

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from /
Le titre de l'en tête provient
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Généralique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			✓								

HOME & SCHOOL

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1883.

[No. 16.]

Vol. I.]

Grandmother's Bible.

So you've bought me this costly Bible,
With its covers so grand and gay,
You thought I must need a new one
On my eighty first birthday, you say;
Oh, mine is a worn-out volume,
Grown ragged and yellow with age,
With finger prints thick on the margin;
But there's never a missing page,

And the finger prints call back my wee ones,
Just learning a verse to repeat;
And again, in the twilight, then faces
Look up to me, eagerly sweet,
Has pencil-marks pointed in silence
To words I have hid in my heart;
And the lessons so hard in the learning,
Once learned, can never depart.

There's the verse your grandfather spoke of
The very night that he died:
When I shall wake in His likeness
I, too, shall be satisfied,
And here inside the old cover,
Is a date, it is faded and dim,
For I wrote it the day the good pastor
Baptized me—I've an old woman's whim,

That beside the pearl-gates he is waiting,
And when by-and-by I shall go,
That he will lead me into the kingdom
As into this one below.
And under the date, little Mary,
Write another one when I die;
Then keep both Bibles and read them;
God bless you, child, why should you cry?

Your gift is a beauty, my dearie,
With its wonderful clasp of gold,
Put it carefully into the drawer;
And I shall keep it till death; but the old
Just leave it close by on the table,
And then you may bring me a light,
And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages
To think of, if wakeful to-night."

Scenes in Cairo.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND,
B.D., LL.B.

ALMOST our first visit in Cairo was to the bazaars, in the neighbourhood called the Mooskee, where "the merchants most do congregate." This street is nearly a mile in length, and then loses itself in a labyrinth of lanes. It is wide enough for two carriages to pass, and is constantly filled with a moving crowd. Each side is lined with shops, filled with all kinds of goods, and running from it are lanes, which more properly constitute the bazaars.

The gold bazaar is, perhaps, most worthy of a visit. The passages leading through it are about three feet in width. Each tradesman has a shop about large enough for a safe and an awl. Squatted on his little platform, he challenges the attention of the passer-by. The scene is a busy one, and the air is filled with the clink of hammers. The whole process of manufacture is open to inspection, and one is surprised at the intricate and elegant

work that is fashioned by their simple tools. Here and there may be seen seated a group of two or three women, conferring gravely or chatting merrily over the purchase of some little article of personal adornment. Of course the pressure in some of these narrow streets is very great, but fortunately the crowd is easy-moving and good-natured. Now

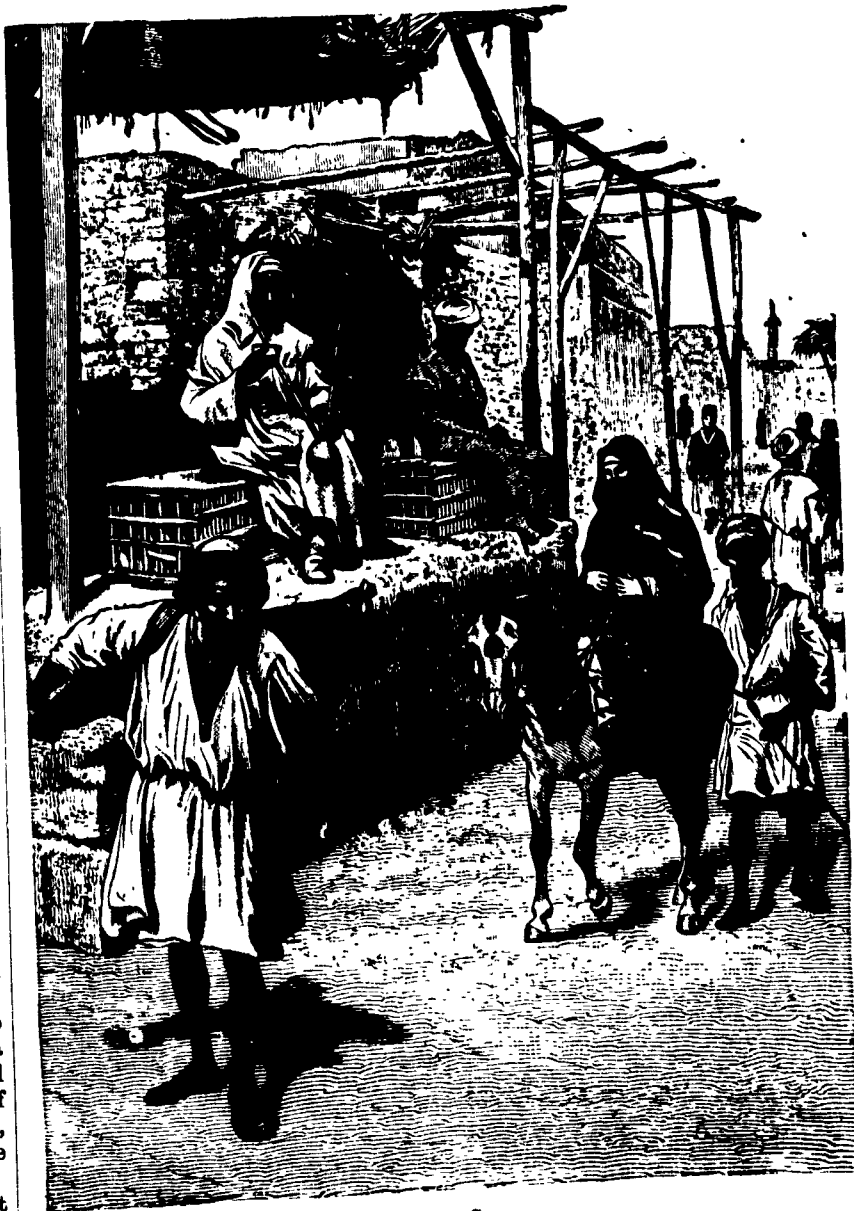
bustle, veiled women, in white, blue, or black, steal quietly along, as if ashamed to be seen. One misses the noisy rattle of western cities, yet the ear is charmed with the musical cries of the street, and the eye is delighted with the variety of colour.

One evening, strolling with two others, I came upon a scene that was

hundred. The sound within was almost deafening. There seemed to be a rivalry among the worshippers as to which could say the word Allah loudest and fastest. Then we came across a group of children at play. They were carrying lanterns, and marching to the sound of music played by two youthful bandmen, when all at once a juvenile stranger appeared in chase. Immediately every light went out, and the little crowd of youngsters disappeared in every direction. The children of the East are good-looking, and seem to be a very cheerful and happy lot.

Great Ado and Little Doing.

THE other day we were greatly interested and edified by an ingenious piece of mechanism displayed in a shop window. It was a sewing machine in full operation, the motive power for which seemed to be furnished by a grotesque looking little old man, with merry, twinkling eyes, and a jolly looking face, and white hair, backward streaming. There he sat facing the public, his feet firmly planted against a sill, his hands desperately clutching a crank, which he seemed to be turning with all his might and main. He apparently enjoyed his work, and you would be likely to enjoy seeing him do it; for he seemed to say to all beholders, "just see what a prodigious worker I am!" But looking a little more closely, one would presently discover that the little old man was nothing but a puppet a little more than a foot in height, and that he didn't turn the crank at all; but only held on to the crank while the crank turned him; There was no blood in his veins, no brains in his head, and no heart in his bosom. He furnished no part of the motive power, but was himself a part of the machine. And as we consider this jolly old fraud, who with distended cheeks and many a nod and wink made such ado, when in point of fact he was doing absolutely nothing, we could not help thinking how many there are in the world, in the church, in the Sunday-school, who "make believe" that they are working wonderfully—who go through with all the motions, and seem to be prodigiously in earnest; and yet they are only grasping the crank, and being carried along contributing nothing to the motive power.—Baptist Teacher.



SCENE IN CAIRO.

it is a Nubian slave, black as ebony, that elbows us; now a grave but gaily-attired officer nearly rides over us; now a vagrant strolls carelessly along, now a dirty, ragged, and impudent; now a stalwart Bedouin looks on, with the immobility of an Indian, or flashes into excitement as he stops to make a bargain; while through the crush and

both a surprise and delight. The street, close to a mosque, was brilliantly lit up. Overhead were awnings of gay Turkish cloths. On every side were little banners, and from supports were suspended glass chandeliers. The mosque was crowded with men. Each man, as he entered, uncovered his feet; and in the entry the shoes lay by the

YOKEL (to his son at a concert—the performance of a duet): "D'ye see, Tom, now it's getting late they are singing two at a time, so as to get done sooner."

"As I Have Loved You."

BY G. Y. HOLLIDAY.

[It was the communion day in our church, and the service proceeded as usual. My thoughts were all of my own unworthiness and Christ's love to me, until Mr. E. asked the question nobody ever notices, "Has any one been omitted in the distribution of bread?" And it seemed to me I could see millions on millions of women rising silently in India, Africa, Siam, Persia, in all the countries where they need the Lord, but know Him not, to testify that they have been omitted in the distribution of the bread and cup! And they can take it from no hand but ours, and we do not pass it on. Can Jesus make heaven so sweet and calm that we can forgive ourselves this great neglect of the millions living now, for whom the body was broken and the blood shed, just as much as for us.]

The feast was spread, the solemn words were spoken;

Humbly my soul drew near to meet her Lord,
To plead His sacrificial body broken,
His blood for me outpoured.

Confessing all my manifold transgressions,
Weeping to cast myself before His throne,
Praying His spirit to take full possession,
And seal me all His own.

On Him I laid each burden I was bearing,
The anxious mind of strength so oft bereft,
The future dim, the children of my caring—
All on His heart I left.

"How could I live, my Lord," I cried, "with-
out Thee?"

How for a single day this pathway trace,
And feel no loving arm thrown round about
me,
No all-sustaining grace!

"O show me how to thank Thee, praise Thee,
love Thee,
For these rich gifts bestowed on sinful me—
The rainbow hope that spans the sky above
me,
The promised rest with Thee!"

As if, indeed, He spoke the answer, fitted
Into my prayer, the pastor's voice came up:
"Let any rise if they have been omitted,
When passeth the bread and cup."

Suddenly before my inward, open vision,
Millions of faces crowded up to view,
Sad eyes that said, "For us is no provision;
Give us your Saviour too!"

Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning,
Wild with despair, or dark with sin and
dread;
Worn with long weeping for the unreturning,
Hopeless, uncomforted.

"Give us," they cry, "your cup of consol-
ation,
Never to our outreaching hands yet passed;
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And O, we die so fast.

"Does He not love us too, this gracious Master?
Tis from your hand alone we can receive
The bounty of His grace; O send it faster,
That we may take and live!"

"Master," I said, as from a dream awaking,
"Is this the service Thou dost show to me?
Dost thou to me intrust Thy bread for breaking
To those who cry for Thee?"

"Dear heart of love, canst Thou forgive the
blindness
That let Thy child sit selfish and at ease
By the full table of thy loving-kindness,
And take no thought for these?"

"As Thou hast loved me, let me love; re-
turning
To these dark souls the grace Thou givest
me;
And O, to me impart thy deathless yearning
To draw the lost to Thee!"

"Nor let me cease to spread Thy glad salvation,
Till Thou shalt call me to partake above,
Where the redeemed of every tribe and nation
Sit at Thy feast of love!"

UNLESS a man has trained himself for his chance, the chance will only make him ridiculous. A great occasion is worth to a man exactly what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it.—*William Matthews.*

Great Men Playing with Children.

HENRY IV. was passionately fond of children, and delighted in their gambols and caprices.

One day when crawling round his room, on his hands and knees, with the dauphin on his back, and the other children urging the king to gallop just like a horse, an ambassador suddenly entered and surprised the royal family in the midst of their fun. Henry, without rising to his feet, asked:

"Have you any children, M. Ambassador?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"In that case, I proceed with the sport," remarked the king.

A great diversion of the Emperor Augustus was to play games with little children, who were brought from all countries for the purpose; Moorish and Syrian children being his chief favourites. There was one little fellow of the name of Nucus, who stood only two feet high, and weighed only seventeen pounds, but who, nevertheless, had a wonderful voice; he was an especial favourite.

Cicero, after putting the finishing hand to his speeches, called in the children and had a joyous romp with them.

Keep the Children Happy.

INVENT every possible amusement to keep your boys happy at home, evenings. Never mind if they do scatter books, pictures, coats, hats, and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around you, with their whistling and hurrahing! We would stand aghast, if we could have a vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff firesides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. The influence of a loving mother or sisters is incalculable. Like the circle formed by casting a stone in the water, it goes on and on through a man's life. Circumstances and worldly pleasures may weaken the remembrance for a time, but each touch upon the chord of memory will awaken the old time music, and her face, her voice, and her loving words will come up before him like a revelation.

The time will come, before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your heart shall long for their noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of Thomas or the songs of Nilsson; when you would gladly have dirty carpets, aye, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more. Then play with them and pet them. Praise Johnny's drawing, Betty's music, and baby's first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his sticks of wood, and Dick to persevere in making his hen coop. If one shows a talent for figures, tell him he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a good traveller or a foreign minister. Go with them to see their young rabbits and chickens and pigeons—and down to the creek-fall to see the flutter-mill in full operation. Have them gather you mosses, and grasses, and bright autumn leaves, to decorate their room when the snow is over all the earth. And you will keep you yourself young and fresh by entering into their joy.—*Selected.*

What One Woman did for Japan.

BY MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

IN 1880 the prisons of Kioto held an unusual number of political prisoners, taken during the rebellion of the island of Koshu. Many of them were high in rank and honour among their countrymen. A few had been pardoned, many had been executed, while a large number were held as prisoners for a term of years. Much of the public work of the city then was, and is still, accomplished by gangs of prisoners under overseers.

In a remote part of Kioto, an earnest, gifted woman had gathered a girl's school and home. Eager of heart, alert, wise but wary, her noble presence had won its way with the men and women of Japan in quarters that were inaccessible to others. "More work for Jesus," was her watchword; and this is what happened to her. One day, at morning worship, a gang of prisoners filed into the yard, and began cutting the grass in the inclosure. The girls were just singing their sweet hymns, "Jesus, I my cross have taken," and "I'm glad I'm in this army," and the unusual words and tones arrested the prisoners' ears, all unaccustomed to such sounds, in their own language. Cautiously they crept nearer and nearer to the piazza, till the teacher stepped forward, asking them all to enter. Eagerly they climb the steps, and are soon within the walls; a strange sight for a girl's school,—the overseer with his lash and sword, and these sad-faced men with their clanking chains. But the songs ring out again their glad welcome, and the organ peals forth its sweet tones; then the old, old story is read from the Gospel of Mark.

"That is a strange tale. We would like to hear more of it," say they, slowly filing out.

"Come again, come again! you are welcome," responds the bright-eyed woman, with a silent prayer. So, as the men were brought for two or three days into the same vicinity, the scene was repeated with increasing interest.

After a few weeks a request was sent from the prison for a Christian teacher; and this strong, brave woman went forth fearlessly under guard of an officer of law, if not to preach, at least to speak to those souls in prison. Once only, but mark the result. Months after, when some of these men were released and returned to their homes in Koshu, they carried the precious seed dropped into their hearts from the girl's school; and, by and by there came a pleading call for a missionary to be sent, who, responding to the call, found a church, all but in name,—a waiting company of believers hungering to be taught of the Lord.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that!"

Does not "what this woman hath done" deserve to be told as a memorial of her in all lands?—*S. S. Times.*

A YOUNG city fellow, dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes that tapered into a point in a most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chubby feet and then at his visitor's and then looking up, said: "Mister, is all your toes cutted off but one?"

Wesley's Student Life.

AT the age of eleven John Wesley was sent to the Charter-House School, London. And he tells us himself that he here lost his religion and began to lead a sinful life; he however made such progress in his studies that he was qualified to enter Christ Church College, Oxford, when only sixteen. Here he was shocked at the foolish and wicked habits of the young men who were preparing to be clergymen. Instead of attending to their studies they wasted their time and injured their bodies and souls by reckless and immoral living.

Bishop Burnet complained that many of the young men that came to him for ordination seemed never to have read the scriptures, and were unable to give a tolerable account even of the Catechism; "and then they think it hard if they are told that they must know the Scriptures and the body of divinity better before they can be trusted with the care of souls."

John Wesley was naturally serious and steady, and his training, excellent as it had been, was backed up by the pious and affectionate letters from both parents. He did not allow himself to be led into gross sin, nor did he fall into idle habits, but he was not converted; and as the time for his ordination drew nigh, his mother urged him most earnestly to seek religion for himself before he undertook to teach it to others, well knowing that an unconverted parson was never likely to raise a converted church. She greatly dreaded lest her son should be added to the number of unprofitable clergy.

He was elected Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, and removed to that college at once; but in consequence of his father's failing health he went in 1727 to Epworth as his father's curate.

His religious views at this time were very unsatisfactory; he had not realized that doctrine of justification by faith which he was destined to proclaim through the length and breadth of the land. In 1729 he yielded to his own wishes and the request of the authorities of his college, and once more settled at Oxford as a tutor. John Wesley at once joined with his brother Charles and several other young men, who had formed themselves into a society, binding themselves to keep all the rules of the college, and to diligently attend to their studies and to the services of the Church. For this they were nicknamed the "Holy Club" by the other students, and later on they were called "Methodists" because of the orderly and methodical manner of life they adopted.

"Naked, and Ye Clothed Me."

WE HAVE met with a beautiful story, how a Russian soldier one very cold, piercing night kept duty between one sentry-box and another. A poor workman, moved with pity, took off his coat and gave it to the poor soldier to keep him warm, saying that he should soon reach home while the soldier would be exposed out of doors for the night. The cold was so intense that the soldier was found dead in the morning. Some time afterward the poor man was laid upon his death-bed, and in a dream saw Jesus appear unto him. "You have my coat on," said the man. "Yes, it is the coat you loaned me that cold night when I was on duty and you passed by. 'I was naked and you clothed me.'"

Don't Forget to Pray.

"It's hard to have you leave us, John,
They all are gone but you;
We're getting old and feeble, and
Our journey'll soon be through.
But since it is God's pleasure, John,
To guide you on your way,
Accept, my boy, this precious book,
And don't forget to pray.

"This book has been a treasure, John,
To father and to me;
As it has been to millions, and
To millions more will be.
In sickness, pain, and sorrow, John,
'Twill shed a cheering ray;
Then let it be your constant guide,
And don't forget to pray.

"This world is full of wickedness,
Of luring snares and sin;
And thousands madly pressing on,
Are daily falling in.
But if you would escape them, John,
And keep the narrow way,
Oh, make God's Word your counsellor,
And don't forget to pray.

"With yearning hearts we'll pray, dear John,
For your eternal weal,
As round the family altar we
At morn and evening kneel.
In spirit you may join us, John,
Though many miles away,
If in your heart this Word you hide,
And don't forget to pray.

"Good bye! God bless and keep you, John,
Shall be our daily prayer;
And if we meet no more below,
God grant we may up there.
And we have this assurance, John,
To cheer us, that we may,
If we the Bible make our guide,
And don't forget to pray."

—New York Observer.

Fannie's Defeat.

BY MISS CARRIE R. DENNEN.

HONEY out of the slain lion! Victory through defeat! Wisdom out of folly! Strength from weakness! Strange contradiction! Yet it is God's method. So thought Fannie Osgood. She had only a few days before made a public consecration of herself to Christ in the little village church. It was a hearty, whole-souled consecration; with her entire, enthusiastic being she said "Yes" to the confession of her faith and the covenant she made with Christ and his people.

This morning she put on, as she thought, the whole armour, and was ready for the enemy. Her light should shine in the home, and in the school-room. Even the rudest should be made strong by her gentleness. "O, yes, I am ready for the trial!" She even longs to test her strength.

God doesn't wait long for a trial when we feel ourselves ready for the encounter. He soon pricks the bubble of our self-reliance and shows us our folly. We need never pray for trials; they come right along without being invoked.

The morning was cold and chilly. A November fog and loiness were in the air. Fannie was chilled through before she reached the school-room. Once there she found the fire out and the room filled with smoke. Her boys were full of mischief and up to all sorts of pranks. Her trial came sooner than she expected; she lost her patience. The smoke gave her a keen headache; little things irritated her and grated on her unstrung nerves. Cold and smoke, and twenty mischievous, rollicking boys, what wonder her patience gave way! Could you, reader, be amiable and smile under such circumstances! I sometimes wonder whether there are any school-teachers in heaven; if there are, you will find them very

near the throne; for they have plenty of tribulations!

Fannie was glad when the vexatious day was over and she could escape from her tormentors in the shelter of home. She usually put off the school-ma'am when she left the school-room, a thing not always done, but to-night she took it home with her. The first to meet and welcome her were her two little sisters. They came bounding out of the gate and rushed towards her, shouting, "O, Fannie! Fannie! mamma wants you to go down to Mrs. Brown's and get our new cloaks, and mayn't we go with you, say!" Ordinarily this would have been capital sport; for she liked nothing better than to have a good romp with her twin sisters. But to-night an evil spirit was upon her, as on Saul. She thought it had been expelled from her cleansed heart, but alas! he found the door ajar and crept back. Willy dog! How he watches his chance! Whether the gates are ever ajar in heaven or no, the gates of our disposition do get sadly ajar at times. Fannie refused the eager request of her sisters in tones that had none of the gentleness of Christ in them.

She received her message from her mother with a frown, and left the house, slamming the door with an unmistakable emphasis. She was soon in the pleasant room of the village dress-maker and stood sullenly by as she displayed the pretty garments with a just pride. Fannie received them coldly, and started home with the uncomfortable feeling that she had acted very rudely.

Mrs. Brown returned to her work, stung to the quick by Fannie's conduct, and vented her indignation before a room full of girls: "Religion is all a humbug! I don't see as people are any better or more amiable for it; leastwise it has not improved Fannie Osgood."

Supper, usually the most cheerful meal of the day, was spoiled by Fannie's silence and ill-nature. As she sat alone in her room she could hear little Nell sobbing over her harsh words; while sturdy Bell gave vent to her feelings in a most demonstrative way: "Big sisters are no good. I never mean to join the Church any way, if it makes people so awfully cross." She attempted to read, but with little success. She was hardly settled down in her comfortable chair, when her brother called to her, "Say, Fannie, I am going down town in five minutes, and will see you safely to the church door, if you aint too cross to go to meeting." She started from her chair. Was it really meeting evening? Her ill-humor had driven all thought of it from her mind. Should she go! She searched in vain for an excuse. She was too young in the Christian life to manufacture one. She put on her hat and wrap and stood in the hall ready for her brother when he came. It was a silent walk, broken only by Jack's whistling. As they reached the door of the chapel he stopped whistling and said, with a sneer in his tones, "Fannie if you don't come home in a better humor than you are in now, I shall begin to believe, what I have long suspected, that piety is a miserable farce. I have had some faith in you, but I am fast losing it." With a bow he left her.

In a moment all her evil conduct came up before her. Its fatal consequences stared her in the face. She crept to one of the back seats and hid her face in her hands. How earnestly she had prayed for her brother's con-

version! How she had longed to do him good, and persuaded him to lead a Christian life! Now in one day she had lost her influence over him, and undone all she had ever done. What could she do! The meeting was about to close. She had heard nothing. Her meeting was with her God and her conscience. She commenced the day with high resolves, all ready to meet the enemy. At night-fall she was routed, defeated, crushed. She had given a false impression of religion, had betrayed her Saviour, had given aid and comfort to His enemies. She could almost hear their derisive laugh. The sneer of her brother stung her. Defeated! defeated! rung in her ears.

Just as the meeting was about to close, a stranger rose, after a long debate and struggle with himself, and hesitatingly said, "I am a stranger to you all, and ought, perhaps, to apologise for occupying your time. But in reading this morning, I came upon a passage which has been a great comfort to me all through the day. It has been bread and water to my hungry soul, just what, in my circumstances, I needed. A light seemed to stream out upon me from every word and letter. It was a familiar passage, but one whose full meaning and helpfulness I never realized before. It may help and comfort some one before me, as it has me. It was this, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.'

Fannie was roused at the sound of a stranger's voice. How many, many times she had heard those words repeated without ever realizing their meaning. They now meant her. Weak! Yes, she was that one. Denied her Maker! Yes, she was the denier. Jesus seemed to pass before her. His sorrowful eyes looked out of every word and letter of the passage, and rested on her. She wept bitterly. She repented then and there.

She went out of that meeting a wiser and stronger woman. Out of her defeat sprang a real victory. She had fallen, but risen again. She knew herself better, and understood better what it meant to live godly in Christ Jesus. She confessed her faults to those whom she had injured. A new gentleness and sunshine came into her heart and life. She had the joy of hearing her brother say, not long after, "Fannie, your religion is not a farce; I have watched you; you live what you profess; I want your religion." Little Nell never cried again over Fannie's harshness, and even sturdy Bell loved her big, pious sister. Ah! strength comes from weakness, and victory springs all wreathed and blooming from defeat. Religion is a life, and not simply a profession.

Running in Debt.

HORACE GREELEY in treating on this subject, earnestly wrote:

"I dwell on this point, for I would deter others from entering that place of torment. Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would go into business—that is, into debt—to-morrow, if they could. Most poor are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer, whose life is an incessant struggle with peculiar difficulties, who is driven to constant 'shining,' and who, from month to month, barely evades the insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it

has been computed that but one man in twenty of them achieves a pecuniary success. For my own part, I would rather be a convict in the State prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rage, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support of my declining years, the lesson which I should most earnestly seek to impress upon them, is 'never run in debt.' Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it rather than owe a dollar!

Not a Myth.

SOME little time since a woman delivered a lecture in Lancashire, England, against Christianity, in which she declared that the gospel narrative of the life of Christ is a myth. One of the mill bands who listened to her obtained leave to ask a question. "The question," said he, "I want to ask the lady, is this: Thirty years ago I was a curse to this town, and everybody shrank from me that had any respect for himself. I often tried to do better, but could not succeed; the teetotalers got hold of me, but I broke the pledge so often that they said it was no use trying me any longer; then the police got hold of me, and I was taken before the magistrates, and they tried; and next I was sent to prison, and the wardens tried what they could do; and though they all tried, I was nothing better, but rather worse. Now, you say that Christ is a myth. But when I tried, and the teetotalers, the police, the magistrates, and the wardens of the prison all tried in vain, then Christ took hold of me, touched my heart, and made me a new man. And now I am a member of the church, a class-leader, a superintendent of the Sunday-school, and I ask, if Christ is a myth, how comes it to pass that that myth is stronger than all the others put together!" The lady was silent. "Nay, Miss," said he, "say what you will, the gospel is the power of God unto salvation."

"DIME NOVELS' AND PARENTS' RESPONSIBILITIES.—Pernicious stories of the 'dime novel' class continue to do their mischievous work. The latest recorded victim was a New London boy, aged fourteen, who shot himself during a period of mental aberration caused by reading dime novels. Parents who hear of such cases and fear for their own boys, usually wish that some one would kill the writers and publishers of the vile trash that most boys read when they can get it; but such wishes do not mend matters in the least, for there is no one to do the killing. The only antidote to the dime novel is good reading matter that is not provy; there is plenty of it in the market, and fathers who do not see that their boys are well furnished with it have only themselves to blame if the youngsters are compelled to find their own literature for want of a paternal supply."

A German Trust Song.

JUST as God leads me I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray,
So as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and sent—
That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfil,
That I should keep His gracious will,
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil;
That which His love ordained as right,
Before He brought me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide,
In faith, in hope, in suffering true,
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on Him undo!
I hold me firm in patience knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads I onward go;
Oft amid thorns and briars keen;
God does not yet His guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, he leads me still.
—Lampertus, 1825.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	3 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Under 6 copies, 65c.; over 6 copies	0 68
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly	0 68
Quarterly Review Service. By year, 36c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per hundred.	
Home & School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 25
Over 500 copies	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 25
Over 500 copies	0 20
Bearskin Leaves, monthly, 100 copies less than 70	5 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 70 copies	0 15

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

G. W. COATES,
3 Beury Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HUESTIS,
Methodist Book Room
Halifax.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1883.

Japan.

DR. McDONALD writes from Japan: "We are thankful to be able to report an increase of thirty-eight in the membership. While we are thankful for some souls won for Christ, we are not without the feeling that the small increase of thirty-eight is disproportionate to the means employed. It, however, represents the best that we could do. It should, perhaps, be borne in mind that there are results that cannot be tabulated.

"If, at the commencement of Mission work in this country, any one entertained the thought, or the hope that, owing to the readiness on the part of the Japanese to adopt foreign ideas, the people would come in multitudes to Christ, the hope is not likely to be realized for years to come. At the present time, every inch of territory taken from the enemy and annexed to

the kingdom of Christ is the result of a severe struggle. The priests of Buddhism and Shintoism have organized an opposition in which neither effort or money is sparingly used; but, perhaps, next to the carnal mind, which is enmity against God, infidelity, in its various shapes, is likely to prove the greatest obstacle to the spread of Christianity, for it seems that every form of unbelief in the Western world is likely to appear in Japan. The latest is Robert Ingersoll's 'Oration on the God.' This has been translated and published, and will, doubtless, have a wide circulation. While we are in no doubt as to the side to which victory will turn, these things show that the work in Japan has its difficulties, and that the old adversary is not likely to capitulate until compelled."

ENCOURAGE the children to enter the church if they express the least—even the least—disposition to do so. It is very easy, apparently discreet, and certainly very indolently dangerous, to say, "wait awhile." Unfortunately, and often fatally! Satan, meantime, is not equally magnanimous toward your boy or girl. He does not "wait," but will persistently plant his seeds and wield the influences which prosper tremendously while you are waiting for those years of discretion to come to your child. The enemy of souls prefers to strive during the years of indiscretion. Christian parents should never permit such risks. Let the little pilgrim join the church on probation, and fight out the battle on that safe ground. We have no right to leave the little darlings on any supposed neutral ground. There is no neutral ground! The children belong to Christ, and while life lasts, the church is the fold. We believe that tens of thousands of Christian parents transgress in their neglect of this question. A child excluded from your home on a wintry night and crying at your door to be let in out of the storm, has not to us half the pathos there is in the picture of a little one making timid queries about the church, and religion, and Jesus, and being roughly, or even tenderly, told to "wait awhile." Swing wide open, beautiful, divine gates, and let the children enter. Those rough disciples whom Jesus rebuked were more nearly right than you, dear parent, when you check even the prattle of the youngster upon whose heart the Spirit is moving.—*N. W. Advocate.*

The International Sunday-School Lessons.

The subjects for the International Sabbath-school Lessons have been chosen for 1884. For the first six months the lessons will be in the Acts and in the Epistles. Three months will then be spent with "David and the Psalms." The last three months will be spent with "Solomon and the Books of Wisdom," the selections being from Kings, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes.

Dignity of the Sunday-School Teacher.

It seems to me that every Sunday-school teacher has a right to put "Reverend" before his name as I have, or if not, if he discharges his trust, he certainly is a "Right Honourable." He teaches his congregation and preaches to his class. I may preach to more,

and he to less; but still he is doing the same work, though in a smaller sphere. I am sure I can sympathize with Mr. Carey, when he said of his son, Felix, who left the missionary work to become an ambassador, "Felix has driven into an ambassador," meaning to say, that he was once a great person as a missionary, but that he had afterward accepted a comparatively insignificant office—*Spurgeon.*

The Book and Its Story. By L. S. R. Author of "The Missing Link." Cr. 8vo, pp. 463. Robert Carter and Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Fresh Leaves from The Book and Its Story. Same author and publishers. Pp. 500. Price \$1.50.

These are two books which we would like to place in the hands of every Sunday-school teacher—of every Bible student. They would greatly help to the appreciation of the most wonderful book in the world. The first narrates the story of the Bible from the dawn of revelation to the completion of the Sacred Canon. Then follows an account of the various versions and translations of the Scriptures, especially of those into the English tongue—a most interesting and instructive narrative. A full account of the mechanical art of printing the English Bible is then given, and a record of the marvellous progress and present operations of the British and Foreign Bible Society completes the volume.

The second volume directs attention to the story of the Divine Book as contained in itself, and discusses the times and circumstances in which it was written, and shows how "the separate books are, as it were, built into one another, each successively needful to the understanding of those which come after it." The reader is thus enabled to survey the field of Bible story as a whole, and to comprehend the relations of part to part. We don't know any book in which, in the same space, this is so well done. Both volumes are copiously illustrated, which adds greatly to their interest and intelligibility. They should be in every Sunday-school library.

Nature's Studies. By Grant Allen, Andrew Wilson, Thomas Foster, Edward Clodd, and Richard A. Proctor. Edited by Richard A. Proctor. Pp. 252. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cents.

It would be difficult to group together five other naturalists, and scholars in scientific fields, of equal ability with the gentlemen who have furnished the articles composing this volume. Some of them have for several years stood in the very front as modern scientists. We have been wont to consider the study of natural subjects as hard and dry; whoever reads this book will think so no more. Many of the articles are as interesting and exciting as a story of human life. The first thing which the reader will experience will be a feeling of surprise that so little has been known to the world heretofore on subjects replete with facts profoundly interesting and useful. These facts are brought out, and laid before the world in a charming style and in purest English. We by no means, however, endorse all the explanations of the phenomena in nature in the theory of evolution.

India, What Can It Teach Us? By Max Müller. Pp. 282. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cents.

The subject of this book was first discussed in a series of lectures which the author was invited to deliver before the students of the University of Cambridge, England, by the Authorities of that venerable seat of learning. The American edition has been greatly improved by Prof. Alexander Wilder, who has written an able introduction and introduced some notes for readers on this side of the Atlantic. The book will be found to contain a world of information, teaching new and most invaluable facts and lessons. Few readers will receive all Max Müller's teaching. Every intelligent reader, conversant with English literature, will know this from his other writings.

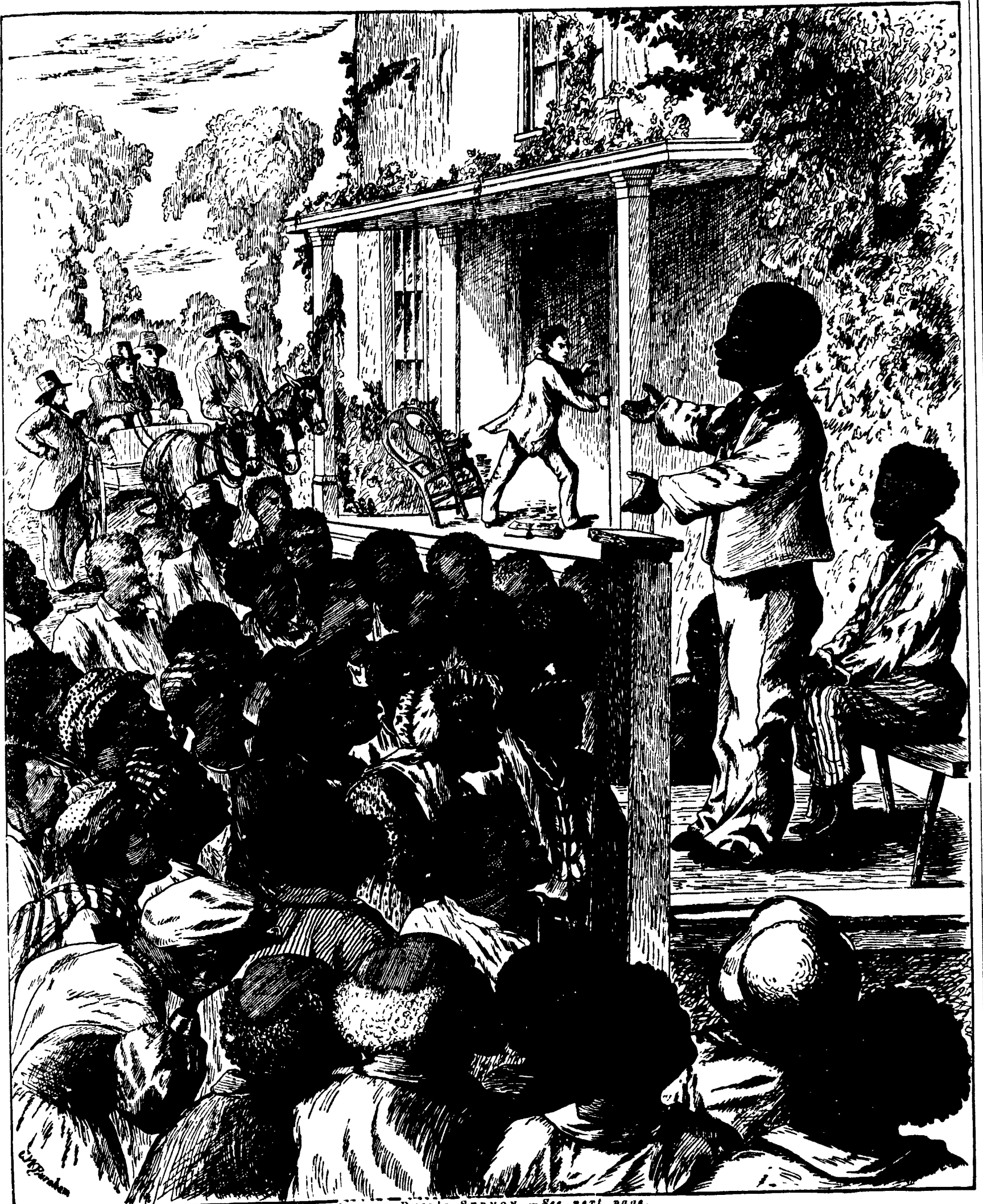
The Rev. William Briggs, Toronto, is the General Agent for the Dominion of Canada for all Funk & Wagnalls' Publications.

A Hand-Book of India and British Burmah. By W. E. ROBBENS, Missionary. Pp. 285, illustrated. Cincinnati: Weldon & Stowe. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

Every school-boy should know the wonderful story of the conquest of India, with its teeming millions, by a merchant's clerk with a handful of troops. Yet we venture to say that the Punic Wars or the conquest of Mexico are generally better known. This book brings within reach, in a condensed form, the story of India—its physical character and productions; its people—their manners and customs and religions; British conquest and progress; and, above all, the story of its evangelization, and of Woman's work in the mission-field. We wish this book were in every Sunday-school. It would increase acquaintance and deepen sympathy with England's greatest dependency. Is it not something to kindle our missionary zeal to know that 200,000,000 of our fellow-subjects of Queen Victoria are either pagans or Mohammedans?

The Missionary Outlook sees a bright prospect for the future. In reporting revivals, it remarks: "As one result of Methodist Union, we expect the mightiest revival of God's work this land has ever known. The consolidation of forces will necessitate a grand onward movement; the quenching of rivalries will beget a kindlier spirit; hope and expectation will stimulate to prayer and effort, and prayer and effort will bring the blessing. This has occurred already and will occur again on a wider scale. One of the most blessed revivals of the year has been at St. Thomas, where a Union Service of the different Methodist Churches has resulted in the conversion of over 150 souls. Let all who love Christ and Methodist look and pray and labour for a glorious revival to consummate Methodist Union." And let all the people say Amen.

The Continent. With its 128 broad quarto pages, handsomely adorned with 62 rich illustrations, the monthly part of *The Continent* weekly magazine makes a strong bid for popular favour. Altogether, it may fairly be said on the strength of this number that *The Continent* improves with age, and with the earnest of the past and present for the excellence of the future, we wish it long life and prosperity.



LITTLE PHIL'S SERMON.—See next page.

In Answer.

MADAM, we miss the train at B—
 "But can't you make it, sir!" she gasped.
 "Impossible; it leaves at three.
 And we are due a quarter past."
 "Is there no way? O, tell me, then,
 Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
 "And are there none among the men
 Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—
 I think this fellow over here,
 Oiling the engine, claims to be."
 She threw upon the engineer
 A fair face, white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
 "Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,
 All the long way, that God will stay,
 That God will hold the train at B—!"
 "I will do no good, it leaves at three."
 And—"Yes, but God can hold the train;
 My dying child is calling me.
 And I must see her face again.
 O, won't you pray?" "I will," a nod
 Emphatic, as he takes his place.
 When Christians grasp the arm of God
 They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train
 On time, swept on past wood and lea;
 The engineer, with cheeks aflame,
 Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at B—."
 Then flung the throttle wide, and like
 Some giant monster of the plain,
 With panting sides and mighty strides,
 Past hill and valley swept the train.

A half, a minute, two are gained;
 Along those burnished lines of steel
 His glance leap, each nerve is strained,
 And still he prays with fervent zeal.
 Heart, hand, and brain, with one accord,
 Work while his prayer ascends to Heaven,
 "Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
 And I'll make up the other seven."

With rush and roar through meadow lands,
 Past cottage homes and green hill-sides,
 The panting thing obeys his hand,
 And speeds along with giant strides.
 They say an accident delayed
 The train a little while; but He
 Who listened while his children prayed,
 In answer, held the train at B—.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Little Phil's Sermon.

WHEN teaching in Memphis, Tenn., I went to see some of our poorest poor in the barracks. There was old Philip, ninety-seven years old, sick and destitute, yet full of confidence in God. The old man suffered greatly, and had no comfortable bed to sleep on, and very little care. He seemed very patient, however, and it would have done you good to hear him talk. He said:

"Way down in Mississippi I found God when I was a boy of ten years. I never heard preachin', and knowed nothin' 'bout Jesus, but I was out in the woods a toten' wood for bakin', an' I heard a moanin' in the trees, an' it made me feel strange like; an' when I toted the wood in, I axed the woman the meanin'. She tole me, 'It's de Lord callin' ye. I wish 't was me. You must pray to God.' But I'd no one to tell me 'bout it, till the good ole blind man, Massa Jenkins, came from South Carolina a preachin' 'bout Jesus. Oh, how I loved him! He's been dead a great while, but I shall know him when I see him in heaven."

"Massa Jenkins done went away, but I kep' prayin' an' prayin' till I got so happy I didn't know myself, an' I dropped a whole armful of plates I was carryin' to the dinin' room, an' broke, I don't know how many; but I didn't stop for that, but cried: 'Bless Massa Jesus! glory, glory, hallelujah!' and all the people came runnin' to see what the matter of Philip."

"The next night July got religion while I was prayin' for him, and then we'd pray every night in the cabin, an' the ole folks gathered round us, an' Massa Malohi Murphy was awful

angry. He swore he would not have any prayin' on his plantation, and he used to whip me to take the 'ligion out o' me; sometimes he'd scold, and sometimes he'd make fun o' me, callin' me 'the preacher;' but it did not put me down. He tole me he'd build a pulpit in the yard, an' he'd give out the notice that little Phil was to be the big preacher, an' I'd got to preach. I knew he'd make me do it.

"I tole July we'd try an' get some Christian man to go in that pulpit and preach, if we could find one. We stole out at night on adjoining plantations, but could get no one; an' sure enough, there came a great crowd of people that filled all that great yard, an' there stood a great high pulpit, an' when the hour come, Massa Malohi sat in his big chair in the door, with his big Bible open, an' called me out like a little prisoner, tremblin' like a leaf, an' the sweat poured off me as I walked up step after step on that high pulpit.

"I got July to go an' sit with me; he was my age; but, oh! how I prayed God to be with me. I didn't know what to say. I could not think of anything but to pray God to help me.

"I thought I could sing—it 'peared like the Spirit of God came upon me, an' I grew strong after I got into the pulpit, an' it 'peared like I felt every word I sung, an' tears drippin' down my face. The people began to cry, an' before I got the hymn half sung through, a good many men an' women were on their knees cryin' for mercy.

"Massa Malohi got frightened, an' threw down his Bible, shut the door, an' jumped into bed an' lay between two feather beds all the balance of the day.

"I tell you the blessed Lord came an' preached for poor little Phil that day, for by the next mornin', thirty had experienced 'ligion, an' from that day I went on preachin' sure enough.

"God gave me holdin' out faith that lasted all my life to this day. A church of two hundred and thirty members was built up from those who, up to that day, had been wicked an' swearin' like Massa Malohi.

"I've begged an' prayed the Lord to take me out of misery; but He knows best. I knows in whom I've believed. Don't ever be afeared of ole Philip. I've toiled hard for my massa, but dey never comes nigh me now. The Lord never forsakes me. Sometimes He sends me a bit to eat, an' I've trustin' Him."

On the banks of a bayou, among inhabitants so vile that respectable persons scarcely venture there, lived poor Philip. Costly mansions looked down on the desolate barrack, and the white walls of St. Lazarus' College rise just beyond where this poor Lazarus waited for the promised inheritance, a joyful smile lighting up his countenance, furrowed with age and suffering, as he spoke of the "heavenly mansion" waiting for him in the "Father's House."—*Mary Hastings.*

There are some questions which are constantly reappearing in the Sunday-school field. No matter how many times we answer them, they will be propounded again, by a new correspondent, as if they had never been replied to. One of these questions is, Can a woman superintend a Sunday-school? Here it comes again; this time from an Ohio subscriber, who asks:

According to Paul, is it scriptural for a woman to superintend a Sunday-school? Please answer through your Notes on Open Letters. We don't remember that Paul said anything about Sunday-schools. But Paul lived for some time in the house of Philip the evangelist, who had four daughters who were in the habit of prophesying; and Paul doesn't seem to have made any complaint of their performances. If there had been any Sunday-schools in Casarea in that day, those daughters of Philip would have been very likely to have a hand in them. As to a woman's superintending a Sunday-school, the old-time standard is as good as any: "Ought a woman to superintend a Sunday-school?" "By all means, if she is the best man available for the place." That is the way we look at it. And we think that Paul would agree with us on this point.—*Sunday-School Times.*

Diamonds Worth Having.

A PRETTY story is told about the Princess Eugenie, sister of the king of Sweden. She recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she is interested. When visiting the hospital, after its completion, a suffering inmate wept tears of gratitude as she stood by his side, and the princess exclaimed; "Ah, now I see my diamonds again!"

Were not those diamonds worth having? They didn't flash in the eyes of pleasure-loving men and women, but they must have sparkled with wonderful light as the Lord of Light looked down upon them!

The Meaning of the Text.

THE obvious meaning of a passage of Scripture, when taken in connection with its context, is usually the true meaning. Critical helps are not to be despised, but, as a rule, the plain meaning of the words as they stand in our English Bible is the true meaning, and the Sunday-school teacher will do well to first make a careful study of the text, without note or comment. Seek help only when it is necessary. When the meaning of the text has been gathered with satisfactory clearness and fulness, then study the best way of presenting it to the class. Here helps may be used, especially illustrations which may serve to simplify and enforce the teaching of the lesson. A lesson thus prepared will be fresh and full of life to teacher and pupil.—*S. S. Magazines.*

Union and Denominational.

THE importance of teaching the peculiar doctrines of our Church in our Sunday-schools is being more and more appreciated by our preachers and people. In most cases the union idea is found to work to our injury, and, so far as we can see, nobody is specially benefited by it. The "undenominational argument is about worn out," and we are glad of it. It never was sound, and has become a "hobby" with some persons, and a business scheme with others. Take the denominations out of the country, and there will be precious little Christianity left in it. "Union schools" are great conveniences to certain weak folk who want a base upon which to operate. This is about their only use. We trust our next General Conference will give emphasis to doctrinal teaching in our Sunday-

schools. We are well supplied with excellent catechisms and question-books, which ought to be in all our schools. These, with the current Bible lessons, furnish a complete outfit. We hope the day for "cheap alien literature" is past. Our Church is certainly able to take care of its own children, and it is bound to do so. If the parents at home, the pastors of our congregations, and teachers in our Sunday-schools, do their duty, the children of the Southern Methodist Church will be as well taught as any in the land.—*Sunday-School Magazine.*

Increase of Value.

A BAR of iron worth five dollars, worked into horseshoes, is worth ten dollars and fifty cents; made into needles, is worth three hundred and fifty-five dollars; made into penknife blades, is worth three thousand two hundred and eighty-five dollars; made into balance-springs of watches, is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to reach all that! but hammered and beaten and pounded and rolled and polished, how was its value increased! It might well have quivered and complained under the hard knocks it got; but they were all necessary to draw out its fine qualities, and fit it for higher offices. So, children, all the drilling and training which you are subject to in youth, and which often seem so hard to you, serve to bring out your nobler and finer qualities, and fit you for more responsible posts and greater usefulness in the world.

Brutus and His Sons.

How astonishing was the rigid justice of Brutus the Elder, who, in spite of all the passions of a father, passed sentence of death upon his own sons, for conspiring against the liberty of their country! While the amiable youths stood trembling and weeping before him, and hoping their tears would be the most powerful defense for the moderation of the punishment, and that they might escape with banishment; while the senate whisper for the moderation of the punishment, and that they might escape with banishment; while his fellow-consul is silent; while the multitude trembles, and expect the decision with horror—the inexorable Brutus rises, in all the stern majesty of justice, and turning to the lictors, who were the executioners, says to them, "To you, lictors, I deliver them." In this sentence he persisted inexorable, notwithstanding the weeping intercession of the multitude, and the cries of the young men, calling upon their father by the most endearing names. The lictors seized them, stripped them naked, bound their hands behind them, beat them with rods, and then struck off their heads; the inexorable Brutus looking on the bloody spectacle with unaltered countenance. Thus the father was lost in the judge; the love of justice overcame all the fondness of the parent; private interest was swallowed up in regard for the public good, and the honour and security of government. This, perhaps, is the most striking resemblance of the justice of Deity that can be found in the history of mankind. But how far short does it fall! How trifling were the sufferings of these youths compared with those of the Son of God! They, too, were criminals—He was holy, and free from sin. How insignificant the law and government for which they suffered to that of the Divine!

"She Hath Done What She Could."

WHAT we could! O Lord, we know not
All the things that we could do;
But to Thee our hearts are open,
Thou alone can'st read them true.

Strength and weakness blend together!
Evil good, work side by side!
All confusion, nought completed,
Attempted, thrown aside!

Strong in yearning to be holy!
Weak in purpose and in will!
Strong, when treading paths of pleasure!
Weak, when choosing good from ill!

If we have one talent only,
Help us, Lord! that it may be
Growing hour by hour more lovely,
Gilt all fair to yield to Thee.

Let Thy spirit breathe its beauty
On each word, and deed; we would
Hear as we lay them before Thee,
"She hath done all that she could!"

Jenny Fisher's School in a Coal Yard.

BY MRS. ANNIE A PRESTON.

"Let him know, that he which converteth
the sinner from the error of his way shall save
a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude
of sins."

JENNY FISHER repeated these words
over to herself as she sat upon a high
accountant's stool before the great
black walnut desk in her father's coal
office one April morning nearly nine
years ago. On looking over his accounts
the first of that month, Mr. Fisher
found himself rather cramped in money
matters, owing to the failure of two of
his heaviest customers who were largely
in his debt, and bright, amiable, intel-
ligent Jenny, having just graduated
from the grammar school, had volun-
teered to take the position of book-
keeper and cashier of his office.

Jenny was also a Christian girl,
and she was not only anxious to do
something for herself and for her parents
but she was desirous of doing some
humble work for her divine Master.
She had heard a sermon the evening
before from the words she was repeating,
and as she looked from the large office
windows out into the coal-yard and
upon the old black wharf near it, she
wondered how many of the men there
employed were Christians.

"I wonder if I can do anything for
them," she thought. "I might ask
each one as he comes to me here at my
desk on Saturday night for his pay if
he is a Christian. Or I might ask him
where he goes to church, and if he
says 'not anywhere,' I can invite him
to come to our church." She now
smiled to herself, however, over the
idea that any of these men about the
docks would come to the elegant,
"aristocratic" up-town church.

"No, that won't do," she went on
musing. "I must think of something
more practical, more befitting me.
Father said I would have a good deal
of spare time down here, and that I
must bring a book or some fancy work
so as not to get lonely. But I have
not much liking for fancy work, and as
for light reading, I have no special
taste for that—Oh, there are some
children in the yard! I wonder how
many of them know anything about
God, Jesus Christ, and sweet and holy
living in Him. If they do not," she
then queried, "and know nothing of
the nature of sin, can they be called
sinners?"

Just then her wonderings and her
speculation were disturbed by the
opening of the heavy office door. A
wee little smutty-faced girl, covered
with rags, with a basket in her bare,

red hand, shrank back at the unwonted
sight of a young woman at the cashier's
desk, and then piped up timidly, "Please,
miss, may I pick up a scatterin' bit o'
coal by the gate way?"

"Come here," said Jenny kindly.
"Come near the stove and warm your
fingers. Where do you live, child?"

"In Cat alley, up four flights, miss,
an' the winders is broke, an' the snow
blows in, an' granny is lame, and the
coal is jist gone, an' please, may I pick
up the bit o' coal?" replied the child,
growing courageous as she grew warm.

"Do you love God?" asked Miss
Jenny, speaking almost as timidly as
the child had.

"Don't know Him's I knows on,
'cept it's the boss in the coal-yard."

"Do you go to school?"

"No, miss, none of us young 'uns
down on this wharf goes to school;
we hain't got no clothes."

"You may pick up the coal," said
Miss Jenny, "and to-morrow morning
you may come in here with some of the
children you told me about, and I will
see what can be done about your going
to school."

It was a hasty speech, Jenny thought,
and as the door closed behind the child
she wondered what her father would
say were he to come into the office
the next morning with a gentleman
from the mines in Pennsylvania with
whom he was negotiating for a cargo of
coal, and find a group of dirty children
huddled about the office stove. "He
said I should have a good deal of time
to do as I pleased with," argued Jenny,
"and these poor children need instruc-
tion so much! If I do what I can for
them I shall only be 'doing what work
lies nearest my hand.' That was what
I told papa, when I offered myself as
his book-keeper, and here I am, so
quick, in still another new field of
duty."

This sort of thinking was kept up all
day in the intervals of book-keeping,
bill-filing and letter writing, and this
was the result: The next morning
when Miss Jenny went down town in
the horse cars, in her close-fitting, red-
brown coat and plain felt hat, she
carried a basket in which were a dozen
clean, new primers, with large letters
and pretty pictures, and two dozen
generous, well buttered ham sand-
wiches. "If only a few of the children
come in they will be glad of the sand-
wiches to take home," she said.

What was her surprise on reaching
the office to find her visitor of the day
before, sitting on the steps with a flock
of birds of the same feather perched on
the railings at her side, to whom she
was chattering.

"There she is!" she cried, as Jenny
Fisher came towards the door, "and I
telled ye so—the prettiest, neatest
little lady ever ye seed on this wharf,
an' it's our goin' to school she's to see
about."

Jenny felt quite embarrassed at first
among such an eager crowd of admirers,
but she invited her guests into the
warm office, stationed them at a com-
fortable distance from the big glowing
stove, showed them the books, and told
them if they came with clean hands
and faces the next morning they could
have them as their own and begin to
learn to read. She then talked to them
about God, who made them and loved
them and wanted them to be good,
about Jesus Christ, who gave His life
for them; and handing them the nice,
large sandwiches, sent them away.

You may be sure those children all

came with clean hands and faces the
next morning. Their progress, mental,
moral, and religious, was really won-
derful. As the days grew warm and
pleasant, Jenny taught them out of
doors, seated upon two white pine
benches that had been placed on a clean
grassy plot by the side of the coal office,
where they could look down the river
and far out upon the ocean and see the
ships on their outward voyage or sail-
ing proudly into the deep capacious
harbour.

Soon she interested her young friends
in her church who were eager to do
something for the Master, but did not
know how to begin, in her sweet love of
work for His sake. All the summer
there were divine services and a Sunday-
school held every week upon the wharf,
and when winter came there was a room
provided for them. Men and women as
well as children came to these meetings.
There were a good many conversions,
and the work grew until a mission church
was organized, and a neat chapel erected
in that part of the city.

For almost nine years this young
lady, whom I have named Jenny Fisher,
has kept up this noble work which was
begun as I have narrated, and the
blessed results will be beyond earthly
estimate.

This is a true story, and was recently
told me by a lady friend whose daugh-
ters help her in her work. May not
some young reader be inspired to go
and do likewise!

The Toper's Lament.

JOHN ALCOHOL, my Joe John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd money in my pocket, John,
Which now I know there ain't;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark me how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my Joe,
John Alcohol, my Joe John,
John Alcohol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,
We've been too long together;
So you must take one road, John,
And I will take the other.
For we'll come tumbling down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will have the bill to foot,
John Alcohol, my Joe,
John Alcohol, my Joe John,
John Alcohol, my Joe.

BROOKLYN, New York, gives up half
a day in each year to its children, who
in the last week of May keep their
Sunday-school anniversary. "The traf-
fic of the great community is either
suspended or driven off the thorough-
fares, the police force is detailed to
keep the streets clear, citizens decorate
their houses, throw out their flags, and
crowd the windows and stoops, while
50,000 children are on parade. There
were this year in all 126 schools, with
a total of 52,500 teachers and scholars.
Services were held prior to the parade
in the various churches of the city, and
the schools afterward returned to their
rooms for refreshments. If nothing
else, the annual parade of the Brooklyn
Sunday-schools is a great object lesson,
emphasizing the importance of the
Sunday-school and the influential part
which it plays in the social and religious
life of that city."

The diamonds worn by New York
bar-tenders are said to be worth \$350-
000. The Philadelphia News remarks
that the carbuncles worn on the noses
of New York bar patrons probably
cost about \$5,000,000.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

51.—Tester, teste, test.

52.—Trout, rout, out.

53.—Money.

54.—"Love thy neighbour as thy-
self."**NEW PUZZLES.**

55.—CHARADES.

A place of public sale; a personal
promise; clear profit. A strict disciplinarian.

56.—CURTAILMENTS.

Curtail a state, and leave a territory;
again, and leave a country.

Curtail to stain, and leave an apart-
ment in a Chinese temple; again, and
leave a metal.

57.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; an article; a country
of South America; a tree; a letter.

A letter; a prefix; a Judge of Israel;
the mother of Josiah; a King of Judah;
a son of Aaron; a letter.

58.—SQUARE WORD.

A cover for the head; a kind of
monkey; an instrument used for writ-
ing.

Varieties.

WE hear a good deal about the
"rage for speculation;" but the rage
generally comes after the speculation.

THERE is no power on earth that
can make a good citizen of a man who
does not work.

PUT a man into a factory as ignorant
how to prepare fabrics as some teachers
are to watch the growing of juvenile
minds, and what havoc would be made
of the raw material!—*Horace Mann.*

Two or three years ago some writers
were tracing the origin of the idea used
by Mr. Calhoun in the words, "masterly
inactivity," ascribing it to Sir James
Mackintosh and Edmund Burke. Per-
haps it found expression in the seventh
verse of the thirtieth chapter of Isaiah:
"For the Egyptians shall help in vain,
and to no purpose; therefore have I
cried concerning this, *their strength is
to sit still.*"

A PROFESSOR who got very angry at
the interruption of a working-man
while he was explaining the operation
of a machine in a factory, strolled away
in a huff, and asked another man:
"Who is that fellow that pretends to
know more than I do about that in-
strument?" "Oh, he is the man that
invented it," was the answer.

A DEAR old friend of mine used to
say, with the truest Christian charity,
when he heard any one being loudly con-
demned for some fault: "Ah! well, yes,
it seems very bad to me, because that's
not my way of sinning."—*Author of
"Old Jolliffe."*

Down in Salem, New Jersey, a case
was brought up in court, in which an
old boat was the property in dispute.
"Well, you see," said one of the wit-
nesses, "I owned one-third of the boat,
and Bill Monk owned one-third. So
we—" "but who owned the other one-
third?" asked the plaintiff's attorney.
"Heh!" queried the witness. "Who
owned the remaining one-third?" re-
peated the lawyer. "Oh!" exclaimed
the witness: "Nobody. There wasn't
only about two-thirds of a boat."

Well Done!

Not what you say,
Or wish, or hope,
While through the darkness
Here you grope;
But what you do—
And what you are
In heart, and thought,
And character—
This only makes you great;
And this,
If clothed in Jesus' righteousness,
Will open Heaven's gate.

Sell all, and buy
This precious gem,
And wear it as
A diadem.
A heart that's clean,
A mind that's pure
Will prompt to deeds
Which shall endure.
So God will own you as his son,
And say
To you, when ends life's little day:
"Well done!" my child, "Well done!"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1426.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 12.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOSHUA.

Josh. 24: 14-29. Commit to memory vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve.—
Josh. 24: 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

There is every reason why we should choose
to love and serve God.TIME.—B.C. 1426. Eighteen years after
the last lesson.PLACE.—Shechem, between Mt. Ebal and
Gerizim.Joshua was nearly 110 years old, living at
Timnath-herah, not far from Shechem. Here
he lived 18 years after the conquest.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—(1.) Forty-eight
cities were given to the Levites. (2.) The
two and a half tribes return to the other side
of Jordan. (3.) Eighteen years of peace and
prosperity. (4.) Toward the close of his life
Joshua delivers a solemn address to the
leaders. (5.) Finally he assembles the whole
people by their representatives, and renews
their covenant with God. To-day's lesson is
a part of this transaction.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—14. *Fear the
Lord*—With reverential, not cowardly, fear.
Other side of the flood, i.e.—The Euphrates,
whence came Abraham. 17. *For the Lord*,
etc.—Here are given the reasons for serving
the Lord: 1. Gratitude to him as the author
of their nation; 2. His great power above all
gods; 3. His preserving care; 4. His giving
them possession of Canaan; 5. His hatred of
sin. 19. *A jealous God*—The people were
regarded as married to God, and he would
allow no unfaithfulness, and brook no rival.
He will not forgive—Not referring to those
who repent, but to the fact, that if they
sinned, they must suffer, and this infallibly.
22. *Ye are witnesses*—By acknowledging openly
your duty. Our professions, our conscience,
our dealings with others, our principles of
daily life will be witnesses against us if we
sin against God. 25. *Set them a statute*—Made
this covenant a part of their national law.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The
intervening history.—Choosing whom we will
serve.—Reasons why the Israelites should
choose to serve God.—Reasons why we should
serve God.—A jealous God.—Witnesses
against ourselves.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of
the last lesson? How many years intervene
between that lesson and this? Give some of
the events which occurred during these years?
How old was Joshua at this time? Where
was his home?

SUBJECT: PROMISING TO SERVE GOD.

1. THE CHOICE (vs. 14, 15).—What great
meeting did Joshua assemble? (v. 1.) At
what place? What special stress in this
place? Of what did he next remind the peo-
ple? (vs. 2-18.) In view of this history what
did he exhort them to do? What is it to
fear the Lord? What is it to serve God in
sincerity and truth? Between what things

would he have them choose? Have we a
like choice? Between what? Can we help
making a choice? How did Joshua enforce
his advice?

2. THE REASONS FOR CHOOSING THE SER-
VICE OF GOD (vs. 18-20).—What did the
people reply to Joshua's exhortation? How
many reasons are given for this resolve? How
would gratitude lead them to serve God? What
reason would be found in God's great power in
overcoming those who trusted in other gods?
What in God's preserving care? What in his
giving them possession of Canaan? What in
God's character as a sin-hating God? What
is meant by God's being jealous? What by
not forgiving their transgressions? Do all
these reasons hold why we should serve God?

3. THE PROMISE MADE (vs. 21-28).—What
promise did the Israelites make? How many
times did they repeat it? How were they
witnesses against themselves? Will all sin-
ners be witnesses against themselves? How
did Joshua confirm this covenant? What
two memorials did he make of it? (vs. 26, 27.)

4. THE LAST DAYS OF JOSHUA (vs. 29).—
How old was Joshua when he died? Give a
brief account of his history. What were the
chief traits in his character? What lessons
can you learn from his life? How does his
life show the wisdom of covenanting to serve
God?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of
wisdom.2. True religion is of necessity a matter of
free choice.3. But every reason is in favour of serving
God.4. We should cast our personal influence
and example on the side of God.

5. We should choose to-day.

6. God's goodness, care, power, providence,
and holiness are all arguments why we should
serve him.7. Every sinner will be a witness against
himself.REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School
in Concert.)

11. What did Joshua do just before he
died? *Ans.* He assembled the people at
Shechem. 12. What did he exhort them to
do? *Ans.* To choose whom they would
serve. 13. What did the people promise to
do? *Ans.* To serve the Lord. 14. For what
reasons? *Ans.* Because of his goodness and
care and power and holiness.

B.C. 1426.] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 19.

ISRAEL FORSAKING GOD.

Judges 2: 6-16. Commit to memory vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they forsook the Lord God of their
fathers.—Judges 2: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Forsaking God is the way to ruin.

TIME.—Joshua died about B.C. 1426. The
rest of the lesson is a general description of
the whole period of the Judges.PLACE.—Joshua died at Timnath-Herah
(or Serah), a few miles south of Shechem.

THE BOOK OF JUDGES.—(1) So named be-
cause it is a record of the doings of the
Judges. (2) Its author was probably Samuel.
At least it was written under his supervision.
(3) It was written probably during the reign
of Saul, or first seven years of David's reign,
B.C. 1075-1048. (4) It extends over about
332 years, B.C. 1426-1094.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—This lesson is a picture
giving a bird's-eye view of the whole period
of the Judges for 330 years, the details of
which are given in the rest of the book.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—6. *Joshua
let the people go*: from the great assembly at
Shechem (see last lesson). 9. *Timnath-Herah*:
called also *Serah*. Here means "the sun."
See place. *Mount*: Mountainous region.
Joshua was (1) a man of faith; (2) courageous;
(3) disinterested; (4) faithful to every trust;
(5) a great statesman; (6) a great warrior;
(7) with all the qualities of skill, wisdom,
foresight, prudence, power to plan and to
control, which belongs to great statesmen
and generals. 11. *Baalim*: the plural of
Baal, i.e., lord or master. Baal was the God
of the sun. The plural form is used either
from the number of his images, or, more
probably, from his different offices, as Baal-
Zebub, protector from flies; Baal-Beer, etc.
12. *Anger*: indignation at their sin and folly,

and the disposition to punish. 13. *Asherah*
plural of *Ashtoreth*, the female divinity cor-
responding to Baal. The goddess of the moon.
Both Baal and Ashtoreth were worshipped
with vile and licentious rites. 15. *As the
Lord had said*. Lev. 26: 15-17. Deut. 28:
25. 16. *Judges*, leaders raised up in an
emergency, who, thus brought into promi-
nence, continued to exercise influence and
authority. There were 15 judges.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—History
of Joshua.—Character of Joshua.—Baal and
Ashtoreth.—God's anger.—The results of sin
to Israel.—Why sin was so punished.—For-
giveness.—Judges.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was the author of
the Book of Judges? When was it written?
Over how much time does its history extend?
What is the general character of to-day's
lesson?

SUBJECT: FORSAKING GOD.

1. THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS (vs. 6-10).—
Where had the people been assembled? For
what purpose? What is the need of such re-
peated admonitions? How long did the
people continue to serve God? What reason
is given for this? Give some account of
Joshua. What had his father's God done for
him? What was his character? What lessons
can we learn from his life and character?
Where was he buried?

2. FORSAKING GOD (vs. 11-13).—Why
should what God has done for our fathers
prevent us from forsaking him? Whom did
the Israelites serve instead of God? Give
some account of Baal and Ashtoreth?
What could induce the Israelites to leave
Jehovah and worship such gods? Do people
do such things in these days? Why is the
fact mentioned that God brought them out of
Egypt?

3. THE RESULTS OF FORSAKING GOD (vs.
14, 15).—What is meant by the anger of the
Lord? How were the Israelites punished?
Was the punishment a natural effect of their
sin? How could destruction from their enemies
be said to be from God? Where had these
results of sin been foretold? (Lev. 26: 15-17.
Deut. 28: 15-25.) What is it to forsake God?
What evil results follow to those who now
forsake God? Does the punishment come
through natural causes?

6. HOPE FOR THE PENITENT (v. 16).—Did
the Lord leave the Israelites in their distress?
When did he interfere to help them?
(Psalms 107: 6.) Who were the judges?
How many are named? How long were the
Israelites under the judges? Does God ever
give up sinners now? (Ezek. 18: 32.) What
does he do to save us? Can we be saved from
our distresses unless we leave our sins?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. A good man's influence lives after he is
dead.2. It is as foolish to forsake God, and serve
the world, or money, or pleasure, as it was
for the Israelites to serve Baal.3. The temporary pleasure of sin leads to
lasting sorrow and ruin.4. To forsake God is to walk in the way of
destruction.5. God's providence and nature are against
the sinner.6. God is ever ready to help those who
repent.REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School
in Concert.)

15. How old was Joshua when he died?
Ans. An hundred and ten years. 16. What
did the Israelites do after his death? *Ans.*
They forsook God and served idols. 17.
What was the result? *Ans.* They were severely
punished. 18. In what way? *Ans.* They
were destroyed and taken captive by their
enemies. 19. When did they find help?
Ans. When they repented and returned to
God.

A GOOD teacher needs to know three
things:—his Saviour; his lesson; his
scholars. Lacking knowledge of either,
he is not likely to have success in his
work. He must know whom he has
believed—in whose name and strength
he stands as a teacher. He must be fully
persuaded in his own mind as to what
the Holy Spirit teaches in the Bible les-
son of the day. He must understand the
personal peculiarities and wants of
those to whom he ministers. Such
knowledge can come only by study and
prayer, in faith. "Who is sufficient
for these things?"

Sunday School Library

—) AND (—

REWARD BOOKS.

Books at 25 Cents Each.

Demy 18mo, cloth, gilt, with coloured
frontispiece.

Philip Wright; or, The English Oak. By
James K. Neal.
The Little Cousins and Felix Graham.
Home Pleasures and Home Failings. By
Mrs. S. A. Windle.
Naughty Nix; or, The Vain Kitten.
Hymns in Prose for Children. By Mrs.
Barbauld.
Example Better than Precept.
Sabbath Talks About Jesus.
Ada Brenton; or, Plans for Life.
The Crofton Cousins. By Emma Marshall.
Divine and Moral Songs. By the Rev. Isaac
Watts, D.D.
Lucy and Arthur and Willie Merrill.
Charlie Franklin: a Story for Boys. By
Nelsie Brook.
Ralph Clavering; or, We Must Try Before
We Can Do. By W. H. G. Kingston.
The Straight Road is the Shortest and Surest.
By A. L. O. E.
Fanny Lincoln; or, The Mountain Daisy.
The New Mistletoe Bough. By Hon. Mrs.
Greene.
The Stitch in Time; or, Ruthven Moore. By
Mrs. Webb.
Truth; or, Frank's Choice. By Mary Mills.
The Haunted Sacks. By Hon. Mrs. Greene.
James Gibson and His Friends; or, The Two
School-Boys.
Home Duties. A Book for Girls.
Prejudice and Principle; or, The New Master.
By E. C. Tainsh.
Sabbath Talks with Little Children.
Colwels to Catch Flies; or, Dialogues in
Short Sentences.
Good Habits and Good Manners. A Book
for Boys.
Jacky Nory; or, The Sailor Boy. By H. P.
Malet.
Richard Eades; or, Good Influence. By
Mary E. Bronsfield.

Books at 15 Cents.

18mo, cloth, gilt, coloured frontispiece. Each
64 pages.

The Children's Island; or, The Pleasures of
Labour.
Alice Thorpe's Promise; or, A New Year's
Day.
Class's Black Cat, and a Little Yellow Shoe.
By A. Keavy.
Katie's Good-nature; or, The Torn Jacket.
By Hon. Mrs. Greene.
The Little Swiss Boy; or, Found at Last.
By Hon. Mrs. Greene.
Edward's Prize; or, The Premium.
Willy's Trunk; or, Mrs. Lambton's Legacy.
By Hon. Mrs. Greene.
Little Sunbeam; or, Lizzie's Orange.
Gentleman George; or, The Advantage of
Reading.
Willie's Disobedience; or, the Cottage by
the Cliff.
Janet's Boots. By the author of *Finette*.
Sarah Watkins; or, Crumbs for the Birds.
The Cherry Tent; or, The Schoolfellows. By
Hon. Mrs. Greene.
Louis; or, The Little Emigrant.
Old Jacob; or, A Friend in Need.
Lizzie's Story. By Mrs. E. Prentiss.
Harry's Rash Wish and How it Was Granted.
By Hon. Mrs. Greene.
Alice; or, The Little Sentinel.
Little Nelly; or, Patient Striving.
Little Johnnie; or, God's Silver.
Harvey Galbraith; or, The Pierced Eggs.
Anna Fitzgerald; or, The Three Half-crowns.
Temptation; or, Henry Morland.
History of *Finette*; or, A Doll's Fortunes.
Mary and Nora; or, Queen Catharine's School.
The Life of a Doll.
The Brother and Sister; or, What Can it
Matter.
The Adopted Daughter; or, The Little Actors.

Usual Discount to Sunday Schools.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

or, 78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto;

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUSTON,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.