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HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, JULY 5, 1884.

[No. 14.]

Who'll Buy.

Forty casks of liquid woe
Who'll buy?
Murder by the gallon, oh!
Who'll buy?
Larceny and theft made thin,
Beggary and death thrown in,
Packages of liquid sin,
Who'll buy?

Foreign death imported pure
Who'll buy?
Warranted not slow but sure—
Who'll buy?
Empty pacifics by the cask,
Tangled brains by pint or flask,
Vice of any kind you ask,
Who'll buy?

Competition we defy
Who'll buy?
Barrels full of pure soul-dye
Who'll buy?
Dye to make the soul jet black,
Dye to make the conscience
slack—
Nothing vile do our casks lack:
Who'll buy?

Which is the Wiser, Man or Brute?

THE Dutchman in the picture thinks it a capital joke to try to make the goat drink a mug of beer. But Billy has more sense than Hans, and repels with indignation the proffered draught. I am sure he exhibits more wisdom than the whole drinking crew. They say goats will eat almost anything, from old boots to tin cans. But not a goat in Christendom will eat the stinking weed tobacco which Hans seems so to like. Beg pardon for using the nasty word, but no other will describe the nasty thing. When will men, created in the image of God, and destined for immortality, learn to be as respectable in their habits as the beasts that perish.

Mortimer Hudson: or, The Old Man's Story.

I NEVER shall forget the commencement of the Temperance Reform. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me, their child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass. One Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I know nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor

said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address on the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drink. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course

ing clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn the strange thing. My father said it was some scheme to unite Church and State!

The night came, and groups of peo-

his hat and we passed across the green. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In a corner of the building was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of his friends.

For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair houseful. All were curiously watching the door, wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in, and took his seat with the air of one doubtful of the propriety of being there at all.

Two men finally came in, and took their seats in front of the audience. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short and thick-set in build, the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet, good-natured look, as he leisurely looked round upon the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, look'd giant-like as he strode up to his seat. His hair was white, his brow deeply-seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and searching, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheeks.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with a prayer.

The pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer and address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.

The pastor rose from his seat, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since from many others, by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddling fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honoured usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and



TRYING TO MAKE "BILLY" DRUNK.

it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I eagerly questioned my father about it. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hear-

ple gathered on the steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the neighbouring tavern. I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on

since from many others, by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddling fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honoured usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and

his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plans.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the assembly.

He bent his eye upon the tavern-keeper, who quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then, in a low and tremulous voice, commenced. There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period rounded. My father's attention had become fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends!—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has risen, and there is hope in the dark night, which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker continued: "O God, Thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of children. I thank Thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up, upon which the drunkard can look and be healed; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honour and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer!"

It is strange what power there is in some voices! The speaker was slow and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone; and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others like rain drops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:—

"Men and Christians!—You have just heard that I am vagrant and fanatic! I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me, and be just.

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey! There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked! I am without friends, home, or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred, or home! It was not so once."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home! I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, now mine no more!"

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vi-

sion, his lips apart, and his fingers extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements.

"I once had a mother! With her old heart crushed with sorrows she went down to her grave. I once had a wife!—a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eyes grow dim as the floods of sorrow washed away their brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fibre was broken! I once had a noble, brave, and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives! I once had a babe! a sweet, tender blossom; but my hand betrayed it, and it liveth with One who loves children.

"Do not be startled, friends! I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son! The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honour! The child-angel visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek! My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life! God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine!"

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a countenance unusually excited by some strong emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness, and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply.

"I was a drunkard! From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw my wife's cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home-idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and her children went hungry for bread!

One New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheeks. At this moment the child in the cradle awoke, and sent up a famishing wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

"We have no food, James—have had none for several days! I have nothing for the babe! My once kind husband, must we starve?"

"That sad pleading face, and those straining eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes! I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth! The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had done wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both hands in her hair."

"God of mercy, James!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance, 'you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie!' and she sprang to the cradle, and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hurled her into the darkness and storm! With a wild Ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingled with the wails of the blast and sharp cry of her babe! But my work was not complete.

"I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out! In the agony of fear he called to me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was, shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist!"

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen to his feet, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wondering mind. I thought I had had a dreadful dream, but I involuntarily opened the door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—it—O God! how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever-true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it; her own person stark and bare to the storm! She had placed the hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek! The frost was white on its half-opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were within the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and broken pathos, the old man concluded:—

"I was arrested; and for long months raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. O God! no—I am not a fanatic!—I wish to injure no one; but while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful to many. I would

see my wife and children beyond the vale of tears."

* * * * *

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears seen to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment, with pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man!—Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."

My father wrote "MORTIMER HUNSON!" The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and deathlike paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet, how strange!" muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up the left arm, from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other's eyes—both reeled and gasped: "My own injured son!"

"My father!" They fell upon each other's necks and wept, until it seemed that their souls would flow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that assembly, and sad faces around us.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and, kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken—all eagerly signed the pledge, going to their homes as if loth to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grandchild on his knee, as the evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His "fanaticism" has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.—*Norwich Cheap Tracts.*

Drowning Trade in Liquor.

THE more money spent in the saloons the less there will be spent in the dry goods stores, the groceries, the shoe stores, and the real estate office. If \$1,000,000 is paid out for beer and whiskey, the business of the sellers of the necessaries of life is decreased that amount.

The other branches of retailing are not hostile to each other. A man and his family can only eat up so many barrels of flour per annum, and can only wear so many pairs of shoes. What money is left over and above after buying these is expended in other stores. But a man's capacity for consuming beer is infinite and constantly increasing. He may begin by spending only one-hundredth of his wages in beer.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

At a temperance celebration in Newmarket, a little lad appeared in the procession bearing a flag, on which was inscribed the following: "All's right when daddy's sober," a sentence which has been aptly described as "a volume in a line."

"All Things are Not what they Seem."

Who hath sorrow? who hath sadness?
Who hath wounds without a cause?
They who would have joy and gladness
Without keeping nature's laws
Wine's a mocker, wine's a deception,
Blighting all that's good and fair;
Drinking is, without exception,
Human nature's greatest snare.

CHORUS

There is much in life to grieve us,
Much not worthy our esteem;
Some things aim but to deceive us,
"All things are not what they seem."

Some with slow and vain pretension
Boast their wealth and noble birth;
These oft gain the world's attention
More than true and honest worth.
Let none tempt you from your duty,
Hear with caution all you're told;
Vice oft wears a mask of beauty,
"All that glitters is not gold."

Ye who say that fortune's fickle,
Near your heart this maxim keep
Justice ever guides the sickle,
What you sow, that you must reap.
Strive through life to be contented,
Envy not the rich and great;
Bear what cannot be prevented,
Learn to labour, love, and wait.

Life at best is short and fleeting,
Let us then be firm and true,
Every duty bravely meeting,
'Tis our lot on earth to do.
Drink, and gold, and pride, and passion,
Will mislead us if they can;
In this unreal world of fashion,
Oh! 'tis hard to be a man.

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TORONTO, JULY 5, 1884.

Temperance Stories.

THE Methodist Publishing House, New York, determined not to be behind in any department of useful literature, has issued an admirable series of Temperance Stories in tract form, from 8 to 16 8vo pages each, at the low price of four pages for a cent. It also issues a very attractive series of illustrated Temperance Tracts, which we largely commend. By sowing the country "knee-deep," as an enthusiastic temperance worker has said, with such wholesome literature, will a temperance sentiment be created that will sweep the rum traffic out of existence.

The same house also issues the following practical tracts on giving:—*Gold and Silver Series.* Price, per package, 10 cents. 1. Golden Words About our Gold. 24 pp. 2. Thank-giving Ann. 16 pp. 3. Mister Horn Preaches on the Great Hurt. 24 pp.

4. Ring of the True Metal; or, the Divine Law in Respect to Property, Tested by Experience. By Rev. J. M. Reid, D.D. 28 pp. 5. Proportionate Giving. By Wm. Arthur. 28 pp. 6. Experience of a Converted Robber. Related by Himself. 8 pp. *More extended works on the same subjects.* Mister Horn and His Friends; or, Givers and Giving. By Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. 12mo. Price, paper, 25 cents; cloth, 80 cents. The Christian Law of Giving as Compared with that under the Old Dispensation. By Rev. S. H. Platt, A.M. 18mo. 45 pp. Price 5 cents. So Many Calls. S. No. 60. 12mo. 4 pp. 15 copies for 5 cents. Systematic Beneficence, consisting of Three Prize Essays, namely:—The Great Reform, by Rev. Abel Stevens, D.D.; The Great Question, by Rev. Lorenzo White; Property Consecrated, by Rev. B. St. James Fry, D.D. Price 85 cents. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs.

Temperance Progress.

NEVER in the history of the temperance movement in Ontario has there been present so favourable an opportunity for rallying and uniting the temperance forces for the coming conflict. A spirit of earnest expectancy is everywhere exhibiting itself. The number in favour of total prohibition is rapidly growing; public sentiment is undergoing a gradual but thorough change for the better. No cause has within the last five years made such progress as this. Within the next decade it is destined to exercise a most potent influence on the course of political action and legislation in all the most civilized countries in the world. Even those who have no sympathy with our objects and operations cannot help watching our movements with interest. Many politicians who, a few years ago, unsparingly condemned us are now trimming their sails for the rising breeze and are beginning to speak respectfully of what they have hitherto ridiculed, and are to endure what they have, till lately, bitterly opposed. We have great reason to-day to rejoice and be thankful for the situation is hopeful and the prospects are indeed encouraging.

Important Facts.

It is a fact that nine-tenths of the inmates of our poor-houses were brought there, directly or indirectly, by the use of ardent spirits. It is a fact that three-fourths of all the convicts in our State prisons were hard drinkers previous to the commission of the crimes for which they are now imprisoned. It is a fact that the greatest sufferers from disease, and those whose maladies are the most difficult to cure, are those who are addicted to the use of ardent spirits. It is a fact that of all who commit suicide in this country the vast majority are the immediate or remote victims of ardent spirits. It is a fact that in all the families where all the children are dirty, half-naked, and ill-fed, the rooms filthy and in disorder, the husbands cross, discontented, and peevish, and the wives slatterns, ill-tempered, and quarrelsome, one, if not both, the parents are drinkers of ardent spirits. It is a fact that those who least frequently attend the worship of God in the sanctuary, most of those who by



A DRUNKARD FACTORY.

their oaths, blasphemies, and horrible execrations shock the ears of modest people, are spirit drinkers. It is a fact that those who are most easily led to ridicule and profane sacred things, and to join in every kind of dissipation and profligacy, are spirit drinkers. It is a fact that of all who have died of the cholera in Europe and America seven-tenths at least were spirit drinkers and one-half decidedly intemperate.

A Drunkard Factory.

YES, this is where drunkards are made. We see the process and we see the result, the raw material and the manufactured article. The miserable old, whiskey or gin soaked toper is giving the baby the dregs of his glass. Small wonder that the children so brought up have a craving for the seductive poison, and that thousands of innocent babes are transmuted by its accursed spell into the likeness of the bleared and tottering wretch in the picture. And these drunkard factories are at work all over the land, scores of them for every church or school. Let the people arise in their might and declare that they shall no longer exist, and they will soon be swept away and remembered only as a hideous dream.

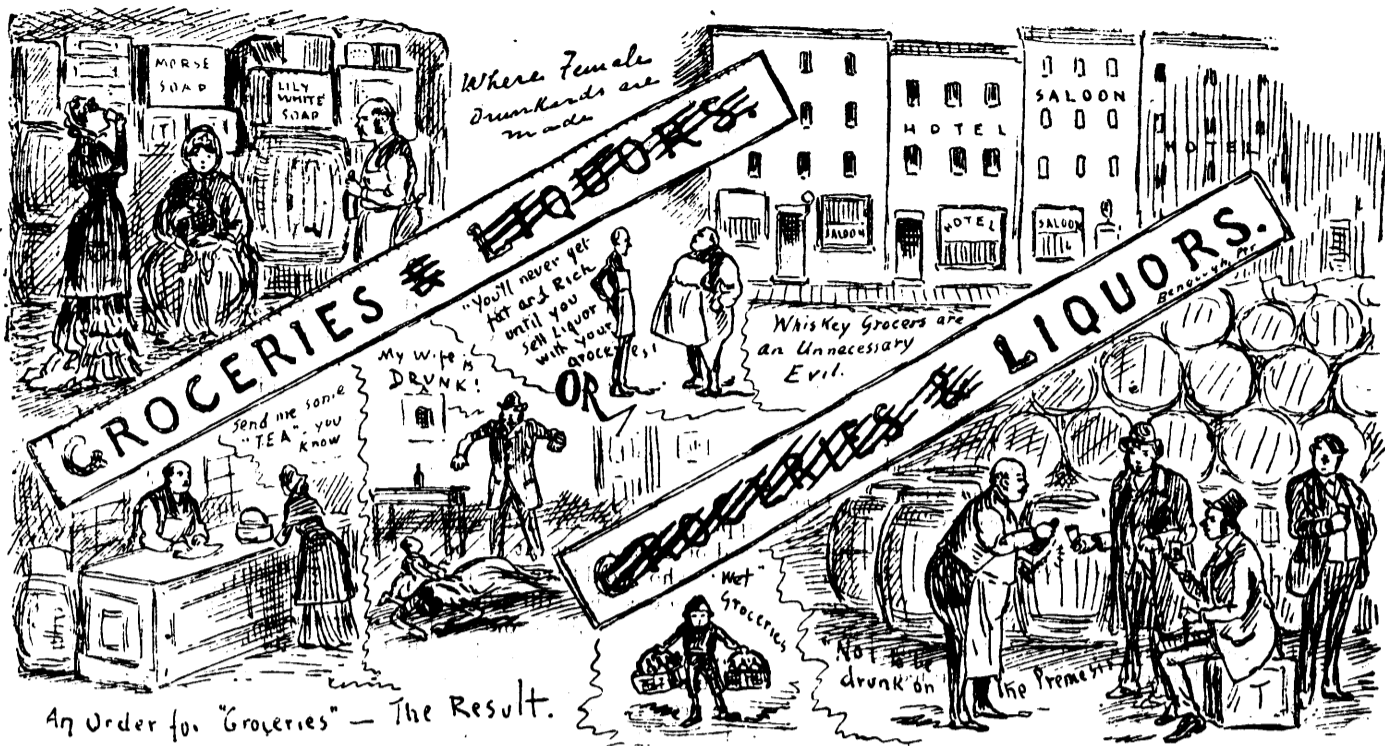
Twenty-six Reasons for Prohibition of Intoxicating Liquors.

1. THEY deprive men of their reason for the time being.
2. They destroy men of the greatest intellectual strength.
3. They foster and encourage every species of immorality.
4. They bar the progress of civilization and religion.
5. They destroy the peace and happiness of millions of families.
6. They reduce many children and wives to beggary.
7. They cause many thousands of murders.

8. They prevent all reformation of character.
9. They render abortive the strongest resolutions.
10. The millions of property expended in them are lost.
11. They cause the majority of cases of insanity.
12. They destroy both the body and the soul.
13. They burden sober people with millions of paupers.
14. They cause immense expenditure to prevent crime.
15. They cost sober people immense sums for charity.
16. They burden the country with enormous taxes.
17. Because moderate drinkers want the temptation removed.
18. Drunkards want the opportunity removed.
19. Sober people want the evil removed.
20. Taxpayers want the burden removed.
21. The prohibition would save thousands now falling.
22. The sale exposes our persons to insult.
23. The sale exposes our families to destruction.
24. The sale upholds the vicious and idle at the expense of the industrious and virtuous.
25. The sale subjects the sober to great oppression.
26. It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard.

TAKING a man into a saloon to "treat him" is what I call *ill-treating* him. Pray, let us call things by their right names.

If a body meet a body
Going down the street,
Should a body think a body
Ought to stop and treat?
Woe blights many a pleasure sweet,
And a mist fills many an eye,
By men insisting when they meet
On going through the rye.



SEPARATION OF THE LIQUOR AND GROCERY BUSINESSES.

Each Acorn hath its Tiny Cup.

A PLEA FOR THE "LITTLE ONES."

EACH acorn hath its tiny cup,
And every bird its nest,
Or some secluded little spot,
Called home, in which to rest ;—
And violets sweet their mossy bed,
Where at the dawn of day,
The kindly sun doth penetrate
To kiss the dew away.

But human hearts, immortal souls,
Enshrined in God-like forms,
Oft sigh for bread, and pine for love,
Amid life's cruel storms.
A mighty troop of weary hearts,
A sad and joyless throng,
Day after day, life's thorny way,
Go traversing along.

The cruel wrongs "Strong Drink"
hath wrought,
The crime, disease, and woe ;
The hearts and homes made desolate,
What human mind can know ?
Oh ! count them by the drops of rain,
That down from heaven pour ;
Or by each tiny silv'ry grain
Of sand upon the shore.

Count them up by the myriad leaves,
That wave 'twixt earth and sky,
Including all the flowerets sweet
Each summer bloom and die ;—
Or by the feathered hosts that fill
The earth with songs of mirth ;
Or count them by each blade of grass
That beautifies the earth.

Then take the ocean out in drops,
And count each one a tear :
Make every puff of wind that blows,
A human sigh appear :
And then add up thy fearful list,
Nor look aghast ! nor shrink !
'Tis but a shadow of the truth
Concerning madd'ning DRINK !

Separation of the Liquor and Grocery Businesses.

SELDOM has a greater moral triumph been won than that in Toronto which led to the passage of the bye-law separating the grocery and liquor business. That separation takes effect next March or May—a whole year being granted the licensed grocers to get rid of their stock on hand. In this campaign our genial *confreere* Grip took an active part. By the courtesy of the publisher we reprint one of its cartoons showing the evil effects of the union of the two businesses—men and women being taught to drink at the grocery till they become confirmed drunkards. It is gratifying to know that in five years this unnatural union of two busi-

nesses so incompatible with the well-being of society must cease throughout the entire province.

Methodism and the Temperance Reformation.

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG.

Methodism from its very commencement has given no uncertain sound on the subject of temperance. The clear and emphatic utterances of Mr. Wesley, and the earnest and successful work done by thousands of her ministers and untold multitudes of her members, have identified it with the great temperance movement from the beginning.

John Wesley and his early co-labourers, although the "Fellows" and graduates of England's most aristocratic university, in the Christly work upon which they had entered were not ashamed to go down to the most wretched and degraded classes of society. In the misery and wretchedness with which they came in contact, they saw the clearest evidences of the sufferings and crimes which follow in the track of intemperance. Their testimonies cannot be misunderstood. They said: "Drunkenness was the prevailing vice of England. Both men and women, high and low, rich and poor, are largely addicted to the use of alcohol."

In clear and ringing words, John Wesley spoke out against the traffic, and, as we ponder over his emphatic and truthful utterances, we have another evidence of the fact so often mentioned in reference to that marvellous man, that he was ever ahead of his age.

The most advanced thinkers and workers in the temperance reform at the present day, when society has been so educated and has made such marked progress in this movement, find in the utterances made by Mr. Wesley more than a century ago, when public sentiment on this question was so lamentably different from what it now is, the wise words and weighty arguments, which have lost none of their force, and which in the present phase of the movement cannot be easily improved.

As the religious awakening which followed Mr. Wesley's efforts extended, in order to retain the many converts from apostasy, he was under the neces-

sity of formulating a set of rules for the purpose of aiding in securing the purity and steadfastness of those who, in the providence of God, had been committed to his care. Not only was he intensely devoted to the work of soul-saving, but he was equally solicitous that those brought under the influence of the truth should be kept in the right way. Hence the "General Rules of Society" which were formulated by the Wesleys on the 1st of May, 1743.

RULES OF SOCIETY.

Since that date, these "Rules" have been in practical operation by nearly all of the people called Methodist throughout the world, and have been without controversy considered one of the purest, and wisest, and most scriptural, ever promulgated for the rule and guidance of human conduct.

In these "Rules" Mr. Wesley took strong grounds on the temperance question. While he states that there is only one condition previously required of those who desire admission into these Societies—a desire "to flee from wrath to come," and be saved their sins—yet, he adds: "But where this is really fixed in the soul, it will be shown by its fruit. It is therefore expected of all who shall continue therein that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation, First, by doing no harm, by avoiding evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practised, such as the taking of the name of God in vain. The profaning of the day of the Lord either by doing ordinary work therein, or by buying or selling. Drunkenness, buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity."

When we remember the sentiment of the times when these rules were first circulated, we see at a glance what a bold position this was to take. We know of nothing of the kind ever having been adopted in any of the Churches prior to this.

In 1744, when perfecting the "Rules" first given to the Band Societies in 1738, Mr. Wesley gives this as one of their most important ones. "To taste no spirituous liquor, no dram of any kind, unless prescribed by a physician."

TEMPERANCE IN THE PULPIT.

Mr. Wesley had a high regard for the sacredness and purity of the pulpit, and while he so zealously guarded the entrance into his Societies and Bands, he watched with the utmost solicitude the entrance into the solemn work and office of the Christian ministry. No tipping or dram-drinking candidate had any chance of finding a place in the Methodist ministry in Mr. Wesley's day. The questions about dram-drinking were propounded to every candidate, and a most emphatic negative was required. At the last Conference which Mr. Wesley attended, he dwelt most impressively upon the temperance question, and when asking the candidate, "Do you drink any drams?" said, "I mean spirits alone or mixed with water?" and then he added, "here it will be needful to take great care, for even Dr. Fothergill himself said he made many

drunkards, having advised certain persons in certain complaints to use a little spirits and water. But what they used first as a medicine, they continued to use from contracted taste and habits."

This last expression of Mr. Wesley's views on this important subject is worthy of remembrance. It shows that as from the beginning, so even to the end of his marvellous career, did he earnestly desire to carefully guard Methodism from the insidious foe.

To the end of his long and wonderfully active life the "Rules of Society" were read and enforced. In his "Journals" we come across references as to class visitations and purgations. We read that in one town seventeen were expelled for drunkenness and two for retailing spirituous liquors.

WESLEY'S WORDS.

Few men ever used the pen more frequently or with greater success than Mr. Wesley. His writings, so voluminous and varied, are monuments of his intellect and industry, and are still accomplishing glorious results. Against the sins and evils of intemperance some of his most forceful and emphatic utterances were directed. While filled with righteous indignation against those who for purposes of gain were engaged in the traffic which was destroying the bodies and souls of men, yet he was ever ready to lend a helping hand and to give an encouraging word to those who were trying to break loose from intemperate habits and return to the paths of sobriety and righteousness. He believed that the poor drunkard could be reformed, and he also knew that the Gospel was the best and grandest agency by which this great change could be brought about.

Hear his ringing words of earnest expostulation to those who were apt to think that the poor victims of drink were unworthy of notice or effort to save. Unfortunately there are some of this way of thinking still. "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, do not despise the poor drunkards! Have compassion on them. Be instant with them, in season and out of season! Let not shame or fear of men prevent your pulling these brands out

of the burning: many of them are self-condemned."

How direct and emphatic are his utterances against those who are thus tampering with the evil and ruining body and soul.

Here are some of his forcible words: "Are you a man? God made you a man, but you make yourself a beast. Wherein does a man differ from a beast? Is it not chiefly reason and understanding? But you throw away what reason you have. You strip yourself of your understanding. You do all you can to make yourself a mere beast. . . . But that is not all, you make yourself a devil. You stir up all the devilish tempers that are in you, and gain others which perhaps were not in you—at least you heighten and increase them. You cause the fire of anger, or malice, or lust, to burn seven times hotter than before. O do not aim at any excuse! Say not, as many do, 'I am no one's enemy but my own.' If it were so, what a poor saying is this, 'I give none but my own soul to the devil.' Alas! is not this too much? Why shouldst thou give him thy own soul? Do it not. Rather give it to God."

Although these faithful words were written more than a hundred and thirty-eight years ago, they are as much needed now as ever—especially in these days of multiplied temperance organizations—to keep in prominence the fact that the grandest of all the remedies for the salvation of the fallen is the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

WESLEY ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

In assailing the manufacturers and vendors of spirituous liquors, Mr. Wesley expressed his sentiments in utterances both forcible and trenchant. From his remarkable sermon on "The Use of Money," we quote the following, which clearly shows what he thought of the traffic:—

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body. Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire commonly called drams or spirituous liquors. It is true, these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorders, although there would rarely be occasion for them were it not for the unskilfulness of the practitioner. Therefore such as prepare and sell them only for this end may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way to any that will buy are poisoners general. They murder His Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity nor spare. They drive them to hell like sheep, and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood is there; the foundation, the floor, the halls, the roof are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, oh man of blood, though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day,' canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in

heaven; therefore thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul, 'thy memorial shall perish with thee!'"

Mr. Wesley was in a pre-eminent degree a man of shrewd discernment. When dark days of famine and want were causing intense misery and suffering in England, his writings on the subject indicated a clear idea of the cause of a great deal of the trouble.

As his busy life and apostolic labours threw him much in the society of those so suffering, while his generous impulses caused him, of his means, to do all he could to alleviate the wretchedness around him, so in the spirit of a patriotic statesman and clear-headed political economist he talked and wrote. "He knew that drunkenness was the scourge and vice of the nation, and that pandering to the depraved appetite by distilling, vending and drinking was the great source of his country's woes, degradation, and poverty. Hear some of his truthful utterances on this subject, written in 1773:

INTEMPERANCE THE CAUSE OF POVERTY.

"But why is food so dear? . . . The grand cause is because such immense quantities are continually consumed by distilling. . . . Have we not reason to believe that but little less than half the wheat produced in the kingdom is every year consumed, not by so harmless a way as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into deadly poison—poison that naturally destroys, not only the strength and life, but also the morals of our countrymen?"

In demolishing the argument which, even in these later times, had been used in defence of the traffic, namely, that the duty, or tax upon it, brings in a large revenue, he speaks on this wise:

"Is this an equivalent for the lives of His Majesty's subjects? Would His Majesty sell a hundred thousand of his subjects yearly to Algiers for four hundred thousand pounds? Surely no! Will he then sell them for that sum to be butchered by their own countrymen? 'But otherwise the swine for the navy cannot be fed.' Not unless they are fatted with human blood. O tell it not in Constantinople that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen!

"What remedy is there for this sore evil—many thousand poor people are starving? How can the price of wheat and barley be reduced? By prohibiting forever, by making a full end of that bane of health, that destroyer of strength, of life and of virtue—distilling. Perhaps this alone might go a great way towards answering the whole design.

"It is amazing that the preparing or selling this poison should be permitted (I will not say in any Christian country, but) in any civilized State. 'O, it brings in a considerable sum of money to government.' True; but is it wise to barter men's lives for money? Surely that gold is bought too dear, if it is the price of blood. Does not the strength of every country consist in the number of its inhabitants? If so, the lessening their number is a loss which no money can compensate. So that it is inexcusable ill husbandry to give the lives of useful men for any sum of money whatever."

These lines are worthy of being written in letters of light. They show the clear insight which Wesley had of

the evil and its remedy. They go back to first principles, and strike the evil at its root. The temperance reform is supposed to have had three epochs—temperance, total abstinence, and prohibition. Wesley lived before the first epoch dawned, and yet was a prohibitionist. Was he the first in modern times?

Leaving others who may be better informed to answer the question, we ask, Where can we find a writer at the present day, who has given utterances more pungent and truthful than his? And how applicable they still are at the present hour!

THE DRINK TRAFFIC TO-DAY.

Poor drunkards, slaves to their terrible appetites, still abound, and there is need of encouragement to be given to those who would try to save them. Intemperance is still doing more to impoverish families and to waste the resources of the nations than any other three evils combined. More money at the present time is spent in Great Britain, in the United States, and in this fair Dominion of ours for intoxicating drinks than is spent for food.

Can Christian nations expect to escape condign punishment if they persist in going on in this way in the sight of heaven? Will there not be a fearful reckoning with the nations for this reckless prodigality and worse use than absolute destruction of some of God's best gifts to man? Will may we appropriate Mr. Wesley's words, as most applicable at this day and hour, and say, "What remedy is there for this sore evil? By prohibiting forever—by making a full end of that bane of health—that destroyer of strength, of life, and of virtue—distilling."

WESLEY AN ABSTAINER.

Mr. Wesley in his own life and practice lived up to what he so often preached on this subject. He was very abstemious in all his habits, and ever manifested a spirit of self-denial and personal sacrifice. So far did he go in this respect that he was even criticized and censured for his self-denying spirit. In 1735, he wrote: "Believing the denying ourselves, even in the smallest instances, might, by the blessing of God, be helpful to us, we wholly left off the use of flesh and wine, and confined ourselves to vegetable food." About two years after he returned to the use of meat, but, as regards spirituous liquors, his frequent utterances and his temperate life show the abhorrence in which he held them.

To some of his people in Ireland he wrote, "Touch no dram. It is liquid fire. It is a sure though slow poison. It saps the very springs of life." In his "Primitive Physic," he wrote: "Water is the wholesomest of all drinks; quickens the appetite and strengthens the digestion most. Strong, and more especially spirituous, liquors are a certain though a slow poison."

Thus lived and thus wrote the marvellous Wesley, the most useful man the world ever had since the days of the Apostle Paul. If living now, we have no doubt but he would be found in the leadership of the advanced guard of temperance workers. But he has gone to his reward; his works follow him. He has given us a glorious legacy—his example, his zeal, his burning words. How can we be loyal Methodists if we do not wear his

mantle and catch his spirit? If the burning zeal he had is not in some goodly measure ours, are we not recreant to our Church and disloyal to our leader? May the righteous indignation against the traffic, as well as the loving sympathy towards the poor unfortunate victims of the terrible curse, which Mr. Wesley ever had, be ours. And may the glorious day soon arrive, for which the suffering ones through their bitter tears are looking, and for which millions of prayers are ascending, when both the manufacture and sale of the accursed thing will be forever ended, and temperance and sobriety everywhere abound!

A Drunkard and his Little Child.

The Rev. Dr. Newman Hall once related the following touching story of the influence of a child:

"A gentleman lecturing in the neighbourhood said, 'Everybody has influence, even that little child,' pointing to a little girl in her father's arms.

"'That's true,' cried the man. At the close he said to the lecturer, 'I beg pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but, as I did not like to go to the public-house alone I used to carry this child. As I approached the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father.' 'Hold your tongue, child?' 'Please, father, don't go.' 'Hold your tongue, I say.'

"Presently I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir. I turned round and went home, and have never been in a public-house since—thank God for it! I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl did it all; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir.'"

How a Bad Habit Grows.

1. It is like a *thread*—easily broken. A child can do it.
2. It is a *cord* that requires an effort to break it.
3. It has increased until it is like *twine*, requiring all of one's strength to part it.
4. It is now a *hempen rope*, binding fast and growing quickly into
5. A *cable* of confirmed habit impossible to break.

LESSON.—Break the thread and there will be no cable.

Wine is a Mocker.

DR. NORMAN KERR, of England, in a recent address at Exeter Hall, London, said:

"Fermented wine is indeed a mocker. It promises us strength, and mocks us with weakness. It promises us substance, and mocks us with shadow. It promises us heat, and mocks us with cold. It promises us moisture, and robs us of the moisture we already possess. It promises us life, and mocks us with premature death. It promises us intelligence and wit, and covers us with confusion. It dazzles us with visions of happiness, and plunges us into the depths of despair."

DR. CHARLES JEWETT, while arguing for prohibition, once said: "Why not pour the rum into the gutter? It is destined to the gutter at last; why not pour it there at once, and not wait to strain it through a man and spoil the strainer in the work?"

Mrs. Dale's Interview with the Chaplain of the Gaol.

Are you the gaol chaplain, sir? Sir, you had better
 Just first please to read my minister's letter; His name in the almanac, sir, you will see, The reverend Charles Thomson, of West Branksomelea.
 I'll no keep you long, sir, I'll no take a seat, I'm no tired, I didna come here on my feet; Our neighbour, John Brown, he lent me his cart, And he drove it himsel', oh, bless his kind heart.
 I see, sir, the letter has told you all clear, Of the terrible grief that has brought me down here;
 Yes, sir, I'm the mother of poor Thomas Dale, The lad that last Friday was put into gaol. It's the drink, sir, the drink, that has ruined my boy,
 The pride of our hearts, of our household, the joy,
 The first in his class, and the foremost at fun,
 He learned his tasks quickly, and when they were done
 He would work in the yard, or the bairns he would mind,
 For he always was cheery, and canny, and kind.
 But he was the eldest and four boys beside, It was not for him at the homestead to bide, So to Glasgow he went, he had got a good place.
 Ay, I mind how the smile came all over his face
 When his letter was answered by Kelvin & Co.;
 And they said that to town next week he might go,
 They told him they liked his certificate well, (He had got a good one from the master himsel',
 And the minister, too, had written a letter, Which the gentlemen said had pleased them still better.)
 So he went to the warehouse of Kelvin & Co.;
 He went and did well, that's but four years ago;
 But he took to the drink, and you know all the rest;
 And I'm keeping you long. Oh! sir, when would he be best
 For me to get leave to visit my son?
 It's hard, oh! it's hard, but the Lord's will be done.
 And yet, 'mid my sorrow I cannot but think, That it's not the Lord's will that young lads should get drink;
 I make bold to speak, sir, I've found you so kind;
 And often the thought has come into my mind
 That the people's best friends a good work would begin,
 And hinder much sorrow, and hinder much sin,
 If they made it unlawful for drink to be sold To boys and to girls under twenty years old.

Advertisement Extraordinary.
DEATH & COMPANY,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN SPIRIT.
 Take this opportunity of informing their friends and a discerning public that they continue the trade of making Drunkards, Barkrupts, Beggars, and Maniacs, on the most reasonable terms, at the shortest notice.
 The advertisers return their most sincere thanks to their numerous steady and attached customers, and to all the Tippling community, for the increasing countenance and extensive patronage which they now receive; and they hope that the many proofs which are to be found in every town, village, and district of America of the success of DEATH & Co. in the above line of business, will secure to them the increased support of all Drunkards, Dram-drinkers, and occasional customers; as well as forever to silence the advocates of Temperance Societies, those bitter enemies of this long-established and popular trade.

D. & Co. beg to assure the public that the article in which they deal is the best and most pleasant Poison in the world, and has never been known

to fail in any instance where the individual has persevered in the use of it for the limited time D. & Co. prescribe.

In order to do business in a respectable style, the advertisers have obtained a License from the State, under whose benevolent auspices they are legally authorized to bring the Wives and Families of their customers to misery, and to wound, maim, and beggar, drive to delirium and death, as many as the public good requires. In particular D. & Co. will spare no pains to secure the Eternal Damnation of as many as will favour them with their countenance and support. To accomplish these desirable ends it is only necessary for the individual to take half a glass occasionally till he feels that quantity insufficient to gratify the craving appetite which it will soon create. And when this whiskey appetite is formed, the results at which D. & Co. aim are secured, as the person is then prepared to brave temporal and eternal misery for the sake of another glass.

For the accommodation of their numerous customers, and for the dispatch of their increasing business, DEATH & Co. have appointed a sufficient number of active agents, who are stationed at convenient distances in the streets of cities, and along the highways, cross-roads, and in the villages of every country district. D. & Co.'s agents may be known by the *Red-curtained Window*, and the sign over the door—*Entertainment for MAN and BEAST, Refreshments, etc., etc.*, and may be found ready for business at all hours, by day or night, (SUNDAYS not excepted.)

Satisfactory reference can be given to the Bridewells, Lunatic Asylums, Hospitals, the Jails, the Gallows, or the Drunkard's Fireside.

N. B.—D. & Co. beg to caution all Tipplers and Dram-drinkers, from giving heed to whatever Parsons, Preachers, Medical Men, and all advocates of Temperance Societies, may say against Spirit-drinking, as those gentlemen are avowed enemies to this respectable soul-and-body-destroying business.

Moral Wreckers.

THE business of the dealer in drink has been aptly compared to that of the wrecker. On certain wild and rocky coasts bands of lawless men live, who maintain themselves by plundering vessels that may be wrecked in those dangerous localities. Not content with the spoils that the tempests may bring them, they use all sorts of devices to lure vessels upon the shoals and rocks. Then when, perhaps, in the darkness of the midnight, amid the roar of the storm, the gallant ship strikes the remorseless reefs, and the cries of despair rise higher than the roar of the surging billows, instead of seeking to succour those whom they have led astray, they gather up whatever spoils the waves wash to their feet, even plundering the drifting corpses of their victims, heedless that hundreds are hurried to eternity, and valuable treasures lost in the ocean, provided they gather in a trifling share of plunder. One of these scenes is vividly described in a subjoined poem, and an apt comparison made between this horrible occupation and the business of selling drink.

It is an awful thought that we have in Canada to-day about *ten thousand* "professional wreckers" licensed by law, living under the sanction and protection of what is called a Christian Gov-

ernment. Men whose wealth and prosperity are in proportion to the amount of wretchedness entailed on their unfortunate victims. Ten thousand plague-spots of pollution, schools of sin, flash their gilded temptation in the face of every passer-by, and at street corners and in conspicuous places are hoisted treacherous signals to lure the unwearied life-voyager to the reefs of moral and eternal ruin. Avarice steels men's hearts to participation in the nefarious business, and avarice is what leads the public to tolerate them in doing it. This lust for gain is a sin of communities as well as individuals, and the license fee is the mighty cable by which Mammon binds this living nationality to the corrupting carcass of the horrible drink system.

While this is the case there is a fearful responsibility upon every member of the community who does not exert all his influence to have things otherwise. The grass is green to-day on four thousand graves that drink dug in Canada last year. Still the pestilence rages! Let us beware. We are a young and vigorous people. Our record is grand, and our future looks bright, but there are perils in our pathway. Nations as well as individuals have lives, characters, mutations. Are there no lessons for us in the solemn warnings: "Woe unto him who buildeth his house in blood." "An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not be blessed."

The Wreckers.

HARK! to the roar of the surges,
 Hark! to the wild winds' howl;
 See the black cloud that the hurricane urges
 Bend like a maniac's scowl!
 Full on the sunken leeches
 Laps the devoted bark;
 And the loud waves, like a hundred sledges,
 Smite to the doomed mark!

Shrilly the shriek of the seamen
 Cleaves like a dart through the roar;
 Harsh as the pitiless laugh of a demon
 Rattles the pebbled shore.
 Ho! for the life-boat, brothers;
 Now may the hearts of the brave,
 Hurling their lives to the rescue of others,
 Conquer the stormy wave.

Shame for humanity's treason!
 Shame for the form we wear!
 Blush at the temple of pity and reason
 Turned to a robber's lair!
 Worse than the horrible breakers,
 Worse than the shattering storm,
 See the rough-handed, remorseless wreckers
 Stripping the clay yet warm.

Plucking at girlhood's tresses,
 Tangled with gems and gold;
 Snatching love-tokens from manhood's
 caresses,
 Clenched with a dying hold.
 What of the shrieks of despairing?
 What of the last faint gasp?
 Robbers, who lived would but lessen your
 sharing:
 Gold—'twas a god in your grasp!

Boys in their sunny brown beauty,
 Men in their rugged bronze,
 Women whose wail might have taught
 wolves a duty,
 Dead on the merciless stones,
 Tenderly slid o'er the plundered
 Shrouds from the white-capped surge;
 Loud on the traitors the mad ocean thun-
 dered—
 Low o'er the lost sang a dirge.

Friends! there are deadlier breakers,
 Billows that burn as they roll!
 Flanked by a legion of crueler wreckers—
 Wreckers of body and soul;
 Traitors to God and humanity,
 Tempters that hold in their arms
 Blood-dripping murder and hopeless insanity,
 Folly and famine by turns.

Crested with wine redly flashing,
 Swollen with liquid fire,
 How the strong ruin comes fearfully dashing,
 High as the soul walks, and higher!

Virtue, and manhood, and beauty,
 Hope and the sunny-haired bliss,
 With the diviner white angel of duty,
 Sink in the burning abyss.

What though the soul of the drunkard
 Be lost on the reefs of crime,
 What though his children by beggary con-
 quered,
 Sink in pollution's slime.
 Gold has come in to the wreckers,
 Murder has taken his prize;
 Gold, though a million hearts burst on the
 breakers,
 Smothers the crime and the cries!
 —C. C. Burleigh.

Count the Cost of Rum and Education.

TOTAL number of schools in the United States.....	141,029
Total number of teachers.....	221,042
Pupils.....	7,209,938
Annual expense of education..	\$95,402,726

Retail liquor-sellers in the United States.....	166,000
Cost of liquor.....	\$700,000,000
Rum over education	\$604,597,274

There are 83,637 clergy in the United States to 166,000 saloon keepers, and we spend \$47,636,495 for the support of the Gospel and \$700,000,000 for liquor, making \$652,363,505 more for liquor than for religion. The annual contribution per capita for religion is \$1 11; for education, \$2 02; and for rum, \$17—eight times as much for rum as for education, and fifteen times as much for rum as for religion; \$700,000,000 worse than wasted, while more than double that amount is spent to repair the wastes from rum. The prisons, alms houses, penitentiaries, asylums, reformatories, children's aid societies, poor-houses, and the like, costing hundreds of millions of dollars, are filled with the victims of this deadly traffic, till three-fourths of the taxes and donations for the support and maintenance of these is chargeable directly to the liquor-traffic. The money spent for liquor is so much capital taken from the productive industries of the country. It is estimated on good authority that the same money spent in manufacturing useful articles as was spent in liquor would employ 20,000 more hands and pay six millions more money in the State of Pennsylvania alone. The enormous waste and drain upon the resources of the nation from the liquor-traffic must be stopped or the nation cannot long survive.

An old farmer, when he saw his son on a spree, exclaimed, "There goes down his throat an acre of land, trees and all."

MR. SPURGEON believes that next to preaching of the Gospel, the most necessary thing to be done in England is to induce the people to become total abstainers.

MANY people think teetotalism is all moonshine; but if they would only try it they would find it is nearly all sunshine.

MANY professional temperance people say to their principles when they go to the polls, as the little girl did in her prayer one morning when, at the close of an unusually long and earnest petition, she said: "Good-by, God; I'm going to Jersey, to be gone four days."

CANON HURST, in the many long journeys in which, in Canada, he had to undergo extreme cold, never found alcohol useful or anything but dangerous. He endured cold much better than the drivers who spent their money for a dose of whiskey at every halt.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

THREE MONTHS WITH DAVID AND THE
PSALMS.

B.C. 1042.] LESSON II. [July 13

THE ARK IN THE HOUSE.

2 Sam. 6. 1-15. Commit to mem. vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He blesseth the habitation of the just.
Prov. 3. 33.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's presence and promises may prove a
curse or a blessing.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 5. 13-25. Th. 1 Chron. 13. 1-14.
W. 2 Sam. 6. 1-15. F. Psa. 132. 1-18.
Sa. Psa. 6. 15-23. Sa. Psa. 68. 1-18.
Su. Psa. 24. 1-10.TIME.—B.C. about 1042, six years after
the last lesson.PLACE.—Kujath jearim, called here Baale
of Judah, a place nine miles north-west
from Jerusalem on the road to Joppa.INTRODUCTION.—David having established
himself in Jerusalem and built a palace,
now sets about the restoration of the long-
neglected ark. It was a wise political as
well as religious move. It is thought from
Psa. 132. 2-5, that this was a dream of
David's youth, and in fulfilment of a vow.HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Again*—
Refers to ch. 5. 1, 3. *Thirty thousand*
delegates from the nation (1 Chron. 13. 1),
a grand religious pageant. 2. *From Baath of*
Judah—Either a mistake for *to*, or the nar-
rative passes over the journey to Kujath-
jearim, and speaks only of the return.
Name—Read "which is called by the Name,
the name of the Lord of Hosts," the ark was
the symbol of the Divine presence. *Lord*
of Hosts—The name especially used under
the monarchy. *Cherubim*—See Gen. 3. 24;
Exod. 25. 20; Isa. 6. 6; Ezek. 1. 10, 11;
Rev. 4. 6-9; where they are associated with
violations of the glory of the Lord, and the
majesty of the Divine holiness. 3. *New cart*
—In violation of this law, but in imitation
of the Philistines. (1 Sam. 6. 7.) *Gibeath*
—Rather a hill, not a proper name. 5.
Pageant—Danced to music, vocal and instru-
mental. 6. *Nathan—Food*, not a proper
name. (See Psa. 7. 9.) *Die*—He
was punished as (1) a representative of the
nation; (2) his death was an appeal to king
and people who had forgotten God's law;
(3) it was the inauguration of a new religious
era, a time when God is specially jealous of
his honour. Compare Nadab and Abihu,
and Ananias and Sapphira; (4) the Jewish
ritual required exact obedience. (2) As an
individual; (3) as a Levite he ought to have
known the law; (4) as special guardian of
the ark he ought to have known it; (5) as a
religious guide he ought not to have been
affected by the popular feeling of indiffer-
ence. 8. *Displeased*—David recognized it as a
punishment on the people as well as Uzzah
(1 Chron. 15. 13.) 9. *Afraid*—Servile fear,
because he did not at first show reverent
fear. 11. *Three months*—Time sufficient to
show the effect on Obed-edom's house, and
for David to study the ritual. 12. *Told*
David—A weak faith that required this
testimony brought up. The second attempt
was successful because of the strict obser-
vance of the law.SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The
construction of the ark.—The history of the
ark.—The law regarding the removal of the
ark.—The family of Abinadab.—Obed-
edom.—David's spirit on the removal of the
ark.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long after the build-
ing of David's palace before this first attempt
was made to bring up the ark? How many
years had the ark been in the house of
Abinadab? Where was the tabernacle?
What evidence is there that David had long
looked forward to this day? (Psa. 132.
2-5.) Why had he waited? Why did he
start now?SUBJECT: THE ARK A SOURCE OF DANGER
OR BLESSING.I. THE ARK IN THE HOUSE OF ABINADAB
(vs. 1-4).—Whom did David assemble? For
what purpose? What other assemblies had
there recently been? (ch. 5. 1, 3.) Where
did they go? What was the common name
of the place? How far from Jerusalem?
What name was given the ark? Why?
What did they do with the ark? Showthat this was wrong. Whose example did
they follow? (1 Sam. 6. 7, 11.) Who had
charge of the ark? Did they know the
law? Might they have known it? What
effect had long familiarity with the ark
upon them? How had the people regarded
it of late years?II. THE ARK A SOURCE OF DANGER (vs.
5-9).—Describe the procession? How far
was the journey successfully made? What
did Uzzah then do? What kind of a spirit
did this show? If he meant well where
was the harm? What were the conse-
quences of his "error" to himself? To
David? To the people? What was the
lesson taught by this judgment? Why was
it important that this lesson be taught at
this time? In what respects was Uzzah a
representative man? Mention other severe
judgments. (Num. 3. 4; Acts 5. 5, 10.)
Was David at all responsible for the judg-
ment? (1 Chron. 15. 13.)III. THE ARK IN THE HOUSE OF OBED-
EDOM (v. 10).—How did the procession break
up? How did David feel about the ark?
What kind of fear was this? What kind of
fear ought he to have shown? What did he
do with the ark? Who was Obed-edom?
What kind of spirit did Obed-edom show in
accepting the dangerous charge? Had he
earned this honor? Was it one to be
coveted?IV. THE ARK A SOURCE OF BLESSING (v.
11).—How long did the ark remain in the
house of Obed-edom? What was the result?
Why was the result different in this case
from the case of Abinadab's family? On
what conditions is God's presence a blessing?V. THE ARK IN THE CITY OF DAVID (v.
12).—What led David to make a second
attempt to bring up the ark? What changed
David's feelings toward the ark? How did
the second attempt differ from the first?
What had David and the people learned?
What were the consequences in this case?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. It is unsafe to follow worldly precedent
in the performance of religious duties.
2. Familiarity with divine things may
breed irreverence and neglect of spiritual
exercises.
3. Good intentions furnish no warrant for
interference with God's plans.
4. We can best show our loyalty to the
kingdom of God by faithful proclamation of
the Gospel truth in humble reliance upon
the Holy Spirit, and not by proffering human
aids, "oratorical, artistic, liturgical, scienti-
fic," in its support.
5. Behold, therefore, the goodness and
severity of God (Rom. 11. 22).
6. The lesson of the mystery of the divine
holiness must be learned at whatever cost.
7. If such reverence is due the symbol,
with how much greater reverence should the
realities of the Christian covenant be re-
garded? (Heb. 10. 28, 29.)
8. "Oh! the courage of an honest and
faithful heart; nothing can make God other-
wise than amiable to His own; even His
very justice is lovely."—BISHOP HALL.
9. Men of a teachable spirit will be in-
structed by Providence, correct mistakes of
conduct and of temper, and in the end suc-
ceed (v. 12).

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

5. For what purpose did David call another
assembly? Ans. To bring up the ark of
God to Jerusalem. 6. How did the first
attempt result? Ans. Uzzah was smitten
dead by the way, and the great procession
broke up in terror. 7. Where was the ark
left? Ans. In the house of Obed-edom three
months. 8. What led to the second and
successful attempt? Ans. David heard that
the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom,
because of the ark of God.

B.C. 1042.] LESSON III. [July 20.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID.

2 Sam. 7. 1-16. Commit to memory vs. 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy throne shall be established forever.—
2 Sam. 7. 16

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The promises of God far exceed the
desires of men.TIME.—Not long after B.C. 1042, the date
of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, "the city of David."

INTRODUCTION.—David in our last lesson
had completed his palace, and brought the
ark into its tabernacle in Jerusalem, and
had completed the conquest of the surround-ing enemies. Now he desires to build a
noble temple to God.HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *It came to*
pass—Within a year or so after the last
lesson. The events of chapter eight prob-
ably took place before this. 3. *Go*—
Equivalent to "quite right." Nathan spoke
out of his own heart, and not by command-
ment (1 Cor. 7. 6, 12, 25). 4. *Word came*—
By a vision (v. 17). 5. *My servant*—A person
of special favour (Num. 12. 7, 8). *Shalt*
thou—Equivalent to thou shalt not (1 Chron.
17. 4). 6. *Have walked*—Implying frequent
removal of tabernacle, a nomadic life. Two
reasons are given for the refusal: (1) The
time had not come for a temple. The nation
was not settled. (2) The man had not come.
A personal unfitness disqualified David
(1 Chron. 28. 3). The builder of the temple
of God must be a man of peace, not of war.
12. *I will set up thy seat*—First Solomon
(1 Kings 8. 15-20), then Christ (Luke 1.
31-33; Acts 2. 20-31). 16. *Forever*—Words
twice repeated here and in v. 13, showing
that the prophecy looks beyond Solomon
and the succession of the kings of Judah.
In that kingdom of Christ the Son of David
is this promise being fulfilled.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY. What was the condition
of David's kingdom now? After what
events did the scene in this lesson occur?
Before what event in David's life? Why is
this lesson told in this connection?

SUBJECT: THE GREAT PROMISE.

I. DAVID'S WISH (vs. 1-3).—Where was
David? When was his house built? Where?
How? Where was the ark? What was
David's wish? What was there good about
it? What wrong in it? To whom did
David tell it? How did it strike him?
When is it unsafe to follow the advice of a
good man? What was the matter of Na-
than?II. DAVID'S WISH REFUSED (vs. 4-11).—
When did the word of the Lord come to
Nathan? What did this promptness show?
Why did it come to Nathan rather than
David? What did the question, v. 5, mean?
(1 Chron. 17. 4). Where had God dwelt
hitherto? Had He ever asked for a house?
Why had the time not come for a house for
God? (v. 10.) What had God done for
David? What was he going to do? (v. 11.)
What then were the two reasons why David's
desire was refused? What other reason did
David give to Solomon? (1 Chron. 28. 3.)
Was David blameworthy for all this? What
do the words "my servant," vs. 5, 8, show?III. GOD'S PROMISE (vs. 12-15).—What was
to follow David's death? Who is meant by
"thy seed"? Was Solomon the oldest of
David's sons? What was he to do? In
what near relationship would God stand to
him? What would result from this? Can
this promise apply to any other than Solo-
mon and his successors? In what respect
was David's family to be different from
Saul's?IV. THE GREAT PROMISE (v. 16).—What
is the meaning of the 16th verse? What
does Peter say of it? (Acts 2. 29, 30.)
Who had received promises like this before?
How did this differ from them? What did
David do after hearing the vision? What
kind of a spirit is shown in his prayer?
Why was so great a promise given to David?
(v. 21.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Increased power and opportunity ought
to be followed by increased zeal and devo-
tion, as God hath prospered.
 2. But good intentions are not enough,
they must receive the Divine indorsement.
 3. Sometimes our thoughts, though spring-
ing from motives of true religion, are not
God's thoughts.
 4. The advice of the good and pious is not
always safe.
 5. Alas for us, if the Scriptures were
nothing more than human, well-meant
thoughts of holy men of God.—SCHLIER.
 6. God must give to man, before man can
give to God.
 7. It may be perfectly proper a thing
should be done, yet not proper that we
should do it.
- REVIEW EXERCISE.—(For the whole School
in concert.)
9. What was David's wish in the height
of his prosperity? Ans. To build a house
for God. 10. What did God tell him by
the mouth of Nathan? Ans. Thou shalt
not build me a house to dwell in. 11. Why?
Ans. Before David could build a house for
God, God must first build a house for David.
12. What great promise was now given?
Ans. Thy throne shall be established for-
ever.

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