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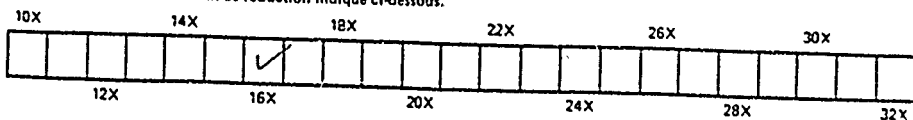
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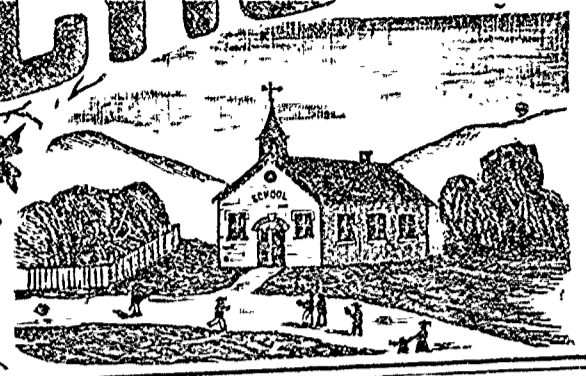
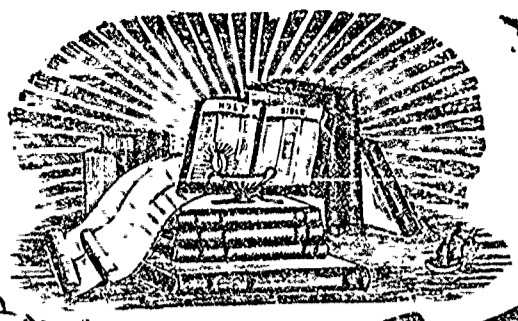
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HOME & SCHOOL



TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

[No. 20.]

[Vol. III.]



THE WOODS IN SUMMER.—(SEE TEXT ON NEXT PAGE.)

The Woods in Summer.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

PLEASANT it is; when woods are green,
And winds are soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight shewn
Alternate come and go;

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound:—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gazed into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quell'd;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low sippings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

The Question of the Times.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M'DONAGH.

THE age we live in, like all other ages, is, no doubt, most interesting to those who live in it. Their business is with the present. The times past may be accountable for the introduction of many evils which in the present afflict the nations; yet we who live in the nineteenth century should see to it that we send not down to coming ages great wrongs as a heritage of shame and cursing.

We say here in Canada that about \$30,000,000 are worse than wasted or misused in this cursed traffic every year; that eight thousand men and women die annually and directly from drink alone, and we think we have some vague idea of this monster evil. But when we bring it nearer to ourselves, then we have a much nearer, stronger, and real sense of its terrors. I wonder how many families have been scorched by this traffic and their peace destroyed, that have not had their hearts well-nigh broken by reason of this tremendous evil of intemperance. O, it is when we come to look at this in its domestic aspect that we get the real idea of the evil! And then when we come to multiply the individual

cases by the thousand and myriadfold, we come to have something like a right idea of what we have to contend with.

It is beyond a reasonable doubt that this traffic in intoxicating liquors is the crime and curse of our country, as it is the crime and curse of other lands; the darkest stain on our Christian civilization, and the chief hindrance to social and financial prosperity. More of pure saintliness, more of noble manhood, of real service for God and man; more innocent youth; more of all that is great, good and noble, has been lost by this cursed business, to the Church and nation, than by almost all other causes put together; yea, it is becoming one of the commonplaces upon our magisterial benches for the judges of our land, in concert with those of other lands, to declare that nine-tenths of the crimes against law and human rights are perpetrated under the influence of this nefarious traffic. It spares neither age nor sex. Its trophies are more to be dreaded than those at the belt of the red man. Its most desolating strifes are at our firesides. Why, in God's name, tell us, in this land of plenty, where our harvests roll like a golden ocean, and where an ever kind Providence has scattered blessings on every hand, should women and helpless children go hungry for bread? These same children, stripped by this cursed traffic of father and home, of comfort, nursed by it into scowling criminals, or wallowing in vice or dying on the scaffold. Shame on a people that can license such a nuisance!

In the first place, if the country is saved from this vice, we must protect the young. We plead with you on behalf of the young people of our land, and we ask, Must they perish as thousands? yes, as millions have done before them. When the slaves of the tippler's and drunkard's appetite are dead and gone, shall there be after us a new generation of drunkards, twenty or thirty years from this time? Where are they to come from, if not from the children God has given to His people. They are but little children now, in our homes, in our Sabbath-schools, and must we, will we go on merely talking and making effort to save the drink-seller's victim, but license the traffickers in human souls and human misery to still go on with their wicked business. No! forever No!

Let us, as Christians, teach Temperance and Prohibition in our Sabbath-schools as a gospel means of grace, and strike down any law that upholds vice, and also the legislature that may advocate such legalizing of sin.

Next to the importance of taking care of the children, and aiding in carrying out of this work, there must and ought to be the most earnest grappling with the drunken customs of society. These are at the very root of the evil, and effect the ruin of thousands. Till the drink is banished from the tables of our homes, the children of those homes will sink into the miserable and drivelling drunkards of the future. Take care that the serpent is not already in your paradise, and perchance that child you clasp to your bosom may yet bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Then let us make every effort to save the drunkards we meet. Let us do it by the power of love. Love only possesses power to stoop and lift the lost. If we mean to save him; therefore, we must stand on the same platform with him, just as the Son of God stooped

to our low condition, became a man among men; so we, as Christians, must put ourselves in and alongside of the victim of alcohol, though not guilty of his sin, in order to lift him. Somewhere about fifteen years ago the Sailors' Home in Liverpool, in England, was discovered to be on fire. It was past midnight; all the inmates had retired to rest, and were startled out of their slumber by the terrible alarm. The flames spread rapidly, until from every window and door the smoke and flame belched forth, so that when the fire brigade got on the ground they found their principal work for the present was to save the inmates. A dense crowd of onlookers had gathered round, and many a stout-hearted man came forth and volunteered his service in the perilous enterprise of saving those who were as yet within the walls of the burning pile. A company of marines landed from a man-of-war at anchor in the Sloyan, and gave themselves to the same great work, until about ninety-seven had been snatched from the burning, and it seemed that all were saved. Now men breathed freely, and looked upon the gorgeous spectacle of that massive building wreathed in fire, but hark! a piercing shriek is heard high over the shouts of the multitude, and yonder, on one of the upper ledges of the building, five men are seen calling for help. As soon as possible the longest ladder is lifted to the spot against the wall, but it reaches only twenty feet below the parapet on which the men are standing. An agony of disappointment wrings the heart of every onlooker as hope of their deliverance fast sinks into despair. Stand back! cries a courageous man, and, resolute in his purpose of saving, with another ladder on his shoulder, he sets foot on the lowest round and prepares to ascend to their relief. On him all eyes are fixed. They watch him until he has reached the top of the long ladder, and there he plants the ladder he has carried up with him, but ah! how bitter the disappointment again; it is found too short to reach them. What is now to be done? Quick as thought, no time to lose, he raised the short ladder upon his own shoulders. There, at nearly fifty feet high from the ground, he adds his own length to the one he carried up; as he stands on the other ladder he calls to the men to come down over his body and be saved. The multitude below hold their breath lest the slightest sound should mar the self-possession of the men, but when one after another had safely passed over him to salvation, and he himself was safe, then there broke from that multitude cheer after cheer in deafening sound. Thus must we save the drunkard from the devouring fire. The ladder even of abstinence will be too short unless we add ourselves to it, and make over ourselves a pathway of safety for the lost. John Wesley's sons must be where they ought to be, in the van. One reason is, Methodism is the advanced guard of Jehovah's great army, and if they are worthy still to be known and acknowledged to be the exhibitors of "Christianity in earnest," then, in the name of the Master, let us go forward in this march to the promised land of victory and freedom. I can tolerate indolence better anywhere than among Christians, and I can say that the sons and daughters of John Wesley, in Canada, ought to respond to our appeal and stand up and rid themselves of all participation with this cursed

evil, and then the blessing of God will come upon us and our country.

Let us by votes, and the carrying of the provisions of the "Scott Act" in every municipality, testify that we as a people, and especially as Christians, are not among those upon whom the law of God pronounces a just condemnation, who "do evil that good may come, whose damnation is just."—From "Shot and Shell, for the Temperance Conflict."

Keeping the Boys on the Farm.

IN treating of the home-life of the farm nothing is more common than the complaint that the best and brightest of the youth manifest an unwillingness to follow the occupation of their fathers and go off to swell the population of the towns and cities. Probably this tendency has been exaggerated, for we are sure the young farmers of to-day are as intelligent and progressive in their views as any generation past. But this could not be if it were true, as represented, that the best element had gone to the towns. The statement has sufficient warrant, nevertheless, to merit serious consideration.

The question is, whether in the surroundings and appointments of farm-life sufficient pains is taken to render the surroundings attractive, and to furnish a reasonable amount of that diversion from regular pursuits which the youthful nature demands?

No doubt very many are led away from the quiet walks of country life by an unhealthy craving for change and excitement, stimulated in many cases by pernicious reading and rose-coloured descriptions of town-life. Others, with better reasons, have been impelled to abandon the occupation of their fathers by that system of drudgery and dull routine too often in practice on the farm, and under which young, sprightly and elastic spirits feel that they are unnecessarily repressed and circumscribed. Without going over ground on this subject that has been repeatedly traversed by others, we may say that in order to keep the boys on the farm everything should be done within reasonable limits, that means and circumstances will permit, to cause them to feel and believe that the pursuit of agriculture is as honourable and ennobling as any they may choose; that it offers as many opportunities as any other for the cultivation of mind and heart, and for the development of the best and noblest tendencies of their natures. They should be made to feel that, if they so desire, they may keep abreast of the times and be "up with the world" in the best sense of the phrase, even though they live outside the busy haunts of men. They should be led to look upon agriculture, not as a pursuit governed by chance laws, where there is no opportunity for introducing new methods and systems, for research, experiment and progress, but that no department of human effort to-day offers a wider and more promising field for careful study and research than that of agriculture. Let them learn also that with less means than would be required in the cities they may have tasteful and convenient homes, and live to as high and useful purposes as they may in any place on earth.

SALVATION is to be free from sin and to be like Christ, and fit to live with Him forever.

"Uncle Ben."

"Of all the disagreeable people, of all the horrible, cross old men that ever lived," said my angry Dolly,—"the very meanest is 'Uncle Ben'! You needn't look at me, I'm in earnest; just wait till I tell you what he said, and what he did to poor Rip Van Winkle; and see, then, whether you'll shake your head!"

Horrid, hateful!—the naughty speeches came tumbling over each other so fast, that instead of shaking my head at Dolly, it was Dolly herself I shook at last!

"Don't you know, oh, you little tempest! that 'Uncle Ben' has his work to do, and is bound himself by regulations which he has no right to break for you? He's employed to keep the park in order, and dogs are never allowed, you know; so what can the poor man do, I wonder, when naughty children bother him so? You shouldn't have taken Rip Van Winkle, and you are the one that is to blame."

"But he shouldn't have kicked him!" sputtered Dolly.

"He shouldn't have called him a horrid name."

All in the heat of her indignation, flushed and defiant Dolly stood, and Dolly's mother was morally certain that scolding would do no sort of good.

But Adam, the gardener gray and wrinkled, Adam the man whose words are wise, looked up from the grape-vine he was pruning, with grave rebuke in his honest eyes.

"We're all poor creatures," said he, "poor creatures! Accordin' to Scrip'ter we're prone to err;

An' Ben Bogardus is no exception. So moebbe Miss Dolly is right—so fur. But we oughtn't to be too quick in judgement until we know what a man's been through:—

You wouldn't be quite so ready, I reckon, to rail at Ben, if you only know."

"Know what?" cried Dolly. "It's no use, Adam" (tossing her curls with a stubborn air),

"To talk like that, for it doesn't matter. Whatever it is I shouldn't care. I think 'Uncle Ben' is perfectly horrid. I always shall, whatever you say. So you needn't tell me!"

But Adam, regardless, kept right on in his quiet way,

"—You never heard tell of *The Swallow* did you? It's nigh upon forty years ago, that she struck on a rock in the further channel, one night when the sky was thick with snow.

There wasn't a chance to reach or help her, though the town-folk swarmed up here in the park,

And we heard the screams, and the splitting timbers, . . . awful sounds to hear in the dark!

"I'll never forget 'em," said Adam, slowly, shaking his head with a look of pain.

"Sometimes in the night, when I wake up sudden, it seems as if I heard 'em again. An' often enough I've dreamed about it—the pitiful sight I saw next day,

When the poor drowned creatures drifting shoreward, in an' out o' the water lay. Men an' women, an' little children! I counted 'em up to thirty-five,

When we laid 'em out in the town-hall yorder; and there wasn't a single soul alive.

Mostly strangers they were, an' traders, bound for York, an' come from the West; But one was a neighbour—a little woman, with a bit of a baby hugg'd to her breast.

I can see her still," said the old man, gently (he glanced at Dolly and gravely smiled); "And I'll never forget how I felt when I saw it was Ben Bogardus' wife and child."

"Oh, Adam, it wasn't! I can't believe it!" flamed Dolly's cheeks with her blushes.

And her quick tears sprang. "You want to tease me, and I think you ought to be ashamed!"

But stern was the old man's face, and solemn the look and tone with which he spoke: "It isn't the sort of thing, Miss Dolly, that I'd be likely to say in joke. No, no—it was poor Ben's wife and baby, just as I told you, that lay there dead. Poor little things!—you can't turned wonder the shock and the trouble turned Ben's head. I'm not denyin' he's cross and cranky; but he's lived a desolate sort of life,

And folks do say he's been kind o' crazy, more or less, since he lost his wife. Moebbe it's true, and moebbe it isn't; but this is the pint I'm comin' to— We oughtn't to be too harsh in judgin', until we know what a man's been through."

He turned him about, this wise old Adam, and clipped at the vines, and said no more.

My Dolly watched him, her bosom swelling with mingled feelings unknown before. She pleaded the rustle of her apron with restless hands for a minute's space, Then softly whispered, "I'm sorry, Adam!" and ran away with a crimson face.

A little later I saw her plucking out of her own small garden-bed Pinks and pansies and ragged-robbins, and tying them up with a ribbon red.

I never asked, and she never told me, who was to wear this posy sweet, But I took a turn in the park that evening, and there "Uncle Ben" I chanced to meet.

A festive something in his appearance—a spicy odor that toward me stole— Made me aware of Dolly's posy carefully pinned in his button-hole;

And from that time forth, I'm glad to tell you before my true little story ends, My Dolly—(forgive her naughty tempers!) and "Uncle Ben" were the best of friends.

—Mary Bradley, in *St. Nicholas*.

Rules for Simple Hygiene.

WASH the whole body at least twice in every week, either with cold or slightly warm water, and rub thoroughly dry with a rough towel.

The least one can do, with any attention to cleanliness or health, is to sponge the face, chest, and back with water, and dry rub the rest of the body at least once every day.

For a thorough wash of the hands, use warm water, and before soaping them, steep them well in the water for a minute or two, rubbing them the while, then use soap and a nail-brush.

End by holding the hands under a tap of cold water, and "give them a shower-bath;" it is refreshing and strengthening to the fingers; or dip them in cold water and rub them dry as quickly as possible.

If possible, get that most cleansing thing, a hot bath, once a week; use plenty of soap, with a flannel over the whole body.

Brush the teeth the last thing every night before going to bed, and comb and brush the hair the wrong way, or any way so as to let the air in upon the head.

Rinse out the mouth, or better still, brush the teeth after every meal. Tooth-brushes cannot be too soft. Hard brushes make the gums recede from the teeth, and produce premature decay by causing the soft bone of the tooth to be exposed to the air, beyond the part of the tooth protected by the enamel.

Do not plaster down the hair with pomatum or pomade; the hair is meant to assist in carrying off perspiration, and should not be clogged with grease. No appreciable mischief results from oiling it occasionally; nor does sweet oil do any harm to any part of the body, if it is rubbed into the skin before the fire, but on the contrary, it does good, as it renders the limbs supple and more capable of strong muscular exertion.

Beware of drinking any very hot fluids. After fatigue and long fasts, hot fluids, only not too hot, are valuable, and a few mouthfuls taken in such cases before beginning to eat, are useful, especially for elderly people.

Avoid much use of sweets, tarts, pastry, confectionary and sugar.

All clothing, particularly that which is worn next to the skin, should be turned inside out before going to bed, and hung up to above the level of the head.

Open the bed entirely in the morning, lifting the sheet and blanket so as to let the air get underneath, and leave the windows open top and bottom.

Never sit down to breakfast without first going out into the open air for a few minutes. Make the walk longer or shorter, according to health and strength.

If any one is ill with fever, or with any infectious disease, do not visit him the first thing in the morning before eating, but take a mouthful of coffee or tea, and a crust of bread, before entering his bedroom.

In order to avoid infection, or any low fever, look sharp after all drains and cesspools. Keep them in good repair and working order, and flush all sewers and drains now and then with plenty of water.

In a dry season pour a pailful or two of water with about a quarter of a pint of carbolic acid in it, into all drains and cess-pools every other day, to take away any bad smell. If carbolic acid cannot be had, use chloride of lime, or something of the sort.

Copperas (sulphate of iron) is a cheap and very efficient disinfecting agent. A handful of this salt thrown down the water-closet three or four times a week answers every purpose.

If troubled with cold feet at night, rub them well before getting into bed; and if that does not answer, sponge them well with cold water and while drying them rub the toes and ankles upwards, and not downwards. In case this plan fails, as it does sometimes, and the feet still remain cold, try putting them in a mustard foot-bath before stepping into bed, and put on a pair of thick dry woollen socks directly afterwards. The socks can be removed as soon as the feet are warm.

Feet that are constantly cold at night are never found in persons in the enjoyment of good health.

Avoid all hot and heavy suppers, unless desirous of an attack of night-mare. A so-called "sovere tea" late at night is usually unwholesome. Never go to bed, however, with an "empty stomach." This is often the cause of "insomnia," or sleeplessness, especially in elderly persons.—*Dr. Dawson W. Turner*.

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There are only five different notes played on the bugle, and though that is the case, the language of the instrument is not at all limited. A language with only five words might be thought easy to learn, and yet the different arrangements of these "words" ("sentences," as I may call them) are endless. It is, indeed, a very necessary part of a soldier's training to learn the language of the bugle, and even unmusical men soon acquire it. For, in the first place, the same "calls" sound much about the same time each day—a hungry recruit, for instance, does not take long to recognize the "Dinner Bugle," nor does the careless soldier forget the summons to extra drill, much as he might wish to do so. The men in their barrack rooms, too, often associate words with the notes of the bugle, and that is a help to remember the meaning of the sounds heard.

Beaten.

The liquor men have been thoroughly beaten in the field of public controversy and fairly driven off the platforms of public debate.

County after county is being carried for the Scott Act, but no advocate is sent out to oppose it as of yore. What is the reason? The funds of the whiskey power are not all spent; they have plenty of cash for certain purposes. It can hardly be that the crowd of stumpers, who recently swarmed into every contest, have refused to take the money, and do the work for which they were lately so eager. No! The men are still available, the money is still on hand, but the anti-Scott wire-pullers have learned by sad experience that there are in our Canadian communities intelligence and discernment enough to see through and despise the miserable falsehoods and sophistries that were retailed as facts and arguments by anti-Scott Act orators.

Besides this, Canadian audiences love fair play, they insist upon free discussion, and the liquor men dare not allow free discussion, knowing that it must invariably ruin their weak and immoral cause.

"Ho that doeth evil hateth the light." We ask our readers to consider carefully the fact that the liquor men dread and evade the light that fair and free investigation always sheds. They have not withdrawn their advocates through mortification at their ignominious failure, as some of these were ready to bear the humiliation of constant defeat for the sake of the fees received. They have simply given up all platform work, because platform discussion enlightens and instructs, and enlightenment and instruction are deadly foes to the unholy traffic in intoxicating drink.

We congratulate the Canadian people upon the fact that this liquor power dreads their intelligence and power, and is driven to a policy of contemptible trickery, seeking by smuggled legislation to thwart the public will, and cheat our electors out of the righteous law for which they have worked and voted.—*Canada Citizen*.

We should pray and labour for the salvation of all men.

It is a shame for a rich Christian man to be like a Christmas-box, that receives all and nothing can be got out till it is broken in pieces: or like unto a drowning man's hand, that holds whatsoever it gets.—*Dr. John Hall*.

Dr. John Hall.

Dr. John Hall.

Dr. John Hall.

Dr. John Hall.

Dr. John Hall.

Dr. John Hall.

Dr. John Hall.

Dr. John Hall.

The Prayer of Jesus.

PRAYED the Christ, when pale and dying,
On the cruel cross He hung;
When the temple-veil was rended,
And the night o'er day was flung;
When the heartless soldier's spear-point
Pierced His anguished bosom thro';
"Father, O forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do!"

Mocking lips His woes derided—
Heads were borne in scornful pride;
Judas had betrayed his Master—
Peter thrice his Lord denied;
Yet still prayed the Christ unceasing,
While His gasping breath He drew:
"Father, O forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do!"

O my suffering fellow mortals,
On the cross of earthly woes,
Bearing scoffs, and scorns, and scourges,
Angry words and cruel blows,
Can we pray as did the Jesus,
When no helping hand He knew:
"Father, O forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do!"

Ye whose bruised and broken spirits
Sink beneath continual strife—
Ye, all faint and worn with suffering
By the weary way of life—
Can you say for them that crush you,
When your friends are weak and fow:
"Father, O forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do!"

Knew ye not that all oppressors
Are themselves the most oppressed—
Needing all our kind compassion,
More, far more, than all the rest?
And, therefore, we should pray for them,
Tho' they pierce our vitals through:
"Father, O forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do!"

Yes, ah yes! dear blessed martyrs,
Let us let the angels see
How we learn from our Great Teacher
To extend our charity;
How we plead for souls benighted
With a zeal forever new,
Asking God to please to help them,
For they know not what they do.

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Home & School:

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

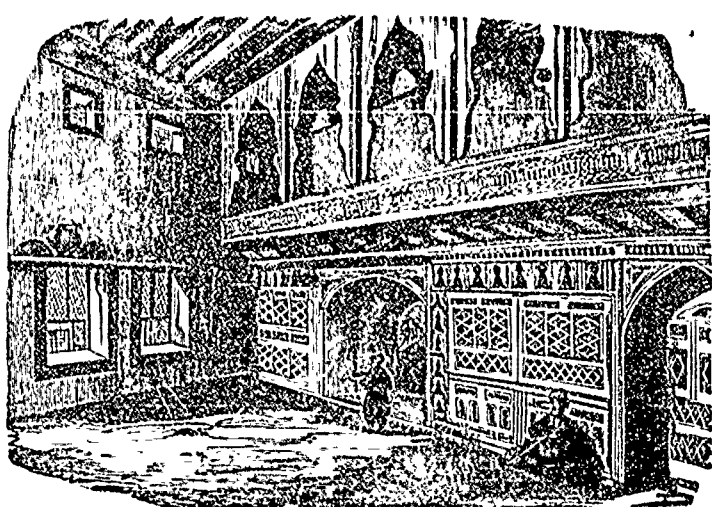
TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

Give the Boys and Girls a Chance.
THE vacations are over and the schools and colleges are seeking new recruits. Let us repeat again that the best thing you can give your child is a good education. All else you put into his hands, and it may slip out of them; this you put into his head, and it will stay there till the crack of doom. Besides, education is capital, and yields larger per cents—even of Gradgrind facts—than any other investment. "Not always?" But, dear souls, no investment always yields large per cents. All are subject to failure. It is not always best, however, to try to

give an education with stress on the giving. The lad must get for himself, and much self-denial of his lower nature must go along with the payment of his bills. If the self-subjection does not work in him, your checks will not be successfully capitalized. An entirely safe rule for a father to follow is God's rule with us—to give good things to those who want them enough to seek them. God's best is so given; a father's best may be so given, and that best is the necessary means of education. If the child is growing up with a desire for a good education, thank God that He has given you such a child, and spare nothing to enrich his or her character by affording all possible opportunity. Try, at least try, to ballast your children for the voyage of life. You may fail; but it may give you precious consolations in sad days to know that you did what you could.

Do not worry now about what your children are to do in the world; the present question concerns what they are to be in mental and moral quality and power. College education now leads to all pursuits. Business of some kind takes up the larger half of the graduates. Colleges are no longer for ministers merely; they educate the pew as well as the pulpit. The boy or girl will best find vocation after mental awakening and furnishing. If it is not already settled by a divine call to your Samuel, postpone debate about it until the lad acquires better ears for divine voices, or better eyes for openings to secular cares. The lad will know better what he can do after he has become something and tried his mettle in the competitions of school life. Give him a chance to measure himself along with others of his age and opportunities. He will wrestle through the problem of his life in the school-room, and sometimes amaze you by solving for himself what you could not solve for him. Does someone say: "There will be too many educated men and women?" That can never be. All souls should know and love God. All minds should be enlightened, cultivated, endued with power. But, alas, the ages of sin and ignorance will last our days and the days of our children. We are in no danger of being ruined by too much of either righteousness or wisdom. —Selected.

WE know of no periodical that is doing so much to popularize scientific investigation as *The Popular Science Monthly*. Its recent contents are rich and varied. The Mediterranean of Canada, is an article full of interest and instruction. In the month of February last a report was laid before the Parliament of Canada detailing the results of an expedition dispatched by the Government of that country particularly for the purpose of inquiring into the navigability of Hudson Strait and Bay, and, at the same time, of gathering information concerning the resources of that region, and its availability as a field for settled habitation. This report represents the first properly organized attempt that has ever been made to pierce the secrets of Hudson Bay for the public benefit. Although called a bay, it is really an inland sea, 1,000 miles in length by 600 in width, having thus an area of about 500,000 square miles, or quite half that of the Mediterranean. This article is a very interesting digest of the report. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Yearly subscription, \$5.00. Single number 50c.



COURT OF A PERSIAN HOUSE.

Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

WE have been requested to call attention to the following facts, taken from a circular recently issued by R. Mathison, Esq., Superintendent of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Should any of our readers desire additional information, a letter addressed to Mr. Mathison, Belleville, Ontario, will receive prompt attention.

"There are many deaf and dumb children whose parents are not aware of the liberal provision made by the Province for such afflicted ones. Every deaf and dumb child in Ontario, of suitable age and capacity, may have instruction and training in intellectual culture and in some useful occupation, by attending the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Belleville.

"There were 240 pupils in attendance last session, but as a number completed their education and left in June, there will be room for all for whom admission is desired when the Institution re-opens in September. Would you kindly mention the foregoing in your paper; it might, perhaps, meet the eye of some parent who has a deaf and dumb child and would like to send it to school."

A Year of Grace.

DR. SUTHERLAND remarked at the Toronto Conference that he doubted if ever, in the annals of Methodism in any land or at any time, a more remarkable ingathering of souls was recorded than during the Conference year just closed. An increase of over 20,000, after making up for all the losses by deaths, removals, suspensions and the like, is something for which to be devoutly thankful. It represents an increase of considerably over ten per cent. of the entire membership. At this rate the Church would more than double in membership within a single decade. And why not? The same infinite resources of divine grace are available in the future as during the past—the susceptibilities and needs of the human heart are the same. "Let Zion arise and shine, the glory of the Lord being risen upon her." The fields wave white unto the harvest on every side. Ever new generations are coming on the field of being to be disciplined for Christ, and wide doors of opportunity are being opened in many lands.

It is, we think, no fanaticism to regard this unprecedented year of grace as the seal of the Divine approval on the union of Canadian Methodism. The removal of causes of estrangement and strife and petty jealousy, the sub-

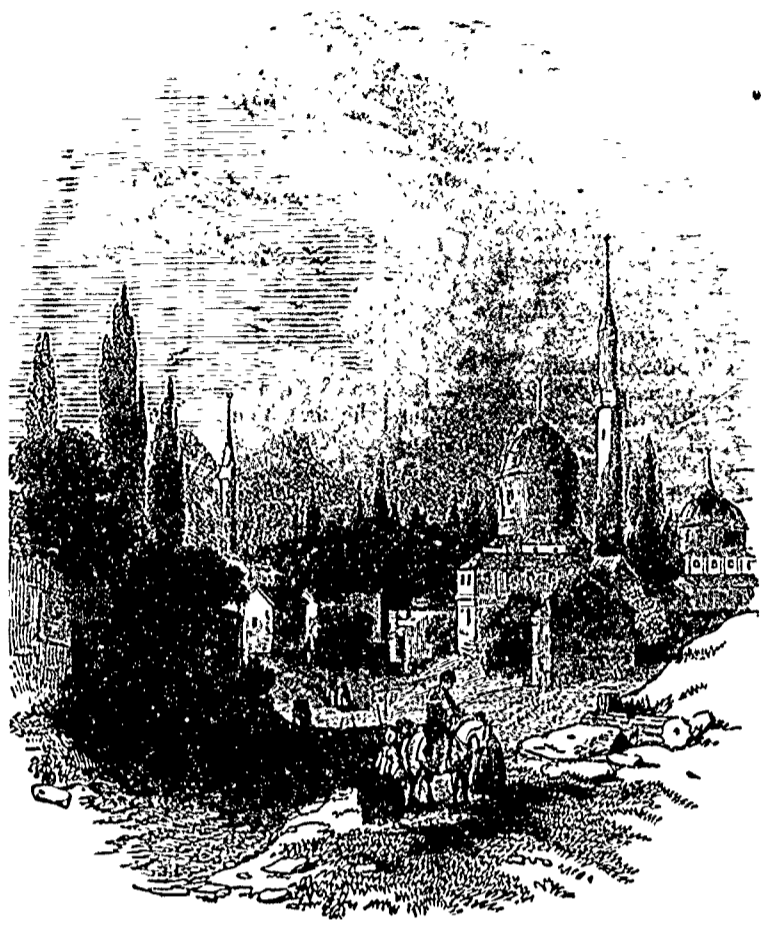
stitution of brotherly love and Christian co-operation, finds its natural result in this remarkable ingathering of souls. It is noteworthy that the year following the previous union with the New Connexion Church was signalized by an addition of over 8,000 members to the united Church. Such gracious results, with the increased resources which shall flow therefrom, will go far to remove any temporary difficulty felt from the overcrowding of the ranks of the ministry. Indeed, that difficulty has already largely disappeared, and in our magnificent territory in the North-West there is already an earnest demand for more labourers for the harvest.—Dr. Withrow, in *Methodist Magazine*.

Court of a Persian House.

THE prevailing plan of houses of the better class in Syria, Arabia, and Persia, presents a front of wall. Within this is a court or courts with apartments opening into them. Some of the finest houses in the East are at Damascus, in some of which are seven courts. Into the court the principal apartments look, and are either open to it in front or are entered from it by doors. Around part, if not the whole of the court is a verandah, often nine or ten feet deep, over which, when there is more than one floor, runs a second gallery of like depth with a balustrade.

Your Sunday-school is not as good as you would like it to be. Would you have it better? Well, here is a plan that is just sure to bring about the desired improvement: Let every scholar stop grumbling and resolve to be more studious, prompt, and respectful. It is safe to say that some of those who read these lines have from the day they entered the school been a continual source of annoyance and discouragement to the officers and teachers. You are helping to make the school what it is, good or bad. Think about that awhile.

FEELING is of just as much use in religion as steam is in an engine—if it drive the engine, it is good, but if it does not it is not good for anything but to fizz and buzz. There are some people who seem to be like yard engines that never go anywhere, but keep puffing and blowing, and hissing, and running up and down side-tracks doing nothing, going nowhere. Feeling in religion is of no value at all if it does not propel us along the track of duty toward our final destination—God.



AK-HISSAR—THE ANCIENT THYATIRA.

Marquette.

"THEY ARE MANY; WE ARE FEW.

It was on an autumn evening,
And two hundred years ago,
That around a cabin fire,
Gazing on its ruddy glow,
Saw a group of souls in silence,
While without their cabin rude
They could hear the cold winds moaning
Through the forest solitude.

Long they sat in silence musing,
Not one speaking any word,
Though 'twas plain amid that silence
Some grave thought each bosom stirred,
For each comrade's face was sober
As if death that very day
To their number had descended
And some loved one borne away

But, at last, one spoke: "O brother,
I appeal this hour to you!
Can we do the work, and mighty,
That we sought these wilds to do?
Point the red-men—they are many—
To the Cross—the Saviour true—
For remember, O good brother,
They are many; we are few."

Spoke another of the number,
And his speech was sad withal:
"O good brother, from the Fatherland
I hear loved voices call,
And in tones of very sorrow—
'Oh, return to those who yearn
For thy presence every hour—
To thy loved ones, oh, return.'"

Then he of the number truest,
Turning to his comrades, said:
"Is the spirit of the Master
In your faithless bosoms dead?
To the cause ye long have cherished
Are ye going to prove untrue,
Though the red-men be so many,
And, alas! we be so few?"

"Though ye hear loved voices calling
From the Fatherland, 'Return!'—
Though to look upon dear faces
Far away, I know ye yearn;
Will ye leave me, O companions,
While ye go unto your own?
Leave me here, far from my kindred,
Leave me here to toil alone!"

"For I cannot go, O comrades!
There's a work which must be done.
Who will do it if we leave it?
Who, of Christ, the Holy One,
Here shall speak to those who know not
Of His mercies, ever new,
Unto those who seek His blessing?
To my trust I must be true!"

Thus he spoke, the loyal, loving,
The true hero, patient, meek,
In that hour, when in his comrades'
Breasts faith seemed, alas! so weak.
And once more there fell a silence
In that little cabin rude,
While without the winds went moaning
Through the forest solitude.

But at length, in tears, spoke Jacques:
"Brother, 'twill be as you say!
Where you labour for the Master
There I, too, shall toil and pray—
Pray and toil, and doubt not ever,
Holding to the faith with you,
Though the red-men be so many—
Oh, so many! we so few!"

Spoke the lone Pierre, and homesick,
Sighing for loved ones afar:
"Neither will I leave you, brother,
Since faith is my guiding star!
Though I hear loved voices calling,
He who calls me first is Christ;
Cherished wishes of my heart, for
His sake, must be sacrificed."

Then Marquette, with gladness beating
In his heart, arose and said
(Looking upward, while he laid his
Hands upon each comrade's head):
"Halleluiah to the Father!
Halleluiah to the Son!
Halleluiah to the Spirit!
Blessed Triune—Three in One!"

And they went forth on the morrow,
Those three knights of long ago,
Stronger, better, nobler, purer, for that
Very hour; and lo!
In the winter, and the summer,
In the cold, and in the heat,
God was with them in their labours
With His benediction sweet.

Vanished are the mighty forests,
Gone, for aye, the red-men bold.
Passed to God are they who for Him
Wrought amid the days of old:
But where stood the mighty forests,
You may hear them calling yet
Hear the red-men sadly calling—
"Jacques, Pierre, and loved Marquette!"
—Geo. Newell Lovejoy.

THE zeal that would concentrate the most efficient evangelizing agencies where you happen to live to the exclusion of needier fields is questionable. Selfishness slips in, calling itself by another name.

Ak-Hissar, the Ancient Thyatira.

THE name of this ancient city is mentioned four times in the New Testament—in Acts 16. 14; in Revelation 1. 11, and 2. 18, 24. The first mention is in connection with Lydia, whom Paul and his companions met among the worshippers by the riverside at Philippi. She was a native of Thyatira, a seller of purple, and apparently a woman of means. In Revelation, Thyatira is mentioned as one of "the seven Churches of Asia" to which special letters were addressed. (See references as above.) It has been thought probable that Lydia, after having become a Christian, returned again to this city, and became the means of establishing the Gospel there. Thyatira was from early times noted for the richness and beauty of its purple-dyed goods; and this reputation is maintained to the present day. The scarlet cloth especially dyed there is said to be unsurpassed for elegance and permanence of colour. The city is situated in the western part of Asia Minor, on the northern border of the province of Lydia. The present population is estimated to be from 17,000 to 20,000.

A Waif of Song.

It is the inspirations of duty, and not of ambition, that make one's efforts these useful to the world.

Some years ago I was called to do some work in association with an American song-writer, whose benevolent purpose in life and self-forgetfulness for others greatly impressed me, and whose influence I hope never to forget or lose.

His songs are known wherever the English language is spoken, but many of them are very simple—voices of the heart. In moral and spiritual things he claimed that that is the best music that will do the most good, and that inspiration dictates to be written.

"The people love these simple airs," he said, "and I like to write for the people."

It is easy to criticise such interpretations of the heart, but they cannot be successfully imitated.

One of these airs was written to the words,—

"When He cometh,
When He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
His loved and His own."

Two years ago we heard the chimes of St. Martin, at the West End, London, one Sabbath morning, bursting into music, filling all the air over the Thames and about Westminster Bridge, the Parliament Houses, St. James' Park and Buckingham Palace, with crystal tones. Parliament was in session; it was near the close of the London season, and the West End was crowded with titled people.

What tune were the bells of St. Martin playing on this quiet Sabbath morning, preaching an early sermon to England's law-makers, as it awoke them from their slumbers?

It was our friend's simple air,—

"When He cometh,
To make up His jewels."

A few weeks later, we returned to America on one of the ships of the Allan line. On Sunday the bell rung

for service, and the cabin passengers generally responded to the call, but the steerage passengers, on account of their poor clothing, were unwilling to attend.

The poor people in the steerage numbered a thousand souls, and represented nearly all religions and nationalities. After service in the cabin was over, it occurred to them that even they might have a sermon or two in the form of songs. What could they all sing? Listen:

"When He cometh."

The song floated up grandly from the hatchway. There were few silent voices; the chorus was full, even the children could all sing that.

We arrived at Quebec on Sunday morning. The thousand emigrants poured out of the ship, and waited in the emigrant sheds for the "making up" of "their trains."

At about four o'clock in the afternoon two trains of great length were ready for them, one going east to Richmond, Canada, and the other west to Winnipeg, and the shores of the Georgian Bay.

The whistles blew, and the trains began to move. In one train rose a hymn; it was taken up by the passengers of the other; it was the emigrants' sermon for that day—

"All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning,
His loved and His own."

"When He cometh!" The two streams of song flowed wider and wider apart as the trains moved on. Few of these thousand emigrants would ever meet on the Atlantic or in either continent again. Yet the parting on that dreamy summer afternoon made them feel that all in this world are emigrants, and the words lighted the rainbow of hope in the spiritual horizon like an antiphon:

The trains wound away from the St. Lawrence, and the parting song was lost in the sun-flecked woods.

"All the pure ones, all bright ones,
His loved and His own;
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine"—

It became a shadow song, and was lost. The simple heart-tone had repeated to many lands the sublime truth of the great Hebrew prophet:—

"And they shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels."—Malachi 3. 17.

But one Journey.

"WHEN I was a young man there lived in our neighbourhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, or rather more than would be required of him. One of his friends, observing him frequently doing so, questioned him as to why he did it; he told him he gave too much, and said it was to his disadvantage. Now, mark the answer of this excellent man: 'God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes.' The old farmer's mistakes were of the sort he did not want to rectify."—Horatio Seymour.

God gives us many precious prospects for this life and the next.

The Story.

HAVE you listened to the story
Sweet and old,
Have you listened to the story,
Filling life with light and glory,
Men have told?
How there came a heavenly stranger,
Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,
Strong to shield from death and danger
God's dear fold.

It is full of human sweetness,
Rich in love's divine completeness,
Ever now.

Grief, her lonely vigil keeping,
Care, her crust with sorrow steeping,
Lift their eyes and hear it, weeping;
'Tis for you.

He was wronged above all others,
Mocked, denied;
He was wronged above all others,
Bruised and broken, O my Brothers,
Criticised;

In a purple robe they bound Him
With the cruel thorns they crowned Him,
Pitiless, they gathered round Him,
Till He died.

When I heard the wondrous story,
So divine,

When I heard the wondrous story,
Coming down through annals hoary,
Christ was mine:—

O that love beyond comparing!
Burdened heart, thy sorrow sharing,
For thy sake the thorn crown wearing,
Is He thine?

—Rev. W. Houghton.

Persia and the Persians.

PERSIA is a country about 1,200 miles long by 850 wide. It has a population equal to that of Canada—about 5,000,000. The country is chiefly a plateau, 3,000 or 4,000 feet above the sea. In the interior is a great desert, 400 miles long by 250 wide. The Elburz Mountains rise to the height of 18,000 feet. The heat in summer often reaches 100° or 110° in the shade. Where irrigated the soil is very fertile. The people are mostly Mahometans. It was in Persia that the heroic missionary, Henry Martyn, died, a victim to his zeal. Teheran, the capital, is about the size of Toronto, with a population of 120,000.

Labour is cheap in Persia. Each servant is expected to do only a few things, while the elaborate etiquette of society requires a great many duties which are never dreamed of in America.

In observing this and other peculiarities of Oriental life, one is often reminded of Scripture scenes and illustrations. In fact, until one has become familiar with life in Eastern lands, I do not see how he can thoroughly understand or enjoy many of the descriptions of passages in the Bible.

The household of an Oriental gentleman is divided into the main dwelling and the zanderoon, or harem, occupied by the ladies of his family and their servants. The servants in the zanderoon are necessarily women, often slaves, for no man, except the husband, enters that secluded part of the establishment. Never having seen Persian women at home, I can only speak of their costume and usages from hearsay. But while in the street they go muffled by a close tunic and veil, in their private apartments their dress is distinguished by great brevity of skirt, and an ease which dispenses entirely with corsets or tight lacing boots.

The head servant of the main household is the nazire, or steward. The house servants under him, besides the cook and his assistants, are several pishketmets, or table-waiters, and several sherbet bearers, or waiters intended solely to serve refreshments and pipes. Besides there is the department of the stable, also under the charge of the nazire.

This is a very important part of a Persian establishment. For the only way of travelling about the country is on horseback, and no gentleman thinks of going out of his house without a large retinue, whether on horseback or on foot. If the former be the method chosen for an afternoon visit or excursion, then the giliodâr must lead the train mounted.

After him follow two or more attendants, called foranshes, also mounted; then comes the master himself, and several golems or foranshes bring up the rear. Thus a Persian household includes a large retinue of servants, and horses enough to mount them.

Another peculiarity of Persian life is the pedler. It is very difficult for women of the upper classes, or even of any class, to shop in the bazaars or markets. During five months of the year many of them are in the country, while all of them are as fond as women in other countries of seeing pretty things, turning them over and trying to buy them for something less than cost. Hence the pedler is one of the most important characters of Persian society.

The pedlers travel in pairs. A diminutive donkey is part of their capital in trade. They carry their wares in a pair of saddle-bags. The goods are owned either by each pedler singly, or in partnership, or both. For a time, perhaps, the same men will travel over the roads of Persia together, dispensing goods to the women of the country.

Sometimes the business is followed by father and son. What do these men sell? you may ask. I answer, everything. Some of them deal in small wares, gloves, pins, needles, stationery, and cheap jewellery; others have choice carpets of Kurdistan or Turkistan, or shawls of Cashmere, silken scarfs, pieces of old embroidery, stuffs worked with gold thread, or tablecloths and slippers wrought in the ingenious and sumptuous designs of Resht; others bring you carved woods of Kashan, inkstands of Shiraz, playing-cards of Teheran, and so on.

Then the business of buying and selling begins; on the one side by depreciating the goods as utterly beneath contempt; while on the other side the goods are cried up to the skies as the finest of their kind; and a proportionate price is demanded—three or four times what the seller expects eventually to receive. By long and slow degrees each advances towards a compromise which generally results in the purchase of the article for about one-third to one-half of the sum first demanded.

Often, having failed to accomplish a bargain, the pedlers pack all their goods, and march off with an offended air, as if insulted that so insignificant a price should be offered for a certain article.

Having left the house, they go some distance until they come to a tea-shop. There they discuss the matter over again and decide to accept the offer. In an hour or two you may see them returning and handing you the article at your own terms. I have had pieces brought back to me sometimes a week after the pedler had left in apparently high dudgeon.

Constantly wandering about as they do, picking up every sort of marketable article, these pedlers often come across very choice examples of old faience, metal work, embroidery, carpets and silks of other days, which are

becoming more and more scarce every year, for they are being fast gathered up for European museums or private collections.

Another character as important in Persian life as the pedler is the scribe. The East and the West differ entirely in many usages and modes of thought. But nothing better illustrates this difference than the method of writing. In Europe and America they write from left to right. In Persia and generally throughout Asia the words proceed from right to left.

The difficulty of writing Persian has perhaps been one reason why it has come to be one of the fine arts of the country. In former ages the Persians illuminated manuscripts of extraordinary beauty, displaying marvellous skill and artistic taste. The recent introduction of printing, and especially lithographic printing, into the country has led to a decrease in the preparation of book manuscripts.

But the scribes still take great pride in writing an elegant hand, and the leisure enjoyed here, as well as the slowness with which one is forced to write in the Persian character, encourages handsome penmanship.

The mirza, or scribe, is naturally an important character in Persian society. He is often in demand to write letters or receipts, and is the repository of almost as many secrets as a lawyer or a clergyman. When the letter or receipt is written, it must be signed. But perhaps the signer cannot write. In that case he takes out his seal with his name engraved upon it, dips it in the ink, and prints it on the paper.

Naturally the engraving of seals is an important occupation in Persia. Indeed, the lapidaries of Teheran or Ispahan could hardly be surpassed in the engraving of gems by any craftsman in Europe and America.

"Whatever is Best—is Best."

BY ELLA WHEELER-WILCOX.

I KNOW, as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,—
That under each rank Wrong somewhere
There lies the root of Right.
That each sorrow has its purpose—
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is best, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime, punished,
Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow, means often to suffer,—
But whatever is best, is best.

I know there are no errors,
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man,
And I know that when my soul speeds onward
In the grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
Whatever is best, is best.

One Life's Influence.

A LITTLE more than forty years ago there came to London a young apprentice. He was poor and friendless; he had but a single endowment—Christian faith. He took lodgings in St. Paul's Churchyard. His bedroom overlooked the vast wilderness of homes, with the dome of St. Paul's hanging like a crown of faith above it. He came to his room unknown, and there made a simple prayer of consecration alone. He felt the solitude of the city. Some eighty young men were employed in the same establishment as himself.

"I resolved," said a great reformer,

"to have no friends by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help me in my spiritual life and development."

The young apprentice had a like purpose. He found a few young men among his fellow-workmen whose lives had a moral aim and purpose. Some of these he invited to hold religious services with him in his room. These invited others to meet with them for the same purpose. The meetings grew in numbers. They multiplied. Young men's meetings for young men became a movement among the London trades, and in 1844 they led to the forming of the first Young Men's Christian Association.

The society spread. Its influence was felt throughout England; America took up the work; the islands of the Pacific; parts of Asia. Nearly three thousand associations were represented or reported at the tenth annual conference held in Berlin. Now the movement is found to meet the needs of colleges, and more than two hundred associations have been formed in colleges and schools.

Some months ago, a gentleman walking along the Thames Embankment saw the grand dome of St. Paul illuminated by the twilight, and recalled to a friend the historic associations of the church.

"And yet," said the friend, still gazing upon London's crown, "the influence of that church during the present century has, I think, been outweighed by the work of a single individual."

"Who?"

"A mere boy." He added, "I mean the apprentice who began in his simple room in St. Paul's Churchyard the work of Young Men's Christian Associations in the world."

We cannot weigh influences, but the above remark is inspiring in its lesson to those who seek to be helpful to others, but whose only resource is—faith.—*Youth's Companion.*

Betrayed by Bad Grammar.

"THREE of these girls say they go to school regularly," remarked Justice Power in the Tombs police court the other day, as four children were about to step down. Agent Chiardi, who had arrested the three as delinquents, and the other for picking up bones, took the fourth girl to one side, and said he knew the others did not go to school.

"An't they all together?" asked the court.

"No, sir," answered one of the trio. "Us don't belong to she."

"What? The next girl who goes to school—was that sentence correct?"

"No, sir."

"What should she have said?"

"Her an't one of we."

"Horrors! The next try it?"

"She be n't one of us three."

The justice groaned, and asked the fourth girl to repeat the sentence. She had said nothing about school; but she replied, "She is not one of us."

"You are discharged," said the court. "The others will have a chance to study in a reformatory."—*New York Herald.*

A LITTLE girl was asked by her mother on her return from church how she liked the preacher. "Didn't like him at all," was the reply. "Why?" "Cause he preached till he made me sleepy, and then hollered so loud that he wouldn't let me go to sleep."

The Heritage.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that feels the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of tolling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

Where the Shot Strike.

I CALLED a few days ago upon a poor but godly woman of seventy, who is spending the lonely years of her widowhood in the third storey of a tenement house. Her husband served a short time in the war, and by the gift of a small pension and the kindness of some of my people she manages to keep the wolf from the door.

"You have one son left," I said to her, "and he ought to be glad to bring his earnings home to his old mother."

"Ah!" she replied, with tears in her eyes, "my son J— takes all he earns over yonder, pointing to a dramshop. That masked battery is dealing out its deadly volleys day and night, and that poor widow's garret-room is one of the places where the shot strike."

"Pray for my poor J—," were her last words to me.

At the next home where I visited, a devoted Christian wife told me of the heart-break she was suffering on account of the persistent drunkenness of a beloved brother. "Nothing that we can do has any influence," she said to me sorrowfully, "he seems to be past hope."

A block or two farther on I halted at a brown-stone house to find out

whether a gentleman whom I had induced to sign the pledge of abstinence was still holding out.

A touching scene I had witnessed in that house some months ago when I went there at the invitation of his daughter. The father—a most kind-hearted and indulgent father, too—had reformed twice before and fallen again. I pled with him until he laid his head on my shoulder and sobbed like a child. The sweet daughter leaned over on him and sobbed too; and after prayer for him, he gave me his solemn promise to let the accursed cup alone. Thus far he has held to his pledge; but how long he may keep the tiger chained I cannot tell. It is a lamentable fact that a very small percentage of inebriates are permanently reformed. Out of the whole number who have connected themselves with my church (after an apparently thorough conversion) there are only two or three who have not had some slips backward.

Constant vigilance, constant keeping out of temptation, and constant hold on God's arm are the price they pay, who are "saved as by fire." A most noble and Christly undertaking is that which Dr. Banning's "Christian Home for Inebriates" is engaged in; but as we look over the wounded victims of the bottle who are brought in there, we discover that it is only another place where the shot strikes.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

Art of Thinking.

ONE of the best modes of improving the art of thinking is to think over some subject before reading upon it, and then observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted, and in what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch the manner in which a great mind views a great question. It is right to study; not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time to review what has passed, to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit in some minds to refer all the particular truths which strike them to other more general truths, so that their knowledge is beautifully methodized, and a particular truth at once calls up the general truth. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another without any attempt at classification or arrangement. Some men read with a pen in their hand and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them, others trust to chance for its appearance. Which of these is the best method in the understanding must, I suppose, depend a great deal upon the understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation; others, little with it. Some are fountains, others reservoirs.—*S. H. Thayer.*

PALEY'S "Evidences" have been translated into the Telugu language by a missionary, for the benefit of the Telugu theological students, who are poorly supplied with this kind of literature. Many of these students study in their own homes, many miles from their tutors, to whom they go at stated periods for instruction and examination.

The Buried Mother.

Out by the walls of a Danish town
The graves stood cold as the night came down.

The Anaglus prayer had long been said,
And the bell tolled out the psalm for the dead;

It swung for a while from the darkening
steeples.
"Out of the depths," said priest and people.

Through all the close-set town and towers
The doors were shut for the silent hours.

But a mother, buried for half a year,
Woke with a crying in her ear.

She rose with the vague sleep still in her
head,
And clad in the shroud that wraps the dead.

She left the cold graves under the walls,
And took the street to her husband's halls.

She felt her long-dead bosom ache,
For her seven children were all awake;

And none had broken them bread that night,
Or poured them beer, or trimmed a light.

And none had laid them pillow or sheet;
The dust of the day was on their feet.

Two strove for an empty cup, and one
Was crying—that was her youngest son.

She washed and kissed them, and hushed
their cries;
While tears pressed out of her long-dead
eyes.

But their father, who lay on a lower floor,
Had heard her step in the corridor.

And he arose and came, and saw her stand
With the children clinging to either hand.

She said, "The crying smote my heart.
It broke my dreams of death apart.

"I was loth to leave these seven. I died.
But when have I slept when the child has
cried?"

"Take note, ere I pass to my many dead:
Your children woke and had no bread,

"No fire, no lamp; two were at strife;
One cried uncomforted. Tell your wife."

An Anecdote.

My father, whose name is Donald Fraser, and his neighbour William Fraser, were very intimate, and as much together as was consistent with their occupation, they being both industrious farmers. My father was nearly seventy years of age, and his friend William was several years his senior. Both were Highland Scotchmen from Invernesshire, and, as in the case with so many of their countrymen, both were devotees of the pipe and tobacco quid from their youth up. A quarter of a century before, they had both, from conscientious motives, given up their dram, as they called it, my father leading in that movement and persuading his friend to follow. They were never what would be called intemperate; but from that time forth they were total abstainers from all intoxicants. They were both godly men, and most of their conversation was on topics of religious experience.

One night, at my father's house, during their chatting they commenced filling their pipes, and William Fraser, turning thoughtfully to my father and tapping the bowl of his pipe with the handle of his tobacco knife, exclaimed, "Donald, what do you think of this smoking and chewing business?"

My father shrewdly answered by asking another question, and said, "What do you think of it yourself, William?"

William replied, "Donald, we say we are Christians; and, if we are Christians, we are 'free men in Christ Jesus.' Now, Donald, when we are doing this thing, and we can nae quit it, are we free?"

"Do you think yourself we are!" replied my father.

"I am nae sure o' it," said William, who retained much more of the Scotch dialect than my father.

"And see here," said my father; "what we spit around and burn into smoke, of this nasty stuff, costs us nearly as much money as we give to the Master's cause. Is this right?" "Do you think, Donald," says William, "that, if we should quit it, we could do more for Christ?"

Both then with one impulse, suiting the action to the word, said, "Let us put the things up, then;" and both, rising to their feet, laid their pipes and tobacco on the mantle-piece, where they lay for many a long day.

These two men of God never smoked nor chewed again. William Fraser has gone to his rest; my father still lives, in his eighty-sixth year, a free man.—*Monthly Record.*

"Give me back my Husband!"

NOT many years since, a young married couple from the far "fast anchored isle" sought our shores, with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when in an evil hour the husband was tempted "to look upon the vine when it is red," and to taste of it "when it gives colour in the cup." The charmer fastened around his victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell; and at every step of his degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion. Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of these shambles where man is made such a thing as beasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalian crowd who were revelling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of that "perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "Give me back my husband!" "There's your husband," said the man. "That my husband! What have you done to that noble form that once, like the giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that noble brow, which he once wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? That my husband! What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to erect to heaven, and see in its mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the fountains of his head into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me beside the altar!"—*Elihu Burritt's Sparks from the Anvil.*

BAD companions and bad advice are the ruin of many.

A WORTHY Quaker wrote:—"I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there can be any kindness I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

LESSON NOTES. FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KINGS AND PROPHETS.

B.C. 892.] LESSON I. [Oct. 4.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

2 Kings 6. 8-23. Commit to mem. vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.—2 Kings 6. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Christian has a multitude of unseen defenders from evil.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 6. 1-23. Th. 2 Chron 32. 1-22.
T. Ps. 139. 1-24. F. Matt. 26. 47-54.
W. Ps. 91. 1-16. Sa. Rom. 8. 31-39.
Su. Rom. 10. 9-21.

TIME.—Probably about B.C. 892.

PLACE.—Samaria, the capital of Israel; and Dothan, a small city twelve miles north of Samaria

RULERS.—Jehoshaphat and Jehoram, kings of Judah; Jehoram king of Israel; Benhadad II., king of Syria.

INTRODUCTION.—We now take up the history of Elisha where we left it in the last quarter. After healing Naaman, the Syrian general, Elisha worked a miracle for one of the sons of the prophets (2 Kings 6. 1-18,) and then follow the events of to-day's lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—8. *King of Syria*—Benhadad II. *Warred*—Sent roving bands for plunder and perhaps to subdue. *Camp*—Or ambuscade. 10. *The king sent*—To see if the prophet knew and was correct in his warning. 11. *Sore troubled*—Heb., was in a tempest of anger. 13. *Dothan*—A small city twelve miles north of Samaria. Here Joseph was sold to go into Egypt (Gen. 37. 17.) 14. *A great host*—A large band of foot-soldiers. 16. *They that be with us are more, etc.*—God was with them, and innumerable angels, and all the forces of nature. 17. *The mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire*—The mountain was the hill on which Dothan was situated. The Syrians were on the surrounding hills. The space between them and Elishah was filled with the unseen defenders. The chariots of fire were symbols of the angels and spiritual beings and secret forces of nature, which are always around God's people. 18. *When they*—The Syrians. *S-note them with blindness*—The word means, not complete blindness, but a dazed and bewildered vision, that could not see things as they are. Elishah could not lead a host of totally blind people twelve miles. 19. *This is not the way*—Dothan was not Elishah's city. He led them to his own home, Samaria, twelve miles away. 21. *Smite them*—Kill them. 22. *Set bread and water*—Change the enemies to friends. Learn a better way of treating enemies. 23. The treatment is here shown to have been successful.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Elishah.—Jehoram.—God knowing our secret thoughts.—The Christian's defenders.—Bible proof of angels and spirits being continually around us.—The blindness of the Syrians.—Elishah's treatment of them.—The true treatment of enemies.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What work did Elishah do in our last regular lesson? What miracle did he next perform? (2 Kings 6. 1-7.) How long before Christ did Elishah live?

SUBJECT: THE DEFENDERS OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

I. THE ISRAELITES ATTACKED (v. 8).—Who made war against Israel? In which direction was Syria from Israel? Was there any natural boundary between? What might have been the objects of this war?

II. DEFENDED BY GOD'S PROPHET (vs. 8-12).—Who was a king of Israel at this time? What kind of a king was he? (2 Kings 3. 1-3.) What did Elishah do for him in this war? Why did he do so much for such a king? What did the king of Syria think about it? How could Elishah know what was in the heart of others? Does God know our inmost thoughts? (Ps. 139. 1-4, 7-11; Prov. 15. 3; Heb. 4. 13.) What influence should this fact have upon us? When is it a comfort?

III. THE ASSAULT ON ELISHA (vs. 13, 14).—What did the king of Syria do next? Where was Elishah's home? (2 Kings 6. 24, 32.) Where was he at this time? How far was Dothan from Samaria? Whom did the king send to capture Elishah?

IV. ELISHA'S DEFENDERS (vs. 15-17).—What did Elishah's servant learn in the morning? How did he feel? How did Elishah calm his fears? How does faith drive away fear? What did God show the servant of Elishah? What like this was true of Christ? (Matt. 26. 53.) Of what were the horses and chariots of fire a symbol? Are angels and spiritual beings around us? (Heb. 1. 14; 12. 22; Ps. 91. 11; Matt. 18. 10; Luke 16. 22.) What other unseen defenders have we? (Ps. 46. 1; Matt. 28. 20; John 15. 16, 23.) Are the secret powers of nature on the side of the Christian? (Rom. 8. 23.) What lessons can we learn from these facts?

V. THE VICTORY OF PRAOR (vs. 18-23).—What did Elishah do to this army? Was the blindness total? Where did he lead them? How far was it? What did the king propose? How did Elishah have them treated? What was the good result of this policy? How should we treat our enemies? (Matt. 5. 43-48; Rom. 12. 20, 21.) Why is this a wise as well as a pious policy?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God knows our every secret thought and feeling.
2. It is vain to fight against God.
3. The lack of faith leads to fear.
4. The Christian has countless unseen defenders.—(1) God himself, (2) the ever-present Jesus, (3) the Comforter, (4) ministering angels, (5) the forces of nature.
5. Pray God for insight.
6. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in concert.)

1. How was Jehoram, king of Israel, defended against the attacks of the Syrians? ANS. By the prophet Elishah revealing their plans. 2. What did the king of Syria do? ANS. He surrounded Elishah in Dothan with an army. 3. How was Elishah defended? ANS. By a multitude of invisible heavenly beings. 4. What became of the Syrian army? ANS. They were blinded, and Elishah led them as captives to the king of Israel in Samaria. 5. What was done to them there? ANS. They were treated well, and sent home; and this ended the war.

B.C. 891.] LESSON II. [Oct. 11.

THE FAMINE IN SAMARIA.

2 Kings 7. 1-17. Commit to mem. vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.—Luke 18. 27.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God fulfils his promises.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 6. 24-33. Th. Job 18. 5-21.
T. 2 Kings 7. 1-20. F. Ps. 78. 10-33.
W. 2 Kings 8. 1-20. Sa. Ps. 78. 42-64.
Su. Luke 18. 18-27.

TIME.—About B.C. 891.

PLACE.—Samaria, the capital of Israel.

RULERS.—Jehoram, son of Jehoshaphat, king of Judah; Jehoram, son of Ahab, king of Israel; Benhadad II., king of Syria.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The peace between Israel and Syria with which our last lesson closes, was not of long duration. In a year or two the Syrians made another invasion of Israel. Benhadad came with a great army and besieged Samaria.

THE FAMINE.—The siege was unexpected and the city unprepared, so that ere long the citizens were on the verge of starvation. So severe was the famine that an ass's head was sold as high as 80 shekels (\$44.00,) and mothers ate their own children. (2 Kings 6. 24-33.)

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.—And yet Elishah's God, who had wrought so many miracles through him, did not interfere to save. How this must have tried even the faith of Elishah, much more that of the king and people. The famine was, no doubt, on account of the sins of the people, and would continue till it had wrought in them a better and more repentant disposition. At length the king threatened to kill Elishah; probably because he had promised help which had not yet come. Here, again, Elishah's faith was tried. The lesson begins with Elishah's reply to this threat. The relief was about to come.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *A measure*—A seah, a peck and a half. *Shekel*—65 cents. *Gate of Samaria*—The usual market-place. 3. *Four leprous men*—Men with the leprosy, forbidden to enter the city, but living just outside the gates, to beg of those who passed through. 4. *Fall unto*—Fall into the hands of. 5. *Uttermost part of the camp*—The outmost, that nearest the city. 6. *The Hittites*—Descendants of Heth, son of Canaan. They were from the North, as the Egyptians from the South. 10. *The porter*—The guard, consisting of a number of men. 14. *Two chariot horses*—Two chariot teams; two chariots, with their horses and men. 15. *Unto Jordan*—Which must be crossed to reach Syria. 17. *Charge of the gate*—Probably to collect taxes on what the people brought in from the Syrian camp. *Trade upon him*—Purposely, in indignation at his work.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The war with Syria.—The famine.—The trial of Elishah's faith.—The promised abundance.—The four lepers.—The cause of the Syrians' flight.—The fulfilment of the promise.—The fate of unbelief.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the state of affairs between Israel and Syria at the close of our last lesson? Who was king of Israel? Who of Syria? How long did this peace last?

SUBJECT: GOD'S PROMISES FULFILLED.

I. THE FAMINE IN SAMARIA.—What was Samaria? Who besieged it? What was said of the severity of the famine? (2 Kings 6. 24-29.)

II. THE TRIAL OF FAITH.—Why was this famine allowed to be so terrible, since God had often helped the people before? (Deut. 28. 47, 48, 52, 53, 58.) How would it try the faith of the king and the people? How did it try the faith of Elishah? What did the king propose to do to Elishah? (2 Kings 6. 30-33.) Why was this another trial of Elishah's faith.

III. THE PROMISE OF RELIEF (vs. 1, 2).—What did Elishah have from God? How soon would the relief come? How much was a "measure"? The value of a shekel? What did the king's officer say as to the impossibility of this? Can God relieve our wants when relief seems to us impossible?

IV. THE PROMISE FULFILLED (vs. 3-6).—In what strange way was this promise fulfilled? Why were these lepers at the gate of the city? Why did they go to the Syrian camp? Meaning of *uttermost part of the camp*? Why had the Syrians fled? Was this a miracle? Why did they leave their camp with horses tied, etc.? What did the king think when he heard the report of the lepers? What course did he take? Was it wise? What was the result? How would the fulfilment of Elishah's promise tend to make the people return to God? How would it increase their faith?

V. THE FATE OF UNBELIEF (v. 17).—What man had refused to believe Elishah? What had Elishah said to him? How was this fulfilled? What was his duty at the gate? Why did the people tread him to death? What is unbelief? Why is it wrong? How will it be punished?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God tries the faith of his children.
2. Do not oppose the preachers of righteousness, but the sins which make their words necessary.
3. Not the doubt that explores, but the unbelief that mocks and disobeys, is punished.
4. God can supply his people's want in unexpected ways.
5. God's word never fails, neither of promise nor of threat.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in concert.)

6. Who soon besieged Samaria? ANS. The Syrians, under king Benhadad. 7. What was the result of the siege? ANS. A terrible famine. 8. What did the king do? ANS. He threatened Elishah with death for not bringing relief from God. 9. What did Elishah promise? ANS. That God would make food abundant within one day. 10. How was it fulfilled? The Syrian thought they heard in the night the sound of approaching armies, and they fled in a panic. 11. What befell the man that mocked Elishah in unbelief? ANS. The people trode him to death at the gate of the city.

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