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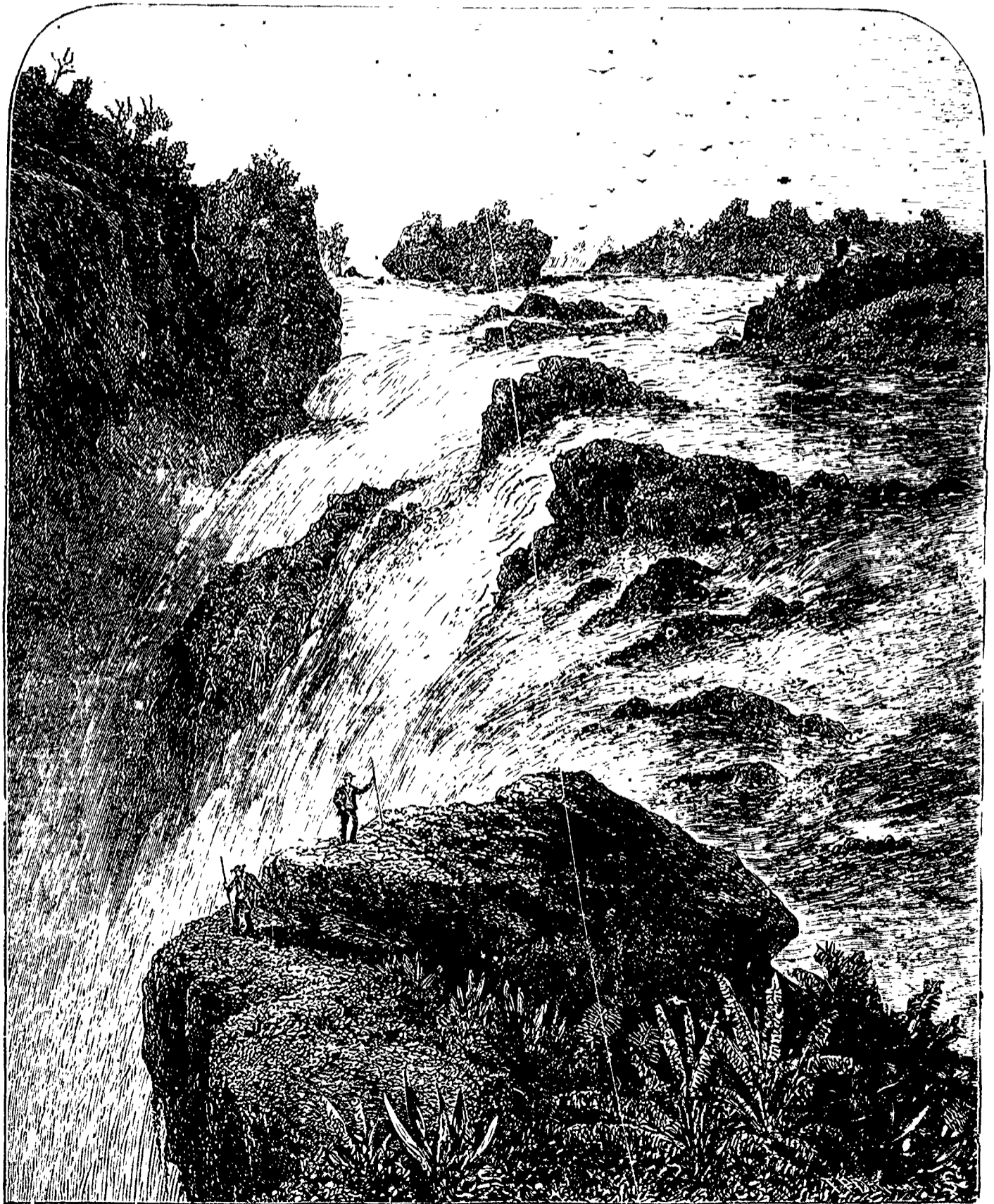
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# HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, JULY 17, 1886.

[No. 15



GRAND FALLS OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

## The Wild Sower.

BY ELIOT M. THOMAS.

Up and down the land I go,  
Through the valley, over hill;  
Many a pleasant ground I sow,  
Never one I reap or till;  
Far and fast I never yield,  
Leave no hayrick in the field.

Farmer goes with leathern scrip,  
Fills the harrowed earth with seed;  
In the self-same score I slip  
Germs of many a lusty weed;  
Though I scatter in his track,  
I possess nor bin nor sack.

He sows wheat, and I sow tare,  
Rain and sunshine second toll;  
Tame and wild these acres share,  
Wrestling for the right of soil.  
I stand by and clap my hands,  
Cheering on my urethra bands.

Mine the cockle in the rye,  
Thorned thistle, large and fine,  
And the daisy's white-fringed eye,  
And the dodder's endless twine;  
Mine those fingers five that bind  
Every blade and stalk they find.

Mine the lilies, hot and bright,  
Setting summer meads on fire;  
Mine the silkwood's spindles white,  
Spinning Autumn's soft attire.  
Golden-rod and aster then  
I bring up by bank and glen.

Whose fleeth to the woods,  
Whose buildeth on the plains,  
I, too, seek those solitudes,  
Leading on my hardy trains:  
Thorn and briar, still man's lot,  
Crowd around the frontier cot.

Many serve me, unaware,—  
Shaggy herds that ceaseless roam,  
And the rovers of the air  
Passing to their winter home;  
More than these upon me wait,—  
Wind and water bear my freight.

Thus, a sower wild, I go,  
Trafficking with every clime,  
Still the fruitful germs I sow  
That shall vex your harvest-time;  
Otherwise, ye toll-steeped men,  
Eden's case were come again.

## The River of January.

(See first page.)

PROBABLY no place on earth is more inappropriately named than Rio de Janeiro. There is a tradition that an early Portuguese navigator, when exploring the coast of Brazil, entered this bay in the month of January. From the great size of the bay, which extends inland seventeen miles and has an extreme breadth of twelve miles, he supposed that he had discovered another river similar to the Amazon and Orinoco, and he forthwith named it Rio de Janeiro, which in English means River of January. Whether this is in reality the origin of this misnomer or not, it remains applied to province, city, and bay. To northern ears the sound is cold. Our rivers in January are not inviting except to venturesome skaters, but January and June are the same upon the placid waters of Rio bay. Perpetual summer smiles upon its verdant islands, and no icy winds blow from the heights which surround it. Our engraving shows one of the cascades on the upper waters of this river.

In the time of Oliver Cromwell the magistrates in the north of England punished drunkenness by making the drunkards carry what was called the "drunkard's cloak." This was a large barrel, with one head out, and a hole in the other, through which the offender was made to put his head, while his hands were drawn through two small holes, one on each side. With this he was compelled to walk along the public streets.

## Hard Times.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"I've got a job, mother!"  
"True, Bob?"

"Yes, a whole cord of wood to saw. Got in ahead of every one else. Followed a load on the street till it got to the place where they'd bought it, and got the promise of it."

Bob straightened up his thin, awkward, overgrown figure with great pride, and then began poking the fire.

"Take care, Bob," cautioned his mother, "the wood's most gone."

"But there'll be an extra dollar to-morrow, don't you see? Fifteen cents I'm to pay Jim Johnson for the loan of his saw and buck, I'm goin' to buy fifty cents' worth of wood, and goin' to get a pane of glass for the window; and then, Kitty," bending over a little girl who lay on a miserable bed, "something'll be left for you. I'm going to get you some of those jolly nice white rolls you saw at the baker's one day—yes I am, Kitty! and somethin' else I sha'n't tell you till you see. Just wait till I come home to-morrow! The first job I've had for all my tryin'! I wish the hard times were over."

Bob mused a few moments on all the weary miles he had walked in search of work through cold, storm and snow, since the day when, a few weeks ago, the daily newspaper had lengthened its routes and discharged some of its carrier boys, he among the number.

"Who's hard times, anyway, that they all talk about?" said Kitty, pressing a cold little hand to her feverish cheek, as she turned her restless eyes towards him.

"Why, it ain't anybody, Kitty; it's only that it's hard to get work, and hard to get money, and hard for poor folks to live."

"Yes,"—mother shook her head with an expression of woeful realization on her face. "The glass works is closed up, so there's boys and men out there; and they're sending the girls out of the shops; and people that giv' out their sewing before, does it themselves now—that's how 'tis I get so little,—and mills and factories shut up."

"I should think," said Bob, looking gravely into the fire he had stirred into a feeble blaze, "that rich folks would try all the more to give poor folks work, such times."

"They say they can't, somehow," said his mother.

"P'raps," said Kitty, "they wouldn't have enough money themselves to last till hard times was gone, if they did."

"P'raps so," said Bob, "Never mind," he added briskly, "the lady I'm to saw for gets lots of wood, and maybe she'll hire me again, and maybe you'll get more sewing, mother, and then we'll get the mattress from the pawnshop, and buy some stuff to make Kitty well; and then it won't be hard times any longer, will it?"

"\* \* \* \* \*

"It'll take an hour to thaw it out," said Bob, as in the dim light of the following morning he broke into pieces with a hatchet the corn-bread, frozen to the solidity of a stone.

"There'll be warm water soon, and then I can soak it, Bobby."

"I guess I'd better not wait, though," he said, crunching between his teeth some of the flinty morsels. "You see, it's most a day's work, and I want to show 'em that I'm equal to it, so I'll be the surer of gettin' more. Now,

I'll move your machine by the stove, mother—it's queer how the poor thing seems to be like folks, and wants to be warmed up before it'll go. Too bad, Kitty, to have to take my coat off you, but the stove's gettin' nicely warmed up now, and I've got an iron on it for mother to put to your feet." He took the coat which had been over her, but stopped to carefully trek about her the bit of bedding before putting it on. Then, with caressing pat and a cheery good-bye, he went out into the bitter, biting, stinging cold.

It seemed to enfold his thinly-clad frame in a clasp which might well seem worse than the grasp of death to any but a boy still bearing, through hardship and privation, the blessed spirit of youthful hope, braced by loving solicitude for still feebler ones. The heavy sticks of wood seemed to greet him with a friendly look as he went at his work with hearty good-will.

But as the hours wore away the boy began to realize that something besides mere energy and will purpose is necessary to the carrying one through a day's hard work in the atmosphere of a Northern winter. All his resolution could not keep off the frequently recurring dizziness and faintness which seemed at times almost to overwhelm him with an impulse to fling himself down upon the pitiless snow beside him. He tried to laugh it off and fight it off, yielding to it once or twice only far enough to sit down for a moment on his saw-buck and rest his head on his trembling hand, springing up suddenly with a fear that some one might see him and think him unfit for hard work.

Finished at last it was, and piled with extra care and neatness to the last stick, each one of which had grown heavier and heavier. Then Bob stood in the comfortable kitchen and waited for the mistress to come and pay him.

"Eighty cents!" she said, offering him some change.

"I—thought—ma'am, a dollar was the regular price."

"Yes, but you're a boy. You don't expect a man's wages, do you?"

"It's a full cord, ma'am, isn't it?" said Bob, meekly, driven to say more than he otherwise would have ventured, by the strength of his longing desire to fulfil his promise to poor little Kitty.

"Yes, I know. But it's very hard times, and people can't expect what they used to get. There's plenty ready to do all I want done for that."

Bob knew it. More than one sawyer had come into the yard that day, looking with hungry eyes at his job and speculating on the chances of any more work to be had there. As the lady turned away he walked slowly out.

"It must be the warmth of the kitchen," he said to himself as he was forced by the sick feeling in his head and the weakness in his knees to sit down on the step outside.

Mrs. Brainard had no thought of being unkind or unjust. Months before, when her husband had informed her of the pressure which was tightening upon his business affairs, she had dutifully and practically accepted his suggestion of retrenchment in home expenses. She had cut down on her charities, worn her last year's cloak, made over for the children dresses and flannels which she had been in the habit of giving away, and industriously laboured through the plain sewing she had heretofore given out. Naturally inclined to be generous, and full of

sympathy for suffering which really came under her notice, she had made up her mind that liberal giving must be deferred to a more convenient season, and had closed her ears to the cry of the destitute which arose on every side.

She had been dressing to go out, and having returned to her room, was leisurely brushing her cloak, when she saw the boy she had just paid coming out of her back yard. He essayed to cross the street, and her attention was drawn to his singular manner. She watched for a moment his stumbling, apparently careless steps, and then with an expression of dismay, hastily threw on her wraps, ran down-stairs and out into the street. It had not been all crowded, but she had seen the boy, when directly in its middle, look first one way and then the other with a startled, confused expression, putting his hand to his head. Whether he had then fallen or been thrown down by passing horses, she had not been able to perceive, but she saw him quickly raised, placed upon a sleigh, and driven around a corner. Hurrying after, she could see men carrying him into a tenement house at the distance of about two blocks. She followed, and opening the door quietly, entered and stood inside, unnoticed by those who were anxiously occupied with him.

"He ain't hurt, is he?" asked a woman's appealing voice.

"No, I think not," said a gentleman with a professional air, pushing back a ragged gingham shirt from a bony arm, in search of a pulse. "What has he eaten to-day?"

"Well, about nothing, I guess. His breakfast was all frozen up, and he wouldn't wait, for fear of not getting more work."

"Any lunch?"

"Likely not.—It's thawed now, Bobby," she said wistfully, offering it as he opened his eyes. "You'll eat some now, won't you?"

Bob raised himself and took a staggering step or two towards the child.

"I ain't got it for you, Kitty," he said, with a half sob. "Twas only eighty cents, and it was a glass of red jelly I was goin' to bring you—and the white rolls—"

"Never mind talking now, my boy," said the doctor, kindly, holding to his lips something he had poured into a cup. "Clear case of starvation," he said, whispering to Mrs. Brainard as he came to offer her a chair. "Plenty of such cases this winter, you know. God only knows how these poor bear so much in the way of hunger and cold. And when hard work is added, nature is strained to her last point of endurance—sometimes beyond it."

"And what then?" asked Mrs. Brainard with her face turning a little pale.

"Death." He laid a coin on the sewing machine, and hurried away, after saying to his mother,—

"Give him something nourishing—in small quantities at first."

"Stop!" said Mrs. Brainard, laying her hand on the woman's arm, as she again pressed upon Bob the uninviting looking corn-bread. "Oh! is it you, Mrs. Finley?"—recognizing with a further sinking at the heart the face of the woman whom she had told some time before that she could give out no more sewing until better times came. The hollow eyes and sunken cheeks—poverty-marks worn deep during dreadful months lived through since th—

had prevented her knowing her at first.

"Wait a few moments," she went on. "Let me bring him something."

She sped home with but one pressing thought, and gave quick orders to her girl, while she herself gathered from pantry and store-room such things as could be most readily utilized. And the two were at Bob's side with hot coffee and tempting food, by the time he had succeeded in making Kitty understand that eighty cents would only buy the wood, and mend the window, and pay the rent of the saw, and not one cent over.

"If that boy had died I should have been his murderer," said Mrs. Brainard, her eyes now open to the extent of dealing fairly and mercifully with her own shortcomings. "Ah me! how I have missed the blessings promised to those who consider the poor!"

She was returning from a second visit to Bob's home, undertaken for the purpose of carrying there some of the made-over flannels. She felt as she looked upon them as though a voice whispered to her: "The spoil of the poor is in your houses." And it was with a fully-awakened heart that she that night read:

"If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shalt thou shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lead him sufficient for his need."

Mrs. Brainard will hereafter practice her economies upon herself, instead of upon the poor, whom the Master has left to be always with us. She will shut out off luxuries with an unsparing hand, but will aim to give more work, rather than less, during hard seasons, and will have an eye quickened by the spirit of loving care for others; for she can never forget that a starving boy worked all day in the bitter cold, within the sound of her voice and the sight of her eye and the reach of her comforts, and she had not made it her business to know or care.—*Church and Home.*

#### Little Duties.

A LETTER-CARRIER, in one of our large cities, a few months ago, found on reaching the post-office, after a long round of delivery, a letter in his bag that he had overlooked. It would have taken him half an hour to return and deliver it. He was very tired and hungry. The letter was an ordinary, unimportant-looking missive. He thrust it into his pocket and delivered it on his first round next day.

What consequences followed? For want of that letter a great firm had failed to meet their engagements; their notes had gone to protest; a mill was closed, and hundreds of poor workmen were thrown out of employment.

The letter-carrier himself was discharged for his oversight and neglect. His family suffered during the winter for many of the necessities of life, but his loss was of small account compared to the enormous amount of misery caused by his single failure in duty.

Another case: A mechanic who had been out of work a long time in New York, went last September to collect a small sum due to him. The gentleman who owed it, being annoyed at some trifling, irritably refused the money. The man went to his wretched home, and, maddened by the sight of his hungry

wife and children, went out to the back yard and hanged himself.

The next day an old employer sent to offer him a permanent situation. Here was a life lost and a family left paupers because a bill of a dollar or two was not paid at the right time.

The old Spanish proverb says, "There is no such thing as a trifle in the world." When we think how inextricably the lives of all mankind are tangled together, it seems as if every word or action moved a lever which set in motion a gigantic machinery, whose effect is wholly beyond our control. For this reason, if for no other, let us be careful to perform promptly and well the duties of life—even the most trivial.—*Selected.*

#### Songs in the Night.

THROUGH the midnight, cold and drear,  
Rings a song out brave and clear;  
And the few who listen, hear.

This is not a roundelay  
By young voices, glad and gay,  
Suited to a summer's day.

They most gladly swell this song  
Who have lived, and suffered, long,  
And through sorrow are made strong.

All these singers who have known  
Discipline of touch and tone,  
Are God's singers—His alone.

God has trained them, and they keep  
Steady time though eyes may weep,  
And the tempests round them sweep.

They have walked through furnace fires,  
Known the slaying of desires,  
Felt the kindling that inspires.

They have had to make them brave,  
The fierce beating of the wave,  
Night, and death—and who could save!

Ah! amid the fire and flood,  
One has close beside them stood,  
Like unto the Son of God!

Therefore sing they with delight,  
Songs of victory, and of night,  
In the darkness of the night.

Therefore have they never quailed,  
Have not fainted, have not failed,  
But have evermore prevailed.

Martial triumph-songs theirs are,  
And they pass the cloud, the star,  
Reaching unto God afar.

But the restless sons of men,  
Struggling with their fear and pain,  
Catch the sound of the Amen.

And, amid their own distress,  
Cry and groan perhaps the less,  
Learning hope with quietness.

Oh, great Master of the choir,  
Give me courage to aspire,  
And the nobler part desire!

Son of God, the Life, the Light,  
Be but with me in my night,  
And my singing shall be right!

—*Marianne Farningham.*

#### When a Girl's Schooldays are Over.

"WHAT am I to do after school?"

This is a question, asked, I believe, by every schoolgirl, some time or other, as she gets older; and to answer it, is by no means so easy as some people imagine.

The leaving of school is, I think, one of the great crises of a girl's life. The period ended has probably had all clearly mapped out with guidance and direction given. The future is now full of vague and shadowy uncertainty, and the beauty and completeness of a woman's life will depend mainly on the girl's own exertions.

Every girl has three distinct lives to live, and on the observance, combination, and due proportion of these lives depends the good that she may leave behind her in the world. They are:—

1. Her life to herself.
2. Her life to her family.
3. Her life to the community.

It is certain, to begin with, that in each of these three there must be some settled plan of action.

That girl who lives on from day to day in idle, desultory manner, with no aim in view but amusement, makes her life, instead of a great, harmonious whole, a miserable failure—the life which has been given to her as very precious, and as something to be rendered strict account of in a Day to come.

The first kind of life is too much too solemn a thing for any one to meddle with. It is that inner spiritual life which exists in every person, whether remembered or not. About this I would only ask that girls would keep in mind the great injunction, "*Quench not the Spirit.*"

Secondly, there is the life to the family. The guidance of this does not lie altogether in the power of a girl; she has probably a recognized position in the household from her age and capabilities; but whatever it may be, chief or least, one principle should guide all else—the spirit of self-sacrifice.

It is the third life, however, about which I want particularly to say a few words. What can a girl do to help the community in some way?

Teaching, at present, is the greatest and noblest profession open to women. If that is entered upon direct from school, there is little fear of life being wasted in an idle, desultory way. To many a girl, teaching, I know, seems dread'ful drudgery; but then with it there comes, sooner or later, the satisfaction of having been a labourer in the grandest work of all life—the spreading of knowledge.

Teaching, however, is not for every girl. With some, circumstances do not require it, and social position does not admit of it. To such I would say, do not give it up altogether; if you cannot make a profession of it, you can, at least, teach the poor of your neighbourhood in the Sunday-school, etc. Let not *this* branch of the work be despised, for it is one of the most difficult, and to do it properly requires much preparation. Then there is parish work of other kinds—such as district visiting—all of which, if engaged in, keeps a girl's life from being a failure.

Some girls—and the number yearly increases—have the opportunity of going to one of our women's colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. The course entered upon there is a truly charming one; but an objection often urged against it, is that it makes girls very selfish. In a very few cases this is, I am afraid, true; but why should selfishness be a necessary accompaniment to University training? The knowledge and experience gained at college in most cases benefits the community at large, as well as the girls themselves.

Lastly, supposing none of these works are possible to a girl, there is always, in these days, when good classical literature is so cheap, the possibility of forming a regular plan of study at home—downright earnest reading for a certain space of each day. However small this is, if it is done with a definite aim in view, and not merely for selfish enjoyment, great good will come into a girl's life from it. There is always a natural bent in

every one's mind—a natural genius for one kind of work more than for others; let a girl, then, not try to do a little of everything, but work steadily at that in which she has put her heart, so that when the time comes for her to render account of her talent, there may be said to her, as to each of those in the parable, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Cassell's Family Magazine*

#### Knights of Labour.

##### HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

WE take the following from an exchange:

Five men in this country control the chief interests of 500,000 workmen, and can at any moment take the means of livelihood from two and a half millions of souls. These men compose the executive board of the Noble Order of the Knights of Labour of America. The ability of the President and Cabinet to turn out all the civil service and to ship from one post or ship to another the duties of the men in the army and in the navy, is a petty authority compared with that of these five knights.

There has been a strange promotion from humbler walks of life to the pinnacle of power over those they have left behind and under them. Nearly all were mechanics five or ten years ago. The name of only one of them is so well known as to be recognized by any newspaper reader when it is spoken or printed before him. That is the name of Terence V. Powderly, ex-blacksmith mayor of Scranton. The names of the others are impressive when spoken at certain secret meetings, but among the people at large they are little better known than when the men whose identity they fix were working in a western mine, beating gold leaf in Pennsylvania, manipulating a telegraph instrument, or in one way or another were earning the wages of skilled labourers from wealthy corporations. Mr. Powderly is now the head of the order. He is General Master Workman.

They can stay the nimble touch of almost every telegraph operator, can shut up most of the mills and factories, and can disable the railroads. They can issue an edict against any manufactured goods, so as to make their subjects cease buying them and the tradesmen stop selling them. They can array labour against capital, putting labour on the offensive or the defensive for quiet and stubborn self-protection, or for angry, organized assault, as they will.

Yet of themselves they also say that they are peacemakers, arbitrators, quellers of discord, and promoters of harmony and good will.

On a train one day in a group of men, one rude fellow was swearing boisterously, when a minister at his side simply touched his knee and with a smile whispered, "Those are very strong words, my friend." Immediately a blush mantled the brow of the swearer. He bowed assent, promptly apologized, confessed that it was "a very bad habit," resumed his conversation, but not once again during that ride was guilty of an oath. The reproof was given so gently and delicately that it stirred within the man every noble impulse he had, and the very blush with which he received the reproof was a token of good.

The Disappointed.

There are songs enough for the hero  
Who dwells on the heights of fame;  
I sing of the disappointed,  
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence  
For one who stands in the dark,  
And knows that his last, best arrow  
Has bounded back from his mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,  
The eager, anxious soul,  
Who falls with his strength exhausted  
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence  
With a sorrow all unknown;  
For those who need companions,  
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers  
Who share love's tender pain;  
I sing for the one whose passion  
Is given, and in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades  
Have missed them on the way,  
I sing with a heart o'erflowing  
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system  
Must somewhere keep in space  
A prize for that speedy runner  
Who barely lost the race.

For the Plan would be imperfect  
Unless it held some sphere  
That paid for the toil and talent,  
And love that are wasted here.

so filled her mind that she would have done well had she fixed her thoughts on Heaven, borne her sufferings meekly, and waited in unshaken faith for her summons home. But she was one of God's three hundred, and though faint she was still pursuing.

She found that the skilled nurse who had charge of her was not a Christian, and she lost sight of herself in her desire to rescue the soul of this stranger. She requested the nurse to read the Bible aloud to her, and she selected such passages as she believed most likely to rouse the nurse to repentance. She talked with her about religion, prayed with her and asked God to give her this soul before He called her home; and the prayer was answered. When I heard of that nurse's conversion I felt rebuked for sloth and indifference in working for Christ. I fear many of us would have been too much occupied with thoughts of death and our suffering to have looked about us to see if there was not some work we could do for the Master. I am glad to be able to add that the woman recovered, and it is likely she owed her life, humanly speaking, to her zeal for her Lord's work. For her thoughts were thus withdrawn from herself, so that sorrow for her loved ones, and shrinking from suffering and danger did not wear her nerves and exhaust her vitality.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

A Holy Life.

A HOLY life is made up of a number of small things; little words, not eloquent of speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the rivers great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of holy life. The avoidance of little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudencies, little follies, little indulgences of the flesh—the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.

The Minister's Bow.

Nor long ago in a New England town, a new minister had been called and settled. In that town was a God-s forsaken old reprobate whom nobody respected or spoke to who could avoid it. He had never been known to go inside a church. He only worried when driven by necessity to do so, and loafed about the town a common nuisance. A few days after the new minister came to the town he met the old sinner on the village street, and, bowing, spoke a pleasant "good morning" and passed on. The old man turned and looked after him, and made enquiry of some one as to who he might be. The same thing happened a day or two afterwards; and again during the space of a week or two. Some one told the minister that he had made a friend of —, and laughingly told him that he was wasting his politeness on the old reprobate. "Never mind," said the minister, "it does not cost much to be polite, and no more to an old reprobate than to the squire of the town." It was not long till — was noticed creeping into the corner of the church door. He had come in late and



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

was the first to leave the church. He came again and again, and was finally brought to Christ, and during the rest of his life lived a consistent and earnest Christian life. He said the minister's bow was what did it. We do not know whether this little incident has any lesson in it for any of our readers, but we give it as it was told us.—*Selected*

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

[In our Lesson for August 1st the scene illustrated in our picture is described. The following verses beautifully set forth its true meaning for every loving heart.]

WHEN His salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing  
Hosanna to His name;  
Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
But as He rode along,  
He let them still attend Him,  
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth  
His love to children still,  
Though now as King He reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,  
We'll hock around His standard,  
We'll bow before His throne,  
And cry aloud, "Hosanna  
To David's royal Son."

For should we fall proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No; while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.

Put Some Salt in It.

MOTHER, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put in a little salt, and sometimes a good deal. So spoke observing little Annie, as she stood looking on.

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find out."

"O mother, it doesn't taste a bit good," said she, after she had tasted it.

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie, a day or two afterwards, "Jane White is the worst girl I ever saw; she slaps her little brother Johnny, and pulls his hair, and acts real hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her brother he would

be kind to her, she only spoke rough to me, and hit him again. Why won't she take my advice, mother?"

"Perhaps you didn't put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in, or else it won't taste good."

A Lesson for Smokers.

PLAIN speaking was formerly considered a duty by the Quakers. It is a pity they do not practise it oftener on smokers, taking the following as a specimen:

Recently a Quaker was travelling in a railway carriage. After a time, observing certain movements on the part of a fellow-passenger, he accosted him as follows:

"Sir, thee seems well dressed, and I dare say thee considers thyself well bred, and would not bemean thyself by an ungentlemanly action, wouldst thee?"

The person addressed promptly replied, with considerable spirit:

"Certainly not, if I knew it."

The Quaker continued:

"And suppose thee invited me to thy house, thee would not think of offering me thy glass to drink out of after thee had drank out of it thyself, wouldst thou?"

The interrogated replied:

"Abominable! No! Such an offer would be most insulting."

The Quaker continued:

"Still less would thee think of offering me thy knife and fork to eat with after putting them into thy mouth, wouldst thee?"

"To do that would be an outrage on all decency, and would show that such a wretch was out of the pale of civilized society."

"Then," said the Quaker, "with those impressions on thee, why should thee wish me to take into my mouth and nostrils the smoke from that cigar which thou art preparing to smoke, out of thy own mouth?"

ONE who knows says that in the country they blow a horn before dinner, but in the town they take one.

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Rev. W. H. WTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 17, 1886.

\$250,000 FOR MISSIONS For the Year 1886.

A Christian Heroine.

I HEARD of a Christian woman in an American city who was surely one of the bravest of our Lord's three hundred. The doctors wished to perform upon her a severe and dangerous operation and for that purpose had her taken from her home to a private room in the City Hospital. The probabilities were against her living through the operation, but it was the only hope of relief. She stood face to face with probable death under the surgeon's knife, to say nothing of her great suffering from the disease. We should suppose that her anxiety for her children, her own suffering, and her great danger would have



BUYING AND SELLING IN THE TEMPLE.

## An Italian Legend.

[The following is the first rough draft of a poem written by the late George T. Lanigan on the day before he died. It was his intention to trim and polish the verses before giving them to the world, but the Death Angel touched him too soon.—Editor *Philadelphia Record*.]

ADAM—although it is not  
Written in Sacred Lore—  
Had children many in Eden;  
Their number twenty-four.

One day as Adam with them  
Was sporting on the sward,  
'Neath the trees he saw a-come  
The Angel of the Lord.

Fearing lest he'd be derided  
That they so many were,  
Adam hid half his children  
In a rosy thicket fair.

Their guest sat down among them;  
And such discourse they bore  
As children and angels might  
With heaven just next door.

When they had ceas'd their sporting,  
"A special blessing I bear,  
Unspoke the smiling Angel,  
"To these, thy children fair.

"To all the children of Adam,  
Gathered about my knee,  
Of health and wealth, the breezes,  
The dews of prosperity;

"And may they ne'er know sickness,  
Or death when such things shall be,  
But life be as on this green sward,  
And under this garden tree."

Then up spake Father Adam,  
Half in sadness and half in shame;  
"For these, my other children,  
A blessing I crave—the same.

"When I saw Thee approaching,  
'Mid the roses I bade them hide;  
But repeat to them the blessing,  
For the goodness of God is wide."

Slowly the puzzled Angel  
Made answer: "That cannot be.  
I bore the Lord God's blessing  
To the children that I could see;

"But it shall be on earth here,  
Through all the coming years,  
When one of the children hidden  
At this time is found in tears,

"His happier brother or sister  
May the blessing with him divide;  
Nor be its own share diminished,  
For the blessing of God is wide."

And so it ever has been,  
And so it ever will be  
When a fortunate child shares his blessing  
With the one in misery.

Somehow, around about him  
In the dull world, he describes  
The scent of Eden's thickets  
And the glance of an Angel's eyes.

## Buying and Selling in the Temple.

AND the Jews' passover was at hand,  
and Jesus went up to Jerusalem,  
and found in the temple those that  
sold oxen and sheep and doves, and  
the changers of money sitting:

And when He had made a scourge  
of small cords, He drove them all out  
of the temple, and the sheep, and the  
oxen; and poured out the changers'  
money, and overthrew the tables;

And said unto them that sold doves,  
Take these things hence; make not  
my Father's house an house of mer-  
chandise.

And His disciples remembered that  
it was written, The zeal of thine house  
hath eaten me up.—John ii. 13-17.

## BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF  
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER VI.—WAR SCENES.

THE "Blanche Croix" was a small inn in a narrow street running back to the wall at the rear of the town. A reminiscence of this wall is still maintained in the name Fortification Lane. The inn was of one story, with thick stone walls, which rose in immense gables, with huge chimneys. The steep roof, in which were two rows of small dormer windows, was almost twice as high as the walls, which gave the quaint old house the appearance of a very small man with a very large hat. Mine host, Jean Baptiste La Farge, a rubicund old fellow, who wore, as the badge of his calling as town baker, a white cap and apron, was at first indisposed to entertain the wayfarers. "Dis is one auberge Canadienne. Me no like de Englees. Dey take my contree."

The pert Pierre called attention to the Governor's note, which La Farge held in his hand without looking at it.

"Well, what is dis? You know I not read."

Pierre glibly rattled off the contents of the note, commending the travellers to his good offices, which produced a remarkable change in the manner of Jean Baptiste.

"Oh, if it will oblige Monsieur le Gouverneur, I will have de grand plaisir

to entertain messieurs and mesdames. Marie! Marie!" he called to his wife—a black-eyed dame in bright red kirtle and snowy Norman cap—and asked her to conduct the women to the guest chambers. With a bright smile and polite courtesy, a universal language understood by all—she knew no English—she led them up the narrow stair to the attic chamber, while the men went to bring their little effects from the boat.

"This is more like the little cabin on shipboard than like a house," said Barbara Heck. "But see what a pretty view," she continued, as she looked out of the little window that overlooked the town wall. Just without a bright streamlet rippled through a green meadow—it now flows darkling underground, beneath the pavement of Craig Street—and beyond rose the green forest-covered slope of Mount Royal.

"What's this?" asked Mary Embury, who had been exploring the little room, pointing to a small porcelain image of the Madonna.

"La Sainte Vierge, la Mere de Dieu," replied Marie, at the same time crossing herself and courtesying to the image.

"Why, Barbara," exclaimed the young widow, "she must be a heathen to worship that idol."

"They must be Catholics," replied Barbara. "Many's the one I've known in dear old Ireland; but there they had pictures in their houses—not images."

"Won't they murder us some night?" asked the timid widow, in a low whisper.

"No fear," answered Barbara, endowed both with more courage and more charity. "I doubt not they are honest people; and as we have clearer light, we must try to teach them better."

The loyalist immigrants were anxious to take up land and to earn their living by tilling the soil. But in the disturbed state of the country and threatened American invasion, the Governor dissuaded them from it, and offered them employment in strengthening the defensive works of the town. Captain Featherstone had an empty storehouse at the barracks fitted up for their re-

ception, and they were soon comfortably settled in a home of their own.

"Sure this is better," said Mary Embury, looking from the upper windows over the wall, upon the broad and shining reaches of the river. "than being cooped up in that small attic; and to see that heathen creature bowing and praying to them idols fairly made my flesh creep."

"Poor thing," replied Barbara, "she knows no better. I wish I could speak her language. I long to tell her to go to the Saviour at once, without praying to either saint or angel."

We turn to notice briefly the concurrent public events of the province.

The American Congress now resolved on the invasion of Canada, believing that the revolted colonists had many sympathizers in the country, who were only waiting for the presence of an armed force to declare in favour of the Revolution.

In the month of September, a colonial force of a thousand men, under General Schuyler, advanced by way of Lake Champlain against Montreal; and another, under Colonel Arnold, by way of the Kennebec and Chaudière, against Quebec. General Carleton still endeavoured, but at first with only very partial success, to enlist the cooperation of the French for the defence of the country. They were not, indeed, seduced from their allegiance by the blandishments of the revolted colonies; but, for the most part, they continued apathetic, till their homes were in danger.

While Schuyler was held in check at Fort St. John, on the Richelieu, Colonel Ethan Allen, with some three hundred men, advanced to Montreal. Crossing the river by night, he attempted to surprise the town; but the vigilance of the little garrison frustrated his design. In the dim dawn of a September morning—it was the 25th of the month—Barbara Heck was aroused by an unusual commotion in the barrack-square. It was before the hour of the reveille, and yet the shrill blare of the bugle rent the air, and the rapid roll and throb of drums beat to arms. The soldiers rushed from their quarters to take their places in their companies, buckling on their belts and adjusting their accoutrements as they ran. The sharp, quick words of command of the officers were heard, and the clatter of the muskets as the men grounded their arms on the stone pavement. Ball cartridge was served out, and the little company filed through the narrow streets and out of the western gate of the town, where Notre Dame now intersects McGill Street.

There were only 280 men, including militia, to attack a superior force, who had taken up their position behind farm-houses and barns without the walls. They were speedily captured and brought in prisoners into the town. Only four of the English force were slain. Several, however, were severely wounded, and in nursing these Barbara Heck and Mary Embury found opportunity for the exercise of their woman's tenderness and sympathy.

"Sure we left our comfortable homes," said Mary Embury, "to escape these rude alarms of war; and here they are brought to our very door. But the will of God be done."

"I doubt if it be His will," replied Barbara, "I fear it is mere the work of the devil. 'Whence come wars and fighting among you?' says St. James. 'Ye lust and have not, ye

bill and desire to have.' How long, O Lord, how long will men thus seek to destroy each other! Surely the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. But God permits this evil, I fear, for the hardness of men's hearts."

Scarcely had the wailing music of the Dead March, which had followed the slain men to the grave, ceased, when the shrill scream of the pipe and rapid throb of the drum invited the townsmen to enrol for an attack on the enemy, who were besieging Forts St. John and Chambly.

"Now, my fine fellow," said Major Featherstone, who had succeeded to the rank and title of his slain superior officer, to Paul Heck, "why don't you take service for the King? With your education and steady habits you're sure to be a corporal or a sergeant before the campaign is over."

"I have taken service under the best of kings," said Paul, devoutly, "and I desire no better. And as for King George, God bless him, I am willing to suffer in body and estate for his cause; but fight I cannot. I would ever hear the voice of the Master whom I serve, saying, 'Pat up thy sword in its sheath.'"

"You're an impracticable fellow, Heck. How ever would the world wag if everybody was of your way of thinking?"

"I doubt not the widows and orphans of His Majesty's slain soldiers think it would wag on better than it does with so much fighting. And if we believe the Bible, we must believe the day is coming when the nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn war no more."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the major; and tapping his sword by his side, he added, "But not in my time will this good blade's occupation be gone."

"I fear not, more's the pity," said Paul, with a sigh.

"But the Methodists are not all like you," the major continued. "When I was an ensign in the 'King's Own,' in Flanders, there was a lot of Methodists in the army. In my own company there was a fellow named Haime, a tremendous fellow to preach and pray. In barrack he was as meek as a lamb, let the fellows shy their belts and boots at him, and persecute him to no end. But when he was before the enemy, he was the bravest man in the army. Another fellow named Clements, in the Heavy Dragoons, had his left arm shattered at Fontenoy. But he wouldn't go to the rear. 'No,' he said, 'I've got my sword arm yet,' and he rode with his troop like a hero, against the French cuirassiers."

Paul's eyes had kindled while listening to the tale, but he merely said, "I judge them not. A man must follow his own lights. To his own Master he standeth or falleth. But they died well, as well as lived well, the Methodists in the army, I'm sure."

"That they did. I never saw the like," continued the major, with genuine admiration. "There was a Welshman named Evans—John Evans—an artilleryman, a great hand to preach, too, had both his legs taken off by a chain-shot at Maestricht. They laid him on a gun-carriage, and he did nothing but praise God and exhort the men around him as long as he could speak. I'll never forget his last words. His captain asked him if he suffered much. 'Bless you, captain,' he gasped, 'I'm as happy as I can be out of heaven,' and

fell back dead. I never jeered at the Methodists since, as, I'm sorry to say, I used to do before."

I felt, and I'm not ashamed to own it, that there was something in religion that they understood, and that I didn't."

"Dear major, you may understand it and know all about it. The dear Lord will teach you, if you only will ask Him."

"Thank you, my good fellow. But I see I can't make a recruit of you for active service. I'll have to make you hospital sergeant."

"I would fain make a recruit of you, sir, for the best of masters, in the best of service. As for the hospital, fain and glad I'll be to do all that I can for both the bodies and the souls of my fellow-men, especially for them that need it most. But I'll do it for love, not for money. I can't take the King's shilling."

John Lawrence, however, did not share the scruples of his friend, Paul Heck, and eagerly volunteered for the relief of Fort St. John, on the Richelieu. Colonel Richard Montgomery, a brave and generous Irish gentleman, whose tragic fate has cast a halo around his memory, had succeeded Schuyler in the command of the American invading expedition. He vigorously urged the siege of Forts St. John and Chambly. The latter ingloriously surrendered to two hundred Americans, after a siege of a day and a half. The capture of seventeen cannon, and six tons of powder, was of immense advantage to Montgomery, enabling him to press with greater vigour the siege of Fort St. John.

Meanwhile, General Carleton, by great efforts, got together about eight hundred Canadians, regulars, and Indians, for the relief of the garrison of Fort St. John. On the 31st of October, he attempted, in thirty-four boats, to cross the St. Lawrence from Montreal, in order to effect a junction with Colonel Maclean at Sorel. A great crowd of the townspeople—the mothers, wives, and children of the volunteers, and other non-combatants, gathered on the shore or watched from the walls the departure of the little flotilla. From the windows of their own dwelling, Paul and Barbara Heck and Mary Embury followed with their prayers the expedition in which they were the more interested that it bore their friend and companion in exile, John Lawrence. Gallantly the batteaux rode the waves, and under the impulse of strong arms resisted the downward sweep of the current. The red coats gleamed and the bayonets flashed in the morning sun, as, with ringing cheer on cheer, boat after boat pushed off, and the music of life and drum grew fainter and fainter as they receded from the shore. They had almost reached the opposite bank, where the village of Longueuil now stands, when, from out the bushes that lined the shore, where lay an ambush of 300 men, there flashed a deadly volley of musketry, and the deep roar of two pieces of artillery boomed through the air. Instantly everything was in the direst confusion. Many men were wounded. Some of the boats were shattered and began to sink. After a brief resistance, General Carleton gave the word to retreat, and the discomfited expedition slowly made its way back to Montreal.

"The Lord have mercy upon them," exclaimed Barbara Heck, as from her window she saw the flash and heard

the sound of the first fire. But she was even more startled by the sudden gasp of Mary Embury, beside her, and looking round, she beheld her turn ashen pale and fall fainting to the floor. The usual restoratives of the period—cold water and burnt feathers—were speedily applied, and the swoon passed gradually away.

"Dear heart," said Barbara, gently caressing her pale cheek, "they are all in the Lord's hands. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

"What has happened?" asked Mary Embury, in a weak, bewildered voice; and then, "Oh, I remember. It is not the Lord's doings. It is those wicked men. Can they not let us bide in peace? Why do they follow us even here? Is it John hurt?" she asked, blushing with eagerness.

"No, Molly dear, thank God," exclaimed Lawrence, bursting into the room. "Though we had a desperate time of it, and many a gallant fellow has got his death blow, I fear. They want you Barbara, in the hospital. Paul is there already. They are bringing in the wounded."

"I can't leave Mary, you see," said Barbara, administering a cordial.

"Oh, yes you can," exclaimed the fair young matron becoming rapidly convalescent. The safe return of John Lawrence seemed to have a more restorative effect than even the burnt feathers. There was a rather awkward self-consciousness on the part of each of having betrayed feelings of which they had hardly, till that moment, been fully aware. It sometimes happens that chemical solutions may become super-saturated with some salt, which, upon a sudden jar of the vessel, will shoot instantly into solid crystals. So also it may happen that certain feelings may be in unconscious solution, as it were, in our souls, which suddenly, under the agitating impulse of some great crisis, may crystallize into conscious reality. So was it with these two honest and loving hearts. For years they had known each other well, and with growing esteem. But since their common exile, they had drawn more together. The bereaved young widow had leaned for sympathy upon the warm heart of Barbara Heck; but she had unconsciously come to lean also for protection on the strong arm of John Lawrence. The peril through which he had just passed was the shock that revealed her feelings to herself. But the present, with its awful shadow of disaster and death, was no time for the indulgence of tender emotions. So Mary Embury busied herself, with Lawrence's help, in tearing up sheets for bandages, and scraping lint for the wounded, who were being borne beneath the window on bloody litters, to the barrack hospital.

#### An Important Incident.

IN an obscure corner of an humble chapel there sat, one Sunday morning, a young man burdened with a sense of sin. His heart was longing for rest and peace. The preacher rose in the pulpit. He was a feeble old man, a Methodist, I believe. He was not learned, not eloquent, not famous.

With a trembling voice he announced his text: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." He exalted Christ as the sinner's only refuge. As Moses lifted up the serpent so he displayed Christ. The congregation was small. The eyes of the preacher

seemed to rest upon the young man. Raising his voice he shouted: "Young man, look, look now!"

It was the birth-moment of the new life. The young man looked and lived. With the look of faith came life. The burden fell from his heart. Joy filled his soul. He left the house justified. The humble preacher knew not, but God did, what glorious work was done that morning. That young man is known throughout the entire world as one of the greatest preachers since Paul's translation. His name need I say it?—is Charles H. Spurgeon.—*Dr. MacArthur.*

#### The Rose of Waterloo.

How fragile art thou, little flow'r!  
And yet how very fair;  
The fragrance of thy one brief hour  
Still lingers on the air.  
Thy home is where the god of war  
Trode down the brave and true,  
And where went out the empire's star,  
O rose from Waterloo!

The soil that nourished thee was red  
With blood one summer day;  
It groaned beneath its weight of dead  
Where nations fought for away.  
The royal Timor of his age  
Was conquered where ye grew,  
To die within his ocean cage,  
Fair rose from Waterloo!

The Belgian lion guards the plain,  
And Mar's baptismal font;  
The spectres of the gallant slain  
Stand guard at Hugomont.  
Thy sisters in the soft starlight  
Receive the spotless dew,  
And wonder where thou art to-night,  
O rose from Waterloo!

The cannon ruts, those scars of hate,  
Have vanished with the years;  
The cricket calls his timid mate  
Where died the grenadiers.  
The soaring lark her means sings  
Amid the balmy blue;  
With happy note my birth-place rings,  
Sweet flower of Waterloo.

The lambskins sport where battle's wave  
Beat high their fateful day,  
And where the bravest of the brave  
Went down, the children play.  
The language that thy petals speak  
They whisper 'neath the yew,  
Till blushes crown the lassie's cheek,  
O rose from Waterloo!

Now, as I look thee o'er and o'er,  
And touch my lips to thine,  
I hear the tide of war once more  
Roll down the dotted line!  
Lut ah! the flag that floated then  
Wave o'er a pennoned few,  
And silent is thy native glen,  
Loose rose from Waterloo!

#### What a Blue Ribbon Cost.

YEARS ago, in London, Mr. Frederic Carrington, son of a very wealthy brewer, was converted. His father had lavished on him every indulgence, and had given him a share in the business, which was a fortune. After his conversion the young man engaged in Christian work among the neglected of the East End of London. But it was gradually forced on him that the most potent and fruitful sources of evil among the poor and wretched were the gin shops and beer houses. One night, as he passed to his work, heavy in heart by reason of the sights and sounds of vice and wickedness, his eye was drawn to a floating beer shop, over the door of which was a sign, "Carrington & Co.'s Entire." From that moment he determined on his course. He went to his father, and told him that he could not longer be in the firm. At a later day some one casually asked him "what his blue ribbon cost him." He replied, "Fourteen thousand pounds a year," or \$70,000.

## Salome's Prayer.

Ah, mother, full of fondent dreams!  
And did thy hopes aspire  
To where before the throne there gleams  
The crystal sea of fire?  
Didst see in vision, left and right,  
Thy two sons seated there,  
With golden crowns, arrayed in white,  
In glory none might share?

Ah, could thine eyes have seen indeed  
The boon that thou didst ask,  
How one dear son for Christ must bleed,  
And one work out his task!  
It was not Christ's to grant or give  
But by the Father's rule;  
And suffering is, for all who live,  
The saint's appointed school.

He crowns the victor's brow, but first  
Must come the fierce hot strife;  
The soul must taste Earth's last and worst  
Before it gains its life?  
By circling years, or sudden pain,  
He ends what He began,  
And only thus His servants gain  
The stature of the man.

Ye mothers, who for children seek  
High heritage of fame,  
God's gifts, a prophet's words to speak,  
Or statesman's might and name,  
The wreath that binds the conqueror's brow,  
The poet's tongue of fire—  
Who thus, Salome-like, would now  
Speak out your heart's desire—

How would ye shrink in pale dismay  
Could ye the future scan,  
And trace the lonely age and gray,  
The features pale and wan,  
Could hear the minstrel's music sad,  
And see the statesman foiled,  
The one prize never to be had,  
For which alone he toiled!

Ye know not that the fire which burns  
In words of poet's lips  
Upon the man's own spirit turns,  
And ends in dim eclipse;  
Ye know not, when for those ye love  
Ye ask the world's success,  
That fame, wealth, pleasure, never prove  
Enough the heart to bless.

Far better ask Salome's prayer,  
If ye will seek aright,  
That those ye love at last may share  
The thrones to left and right;  
Then leave it to the Father's will  
To grant it or deny;  
Sure that His love will lead them still,  
In wandering far or nigh.

## Some Strange Methods of Defence.

BY MRS. V. C. PUGH.

JAMES was often teased at school for his strange taste, having received from his play-fellows the name of "bug-lover." They gave him this title because he was always studying the habits of lower animals, worms, spiders, or wasps. Sometimes, however, he gained from them an interest in his studies. Once he told them he had discovered an insect in the woods that possessed the power of eluding his enemies by becoming invisible. They refused to believe it, unless they should see it for themselves. After school, quite a group set off with James to see "the invisible insect."

Once in the woods, they followed their guide till he called a halt, by the side of a spider's web. It was a singular-looking spider, large and poisonous, they feared, and the web it had spun was of white silken cords, that were so strong that when one broke them he could hear them snap.

"Well," said Roy, "you've shown us a decidedly visible insect; how does he become invisible? If you are going to tamper with him, I shall get out of the way, for I'm really afraid of him."

"Just wait a moment, Roy," said James, "I'm a little afraid of him myself, and I don't think I shall lead you into any danger. Pick up that grass-stalk, and use it for a weapon, while you attack its citadel. Here, give me that grass-stalk. Now all watch the

hugo creature in the centre of his web, and tell me in a little while just where you see him."

James touched the web with the stalk and the spider began to swing slowly on the lines, catching at them "with its hands," the grass-stalk continued to touch the web, and the slow, sullen swinging changed to a rapid shaking, a shaking so rapid that for few minutes together not one of the boys could see spider or spider's web.

"Hurrah for James' discovery!" called out the boys. "We have surely seen a creature that can rush out of danger into invisibility."

James' discovery set the other boys on the watch, and they found out some animals who possess the power of becoming invisible in the water. They were guided to these animals, not by original investigation, as James had been, but by certain passages in their reading-books. They read how the cuttle-fish is supplied with a bag containing a fluid as "black as ink;" how, when pursued by an enemy, he discharges a cloud of ink, thus rendering the water so impure that he himself becomes invisible and effects his retreat; they read also of an animal called the "sea-hare," which, under the same circumstances, "darkens the water around it with a lovely purple dye."

Having now discovered animals which, in a certain sense, may be said to have the power of rendering themselves invisible, in the air or in the water, they searched for some creature which might possess this power on the land, finding this also, not by actual observation, but in a book of travels.

"In the arctic regions, the rabbits are clothed with a white fur; this colour sometimes enables them to save their lives, by lying perfectly still and motionless on the snow. A rabbit may see an eagle sailing over head, looking for its prey. If he instantly becomes as motionless as if dead, he may remain stretched upon the snow beneath the eagle's eye and yet perfectly unnoticed by her."

When this was mentioned by one of the boys as a specimen of invisibility, there was quite a controversy as to whether it should be accepted or not; a controversy that was finally referred to the teacher, who decided that "the rabbit may be perfectly visible to the eagle, he may see it, but fails to distinguish it from the vast fields of snow. Its weapon of defence seems to be its power of becoming motionless, and not that of becoming invisible. Though seen, it is not recognized."

## Why Bees Work in the Dark.

A LIFE-TIME might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a bee-hive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a problem for the mathematician, while the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear, yellow syrup, without a trace of sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it candles, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid mass of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change is due to a photographic action. This, however, is the case. This is why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they obscure the glass windows sometimes placed in their

hives. The existence of their young depends upon the liquidity of their food; and if light were allowed access the syrup would acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and probably prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

## At the Wheel.

A GREAT deal of thrilling interest gathers about a pilot, who is the ruling spirit of the ship. It is the pilot's duty to guide the ship safely on her course, and for this reason he must be sober, clear in judgment, and thoroughly acquainted with the science of navigation. He occupies a certain part of the vessel, which is called the pilot-house. In it is the wheel by which the steering apparatus of the ship is moved. There also are the compass-box and the chart; the former contains a card, marked with the thirty-two points of the compass. Fixed over this is a magnetic needle, which always points directly north, the variation excepted. The chart is a map of some part of the earth's surface, with the coasts, isles, banks, rocks, channels, entrances, rivers, and bays, and soundings, or depth of water.

The pilot's hand guides the wheel, while his eyes study the chart and compass. It is his ambition to bring his ship to her destination in safety. Sometimes hundreds of lives are in his hands, so to speak, and his is a responsibility which no one would envy him. He steers and guides, steers and guides; for there are many dangers ahead which he and he only knows. The passengers laugh and are gay; they do not trouble themselves, for a good pilot is at the wheel, and unless wrecked by storm he will bring them safely to port.

There is a great Pilot who steers for all the world. His eye never closes, nor does His hand ever relax. The world has become so accustomed to His guidance that it often forgets to own and thank Him. And yet, if for a single moment He were to withdraw His omniscient gaze, the world would dash from her orbit, and be hurled into chaos again.

The same great Pilot who guides this world through space is ready to guide each one of us in the voyage of life. Those who put their trust in Him are safe; those who seek other pilots, or who try to guide themselves, are sure to be lost. Alas! how many are wrecked because they do not choose the great Pilot.

IN 1883 the inhabitants of Paris ate 9,485 horses, 307 asses, 40 mules—not far short of 5,000,000 pounds' weight. The use of such meat is stimulated by the high prices of beef and mutton.

THE French Consul asked the Queen of Madagascar that the French traders might be paid for the loss they suffered from her forbidding the sale of spirits in her dominions. "Yes," she replied, "we will give you compensation, provided you will also compensate us and our subjects for the incalculable mischief your poison has done."

Nor long ago a lady who had just returned from Europe was asked by a friend if she had seen the Lion of St. Mark. "Oh yes," she replied; "we arrived just in time to see the noble creature fed." The late Dr. Beadle of Philadelphia must have encountered the same lady. He spoke of the beauty of the Dardanelles, and she replied: "Oh yes, I know them well; they are intimate friends of mine."

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A. D. 30.] LESSON IV. [July 25.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 20-27, 35-44. *Committ vs. 23-26.*

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.—John 11. 25.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the resurrection and the life.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. John 11. 17-27. Tu. John 11. 28-44.  
W. John 11. 45-57. Th. John 5. 17-29.  
F. Rom. 6. 1-13. Sa. 1 Cor. 15. 12-26.  
Su. 1 Cor. 15. 35-38.

NOTE.—This lesson, as selected by the International Committee, was so long (vs. 17-44) that the leading publishing houses agreed on the above shorter selection. The same is true of Lesson 12.

TIME.—January to February, A. D. 30, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Bethany, on the Mount of Olives, about two miles south-east of Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—In our last lesson we left Lazarus dead at Bethany, and Jesus remaining two days still in Perea, and then journeying with his disciples toward Bethany. When he arrived, he found that Lazarus had been dead and buried four days, the burial, according to Jewish custom, taking place on the same day on which he died. He was buried in a cave, or a recess hollowed out of the perpendicular side of a rock. It was probably a private tomb in a garden. The sisters were at the house mourning with friends.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—20. *Martha met him*—Just outside of the village, v. 30. Jesus did not go to the house, (1) because he would see and instruct the sisters alone. (2) The Jews there might report him to the Pharisees and hinder his plans. *But Mary sat still*—Or still sat. Being more retired, she did not hear of Jesus' arrival as soon as Martha, who would be busy with the household, and first see the messenger (see Luke 10. 38-42). 25. *I am the resurrection*—All the dead shall rise through my power, therefore I can raise to life as easily now as on that great day. 26. *Shall never die*—There will be no end to his existence. Physical death will be but a change: a doorway to a higher life. 27. *Thou art the Christ*—And therefore what you say must be true, though I cannot quite understand it. 39. *Take away the stone*—That was rolled against the entrance of the tomb. 41. *Thou hast heard me*—Jesus, as the Messiah, kept up continual communication with his Father in heaven. 44. *Bound hand and foot*—Either the limbs separately, or his whole body was wound loosely in cloths. The coming forth may have required little more than sitting up and appearing at the entrance of the tomb.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The family at Bethany.—Rock tombs.—Jesus the resurrection and the life.—Comfort and help in the doctrine of the resurrection.—Why Jesus prayed.—Grave-clothes.—This miracle a parable of redemption.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Jesus in our last lesson? Where was he going? What for? How long after Lazarus' death did Jesus reach Bethany? (v. 39.)

SUBJECT: JESUS THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

I. JESUS TEACHING THE DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION. (vs. 20-27).—Where did Martha meet Jesus? (v. 30. What was her greeting? How did she know that her brother would not have died had Jesus been there? What shows that she still hoped for some help from Jesus? Had Jesus raised any from the dead before this? (Luke 7. 11-17; 8. 49-56.)

What was Jesus' reply? (v. 23.) What did Martha take this to mean? (v. 24.) What great doctrine did Jesus then teach her? What is the resurrection? Who only are to have this resurrection to life? What does Jesus mean by saying that he is the resurrection? How can Christians be said never to die? How did Martha give her assent to this teaching? (v. 27.) How was her faith in Jesus as the Messiah an assurance that she believed what Jesus had been teaching? Why did not Jesus come to Martha's house? How did Martha learn of Jesus



approach before Mary? How does the conduct of the sisters agree with what we have known of them before? (Luke 10:38-42) Were Martha's regrets (v. 21) wise? What change is made in us by the resurrection? What comfort do you derive from this great truth for yourself? for your friends? Was the resurrection of Lazarus an example of our resurrection.

II. JESUS AT THE GRAVE OF LAZARUS (vs. 28-39). What message did Martha take to her sister? Does the Master call for us? In what ways? To what does he call us? Which is the shortest verse in the Bible? Why did Jesus weep? Give another instance of his weeping. (Luke 19:41-43) What does this show as to his tenderness and sympathy?

III. JESUS GIVES A PROOF OF HIS POWER TO RAISE THE DEAD (vs. 39-44).—What did Jesus say at the grave? (v. 41.) Did Jesus need to pray in order to do his wondrous works? Why did he wish to let the people know that he had communication with his Father? What did he say to Lazarus? With what result? How was Lazarus bound? How does this show that Jesus has power to raise the dead at the last day? Why did Jesus lift up his eyes when he prayed? Were Jesus' miracles performed at great cost to him in mental and spiritual strain? (vs. 33, 38; Mark 9:29.) Was it a privilege to Lazarus to be brought to life again? Show now this raising of Lazarus is a parable of conversion from the death of sin to the new life.

#### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The resurrection is the proof of immortal life.
2. We are the same persons after the resurrection, but changed, as a seed into a flower.
3. Only as we believe in Jesus and receive his life, can we have part in this resurrection of life.
4. The Master is come and calleth for us, by his Word, his Providence, his dying love, his Holy Spirit, by Christian influence through friends, by our consciences, by a sense of gratitude.
5. He calls us to God, to heaven, to a holy life, to usefulness, to joy, to every good.
6. A parable of redemption: (1) men are dead in sin; (2) they cannot save themselves; (3) the only hope is in Jesus; (4) we should go to Jesus for our friends; (5) Jesus grieves over sinners; (6) to those who believe he gives new life; (7) at first the new convert is hampered by the grave-clothes of old habits, prejudices, ignorance. "Loose him and let him go!"

#### REVIEW EXERCISE.

16. Who went out to meet Jesus near Bethany? **Ans.** Martha, the sister of Lazarus. 17. What did she say to him? **Ans.** "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." 18. What did Jesus say to her? **Ans.** "I am the resurrection and the life." 19. What did Jesus do at the grave? **Ans.** Jesus wept. 20. How long had Lazarus been dead? **Ans.** Four days. 21. What did Jesus say to him? **Ans.** "Lazarus come forth," and he was brought back to life.

A. D. 30.] LESSON V. [August 1.  
JESUS HONOURED.

John 12: 1-16. Commit vs. 12, 16

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord.—John 12: 13.

#### CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus should be honoured by precious gifts from the heart, and by public praise.

#### DAILY READINGS.

M. John 12: 1-16. Tu. Matt. 21: 1-17. W. Mark 11: 1-11; 14: 1-9. Th. Luke 19: 29-44. F. Ps. 118: 1-29. Sa. Matt. 26: 6-16. Su. Luke 7: 36-47.

TIME.—Jesus arrived at Bethany, Friday evening, March 31, A. D. 30. Six or eight weeks after our last lesson. The supper was Saturday evening, April 1. The triumphal entry on Sunday (the day after the Sabbath), April 2.

PLACE.—Bethany; Mount of Olives; Jerusalem.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—The anointing by Mary, Matt. 26: 6, 10. Mark 14: 3-9. The triumphal procession, Matt. 21: 1-11. Mark 11: 1-11. Luke 19: 29-44.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Matt. 19: 3 to 20, 34. Mark 10: 2-52. Luke 17: 11 to 19, 28.

INTRODUCTION.—The raising of Lazarus produced such an excitement that the rulers

determined to put Jesus to death. But Jesus escaped to a small town, called Ephraim, 20 miles north of Jerusalem, and remained several weeks. Just before the Passover he returns to Jerusalem. What took place on the way—miracles, parables, discourses—we learn from the other evangelists.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Six days*—Friday evening, March 31. 2. *A supper*—On Saturday (their Sabbath) evening, but after the close of the sacred day. The supper was at the house of Simon 3 *1 pound*—A Roman pound 12 *oz.* avoirdupois. *Ointment*—Perfume. *Spikenard*—Nard from India or Arabia. It is made from an aromatic plant called spikenard (*nardus sicaticus*). 4. *Then said one*—But he led others to join with him, Matt. 26: 8. 5. *Three hundred pence*—Or shillings. A penny (denarius) was a silver coin worth 15 or 16 cents. The whole was worth 45 to 50 dollars, but was equal to \$300 or \$400 now. 6. *Bare—Bare away, stole.* 12. *The next day*—Sunday, April 2. *Hosanna*—Is a rendering in Greek letters of the Hebrew *SHAVE, WE PRAY*, Ps. 118: 25. 14. *As it is written*—Zech. 9: 9.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Intervening history.—The supper—Spikenard.—300 pence.—The value of this act of Mary.—Judas' objection.—Giving for the Gospel of Christ increases going to the poor.—The triumphal entry.—What Jesus did on the way.—The object of this procession.

#### QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give a brief account of the events between the last lesson and this. When did the events of this lesson occur? In what other places are they recorded? Have you read the account in each?

#### SUBJECT: EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE AND HONOUR TO OUR SAVIOUR.

I. THE PRECIOUS GIFT.—EXPRESSING LOVE (vs. 1-3).—From what place did Jesus come to Bethany? (John 11: 54) When? What did some of the people do for Jesus? At whose house? (Mark 14: 3.) Who was among the guests? How did Martha show her devotion to Jesus? What did Mary do for him? What is spikenard? How much was this flask worth? Where did she pour this nard? (v. 3; Matt. 26: 7.) What did she show by this act? What by the way she wiped his feet? How did Jesus accept this act? (Mark 14: 9. Why was it so precious? What good does it do to express our kind feelings? How may we express our love to Jesus? Why was Lazarus one of the guests? Was Martha's service as real an expression of love as Mary's gift?

II. A TWOFOLD OPPOSITION (vs. 4-11).—Who found fault with Mary for her gift? (v. 4; Matt. 26: 8.) What was Judas' argument? Why was it not a good argument? What was Judas' real motive? Do gifts to Christ and for the spread of the Gospel lessen the amounts given to the poor? Who came to see Jesus and Lazarus? Why? Who sought to destroy them? Why?

III. THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.—EXPRESSING HONOUR (vs. 12-16).—What took place the next day? What day of the week was it? Was it their Sabbath? Where did the procession start from? From what place did Jesus start? Where did they meet? (Mark 11: 1.) On what did Jesus ride? What did the people say? Meaning of *Hosanna*? What part did the children take? (Matt. 21: 15.) What was the object of all this? What did Jesus do as he came within sight of the city? (Luke 19: 41-44.) Why did he weep? What did he do after he had reached Jerusalem? (Matt. 21: 10-16.)

#### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Expressions of affection are of great value.
2. They increase love, they prove love, they comfort the loved.
3. The worldly heart does not understand the blessedness and power of self-sacrifice and gifts of love.
4. Bad men put forward good motives for their bad deeds.
5. It is always our duty and privilege to minister to Christ by ministering to his poor.

#### REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Where did Jesus go after raising Lazarus from the dead? **Ans.** To Ephraim, among the hills of Judea. 2. When did he return to Bethany? **Ans.** Six days before the Passover. 3. What was done for him there? **Ans.** They made him a supper, with Lazarus for a guest. 4. What did Mary do to him at this supper? **Ans.** (Repeat v. 3.) 5. How did the multitude honour him. (Repeat vs. 12, 13.)

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