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# HOME AND SCHOOL



## The Muezzin's Call to Prayer.

To the superficial observer the Mohammedan seems a very devout person. He is certainly a man of prayer as far as outward form is concerned, for he sincerely believes that prayer is the "key of paradise." No custom makes greater impression upon the traveller in the East than the oft-repeated call to prayer. Five times in twenty-four hours the Muezzin ascends to his elevated stand and sounds the call to prayer. He is usually a blind man, as it would not do for a man with good eyes to have so commanding a view of the terraces and harems where Moslem women are imprisoned. His voice is harmonious, and he chants the call in a very beautiful manner. The words he uses are, "Allah is most great. I testify that there is no God but Allah. I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah. Come to prayer. Come to Security." In the morning he adds: "Prayer is better than sleep." This sacred chant, sung by many Muezzins from the heights of many mosques, is heard above the mid-day din of the city, but at night, when quiet rests upon the streets, and the white minarets shine in the moonlight, the impression is strikingly poetical. One thinks, Surely there is much to be admired in this religion of Islam.

But it is not necessary to go far to learn that this strikingly beautiful custom belongs to a religion exceedingly corrupt, a contrast in every respect to the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. These stately Muezzins and these devout Mohammedans are the most fanatic and bitter enemies with which our missionaries meet in the Orient.

MAN is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice triumphs.

PRAYER is the weak man's refuge and the strong man's hope. Its power opens the heavens and closes the yawning of the pit.

## Armed to the Teeth.

In the early part of the war a young minister of the gospel was on his way to fulfil an appointment. He was mounted on a large and fleet horse, and

had his books in a saddle-bag. As he had some distance to go, he travelled along at a brisk rate. After travelling awhile he met a party of soldiers who were searching for rebels, and as he drew near they separated and let him pass. After he had passed them a short distance one of them said, "Now, we ought to have halted that fellow!"

"No," said another; "I guess he is all right."

"But you don't know," said the first. So they wheeled their horses around, and, levelling their guns at the young man, ordered him to halt.

On hearing the order, he wheeled his horse around, and waited for them to come up. When they had got within three or four rods of him he shouted out with earnestness, "Move carefully! I'm armed to the teeth."

On hearing this the soldiers stopped short with their guns levelled.

He then told them that he was armed with a Bible and hymn-book, and that he was on his way to an appointment.

When they heard this they lowered their guns and asked his name. On hearing it, one of the soldiers said he knew him, and that he might go on his way in peace.

Children, get armed to the teeth. Store up your mind with the Bible while you are young, and it will be a great help to you in fighting the good fight of faith.

"The Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing

even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart."—(Hebrews iv. 12.)

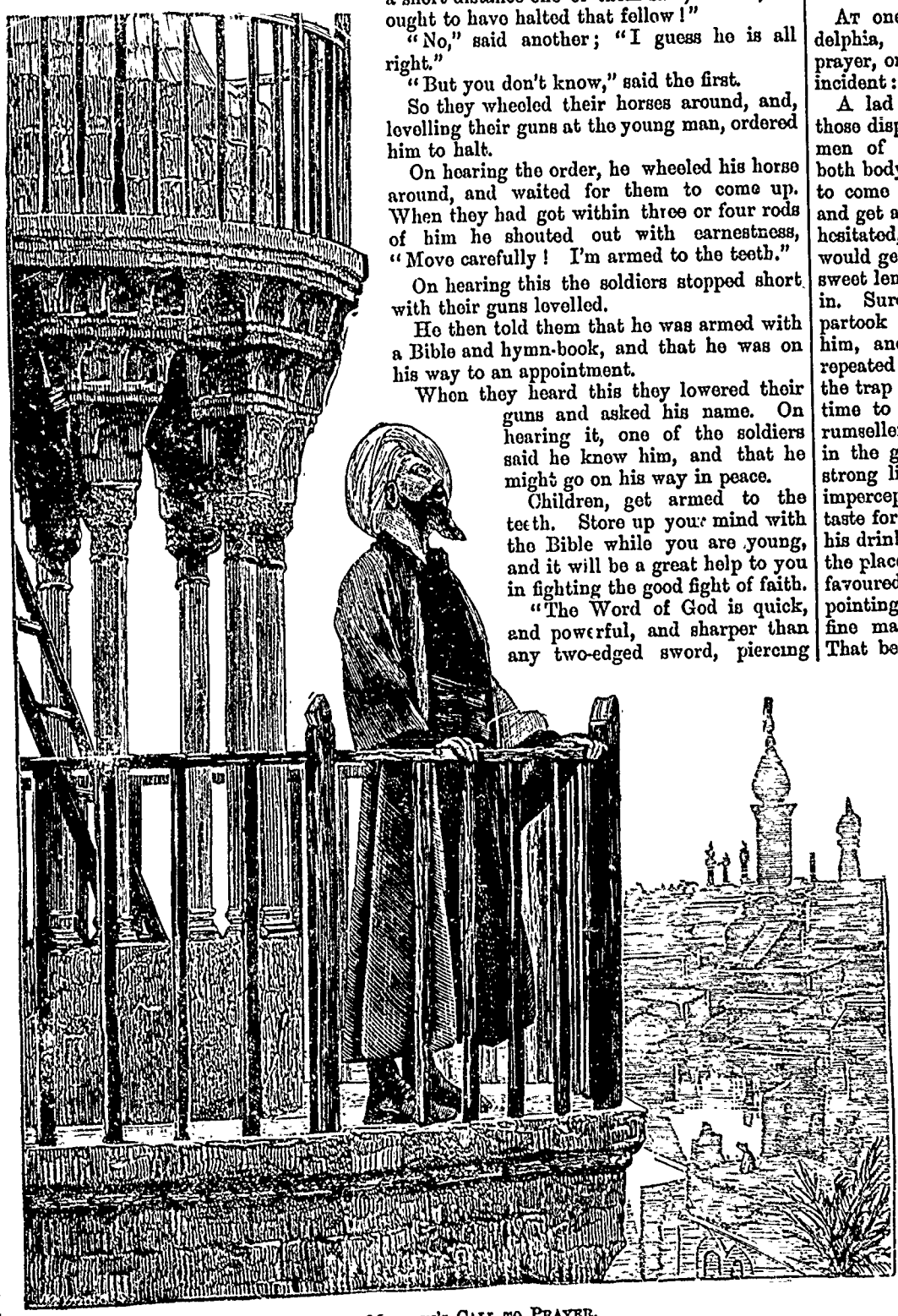
## How Drunkards are Made.

At one of the meetings in Philadelphia, during the recent week of prayer, one of the speakers related this incident:

A lad was approached by one of those dispensers of that which deprive men of their property and destroys both body and soul, who solicited him to come into his place of destruction and get a glass of lemonade. The boy hesitated, but on being assured that he would get nothing but a glass of nice, sweet lemonade, he was induced to go in. Sure enough, he was offered and partook of what had been promised him, and nothing more. This was repeated several times, till at length, the trap having been set, it was now time to spring it. Accordingly, the rumseller began his work by dropping in the glass of lemonade one drop of strong liquor, increasing it so as thus imperceptibly to form in the lad a taste for it. As the boy never paid for his drinks one of the old customers of the place asked the landlord why he so favoured the boy. He replied by pointing and saying, "Do you see that fine mansion upon the hill yonder? That belongs to the boy's father, and will probably soon belong to him, and then in turn it may belong to me."

Fiendish! Horrible! A long-headed, deep-laid scheme to ruin a family and rob them of their property; for certainly such a scheme, if successful, could be looked upon as nothing less than downright robbery, and as much a penitentiary offence as any other kind of robbery. And if there is any one place of greater punishment in the devil's kingdom than another, is not such an one entitled to share in it?

But are not all rumsellers alike in this respect? They do not care who is hurt, who comes to grief, who suffers the pangs of hunger and cold, who goes to a home of sorrow and wretchedness, whose children cry for bread or whose wife is abused, or beaten, or murdered, so they but fill their own coffers and live on the fat of the land



THE MUEZZIN'S CALL TO PRAYER.

through their ill-gotten gains. For the most of them take good care not to jeopardise their own property by indulging in excess in the nasty and destructive stuffs that they deal out to others.—*Van.*

#### In Canterbury Cathedral.

[March 13, 1885.]

"And He buried him. . . .  
No man knoweth his sepulchre until this day."

Through the dim Minster shrills the  
march of woe,  
Over no bier, no mourners following slow  
"This our dear brother;" God knows where  
he lies,  
How he departed; with what obsequies  
Foul beasts and birds have done the work  
of the grave,  
Or if Nile hides beneath its kindly wave  
That broad frank brow and dear unconfined  
head;  
All we know—all we can know—he is  
dead!

And One has buried him: in English hearts  
Of women, though the passionate anguish  
darts

Through every nerve; of children, whisper-  
ing then:

"I want to be like Gordon;" and of men,  
Who, as the worldly-scales slip from their  
eyes,

See how a Christian soldier lives and dies.  
What matter that his sepulchre unknown  
None ever find, to mark with needless  
stone;

Nor ever learn who his last word did hear,  
Who caught his last kind smile, to children  
dear.

God took him. In that hour perchance  
he saw,

Like Moses, all the mystery of the law  
Of sacrifice—did in a vision stand  
Beholding afar off the Promised Land;

Order, peace, freedom, purchased by his  
death,  
And righteousness—the righteousness of  
faith.

Then organ, peal! Sing, sweet boy-voices  
clear:

"Blessed are the departed."

No, he is here;  
Not lost, and not "departed;" a great  
soul

Alive through all the ages, sound and  
whole,  
Strong, brave, true, tender, humble, unde-  
filed;

The lion-heart pure as a little child,  
Our sons, who read his story without taint,  
Ceasing to smile, shall own the hero saint;  
And England, rising from her swoon, in  
pride

Shall show how victory came though Gor-  
don died.

#### Blighted Hopes; or, The Widow's Son.

FRED OSLAM was the son of a respectable widow. His father died when he was only three years of age, leaving Fred and two sisters—one six months and the other five years—to the care of their mother. They were in comfortable but not affluent circumstances. Mrs. Oslam continued the grocery business in which her husband had been engaged.

She resolved to bring up her children respectably, and to give them a good education. Fred was a bright, attractive boy, replete with life and energy. At school he took the most prominent part in every play, and usually stood at the head of his class. His genial, bland, affable and cheerful disposition made him a general favourite.

On arriving at fourteen years of age, he was accustomed every evening after school to relieve his mother from the cares of business. For convenience, in closing and opening the store, and also as a supposed additional safety to the premises, he slept over the shop, which was some distance from the family residence. Mrs. Oslam, though not a member of the Church, was a woman

of great force of character, unblemished reputation, and good principles. She regarded the manufacture and sale of liquor as wrong—opposed alike to the laws of God and the best interests of humanity. She never allowed any in her grocery. If a customer asked for it, she was always ready with an apt reply, such as this: "I don't traffic in the 'sum of all villainies.' I will not take for liquor the money which a poor man should give for bread to feed his hungry family. I cannot make my shop a fountain of death to pour forth its streams of poverty, misery, and desolation upon the community on which I live."

At other times she would vindicate her temperance principles by saying: "I am not a true Christian, though I ought to be; but, I tell you, this liquor business is the darkest blot on Christendom. But for it, we would have little need of police, prisons, or poor-houses."

Her sentiments on the temperance question soon became extensively known; and those who wanted strong drink went to other groceries. Fred's mind was early and thoroughly imbued with his mother's sentiments. He had full sympathy with her in regard to the sale of ardent spirits.

At the age of seventeen he went to college, and at the end of four years graduated with the highest honours of the University. He then began the study of law. On completing the course, he opened an office and commenced practice. His mother was justly proud of him. His neighbours prophesied for him a brilliant career. His business rapidly increased. It was universally anticipated that he would soon become one of the most wealthy and influential men of his native town.

He sought and obtained in marriage the hand of a young lady of beauty and refinement—the daughter of a wealthy wholesale merchant. On the wedding-day the friends of both parties congratulated most heartily the bride and bridegroom. Scarcely twelve months had elapsed when Fred began to keep late hours. His wife became solicitous and expostulated. Business engagements were offered as an excuse. In certain circles it was whispered, with bated breath, that Fred Oslam was drinking. The painful fact soon became generally known that he was a confirmed drunkard. It was now ascertained that, when a lad, sleeping over his mother's shop, young men were accustomed to come in after business closed, and spend the late hours of the night with young Oslam. First they played checkers, then chess and cards.

Fred's temperance principles were thoroughly understood by his companions. They brought cigars, and afterwards liquor was gradually and stealthily introduced. Finally, Fred's scruples were overcome. A taste for intoxicating drink was acquired. It had been gaining strength during his college life.

Simultaneously and imperceptibly the will power became enfeebled as the appetite increased in strength, till the desire for ardent spirits could no longer be concealed. His downward career was then most rapid. Wife, mother, and sister expostulated, pleaded, and wept. But words and tears were unavailing.

Business was neglected and constantly decreased. The little money

he had previously saved was soon squandered. He became utterly reckless and dissipated. He shunned respectable society, and associated with the lowest and most degraded. The disappointment of his mother was inexpressible, and her grief inconsolable. Her health sank under the burden of sorrow, and she died broken-hearted. At her funeral his friends accused him of being the cause of her death. He pleaded guilty of the awful impeachment, and wept like a child. Despairing and alone he entered the room where lay the body of his mother stiff and cold in death. He bowed over the pale form and yielded to unrestrained lamentation. On rising to leave his eye caught sight of a bottle of brandy; he seized it and drank greedily its contents. An hour later, his friends, wondering at his long delay, opened the door, and behold! to their amazement and confusion, there were two bodies on that bed—the body of the mother and that of the *dead drunk son.*

Stung with shame and remorse he moved with his family to a country village. His wife was not only highly accomplished, but a woman of deep spirituality of mind. In the most tender, loving manner, she appealed to every attribute of his manhood; to his former sentiments; to his marriage vows; to his obligations as husband and father, and to his own present and eternal interests. With all the moving pathos and eloquence of tears, she besought him to abandon the blighting, destructive beverage. Strongly and bitterly he reproached himself, and resolved and vowed he would drink no more; but his resolutions and vows were made in the strength of a will shattered and enfeebled by alcohol, and were then broken as often as made. One day after his recovery from a protracted debauch, his amiable and loving wife came to him, and threw her arms around his neck, and, bathing his bloated and disfigured face with her tears, said, "Fred, you do not try to reform in the right way. With you the disease of drunkenness has advanced too far for reformation by mere human strength. Satan is the strong man armed. In your case strong drink is the armour in which he trusts to keep your soul in bondage. Now, Jesus Christ, who is stronger than he, must enter, bind this strong man, and take away his armour. If you will surrender your heart to Him, by the renewing of His Spirit He will take away the appetite for rum."

Fred wept bitterly and said, "I have degraded myself, broken my mother's heart, brought the best wife in the world to shame and sorrow, and my innocent children into disgrace and poverty: I am not fit to live. Oh! that I had become a Christian before this fiend of Intemperance had enslaved me! I see, my dear wife, the course you advise is my only hope." But he did not reform. His wife, reared in luxury, was reduced to abject poverty, and was forced to do all the work for herself, husband, and four children. Her father gave her a cow, the milk of which her degraded, unfeeling husband sold from the lips of his hungry children to buy whiskey. Almost any evening he might be seen in the yard of a low groggery earning a glass of liquor by keeping "tally" for the most abandoned villagers, while they pitched quoits for a "treat." His mental and moral nature was com-

pletely deteriorated. Soon his physical constitution was completely wrecked, and disease, induced by strong drink, bore him to a drunkard's grave. *"Shot and Shell" for the Temptation Conflict.*

#### "That's my Boy."

"I REMEMBER," says Dr. Fowler, "standing by the surging billows on one weary day and watching for hours a father struggling beyond the breakers for the life of his son. They came slowly toward the shore on a piece of wreck, and as they came the waves turned over the piece of float and they were lost to view. Presently we saw the father come to the surface and char-bro alone to the wreck, and then saw him plunge off into the waves, and thought he was gone; but in a moment he came back again, bringing his boy. Presently they struck another wave, and over they went, and again repeated the process. Again they went over, and again the father rescued his son. By and by, as they swung nearer land, they caught on a snag just out beyond where we could reach them; and for a little time the waves went over them till we saw the boy in his father's arms, hanging down in helplessness. We know that they must be saved soon or be lost. I shall never forget the gaze of that father as we drew him from the devouring waves, still clinging to his son. He said, 'That's my boy! that's my boy!' And so I have thought, in hours of darkness, when the billows roll over me, the great Father is reaching down to me and taking hold of me, crying, 'That's my boy!' and I know I am safe."—*Labor of Love.*

THE funeral of the late Colonel Kennedy, the organizer and commander of the corps of Canadian voyageurs who rendered such excellent aid in conveying boats and munitions of war up the Nile River, took place at Highgate Cemetery, London, England, and was preceded by a service at the Wesleyan Chapel, Archway-road, conducted by the President of the Conference, assisted by the Revs. A. McAulay, R. W. Allen, and John Pearson. Colonel Kennedy was a man of the highest religious character, a statesman and philanthropist, wealthy, beloved, and honoured in his own country; and it seemed inexpressibly sad that he should be cut down in the very prime of life, when on the point of returning to his dear ones in Canada, after passing safely through the perils and discomforts of a trying campaign in Egypt. "Colonel Kennedy," said Mr. Allen, in his eloquent address at the chapel, "was, above all, a devout man, who feared and loved God, and served his generation by the will of God. Godly character was eternal nobility, and he was conspicuous in godly character, worthy in this respect to rank with our Laurences and Havelocks; and this was the highest consolation of his widow and five fatherless children that day; although from the noble and tender-hearted Queen through all ranks of her subjects there would be a current of deep sympathy with them in their day of heavy bereavement."

Why do not more go to the heathen?—"Surely it must be ignorance of the world's state that keeps back young men from offering themselves for these glorious openings."

Only the Footsteps of Angels.

It was only the footsteps of angels  
That silently entered the door,  
And took from our circle a dear one  
To dwell on the radiant shore.

It was only a touch, soft and loving,  
And then the dear form was at rest,  
While the soul of my husband went upward  
To dwell with the pure and the blest.

It was only a moment of sorrow,  
Then angels came in at the door  
And silently took my dear husband  
To dwell on that beautiful shore,

It was only a gleam of bright glory—  
The gates of pure gold were ajar—  
When my darling went up with the angels  
To be a celestial star.

One kiss from the angel of pity—  
The soul of my darling was free;  
In the star-world of love he is smiling,  
And watching, and waiting for me.

It was only the brightness of heaven  
That came with my dear husband's  
smile,  
While angels of beauty were waiting  
The heart of the lone to beguile.

It was only a moment of sorrow,  
Then sunshine came in at the door,  
And the fluttering wings of the angels  
Went up to the glorified shore

It was only a husband-soul longing  
To visit the star-world of light,  
And to dwell in that beautiful city  
In robes that are spotless and white.

In the home of the sweet singing angels,  
By the side of the clear jasper sea,  
In the star-world of love he is watching,  
And waiting, and praying for me.

—J. G. M. B.

Ennobling Life.

"Yes, it's all very well for the minister to talk about ennobling every-day work. But I would like to see him enoble my work," said a dry-goods clerk to his employer, with whom he was dining by a special invitation.

"Why?" asked his employer with a smile. "Is your work so peculiar that you can't dignify it?"

"I don't complain, sir, of my work, but—well, you know what it is," answered the clerk, tempted to frankness by his employer's manner. "There I stand, day after day, selling spools of thread; there's nothing ennobling about that, is there, sir? I've tried to feel as the minister says we ought to feel, if we are doing any honest work, but the work is so small it belittles me."

"Ah! I see," said his employer, kindly, as if he was talking to a younger brother. "You have not discovered the secret of getting much out of little. Look at my partner; honoured and loved by all who know him. And yet he began life in our very store, doing what, do you think? Why, selling pins! And he was discouraged, as you are, by what seemed the smallness of his work. Pins, morning, noon and night! That was all he had to sell at his counter.

"Well, he went to the store one Monday morning, after hearing such a sermon as you heard, about taking our Christianity with us everywhere and putting it into our every-day life. And he noticed what he might have noticed a hundred times before, that nearly all his customers were women, and the majority of them poor. He took to studying their faces, and thereby learned from their care-worn furrows of their heroic self-denial, patient suffering, and mother-love.

"Well, he was not a thoughtless young man, and he found a feeling of respect and real chivalry for women growing up in him. Later on, he noticed what a large number of customers called for black mourning pins, and

that led him to think of his own mother, who had been dead for several years. That thought did him good, for she had been a Christian woman.

"Then, one day, he found among his customers a woman who had been cheated by a clerk who sold pins at another store. And he resolved that he would try to restore her confidence in clerks, as a class, by honest dealing.

"He began to take a new and deeper interest in his own work. He made a point of being on hand punctually, and his customers found him always good-natured and obliging. In short, he so dignified pin-selling, that one day his employers discovered that they had a clerk too valuable for that counter, and advanced him to a higher place, with an increase of salary. He dignified his new position as he had ennoble his old one.

"Ten years after, he found himself in the position of confidential clerk, and to-day he is half partner in the concern. All his good luck was the natural result of doing his best where he was.

"Don't make the mistake," the old merchant continued, "of saving your talents for a bigger place. Use all you have where you are. Fill the place you are in and you will grow too large for it. You can ennoble even the humblest every-day work, if you are determined to do your best where God has put you.

"Why, I knew a poor, lame, half-witted creature who was obliged to stand in a close, hot room twelve hours a day, stitching harness. He had heard from some preacher that every-day work could be ennobled, but he had only a dim idea of the man's meaning.

"One day he looked out of his dirty window and saw a horse dashing madly by with a light carriage, in which were a woman and child. A bold man leaped from the curb, caught the horse by the bridle, and was dragged along by the infuriated animal. But the bridle held, the horse was stopped, the mother and child were saved.

"The thought flashed through the mind of the poor leather-stitcher, 'Suppose the sowing of that bridle had been poorly done, with bad thread? Then the bridle might have broken, and the man as well as those in the carriage would have been injured. How do I know but what that sowing was some of my work?'

"Animated by the grand thought, he stitched away like a hero, determined to do his humble work well, for the sake of others. From that time on he ennobled his calling, as every one may do who has the spirit of the Master, whose life has made our lives worth living."

The clerk thought over his talk, and went to his store the next morning with his eyes open, and a new resolution in his heart. He found the following statements to be true, and wondered that he had not discovered them before:

I can ennoble my business of selling spools of thread, by first ennobling myself.

I can do this by exercising patience, honesty, industry and faithfulness.

There is abundant opportunity in my place, to use all the politeness and gentleness required of a gentleman in any station of life.

In my relations with the other clerks near me, I can indirectly and directly ennoble my own work.

I can find a use for almost every

Christian grace I possess, without going outside of my own work.

That clerk is still selling thread. But his employer has his eye on him. The after-dinner talk did the clerk so much good, that he is capable of filling a higher place. And he will get it before long, if he continues to live up to his discovery, that life is worth living, provided we ennoble it, even when environed by small duties.—*Exchange.*

Invisible Battles.

O not upon fertilised hill or field,  
Where foemen meet with sabre and shield,  
Are mightiest battles fought!  
Not amid warfare's wild alarms,  
In the roar of cannon, the clash of arms,  
Are grandest victories won!

Look abroad into the earth's sad homes  
Where fierce temptation stealthily comes,  
Followed by wan despair— (foe,  
Where souls are assailed by some merciless  
By sin, by hollow-eyed want, or woe—  
And mark the conflicts there!

Only God and His angels pure  
Ever can know what they endure  
Who cope with these unseen foes;  
Only heaven, with its infinite rest,  
Can symbol the peace of the victor's breast,  
When these perilous conflicts close.

Dr. John Kitto.

NEAR the beginning of the present century, in a home made wretched by the intemperate habits of the husband and father, a wailing baby opened its eyes only to rest them upon misery and want. In that home there was lack of nourishing food as well as of comfortable clothing for the puny infant. In wretchedness and neglect the baby boy struggled on, living in spite of neglect until he was four or five years old, when his grandmother, coming one day into the house and seeing the misery there, asked the father and mother to let John go home with her to live. Their consent gained, John was only too glad of the peace and quiet of his grandmother's humble home. It was while living with this old lady that he tasted something of the sweets of childhood, but it was only for a brief period. His grandmother soon became too infirm to live by herself, and as John was not old enough to care for her, they went to live with John's parents, and again the boy entered upon a life of hardship.

When he was old enough he began to work with his father, who was a stonemason. One day when he was eleven years old, he fell from the top of a high building where he was working, and was picked up from the ground white and limp as if he were dead. Then there was confusion in the wretched home, made more wretched by the presence of sickness and the approach of what seemed like death. For many days the boy lay in a stupor from which it was impossible to rouse him. Anxiously the watchers stood around, expecting him soon to breathe his last. But to their surprise he opened his eyes and seemed to know them. Long before this his friends had discovered his fondness for books, and I do not suppose they were surprised when he asked for a certain book which he had been reading before he fell. When he was refused he was unable to understand what they meant, and grew impatient with what looked to him like stupidity. And when he exclaimed, "Why don't you answer me?" one of his friends wrote on a slate, "You are deaf!"

Imagine what that would be to any eleven-year-old boy! To be deaf, never to hear the voices you love, never to

listen to the singing of birds, or the babble of brooks, never to hear the wind sighing through the pines, not even to be startled by the roar of thunder—can you imagine it? And this is what befell John.

Things did not mend at home, and when John was fifteen years old he was sent to the almshouse. Here he was set to work making shoes, and here he remained several years. Once in the time he was bound out to a shoemaker, but he was treated so badly by his master that the authorities interfered and he returned to the almshouse, where he had to work very steadily, but he contrived to find time for a great amount of reading and study.

After a time some benevolent gentleman found out how he was trying to gain knowledge, and planned a way to help him. He left the place where he had been so long, and went to live with a gentleman who gave him every opportunity for study. You may be sure he improved these opportunities, and soon became a fine scholar. Then he had an opportunity to travel. He wrote many books, and I have no doubt you may find in your father's library some of them, as "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," or "History of the Bible."

His writings are of great value, and the world could not well have done without John. Yet how many labouring under his disadvantages would have felt excused from doing anything to add to the literary wealth of the world. How many would have persevered in study under such difficulties? From his very babyhood, his life was one of struggle and privation, yet by steady, persevering industry he rose above circumstances, and at length gained an honoured name and position among men of letters, and for several years before his death, which occurred in 1851, he was known as Dr. John Kitto.—*The Parson.*

"TRUTH," of London, advertised for an original proverb. Many hundreds were sent in. Here are some of the best: A white lie often makes a black story. It's a poor musician that can't blow his own trumpet. He who would eat the egg must first break the shell. Every back has its pack. Pens and ink out of reach avoid many a breach. Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you. The present is the child of the past and the parent of the future. The want of money is the root of much evil. Egotism is an alphabet with one letter. If you'd know a man's character follow him home. Better a line of sense than a page of nonsense. The surest road to honour is to deserve it. Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all. It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best. Sighs are poor things to fly with. Home is the rainbow of life. Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread. They who live in a worry invite death by hurry.

A TON of gold or silver contains 29,166 66 ounces. A ton of gold is worth \$602,875. A ton of silver, at the present rate per ounce, is worth about \$32,000. A cubic foot of gold weighs 1,200 pounds, and is worth nearly \$300,000. A cubic foot of silver weighs 600 pounds, and is worth about \$10,000. The value of gold coin, bars, and bullion in circulation in the world is estimated at \$3,500,000,000. This would make in a mass a twenty-five foot cube.

**Things That Never Die.**

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth,  
The impulse of a worldless prayer,  
The dream of love and truth,  
The longing after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better hopes—  
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,  
That proves a friend indeed;  
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,  
When justice threatens nigh;  
The sorrowings of a contrite heart—  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do,  
Lose not a chance to waken love,  
Be firm and just and true;  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel voices say to thee,  
"These things can never die."

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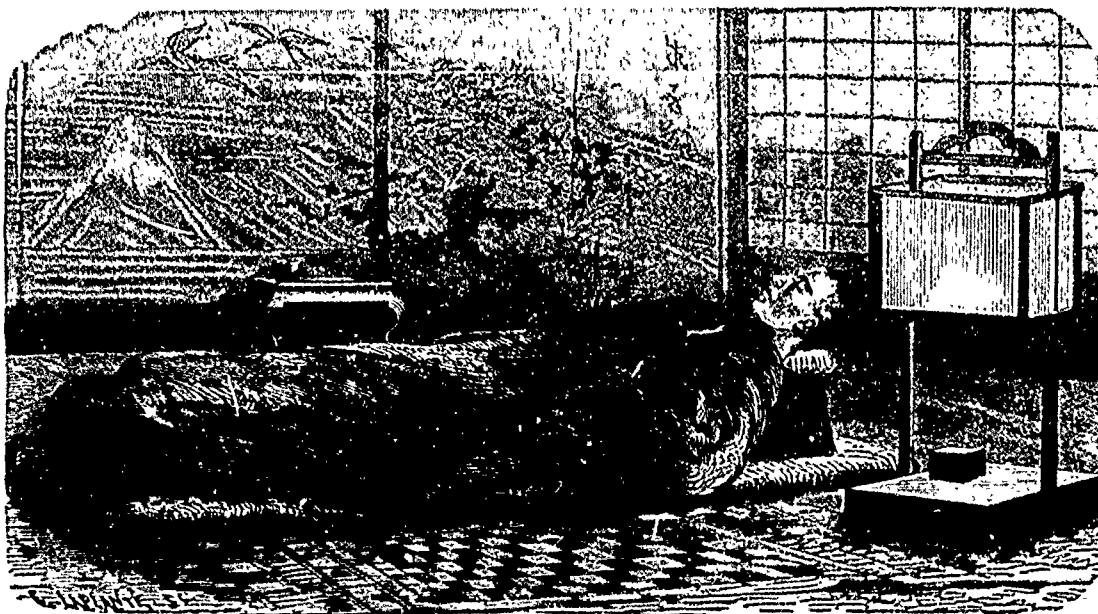
**Home & School:**

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

TORONTO, JULY 18, 1885.

**Reviewing.**

"The constant habit of reviewing" is not yet estimated at its full value by teachers generally. Especially are Bible students slow to secure its benefits. Wise men, however, are finding new ways of doing it, and are demonstrating its importance and usefulness. A method which a Connecticut school has recently adopted is that of having monthly review concerts. On these occasions the titles, golden texts, and central thoughts are repeated by the school, or by classes; and this exercise is interspersed with the reading of more or less elaborate articles on special topics, in the line of the lessons, by the more capable pupils. In the same State there is at least one pastor who devotes a Sunday evening in each quarter to a review sermon—a sermon reviewing not the Sunday-school lessons, but his sermons. He places on the blackboard such points from his sermons of the preceding three months as he feels to be important, and calls attention to them in a review discourse. On that evening he is always sure of a large and interested audience. Not less sure are his people to gain a clear view of the truth in its relations, and get a better hold on it for its memories. There is an old story of a sick tailor who sent word to all his fellow-craftsmen that he wanted them all to be present when he should die, as he had a message for them. With his last breath he gasped to the eager group,



A JAPANESE BED.

**A 'Japanese' Bed.**

We present herewith an illustration of one of the queer customs of the Japanese. The Japanese bed is simply a thin mattress spread upon the floor, which, during the day, is rolled up and put away. The covering is a sort of bag in which the natives wrap themselves up. But the most curious thing of all is the pillow. It is simply a block of wood, on the upper side of which is a small cushion covered with several thicknesses of soft thin paper. As one of these gets soiled it can be torn off and a clean one be exposed beneath. It is the most uncomfortable looking pillow we ever saw. One would think the sleeper would dislocate his neck. The object in the foreground is a lamp. The light is protected from the wind by a thin oiled paper which lets almost all the light through. To the right is shown the paper screen which forms the wall of most Japanese houses. During the day these slide to one side and the whole house is exposed to the passers by.

It now and then happens with the book, as well as other trades, that it is a matter of some consequence to importers which of them will first expose a new book for sale, or be first to fill orders from retail dealers or private individuals. Such a contest took place in Toronto upon the arrival of the first consignment of the Revised edition of the Bible, when some quick work was done by our own Book Room. The arrival of the goods being anticipated, the Book Steward had everything in readiness, and within three hours after the car containing them reached the station the entire list of orders throughout the country, both by mail and express, was ready for transit and had left the premises. If any other house did better, it will be in order for it to speak. It will be remembered that our Book Room was first in the field with the Revised New Testament.—*Guardian.*

At a temperance meeting in Weldon, North Carolina, an old coloured man said: "When I sees a man goin' home wid a gallon o' whiskey an' a half a poun' o' meat, dat's temperance lecture 'nuff fo' me. An' I sees it every day. I knows dat eberyting in his house is on de same scale—a gallon o' misery to ebery half-poun' o' comfort."

"Put a knot in your thread." For want of a knot which reviewing can put in the thread of teaching, a vast amount of work is wasted. Dry and distasteful reviews do more harm than good; but of wise reviewing it is difficult to have too much. The more careful the "review" the more interesting and practical may be the review. But reviews there should be, in the pulpit, at the superintendent's desk, in the class. Certainly every one who would have the truth at command must often recall what he has been studying, that it may be labelled, classified, and, so to speak, filed away where one can put his hand upon it at a moment's warning. "The constant habit of reviewing" is a capital habit to form in the primary class and to keep up through life.

**Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Independent Order of Good Templars.**

This is the largest temperance organization in existence. It has 80 Grand Lodges, with more than 300,000 members in various parts of the world. The largest number is in the United States. The R. W. G. L. meets annually, and is composed of delegates from all the Grand Lodges. This year it met in Toronto, in the month of May. The attendance of delegates, both ladies and gentlemen, was large. The writer never attended a deliberative assembly where there were more persons who understood how to conduct business. The temperance people of Toronto availed themselves of the presence of so many distinguished strangers, and held several public meetings in favour of prohibition. A goodly number of pulpits also were occupied on the Sabbath, when the claims of temperance were earnestly enforced. The organization is doing a good work among the young, and also by means of employing distinguished lecturers. The Normal School buildings were granted for the use of the Lodge during its sessions, where a grand conversation was held one evening, which the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province attended.

**Book Notices.**

*First Lessons in German Reading.* By Fräulein Jagst. New York: Cassell & Company.

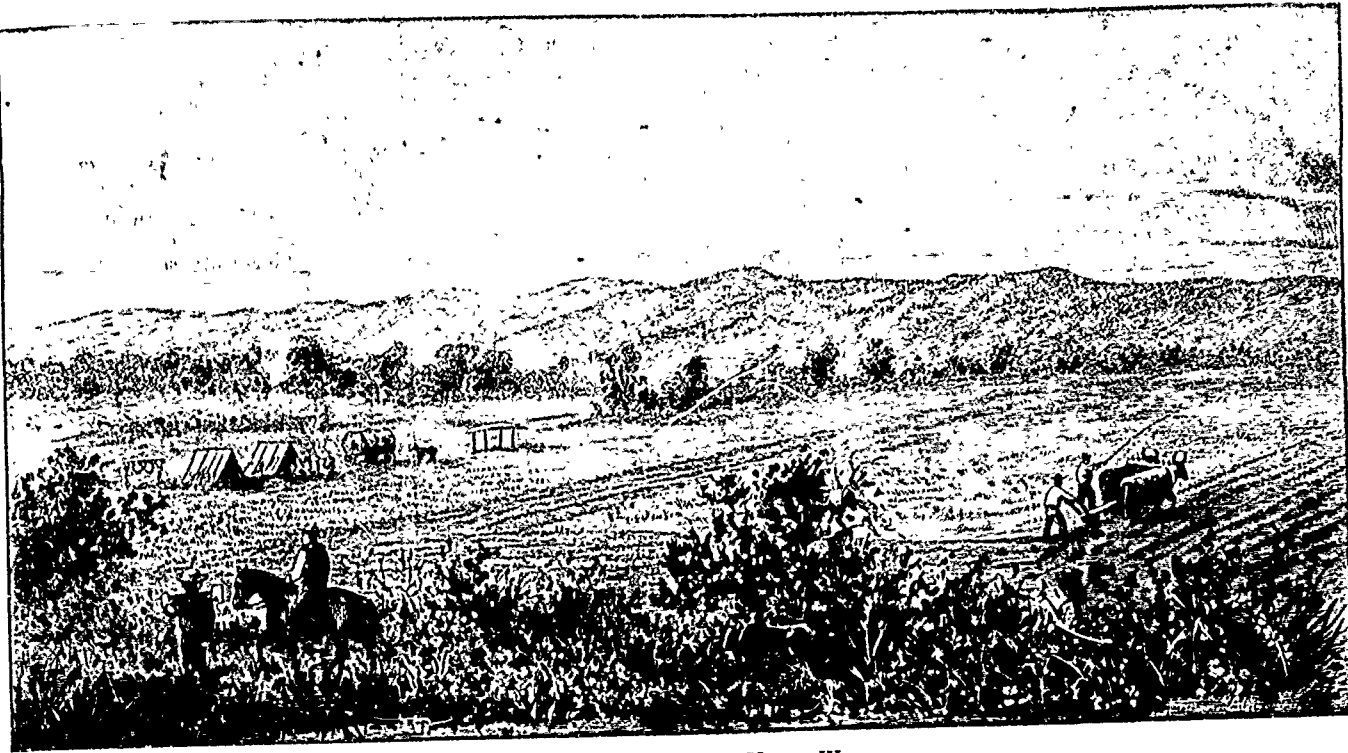
This is the best little book for young beginners in German that we have seen. A child six or eight years old

can readily learn these simple rhymes and easy lessons. The pictures will pique curiosity and aid to a comprehension of the text.

CRAIG & BARLOW, 170 Madison St., Chicago, issue a large work, entitled *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome*, by the venerable Father Chiniquy, who has spent many years of his life in its production. It will be the most comprehensive presentation of Romanism, in all its aspects—civil, social, and religious—heretofore published, and contains facts of thrilling interest to all lovers of liberty. The chapters relating to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, are startling in character. The book is sure to cause controversy. It has been pronounced by eminent statesman in this country and in Great Britain, the United States, and Australia, who have read advance sheets, as timely and important. It will be sold by subscription only. Price \$5.

*The Book Buyer* for June Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have just ready. Of particular interest is Prof. Francis Brown's article on the "Revised Version of the Old Testament," in which he takes a common-sense view of the subject, pointing out in a clear and distinct way the weaknesses and the value of the revision. *The Book Buyer* is always spicy and readable, and is certainly worth its subscription price, 50 cents a year. Messrs. Scribner, the publishers, will send a sample copy to any one on application.

*Shoemaker's Dialogues.* This volume has been prepared in response to many urgent and repeated requests. Everyone in charge of entertainments and exhibitions has experienced the difficulty in procuring fresh and interesting dialogues. To meet this want is the object of the present work. Provision has been made for all ages—Children, Youths, and Adults—and for all occasions—Parlor Entertainments, Sunday and Day School Exhibitions, Holiday Anniversaries, National and Patriotic Celebrations, Temperance Meetings, etc. Only such Dialogues have been selected as have a strong and well developed plot; such as are unexceptional in literary expression, and such as have a healthy moral tone. Printed on good paper and in clear, open-faced type. 250 pages. Handsomely bound. Postpaid, \$1.00. For sale by William Briggs, 78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto, Canada.



A PRAIRIE FARM IN THE NORTH-WEST.

## The Silkworm's Song.

Oh let me alone, I've a work to be done,  
That can brook not a moment's delay;  
While yet I breathe, I must spin and weave,  
And may rest not, night or day.

Food and sleep I will never know  
Till my blessed work be done, [sheet  
Then my rest shall be sweet, in the winding-  
That around me I have spun.

I have been a base and grovelling thing  
And the dust of the Earth my home;  
But now I know that the end of my woe  
And the day of my bliss has come.

In the shroud I make this creeping frame  
Shall peacefully die away;  
But its death shall be new life to me  
In the midst of its perishing clay.

I shall wake, I shall wake a glorious form  
Of brightness and beauty to wear, [tomb,  
I shall burst from the gloom of my opening  
And breathe in the balmy air.

I shall spread my new wings in the morning  
sun,  
In the Summer breath I'll live:  
I will bathe me where, in the dewy air,  
The flowers their sweetness give.

I will not touch the dusty earth,  
I'll spring to the brightening sky,  
And free as the breeze, where'er I please,  
On joyous wing I'll fly.

And wherever I go, timid mortals may know,  
That like me from the tomb they shall rise,  
And the dead shall be given, by signal from  
Heaven,  
A new life, a new home in the skies.

Then let them like me make ready their  
shrouds,  
Nor shrink from the mortal strife;  
And like me they shall sing, as to Heaven  
they spring,  
Death is not the end of life.

—Francis S. Key.

## A Prairie Farm in the North-West.

THANK God that the horrors of a civil war, and worst of all of an Indian war in the North-West, have been averted through His good providence and by His blessing upon our volunteer soldiery. The settlers can now return to the peaceful industry of their fertile farms, and our brave volunteers can come back with their well-earned laurels to their homes. But alas! they do not all come back. With tenderest homage we regard the memory of the unreturning brave, whose graves dot the broad prairies and make them sacred to freedom, to law, and order forever. That vast heritage will soon, we

hope, become the home of millions of happy settlers, and in the fertile farms and smiling villages shall be seen a guarantee of peace and prosperity richly purchased at the cost of the country's best blood. In the influences of Christian civilization, in missionaries, churches and schools, we shall find a better safeguard against revolt than even in galling guns and cannon.

## Trust and Obey.

MISS HAVERGAL tells a story in verse of a young girl named Alice, whose music-master insists upon her practicing very difficult music. To Alice it seems cruel that she may not play easy pieces like other girls. The chords are difficult, and the melody is subtle. Her hand wearies, her cheek flushes, and with clouded brow she makes a protest. The master will not yield, and she writes home to her father, who answers kindly, but firmly, that her teacher knows what is best. "Trust and obey" is her father's advice. Persuaded to try again she at length masters Beethoven's masterpiece. Years afterward at a brilliant assembly of musical artists, when the gentle twilight fills all hearts with thoughts of peace, Alice is invited to play some suitable strains. She selects the very piece that was once so difficult, but which, thoroughly learned, has never been forgotten. She plays it with pure and varied expression, secures the rich approval of one of the masters of song, who confesses that even to him Beethoven's music had never seemed so beautiful and so suggestive as in her rendering:

Then swift up flashed a memory,  
A long-forgotten day;  
A memory of tears once shed,  
Of aching hand and puzzled head,  
And of the father's word that said,  
"Trust and obey."

The lesson learned in patience then  
Was lit by love and duty,  
The toiling time was quickly past,  
The trusting-time had fled fast,  
And Alice understood at last  
Its mysteries of beauty.

Many a hard task may yet come to both boys and girls. Let them also "trust and obey," and by little and little they likewise may become interpreters of life's holiest music.

## [The Best] Recommendation.

"LET me see the book, my boy," said Mr. Harvey. Raymond started up in surprise. He had opened his satchel, and while taking out his note of reference from his former employer, his Bible fell out on to the floor.

Mr. Harvey looked at the book, and said: "This will do; you need not mind about the paper;" and Raymond soon found himself engaged as office-boy and under-clerk in Mr. Harvey's office.

What do you suppose made Mr. Harvey so ready to take Raymond into his employ? You think it was his Bible. I suppose Mr. Harvey reasoned like this: "If a boy reads his Bible and profits by its teachings, he will be apt to be a faithful worker. This Bible reader will be honest, and can be trusted alone in the office. His word will always be reliable, and he will not be found in bad company.

Raymond probably obtained his position because he carried his Bible with him. If that book had been a novel or some wild story, Mr. Harvey would not have been so ready to engage him. It is very true that a person is known by the company he keeps; and it is exactly as true that you will be known by the books you read. Never read anything that you are ashamed to have found out. People will think better of you if you read only good, sensible literature. But you ought to have a nobler motive than merely to keep a good reputation. Your reading molds your mind; you are made either better or worse by it. Get the best, then, by all means; and be sure that you read nothing but the truth.—Selected.

WE have often enriched our pages with extracts and pictures from that admirable missionary paper, *The Gospel in all Lands*—published by the Rev. Eugene Smith—himself for many years a missionary. That paper, and the entire series of which it is one, has been purchased by the New York Methodist Book Concern, and will be issued still under Mr. Smith's management, and sustained with all the immense resources of that great publishing house.

## SPECIAL RATES FOR "GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS."

The subscription price of *Gospel in all Lands* (monthly) is \$2.00 a year. Ten copies and over to the address of one or more persons each \$1.25 a year. A copy will be sent to any itinerant Methodist minister in the United States or Canada for one dollar a year, postage paid. Terms in advance. Address "Gospel in all Lands," Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway, New York.

LIEUT. FRED. SCHWATKA has written a book of hunting adventure with the attractive title, *Nimrod in the North*, which Messrs. Cassell & Co. will publish this month. The author has confined himself to such scenes and adventures as came within his own personal knowledge in the region north of Hudson's Bay and in the interior of Alaska. He describes the life of the sportsman in the frozen north, his camps, his sledges, and the native hunter and his weapons, and the animals that furnish the sport.

THE Sunday-school Parliament, which is to open its seventh annual session on the St. Lawrence Central Camp-ground, on the 13th of August, promises to be of special interest. The proceedings will continue until the 24th, and will embrace lectures, addresses, and sermons from many of the most prominent men of the Methodist Church in Canada, and also distinguished ministers from the United States. A prominent feature of the exercises will be the Normal Department, whose course is the same as the Chautauqua course, the text books of which are used, and may be procured at our Book-Room here. The grounds are beautifully situated on a high bluff, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, a few miles above Brockville, and in the vicinity of the beautiful islands which dot that majestic river. Access to the grounds is either by carriage or boat from Brockville, between which and the grounds an excursion steamer plies several times a day during the services. Ample and comfortable hotel accommodations are provided at reasonable rates on the grounds, the discount to ministers and their families being one-third.—Guardian.

No expense is being spared to make the Grimsby Camp services eminently successful in so far as human agency can do this, and doubtless an appreciative public will avail themselves of the opportunity to hear the distinguished divines expected. It will be seen that special arrangements have been made for the conveyance of visitors from the East and Toronto, by the chartering of the staunch, commodious and swift steamer *Star*, to ply between this port and the camp-ground. We hope the services may not only prove pecuniarily satisfactory to the directors, but that many souls may be savingly converted.—Guardian.

MEN's lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening; or like the seasons, aglow with promise, and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good words and deeds have ripened on the field.

## What's in a Name?

LONG years ago, when I was young,  
And life was rich in rainbow promise,  
Before the dirges had been sung  
For all that time has hurried from us,—  
When wealth was barely out of sight,  
Around a short lane's pleasant turning,  
And fame held forth a garland bright  
For every school boy's easy earning,—

I carved, in letters broad and deep,  
High on the old brown school house siding,  
My name, that yours to come should keep  
From dark Oblivion's envious hiding.  
It shone there like a now-faded star,  
Beneath the dark, projecting rafters,  
To tell the boys that J. H. PARR  
Was famous for a long hereafter.

That happy time too soon was o'er;  
And, trudging toward the world of action,  
I often wrote my name with more  
Of vain and less of satisfaction.  
In college days it seemed endowed  
With all the graces of negation,  
And *sine Soph.* term it led the crowd  
Of candidates for rustication.

Yes, ink will fade, and paper burn,  
And Memory miss the future's portal;  
But Age's thoughts confiding turn  
To where the jack-knife makes immortal;  
While love comes, soon or late, to pay  
For all we've wrought or dared or dreaded;  
So back to boyhood's home one day  
I journeyed with my wife just wedded.

We strolled together through the town,  
And down the road along the meadow,  
And saw the school-house, old and brown,  
Still spotted by the elm-tree's shadow.  
"My dear 'twas on this very sod  
I had my early fun and fighting;  
'Twas here I passed beneath the rod,  
And learned my reading and my writing.

"And here one day I carved with care,  
A dozen years ago or nearly—  
You'll see it 'neath the cornice there—  
The name that now you love so dearly."  
I stopped, and uttered with a groan  
The vulgar name of Ancient Harry!  
Some boy had made my fame his own  
By simply changing PARR to PARRY.

I then looked down to Angelina,  
And saw that something deeply grieved  
She raised her brimming eyes to mine,  
And asked me why I had deceived her;  
And if I bore still other names;  
And which was true, and which fictitious;  
And was I really christened James?  
And were my motives all malicious?

We stood in horror and in doubt,  
Held fast by circumstantial letter,  
Until at length I pointed out  
The freshness of the final letter.  
"It was," I said, "a shrewd device,  
And carried out by hand audacious;  
But roguery fails where'er it tries  
To mix the false and the voracious."

She saw it all, and taunt and tear  
Gave place to pretty peals of laughter;  
But I a lesson read severe  
From that old scrawl beneath the rafter.  
And many a time in later days  
I've toiled and suffered, hoped and waited,  
To find at last my beef or bays  
By some one else appropriated:

Some scalping rascal lies in wait  
For every wig that's worth the taking;  
Some sharper blade than ours will cheat  
The best endeavours of our making;  
Until at last the lines we trace,  
The work we do, the words we utter,  
Are narrowed to a half-yard space,  
And finished by the marble cutter.

But on ourselves such lines are drawn  
By college classmates, friends and teachers  
As still remain when all are gone,  
To mark life's most enduring features.  
We read them by the silvery light  
That time upon our head besprinkles;  
Nor Age can blot them from our sight,  
Or cancel with his deepest wrinkles.

LIKE a diver in his dress, who is let  
down to the bottom of the wild, far-  
weltering ocean, a man whose heart is  
girt by faith and charity, and whose  
head is covered by the helmet of hope  
may be dropped down into the wildest  
sea of temptation and worldliness, and  
yet will walk dry and unharmed through  
the midst of its depths, and breathe air  
that comes from a world above the  
restless surges.

## Afghanistan and the Afghans.

THE territory concerning which the  
bitter dispute between England and  
Russia has arisen, lies in the north-  
west corner of the Kingdom of Af-  
ghanistan. It borders on Persia on  
the west and on Turkestan on the  
north, and rather more than a hundred  
miles south of the point where the  
Russians came into collision with the  
Afghans, on March 30, is the great  
Afghan fortress of Herat.

A glance at the map will reveal  
that Afghanistan lies between Persia  
on the west, Turkestan on the north,  
Boloohistan on the south, and British  
India on the east. It will be seen  
that it is the only country that now  
intervenes between the territories pos-  
sessed by Russia and the Anglo-Indian  
Empire.

It is therefore in Afghanistan that  
the arms of England and Russia are  
most likely to come into collision in  
war, and this lends a fresh importance  
to a country otherwise very interesting.

Afghanistan is a mountainous land,  
often wild, rugged and cheerless, inter-  
sprinkled here and there with sandy  
deserts dotted with fertile oases. On  
the north the lofty range of the Hindoo  
Koosh rises as a barrier between  
Afghanistan and south-eastern Turk-  
estan; while on the east the lower and  
more fertile range of the Sulimans,  
broken by deep, jagged gorges and  
passos, separates the Afghans from the  
broad flat valley of the River Indus.

A large part of Afghanistan is  
barren and incapable of cultivation.  
But in the valleys of its few rivers,—  
the Cabool, the Heri, the Murghab,  
the Helmund and the Huri,—many  
varieties of fruit, breadstuffs, and even  
cotton and tobacco, are successfully  
grown. The green oases of the deserts,  
too, are said to bloom very plentifully  
with the date-palm tree.

The Afghans who inhabit this wild  
and picturesque land are a mixed race  
of Persians and Turkomans, and are  
nearly all of the Mohammedan faith.  
It is only a century and a quarter ago  
that they were under the dominion of  
Persia. The Turkomans invaded the  
country, however, and overran it, and  
the traits of the Afghans are now  
more distinctively Turkoman than Per-  
sian.

They are a very fierce, warlike, inde-  
pendent and obstinate race of men.  
Their habits are restless and wandering,  
and in their nomadic habits and fond-  
ness for fighting they nearly resemble  
their northern neighbours and kinsmen.  
They have tall and powerful figures,  
very harsh features, and a remarkable  
capacity for enduring privation and  
fatigue.

Their history has been an almost  
unbroken record of warfare. The  
Afghan princes have always had their  
bloody feuds; while their conflicts  
with the Persians on the one side, and  
with the Indians and English on the  
other, have been frequent and des-  
perate.

There is one trait of the Afghans  
which claims our admiration. They  
are exceedingly fond of poetry and  
music. They have many musical  
instruments, in which they take great  
delight. With all its barbarism and  
ferocity, Afghanistan is a land of song  
and of romance.

Like most Oriental peoples, the  
Afghans are insincere. They are not  
to be trusted. They are fickle in their  
promises, breaking them easily. It is

this trait which has given so much  
trouble to the English, who have made  
every effort to keep up a friendship and  
alliance with the Afghans in order  
thereby to protect India.

The Russians have not overlooked  
this failing, and have never ceased  
trying to win England's Allies away to  
their own side. The duplicity of the  
Afghans, and their accessibility to  
tempting bribes, is one of the chief  
elements of uncertainty in the struggle  
between England and Russia.

## Ants in Battle.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

AN ant homo is a beautiful model of  
industry and order. There their rule  
seems to be mild but firm; yet they  
can be even warlike when occasion de-  
mands. Perhaps in no other situation  
do they show as well their divinely  
ascribed wisdom as when called upon  
to face the enemy.

When ants go forth to battle, it is  
not with a rush, or a confused scramble,  
for though they have "no guide, over-  
seer, and ruler," never was an army  
more systematic in its tactics.

The van is reformed every few min-  
utes, a new line coming to the front,  
pushing on for a little distance and  
then dropping to the rear, thus giving  
each rank in turn a chance to share in  
the point of danger. When nearing  
their adversaries the column halts, and  
masses itself together for the grand  
assault, which is made with impetuous  
bravery. Nor are they satisfied until  
one of the parties is entirely over-  
thrown, and this finishes the combat.  
It is queer enough to see the columns  
approach, and becoming aware of each  
other's presence, there is a momentary  
pause, during which a thrill like a  
ripple passes down the line which is  
plainly visible to lookers-on, creating  
all the way the wildest excitement.  
Even the ants in the nests catch the  
spirit as they appear and rush towards  
the point of danger, while the opposing  
army hurries up its lagging columns.  
The pause for preparation is a short  
one, and then comes the shock of battle,  
and what a struggle there is.

They lock their jaws together, crush  
antennæ and legs, grapple in groups of  
a dozen or more, roll over and over,  
dash rank upon rank, one seething mass  
of hot anger and carnage. Soon dead  
bodies begin to be scattered about and  
scores of wounded ants panting from  
the contest and in the last agonies of  
death give a convulsive struggle and  
then lay "like warriors taking their  
rest." And so the battle goes on until  
the last band of reserves has perished  
on the "field of honour." For a few  
minutes the conquerors seem to run  
about in the most excellent spirits, and  
it they meet with a foe on the way  
whose life is still in him, it is surpris-  
ing with what vindictiveness they  
pounce on their poor victim and finish  
the work of death.

After a while this feeling of exulta-  
tion subsides and they seem to realize  
the sad havoc they have made. Then  
the better side of their nature is seen  
in gentle acts of kindness and brotherly  
love, and it is really affecting to see the  
manner in which they try to rouse up  
a wounded companion or fallen enemy,  
rub him with their feelers and try to  
lift him on his legs, and sometimes two  
or three will be seen aiding some poor,  
maimed ant back to the hill from  
whence it came, while around the home  
there is all the solemnity of a house of

mourning, all work ceased and the  
wants of nature for the time forgotten.

And if they are nearly gone and  
there seems to be the least chance of  
resuscitation, they roll them in the  
dust, brush them, rub them, then  
stretch themselves upon their dying  
bodies to warm them into life if possible.  
Then they roll them and rub them  
again if signs of returning life are  
visible, most untiring in their devo-  
tion.

Sometimes a legion of large russet  
ants will march in a body with great  
rapidity, their troop occupying a space  
of from eight to ten feet long by three  
or four inches wide. In a few minutes  
they will entirely evacuate the road  
and penetrate through a dense hedge  
into a meadow, winding their way  
along the turf without straying in the  
least, their column always remaining  
continuous in spite of the obstacles  
found in their way. Arriving near a  
nest of black ants, whose dwellings are  
built often amid the grass, perhaps  
twenty feet from the road, a few of  
these ants at the door of their habita-  
tion, seeing them approach, throw  
themselves upon those at the head of  
the army. The alarm spreading at the  
same moment to the interior of the  
nest, their companions rush out in  
crowds from all the subterranean pas-  
sages. The russet ants, the body of  
whose army hastens to arrive at the  
nest, precipitate themselves forward,  
knocking the black ants head over  
heels, who after a very short but sharp  
combat retire to the extreme end of  
the habitation. The russet ants at the  
same time climbing the sides of the hill,  
even to the top, appear in great numbers  
in all the avenues.

Other groups work with their teeth,  
making a lateral opening. After suc-  
ceeding in this the rest of the army  
penetrates through the breach into the  
besieged city. They do not make a  
long tarry there, for in three or four  
moments the russets come out again in  
haste, each one carrying in its mouth a  
pupa belonging to the conquered. These  
pupa or larva are nursed by the rob-  
bers, who are great kidnapers as well,  
and the black ants produced therefrom  
are afterwards found toiling most  
patiently for the benefit of the spoilers.  
It is but just to say, however, that they  
treat their captives with the utmost  
kindness, which is fully reciprocated  
by these little servants.

When we were directed to go to the  
ants to learn wisdom it was well known  
what faithful instructors we should  
find them. Surely they are in many  
ways wonderful teachers.

*Mrs. Mulvaney, the laundress, excuses  
her delay in performing her work:  
"Eadad, ma'am, an' it's miserable I  
am. I'm but jist on me feet wid the  
pain in me back, an' Jimmy—ho's as  
bad off; he has a cough on um that  
sounds like an impty bar'l. Cough for  
the lady, Jimmy!"*

A STRANGER in Austin met Uncle  
Moso, and asked him: "Whore does  
Colonel Yerger reside?" "Ho libs out  
dar on Austin Avenue, somewhars."  
"What is the number of the house?"  
"Huh! You finds de number on de  
doro. Don't yer know how ter read  
yit?"

THE Christian is like a child learning  
to walk, and if he makes a misstep and  
falls, he will learn how weak he is and  
will reach for his Father's hand to hold  
him up.—*The Gospel Banner.*

## Be a Woman.

For I have heard a gentle mother  
At the twilight hours began,  
Thinking with a son on duty,  
I long him to be a man  
That unto her blue-eyed daughter,  
Though with love's words quite as ready,  
Points she out the other duty—  
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something  
Made of hoops, and silks and airs,  
Used to decorate the parlour,  
Like the fancy rings and chains?  
Is it one that wastes on novels  
Every feeling that is human?  
Or is this to be a lady,  
As not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter  
Speak of something higher far  
Than to be mere fashion's lady—  
"Woman" is the brightest star.  
If you, in your strong affection,  
Urge your son to be a true man,  
Urge your daughter no less strongly  
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! Brightest model  
Of that high and perfect beauty,  
Where the mind and soul and body  
Blend to work our life's great duty.  
Be a woman; naught is higher  
On the gilded crest of time;  
On the catalogue of virtue  
There's no brighter, holier name.

## Success for Boys.

THE study of the lives of great men shows that certain principles enter into and control humanity in all those life undertakings which are worthy of youthful endeavour. Not luck but labour, not chance but a clearly defined and settled purpose, not day-dreaming but will-power, not impulsive effort but concentrated toil, not listlessness but perseverance, not fretfulness but patience, not selfishness but economy, not exaggeration but truthfulness, are some of the things which must be observed to worthily win in any vocation. A successful man *thinks* about what he is going to do. The world calls him "longheaded," "deop," "shrewd," "a natural genius," and the like. He is simply thoughtful. He thinks out his plans before he executes them, just as an artist conceives his picture in his own mind before he paints it. A mathematician once said: "If I had a problem to work in two minutes, I would employ the first minute in thinking how to do it." Successful men exercise forethought. They plan, they deliberate, they study their business, master it, and then push it ahead with enthusiasm. They are energetic. They show practically that they have will power. They use their friends, face their enemies, create opportunities, venture their fortunes, and hold fast. Having deliberately concluded that a thing ought to be done, they vow to accomplish it. General Grant voiced their sentiment when he said: "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." They concentrate all their powers in one endeavour. "This one thing I do," is their motto. They are workers. They have staying qualities, too. They are always there. They believe in the old adage that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." They are contented to be "one idea men." Though they advance but slowly they are satisfied to advance at all. They are seldom moved by the delusive cries which greet every ear, "O, you can make more money here!" or, "You can do much better there." They prefer certainty to hope. They live within their means, and avoid useless expenditures always. This is a good thing to teach every boy to do. He is a foolish young man who expends his hard earnings for tobacco, theatre

tickets, Sunday liveries, and luxuries generally. Such money is worse than thrown away. It yields no good, and its tendency is evil. Even money expended by a poor man for those little comforts which the rich can afford, yet could do without, would much better be saved. It is an old saying, that "Everybody has to walk at one end of life;" and they are sensible who walk at the beginning and ride at the close. "Be content with such things as ye have," is not only good Scriptural counsel but sound business philosophy.

When the poet Whittier was reminded of his early struggles, and the secret of his happiness in the midst of them, he said: "I did not covet what was beyond my reach; yet I have gotten a great deal out of life; more than most people." Few Americans have ever learned the art of economy, save as necessity compelled. Even necessity is a law which differs with different persons. The attention of a Mississippi planter being called to the rickety chairs in his house and questioned as to why he did not have a set with backs and bottoms to them replied: "I thought it better to have a house without chairs than chairs without a house; I was not able to afford both." Even so extreme a view of economy is better than a spendthrift habit which recklessly makes debts without a probability of paying.

There are many trite maxims which parents can impress upon the minds of their children and thus make impressions that will develop into life habits. Peter Cooper was a very prompt, stirring man, a good man, generous, kind-hearted, a lover of his kind, and a success in the world. He was the fifth of the nine children of poor parents, and was named Peter, after the Apostle, because his father said: "This boy will come to something." Yet Peter's mother was the one who impressed his young heart with a life motto. Shortly before his death he said: "My sun is now setting in clouds and darkness, but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament, lighted up by the glory of God. . . . I seem to hear my mother calling me, 'Peter, Peter, it is about bed-time.'"

John Wanamaker, the merchant prince of Philadelphia, was spurred to his best early endeavours by the uniform kindness of his mother in administering reproof and giving counsel. When first employed as a clerk at \$1.25 a week, he walked four miles to the store in the morning, ate a two-cent dinner, and walked back home in the evening, "that he might save the more money for his mother." "Her smile was like a bit of heaven to me," he once said, "and it never faded out of her face to her dying day." "Such a remembrance," says Lamartine, "is a north star to any wanderer." It holds the thought and the affections amid the temptations and snares of life. It is almost a miracle that any boy escapes the dangers that beset his path when thrust out into the world to shift for himself, especially if he have no memories of pious parents and a sunshiny home burning in his heart.

These constituted much of the inspiration which made Abraham Lincoln what he was. His mother found time amidst her weary toil and the hard struggle of her busy life, not only to teach him to read and write, but to impress ineffaceably upon him that love of truth and justice, that perfect integrity and reverence for God, for

which he was noted all his life. These virtues were ever associated in his mind with the most tender love and respect for his mother. "All that I am, or hope to be," he said, "I owe to my angel mother." John Randolph said: "I should have been an atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

## The Saloon Spider.

A SPIDER sat in his basement den  
Weaving his snares for the souls of men.  
"I will not work with my hands," quoth he,  
"An easier pathway must open for me."  
He spreads his tables of greenest baize,  
And many a cunning trap he lays.  
The marble halls are smooth and white,  
The den is blazing with floods of light.  
Behind the bar the spider stands;  
There is not a wise man in the land  
But will lose his wit and become a fool  
If he yields himself to the spider's rule.  
There's not a man so strong and brave  
But the spider will dig him a shameful grave;  
There's not a youth so noble and fair  
But will learn to drink and gamble and swear  
In the spider's den. But do not, pray,  
Dare to dispute the spider's sway. [broom  
If you sweep the den with the law's strong  
Perhaps you might make a cleaner room.  
But then men are fearful—a little afraid,  
In fact, on spiders to make a raid; [live,  
I would stir up excitement, and spiders must [give.

So our dear household treasures we patiently  
The spider still sits in his basement den  
Lying in wait for the souls of men.—Selected.

## Paper.

ONE-THIRD of the paper consumed in the world is made in the United States by one thousand mills, each averaging two tons daily. The four thousand paper mills in the world make annually a million tons of paper—one-third of which is used for newspapers. Holyoke, on the Connecticut river, is called the "Paper City." It turns out daily one hundred two horse waggon loads of beautiful papers of various tints. At Castleton, on the Hudson river, millions of postal cards are made each day for the Government out of wood pulp. Paper has become as great a necessity as iron, and is employed in fully as many ways. Scores of railways use paper car wheels. Stoves and chimneys, even, are made of paper. It is used for pencils, for lumber (in imitation of mahogany), for roof tiling, jewelry, bronzes, false teeth, water cans, row boats, flour barrels, powder kegs, clothing, shoes, collars, blankets and carpets. A fashionable New York lady once gave a party at which the women wore paper dresses. A paper house was exhibited at the Sydney Exhibition, the doors, floors, and furniture being made from paper. In Sweden paper thread is made. Thin silk paper, with tasteful designs painted in oil, pasted on common window panes, makes an admirable imitation of stained glass. Paper dipped in chloride of cobalt makes the French "barometer flowers," which are blue in fair weather and change to pink on the approach of rain.—St. Nicholas.

BOWLES, the poet, was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike gate, and one day, says Mr. S. C. Hall, he presented as usual his two-pence to the gatekeeper. "What is that for?" he asked. "For my horse, of course." "But, sir, you have no horse," "Dear me," exclaimed the astonished poet, "am I walking?" Mrs. Moore told Mr. Hall the anecdote.

She also told him that Bowles on one occasion gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it. He did so, inscribing the sacred volume to her as a gift "From the Author."

## Promise Not to Swear.

ONE day a gentleman observed a group of boys bent on play, strongly urging another boy to join them. He was struck with the very decided "No" which the boy gave to all their entreaties. Anxious to see the result, he stepped into an entry, where he could hear and see and not be much observed. "That boy has a will to resist the whole band of them," he said to himself. A last effort was made to induce him to go with them.

"Now, James, will you not come? You are such a good player!"

"Yes," he replied; "but on one condition. Give me your hand that you will not swear, and I will go."

They did so; and with joy all ran off to play.

We are sure that the game lost none of its interest for the want of swearing. Noble boy! not ashamed to show that he was on the Lord's side, even in the face of his ungodly play-fellows.—Sel.

## The Choice of a Profession.

BY SENATOR ALDRICH.

THERE is a great disposition on the part of our educated young men to crowd into a few professions or callings. There are, to-day, in all our cities and large towns, great numbers of young lawyers and doctors without remunerative practice, who can never rise above mediocrity in their profession. There are a much larger number seeking clerkships in stores or banks, or employment in situations of this kind for compensation which does not afford adequate means of subsistence. These callings are highly honourable, furnishing ample opportunities for the success of superior ability and energy; but there are many other callings equally honourable, where the prospects of success, with the same natural abilities, either in the way of emoluments or position, are very much greater. There is an active demand, which is very far from being fully supplied, for men who can apply scientific knowledge to the useful arts; for good chemists, designers, engravers, engineers, skilled in mining or mechanism, railway superintendents and managers, managers and overseers in manufacturing establishments; and for skilled mechanics of every kind. Many a young man is now employed as a clerk, at from ten to twelve dollars per week, who, with proper training, could find equally respectable and healthful employment, with better chance for advancement, as overseer in a cotton or woollen mill at from twenty to thirty dollars per week. I would say to you young men: Do not allow yourself, from any false notions of respectability, to drift into subordinate positions from which you will find no means of extrication, and where you will become mere machines; but rather fit yourselves to become leaders of men by courageously grappling with and mastering the forces by which the world is moved.

FORTUNE has its extremes as well as the rest of the virtues, and ought like them, to be always attended by prudence.



LESSON NOTES

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KINGS.

B.C. 910.] LESSON IV. [July 26

ELIJAH THE TISHBITE.

1 Kings 17. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs. 5-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord.—1 Kings 17. 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God cares for his own children amid national calamities.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 17. 1-16. Th. Ps. 31. 7-24. T. 1 Kings 8. 22-40. F. Ps. 41. 1-13. W. Deut. 28. 15-28. Sa. Prov. 3. 1-10. Su. Luke 6. 27-38.

TIME.—Elijah appeared to Ahab probably about B.C. 910, in the tenth year of Ahab's reign.

PLACE.—(1) Samaria. (2) The brook Cherith, a gorge opening into the Jordan, but whether on the west, near Jericho, or on the east, in Gilead, is unknown. (3) Zarephath, a town on the Mediterranean, between Tyre and Sidon.

RULERS.—Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, 914-899; Ahab, king of Israel, 918-896; Mesha, king of Moab; Ethbaal, king of Tyre.

THE KINGDOM OF JUDAH was enjoying great prosperity and happiness under a good king, who favored religion and education.

THE KINGDOM OF ISRAEL was in a sad state of irreligion and idolatry, corrupt in morals, persecuting the servants of Jehovah, so that only 7000 remained true to God and his worship.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. Elijah.—(1) His name means "Jehovah, my God." (2) He was a native of Tishbe, a town in Gilead, a wild, mountainous country east of the Jordan. (3) His dress was a girdle of skin, and a mantle or cape of sheep-skin. No dew nor rain.—The fertility of Palestine was greatly dependent on the heavy dews. But according to my word.—When God should tell him to call for it. The famine lasted three years (1 Kings 18. 1), or three and a half years (James 5. 17), if we count in the dry season previous to Elijah's prediction. 3. Brook Cherith.—See under Place. 7. After a while.—Probably about a year. Elijah was thus hidden (1) to preserve his life; (2) to avoid the impotency of the people; (3) to be prepared by silent communion with God for his greater work. 12. As the Lord liveth.—Showing she was not a heathen. Two sticks—i.e., a fow. Dress it.—Prepare it for eating, cook it. 13. Make me a little cake first.—A request to try her faith.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The kingdom of Israel under Ahab—Elijah.—The reason for this famine.—The brook Cherith.—Why Elijah was sent there.—The ravens feeding Elijah.—Zarephath.—Why Elijah was sent here.—The teaching of this unyielding oil and meal.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was king of Israel at this time? His character? The state of his kingdom? (1 Kings 19. 10.) Contrast it with the kingdom of Judah.

SUBJECT: TRIALS, AND GOD'S OVERRULING CARE.

I. ELIJAH (v. 1).—Give some account of Elijah; his name; native country; dress; character. Why does God send such men at such times as these?

II. THE FAMINE.—A PUNISHMENT FOR SIN (v. 1).—What did Elijah say to Ahab? What qualities in the prophet does this show? Why did he refer to the God of Israel? Are dews of special value in Palestine? Why was this famine sent? (Deut. 28. 15, 23, 24.) How would it tend to bring the people back to the worship of God? Do you suppose that Elijah had long been thinking and praying over the declension of Israel? (James 5. 17.) How long did the famine last? (1 Kings 18. 1; James 5. 17.) How do you reconcile these two statements?

III. ALONE BY THE BROOK CHERITH (vs. 2-7).—Where was Elijah sent? Where was Cherith? What reasons can you give why Elijah was sent there? How was he fed? Was this a miracle? How long did he remain? What lessons can you learn from these verses?

IV. IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY (vs. 8-16). Why did Elijah leave Cherith? Where was he sent? What relation was the king of this country to Ahab? What did Ahab seek to do to Elijah? (1 Kings 18. 8-10.) Would it be a trial of Elijah's faith to go into this country? With whom did Elijah stay? Was the famine here? How was the woman's faith tested? How was it rewarded? What lesson as to giving do we learn from this? (Prov. 3. 9, 10; Ps. 41. 1-3; Luke 6. 38.) What other lessons can you learn from this incident? How long did Elijah remain at Zarephath?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Preachers and teachers need courage, faith, faithfulness, and the Word of God. 2. National calamities follow national sins. 3. Trials are to lead us to God, and fit us for better service. 4. God leads us step by step. 5. We need times of retirement and meditation. 6. God has infinite and wonderful ways of caring for his people. 7. God's blessing abides on those who so trust him as to give to his poor and for his Gospel at the cost of self-denial. 8. God's grace and love in the heart are unyielding.

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

- 14. What prophet was sent to Israel in Ahab's reign? ANS. The prophet Elijah. 15. What did he prophesy to the king? ANS. A famine, to punish them for their sins and to lead them back to God. 16. How long did the famine continue? ANS. Three years and a half. 17. How was the prophet Elijah cared for during the first part of this time? ANS. He lived by the brook Cherith, and was fed by ravens. 18. How was he cared for when the brook ran dry? ANS. By a widow of Zarephath.

B.C. 907.] LESSON V. [Aug. 2.

ELIJAH MEETING AHAB.

1 Kings 18. 1-18. Commit to mem. vs. 15-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim.—1 Kings 18. 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way to escape the penalty of sin is to repent and forsake the sin.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 17. 17-24. Th. Ps. 27. 1-14. T. 1 Kings 18. 1-18. F. Ps. 37. 1-19, 34-40. W. Josh. 7. 16-26. S. Jer. 2. 1-13. Su. Matt. 4. 1-6.

TIME.—B.C. 907. Three and a half years after Elijah's first appearance to Ahab.

PLACE.—The country northwest of Jezreel, near the base of Mt. Carmel.

RULERS.—Ahab, king of Israel; Jehoshaphat, king of Judah.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson, we left the prophet hidden in the house of Zarephath. Only one incident of his abode here is mentioned, that of his healing the widow's son. After remaining here more than two years, God summoned him to complete his work begun with the famine.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. In the third year.—From his coming to Zarephath. Go shew thyself unto Ahab.—The famine had done all it could to bring the people to repentance. It tended (1) to make the people see their sin; (2) lead them to repentance; (3) to disbelieve in the power of idols who could not bring rain; (4) to believe in God, who was fulfilling his word. (Deut. chs. 28-30.) 3. Governor of his house.—Steward, general overseer. Feared the Lord.—Not was afraid of, but revered and obeyed. He was deeply religious. 4. Prophets.—Those who preached and prayed and taught the true religion. Bread and water.—i.e., Food and drink. 5. Grass to save the horses.—The people could seek water and food for themselves. Still Ahab seemed to think more of his horses than of his people. 6. Obadiah went another way.—Probably Ahab went southward, and Obadiah northwest, the direction from which Elijah would come from Zarephath. 7. He knew him.—Being governor of Ahab's household, he probably saw Elijah on his first visit there. 9. To slay me.—For deceiving him. 13. Was it not told my lord, etc.—He refers to this to show that it was not fear or

want of devotion to God which made him hesitate. 17. Art thou he that troubleth Israel.—Elijah no more troubled Israel than a doctor brings the disease he cures, or a lighthouse causes the wreck. 18. But thou, etc.—Their sins made it necessary for God to punish them. (1) He kept his word (Deut. chs. 28-30). (2) Sin unless punished would have ruined the nation. (3) God did it for their salvation.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Ahab,—Obadiah,—Elijah (their characters as shown in this lesson).—The length of the famine.—Its effect in leading the people to repentance.—Ahab's charge upon Elijah.—How Ahab had brought this trouble on himself and people.—The necessity that sin be punished.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long after our last lesson are the events of this? Who was king of Judah? Who was king of Israel? Where was Elijah? Why was he there? What incident is related of Elijah's stay at Zarephath?

SUBJECT: NO WAY OF ESCAPE FROM THE PENALTY OF SIN EXCEPT THROUGH REPENTANCE.

I. THE WORK OF THE FAMINE DONE (vs. 1, 2).—How long did Elijah remain at Zarephath? What command was then laid upon him? What qualities would it require to obey? What is said of the famine? How long had it continued? (James 5. 17.) Why was the famine sent? What good was expected to result from it? (Deut. 8. 2; Ps. 78. 34, 35; 107. 9-15; Heb. 12. 10, 11.)

II. A VAIN SEARCH FOR RELIEF WITHOUT REPENTANCE (vs. 3-6).—What plan did Ahab form to obtain relief from the drought? Did he care more for his horses than for the people? From what place did they probably start? (1 Kings 18. 46.) How might Ahab have been relieved from the famine? (2 Chron. 7. 14; Ps. 34. 18; 103. 13-18; Isa. 55. 7.) Can men escape from the penalty of their sins in any other way? In what ways do they sometimes try?

III. OBADIAH AND ELIJAH (vs. 4, 7-16).—Where did Obadiah meet Elijah? Did he recognize him? What did Elijah ask him to do? Why did he hesitate? How did he show that his hesitation did not arise from fear or indifference to religion? (v. 13.) What great good deed had he done? Why would this require piety and courage? What is said of Obadiah's religion? (v. 3.) Why should Ahab have such a man for the chief of his household? Are those who are truest to God most likely to be truest to men? How could he be so religious in the idolatrous court of the king? In what other palaces of bad men do we know of saints? (Dan. 6. 1-23; Phil. 4. 22.) If people could be good in such circumstances, are any circumstances a good excuse for not being Christians?

IV. ELIJAH AND AHAB.—THE REAL CAUSE OF THEIR TROUBLE REVEALED (vs. 17, 18).—How did Ahab greet Elijah when he met him? Why did he charge the prophet with causing the famine? Are sinners apt to think that God, or circumstances, or other people are the cause of their troubles? What was Elijah's reply? How had Ahab troubled Israel? How did this show him the way of escape? Was there any other way?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Obadiah: (1) His early piety a blessing through life; (2) his deep piety; (3) great piety needed to overcome great temptations; (4) his piety shown in good works; (5) circumstances no excuse for neglect of God; (6) be faithful wherever God puts you; (7) compel even wicked men to honor and trust you as a child of God. 2. Ahab: (1) Chastisements hardening the heart; (2) his vain attempt to escape the punishment while keeping the sin; (3) sinners charge their troubles on others; (4) their own sins the real source of their calamities. 3. Elijah: (1) Victorious faith meets new conflicts; (2) faith is obedient; (3) faith is courageous in duty; (4) faith testifies for God.

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

- 1. How long did Elijah remain at Zarephath? ANS. More than two years. 2. What was he then commanded to do? ANS. To go to Ahab, and tell him the famine would soon end. 3. Who met Elijah on the way? ANS. Obadiah, the governor of Ahab's house. 4. What did Ahab say to Elijah when they met? ANS. Art thou he that troubleth Israel. 5. What did Elijah reply to Ahab? (Repent v. 18.)

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