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HOME & SCHOOL.

[Vol. III.]

TORONTO, JUNE 6, 1885.

[No. 12.]

The Old Parsonage.

BY MRS. P. A. POST.

We shall never forget our feelings as we approached the Scio parsonage for the first time. The unpretending little cottage had the appearance of an old homestead, some members of the family having just moved out, others just moving in. Entering the opened door we walked from one room to another, at length entered the dining room with its appropriate appendages. Is the same home in this wide, wide world quite as pleasant as the Methodist parsonage, if it does leak once in a while;

any other work quite as precious and honourable as direct work for soul saving? Our attention was directed to the button on the chain closet door which had worn a groove nearly half an inch. As we turned it, in some very quiet, silent way it took our thoughts very hastily over the years gone by to the preachers and families who have come and gone, with their joys and sorrows, toils and rests for the Master. The echoing of songs of praise still lingers and the new home to us is redolent of celestial incense. The work of these labourers is over. No, not over; for every good work wrought in God lives and grows through all time, and the reward is awaiting them, which will be faithfully rendered at the day of final adjudication.

"Their work was what angels might covet," as the sainted Mrs. Phoebe Palmer often said, "to win precious souls for Jesus." O, if those echoes could be developed to articulate sounds what a history might be written! How often have angels hovered over the scenes of this parsonage home, and hasted home on joyful wing to bear the glad tidings to the hosts above of here and there one won from the ranks of sin and Satan.

It may be the angel of death has been here and borne away one of the family group now and then, and mourning has been mingled with the rejoicing.

How will it be with the new occupants?

Lord help us to realize that the labouring time is short. It soon will have flown, and with this dear people we shall stand face to face in the judgment. May no selfish element mingle in effort for the King of kings and Lord of lords, but pure love for undying souls, prompt to every good word and work, and a rich harvest be reaped for the garner over yonder. How all important that the preachers and families be of the New Testament type that the people be 'ed to sure and certain victory.

able—images with several heads and arms, or often with the heads of animals. Before these the deluded devotees kneel and pray, and often torture their bodies to obtain, as they think, the salvation of their souls. And shall not some of those sincere and earnest heathen rise up in judgment against careless and indifferent so-called Christians and say, "O Lord, we thought Thy yoke was a grievous yoke, and Thy burden a heavy burden, yet we sought to bear it?" While those who know that that yoke is easy, and that burden light, refuse to take it up.

A council was called, and it was decided to send high officials to the sacred village, seven miles from the capital, and burn the idol before its keeper returned.

They seized the idol's house. The wood of the fallen fence was collected and a fire was made, and the contents of the temple were brought out to be burned. First, the long cane carried before the idol in processions was thrown in; then twelve bullocks' horns from which incense or holy water had been sprinkled; then three scarlet umbrellas and the silk robe thrown over the idol by the keeper who carried it;

then came the idol's case—the trunk of a small tree hollowed and fitted with a cover; and last of all, the idol itself. Hardly any of the present generation had seen the god, and great was the surprise when he was produced.

Two pieces of scarlet silk about three feet long and three inches wide, with a small piece of wood about as big as a man's thumb inserted in the middle between them, so that the silk formed, as it were, two wings was the great god of Madagascar, whose touch was sanctifying and whose nearness was preservative.

"You cannot burn him; he is a god," said the people. "If he be a god he will not burn," said the officers; "we are going to try," and held it on a stick in the fire, that the people might see it as it was consumed.

The victory was complete. Next day four

other idols shared the same fate, and the rest followed. One was a little bag of sand; another consisted of three round pieces of wood united by a silver chain. The people looked on in wonder, and when the process was over, seeing that they had no gods to worship, they sent to the queen to ask what they were to worship for the future.

The government appealed to the native Christians to send Christian teachers, and they at once responded. It was found that of two hundred and eighty towns and villages in Imerina



A TEMPLE IN INDIA.

A Temple in India.

OUR engraving gives a very good idea of one of the large temples in India. They are situated within large enclosures, and are surmounted by a number of lofty and fantastic domes or turrets. There is almost always a tank or large water cistern for the accommodation of both priests and pilgrims—for bathing is a very important part of their religious service. Within the temples are shrines of the false gods many of which are the most hideous and repulsive objects conceiv-

A Reforming Queen.

THE late Queen of Madagascar was a Christian reformer. As soon as Ranavalona began to reign, in 1868, she introduced trial by jury, established public schools, freed the slaves, and encouraged and spread Christianity. In 1870 she determined to put an end to the sway of idolatry by a crushing blow.

The wooden fence around the temple of the great national idol had been pulled down, and the priests, assuming a threatening aspect, came in force to the capital.

one hundred and twenty already had Christian churches, and teachers were at once found for all the rest.—*Youth's Companion.*

Guilty or Not Guilty.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge as he eyed her,
With kindly look, yet keen,
"Is"—"Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read;
"You're charged here, I am sorry to say it,
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first the sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you how it was, sir;
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were hard, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment,
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old)—
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I took—oh, was it stealing?
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court room—
Gray bearded and thoughtless youth—
Knew as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spoke the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprang tears,
And out from old faded wallets,
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw,
And he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the law;
For one so learned in such matters—
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed on a single question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words they heard:
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred!"
And no one blamed him or wondered,
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court room
Mary, the "guilty" child.

—Selected.

Grandpa's Plan.

ON the first day of the new year, Grandpa Bogardus stamped the snow from his feet and inquired for Howard. Howard was the more pleased to come when he saw a package in the hall nicely tied up. Certainly it must be for him, as grandpa had taken his seat beside it and called for him, but what could it be?

Howard had begun to dream about being a man, but when he counted and counted the years of his age, he could only make them eight. Certainly it might have been thought that Grandpa Bogardus, in bringing a New Year gift for Howard, would bring a toy; almost any grandpa would have done so, but Grandpa Bogardus had a way of his own, and drew the boy between his knees for a moment's chat.

"I have a great work to be done, Howard," he said gravely, "a great work to be done; do you think you would be willing to do it?"

"I might try," replied Howard, a little astonished.

"It is a very important work for somebody; the trouble is to get the right boy; a boy who, when he begins, will be a man about it; a boy who knows how to keep a promise, a boy not afraid of work."

Howard's eyes shone quite brightly under the gas-light, and he straightened himself up with a little pride, and wondered if the work had anything to do with the package.

"Is it very hard work, grandpa? I am turned of eight."

"Well, yes; I may say it is hard—hard in one way. It will take time, patience, and resolution; it is something which will take a great while to do, and I am very much afraid of getting a boy to do it who will grow tired and out of patience, and want to neglect it."

"How long will it take, grandpa?"
"I will allow three years; just three years from to-day."

"Three years! Why, grandpa, what can it be?"

"It is something which if once begun must be continued; it will not do to stop, and that is why I am so anxious to get the right boy."

Howard looked restless and anxious.
"I cannot do this work myself and I am very anxious to have it done; what do you say, Howard?"

"Grandpa, it must be something dreadful; I would like to help, only I am afraid to promise."

"I have three handsome book-shelves here which I bought to give to the right boy," said grandpa, "for you know a boy who does not earn a book-shelf should never have one. I would like to give these book-shelves to you."

Howard looked seriously up in grandpa's face, but did not quite know what to say.

"The boy to whom I give that book-shelf must promise to fill it with books; to fill it with books is not an easy task."

"Do you think so, grandpa? I have a great many already, and I am sure papa would give me more," replied Howard, confidently.

"But how many of those books have you read? No books must stand upon these shelves but those you have read."

Howard looked troubled enough.
"Only two, grandpa, all through by myself; you know it is so much easier to have some one read them to me."

"No one must read for you the books which go on these shelves: to have them you must earn them; to earn them you must fill them; to fill them you must work."

"Then is the work to read the books, grandpa?"

"That is the work. Every time there is a new book put on the shelf I shall expect the boy who owns it to tell me as much as possible about it, and I shall expect to see a new book go on the shelf quite often. Some of these books I will give myself, but any nice book, of which papa and mamma approve, will answer if it is read entirely through alone. I shall expect the shelves filled in three years. If they are filled in that time they will belong to the boy: if they are not filled at the end of the time they will belong to me. Now you see why I said I wanted a boy who would be a man about it, and why I cannot do the work myself, and why it will not do to stop if once begun."

Howard looked thoughtfully toward the floor, and the parcel, and up at Grandpa Bogardus.
"Well, little man, what do you think about it," inquired the latter; "do you know of any boy who will help me? Do you think you will like to try?"
A great many boys would have consented in a minute, and have had the polished shelves hung on the wall, and forgotten ever to keep the promise about filling them until the time came to lose them; but Howard was more of a man than this, if he was not yet nine years old.
"It would be very little books I could put on the shelf now, grandpa; but please let me tell you before you go home, I want to think about it."
Grandpa opened the package. He held up the bright cords with the shelves. Howard was delighted. How glad he would be to have such a set of shelves just for himself, and certainly mamma would be proud. He examined them on all sides, and had a thousand questions to ask grandpa. I think he had already decided within himself, but he was always careful about making a promise, but when it was made he was generally man enough to keep it. He brought all the books he owned and stood them along to see how far they would go toward filling it, but when squeezed together they did not cover half of one shelf. He stood up the two which he had read—scraps of things—what did they amount to toward filling a shelf? He lay down on the rug beside them, with his face resting on his hand, and thought and thought.
Grandpa came out in the hall and found him there. "Well, little man, have you decided?" inquired grandpa, better pleased to see the matter viewed as of so much importance than he would have been to have had it decided upon in a hurry, to be perhaps repented of afterward.
"I think I have, grandpa," replied Howard, rising to his feet and standing before the shelves; "I shall soon be nine, and then ten, and I can do more after a while; three years is a long while."
Grandpa was pleased that he had found the right boy, and the shelves were hung up. They did look very empty in spite of their bright cords and polished surface. Howard asked if he might be allowed to put on them the two little books which he had read, and was pleased enough to see them there. He did not fill the first shelf before the next new year. The second year he did better, but there was a whole shelf and a half yet to be filled; still the habit of having some useful little book at hand, of whose contents he was to give an account, had begun to grow. He was obliged to work this last year, but the task was completed in time, and Howard was entertained and improved quite as much as grandpa had hoped.
At the end of the appointed time, grandpa sent Howard a very pretty book-case as a New Year gift, to be filled in the same way, by books which Howard had read, only with this, there is no limited time. And who will doubt that the boy who has thus mastered his task for three years, will continue the like pursuit until he grows to be wiser and wiser each year, and will remember gratefully the empty shelves and the hard task and grandpa's helpful, loving plan.—*N. Y. Observer.*

It is Coming!

Do you hear an ominous muttering as of
thunder gath'ring round?
Do you hear the nation tremble as with
quake shakes the ground?
'Tis the waking of a people—'tis a mighty
battle sound.

"The great thing in the present crisis is the undeniable fact that the people of this country want to get rid of whiskey. They may so desire from a great variety of motives, they may prefer many different methods of bringing about the desired result, but the man who does not see plainly that the great majority of Canadians desire to rid their country of the liquor traffic is blind as a bat. There may be a slight reaction, there may be more than one reaction, there may be changes in the methods of working, but the will of the people must rule in the end, and the traffic must go."—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Do you see the grand uprising of the people
in their might?
They are girding on their armour, they are
arming for the fight,
They are going forth to battle for the
triumph of the Right.

For the power of Rum hath bound us and
the power of Rum hath reigned,
'Till baptismal robes of Liberty are tarnished,
torn, and stained,
Till the struggling nation shudders as its
forces lie enchained.

It hath trampled o'er the hearthstone and
hath left it desolate;
It hath slain the wife and mother, it hath
filled the world with hate;
It hath wrecked the noblest manhood, and
hath laughed to scorn the great.

"Yes there they are, men and women, harlots and burglars, and brutal; blaspheming God and cursing their own souls. They crowd each other down, sinking, with a hell within, to a darker hell beyond; and yet, though they perish at the rate of thousands every year, the supplies are continued; and I see coming from our homes those who shall fill their places and follow in their steps. On every breeze I hear the hoarse voice of the destroyer crying in his demonic thirst for souls, 'Wanted! wanted! wanted! Fathers, mothers, teachers, pastors, listen to that cry. Wanted! Wanted! What? Our sons and our daughters to fill the places of the drunkards, who are rushing this year over the dark precipice of ruin. Wanted, ten thousand fair girls to fill the places of those now dying in misery and shame. Wanted! twice ten thousand of your bright-eyed boys, to supply the mad-house and the jail. Wanted! aye, and mind you, unless we at once rise and stand between them and ruin, they will be had!"—*Rev. Chas. Garrett.*

Shall it longer reign in triumph, longer wear
its tyrant crown?
Shall it firmer weld the fetters that now
bind the nation down?
Shall this grand young country longer bow
and tremble 'neath its frown?

No! let every heart re-echo; rouse ye
gallant men, and true!
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers! see the
night is almost through;
Rouse ye, every man and woman—God is
calling now for you.

—*M. Florence Nov.*

THE Scottish Episcopal Church has begun its first mission at Ounda, in the Central Provinces of India.

LIFE being short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one.—*Ruskin.*

Gordon's Death.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Through the stress the strain,
The urgent passionate prayer,
The waiting that grew to a pain,
The hope that fought with despair,
He found the end of his quest,
He entered the Christian's rest.

He has given, as his Master gave,
His life, for the lives of men;
He grieved that he could not save
His people for peace again;
Has he failed? I think he has won
For himself, his Lord's "Well done."

Through the months as they passed away
He longed for a friendly face;
Did it not come that day
When at last he left the place?
And the volley that struck him down,
Crowned him the martyr's crown!

Give him or praise or blame,
Nothing can touch him now,
He has won a hero's fame
And its light is about his brow;
What matter? To him the best
Is the leave he has gained to rest.

For himself he never cared,
He has left his love behind;
Himself he has never spared.
And the story shall teach mankind,
That the life of selfless love
Is a life all live above.

The Half-Hour Club of Happy Girls.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"You see," said Edith, "we started our club in answer to a challenge. Fan Ellsworth's Uncle Herbert is very sarcastic, and very courtly, too; you wouldn't suppose a person could be both at once; but those two words describe his manner and his way of talking exactly, and then, besides, he's oh, very, very rich! He told Fan one day, that, if she would get the girls of her set to do a single sensible thing for the poor that was practical and business-like, he'd double whatever money they raised, and help them along, like—"

Edith paused for a simile, and, not finding a better one, concluded her sentence with "like everything."

"But," she added, "Fan's uncle said he was quite sure his money was safe, because the girls of to-day were so different from their grandmothers. He did not wish to make comparisons, which he knew were always horrid; still, he was afraid Fan's friends were mostly of the butterfly order.

"Fan came to school one morning early, and told us—there were Madge and Bessy, Clara, Susy, Violet, and myself—seven of us, Aunt Margaret. And we put our seven heads together, and after a good deal of planning, we resolved upon our club. We had been talking of getting into some sort of real religious work for quite a while; and Fan's uncle knew it, for his wife, Fan's Aunt Clarinda, was our Sunday-school teacher."

"Edith," said I, "what started you in the beginning? what was your seed-thought, my dear?"

The merry face took on a look of gravity, very sweet to behold, and with a change of tone, from lightness to earnestness, she repeated the verse which, I happened to know, was the club motto for the year:

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

There was a moment's silence, and Edith went on with her story.

"Madge Hall proposed the half-hour notion. She said that if we attempted

too much we would fail, and ready, Aunt Margaret, we girls are so wonderfully busy; you can never imagine how little time we have to call our own, between music and lessons, and all our engagements.

"We just thought it lovely, and we pledged ourselves to spend five minutes every week-day, and ten minutes every Sunday, to making somebody happier, for Christ's sake, and to give five cents a week as an offering.

"We meet every Saturday afternoon, spend a half-hour in work for the poor, as our minimum, and two hours as our maximum; and truly we are thankful every day that we are allowed to help those who are in distress, or to let some of our happiness overflow on those who have not so much.

Edith did not want to enlarge on what the club had done; but I drew her out by a question or two. I wanted to ascertain what actual good such a little society of young girls, in solemn earnest every one, yet full of play and life, could accomplish.

"Well, aunty," she said, "there was a girl in Miss H—'s class, next to ours in the Sunday-school, who looked very chilly and awfully poor. She was fairly blue and pinched, and Violet was sure she had never so much as touched flannel, let alone wearing it. We undertook to fit that girl out. What fun it was trying to get her measure,—for we wanted to help her delicately, and not load her with a feeling of obligation. It would be just dreadful for her to look at us all winter long, and think that we had dressed her from top to toe.

"For that is what we did, Aunt Margaret. We looked over our wardrobes, and found out what we could spare, and our mothers helped a little, and we turned and altered and trimmed till we had a complete outfit for Lucy Dean, all but shoes and a waterproof. Then Fan's uncle's money came in like a gift of providence, and we bought her the thickest common-sense shoes we could find, Madge having discovered her number by lending her a pair of overshoes one day when it was snowing.

"Christmas Eve, the basket, packed beautifully, was left at Lulu's door by the expressman. And to this day she has never dreamed where it came from; but she has grown plump, really plump, since she's had warm, nice clothes like the rest of us, and her teacher has found her type-writing to do; and so she's all right!"

"Well, Edith," I said, "I think you managed that affair like gentlewomen. But what is this I heard Ray Spenser suggesting about your doing something for the Shut-Ins. Pray, what are the Shut-Ins?"

"Is it possible that you don't know!" said Edith in great surprise. "They are sufferers; in invalids, aunty, unable to go out, and be active, like well people; and those who know of them, and are sorry for them, try to brighten their lives by sending them papers and letters and cards and flowers, or whatever else will break the monotony of their sick-rooms."

"But I thought Miss Ray had something even more direct than a letter in her mind, when I heard her mention poor Charity Clark. You see Charity is an old friend of mine, dear. I have learned many lessons of thankfulness while sitting by her bed, thinking how light were my trials in comparison with hers."

"The club," said Edith, "are going

to Charity's for a half-hour every Sunday afternoon, to sing to her. We shall take one thought at least from the Sunday-school lesson, and tell it to her, repeating the golden text, and then we will let her hear three or four sweet hymns, and so she'll have something pleasant to expect all the week."

"And the best of it for you will be, that you will acquire a habit of going simply, brightly, and naturally, on errands of love, learning that sweetest work of woman, how to minister to the Lord's dear ones."

"There's a crippled boy in a hospital for sick children," Edith went on, as I ceased speaking. "Bessy Ellsworth knew about him, for her mother is one of the managers. She and Susy Parks went to see him one morning and they said his face was so drawn and sad, and he looked as if he had never laughed in his life. Clara Ambler said: 'Wouldn't it be a good idea to make him a scrap-book full of the funniest pictures and jingles, so that he couldn't help smiling when he looked over the gay pages?' And Aunt Clarinda gave us a hint that a scrap-book partially filled with a lot of pictures, a bottle of mucilage, and a brush, would be the very thing, because then, on his good days, he could enjoy pasting pictures for himself."

"You know how one thing always leads to another. We all went to the hospital one Saturday, and every one of us found her special child; and now when we go there we read, or we tell a story, or we help dress a doll, or we do something entertaining for the darlings, and the nurses say we are really doing a great deal of good to their patients."

Edith's brown eyes grew dark and wistful as she looked soberly into the fire. The responsibility of spending a rather large sum of money was weighing upon her mind, for Fan's uncle, delighted with the girls and their systematic proceedings, had been very liberal indeed, making them his almoners.

Once the club had been deceived. Who that has endeavoured to mitigate the world's pain, by ever so little, has not had that experience? It should make us careful, not sceptical; shrewd, but not hard-hearted.

"Such a lovely Italian child, Aunt Margaret, with clouds of dusky hair, great melting eyes, and a mouth made for kisses. She was a picture for a painter; might have stepped out of a frame. And she turned out such a piece of deception, a little professional beggar, and, we fear, a thief. Any way, we did some good even there, for her parents were very bad, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has taken little Madeleine in its charge. Bessy's father said that we ought to get her away from her dreadful associates, and so he took the right steps for us."

"With God's blessing, my love, there is no limit to what such a club of happy girls may not accomplish. So I hope you will not forget to pray for that. Prayer and pains are keys which unlock all doors. God will guide you, if you ask Him, into the very best way of spending the money, which you hold in trust for Him."

A FRESH expedition has been fitted out by the German-African Society, to make a complete survey of the valley of the Congo.

The Call for Volunteers.

BY EDEN F. REXFORD.

Let the banner of the King
Floating o'er the field to-day;
Hear the shout of triumph ring,
Christ, the Captain, leads the way!
There's a fight to wage with sin;
Fling aside your doubts and fears.
There's a battle we must win;
Sound the call for volunteers.

Rally at the call to-day!
Christ has need of you and me.
In the thickest of the fray
Pay the debt of Calvary.
We are soldiers of the cross,
Treading where our fathers trod;
Death is gain, and never loss,
In the rank and file of God.

Marching on to fight and win
With the soldiers of the King;
When to heaven we enter in,
How the courts of heaven will ring!
Hail the faithful and the true
In the battle's storm and strife,
Soldiers of the cross of Christ,
Enter to eternal life!

Taking Refuge in Prayer.

A GENTLEMAN had got so far in drinking that he was known to take a quart of brandy a day. He was a fine business man, and yet he was ruining himself. One day his wife said to him:—

"If my husband didn't drink I should be the happiest woman in Canada."

"Well, my dear," he replied, "I married you to make you happy, and ought to; and if that will make you happy I will never drink another drop as long as I live."

That man kept it for eight years without any belief in Christianity. Walking down the street with him a little while ago, he said:—

"Do you see that red-fronted drink-saloon? I have been afraid of that for many years, and I used to go down a by-street and go round it; but, Mr. Gough, since I have got the grace of God in my heart, I go right by that saloon, and if I have the slightest desire, I pray, 'Lord keep me for Christ's sake,' and I go by it safe."—Gough.

"Wife."

RUSKIN, whose voice is that of a prophet, recalling men and women to those domestic ways in which pleasantness and peace are found, thus writes of the beautiful word "wife":

It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of *femme*.

But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver."

You must either be house-wives or house-moths, remember that. In the deep sense you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay.

Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her.

The stars may be overhead, the glow-worm in the night's cool grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses coiled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet for those who else are homeless.

This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power.

HEAVEN must be in me before I can be in heaven.—Stanford.

St. Paul's Doxology.

BY WM. JAMES.

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. 4. 6.

SEE God's grand old hero lying
In the Roman dungeon dim;
Fetter'd limb, and dark surroundings,
These do not dispirit him;
But like bird in cage imprison'd,
Still his song is sweet and clear:
"I am ready to be offered;
My departure draweth near."

"In the cross of Christ I glory,"
Earth's "affections I count light;"
This world's battle-field I'm leaving,
I have fought a glorious fight;
And the faith to me committed
By the Lord in days gone by,
I have kept; and there awaits me
In the mansions of the sky

Fadeless crown of brighter glory
Than earth's monarchs ever wore;
Christ shall give, and I shall wear it,
In that world for evermore.
"Not for me alone," but others,
He doth righteous crowns prepare;
"All who love the Lord's appearing,"
Shall with Him His glory share.

Sing, ye saints, the Conflict's ended;
Sword and shield are laid aside;
Soon beyond the reach of sorrow,
I shall with my Lord abide.
In the cross of Christ I glory—
This my hope in death shall be;
Bear it on your wing, ye breezes,
Jesus Christ sustaineth me!

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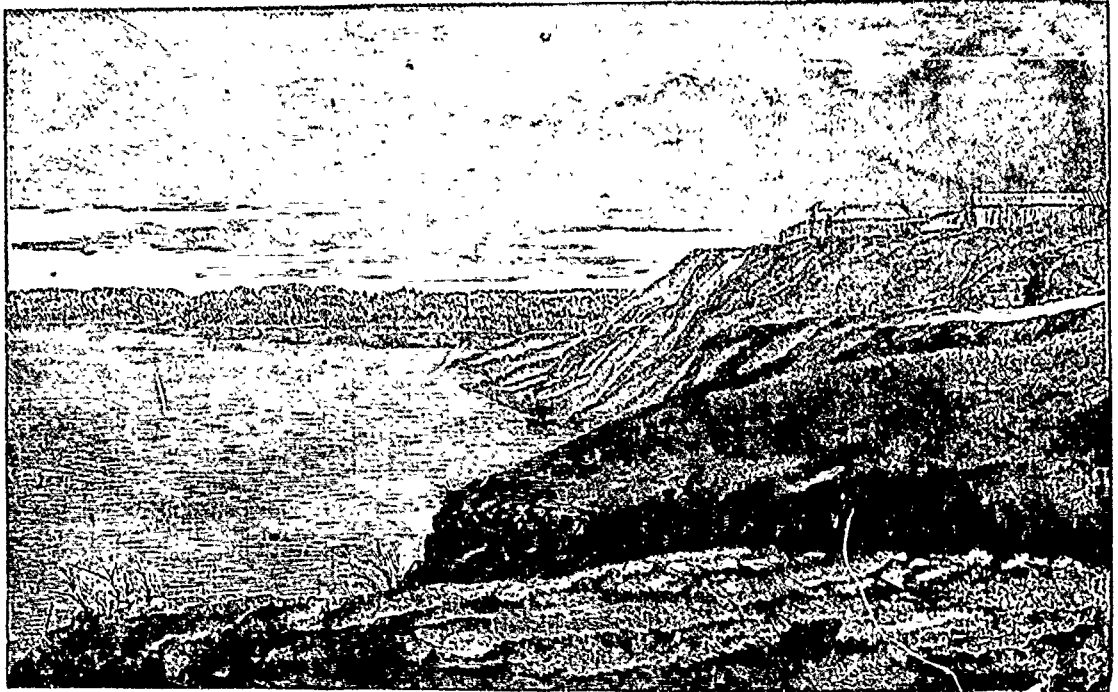
Home & School:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 6, 1885.

How it Can be Done.

Our readers have been informed that Mr. Crosby, the devoted missionary of the Methodist Church now labouring at Port Simpson, in British Columbia, has had built for him a missionary steam yacht, the *Glad Tidings*. This has cost about \$5,000, which has all been paid but about \$800. Now the Methodist Sunday-schools of Canada can easily pay off this sum in this way: Mr. Crosby has had a lot of photographs of the *Glad Tidings* printed—cabinet size and card size. The larger size lies before us. It is a very good picture of the yacht as she lies at anchor at Victoria, B.C. Geo. Bishop, Esq., an energetic Sunday-school superintendent in Montreal, has a number of these photographs, and will send them to any address for 25 cents for the large (cabinet) and 10 cents for the small (card) size. Let superintendents write to Mr. Bishop for a dozen, twenty, fifty, or one hundred of these cards, and supply



FORT EDMONTON, N. W. T.

them to the children, or give them as rewards for regular attendance, for learning verses, or for diligence in collecting for the missions. All the profits will go to pay the debt on the *Glad Tidings*.

Teaching Large S. S. Classes.

WHERE a blackboard is not available, or practice in the use of it is wanting, other mechanical means must be found. One is easily provided in the hand, the fingers of which may be made to stand for the letters of the chief word of the lesson. An illustration will explain this better than any description. An address was given on the word "Jesus." The speaker held up his left hand and asked how many fingers there were. It was a simple question, and as all could answer it, many did, and every one became more or less interested. From that starting point the fingers were taken, beginning with the thumb, to represent the letters J, E, S, U, S, and then question and comment intermixed made these letters stand for "Just," "Eternal," "Sinless," "Universal," "Saviour." Questions elicited the meanings of these words, and the interspersed remarks, illustrations, and explanations enforced the lessons, and instructed all present by linking with the known that which was to be known. At the close, each finger being touched in turn, its connected word was given, then the hand was raised and the whole school appeared to read from it and their imaginations the sentence, "Just, Eternal, Sinless, Universal, Saviour, Jesus." There the object for the eye was provided and the desired end was obtained.

But it should be remembered that whatever mechanical means is adopted, it must be chosen wisely. There is a tradition that one of H. M. Inspectors of schools, who was an enthusiast in object teaching came sadly to grief through thoughtlessness in this respect. He wished to magnify his office in a school he had been examining, and the two or three hundred boys were brought to attention for an address. His first question was, "Now, my boys, what am I?" to which a shrill voice, tremulous with anxiety to achieve distinction, replied, "A man." Ad-

mitting the fact, but somewhat at fault, he further asked, "But what else am I?" More boldly came an answer, "A little man." That had to be admitted too, but it was a rather bad grace, and the "What else?" which followed was somewhat snappishly given. When other replies—unfortunately true—came eagerly from different parts of the room, the inspector is said to have retired in dudgeon.

A simple catch-word may sometimes be used in place of an actual object, the imagination being called into play to impress it upon the scholars. The word "Obey" is a good one for such a purpose, as it is easily spelt, easily understood, and easily fits with other words for teaching. For instance, it may be given as the chief point in the address, and after it has been impressed on the minds of the scholars, they may be told to add to it such words as "God," "Parents," "Teachers," making the sentences, "Obey God," etc. This process of mental reading is less permanent than the real object lesson, and varies more in the impression it makes, because of the different mental powers of the hearers, but nevertheless, it is valuable, and it has the advantage that it can be used anywhere and under any circumstances. It, like the object lesson proper, appeals to the minds of the scholars individually, and not solely to their aggregate mind; and though the statement may perhaps appear strange, the two things are wonderfully different.—*The Quiver for May. Cassell & Company, Limited.*

Fort Edmonton, N.W.T.

FORT EDMONTON is an old Hudson's Bay fort, on the north branch of the Saskatchewan River. It occupies, as will be seen, a high bluff above the water, and is surrounded by a strong stockade. Here is situated one of the oldest and best of the Methodist Missions in the North-West, with a congregation of between 300 and 400. The Christian Indians all through the recent troubles have been faithful in their allegiance to the "Great Mother" beyond the sea, or as the chiefs of the Mountain Stoney Christian Indians lately expressed it, "their trust is in two Great Powers: first, Almighty

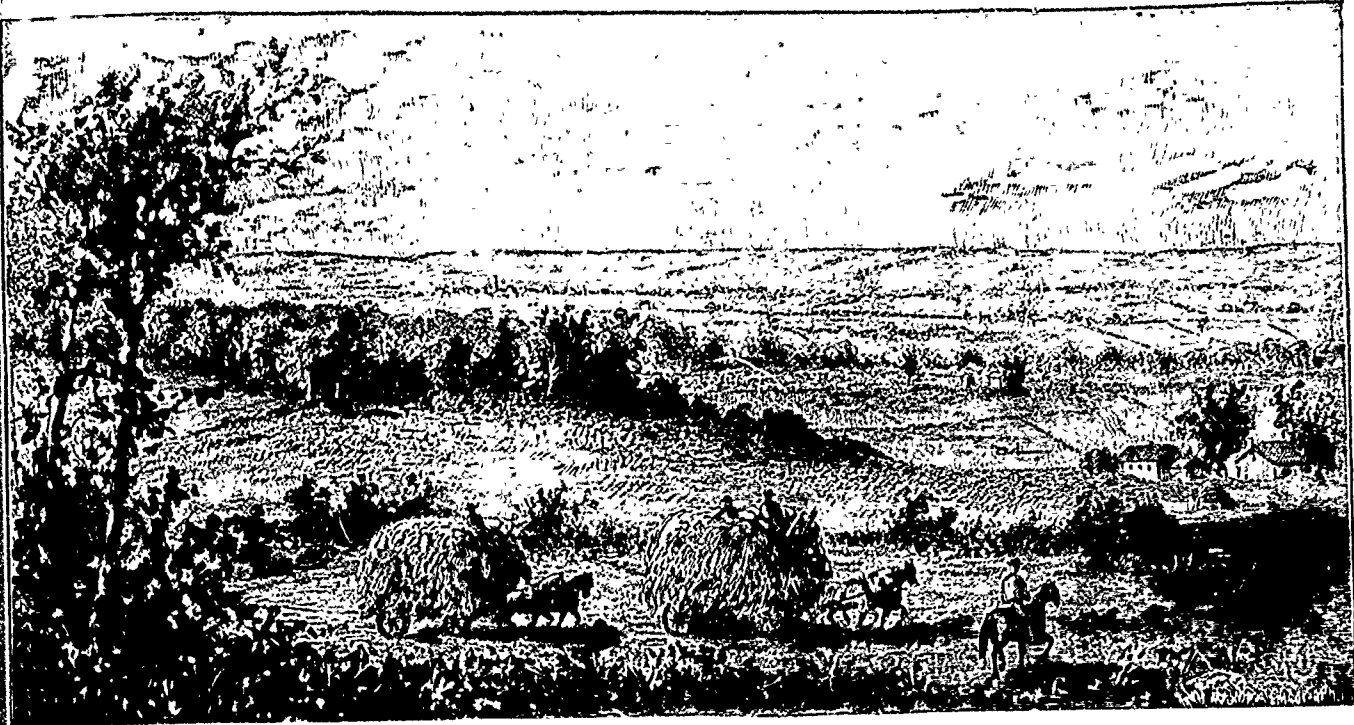
God, as revealed in Christ; second, British Justice, as represented by the Canadian Government"

Book Notices.

The Quiver for May. The earnestness of all the writers for *The Quiver* is a striking feature. In the paper on "Sunday-School Addresses" we find much that is worthy of putting into practice. "It is a glorious sensation," writes this enthusiast, "for a fluent and earnest speaker to go smoothly on, addressing a well disciplined school in rounded and ringing periods. He sees that the future workers for God—the rulers of the world in the next generation—are before him, and being master of his subject, he feels that he is one of the noble army of teachers who fill the roll from the Apostles downward." In "Temper—Good and Bad," the Rev. R. H. Lovell says some wise words that should make all persons, whether their temper be good or bad, stop and reflect. "A Plea for Public Play-Grounds" will find an answer in every heart that throbs under city smoke. Dr. John Stoughton continues his "Sunday Thoughts in Other Lands," and this month takes us with him to Dresden, where he stands in awe before the Sistine Madonna and other world famous paintings. Dean Plumtre writes on "Living to Ourselves," and the Rev. W. M. Johnston gives the second instalment of his papers on "The World and Christ."

READERS of *The Popular Science Monthly* can be quite sure of their money's worth in the May number, which is full of articles rich in thought, and information on living questions of the day. New York: D Appleton & Co. Fifty cents a number; \$5 a year.

THE announcement that the real name of the author of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" is not Charles Egbert Craddock, but Mary N. Murfree, will cause many readers of the *May Atlantic* to turn first to that story to continue it in the light of this discovery. The two chapters contained in this readable number are among the best pieces of writing yet given us by this author.



THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY.

Missionary Harvest Song.

WAKE! the morning cometh!
The East is all aglow!
Go, join the busy reapers,
As forth to the fields they go.
Wake, for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee to-day,
The fields gleam white in the dawning light:
Awake! and haste away!

In distant sea-girt islands,
In many a sunny clime,
Where seed was sown with weeping,
'Tis now the harvest time.
Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee to-day,
He calls again, and the waving grain
Still beckons thee away.

Art thou not strong for the reaping?
Yet haply thou shalt find,
While sheaves are bound by others,
Some gleanings left behind.
Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee to-day,
Act well thy part with a willing heart
His strength shall be thy stay.

And you, who cannot labour,—
The Lord hath need of you,
Pray for the earnest reapers,
The toilers faint and few;
Pray ye the Lord of the harvest
That labourers He will send
To work with their might in the fields so
white
Till harvest time shall end.

Scenes in the North-West.

We give in this number two more views of scenes in those North-West regions, to which all minds in the older provinces are eagerly turning. The hills on each side of the Qu'Appelle River rise to the height of between 200 and 300 feet. The French name of this river means "Who calls?" This name, the story goes, was given to it on account of the remarkable echoes noticed by the early French explorers. Fort Qu'Appelle is the headquarters and base of supplies of the military expedition. From there all food and forage are forwarded to the troops. It is said that hay, which costs \$20 a ton at Qu'Appelle, costs \$400 a ton at the end of the march, so great is the cost of carrying it. War is an expensive thing. Our "little war" is said to cost \$40,000 a day. Let us hope that it will soon be over.

ONLY 800 missionaries of 2,141 sent out by the Moravian Church have died at their post.

THE May number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* is remarkable for the number and variety of its stories, long and short, grave and gay. Mr. Wm. Trant describes "A Pilgrimage to Buddha's Tooth," in company with the Prince of Wales. He tells us all about the tooth, but he does not seem to have great faith in its genuineness, and thinks that it is more like a piece of ivory, yellow with age, that has been worked into the likeness of the philosopher's canine tooth. A number of other interesting articles are given. Cassell & Company, Limited, New York, \$1.50 a year.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of *The Living Age* for April 11th and 18th contain, Organic Nature's Riddle, and Tasso, *Fortnightly*; Native Faiths in the Himalayeh, *Contemporary*; The Lennox, *Scottish Review*; The Hero of Lepanto and his Tunes, *Blackwood*; Some Gossip about Dante, and Laad Moles and Water Moles, *Month*; The Diamond Duke, *Temple Bar*; In Lithuania, and R. L. Stevenson's Verse for Children, *Spectator*; Chantries, and A Female La Trappe, *Saturday Review*; Herrings and their Haunts, *Field*; Ice Palaces at Montreal, *Engineering*; A Professional Visit in Persia, *St. James' Gazette*; Hertfordshire, *All the Year Round*, &c. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid.

A CHINESE mission school has been established at Victoria, British Columbia. The school assembles from 7 until 8.30 each evening. The school began with twenty-eight scholars, varying from eight to forty years of age. A Sunday-school is also taught in the same room every Sabbath. Some fifty were present the first time, and in the evening a service was held at which more than two hundred Chinese were present, and were so much interested that some of them asked to be told about "the strange story to which they had listened."—*Meth. Magazine*.

The North-West Troubles.

ALTHOUGH we must regret that there has been a further effusion of blood, Canada must feel proud of the bravery of her sons. Their powers of endurance were tested in the journey round Lake Superior and their march through mud and slush from Qu'Appelle; their courage was gloriously manifested when those battalions, composed almost exclusively of men and lads who never before had been under fire, having no veteran regular troops to support and give them confidence, displayed a courage, and coolness, and steadiness that would have done credit to any corps in the regular army. Under a withering fire they fought steadily, ever advancing, never shrinking from danger, or even showing a consciousness of the presence of danger, except perhaps when the 90th bent their heads as they advanced under that dreadful fire. But they did advance, although many fell on the way, and the General is reported to have said that their one fault was that when they were at close quarters they exposed themselves too much. The fire of the enemy was severe, and sometimes came from quarters whence it was least expected. Their aim was deadly. It does not often happen that the loss in such an engagement is as heavy as was the loss of the corps engaged in that fight. Yet they never wavered, but as the day advanced they became more cool and resolute. All honour to them for their bravery. Well have they sustained the reputation of the races from which they have sprung. Canadians love peace, but when duty calls they are ready to prove that love of peace and peaceful pursuits is not incompatible with a courage and devotion to duty never excelled in any age or country. Canada is proud of her sons.—*Globe*.

Rumours of War.

NOT since the time of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, which only the elders among us can remember, has the British Empire been beset by such grave difficulties as those that beset her now. Should the strained relations with Russia lead to an open rupture, we shall probably see such a war as the world has never known. A

cartoon in *Punch* graphically depicts the situation. Britannia with tense muscles, heroic mien, and sternly-knitted brow, is holding in leash a huge lion with bristling mane, and a fierce tiger, the emblem of India, eager for the fray.

But after all, it is a dreadful thing to cry Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war. "The beginning of strife," the wise man saith, "is as when one letteth out water." One knows not what deluge of horrors may follow. An Anglo-Russian war would not be like the Franco-Prussian campaign, localized in a single land and ending in a single season. On the Black Sea, on the Baltic, in the mountains of Hindu Koosh and the Caucasus, fleets or armies would meet in deadly conflict.

Strange, that after eighteen Christian centuries and all our boasted civilization, no more rational method of settling international disputes should be known than the appeal to brute

force such as characterized the most barbarous races of the world's darkest age. And after the battles have been fought, and thousands slain, and provinces devastated, and treasure and blood poured out like water, diplomacy has at last to step in and arrange treaties of peace, often by an appeal to arbitration or international law. Why not settle the matter thus in the first place, before passions are inflamed and antipathies embittered and a heritage of hate laid up for future years? In spite of popular clamour, wise statesmanship appeals to the arbitration of war only as the very last alternative, and after every peaceful means of settlement has been exhausted.—*W. H. Withrow, D.D., in Methodist Magazine for May*.

AMONGST the extraordinary marches recorded in history the march of Col. Otter's division from the Saskatchewan to Battleford will hold a high place. It would seem incredible, were not the proof so strong, that a number of young men taken from colleges, from the offices of lawyers, and others from warehouses and shops, unaccustomed to hardships, and not trained in any way to such work could, bearing rifle and bayonet, and other burdens which they dared not lay aside, march over thirty-five miles a day for five consecutive days. They had much to stimulate and sustain them it is true. They knew that the men, women, and children shut up in the Battleford barracks were in deadly imminent peril, and they had the hope that by an extraordinary effort they might reach the place in time to save them. There was the danger that they might become exhausted, and might be attacked when exhausted by the Indians, who, it was supposed, were lurking somewhere near the trail. Undaunted by this danger they pushed on, and their achievement redounds to the honour and glory of Canada. *Globe*.

As the Dead Sea drinks in the river Jordan and is never the sweeter, and the ocean all other rivers and is never the fresher, so we apt to receive daily mercies from God, and still remain insensible to them, unthankful for them.—*Bishop Reynolds*.

Charity.

I HAVE read in ancient story
Of the heroes, brave and great,
Who have won by deeds of valour
Honour, wealth and regal state;
They were great, but were not noble,
For themselves they toiled and fought;
Vain and selfish was their labour,
And the world's praise all they sought.

I have heard of others, also,
Who have toiled to get a name,
That they might for future ages
Be trumpeted loud by Fame;
They were noble in their actions,
But the end they had in view
Was that all might praise and flatter,
And their lives were selfish, too.

There were others truly noble,
Who have known not fame or praise,
But have lived unknown, uncared for,
Helping others all their days;
Better than the warrior's oak wreath,
Or the laurel leaves of Fame,
Is the crown they win in heaven,
Though the world knows not their name.

Our Missionaries in the North-West.

SINCE the breaking out of the trouble in the North-West no word has come directly from any of our missionaries until a brief note was received from the Rev. John McDougall. He reports the Stoneys as quiet and well disposed, and says, that "If our Indians are treated justly and judiciously by the Government, we can hold them and keep them right. *We want your prayers.*"

The papers announce that McDougall with four of his trusty Stoneys have gone in advance of the other scouts, who are pioneering the troops from Calgary to Edmonton. This is much as we expected. Wherever there is difficulty to be encountered, or danger to be averted, our faithful brother is sure to be there, and whatever can be accomplished by tireless patience, and by a sagacity that in the trying times of the past has never been outwitted, will be accomplished in this case.

Immediately after the report of the first outbreak was confirmed, communications were sent to several of our missionaries requesting them to say to our Indians that the Church would rely with the utmost confidence upon their loyalty to the Government, and their efforts to preserve peace among the tribes; and at the same time a telegram was sent to Bro. McDougall, asking him to go wherever he thought his services or influence would be of value in preventing further uprising among the Indians.

Communication has also been had with the Minister of Militia in reference to the appointment of a chaplain for the troops who have gone to the front, and a reply has just been received consenting to the arrangement, subject to the consent of Col. Millar, commanding the Queen's Own. The result of the correspondence has been wired to Winnipeg, and if the consent of the commanding officer is secured, a chaplain will at once go to the front.—*A. Sutherland.*

NOTHING could afford a more vivid evidence of the class of men by whom the frontiers of our North-West are peopled, and of the intense feelings which the rebellion there must arouse throughout Canada, than the list of the killed and wounded in the recent slaughter at Duck Lake. There were struck down out of that small company a son of Sir Charles Napier, a name great in English history; a son of Judge Elliott, and a nephew of the Honourable Edward Blaké; a nephew

of the Honourable Joseph Howe, a nephew of Sir Francis Hincks, all names great in Canadian history. Many of these men had been officers in various services, and had been leaders in their own communities before they went forth to conquer a new country. A country whose first settlers are of such a class may well look forward to a great future.—*Witness.*

OUR present struggles the Master's hand will bring good. Yon Nova Scotia battalion moving westward will do more to unite East and West than the railway connection between them has ever done, and the fact, so terribly brought to our notice, that within the borders of our own vast territory are so many thousands of roving wanderers who know not God, will be likely to lead to an outburst of Christian zeal which shall bless the churches at home to an extent of which they little dream. And on the other side of the impending conflict with Russia, which the world seems to accept as inevitable sooner or later, what? May we not hope with many devout students of prophecy, who died without the sight, then to see a faint glimpse of the latter day glory! The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!—*Wesleyan.*

THE British campaign in Egypt appears to be dwarfed in view of the impending greater struggle with Russia. No important announcements have been received from General Wolseley. Interest in the campaign now centers in the movement of General Graham from Suakim toward Berber. The railroad that he is constructing has made considerable progress and the enemy is retreating as the line advances. It is even reported that Osman Digma's army is nowhere in sight from the observation balloons. The suppression of a French newspaper in Alexandria, because of its hostility to the prosecution of the war against the Mahdi, has created some feeling in France. It is strongly suspected that French influence has all along been relied upon by the rebels, and it is known that many of their leaders are Frenchmen.

England in Egypt.

"WHY is England interfering in Egypt? What interests of her own is she thereby securing! How come the English to be fighting in the Soudan?" These and similar questions are being asked by many correspondents.

The reasons why England has not only interfered in the affairs of Egypt, but has for several years practically assumed control over them, are two: One is a political, the other a financial, reason.

The political reason arose when the Suez Canal was completed, running through the territory of Egypt, and connecting by a water-way the Mediterranean and the Red Seas. This great canal was opened in the autumn of 1869. England found that it shortened the voyage from her own shores to her great Indian Empire by more than one-third.

Inasmuch as that Empire has long been threatened by Russia, it became necessary that England should see that the Suez Canal was so guarded as to enable her to command and use it in time of need; and the only way for England to do this was to acquire a commanding influence over the Egyptian Government.

The financial reason why England is in control of Egyptian affairs is the fact that Egypt is a debtor to a large body of English holders of her bonds and other securities; and it became necessary that the finances of Egypt should be managed so as to pay her creditors their interest, and at the same time, if possible, preserve the Egyptian treasury from hopeless bankruptcy.

The late ruler of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, spent enormous sums of money on public works and improvements. He sunk large sums in the Suez Canal, and thereby at last reduced his treasury to the verge of bankruptcy. He was dethroned by English influence, and his son, Towfik, was made Khedive in his place.

Then England united with France in the effort to adjust the Egyptian finances. A system called the "dual control" was established, by which an English and a French commissioner took charge of the collection and expenditure of the Egyptian revenues.

After a time France withdrew from this arrangement, and England was left to the sole control of the Egyptian Administration. The Government under Towfik was feeble and inefficient, and it soon appeared that English influence had become paramount, and was really the ruling power.

But now a revolt against this state of things took place in Egypt. Arabi Pasha, Minister of War, headed a large native party, and the greater part of the Egyptian army, in resisting foreign interference with Egyptian affairs. He took possession of Alexandria, the chief port, and seemed on the point of overthrowing the feeble Khedive.

Then the English, resolved to keep their hold on Egypt, and to maintain the Khedive they had set on his throne, bombarded Alexandria, drove Arabi Pasha from it, followed him up with an army, and overwhelmingly defeated him, scattered his forces, and took him prisoner, at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

Scarcely had Arabi's overthrow been achieved, when a fresh revolt broke out far to the southward, in the vague desert region called "the Soudan." This region was conquered by the Egyptians sixty years ago; and its chief towns, scattered far apart from each other along the Nile and in the deserts, were garrisoned by Egyptian troops.

The people of the Soudan had always been oppressed and ill-treated by their Egyptian conquerors, and were ripe for revolt. An Arab named Achmet Mohammed had already made his appearance in the Soudan, proclaiming himself the prophet of Islam, the successor of Mohammed, commissioned by God to restore Mohammedan power throughout the world. This was the man now so well-known as the "Mahdi," or "The False Prophet."

The revolt of the Mahdi in the Soudan was thus of a twofold nature. It had the double aim of throwing off the Egyptian yoke, and of beginning a new Moslem crusade. The Mahdi began to attack, capture and massacre the Egyptian garrisons with his wild Arab hordes; and soon the revolt grew so formidable that it seemed to threaten Egypt proper itself.

Great Britain, resolved both to retain its hold on Egypt and to maintain the existing government, now "advised"—the advice really being a command—the Khedive to give up the Soudan, and to withdraw his garrisons from it. But this proved a task too difficult for

the weak Egyptian Administration. England, to help Egypt out of the difficulty, herself undertook to relieve and to withdraw the garrisons in the Soudan.

This is how Gordon came to be sent to Khartoum, and how it is that English troops have been operating in the Soudan. It is the reason why General Graham has been and is still fighting Osman Digna, a lieutenant of the Mahdi, near Suakin; and why the troops of Lord Wolseley are encamped on the Nile.

In a word, England maintains her grasp on Egypt, because she must control the water-way of the Suez Canal, and because she must guard the interests of the English creditors of the Egyptian Government. And she has been operating in the Soudan because she wishes at the same time to rid Egypt of the burden of ruling that large hostile territory, to get away from it the Egyptian garrisons, and to protect Egypt from the conquering advance of the Mahdi into her territory.—*Youth's Companion.*

The "Electra."

ONE of the most striking features of the New Orleans World's Fair was the exhibit of woman's work, especially of woman's literary work. A large room was filled with the books, written papers and other periodicals edited, and drawings made for publication by women. One of the most remarkable of these achievements is the handsome and valuable magazine *Electra*, edited by Miss I. M. Leyburn, of Louisville, Ky., and published in that city. It deserves a large patronage, both for its intrinsic merit, and as a noble result of woman's work.

Influence of Sabbath-Breaking.

AN eminent ship-owner, who for twenty years did a vast amount of business, remarked to Dr. Edwards "Had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been a maniac long ago." This was mentioned in a company of merchants, when one remarked, "That is the case exactly Mr. —. He was one of our greatest importers. He used to say that the Sabbath was the best day in the week to plan successful voyages; showing that his mind had no Sabbath. He has been in the insane hospital for years, and will probably die there." Many men are there, or in the maniac's grave, because they had no Sabbath. They broke a law of *Nature*, and of *Nature's God*, and found the way of the transgressor to be hard. Such cases are so numerous that a writer remarks, "We never knew a man work seven days in a week who did not kill himself or kill his mind."

PRAYER will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.—*Bunyan.*

THE Jews had a saying that "he who does not teach his son a trade is much the same as if he taught him to be a thief;" and every male child was required, at five years of age, to learn a trade by which he could support himself. In Germany the Crown-prince is a turner and could easily earn a living if his inheritance was lost. His eldest son, prince Wilhelm, is an excellent artisan, and another son who died was a book-binder. The present Emperor keeps samples of his grandchildren's work.

The Boy King.

D. M. B. WINSLOW.

ONLY a fair young Child,
He sat, that mimic King,
Crowned with a garland wild,
Whose forest flowers smiled,
And birds did sing.

Only a court of boys
Before Him bent the knee;
Gay in their infant joys,
They hailed with harmless noise
The King to be.

What comes along the glade
Slow stopping, hushed and sad?
A litter rudely made,
Whereon in haste was laid
A suffering lad.

Only a father's heart
Could throb with such fierce pain,
But neighbours do their part
And seek the leech's art
For health again.

"Stop and salute our King,"
The merry children say,
Their warm, soft arms they fling,
And round the bearers cling,
To bar their way.

Young Jesus from His throne
Of tufted grass and leaves
Piled on a mossy stone,
Hears the boy sufferer's moan,
And, hearing, grieves.

"What ails him, bearers, say?"
The King speaks in the word;
Who hear it must obey,
Albeit though in play
That voice is heard.

The bearers rest their care;
In half impatient tone
They trace the path to where
A serpent makes his lair
Beneath a stone.

And tell how at his play,
Fearless as children be,
The boy reached where he lay,
Caught the foul beast at bay,
But fatally.

"Quick, boys!" the Boy then cried;
"This monster let us kill."
To pass the bearers tried,
To thrust the Boy aside;
But—wrought His will;

And through the woodland glade
Reluctant to the way,
To where the child had strayed,
And in the sunshine played
With death to-day.

Through the green woodland rang
The tread of many feet,
And where the woodbines hang
The golden plovers' sang
Hymns low and sweet.

Only a little Child,
And yet at his soft call
The snake with writhings wild,
While the young monarch smiled,
Did humbly crawl.

"Go, draw the poison out,"
The little Ruler said,
The serpent turned about,
And 'mid the courtiers' shout,
The King obeyed.

"Cursed be thou, creature dread!
Cursed each tiny scale;
My heel is on thy head,
I shall be King instead,
And thou shalt wail."

And lo! the monarch, rent
Asunder, fell down dead;
While the small Conqueror went,
His short-lived anger spent,
To the child's bed.

"Rise, little friend, arise!"
His touch was healing balm.
The boy unclosed his eyes,
Sprung up in glad surprise,
And felt no harm.

Then rose the woodland praise,
What time the pine trees moaned,
Gay plovers trilled their lays,
And larks in roundelays
Earth's monarch owned.

Only a little Child,
But, crowning as they sing,
Men, beasts and nature wild,
Him, pure and undefiled,
Proclaim their King.

* Golden plovers are the birds which the Child Jesus is said to have made of clay, giving them life by breathing on them, which His companions could not do.

Lo! as we bear along
Through life's still shades to-day
Our grief, our sin, our wrong,
The Ill that stays our song,
Who bars the way?

Only a little Child,
Fair, pure, but wondrous wise;
His robes are undefiled,
His words are firm though mild,
Tender His eyes.

We cannot say Him nay,
Though fixed our purpose be,
We can but turn His way,
Obedient as we may,
His power to see.

Not to the evil thing,
Our sorrow or our pain,
Speaks our rebuking King,
Until our freed hearts sing
With joy again;

But to the prisoner, sin,
His damning word is said;
His healing is within;
The soul He fain would win
Uplifts its head.

Oh, be it ours to bow
Before that flower-crowned Child,
Owning His kingship now
By chant and sacred vow,
Praise undefiled!

Till, every ill thing fled,
We with the woodlands sing,
"Rejoice, the snake is dead!
Creation lifts its head,
The Child is King!"

The Jewish Colony in Rome.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.

PRES. HOVEY has recently treated this subject in the *Sunday School Times* with great ability and learning. I would like to add a few sentences corroborating the conclusions reached in his paper by evidence from another source. In the summer of 1879 I visited the then recently discovered Jewish catacomb in the Vigna Ranandina, on the Appian Way, about two miles from Rome. It gave striking testimony as to the separate identity and organization of the Jewish community at Rome in the early centuries. The catacomb contains several vaulted chambers, one of which has some very remarkable paintings of the seven-branched candlestick on the roof and walls. The same figure is frequently scratched on the mortar with which the graves are closed. The dove and olive-branch and palm are also frequently repeated. Among several hundred inscriptions, not one of either pagan or Christian character has been met with. The names are often strikingly Jewish in form, and frequently the epitaphs refer to the station of the deceased as officers of the synagogue—as APXONTES, rulers; TPAMMATEIS, scribes. The following are translations of examples in the Kircherian Museum at Rome:

"Here lies Salome, daughter of Gadia, father of the synagogue of the Hebrews. Her sleep is in peace."

"Here lies Quintianus, Gerousiarch (that is, chief elder) of the synagogue of the Augusteuses."

"Here lies Nicodemos, ruler of the Sevorenenses, and beloved of all."

This inscription will recall another ruler of the synagogue of the same name. Many of the sleepers in this Jewish cemetery were evidently, from their names, Greek or Latin proselytes. Indeed, this is sometimes expressly asserted, as in the following:

"Mannacius to his most sweet sister Chressis, a proselyte."

On one of these funeral slabs, besides the representation of the seven-branched candlestick, which appears also in *bas-relief* on the Arch of Titus, are four Hebrew letters, evidently intended for the word *shalom*, or peace. The inscriptions, however, are mostly in Greek, although some of them are in Latin.

It may be assumed that this cemetery was exclusively Jewish, as similar catacombs have been found in the Jewish settlements of Asia Minor, the Aegean Isles, Sicily, and Southern Italy. In death, as in life, the Jews sought to be separated from the Gentiles, among whom they dwelt. We know from the testimony of Juvenal* and others, that numbers of them inhabited the part of Rome nearest to the cemetery I have described. They seem everywhere to have been a turbulent race. They especially manifested intense antipathy to Christians. The records of early persecution inform us that they were conspicuously diligent in gathering straw and fagots for the burning of the martyrs.†—*Sunday School Times*.

The Franco-Chinese War.

THE bombardment of Foo Chow, in China, by the French fleet on the twenty-fourth of August was the signal for the opening of a war between the French Republic and the Chinese Empire. Whether the struggle will be long or short cannot, at this time of writing, be easily foreseen.

During more than a year, the attention of the world has been called to the difficulties between the French and the Chinese. For many months, those nations have been on the verge of the hostilities which have now at last begun.

The cause of the trouble is to be found in the ambition of the French to obtain control of Tonquin, the northern province of Annam, a State which has long been tributary to China. France had secured a treaty with a King of Annam some years before; and it was under this treaty that she claimed the right to establish herself throughout the peninsula.

Several months ago, France resolved to maintain this claim by force of arms. She sent a small army and fleet to the Asiatic seas, and proceeded to the conquest of Tonquin. The French were resisted in this by semi-barbarous bands of natives, who were really lawless brigands, and who were called, the "Black Flags."

The result of this irregular warfare was that the French troops and gunboats advanced up the valley of the Sang-Koi, the principal water way of Tonquin, and in course of time captured the two most important of its fortresses, Hanoi and Bac-Ninh.

At Bac-Ninh, which is the military key of the country, the French encountered, not the "Black Flags," but regular Chinese troops. China from first to last had protested against the French invasion of Tonquin, and had threatened more than once to make it a cause of war.

But when the French had at last completed their conquest, the Chinese not only did not resist it, but they made a treaty with France, confirming her in the possession of the country conquered, and agreeing to pay France an indemnity of fifteen million dollars.

* Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur Judæis.—*Juv. Sat. 3: 13.*

† See Kusobius, lib. 3, cap. 15. Describing the death of Polycarp he says: "The crowd forthwith collected wood and straw from the shops and baths; especially the Jews, as usual, freely offered their services for this purpose."

The French then advanced to the Tonquin and Chinese frontier to occupy the fortresses there. At one of these fortresses, that of Lang Son, they were resisted and repulsed by the Chinese garrison which held it.

It appeared that, after the treaty had been made, the party hostile to the French in China came into power. The new Chinese Ministers seem to have resolved that the treaty should not be carried out, and apparently the resistance of the Chinese at Lang Son was the result of this change of policy.

The next step of the French was to seize one of the ports of the island of Formosa, in the Chinese waters; and when this did not prove effectual, they went further, and proceeded to bombard the town of Foo Chow. This constituted an act of war, and was followed up by the hostilities which have since occurred.

Any war is deplorable. A war between a European power and the mightiest of Asiatic empires is likely to bring in its train many wretched results. Not only will it, if long continued, be attended with slaughter and desolation, but it will greatly impede the commerce of the rest of the world with China; it will imperil the property and the lives of the Europeans resident in Chinese ports; and it will render the position of Christian missionaries one of near and great danger.

Nor is this all. A war between these two powers may lead to a still greater conflagration. A quarrel may easily arise out of it between several of the European powers themselves. International rights may be violated, and national jealousies aroused, so as to embroil Europe in a conflict the end of which no one could pretend to foresee.

The event, therefore, is a misfortune of the world, which will once more have to deplore the restless and grasping ambition which seeks territory and gain by the savage method of war.

ONE should be thoroughly acquainted with the books and the names of the authors of his own land. Patriotism should lead a man to know the glory in the midst of which he lives.

A SCHOOLBOY lately asked his father the difference between civilization and barbarism. "It is very simple, my boy," replied Paterfamilias. "Civilization kills an enemy with a cannon-ball, at six thousand yards; barbarism cuts off the head with a sword-stroke."

A BRAHMIN convert writes: "Though I was educated in a Christian college I was not impressed with the truth of Christ. It was the example of a missionary's patience, faith, godliness, and humility—that brought me to Jesus."

AT a recent heathen festival in the town of Nagano Luwa, Japan, there were nine Bible sellers, and during the seven days of ceremony they sold about 600 copies, and the amount received was about twenty-five dollars.

THE arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles; when they fail in that they become sarcasm and like two-edged swords.

GRANT, O my God, that neither the joy nor the sorrow of this period shall have visited my heart in vain! Make me wise and strong to the performance of immediate duties, and ripen me by what means Thou seest best for the performance of those that lie beyond.—*Margaret Fuller*.

LESSON NOTES. SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE EPISTLES.

A.D. 62-64.] LESSON XI. [June 14.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST.

Heb. 9. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Heb. 7. 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ the way to holiness and heaven.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Heb. 8. 1-13. Th. Heb. 10. 23-30.
T. Heb. 9. 1-28. F. Heb. 11. 1-40.
W. Heb. 10. 1-22. Sa. Heb. 12. 1-29.
Su. Heb. 13. 1-25.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.—See last lesson.

INTRODUCTION.—The Jews lived for almost fifteen hundred years under a system of religion which is called the old covenant or dispensation, in which the tabernacle and sacrifices and priests, and all the rules and forms of worship, were to teach them about God, and to prepare them to understand the true religion of Jesus Christ, of which theirs was a symbol or emblem. And Paul tries here to show the Jews how the spiritual worship of God, and faith in Christ and his sacrifice, by which we can go to heaven, are the fulfilling and not the destroying of their old worship.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *The first covenant*—The Old Testament revelation to the Jews, as set forth first by Moses. *A worldly sanctuary*—One visible and material. 2. *Tabernacle*—Exod. 25. It was a tent 54 feet long by 18 broad, divided into two rooms by a curtain. The first or outer tabernacle was 36 feet by 18; the second was 18 feet square, and called "holy of holies." *The first*—Room of the tabernacle. *The candlestick*—Of gold, with seven branches, symbolizing Christ, the light of the world. *Shewbread*—12 loaves, changed every week, a type of Christ, the bread of life. *Sanctuary*—The holy place. 3. *Second veil*—The one between the two rooms—The first veil was the door of the first compartment. *Holiest of all*—Holy of holies. 4. *Which had*—To which belonged, though it was just outside. *The golden censer*—Or altar of incense, typifying prayer. *The ark of the covenant*—A chest covered with gold, in which were the tables of stone containing the ten commandments called God's covenant with Israel. *Manna*—A specimen of the manna given to the Israelites in the wilderness. *Aaron's rod*—Numb. 17. 1-11. 5. *Cherubim*—Ex. 25. 18, 22; Ezek., chs. 1 and 10. *Mercy seat*—The golden cover of the ark of the covenant. 8. *Holiest of all*—Holy of holies, the type of perfect goodness and heaven. *The way not made manifest*—Only the high priest could enter, and he only one day in the year, showing that Christ, the way to heaven, had not come, showing plainly the way to goodness and heaven. 9. *Figure*—Parable, symbol. *Perfect*, as . . . to the conscience—Free from sin and the feeling of guilt. 10. *Time of reformation*—The time for improvement, a new and better way. 11. *Christ . . . a high priest of good things to come*—The Gospel dispensation with its blessings for earth and in heaven. As the high priest Christ was (1) sent from God; (2) communicated God's will; (3) was their intercessor; (4) offered atoning sacrifices; (5) was mediator between God and man. *More perfect tabernacle*—The spiritual realities which the worldly tabernacle and its furniture typified. 12. *The holy place*—The state of holiness and heaven.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The first covenant.—The tabernacle.—The teaching of the holy place and its furniture.—The teaching of the holy of holies.—The high priest and his duties.—How Christ was high priest.—Of what "good things to come."—The tabernacle not made with hands.—Eternal redemption.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the form of religion under which the Jews lived called? (See Introduction.) Name some of its methods of worship. What were these forms for? How was the Gospel or new dispensation related to these? Can you now see how we understand the New Testament better by studying the Old?

SUBJECT: JESUS CHRIST FULFILLING THE OLD TESTAMENT.

I. THE TYPES AND SYMBOLS OF THE JEWISH RELIGION (vs. 1-10). Meaning of the "first covenant?" Of a "worldly sanctuary?" Give a brief description of the tabernacle. What did the first room in it contain? What was typified by the candlestick? (John 8. 12.) The shewbread. (John 6. 48-51.) Where was the holy of holies? What did it contain? What was intended to be taught by the golden altar of incense? (Rev. 5. 8; 8. 4.) By the ark? By the cherubim? By the mercy seat? By the tables of the law? By the pot of manna? (Ex. 16. 33-36.) What of Aaron's rod? (Numb. 17. 1-11.) How often did the high priest go into the holy of holies? (Lev. 16. 1-34.) What did the Holy Spirit teach by this? Why were not types and ceremonies enough? How long were these types to last? When did the times of reformation come? How did these types and symbols prepare for that time?

II. CHRIST FULFILLING THESE TYPES AND SYMBOLS (vs. 11, 12).—Meaning of "the Christ?" In what respects was he like a high priest? What were the good things to come? (See Helps.) What atonement did he make? Into what "holy place" does he bring us? Why is salvation called redemption? Why is it called eternal? How may we have this eternal redemption?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. We need some forms of worship.
2. But forms are not enough; we must fill them with the spirit.
3. All that God does for us, the types of truth in the Old Testament and in nature, are to help us to understand God and a spiritual religion.
4. Heaven is a place of holiness.
5. Christ has come to prepare us for it.
6. We need his sacrifice, his sympathy as high priest, training by prayer, doctrine, the law, communion with God, to fit us for heaven.

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

5. How were the Jews trained in the religious life? **ANS.** By types and emblems, as well as direct teaching. 6. What were some of these? **ANS.** The tabernacle and its services. 7. What were they to teach? **ANS.** The fact of sin, atonement, duty, worship, holiness, heaven. 8. What did Christ do? **ANS.** He fulfilled the types, and gave the realities to which the types only pointed.

A.D. 70.] LESSON XII. [June 21.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

2 Pet. 1. 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—2 Pet. 3. 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We make progress in the Christian life by the knowledge of Jesus, by the promises of God, by training in the Christian virtues.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Pet. 1. 1-25. Th. 1 Pet. chs. 4. and 7.
T. 1 Pet. 2. 1-25. F. 2 Pet. 1. 1-21.
W. 1 Pet. 3. 1-22. Sa. 2 Pet. 2. 1-22.
Su. 2 Pet. 3. 1-18.

TIME.—The second Epistle of Peter was probably written between the years A.D. 63 and 70.

PLACE.—Written probably at Rome.

AUTHOR.—The apostle Peter.

LANGUAGE.—Originally written in Greek. For whom.—Christians in general.

INTRODUCTION.—The object of this Epistle was to strengthen Christians against dangers within the Church, and to encourage them in growth in every good word and work through the knowledge of Jesus. (See 2 Pet. 3. 17, 18.)

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Like precious faith*—A faith as precious to the Gentiles as to the Jews. It is faith in the same Saviour; producing the same graces, giving the same hopes. *Through the righteousness*—Impartiality, justice to all classes alike. 2. *Be multiplied*—Increase rapidly, not by addition, but by multiplication. 3. *All things that pertain*—All things necessary to produce life and godliness. 4. *Whereby*—i.e., by the things that pertain to life. *Divine nature*—God's eternal life, and holiness, and happiness. *Corruption* . . . through (in) lust—The corruption has its source in a wrong heart. 5. *And besides this*—Rather, for this cause. *Add to your faith*, etc.—The meaning, "by means of your

faith acquire virtue," etc.—make each previous virtue a stepping-stone to another. *Virtues*—Manliness, heroism. 6. *Temperance*—Self control. 7. *Brotherly kindness*—love to the Christian brotherhood. *Charity*—love to everybody. 8. *He that lacketh* . . . is blind—Partially blind, near-sighted: he cannot see God, and heaven, and goodness as they are. We must experience spiritual things in order to see them truly. 10. *These things*—The virtues of vs. 5-7. 11. *Be ministerial*—The same word as "add" in v. 5. If you add the virtues, God will add to you an entrance into his kingdom. *Kingdom of our Lord*—His spiritual kingdom of goodness and joy, and heaven in the world to come.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The apostle Peter.—The Second Epistle of Peter.—The things that pertain to life.—Godliness from the knowledge of Jesus.—Partakers of the divine nature.—Add to your faith, virtue. (Give one of these graces to each of the class to study.)—v. 9.—The kingdom of our Lord.—How to obtain an entrance into it.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give a brief account of Simon Peter. When and where did he write this second letter? To whom? What was his purpose? (2 Pet. 3. 17, 18.)

SUBJECT: PROGRESS IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I. PROGRESS BY THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS (vs. 1-3).—What does Peter call himself? Is it a privilege to be a servant of Jesus? To what "faith" does he refer? Why is it precious? What did Peter desire for those who had this faith? Meaning of multiplied? What was to be multiplied? How? What has God's power given us all? (v. 3.) What are the things that pertain to life and godliness? How do these come through the knowledge of Jesus? By what does he call us?

II. PROGRESS BY MEANS OF THE PROMISES (v. 4).—To what does "whereby" refer? Name some of these promises. Show how they are great and precious. What will they do for us? What is meant by corruption, and why? Can we be like God unless we escape from the corruption of the world? (Matt. 5. 8.) What other way was once proposed of becoming like God? (Gen. 3. 5.) Did it succeed?

III. PROGRESS BY GROWTH IN THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES (vs. 5-7).—Give the Revised Version of the fifth verse. What is meant by "virtue?" How can we gain it by means of our faith? Show how in each case we may gain the next virtue by means of the previous one. What is temperance? What is godliness? How many virtues are named here?

IV. FOUR RESULTS (vs. 8-11.)

(1) *Fruitfulness* (v. 8).—What will be the result of diligence in cherishing these virtues? What are the fruits of the spirit? (Gal. 5. 22, 23.) How will these virtues help us to do good and aid Christ's kingdom? In what else shall we be fruitful?

(2) *Insight* (v. 9).—What will be the result if we do not cultivate these virtues? Why cannot those see the truth who will not obey it? (See John 7. 17.)

(3) *Assurance of hope* (v. 10).—What is meant by our "calling and election?" What will make it sure? What comfort comes from assurance of hope?

(4) *The Kingdom of God* (v. 11).—What is meant by the "kingdom of our Lord?" How may we enter there? How may it be an abundant entrance?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. If we add the virtues, God will multiply to us grace and peace. (v. 2, 5.)
2. God has given us all we need for eternal life,—his Word, a Saviour, forgiveness, new hearts, motives, hopes, fears, the Holy Spirit. (v. 3.)
3. The best of all knowledge is the knowledge of God through Jesus Christ.
4. The promises are precious because (1) they are many; (2) they meet all needs; (3) they give precious things; (4) they are sure of fulfilment. (v. 4.)

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

9. What was the Apostle Peter's desire for all Christians? (Repeat v. 2.) 10. What is one way of Christian progress? **ANS.** By the knowledge of Jesus. 11. What is a second way? **ANS.** By means of the precious promises of God. 12. What is a third way? **ANS.** By cultivating the Christian virtues. 13. What will be the result? **ANS.** Fruitfulness, insight, assurance of hope, and the kingdom of God.

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