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# HONEY AND SCHOOLS

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1890.

[No. 16.]

## A Brave Boy.

Not many years ago, a little boy was discovered among the cargo of an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool. He had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector among the passengers. Who was he?—where did he come from?—whither was he going. Only nine years old! The poor little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face full of innocence and truth. Of course he was carried before the first mate of the ship.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate, sharply.

"My step-father put me in," answered the boy. He said he couldn't afford to keep me, or pay my way to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe his story. He had often enough been deceived by persons thus stowed away. On almost every vessel, when one or two days out at sea, are found men or boys concealed among the cargo, trying to get a passage across the ocean without paying for it. The officer suspected that some of the sailors had had a hand in the little fellow's escape, and he treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his presence, and it was always the same answer—nothing less, nothing more. At last the mate got out of patience, and, seizing him by the collar, told him that unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes he would hang him to one of the spars of the vessel. A frightful threat!

Poor child! with not a friend to stand by him! Around him were passengers and sailors of the vessel, and before him stood the stern officer, with his watch in his hand, counting the tick—tick—tick of the minutes, as they swiftly sped. There the little fellow stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, tears in his eyes; but—afraid? No, not a bit! Eight minutes were already gone. "Only two minutes more!" cried the mate; "speak the truth, and save your life, my boy!" "May I pray?" asked the child, looking into the hard man's face. The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The

brave boy knelt down, and, clasping his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, repeated the "Our Father," and then asked our dear Lord to take him home to heaven. He could die, but it never occurred to him to tell a lie.

All eyes were turned on him, and sobs broke from stern hearts. The mate could stand it no longer. He sprang to the boy, took him in his arms, kissed him, and told him he now believed his story—every word of it; and during the rest of the voyage he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; now everyone was ready to do him a



INDIAN WIDOWS RESCUED FROM SUTTEEISM BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

kind act. How many of us would have prayed as that little boy prayed? Would we not have been thinking how we could have gotten out of the trouble by telling some story?

## The Wooden Hat.

It was smooth and hard and heavy. No doubt it made the Scotch laddie's head ache; but a hat he must have. It would not do to wear his old cloth "bonnet," when he went to apply for a situation in the Old Soho Foundry in Birmingham, England. There was no money to buy a hat with, and nothing to make a hat of but wood. So wood it must be, and wood it was!

You may guess that the Scotch laddie was very, very poor. And there were loved ones in the humble home that he longed to help. Then you can fancy how he felt when the great foundryman, the "iron king," as Boswell named him, said, almost without looking up, in answer to his application for work, "No vacancy, young man."

The disappointed applicant stood quite still, smoothing his hat! It was so hard to give up this hope.

Suddenly the "iron king" turned his head, and his eyes fell upon the hat! "What is it?" he demanded. "Give it to me." And taking it in his hands, he looked it over, and then asked the history of the new style head-gear.

The bashful lad told the story. The hat was his own work. He had turned it in a lathe, and, moreover, was obliged to make his own lathe!

It was a story of difficulties overcome by an honest determination to succeed. The wise manufacturer engaged the patient and ingenious youth on the spot, and the day came when the master could say, "We want more Murdochs."

The Scotch lad, whose wooden hat opened the door for him to a place of honour and usefulness, was William Murdoch, the first, it is said, to think of using the gas of coal for lighting purposes.

Look at the bright side. Keep the sunshine of a living faith in the heart.

## A Sign-Board.

I will paint you a sign, rum seller  
And hang it above your door;  
A truer and better sign-board  
Than you ever had before.  
I will paint with the skill of a master,  
And many shall pause to see  
This wonderful piece of painting,  
So like the reality.

I will paint you yourself, rum-seller,  
As you wait for that fair young boy,  
Just in the morn of manhood,  
A mother's pride and joy.  
He has no thought of stopping,  
But you greet him with a smile;  
And you seem so blithe and friendly  
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rum-seller;  
I will paint you as you stand  
With a foaming glass of liquor  
Holding in either hand.  
He wavers, but you urge him:  
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"  
And he lifts the glass and drains it,  
And the hellish work is done.

And I will next paint a drunkard;  
Only a year has flown,  
But unto this loathsome creature  
The fair young boy has grown.  
The work was quick and rapid;  
I will paint as he lies  
In a torpid, drunken slumber,  
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother  
As she kneels at her darling's side,  
Her beautiful boy that was dearer  
Than all the world beside.  
I will paint the shape of the coffin  
Labelled with one word—"Lost!"  
I will paint all this, rum seller,  
I will paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and sorrow,  
The crime and want and woe,  
That are born there in your rum-shop,  
No hand can paint, you know.  
But I'll paint you a sign, rum seller,  
And many shall pause to view  
This wonderful swinging sign-board,  
So terribly, fearfully true.

## Girlhood of Mrs. Livermore.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

MARY A. LIVERMORE, the famous lecturer, is a striking example of a self-made woman. She was descended from ancestors who for six generations had been Welsh preachers; and her father and mother were earnest Christians also. At school she was a great favourite, because she was especially kind to all poor children. If a boy or girl wore shabby clothes, or was ridiculed, she always showed them especial attention; or if they had meagre dinners, she shared hers with them.

She was a mother to the five other children in the home. As they were in straitened circumstances, and there were very few playthings, she used to entertain the others by holding meetings in her father's woodshed—making benches of logs, and setting up split sticks for the people. She would pray and preach, and the rest were delighted to listen to what they considered wonderful eloquence.

The mother—Mrs. Rice—would smile at the peculiar spectacle; but the father would look on reverently and sadly, and say: "I wish you had been a boy; you could have been trained for the ministry."

So anxious was Mary for the conversion of the rest, that she would awaken her father and mother at ten o'clock at night, and beg them to pray for her sisters. "It's no matter about me," she said,

with her sweet, self-sacrifice; "if they are saved I can bear anything."

While so much in earnest she was merry, and fond of out-door sports. One day after sliding on the ice—she came into the house in great glee, exclaiming:

"It's splendid sliding!"

"Yes," said the father, "it's good fun, but wretched for the shoes."

The conscientious child saw how hard it was for the father to buy shoes, and never slid upon the ice again.

This was much like Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, when a lad, took a book out of the circulating library, for which he paid six cents. Being reproved by an aunt for spending this money when his widowed mother was struggling, he carried back the book unread, and for years could not be prevailed upon to read it.

When Mary was twelve years old she began to be eager to earn for her support, and to help the family. She loved books, and was not fond of sewing; but she thought if she could learn dress-making, this would bring money. For three months she worked in a shop without pay to learn the trade, and then, for three months, she received thirty-seven cents a day. This seemed such a slow way of earning, that she began to look for other work.

She went to a large clothing establishment, and asked for a dozen red flannel shirts to make. The proprietor wondered, probably, who the little twelve-year-old child could be; but she had an honest face, and he did up the bundle for her. She was to receive only six and a quarter cents apiece, and they must be returned at a specified time. Every night she worked in her room—sometimes till the early morning hours—to get those shirts ready, that the pittance might help father and mother. It is not strange that so heroic a child has come to a remarkable womanhood!

When the day came on which the work was to be done, she had made only half the shirts. There was a knock at the door:

"Does Mary Rice live here?" asked a strange voice of the mother, who had gone to the door to open it.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, she took a dozen red flannel shirts from my shop to make, and she hasn't returned 'em!" said the man, somewhat annoyed.

"It can't be my daughter," said the astonished Mrs. Rice.

The man was sure, but did not know what answer to make, when Mary appeared on the scene.

"Yes, mother; I got these shirts of the man."

"You promised to get 'em done, Miss," said the now re-assured man, "and we are in a great hurry."

"You shall have the shirts to-morrow night," said the mother.

When the man had gone, Mrs. Rice burst into tears.

"We are not so poor as that, my dear child," she said. "What is to become of you, if you take all the cares of the world upon your shoulders?"

She did not dream that her little girl was some day to watch over dying men on battle fields, take them home to die in the arms of their mothers, or let them die in her own, become one of the most active helpers in raising fifty million dollars for the sanitary and Christian commission in our civil war, become one of the most eloquent lecturers of the country, travelling twenty-five thousand miles annually in her work, and honoured and beloved in two hemispheres.

Little Mary Rice longed for an education, and the way to obtain it finally opened. Dr. Neale,

her minister, knew her noble and earnest spirit, and assisted her in going to the Charleston Female Seminary. Before long one of the teachers died, and Mary was asked to take her place, venturing out of school to fit herself for her classes. She thus earned enough to pay for her schooling, and was bright enough to take the four-years' course in two years.

When she had finished the course, she had the opportunity of going to a Virginia plantation as a governess. Here she remained for two years, and came home at the end of that time with six hundred dollars, and a good supply of clothes. How proud her fond parents must have been of her? Now she was able to help them.

She became the principal of the high-school in Duxbury, Mass., and was an inspiration to every scholar in the school. Yes! and an inspiration to somebody else in the neighbourhood—a young minister, whose church was near her school-house. She became deeply interested in his sermons, and he became deeply interested in her. The result was, that at twenty-three she married the Rev. D. P. Livermore, and has been a happy wife, and mother of three children.

Now past sixty, she looks and seems many years younger. Her home is at Melrose, Massachusetts. —Our Youth.

## The Swiss Hero.

As one travels through Switzerland he sees constantly exhibited in the shop-windows a group in bronze, marble, or wood carving. It represents a man pierced with ten spears; and as he sinks to the ground, dying, his comrades press victoriously upon their astonished foes.

The group evidently commemorated some Swiss hero; and we listened with pleasure as the Swiss shop-keeper repeated, with patriotic pride, the old story of Arnold de Winkelried.

In 1836 a large Austrian army invaded Switzerland. All the patriots gathered at Sempach to resist them. The armies fronted each other in silence. There was no point in the unbroken front of the Austrians where the Swiss could make an attack.

Suddenly Winkelried, shouting "Make way for liberty!" charged alone upon the Austrians. Extending his arms, he gathered ten spears within his grasp. Their points pierced his heart; he bore them to the ground; but the breach had been made. The Swiss rushed through the opening, and, stimulated by Winkelried's example, defeated the Austrians with terrible slaughter.

How often in moral advances some hero draws the attack upon himself, and falls a martyr, while others march to victory through the opening he has made.

## One Brick Laid Wrong.

SOME workmen were once building a very large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. In laying a corner, one brick—either by accident or carelessness—was set a very little out of line. The work went on without its being noticed; but as each course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher they built the more insecure it became.

One day, when the tower had been carried up about forty feet, there was a tremendous crash. The building had fallen, burying the men in the ruins!

Do you ever think what ruin may come of one bad habit, one brick laid wrong, while you are now building a character for life? Remember that in youth the foundation is laid.

## Across the Wheat.

You ask me for the sweetest sound  
 Mine ears have ever heard?  
 A sweeter than the ripples' splash,  
 Or trilling of a bird;  
 Than tapping of the raindrops  
 Upon the roof at night;  
 Than the sighing of the pine-trees  
 On yonder mount in height?  
 And I tell you, the ears are tender,  
 Yet never quite so sweet  
 As the murmur and the cadence  
 Of the wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows  
 In a sunlit sea of grain,  
 Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves,  
 To fill the creaking wain?  
 Have you thought how snow and tempest,  
 And the bitter wintry cold,  
 Were but the guardian angels,  
 The next year's bread to hold,  
 A precious thing, unharmed by all  
 The turmoil of the sky,  
 Just waiting, growing silently,  
 Until the storm went by?  
 Oh! have you lifted up your heart  
 To him who loves us all,  
 And listens, through the angel songs,  
 If but a sparrow fall;  
 And then, thus thinking of his hand,  
 What symphony so sweet  
 As the music in the long refrain,  
 The wind across the wheat?

It hath the dulcet echoes  
 From many a lullaby,  
 Where the cradled babe is hushed  
 Beneath the mother's loving eye.  
 It hath its heaven promise,  
 As sure as heaven's throne,  
 That he who sent the manna  
 Will surely feed his own;  
 And, though unknown only  
 'Mid the countless hosts who share  
 The Maker's never ceasing watch,  
 The Father's deathless care,  
 That atom is as dear to him  
 As my dear child to me;  
 He cannot lose me from my place,  
 Through all eternity.  
 You wonder, when it sings me this,  
 There's nothing half so sweet  
 Beneath the circling planets  
 As the wind across the wheat.

## A Wee Boy in Distress.

A TOUCHING CASE WHICH OCCURRED IN THE GLASGOW ROYAL INFIRMARY.

THE other day a poor little waif of a boy, ten or eleven years of age, greatly emaciated and exhausted by long-standing disease, was brought up in the hoist to the operating theatre of the Royal Infirmary, in Glasgow, to undergo an operation which, it was thought, might possibly have the effect of prolonging the boy's life. His condition, however, was so low and unsatisfactory that there was some fear not only that the operation might be unsuccessful in its results, but that during or immediately following the operation, the boy's strength might give way and his spirit pass away. After reaching the theatre, which is seated like the gallery of a church, and while the operating-table was being got ready, the little fellow was seated on a cushioned seat, and, looking up towards some students who were there to witness the operation, with a pitiful, tremulous voice he said: "Will one of you gentlemen put up just a wee prayer for a wee boy? I am in great trouble and distress—just a wee prayer to Jesus for me in my sore trouble." The surgeon, patting him on the shoulder, spoke kindly to him, but as he heard no prayer and saw probably only a pitying smile on the faces of some of the students, he turned his head away and in childish tones and words, which were sufficiently audible to those around him, he asked Jesus, friend, "the friend of

wee boys who loved him, to be with him—to have mercy on him in his distress. And while the young doctor was putting the boy under chloroform, so that he might feel no pain during the operation, so long as he was conscious the voice of the boy was still heard in words of prayer. The surgeon, as he stood by the table on which the boy lay, knowing that he had to perform an operation requiring some coolness and calmness and delicacy of touch, felt just a little overcome. There was a lump in his throat which rather disturbed him. Soon, however, he heard the words from the assistant, who was administering the chloroform, "Doctor, the boy is ready;" and taking the knife in his hand, lump or no lump, had to begin the operation. Soon the surgeon was conscious that the prayer which the little boy had offered up for himself had included in its answer some one else, for the coolness of head, steadiness of hand and delicacy of touch all came as they were needed, and the operation was completed with more than usual ease, dexterity and success.

On the following morning the surgeon, going round his ward from bed to bed, and coming to that on which the little boy lay, saw from the placid, comfortable look on his face that his sufferings had been relieved, and that all was well with him. Going up to the head of the bed and taking the little wasted hand, which seemed no larger than that of a bazaar doll, the surgeon whispered into his ear, "The good Jesus heard your prayer yesterday." A bright, happy, and contented look lit upon the boy's face, and with a feeble yet distinct pressure of the little hand, he looked up in the doctor's face and said, "I ken't he would." And then he added, "You, doctor, were guid to me too." But apparently thinking that the doctor was on a different platform, and required something tangible for his care and trouble, in a plaintive voice he said, "But I hae nothing to gie you;" and then a bright thought came into his mind, and with a little cheer in his tone, he added, "I will just pray to Jesus for you, doctor." The surgeon, before leaving the ward, in bidding the boy good-bye for the day, asked him where he came from and where he learned so much about Jesus to love him so dearly. He answered: "I come frae Berrieheld." "And you were in a Sabbath-school there?" "Oh, yes, in a Bourrock school." Our readers will be pleased to learn that the boy made a successful recovery, and is now at home.—*The Christian Leader.*

## Do It Yourself.

BY WOLSTAN DIXEY.

Is it a lesson to "get"? Is it a piece of carpenter work to finish? A garden patch to weed? Do it yourself. No matter what the job is, if it is your own business, then don't call on somebody else to help you.

You may get through with it quicker and easier if your mother or your father or your sister lends a hand; but the idea isn't to get through quick and easy; the idea is for you to make a man of yourself.

You must learn to stand alone. Every time you "wrestle" with a tough piece of work and "down" it without any help you become stronger and more self-reliant, and every time you ask for assistance and get it you become more of a baby.

As you grow older you will learn there isn't very much in life that anybody except himself can do for a man. He may have no end of teachers and helpers; they may all try their best for him, and they can do a little, but it is very little. After all is said and done, the biggest part of the work must be done by the man himself. Others can tell him what to do, but he must do it.

You can't begin too early to understand this, and to practice it. Of course, if you wanted to get a

strong arm you wouldn't ask some one else to lend a dumb-bell for you, if you want a strong mind, don't call on others to do your thinking for you, do it yourself.

Don't be forever saying to some one else:

"Would you do this, or would you do that?"

"Now which do you think is prettier? Which would you choose?"

"Do you think it would be right for me to do this, or would it be wrong?"

Make up your own mind; make it up quickly; then, if you find you acted unwisely, you've learned something; you've learned it yourself; you will know better next time.

You would better make a bad choice by yourself than a good one helped by some one else. It doesn't matter much whether you get the sweet apple or the sour one; but it matters a good deal whether you have *mind* enough to make your own decisions.

Do your own work, your own studying and thinking, your own deciding; then, whatever failures or mistakes you may make, you will yet become steadily stronger, wiser, more skilful by reason of the exercise and training that you have taken upon yourself. You will become more nearly fitted for one of those great emergencies for which perhaps you may be destined—when the fate of the nation hangs upon the quick, resolute thought and action of one man who has learned to stand by himself.

## Something About Ploughing.

BY MRS. R. M. WILBUR.

"A farmer's life is the life for me,  
 I own I love it dearly;  
 And every season, full of glee,  
 I take its labour cheerily."

It was Will Gray's voice that rang out so clearly as he deposited his hoe and shovel in the shed, and walked into the kitchen.

"Yes, mamma, I've decided," he said, rolling up his sleeves, and going to the sink to wash his hands. "A farmer's life is the life for me."

"Ploughing and all?"

"Oh, ploughing by steam is nothing," said Will. "If a body had to plough with oxen, or horses, even—as they do in most places—I wouldn't like it."

"Or with a cow and a woman yoked together, as they do in Germany," said Polly.

"Or with a camel and a bullock yoked to each other, as is seen in the East, and a wooden plough, very like those used in Egypt three thousand years ago," added mamma.

"No, I wouldn't be a farmer then," said Will, wiping his hands. "Neither would I have been a farmer in Peru in the times that Prescott tells about, when eight or nine men drew a wooden plough, like a staple, through the ground. There's too much labour about that."

"If the ploughs in old times were nothing but wood," said Polly, "I wonder what is meant in the Bible, where it tells of the good time coming—when the 'sword shall be beaten into ploughshares'?"

"In earliest times," said mamma, "their ploughs were made wholly of wood; but later, the part that entered the ground was shod with iron. And even to this day, in Greece, they use a plough about as simple as those of Egyptian days, and the ones that are used in Syria, with a camel and bullock to draw them."

THREE things too much and three things too little are pernicious to man: To speak much and know little; to spend much and have little; to pursue much and be worth little.

### If I Could Only Know.

If I could only surely know  
That all these things that fire me so  
Were noticed by my Lord!  
The pang that cuts me like a knife,  
The noise, the weariness, the strife—  
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if he really shares  
In all these little human cares,  
This mighty King of kings!  
If he who guides through boundless space  
Each blazing planet in its place,  
Can have the condescending grace  
To mind these petty things!

It seems to me, if sure of this,  
Blent with each ill would come such bliss  
That I might covet pain,  
And deem whatever brought to me  
The loving thought of Deity  
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,  
Not loss, but richest gain?

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt  
That thou dost compass me about  
With sympathy divine.  
The Love for me once crucified  
Is not the love to leave my side,  
But waiteth ever to divide  
Each smallest care of mine.

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## Home and School.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1890.

### The Epworth League and the Christian Endeavour.

THERE is no hostility between these two great divisions of the King's army. They are fellow workers in the same great cause, fellow-soldiers under the same great Captain. The Epworth League is being so largely adopted in our Church because it is under our own denominational control and direction. No one can assume the right or authority to urge the general adoption of the Christian Endeavour Society, because it is not so immediately under the direction of our Church, and has not its official endorsement. This at least is the reason the present writer feels bound to promote to the utmost of his ability the society which has the sanction of the Church through its constituted authorities. We are, moreover, of opinion that it is in consequence of having this sanction that one hundred and twenty-five Leagues have been already formed where not twenty-five of any other young people's society would have probably been formed among us.

At the same time there is not the least reason in



SACRED COW OF THE HINDOOS.

the world why the Epworth League and the Christian Endeavour societies should not maintain reciprocal relations of the most kind and cordial character. As we have elsewhere said we should like to see a frequent interchange of Christian courtesy and kindly co-operation in Christian work. The personal record of the present writer vindicates his claim to be in hearty sympathy with inter-denominational unity and comity. We are glad therefore, that the following Catholic-spirited resolutions were adopted at the recent convention of the Christian Endeavour Societies at St. Louis.

Mr. Wm. Shaw, treasurer of the United Society, presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"In order that the attitude of this society on the great questions of Christian union and fellowship be understood; therefore,

**Resolved**—That that the Christian Endeavour Society stands for no organic unity of the churches and nor for demolitions of denominations; that it deprecates as entirely outside of its province and contrary to its spirit all criticism or disparagement of the great ideas for which the several denominations stand. The fellowship that it seeks is that of common methods of work under a common name, for a common Lord; a fellowship upon the allegiance of every member to his own church; a fellowship which we believe will make larger and more efficient every church of every denomination that enters into it, and which will hasten the day when all shall be the Lord's and the whole world be united in unswerving hostility to sin and unswerving loyalty to Christ."

In addition to this the Rev. W. W. Andrews, B.A., of this city, proposed the following resolution, which was also adopted:

"As neither the United Society of Christian Endeavour nor its conventions exert any control over the local Societies and as the only Christian Endeavour bonds are those of a common love for the Master and the fellowship of like aims, principles and methods of work, and as we wish to range the young manhood and womanhood of the world under the motto 'For Christ and the Church,'

"Therefore be it resolved, that we welcome to the fellowship of our Unions and Conventions, any denominational society, which, as a guarantee of the adoption of our pledge and working methods, adopts our name in connection with any denominational name they may choose."

This means, we understand, that the department of Christian Work of any Epworth League can affiliate with the Christian Endeavour Societies by assuming the name of "The Christian Endeavour Society in connection with the Epworth League." The Christian Work Departments of the Epworth League are in essence societies for Christian endeavour, and there is to our mind no valid objection to combining the name, except that they become somewhat long and cumbersome. We would prefer that they should be welcomed without this condition; and we shall propose at the General Conference that the Society of Christian Endeavour, all kindred societies—the King's Daughters', King's Sons' and

the like—be cordially welcomed to all Epworth League conventions and meetings and invited to co-operate in Christian work.

As we come nearer to the Cross we shall feel that we come nearer also to one another.

Let this spirit be cultivated more and more, and in the near future Christians of the different Churches will discover, with a glad surprise, as they drink more deeply of the spirit of the Master, how near together and how much alike they are. Let all who name the name of Christ, join with heart and hand in a solemn league and covenant, first of Christian concord and friendship, and then of united effort to promote the glory of God in the highest, peace on earth and goodwill to men.

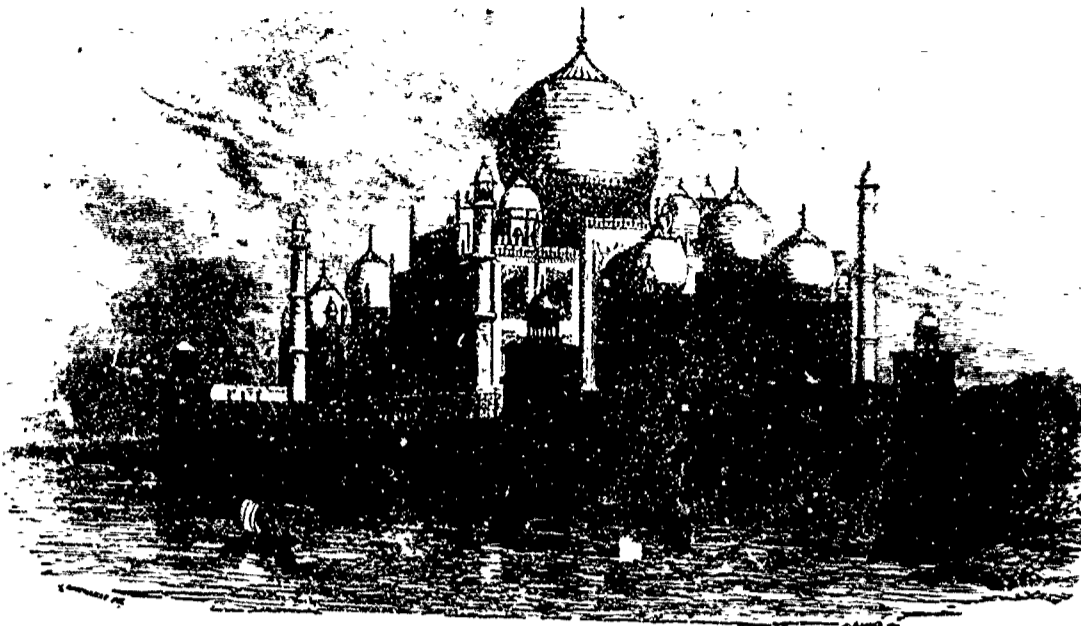
God is too near above, the grave beneath,  
And all our moments breath  
Too quick in mysteries of life and death

for us to spend a moment of time or a spark of energy in unchristian strife and antagonism.

As we stand a-nigh His cross;  
And behold his grief and shame,  
Trifling differences as dross,  
Live but in their trifling name.  
Hate and spite and party fall  
Dead, when Christ is all in all.

### "I Want to Be a Minister."

More than a century ago there lived in England an orphan boy with promising talents, who often said, 'I want to be a minister;' but having no money to carry out the great desire of his heart, his youthful spirit was often bowed to the earth by disappointed hope. Once a wealthy lady offered to pay his expenses at school if he would study and become a minister in her church; but the boy loved the church of his father, and could not be induced to leave his spiritual mother; so he respectfully declined the lady's kind offer. Afterward he visited a learned minister of his own Church, and asked the good pastor's advice in regard to studying for the ministry, but here he obtained no encouragement at all. The friendless boy went to God, and while he was engaged in fervent prayer, the mail-carrier knocked at the door of his dwelling, and handed him a letter from a friend of his father, with an effort to assist him in his studies for the ministry. Thus his desire was gratified, and he became one of the most useful ministers of England. His name was Philip Doddridge. We commend his example to all our young readers. The Lord wants many ministers. Great numbers who are now young boys must soon preach the Gospel. Let every boy ask this question, whether he should not engage in this work. We shall be concerned both about the duty of serving the Lord, and how we should serve him.



A MUHAMMEDAN MOSQUE.

## Pray for One Another.

With tenderest love and compassion,  
Our Master has granted relief  
To our hearts, overburdened with longing  
To comfort those laden with grief;  
To do something to show to our dear ones  
The depth of devotion and love  
That is burning within us, and seeking  
By action that yearning to prove.

When our hearts are aching to utter  
Some helpful and loving thought,  
When desire to serve overwhelms us,  
And the way is with hindrances fraught,  
Then pray! for permission is granted  
To pour out the soul at his feet  
In earnest petition for blessings  
On other—for blessings complete.

We can pray that the loved ones be strengthened  
With the might of his glorious power;  
That the love of the Father may fill them;  
That their joy may become every hour  
More perfect and deep and unselfish;  
That their lives may be beautiful rays  
To lighten the darkness about them;  
That his presence may brighten their days.

The Master will hear and will answer,  
And more blessings than we could impart  
By our weak and pany exertions  
Will be poured out in love on their heart.  
And those blessings, with wonderful sweetness,  
Will return to ourselves from the Lord,  
In giving a peace satisfying,  
By obeying this health-giving word.

## An Indian Trophy of Grace.

BY CARRIE S. TATE.

PERHAPS the readers of your valuable paper would like to hear something about Lillie, one of our "Home" children, who died recently. I think I can tell them more that will interest them in her life than in her death, for she lived a simple, Christian life.

She, with her brother, were the first to arrive on the day fixed for the opening of our Home—about two and a half years ago. She was a little over seven years of age; her brother nearly two years older. She was a timid, shy child, and as she neither understood nor spoke a word of English, a sound scarcely ever came from her lips until she learned to sing some of our beautiful Sunday-school hymns. This she was not long in accomplishing, and we often listened to her clear, sweet voice, as, stowed away in some corner secure from all observation, she would sing one hymn after another.

At our camp-meeting—two years ago—Lillie, with some other of her school companions, came forward and made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and said she intended from that time to fight the battles of King Jesus. At the weekly prayer and class-meetings held in connection with "The Home," she rarely lost an opportunity of witnessing for Christ; and her daily life showed that her religion was not "lip-service," but that the love of God dwelt in her heart.

Some little time ago, as they were retiring for the night, she went to Miss Sewers, and said: "Oh, I have been so happy to-day!"

"What is it that has made you so happy, Lillie?" asked the lady.

"I asked Jesus to help me with my work to-day, and he has helped me," she answered; "and now my heart is so happy!"

Just a few days before she was taken sick, she, with several others, were sitting together darning stockings. The children were comparing their work, when Lillie remarked: "I am glad I know how to work now. When I go home I will need my brothers' and my sisters' clothes; and, besides," she added, "I have learned to make bread, and to cook—so that, when I go back, my father will not be angry with me, as he used to, when my mother was sick."

I will just say here, that she was the granddaughter of Captain John, one of our most faithful Indian local-preachers. Her home was just inside the mountains, on the borders of a beautiful little lake, about eight miles from our "Home."

Captain John does not know one letter from another, so—during the few visits she made to her home since she has learned to read—he had her read and explain to him the Bible. At her funeral he said, with the tears streaming down his face, "I shall never hear her voice again in this world; but she told me all about Daniel and Joseph, and all the other good men in God's Book; and about what Jesus did, when he was in this world. Her words are here in my heart—I shall never forget them. My heart used to get so warm when she would read to me, and I thought how I shall be able to preach when I have her home to feed me with the words of God's Book; but now," he said, sobbing, "she's gone; God has taken her. I cannot—I cannot tell why—but she has gone!"

We all loved her; for she was gentle and kind—willful and obedient. She was very fond of studying her Bible, and was often found with it in some place alone, when all the rest were in the play-

ground. "But she being dead, yet speaketh." Her death came unexpectedly. She had the "Grip" lightly in the spring; was only a day sick—but we noticed that she did not regain her usual health and strength, and we used such remedies as we thought would build up her constitution. A little more than three weeks ago she was taken ill. The doctor was called, who pronounced it simple fever. We carried her over to the Mission-house, so that she might be quiet. We did all we could for her, and had every hope for her recovery until the last, when she became unconscious, and quietly slipped away.

Many times during her sickness she gave precious testimony to her love and faith in Jesus as her Saviour.

Chillicothe, B.C.

## At Harvest.

BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.

WHEN the world is radiant,  
Rich with summer hours,  
Wood and field and garden  
Gemmed with brightest flowers,  
When the wheat is golden,  
Gleaming in the sun,  
And the scythe and sickle  
Harvest have begun,  
May our thoughts turn often,  
In our gratitude,  
To the Lord of harvest—  
Giver of all good!

He who in the winter  
Clad the ground with snow,  
He who in the spring time  
Caused the seed to grow  
He who sent the showers,  
And the dew at morn,  
Then the sunny hours,  
Ripening fruit and corn—  
He is Lord of harvest,  
And to him we raise  
Songs of humble gratitude,  
Thankful songs of praise.

## The Cure of the Drunkard.

A MAN noted for intemperate habits was induced by Rev. John Abbott to sign the pledge "in his own way," which he did in these words: "I pledge myself to drink no intoxicating drinks for one year." Few believed he could keep it; but near the end of the year he again appeared at a temperance meeting without once having touched a drop.

"Are you not going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott.

"Yes," replied the man, "if I can do it in my own way;" and accordingly he wrote: "I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years; and if I live to that time I will go out to take out a life lease."

A few days afterward he called upon the tavern-keeper, who welcomed him back to his old haunt.

"O landlord!" said he, as if in pain, "I have such a lump on my side!"

"That's because you've stopped drinking," said the landlord. "You won't live long if you keep on."

"Will drink take the lump away?"

"Yes; and if you don't drink you'll soon have a lump on the other side. Come, let's drink together," and he poured out two glasses of whiskey.

"I guess I won't drink," said the former inebriate, "especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump; for it isn't very hard to bear, after all." And with this he drew the "lump"—a roll of greenbacks—from his side pocket, and then walked off, leaving the landlord to his reflections.

### The Children We Keep.

The children kept coming, one by one,  
Till the boys were five and the girls were three,  
And the big brown house was alive with fun  
From the basement floor to the old roof-tree;  
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,  
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care;  
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew,  
They bloomed into beauty, like roses rare.

One of the boys grew we cry one day,  
And leaning his head on his mother's breast  
He said: "I am tired and cannot play—  
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."  
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,  
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song;  
And rapturous love still lighted his face  
When the spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,  
Who stood "where the brook and the river meet,"  
Stole softly away into Paradise  
Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet.  
While the father's eyes on the grave are bent  
The mother looked upward beyond the skies;  
"Our treasures," she whispered, "are only lent,  
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by, and the children began  
With longing to think of the world outside;  
And as each in his turn became a man  
The boys proudly went from the father's side.  
The girls were women, so gentle and fair  
That lovers were speedy to woo and win;  
And with orange blossoms in braided hair,  
The old home was left—new homes to begin.

So one by one the children have gone—  
The boys were five and the girls were three,  
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,  
With two old folks for its company.  
They talk to each other about the past,  
As they sit together at eventide,  
And say, "All the children we keep at last  
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."



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

### Our Great Need.

APPROVED machinery is good. He who would make use of inferior appliances while vastly better ones are at hand would not be wise. There is widespread satisfaction with our remodeled Epworth machinery. It is simply, compact, and usable. With it many things can be done speedily and well. But we need more than good machinery.

We might place on the track the mightiest locomotive ever built. We might attach it to the longest train to which a locomotive was ever hitched. We might burnish every brazen mounting until it glistened with brightness. We might smooth every journal-box and oil every bearing. We could do all this with the mightiest engine ever built, and yet it would be a great lifeless, useless thing. But let the fires once be kindled under the boiler; let the steam go coursing through its iron arteries, then you have a thing of life, a marvel of mighty power. It will do its work as if it were only play for its iron strength.

It is so in our work. Our board of control has given us an admirable machine. But the machine has no power. We need more. The fire must fall from above. The energy of the Divine spirit must sweep through the soul. Our whole being must be permeated and thrilled with a pentecostal baptism. Then shall we have power. That power will be to us a wonderful inspiration. It will revivify and refresh. It will reinforce. Possessing it we shall move forward harmoniously, victoriously, in our great work. Our burdens will then seem light,

Our most perplexing and difficult duties will be easy. Our labour will no longer be labour, but a glad some privilege—a joyous play of the soul.—  
*Epworth Herald.*

### Epworth League Notes.

(From the Epworth Herald.)

The true Epworth disciple is an out-and-out optimist. He sometimes becomes blue, but never looks that colour. His head and heart and life are so full of sunshine that wherever he goes he spreads the blessed contagion.

—It is amazing what small communities are sending clubs of twenty-five subscribers or more. It shows what an energetic canvass will do. And if this sort of thing is kept up, it means a total subscription list that will roll high up into the thousands.

—Now, see here. If friends call upon you when you are going out to spend a social evening, you excuse yourself, and go. Why not do so on League evening? In the former case you may not be at liberty to invite them to accompany you. In the latter you always may.

—Shake hands. Do it often. Do it heartily. Cultivate your own social powers, and the social life of the church. Try to make everyone feel very much at home in the Lord's house. And be particularly kind to any one who may not be able to wear as good clothes as you do, and to "the stranger within thy gates."

### Water-Drops.

A YOUNG girl walked among her flowers one bright spring morning. She was herself as fair a flower as any, with a heart so pure that evil thoughts could find no lodgment there. As she bent above a bed of fragrant violets, a single drop of water flashed like a diamond before her eyes.

"Oh, what a lovely mission is yours, little water-drop!" cried the young girl. "You fall from the fair sky above only to find a fairer resting-place in the heart of one of nature's own darlings, which it is your happy lot to brighten and refresh."

Then, bending low, she kissed the drop away, and, plucking the violet, wore it with others of its mates in her bosom.

A few days later, the same fair young girl walked in the streets of a crowded city. Looking up, she saw a dark cloud gather, and soon a summer shower was falling. From a safe shelter she watched the bright drops fall, and again her thoughts turned to the lovely mission of the water-drops—so pure, so wholesome, so life-giving.

Soon the shower was over, and she went her way. At the street corner she paused to see the rushing stream pouring into the sluice-ways that led into the dark sewer. Down came these water-drops in a great hurrying, scurrying company now, beautiful no longer, but dark and foul with the filth they had accumulated.

How unlike the crystal drop that rested lightly on the violet's pure face, and how unlike the shining company that fell a few moments before, with a kind of rushing gladness, as though it were a great joy to find work to do on the earth!

"Ah," said the young girl, "it is not so pleasant to come into contact with the slime and filth of the city streets, and then to be plunged into noisome sewers, and so be carried away, no one knows whither." And she sighed as she walked on.

But another day, as this maiden walked through the sunny lanes of her country home, she saw a filmy white cloud hanging low above her head. It came from seaward. And then she remembered that this cloud carried rain-drops in its bosom, which the sun had won away from the smiling sea.

Her thoughts went back to the day when she saw the stained, foul water-drops rushing down into the sewer, as if to hide their shame.

"Can it be," she said, "that these same drops, carried out into the great sea, and cleansed of earthly impurity, have again been called up into the sky, and may even now be hovering over me in this lovely, white cloud?"

And the young girl learned this lesson: That the purest and brightest things on earth may mingle with the vilest, and not be defiled, if only they are doing God's errands."

### Keep Away.

THE proprietor of a high-toned drinking-saloon in New York signed the pledge and closed his dramshop. On learning that a company of lads had organized themselves into a temperance society, he went to them and gave them some of his experience as a rum-seller.

"I sold liquor," said he, "eleven years—long enough for me to see the beginning and end of its effect. I have seen a man take his first glass in my place and afterward find the grave of a suicide. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon who now cannot buy a dinner. I recall twenty customers, worth from one to five thousand dollars, who are now without money or without friends."

He warned the boys against entering the saloon upon any pretext. He said that he had seen a young fellow, a member of a temperance society, come in with a friend and wait while he drank. "No, no," he would say, when asked to drink, "I never touch it. Thanks all the same." Presently, rather than seem churlish, he would take a glass of cider or harmless lemonade. "The lemonade was nothing," said he, "but I knew how it would end. The only safety, boys, for any one, no matter how strong his resolutions, is outside the door of the saloon."—*Wesleyan Christian Advocate.*

### A Royal Laundress.

A PLEASANT story is told of the Princess Louise's visit to the Bermuda Islands, which belong to Great Britain. The islanders determined to give her a reception, and rich and poor made ready to do her honour. One day she was out sketching; for, like the Queen and the rest of her daughters, she is fond of sketching. She was thirsty, and called at a cottage door for water. The good woman of the house was busy, and refused to go for the water. She, of course, did not know who the Princess was. She was busy, she said, ironing a shirt for her husband to wear at the reception of the Queen's daughter; and she could not leave that to get water for anybody.

"If you will get me the water," said the Princess, "I will finish ironing the shirt while you are gone."

So the Princess ironed the shirt, while the woman fetched the water. But imagine her surprise when she learned who it was that had been doing her ironing. She at once declared that her husband should not wear the shirt at the reception, nor anywhere else. She should always keep it just as it was; for had not the Queen's daughter ironed it?

AN old Arabian proverb says: "It is the second blow which begins the quarrel." Herein lies deep wisdom. It is, indeed, only another version of the noble Christian maxim: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." A word of kindness and forgiving forbearance, in return for a blow, will often make the aggressor more grieved and ashamed than any triumph of force over him could have done. Children, remember that "kind words awaken kind echoes."

## The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands,  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and smewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black, and long;  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns what'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice  
Singing in paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies,  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
He has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought!

—Longfellow.

## Will the "Coming" Youth Use Tobacco?

BY THE REV. D. W. SCOTT, A.M.

THE "coming youth" is the ideal youth—of strong physique, good brain, and proper habits—a specimen of well-poised young manhood a possibility even in this last quarter of the nineteenth century.

"Tobacco" is said to be a word of Spanish origin, and was the name, not of the narcotic herb, but of the "pipe" in which it was smoked. By the law of association it came to be applied to the herb itself. It was first used as a snuff, but now, alas! in many forms.

Some time in the early portion of the seventeenth century, the smoking of tobacco came into practice—for one evil leads to another. One writer says: "Very shortly after its appearance in Europe it was prohibited by law. The physicians declared it hurtful to health, and the priests denounced it as sinful." The Sultan of Turkey punished smokers with death, and the penalty paid in Russia was the amputation of the nose.

The most I have against that elegant courtier, Sir Walter Raleigh, is that he introduced the habit of smoking into England. We are told by tourists that in Raleigh's old house, at Islington, can still be seen a shield bearing his arms, with a tobacco-plant at the top. Now, as England is the "mother country," how natural and easy for the manners and customs of that land to be transferred to this!

To return now to the question at the head of this paper: Will the coming youth—the ideal, the model youth—use tobacco? I answer No! Because—

(1) It destroys health. What young person does not "enjoy" good health? And none would destroy it. Will tobacco-using work this ruin? Poisons destroy life. One drop of the oil of tobacco will kill a cat, three drops a dog, ten drops a cow. Tobacco is a poison to animals—quadrupeds surely. Will it poison bipeds of the genus *homo*? Let us see. We might present a symposium of medical experts to prove it. We will call but two or three witnesses. One says: "Tobacco impairs digestion, poisons the blood, causes the limbs to tremble, and weakens and disorders the heart." Another, "It is the cause of the alarming frequency of apoplexy, epilepsy, and other diseases of the nervous system." Says Dr. Willard Parker, "The users of tobacco recover soon and in a healthy manner from cases of injury and fever. They are more apt to die in epidemics, and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis."

Here three famous physicians testify to the deadly injury of tobacco. Out of thirty-eight cases of youths who smoked, every one—on examination by the doctor—was pronounced in ill health. Which is worse, smoking or chewing? Both. "Smoking" distributes the poisonous nicotine throughout the body. Absorbed by the membranes, it stupefies and destroys. "Chewing" keeps the "mill" moving all the day long—from seven a.m. to nine p.m.—constantly destroying vital force. Witness the emaciated appearance so frequent with tobacco-users. No! the coming youth will not use tobacco, for the sake of health.

(2) He will not, from considerations of cleanliness. Our youth, whom I am considering, has an ambition to look and to be neat and clean. Will tobacco defile? Need I ask the question? A tobacco-user is a disagreeable person to have around. He pollutes the atmosphere in which he moves. One has truthfully said, "Two whiffs of his breath will scent a room. You may scent him before he takes his seat. Of this offensiveness he is entirely unconscious."

A physician writes, "I have been followed around a large office-table by them, backing continually to escape the nuisance, till I had made a revolution or two before my movement was perceived." Horace Greeley called tobacco-smoke "a profane stench." And Daniel Webster said, "If men must smoke, let them take the horse shed." Dr. Nott, former President of Union College, asked four of his student boys why they smoked. They gave just as good excuses as any man can give. One said, "Because it cures water-brash." A second, "Because it prevents water-brash." A third, "It cures tooth-ache." And a fourth, "Smoked for corns!"

(3) The coming youth will not use tobacco because of his influence. He will value and guard his influence and example. Many are led to use tobacco, not, perhaps, that they really enjoy it, but because of the social invitation and the example of those who are older.

A gentleman once told me that, when he was a boy, he used to see a man of wealth take a silver tobacco-box from his pocket, take out a pinch of "solace," and close the box with a snap. "Ah!" said he, "I said I'll do that when I get old enough." And he did.

Rev. Dr. — told me that he was once addicted to the tobacco habit. While walking on Tremont Street one morning, enjoying his fragrant cigar, he noticed two gamins, about ten years old, drawing on stubs they had picked from the gutter. One said to his comrade:

"Jimmy, why do you smoke?"  
"Oh," said Jimmy, "Dr. — smokes and I smoke."

Out went the doctor's cigar into the street, and he declared, with great emphasis, "No boy shall quote me again."

(4) He will also refrain from the tobacco habit and from the financial waste which it entails. The tobacco-bill of the United States is \$600,000,000. This is a million dollars more than we spend for bread, twice as much as we spend for meat, three times as much as we spend for cotton goods, and almost six times as much as we spend for our schools, and one hundred times as much as we spend for foreign missions! One who has made the estimate says:

"Give me the money wasted on tobacco, and I will clothe, feed, and shelter all the poor on the continent"

A merchant put aside for a series of years the amount of money he had formerly spent for tobacco, and put it at compound interest, and at length bought a country seat, costing \$29,000!

Boys! which will you have: "A home without smoking, or smoking without a home!" It ought not to take long to settle that question? For the reasons presented, and others which might be added, the "coming youth" will not use tobacco.

Hasten the time when the "coming youth" may be here and everywhere. So shall God's blessing rest on his purse and person.

## Bits of Fun.

—"I hear you were rescued from the clutches of a grizzly last summer. Narrow escape, that."

"Yes; it was a pretty tight squeeze."

—A little girl who made frequent use of the word "guess" was corrected for it, and told to say "presume" instead. One day, on telling a caller how her mother made her aprons, she said,

"Mamma doesn't cut my dresses and aprons by a pattern. She just looks at me and presumes."

—Some members of the Ordnance Survey were touring in the south of Scotland. In the prosecution of their calling they entered a field belonging to a crusty old farmer. Seeing the strangers manœuvring in a way he could not understand the farmer approached.

"What are ye wantin' in the field?" he cried.

"O, we have a right to go anywhere," returned one of the company. "We are surveying, and here are our government papers."

"Paper here or paper there," returned the farmer, "oot ye gang—oot o' my field!"

"No, we shan't," returned the man: "and you are rendering yourself liable to prosecution for interrupting us."

The farmer said no more, but went over to a shed opening into the field and let out a savage bull. The bull no sooner saw the red-coats than he "went for" them as if mad. The surveyors snatched up their theodolite and flew for their lives, while the old farmer, in great glee, yelled after them,

"What are ye running for? Can ye no show the bull yer government papers?"

—A small girl of three years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table.

"Why, Ethel," said the mother, "what is the matter?"

"O," whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

"Well, I can't understand it at all," remarked Mrs. Snags, after the caller, Mr. Watertight, had taken his departure.

"Can't understand what?" asked her husband. "Mr. Watertight says he took a saloon passage to England and back; and he's such a strong Prohibitionist, too."



**Does Anyone Care for Father?**

[A question that comes close home to a good many young people is asked in the following lines, from an exchange.]

Does anyone care for father?  
Does anyone think of the one  
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders  
The cares of the family come?

The father who strives for your comfort  
And toils on from day unto day,  
Although his steps ever grow slower,  
And his dark locks are turning gray?

Does anyone think of the due-bills  
He's called on daily to pay?  
Milliner-bills, college-bills, book-bills—  
There are some kind of bills every day.

Like a patient horse in a treadmill,  
Ho works on from morning till night;  
Does anyone think he is tired?  
Does anyone make his home bright?

Is it right, just because he looks troubled,  
To say he's as cross as a bear?  
Kind words, little actions, and kindness,  
Might banish his burden of care.

'Tis for you he's ever so anxious  
He will toil for you while he may live;  
In heaven he only asks kindness,  
And such pay is easy to give.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN LUKE.**

A.D. 30] **LESSON VII.** [Aug. 17

**THE TEN LEPERS.**

Luke 17. 11-19. Memory verses, 15-17.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?—Luke 17. 17.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Near the dividing line between Samaria and Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.—When Jesus performed this miracle he was on his way toward Jerusalem, and intended to cross the bridge over Jordan, and travel southward through Perea. The most natural place chronologically for this incident would have been after 9. 56. St. Luke places it here to contrast man's duty of thankfulness to God with the sort of claim to thanks from God which is asserted by spiritual pride.

**EXPLANATIONS.**

*Through the midst*—Probably along a valley which lies between the borders of Galilee and Samaria, on his way to Perea. *Lepers*—Compelled, by law to live apart. It is a mournful picture, nine Jews associating with one Samaritan, whose presence would have been defiling to them were it not that the ten were alike defiled by the curse of leprosy. *Stood afar off*—Forbidden by law and custom to approach. *Jesus, Master*—An acknowledgment that he was a prophet or rabbi of dignity. *When he saw them*—His sympathies were aroused by their forlorn condition. *He said* Shouted out, for there must be one hundred paces between him and them by the requirements of the law. *Go show yourselves*—He did not tell them they were going to be healed, or that they were healed. A remarkable test of their faith. *As they went*—Their faith was equal to the test, and God's salvation equal to their faith. *One of them . . . turned back*—Health had returned suddenly to their diseased bodies; but it must be remembered that they were going in quite different directions. The nine had started for their priests at Jerusalem. The one Samaritan was going to his own priest at Gerizim. *Fell down*—With truly Oriental demonstration. *Where are the nine*—They were infected by something far worse than leprosy—ingratitude. *Thy faith hath made thee whole*—It was the condition on which divine healing and grace were dependent.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *The Ten*, vers. 11-14.  
Whither was Jesus journeying?  
Between what provinces did he go?  
Who met him on his entrance to a village?

Why did they stand afar off? Levit. 13. 46.

In what respect is leprosy a type of sin?  
What prayer did the lepers offer?  
What command did Jesus give?  
Why were they bidden to go to the priest?  
Lew. 14. 2. See Matt 5. 17  
What result came as they obeyed?

2. *The One*, vers. 15-19.

What four things did one of the ten do?  
When did he do this?  
To what nation did he belong?  
How did the Jews regard the Samaritans?  
John 4. 9.  
What question did Jesus ask? (Golden Text.)  
What did he say about the nine?  
What command did he give to the one?  
Of what did he assure the man?  
How can we be made whole? Acts 16. 31.

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Who met Jesus? "Ten lepers" 2. What did they call out to him? "Master, have mercy upon us." 3. What did Jesus tell them to do? "Show themselves to the priests." 4. What then occurred? "They were all healed." 5. How many returned to thank God? "One, and he was a Samaritan."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Cleansing from sin.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

7. How are the children of God described? As being adopted into God's family, or called children, and as being regenerated and made children.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God, and such we are. —1 John 3. 1.

A.D. 30] **LESSON VIII.** [Aug. 24

**PREVAILING PRAYER.**

Luke 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 13-14.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—Luke 18. 14.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Somewhere on the journey through Perea to Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—During this last journey our Lord pronounced his most radical doctrines, and told his most striking parables.

**EXPLANATIONS.**

*Not to faint*—Not to weaken, not to show cowardice. *Which feared not God, neither regarded men*—And Jesus compares such a reckless and miserable judge to God! It is rather, indeed, a contrast than a comparison. If this bad judge can, by any means, be led to do right, how much more may we expect from the Judge of all the earth! *A widow* In the ancient Eastern world the widows were defenceless and oppressed. *Avenge me*—Settle my case. *He said within himself*—He was an utterly shameless man — *Lest she weary me*—Lest she assault me. *The unjust Judge*—The judge of injustice. *His own elect*—His chosen ones. *Cry day and night*—A most pathetic description of that endless series of heart-rending prayers which the Christians in all ages have been sending up to the throne of God. *Bear long*—Seem to be tardy. *When the Son of man cometh*—When Jesus is revealed in his power. *Shall he find faith*—Rather, shall he find fidelity? *Despised others*—No man is a true Christian who does that, no matter how degraded the others may be. *A Pharisee*—With his holy fringe on his garments, and his prayers and Scripture passages (phylacteries, fastened on his brow. *A publican*—In working dress, and with that inexpressible sad look which always comes to the countenance of a man who is held in general contempt. *Stood*—Standing was the customary attitude of prayer. *Prayed*—But he did not pray, he only boasted. *Not as other men*—Every Christian young man and woman ought to join in this thanksgiving of the Pharisee every morning of his life, but it should be offered in the spirit of the Samaritan. *Extortioners*—The worst of it all is that, so far as we can learn from the writers of the day, this Pharisee was exactly correct in his estimate of what other men were. *Even as this publican*—Who had, doubtless, been an unscrupulous, greedy man. But what sort of a spirit had that man who saw through the sides of his eyes the contrite publican beating his breast in anguish, without a touch of pity or a disposition to speak a word of comfort? *Twice*

*in a week*—On the second and fifth days. *Give tithes*—"Fasting and tithes, with this man, superseded the weightier matters of the law." *Standing afar off*—He would probably have been insulted if he had come nearer.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *An Unjust Judge*, vers. 1-5.  
What is a parable?  
What lesson was this parable intended to teach?  
How is the unjust judge described?  
Who came to him for justice?  
What was her plea?  
How did the judge treat her at first?  
What did he afterward say?

2. *A Just God*, vers. 6-8.  
What question did Jesus ask about a just God?  
What prayer of martyrs did John hear? Rev. 6. 10.  
Of what did Jesus assure his hearers?  
What says Peter about God's promise? 2 Peter 3. 8, 9.

3. *A Forgiven Sinner*, vers. 9-14.  
To whom was another parable spoken?  
Of what two men does the parable speak?  
Where were they, and for what purpose?  
For what did the Pharisee offer thanks?  
Of what good deeds did he boast?  
What shows the humility of the publican?  
What was his prayer?  
Which man's prayer was answered?  
Who is sure to be abased?  
What honour is promised to the humble? (Golden Text.)

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Why did the unjust judge at last consent to listen to the widow's supplication? "Lest her continual coming should weary him." 2. What will God do for his own chosen ones? "He will avenge them speedily." 3. Who went up to the temple to pray? "A Pharisee and a publican." 4. What did the Pharisee do? "Thanked God that he was not as other men." 5. What did the publican say? "God be merciful to me a sinner." 6. What is Christ's application of this story? Golden Text: "He that humbleth," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The value of prayer.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

8. What is Christian adoption?  
It is the act of grace which bestows on believers the name and the privileges of sons of God?

To redeem them that are under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. —Galatians 4. 5.

**What Did the Clock Say?**

THE clock upon the tower of a neighbouring church tolled forth, slowly and solemnly, the knell of the departed hour.

As the last stroke died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and, looking earnestly in her face, asked, "Mother, what did the clock say?"

"To me," said his mother sadly, "it seemed to say, 'Gone—gone—gone—gone!'"

"What, mother—what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour, mother?"

"A white-winged messenger from our Father in heaven, sent by him to enquire for you, of me, what we are doing, what we are saying, what we are thinking and feeling."

"Where is it gone, mother?"

"Back to him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words, and deeds while it was with us. Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

Reader, what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high of you?—*Early Dew.*



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