the first month*—The first of Nisan, one year lacking fourteen days since the departure from Egypt. It was the beginning of their national year. *The things to be set in order*—That is, the cakes of unleavened bread as ordered in Lev. 24. 5-9. *The hanging of the door*—That is, the curtain at the entrance of the tabernacle. *The altar of gold*—That is, the small altar of incense before the holy of holies. *The altar of the burnt-offering*—The great altar which was at the entrance of the tabernacle. *Set up the court*—That is, put into position the stakes or posts for the inclosure. *Hang up the hanging*—Hang up the curtains around the entrance. *The vessels thereof*—The utensils belonging to the tabernacle. *Laver and his foot*—The great laver which contained the water for purification and the base or foundation on which it stood. *Holy garments*—That is, garments pertaining specially to the priestly and high-priestly office.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Tabernacle.*

How was the work provided for in the last lesson accomplished? chap. 39. 43.
What was the next thing to be done?
What peculiarity marked the arrangement of the tabernacle?
What was the great purpose of this institution?
How was it perpetuated in after Jewish history?
What relation or connection is there between the institution called the church and the tabernacle?
How long did the tabernacle exist?
What special mark of God's presence for thirty-eight years attended the tabernacle?

2. *The Priests.*

What was to be the duty of the priests?
Who were to be the priests?
How long was the order of priests to continue?
Can you find in ver. 15 an argument for or against the Roman Catholic custom of forbidding priests to marry?
How were the priests to be recognized among the people?
How were they to be specially prepared for their work?
Who is the high-priest of the Christian Church? Heb. 4. 14.
What preparation was required of Aaron and his two sons before their anointing? ver. 12.
What preparation of heart is thereby symbolized for us?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The tabernacle was God's first great school for his Church. It taught that God was invisible; that man ought to consecrate himself wholly to God; that man must be wholly cleansed from sin; that man could not come to God except through a mediator; that man must give himself and his substance for the Church of God; that man must daily offer his life a service and sacrifice to God. How much better way hath God provided for us through Christ!

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find how long time had elapsed since the departure from Egypt to the completion and erection of the tabernacle.
2. Enumerate their journeys, telling all the places to which they had been.
3. Recall all the various gifts which had been made for this tabernacle.
4. Study out the after history of this first church edifice and learn what became of it.
5. If you can, get the little Chautauqua Text-book on *The Tabernacle*, and read it.
6. Read what the book of Hebrews says about the tabernacle.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the tabernacle? The first church of history. 2. What was it designed to teach? How men could worship God. 3. What great truth did it teach about God? That God is a spirit and invisible. 4. What did it teach concerning man's approach to God? There is one way, and one only. 5. The old tabernacle perished: does the idea still remain? "Behold the tabernacle," etc. 6. How does God still dwell among men? By the blessed Comforter, the Holy Ghost.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Church of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. In what part of man is the image of God? In his spirit or soul, which was breathed unto him by the Creator. Genesis ii. 7.

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