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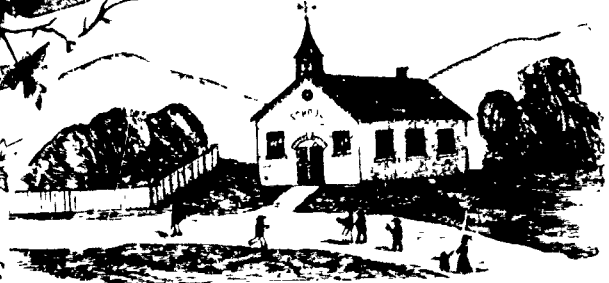
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HOME & SCHOOL



Vol. I.]

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1883.

[No. 13.]



THIS PIGGY WENT TO MARKET.—(See next page.)

The First Step.

To-NIGHT, as the tender gloaming
Was sinking in evening's gloom,
And only the glow of the fire-light
Brightened the darkening room,
I laughed with the gay heart-gladness
That only to mothers is known,
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby
Took his first step alone!

Hurriedly running to meet him
Came trooping the household band,
Joyous, loving, and eager
To reach him a helping hand,
To watch him with silent rapture,
To cheer him with happy noise,
My one little fair-faced daughter
And four brown romping boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms
That fain would bid him rest
Close to the love and the longing,
Near to the mother's breast:
Wild with laughter and daring,
Looking askance at me,
He stumbled across through the shadows
To rest at his father's knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,
Stepping so brave and bright
With flutter of lace and ribbon
Out of my arms to-night,
Helped in thy pretty ambition
With tenderness blessed to see,
Sheltered, upheld, and protected,
How will the last step be!

See, we are all beside you,
Urging and beckoning on,
Watching lest aught betide you
Till the safe near goal is won.
Guiding the faltering footsteps
That tremble and fear to fall—
How will it be, my darling,
With the last sad step of all!

Nay! Shall I dare to question,
Knowing that One more fond
Than all our tenderest loving
Will guide the weak feet beyond!
And knowing beside, my dearest,
That whenever the summons, 'twill be
But a stumbling step through the shadows,
Then rest—at the Father's knee!

"This Piggy Went to Market."

THIS is a picture of true happiness. It would be difficult to decide whether of the two represents the greater amount of that not over-abundant commodity, HAPPINESS. Now, you look closely at the picture, and say which you think is the happier of the two. Mother is imparting happiness, and the effort reacts upon herself, in that she is the happier for making her little son happy. It is not necessary to enquire whether the child understands about piggy and the market; it is enough that mother is playing with his toes, and saying something which he thinks to be funny and nice. Have you forgotten when you sat in mother's lap, and played "piggy went to market?" Have you forgotten when you sat on your throne, your papa's knee, and played "piggy went to market?" Don't you remember how delighted you were, and said, "more, more." Even now some of you like to see Father and Mother play "piggy went to market," with your little brother's or sister's toes.

Learn one lesson: Try to make others happy. At home, at school, or at play, try to make others happy. If you set your heart upon it, you'll soon find plenty of ways to make others happy, and you'll feel happy and happier in making others happy. Don't trouble about your own happiness, only try to make others happy. Ask Jesus to help you and you'll succeed wonderfully. Some young people, and even some old people, are very anxious to be happy, they are all the time searching after it, searching in vain. The short and sure way to happiness is to try and make others happy.—*Ensign.*

Dreaming and Working.

"I HAVE done at length with dreaming,
Henceforth, O thou sole of mine,
Thou must take up sword and guntlet
In the warfare must divine."

That was what a little girl eleven years old had written in a fair round hand in her diary, on that pleasant summer morning out under the trees.

'Why, Hattie Jordan, what dreadful spelling!' exclaimed her sister's voice behind her. 'You had better stop dreaming, at all events, till you learn how to spell the words, and go to studying your spelling book instead. Why, there are six words wrong there.'

'I wouldn't peek, anyway,' answered Hattie, springing up flushed and angry.

'I really didn't, dearie,' replied wise Agnes, drawing her down to her side, 'I called you twice, but you did not answer. But now tell me, Hattie, what are you going to do in the place of dreaming, for you know you've spent a great deal of time in that?'

'O sister, I want to do everything that's strong and good. Sometimes I think I'll be a great scholar, as Margaret Fuller was, or a writer like Mrs. Stowe, or a lecturer, or something. O Agnes, what would you do first?'

'Well, dear, I think the first thing I would go to the dictionary and study until I could spell every word in that pretty verse of yours correctly, and every day of this vacation I would write out one page of something, and then study it out in the same way, until I could do better. What do you say, for I must go now?'

But Hattie only shrugged her shoulders, and left alone, leaned back against the tree and watched the birds flitting about, and thought of doing great things by-and-by, until the dinner-bell called her in to more practical things.

After dinner Hattie's father, who was a minister, came out on the piazza and asked the little girl to write a note for him, as his right hand was bound up from a very bad cut, and every one else was busy.

'Ask Deacon Conners if he will please send the choir up here,' her father said, for they often practised with his organ. So Hattie wrote, 'Please send the choir up here,' and the note went by her younger brother. And about one hour later, who should come up the steps but Deacon Conners, who was a bookseller, and in his arms several packages.

'I didn't know what kind you wanted, sir, so I brought several,' he said wiping his hot face.

Mr. Jordan looked in surprise at the various styles of paper, and finally said, 'Why, you're very kind, deacon, but I was not needing any paper just now.'

Then the deacon took out Hattie's note, and such a laugh as they had over it sent the poor child in tears to Agnes.

'You will believe me now, dear,' said her sister, 'that if you want to be of any use or help in the world, you must be willing to begin improving just where you see you need it. Singing of doing is not working, dear. Now you know you are a poor speller; just begin there, and that will be one step.'

Then Hattie took her pretty diary and the dictionary, and made those six words right that she had spelt so poorly that morning; but that seemed such a little step towards becoming a great woman.

'I believe I could do better if I had

a verse to go by,' she said to Agnes that night.

'Then here is one for you "By patient continuance in well doing." Six words made right do not seem much to you to-night, but six words every one of the more than three hundred working days in the year makes how many?'

'Most two thousand,' answered Hattie quickly.

'Yes, and if every one of them means, in God's sight, something done so as to make you a wiser and more helpful woman to others, and taking care of the talent he has given you, isn't that worth while, too, darling?'

And Hattie answered very softly, 'Yes;' for she saw then how her life might be like a ladder reaching up to what God wished her to be, and the steps of the ladder would be the patient doing of each little duty or work she found in her way. And right there at the beginning she offered an earnest prayer asking the dear Christ's help. Of course he helped her; and if any of you will look at a true life in just the same way, he will help you, for even the little steps, if there be many of them, take you a long way in time.—*Christian Treasury.*

La Mere Angelique.

BY J. H. ALLEN.

IN the year 1599, there was inducted as novice among the nuns of Port Royal a child eight years old, grave and precocious, second daughter of a celebrated advocate named Arnould, and grandchild of an equally celebrated advocate, Marion. In the view of both father and grandfather, this was simply a convenient way of providing for one of a family of children, which in course of years increased to twenty. To secure for the child the succession to the convent rule, they did not even scruple, a little later, to state her age at least six years more than it was; and, further, to disguise her name by giving, instead, that which she had taken as a sister in the little community. This pious fraud had its effect, not only on the king's good-nature, but also upon the grave dignitaries of the church. At the age of eleven the child Jaqueline Arnould, famous in religious history as La Mere Angelique, became abbess, invested with full authority over the twelve or fifteen young women who then constituted the religious house. Until her death in 1661, at the age of seventy, the story of Port Royal is almost the personal biography of her who was, during all that time, its heart and soul.

For the first few years we may well suppose that it was something like playing in the austerities of convent life. Very quaint and pretty pictures have come down to illustrate this period. A morning call of that gay and gallant king, Henry IV., who, knowing that her father was visiting there, came, curious to see the pious flock under their child shepherdess; the little maid herself, in full ecclesiastical costume, and mounted on high pattens to disguise her youth, at the head of her procession to meet her royal visitor at the gate; the kiss he threw over the garden-wall, next day, as he passed by on a hunt, with his compliments to Madame la petite Abbesse,—these are bright and innocent episodes in the stormy story of the time.

But a great and sudden change occurred, a few years later. The young abbess, not nearly eighteen years of age,

became converted to the most serious and rigid views of the duty of her calling. Gently and kindly, but without an instant's wavering of purpose, inflexible to all temptation and entreaty, she resolved to restore the primitive austerity of the rule of the pious founder, St. Bernard. For one thing this rule demanded that the time of morning prayer should be carried back to two o'clock from the self-indulgent hour of four, and, for another, that all little personal treasures and belongings should be given up for the perfect religious poverty which is the ideal of monastic life. In this, the example of the girl abbess, cheerful and resolute in choosing the hardest task always for herself, early won the day. The crisis of the reform was when, with passionate grief, with tears and swooning, she steadily refused admittance to her own father and brother, hardening herself against their entreaties, anger, and reproach, and would see them only at the little grating that separated the life within from the life without.

The true history of Port Royal dates from the crisis, Wicket Day, September 25, 1609. Just one hundred years and a few days later, early in October, 1709, the malice of the Jesuit party, which for more than half that time had shown a strangely persistent and malignant hostility, had its way. The grounds were laid waste. The sacred buildings were destroyed. Even the graves were dug open and the bodies that had been tenderly laid in them were cast out to be torn by dogs. All was done which insult and wanton desecration could do, to show that the heroic and eventful life of Port Royal was no more.

A Sad Lesson.

As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments, and thought with more and more anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation convicted of forgery. The broken-hearted parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the Gospel might reach even his gloomy cell. As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began giving the mother's tender message, with the interest all the church felt in his welfare. "Do you know what done it?" "What have I done?" replied the pastor, striving to understand his strange language. "I began the business," returned the youth, speaking very loud, "in your Sunday-school. Don't you remember the Sunday-school fair, when they first set up raffling and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake! Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and went in afterwards for chances. Sometimes I gained, and sometimes I lost. Money I must have for lotteries. I was half mad with excitement; and so I used other folk's names, and here I am! Don't let the church come blubbing around me! They may thank themselves! Their raffling was what done it! It ruined me!"

A LITTLE boy, who sat beside a man who had been eating Limburger cheese, turned to his mother and exclaimed: "Mamma, how I wish I was deaf and dumb in my nose!"

Cumbered About Much Serving.

CHRIST never asks of us such busy labour
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
The oft-times counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention,
That He some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth
place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure!

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell
in stillness,

Doing the little things or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see!
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of
duty,
Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him whatso'er He bids
thee!

Whether to do—to suffer—to lie still!
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
If in it all we sought to do His will.

Failure Among Sunday-School Teachers.

BY REV. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

I DO NOT mean, dear teacher, that your class has been taken from you, or that half of them have left, or that the superintendent wishes you were in China. A Sunday-school teacher may be a failure without any such experience. I have not a few in mind now who stand well in the school, whose removal to the west or east would be followed with a string of resolutions, beginning with: "By the departure of our brother this school has sustained an irreparable loss" etc.—when the truth is, the loss would be—gain.

They are certainly not winning souls—short of that is failure.

Omitting some of the weightier, I mention a few of the commonplace causes of failure among Sunday-school teachers.

1. *You do not prepare.* True, you may have studied and taught this very lesson once before—and may have done it poorly enough. But if well, at that time, yet you are rusty now. Besides, you are older, and better teaching is reasonably expected of you. Well, it would be poor now.

A sensible merchant replenishes his stock, and makes his show cases and windows more and more attractive, or he will lose trade. Brush up, brother, sister. You've been doing business too long on that old stock. Lay in a new supply. The best wells will run dry if all the springs fail.

2. *Another cause of failure is want of warmth in the work.* The best machine cannot be a Sunday-school teacher. "You go through the lesson faithfully, asking all the questions?" I dare say. Couldn't a—parrot, with your age and experience? Who can't touch off a bunch of fire-crackers, and say the questions to a class? A cold, formal manner may secure quiet and respect. That's something in its way, but it is immensely short of a Sunday-school teacher's business. You must capture the heart, and by heart contact

—so far as your work is concerned. For this you must be all aglow

3. *You have a favorite or two in your class.* Their pretty manners, or faces, or dresses, or minds, absorb you. The others are treated shabbily. Their heads and clothes are plain. They are timid and get little attention. They get precious little good from being in your class. They do not like it. Some of them have probably left. Do not be a respecter of persons if you want to succeed.

4. *You are too easily induced to be absent.* Another teacher, better or poorer, takes your place. This always works mischief against you.

If you care for the good opinion of your class—and they want to regard you as the best of teachers—don't let a little toothache keep you away from your class. Stand in your lot, if you must do it like my friend, a most successful teacher—on his crutches.

5. *There is too much debating in your class.* True, that looks like business; it makes things lively; it pleases the disputants, and it makes—a noise; disturbs adjacent classes, and profits—Satan. Don't allow it. Tell that irrepressible talker you will see him out of the class, and draw the bit firmly upon yourself.

6. *It takes you too long to get to work.* Immense concerns hang upon that thirty or forty minutes. It is business for eternity, remember. It may be your last chance for souls. You can't spare time to wake up and yawn.

If your lesson is—well, say about Philip and the eunuch, you haven't time to try to find out how fast Philip ran, or whether the eunuch wore eye-glasses. Without preliminaries, seize some of the roots of the lesson; personal effort, e. g., searching the Scriptures, teachableness, faith, prompt obedience, adaptation of the gospel and its ordinances to all men under all circumstances, joy of the new life, etc.

Look the matter over carefully, and you will find other causes hid away. Drag them forth, put them under foot, keep them there, and by the grace of God you may be one of the most successful and happy teachers in your school.

The Painter's Ruse.

THERE lived in Brussels a celebrated painter named Wiertz, whose eccentricities were such as to give him the name of the "Crazy Artist." That there was method in his madness the following anecdote shows:

After having finished a portrait of the old aristocratic Countess de Arnos, who pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognize a single feature of her on that piece of canvas.

Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and, as a true knight of old, gallantly conducted the lady to her carriage.

Next morning there was a grand disturbance in the Rue de Madeline.

A big crowd was gathered before a window, and the following was whispered from ear to ear:

"Is the Countess de Arnos really in gaol for her debts?"

Wiertz had exercised a little vengeance towards his noble but unfair customer.

As soon as she had refused the portrait he set to work and painted a few

iron bars on the picture, with these words: "In gaol for debt."

He exhibited the painting in a jeweller's window in the principal street of Brussels, and the effect was instantaneous.

A few hours later the Countess was back at Wiertz's pouring invectives on him at high pressure—"to have exhibited her likeness under such scandalous"—&c.

"Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not look anything like yourself, and that your most intimate friends would not have recognized a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted to test the truth of your statement; that is all."

The portrait was taken away, the city laughed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the city.

The Church and Missions.

BY JOSEPH COOK.

THE Christian Churches of the world should be satisfied with nothing less than sending out one ordained missionary to every 50,000 of the accessible pagan population of the world.

On the plan of three ordained missionaries to half a million in the foreign field, and one to one thousand in the home field, the whole world might be brought to a knowledge of Christianity within fifty years.

No church ought to call itself thoroughly aggressive and evangelical that does not expend, for the support of Missions at large, at least \$1 for every \$5 it expends on itself.

I plant myself on these propositions, which I believe, have the approval of great Secretaries of Missions—one missionary for every 50,000 of the accessible pagan population of the world; \$1 to be expended for missions for every \$5 expended for ourselves. The foremost American authority on Missions said to me: "Let the Churches expend for Missions \$1 for every \$5 they expend on themselves, and we may hope to put the Bible into the hands of every son and daughter of the human race within a generation."

Speaking roundly a man with the Bible may go anywhere on earth to-day. Of course there are exceptions to this proposition; but in the great nations in the semi-civilized countries of the pagan world, we may publicly and privately preach the Gospel almost everywhere.

Infidelity is occupying the field of the upper and middle classes. Imported unbelief, in many quarters of India, China, and Japan, is as great a danger among educated native circles as hereditary misbelief.

This proposition seems to me of the utmost importance, and is one on which my experience as a traveller has laid great stress. It has been my fortune to give lectures in the largest cities of the East; but I rarely felt it necessary to attack the hereditary misbeliefs of the audiences. My whole opportunity was, in most cases, used in attacking imported unbelief.

The ablest men are needed at the front; and such men have nowhere on earth to-day a wider opportunity for usefulness than in the great cities of India, China, and Japan.

It is evident, therefore, that the longer the churches delay occupying the whole field in this thorough way, the

longer will be the effort needed and the greater the expense in the conquest of the world.

Great expenditures now will make great expenditures for Missions unnecessary in a near future; but small expenditures now may make great expenditures necessary through a long future. Immense losses to Missions have often resulted, and may yet result, from the churches not taking advantage of critical hours.

True and Faithful.

"CHARLIE, Charlie!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell the voice rippled over the common. "That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! Have it out!" "Finish this game. Try it again," cried the players in noisy chorus. "I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear," they exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go" said a bystander; "you can't do anything with him; he's tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"That's so," said Charlie, "and it's to what every boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot, too."

"I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called."

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to anyone else—you see if he does;" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city and his mercantile friends say of him that his word "is a bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation. "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great a temptation; and the habits thus formed then, have clung to me through life."
—Anon.

WHEN gruff old Dr. Johnson was fifty years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he were still her wayward but loving boy: "You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for all your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I omitted to do well." John Quincy Adams did not part with his mother until he was near or quite as old as this; yet his cry was: "O God! could she have been spared yet a little longer. . . . Without her the world feels to me like a solitude." When President Nott, of Union College, was more than ninety years old, and had been for half a century a college president, as strength and sense failed him in his dying hours, the memory of his mother's tenderness was fresh and potent; and he could be hushed to needed sleep by a gentle patting on the shoulder, and the singing to him of the old-time lullabies; as if his mother were still sitting by his bed-side in loving ministry, as she had been well nigh a century before. The true son never grows old to a true mother.

Breaking the News.

THE sunshine on the kitchen floor
Was darkened. Through the kitchen door
Came Lucy, quick as feet could run,
Her long hair flying in the sun,
Her blue eyes sparkling, and the blood
Bright in her cheeks. She came and stood,
Her hand on mother's ironing board,
And for a moment said no word.
"What is it, Lucy?" "Mother, oh,
It's such a splendid day, and so
I felt like running, and I came
To tell you—mother, it's a shame
To have you working here like this,
So let me fix you" (with a kiss),
"And put your pretty collar on;
Who knows but maybe Uncle John
Or some one else from town might call!
I want you to look nice—that's all.
Oh, never mind the ironing. There,
Sit down and let me fix your hair.
Just think! It's a whole long year
Since first you wore your mourning, dear,
In memory of our poor lost Jack,
And now you ought to put off black,
And be more cheerful." For suppose
If Jack had not been lost, and those
Two sailor men that brought the word
Had been mistaken!" "Child,
you've heard—
What have you heard? Don't tremble so,
Look at me, Lucy!" "Ah, no, no,
For I must hurry all I can;
This afternoon, as fast I ran,
Coming from school—now let me place
This purple bow upon the lace,
To make a little brightness—well,
Ah, mother, there's not much to tell,
But kiss me, mother. (That's a tear,
I could not help it.) Have no fear,
The dead are safe in heaven—yes,
But not the living? Can't you guess
Who met and kissed me as I ran,
Grown such a tall and handsome man?
He feared the shock might be too great,
So he is waiting at the gate.
But not a moment did I lose;
I came right in to break the news,
And that is why I fixed you dear.
To look so pretty. Jack, come here!"

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TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1883.

Woman's Work for Heathen Women.

So great is the interest manifested in this grand department of missionary work, that we have much pleasure in giving the substance of the graphic and comprehensive report, by Mrs. Dr. Castle, of this city, of the recent Woman's Missionary Anniversary at Rochester, N. Y.:

"The Woman's Foreign Missionary Anniversary, Presbyterian and Baptist, were the events of the month in the Flower City. One was held in the

'Brick Church,' where Dr. Shaw has preached to a crowd, well nigh half a century, with unabated interest. What a record! What a pastor! What a people! The Baptist meetings were held in the First Church. Its pastor is Mr. Baldwin, cultured, intellectual, devout, the son of the revered and admired Dr. Baldwin of Troy. As the churches are within a half a block of each other, Fitzhugh-street Wednesday morning at half past ten o'clock, seemed the centre of womanhood. We reached the chapel as we supposed in good time, especially as women's meetings have a dilatory way with them, but we found this one an exception. The room was full save a few seats in a rear corner; we took one with the mental reflection that we should not hear a word. Women's religious voice is soft and low; for the opera, theatre or concert it is loud enough, but for the church, never. Across the sea of heads we strained our incredulous eyes, and back across the same sea came distinct and clear every word every woman said, from the honoured president, Mrs. Colby, of New York, who presided with ease and dignity, to the young ladies, two of them, who have just consecrated their young lives to Foreign Missions. We said, the Maker of this complex universe of nature and man reveals its occult power only when they are needed. This woman's work for women is an acknowledged necessity in the civilization of the East, and now at the right time her capacity for it is developed. Woman's voice is as sufficient for a good cause as for a poor one.

There were reported present over 500 delegates and six returned missionaries. The latter gave papers and addresses, comprehensive, practical and earnest, wrought out of their own rich Oriental experience;—and the home workers from theirs, from which may be summed up the following conclusions:

"First. That woman, if she has a message, can make herself heard.

"Second. That woman is the substructure of any nation, whether savage, civilized, or enlightened; therefore, what she is physically, mentally, and morally is a matter of the most serious importance. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the only revelation of woman's possible or desirable equality with man. Shasters, Vedas, and Koran, and all the sacred books of the East, leave woman only an ignorant toy or a slave. Dr. Strong in a masterly address on 'What Christ has done for woman, and what woman can do for Christ,' gave a rapid, startling and sad review of woman's position through the Christless ages and nations, computing the fabulous numbers of those who are now in the most abject servitude to ignorance and their lords and masters. Upon the hearts and hands of enlightened Christian women he laid the sacred obligation to rescue their perishing sisters. No amount of zeal on the part of the male missionaries can reach them. They are incarcerated from the eye of man. Joseph Cook says, 'I wish every city of 20,000 inhabitants in America would send one female missionary into pagan lands.'

"Third. Is woman in doing this work, in attending monthly and yearly meetings, writing essays and making addresses, of necessity neglecting the centralizing institution of our civilization,—Home? From what we heard at Rochester we can answer emphatically, no. In studying Oriental customs she is just learning to appreciate the power

and dignity of home. While home-building for others, she will desire to make her own more beautiful and secure.

"Fourth. That woman as well as man should be theologically educated for the foreign mission field. This was the earnest suggestion of our missionaries who know what is needed by actual experience. But some one will say: Their work is among ignorant women and girls. Edward Judson under the terse caption, 'The Best for the Worst' gives the following:

"It is a mistake to suppose that a dull and second-rate man is good enough for the heathen. The worst off need the very best we have. God gave His best, even His only begotten Son, in order to redeem a lost world. The most darkened and degraded souls need the best thinking. When our blessed Lord was presenting His gospel to a fallen Samaritan woman, He seems to have preserved His best thought for her, and, in order to make a bad woman good, utters in her ears the most august philosophical thesis to be found in any tongue: 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' Missions have had their grandest successes when England's best scholars, like Bishop Patteson and Bishop Selwin, have devoted their splendid talents to the conversion of the fiercest and lowest savages of Micronesia and New Zealand. It would be a sad day for American Christians if they should ever deserve Nehemiah's reproach, 'Their nobles put not their neck to the work of the Lord.' Christianity will advance over the earth with long swift strides when the churobes are ready to send their best men, and the best men are ready to go.

"It will apply equally to our work. Secular life must have its special training to be successful;—this which is of so much greater moment should not have less.

"Fifth. That to a knowledge of theology should be added a course of study in medicine. This may seem mountainous when heretofore 'consecration' was the prime requirement. Mrs. Luther read a very earnest paper on the subject which carried conviction to every hearer, and removed every doubt when she said that, feeling the want of it so much in her own experience in India, she had returned to this country to study medicine in Philadelphia."

We regret that the space at our command will not permit us to quote the racy and readable sketch of the social enjoyments of the occasion especially of the reception given by Mr. Powers to 3,000 guests in his famous art gallery.

The following is Mrs. Castle's closing paragraph, which we hope will be an inspiration to the women of Canadian Methodism.

"Friday morning shone bright; and they who had 'met and hailed,' had cheered and encouraged each other, had prayed and praised together, were scattered never all to meet again. No,—never to be separated. All are links of one chain that is binding humanity into one great family. As our train for the Dominion bore us through forests and fields where the vast energies of nature were organizing for summer work, we said, that is what the Baptist and Presbyterian women have been doing. What will the harvest be?"

In the July number of the *Methodist Magazine*, Mrs. S. J. Harvis contributes an admirable paper on this topic.



A Singular Experiment.

OUR sight is not always to be depended upon, and a very odd experiment, illustrative of the fact, may be performed by any one in possession of two hands and a sheet of paper. Take the paper—stiff writing-paper will answer best—and roll it so as to form a tube about an inch in diameter. Apply the tube to the right eye, and look steadily through it at any convenient object: at the same time keep the left eye open. Now, place the left hand, with the palm towards you and the fingers pointing upwards, by the side of the paper tube and near its lower end. The strange sight will be seen of a hole—a clearly defined hole—through the palm of the left hand. The illusion is a strange one, and a good example of the tricks we are liable to have played us by our two-eyed vision.

We are glad to receive the following item of Sunday-school intelligence:—

SIR,—We started our school this spring under very favourable prospects. We have a new church here, opened last fall; held a revival under the ministry of Rev. R. Walker and his colleague; quite a large number joined the class, most of them Sunday-school scholars. In the winter we held an entertainment for the school, and raised quite a large sum—\$22.75, which, after finishing the Church, was very encouraging to us, showing that the parents are interested in the Sunday-school here. We have papers for each Sunday, to supply each family represented. We are pleased with *Pleasant Hours* and *HOME AND SCHOOL*. We have sixty-two names on our roll, and fifty-three have taken the pledge, including all the Officers and Teachers.

Wishing you success,

JAS. R. CLARKE,

Sec. and Librarian.

Eggleton's Branch, Stirling Circuit.

THE late Dr. Guthrie was a great lover of and worker for children, and it is said that a procession of five hundred of them followed him, weeping, to the grave, and literally covered his coffin with garlands of flowers. Such a monument is more enduring than granite or marble; and such a burial is better, infinitely better, than to be buried in Westminster Abbey, unwept and unhonoured. May such an hour clothe with eternal brightness the closing act in the life of every teacher and worker in our Sabbath-schools! "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."



A CHINESE PAINTER.

Leave it with Him.

Yes, leave it with Him,
The lilies all do,
And they grow.
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew—
Yes, they grow.

They grow in the darkness, all hid in the
night,
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the
light;
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,
They need not your care,
As they grow.
Dropped down in the valley,
The field, any where—
Therefore they grow.

They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure
white,
They grow, clothed in glory, by heaven's own
light;
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed,
And the ravens are fed
From His store;
But you who are loved,
And guarded and led,
How much more

Will He clothe you and feed you and give
you His care?
Then leave it with Him, He has everywhere
Ample store.

Yes, leave it with Him,
'Tis more dear to His heart,
You will know,
Than the lilies that bloom,
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow.

Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His
care.

You, you know.

—Presbyterian Record.

A Chinese Painter.

THE arts of drawing and painting do not rank so high among the Chinese as among ourselves, and having, therefore, met with less encouragement they may be expected to have made less progress. In works that do not require an adherence to scientific perspective, they are sometimes very successful. Though they do not practise the art of perspective in its correctness, or according to

any regular rules, it would be a mistake to suppose that it is always entirely neglected. Their artists, at Canton at least, have taken hints from foreign performances in this respect, and their drawings and paintings by the eye are often tolerably correct as to perspective, though light and shade are greatly neglected. They paint flowers, fruit, birds, and insects very beautifully, and nothing can exceed the splendour and variety of their colours.

Results of Missions.

"At this moment, over China, Japan, Persia, Hindostan, Turkey, East, South, West and North Africa, Madagascar, Greenland, and the hundreds of Pacific isles, are 31,000 Christian labourers, toiling diligently to represent unto sorrowful men the beauty of Christ's love. In these lands, schools, colleges, and theological seminaries have been established, wherein Christian education is given to 600,000 youths of both sexes. Outside the bounds of Christendom, there are now established 4,000 centres of Christian teaching and living; 2,500 Christian congregations have been established; 273,000 persons are now members of the Christian Church; and populations numbering in all 1,350,000 have adopted the Christian name. In India and Burmah alone are 7,480 missionaries, native preachers and catechists; nearly 3,000 stations and out-stations; 70,857 communicants. The Baptists have made the Karens of Burmah a Christian people; the American Board has done the same for the Sandwich Islands; the Moravians for Greenland; the Wesleyans for the Feejee and Friendly Isles; and the English Independents for Madagascar. No direct religious results from missions? What mean those large and flourishing Christian churches born out of the very abysses of heathenism, in Australia, British America, Siberia, the Sandwich Islands, Northern Turkey, Persia, China, Madagascar, South Africa, Liberia, Sierra Leone, and the islands of the Pacific? The largest church in the world, numbering 4,500 members, is in Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, not yet fifty years removed from the most debased savagism. Over 90,000 Feejeans gather regularly for Sabbath worship, who within a score of years feasted on human flesh. In 1860, Madagascar had only a few scattered and persecuted converts. Now the queen and her prime minister, with more than 200,000 of her subjects, are adherents to Christianity." As the Secretary of the London Missionary Society has said, "In more than 300 islands of Eastern and Southern Polynesia, the Gospel has swept heathenism entirely away."

The *Pansy*, a weekly for little folks, profusely and beautifully illustrated, is an excellent magazine for children, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The *Electra* is a monthly edited by Annie E. Wilson and Isabella M. Seyburn. It is styled a "belles lettres monthly for young folks," and the first number gives promise of a journal which is bound to be read and to grow in popularity.

Sam Hobart. By Justin D. Fulton, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cents.

We have in the Life of Sam Hobart an "heroic poem" which will move the reader to tears and laughter, and excite admiration and delight. It is written in Dr. Fulton's best and raciest style. He had an intimate knowledge of, and acquaintance with his subject, and was therefore the better qualified to write the life of the man he so warmly loved and admired. Nothing Dr. Fulton ever wrote is equal in literary merit to this book. Railway men of all classes, mechanics of all kinds, workmen of all branches of labor will eagerly devour its pages, and become better artisans, while professional men will derive refreshment and stimulus from its lessons.

There is no reading so interesting to mankind as the biographies of men. Carlyle has truly said that there is "no heroic poem in the world but is at the bottom of biography, the life of a man." In reading the biographies of the great and good, we seem to have some of the life of the departed transfused into us.

The Hand in the Dark. By ALFRED WETHERBY. Pp. 270. Cincinnati: Weldon & Stowe. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

This is a charming little Sunday-school book. The sketches of negro-life and character are very graphic, and the religious teaching of the story is well brought out. The entire scope of the book is well summarized in the closing sentence. "However black and dreary may be the clouds of sin, the Hand of the Lord Jesus Christ can roll them away; and His hand is always out in the dark to lead souls into the light, and to make them 'white as snow.'"

Chautauqua Girls at Home. By PANSY. Pp. 466. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$1 50.

Many of our readers will be familiar with Mrs. Alden's other Chautauqua books—"The Hall in the Grove," "Four Girls at Chautauqua," etc. They will find the volume above mentioned no less interesting and instructive than these. "Pansy" is endowed with a peculiar insight into the hearts and thoughts of young people, and gives a vivid picture of their ways and doings. The trials and triumphs of a group of young girls in their efforts to engage in Christian work are graphically set forth. Various hints on the rationale of Sunday-school teaching, district visiting, and other forms of personal effort for the Master, may be gleaned from those pages. The chapters on "The Prayer-meeting," "The Tableaux," "The Revival," and others, are richly freighted with wisdom. We

cordially recommend the *Pansy* books, lately advertised in our columns, for use in our Sunday-schools.

The First Girl Graduate of Canada.

OVER eighty degrees in Arts, Medicine, Divinity, Law and Science, were conferred at the Victoria University Convocation on Thursday, only one or two being honorary, all the rest having been given to regular students who attended classes and passed successful examinations. One of the graduates in Medicine was Miss Augusta Stowe, daughter of Dr. Emily H. Stowe, Toronto. She was the first lady graduate in Medicine in Canada, all our other doctors of the female persuasion having got their degrees in the States. As may be supposed her appearance on the platform to receive her parchment was attended by the greatest kind of enthusiasm.

"Smiles."

HE who teaches not his son a trade, teaches him to be a thief.

A SMALL boy, who was playing truant the other day, when asked if he wouldn't get a whipping when he got home, replied: "What is five minutes' licking to five hours of fun!"

AN aristocrat, whose family had rather run down, boasting to a prosperous tradesman of his ancestors, the latter said, "You are proud of your descent. I am on the opposite tack, and feel proud of my ascent."

THE day of doom to the dramshop is drawing nigh; hence the tide of battle is rising rapidly. Moses-like, the temperance reform is now saying, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me."

A LITTLE Scotch boy, about four or five years old, was ill with fever, and the doctor ordered his head to be shaved. The little fellow was unconscious at the time, and knew nothing of it. A few days after, when he was convalescent, he happened to put his hand on his head, and after an amazed silence shrieked out "Mither! mither! my head is barefoot."

A FACT.—Party (who had brought back the "music" stool, in disgust), "Look 'ere, Mr. Auctioneer, this plaguey thing ain't no manner of use at all. I've twisted 'un round, and ol' woman 'ave twisted 'un round, butorra a bit of toon we can get out of 'un!"

"PUTTY POOR STUFF."—"Well, Father Brown, how did you like the sermon, yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons of yours. I'm an old man now, and have to sit pretty well back by the stove, and there's old Miss Smithie, Widder Tag'n Ryland's daughters, 'n Nabb Birt, 'n all the rest sittin' in front of me with their mouths wide open a swallerin' down all the best of the sermon, 'n what gets down to me is putty poor stuff, parson, putty poor stuff."

A LITTLE bright-eyed boy, upon hearing his father read the story of Joan of Arc, was greatly moved by her sad trials; but when the part was reached where she was about to be burned to death at the stake, the poor little fellow could not contain himself any longer, but sobbingly clutched his parent's arm, and, with a big tear running down his plump little cheeks, cried: "But, pa—papa, wh-ere were the police!"

The Tapestry Worker.

BY MARGARET M'RITCHIE.

"CARRY me out, my brethren;
For I can work no more.
Carry me out to meet Him—
My Master at the door!
The sun is slowly setting,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
And the task He gave is finished;
Carry me out to Him!

"The task He gave is finished;
I mind when it began.
How joyously and swiftly
The busy moments ran!
In order for His service,
Methought I wrought so well
That e'en his own appointments
I should at last excel.

"But through my vain ambition
There fell the hand divine,
That quietly effaced it—
My dearly loved design.
And whilst I sore lamented
For beauty swept away,
'More beauty hath obedience,'
I heard the Master say.

"Then I was still, my brethren,
And turned to toil anew,
Leaving to Him the guidance,
Whose plans are sure and true;
And though to trace His pattern
At times I vainly tried,
My heart found rest remembering
He sees the other side.

"I sat behind the canvas,
I saw no beauty grow,
I held His own directions—
Enough for me to know;
Many had wider portions
Of clearer, brighter hue,
But the old man in the corner
The Master needed too.

"And if nor gain nor glory
Shine out from this my weft,
Still He will not be angry—
I did the task He left.
And now that I am helpless,
And weary is my frame,
My brethren, in the distance
I hear Him call my name."

They bore the old man gently
Forth from the working room,
Forth from the ended labour,
Forth from the silent loom,
And down a voice came floating,
A voice serene and blest,
"O good and faithful servant!
Enter thou into rest.

"Long, long in patient duty
The yearning soul was tried;
Open thine eyes to beauty
Upon the other side!
Behind the canvas toiling,
Thou didst not dream of this,
That every shadow-tangle
Wrought out eternal bliss;

"And every thread mysterious
Into the pattern given,
Was weaving rich perfection
Of love and life in heaven.
Now rise thou to the glory
By lowly hearts possessed,
Who but fulfil My bidding,
And leave to Me the rest!"

—Sunday Magazine.

A Plea for the Boys.

MOTHERS! why is it that all care and taste is lavished on the rooms which your girls occupy, while the barest necessary furniture seems to be good enough for the boys. We can all, no doubt, recall glimpses of the average of boys' sleeping apartments. An attic, usually the back room; a narrow bed, a strip of carpet on the floor; bare cold-looking white-washed walls; a chair, or two, perhaps. Do you recognize the pictures? Is it any wonder that the boy who occupies such a room will be more apt to "hang his clothes on the floor" than in their proper place, or that disorder reigns generally while he is in it? "But," you say, "boys are naturally disorderly, and they cannot appreciate a nice

room." Have you ever tried? I will venture to affirm that if you will only make a change, give your sons as good rooms as is possible, neatly furnished and tastefully decorated, you will in a short time be surprised to find your boys showing much more pride in keeping up the nice appearance of their rooms than you would have deemed possible.

Again you will say, "I have not the means to spare to do all this." Then get "father" to open his heart and pocket-book; and enlist the sympathies of "the girls." Perhaps they will contribute a picture or two, a pretty mat, or any of the thousand-and-one tasty articles in the making of which feminine ingenuity finds vent. My word for it, your boys will appreciate your efforts.

But, perhaps, with the best intentions in the world, circumstances are such that the attic room and bare walls are your only resource. Then may God bless you and help you. Of one thing I am very sure, if you are following in the footsteps of the lowly Son of God, those boys will look back in after life and bless you for the sweet influences with which you surrounded them by your example and prayers, even though you could only give them a back attic bedroom.—*Roma.*

An Enemy Turned into a Friend.

DURING one of Luther's journeys, a noble knight, learning that he was to tarry at a certain place, and yearning for the honours and emoluments that would accrue could he be safely caught up and transported to Rome, resolved to hazard the attempt. He ordered his armed retinue to prepare hastily; for there was no time to be lost, the aspiring noble being urged and commanded to the task by his confessor, who assured him that he would be doing a good work, and would save many souls. He set out at early dawn making his way along the picturesque *Berg-Strasse*, or mountain road, that skirts the forest of the Odenwald, between DarinStadt and Heidelberg. Arriving at the gate of Miltenberg in the evening, he found the city illuminated, and the town itself full of people, who had come thither to hear and see Luther.

More indignant than ever was the noble knight; indignation grew to rage when, arriving at his hotel, the host greeted him, "Well, well, Sir Count, has Luther brought you here too? Pity you are too late. You should have heard him. The people cannot cease praising him." In no mood for eulogy the knight sought the privacy of his room. Awakened in the morning by the matin bell of the chapel, sleep had assuaged his ire, and his thoughts were at home, where he had left an infant daughter at the point of death. As he drew aside his curtain he saw the flicker of a candle in the window opposite, and waiting a moment heard a deep manly voice utter the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." He heard the voice further continuing in a strong fervent petition for the whole Christian Church, and the victory of the holy gospel over sin and the world. Being a devout man, his interest was aroused, and donning his armour, he inquired of his landlord who that earnest man was that he heard across the street. "That earnest man," responded the landlord, "is the arch-heretic Luther himself. Has your grace a message for him?" "Ay," said the

knight, "but I will deliver it with mine own lips," and with a dubious shake of the head he crossed the street, entered the house, and in a moment stood before the object of his search. Luther instinctively arose from his chair, surprised, and not a little disconcerted by the sudden appearance of a stalwart armed knight, perhaps having an unpleasant suspicion of his errand. "What is the object of this visit?" inquired Luther. Twice or thrice he repeated his question before receiving a reply. At length the knight having recovered somewhat from the spell upon him said, "Sir, you are better than I. God forgive me for intending to harm you. I came here to make you a prisoner; you have made a prisoner of me instead. It is impossible for a man who can pray as you pray to be an enemy of the holy church, a heretic." "God be praised," said Luther, now relieved from his suspicions; "it is His word and Spirit that has subdued you, not mine, though I may be chosen to bring His word to honour in Christendom. Go now your way, therefore, in peace, my lord. He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it to Christ's coming. If it be God's will, you shall yet behold miracles; how the Lord will break many swords like yours, and cut the spear in sunder, as He has to-day."

Convinced and confirmed, the knight lost no time in making his way homeward, attended by his retinue, now still more curious to know the object of this hasty expedition. Arriving at the bedside of his daughter, he found her now convalescent and out of danger, and falling on his knees he thanked God for all that had happened. A few years later, when Luther confessed his faith before Charles V., among the assembled nobles who stood on Luther's side was this knight, who had once thought to overthrow and destroy him.—*Sword and Trowel.*

The Brave Little Convert.

BY ELIZABETH HEYWOOD.

My father was a minister, and in one of his seasons of revival a little girl ten years old was among the penitents. It was in the days when it was thought children could not understand the plan of salvation, and some of the Church members said, "What does that child go up to the altar for night after night? She does not know what she is about." But my father believed in the conversion of children, and called at the home of the bright little girl, and explained the way of faith to her as simply as he could. He told her to ask God to forgive her sins, and believe that he would do it, then look for the Holy Spirit to make it known to her heart that she was accepted of Christ.

One night a lady stopped her on coming out of church, and said, "Frances, I would not go up to the altar every night, for you do not know what you are about."

Now, most little girls would have been frightened and discouraged, but brave Frances only said, "Yes, I do know what I am about, for our pastor called to see us, and told me how to come to Christ, and he says I can be a Christian as well as older folks."

Then some said perhaps she was one of those whom the Lord prepared for an early death, and so He had convicted her of sin at a tender age. But Frances showed them that she was going to live, and live in a way, too, that would shame the cold-hearted who call them-

selves believers. She rose from her knees one night with a shining face, and talked like a little angel, and praised God with all her heart. Christians who did not believe in the conversion of children sat and wept, and my father gave thanks to God for proving his own beautiful words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Many years after, as my father was coming out of a church in the suburbs of New York, a bright-faced lady came up to him and said, "I don't believe you know me." No, she seemed an utter stranger, and yet her voice and manner were familiar. Then she said, "You remember little Frances, who was converted in such a place?" Ah, he had never forgotten that, and he asked if she was the little Frances who was so joyously converted. She said she was, and she had never lost that bright evidence of her acceptance for one hour, but had lived a happy life in Jesus ever since.

"Bring a willing sacrifice—
Thy soul to Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete."

Courtesy at Home.

If a child is brought up in the constant exercise of courtesy toward brothers and sisters and playmates, as well as towards parents and uncles and aunts, it will have little to learn as it grows older. I know a bright and bewitching child who was well instructed in table etiquette but who forgot her lessons sometimes as even older people do now and then. The arrangement was made with her that, for every solecism of this sort she was to pay a fine of five cents, while for similar carelessness she should discover in her elders, she was to extract a fine of ten cents, their experience of life being longer than hers. You may be sure that Mistress Bright Eyes watched the proceedings at the table very carefully. No slightest disregard of the most conventional etiquette escaped her quick vision, and she was an inflexible creditor and faithful debtor. It was the prettiest sight to see her, when conscious of some failure on her own part, go unhesitatingly to her money-box and pay cheerfully her little tribute to the outraged proprieties.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE complaint is sometimes made of Sunday-school teachers that they don't know how to talk. The trouble very often is that they don't know how to keep still. It is not an easy thing, when you have crammed yourself full of information and ideas about a lesson, to give up to your class the time you are so ready to occupy yourself. But that is precisely what is sometimes the best thing for you to do. Be ready to forego your good points; sacrifice your own satisfaction in bringing out your ideas, when you find that your scholars are disposed to say something themselves. The scholar's mind must work with the teacher's before he is made to know. And your scholar will profit more by one common-place idea which he lays hold of and works out for himself—grasps and expresses than by the neatest half-hour lecture and exhortation you have ever given your class.

Heaven.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. SHAW.

Oh, heaven! thy mysteries who can tell?
Thy glories, who unfold!
None but the ransomed host who dwell
Within thy gates of gold.

The sainted throng, both day and night,
Thy sacred beauty view;
And Christians, too, their songs unite,
And swell the theme anew.

No sun or sorrow enters there,
But all is peace and joy;
The voice of music and of prayer
Is heard without alloy.

Its glories, who can rightly paint?
Its bliss so fair, so grand;
All our conceptions are but faint,
Of heaven, that better land.

But why should we ourselves concern
So much about the place;
For we shall reach there in our turn,
And see God face to face!

If only we do faithful prove
While here on earth below,
We shall ascend to heaven above,
All free from pain and woe.

Then let us boldly fight our fight,
The struggle soon must end;
Let us be brave and do the right,
For Jesus is our friend.

Then will He welcome us on high,
To stand around the throne,
And He will meet us in the sky,
And give the starry crown.

Monmouth, Ont.

The Cost of the Drink Traffic.

In the Province of Ontario, the law does regard the liquor dealer as responsible for the result of the traffic; and if any disastrous consequences accrue from the sale of liquor, he may be amerced in a heavy fine. But much more is any Government morally responsible for the resulting evils, which, for paltry pelf, will legalize a traffic injurious to the best interests of society, which supplies the stimulant that nerves the assassin's arm and kindles the incendiary's torch, and then inflicts the extreme penalty for arson or murder. "How can they justify," says Dr. Edgar, of Belfast, "condemn a poor wretch to be hanged for a crime committed in the raging of drunkenness to which they have themselves ministered?" Thus Britain cherishes a traffic which, like the unrenewed heart of man, is evil, and only evil, and that continually; a traffic that every year sends 60,000 victims into the presence of their Maker; which sends 10,000 raving maniacs or drivelling idiots to the lunatic asylums; which maddens about 400 a year with such ungovernable frenzy as to slay as many innocent victims, and 600 more to kill themselves; which keeps an army of 100,000 conscripts of crime in the prisons of the land, and creates a vast and dangerous host of paupers and thieves; which destroys, in loss from disease, wasted industry, perverted capital, and abridgment of human life, not less than £300,000,000 a year; and which brings into the public exchequer a paltry £20,000,000 of unhallowed gain. —*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

BISHOP SIMPSON, in an address at the laying of the corner-stone of a new church the other day, made the following point: "Our answer to those who assert that Christianity is dying out is simply this—we build more churches. The line of argument cannot hold against the line of action. Infidelity builds no churches, founds no asylums, endows no universities."

Boys' and Girls' Temperance Lessons.

LESSON XI.

Alcohol in Business—Continued.

QUESTION. How many teachers are employed in the public and private schools and in the academies and colleges of the United States and Canada?

ANSWER. More than three hundred thousand.

Q. Are there any among those who habitually use alcoholic drinks?

A. Possibly there are; but the number, if any, is very small.

Q. Why is the number so very small?

A. Because parents are not willing that their children should be taught by intemperate teachers, and no honourable committee will knowingly employ such persons.

Q. Is there any other reason?

A. There is another reason.

Q. What?

A. Because it is required by statute, that all teachers of public schools shall have a "good moral character," and, in the eye of the law, a person who is an habitual user of alcoholic drinks has not that character, and is, therefore, shut out of this honourable and gainful employment.

Q. Do persons choose intemperate lawyers to manage cases in preference to sober men of equal ability?

A. They do not.

Q. Why not?

A. Because no intemperate man is sure to be at his best, when his best is most needed.

Q. Do persons in severe sickness prefer an intemperate physician to one of equal skill, who is certain to be sober?

A. They do not, but exactly the contrary.

Q. Why?

A. Because alcohol weakens the judgment, if it does not destroy it, and human life is too precious to be risked in the hands of persons whose will-power and reason are subject to depraved appetites.

Q. Do Christian people employ persons who are known to use, habitually, alcoholic drinks as religious teachers?

A. They do not. The pulpits of this country, with rare exceptions, are filled by those who totally abstain from alcoholic drinks.

Q. In all the higher pursuits, does the habitual use of alcoholic drinks hinder in obtaining place and then reaching eminence?

A. It does. Avenues to place and eminence in all the higher pursuits, are positively closed to persons of known habits of intemperance.

Reading.

LET it never be forgotten that reading is a great and most beneficent factor in modern civilization. To be sure, some of those who pose as Liberals, "advanced thinkers," and what not, are rather dubious about letting everybody have the power of becoming acquainted with what is in books. Like a good many blatant talkers about the rights of man, and the glories of freedom, who have flourished in the past, they would confine all such accomplishments to the chosen few who have leisure and who affect culture. Reading, in the estimation of such, rather spoils good servants. They have for instance, a distinct remembrance of the fact that the best and most faithful coachmen they ever had could not have

read a verse in the Bible to have saved their lives; while their most accomplished cooks were guiltless of any acquaintance with even the first of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. In spite of all such nonsense, not entirely gone dumb even in this same Ontario of ours, and even in the Queen city of the west, all people of sense are pretty much agreed on the conviction that it is an immense advantage for all to have the power of reading, and, that it is a wise and prudent thing to provide good and wholesome books for those who have the faculty and the sense to make use of them. It is very easy to say that the great mass of those who read, give themselves so up to the perusal of novels, and those of the poorest and worst kind, that their intellects are weakened and their hearts polluted in the process. In the first place, it is not the fact, and then, secondly, though it were, is it not possible that those who read even the cheap novel might have been worse employed had they been deprived of that amusement? Besides, the remedy lies not in refusing to let the lower and labouring orders learn to read, but will be found in supplying them with better books than they have been accustomed to. A young man who has contracted a taste for reading, will in that have a very strong safeguard against the temptations of the tavern. He very speedily forms habits of thought which render him uncomfortable in the dram shop. The dull gossip, the brutal horseplay, the unmitigated animalism of such places, have no power to charm one who has a liking for the silent companionship of the printed book. He finds himself more and more out of place in such resorts. Indeed he would nearly as soon think of getting down on all fours and taking a spell at grazing *a la* Nebuchadnezzar.

Write Them a Letter To-night.

BY CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D.

Don't go to theatre, lecture, or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good, long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering
back

To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more
need

Of their love and counsel wise;
For the heart is strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes;
It might be well to let them believe
You never forgot them quite—
That you deem it a pleasure when far away
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy
friends,

Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off;
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and
longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

40.—COWSLIP.

41.— N
N A P
N A G O R
P O A
R

42.—

P I E D
I S I E
E L S E
D E E P

NEW PUZZLES.

43.—CHARADE.

Past tense of a verb; used by bricklayers; a neuter verb; the first letter of the whole. A system of doctrines.

44.—ENIGMA.

One of the United States; 5, 2, 3, 10, 9, a medicine; 5, 11, 7, 7, 6, is foolish; 4, 9, 1, to sleep; 8, 12, 11, 10, concealed.

45.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A horse; hair-grass; tedious; exchanged; a garment; indulent. Primals; a class of plants; finals, a city once the seat of Arabian literature.

46.—HOUR-GLASS.

A revival; to send forth lustre; a swelling; a colour; a letter; a cover; silent; wandering; the dragon-fly. Centrals denoting number.

THE surest way to secure order in school is to teach the children that they should abstain from whispering, making noise, passing notes, etc., not because these things are wrong in themselves, but because they hinder the work of the school, attract attention, take up time, and prevent study. In other words, to teach the child to detect something in the act beyond the thing itself—to see its end.—*Steele.*

THERE are many who seem to think that the cheapest literature for Sunday-schools which can be had is the best. Even many who purchase for themselves and their children the best food available for their bodies, freely buy that which is rotten and poisonous for their minds and hearts. What supreme folly! Aye, more; what immense injury and injustice are done to those who are fed on such mental food!

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—"John," said the cashier of a haberdashery, dropping into the bank in the midst of a shopping trip, "you forgot to leave that money this morning." "What name?" asked the cashier without looking up. "Name! name!" exclaimed the lady, "I am your wife." "No doubt, no doubt," answered the cashier, mechanically, and going on with his writing; "but you will have to bring some one to identify you."

The Chinese wall is the largest wall in the world. It traverses the northern boundary of China, and is carried over the highest hills, through the deepest valleys, across rivers and every other natural obstacle. Its length is 1,250 miles. Including a parapet of 5 feet the total height of the wall is 20 feet, thickness at the base 25 feet, and at the top 15 feet. Towers or bastions occur at intervals of about 100 yards.

Suffering.

TRIAL, when it weighs severely,
Stamps the Saviour's image clearly
On the heart of all His friends,
In the name His hands have moulded
In a future life unfolded
Through the suffering which He sends.

Suffering gives our faith assurance,
Makes us patient in endurance,
Suffering, who is worth thy pains?
Here they call thee only torment—
There they call thee a preferment,
Which not every one attains.

Day by day, O Jesus, nearer
Show that bliss to me, and clearer,
Until my last hour I see!
Then my weary striving ended,
May my spirit be attended
By bright angels home to Thee!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1451.] **LESSON I.** [July 1

JOSHUA SUCCESSOR TO MOSES.

Joshua 1. 1-9. Commit to memory vs. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power
of his might.—Eph. 6. 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Obedience to God is the way to success.

TIME.—B.C. 1451. About the first of
April.

PLACE.—The Israelites were encamped in
the valley of the Jordan on the east side,
nearly opposite Jericho.

THE BOOK OF JOSHUA.—1. *Its author.*
Joshua himself, the book being completed by
some of the elders that survived him. 2. *Date.*
Written not far from B.C. 1424, the
year of Joshua's death. 3. *Time.* The
events extend over twenty-five or thirty
years.

THE LIFE OF JOSHUA.—1. *His name*
Originally Oshoa or Hoshoa (help). Moses
changed it to Jehoshua (the help or salvation
of Jehovah). In Greek the name became
Jesus. 2. *His ancestry.*—He was of the tribe
of Ephraim, the eighteenth generation. His
father's name was Nun, and his grandfather
was Elishama, the head of the tribe. 3. *His
birth.*—He was born in Goshen in Egypt about
B.C. 1584, so that he was about 83 or 84
years old at this time. 4. *His history.*—He
was probably born a slave to Pharaoh. He
was about 43 years old at the time of the
Exodus. Moses made him a general of the
army, and his prime minister or chief aid.
He died after the conquest at the age of 110.
5. *His character.*—He was distinguished: (1)
for courage; (2) for his generalship,—keen
observation and quick movements; (3) for his
faith in God; (4) for his humility.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Moses had brought the
children of Israel to the borders of the prom-
ised land. There he died on Mt. Pisgah,
that rose behind the encampment, about the
last of February, 1451 B.C., aged 120. For
thirty days the people mourned him. Then
God called Joshua to go forward and possess
the Promised Land.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—2. *Go over
this Jordan.*—Which lay before them. Usually
it was about 100 feet wide and 8 or 10 deep.
Now it was swollen by the Spring rains, and
was 1200 feet wide. 4. *The wilderness.*—The
desert of Arabia Petraea on the south; *Leba-
non*, the high mountains, on the north, 10,000
feet high; *the Euphrates*, 1700 miles long, on
the east; *the land of the Hittites*, i.e., the
Canaanites, being included in this region;
the Great Sea, the Mediterranean, their west-
ern border. This region was about 140 miles
from north to south, and 400 from east to
west. Only in the time of David and Solo-
mon did they possess it all. But they might
have held it all the time. 7. *All the law.*—
Contained in the five books of Moses. 8.
This book.—He was (1) to teach it; (2) to
study it; (3) to obey it; (4) the result would
be prosperity.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The
death of Moses—Joshua's life—Joshua's char-
acter—The Book of Joshua—The country
promised to the Jews—The need of courage—
The Bible as the way to success.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give some account of the
Book of Joshua? Where were the children
of Israel at this time? Who had brought
them there? Why could not Moses go over

with the Israelites? (Deut. 32. 49-52.)
When and where did Moses die? (Deut.
34. 1-7.)

**SUBJECT: HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN
LIFE.**

1. **THE PROMISE OF SUCCESS (vs. 1-4)**—
Who was Joshua? Give an account of his
life? Of his character? Meaning of "Moses'
minister?" What work had God for Joshua
to do? Give the boundaries of the Promised
Land? Did they ever possess all this? What
condition was attached to the promise? (v. 3.)
Of what is the Promised Land a type to us?
What good things are promised to the Chris-
tian? (John 1. 12; 3. 16; 6. 40. Deut.
28. 2-6) How would you apply verse 3 to
our enjoyment of these blessings?

2. **THE CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS (vs. 5-9).**

—1. *God's presence with us, v. 5.* What
promise did God make Joshua? What would
be the effect of God's presence? How may
we have his presence? Why are those who
have God with them able to overcome all
enemies? 2. *Courage, v. 6, 9.* What two
things did God command Joshua to be? How
many times is the command repeated in this
lesson? Why would he need courage? What
would give him courage? (v. 9.) What need
have we of courage? How may we obtain it?

3. *Obedience to God, vs. 7, 8.* What was the
next condition of success? How many times
is this repeated? What would be the result?
What is true success? Why does it depend
on obedience to God? Are not some wicked
men successful? Why must Joshua be so
exact in his obedience? What promises did
God make to obedience? (Deut. 28. 1-14.)
What threats against disobedience? (Deut.
28. 15-19, 45-48.) Give illustrations of the
truth of these from the history of the Israel-
ites? 4. *Study of God's word, v. 8.* How
much of our Bible did Joshua have? What
three things should he do with it? Give
some reasons why we should study God's
word? What is the difference between read-
ing it and studying it?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The workers die, the work goes on.
2. We win higher work, by faithfully per-
forming the lower.
3. We possess only so much of God's prom-
ises as we use.
4. We have a promised land of holiness,
happiness, and heaven.
5. It takes courage to go up and possess it.
6. We are fitted for it, by studying and
obeying God's word.
7. There is only one way to true success.

**REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School
in Concert.)**

1. Who brought the Israelites to the borders
of the Promised Land? **Ans.** Moses. 2. Who
took his place after his death? **Ans.** Joshua,
son of Nun. 3. What had God promised
the Israelites? **Ans.** A large and fruitful
land. 4. How were they to obtain it? **Ans.**
By courage, faith, and obedience to God. 5.
How were they to gain these? **Ans.** By
studying and obeying God's word. 6. What
would be the result? **Ans.** Prosperity and
success.

B.C. 1451.] **LESSON II.** [July 8

PASSING OVER JORDAN.

Joshua 3. 5-17. Commit to memory vs. 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters, I
will be with thee; and through the rivers,
they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43. 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's wonderful care of his people.

TIME.—B.C. 1451. Early in April. They
crossed the Jordan on the 10th of Nisan.

PLACE.—On the east bank of the Jordan
opposite Jericho.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—The spies sent out on
8rd of Nisan. They return on the 6th. The
camp moved to the banks of the Jordan on
the 7th, and the command of chap. 1. 11
issued. They cross on the 10th.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Immediately after the
command in our last lesson, Joshua sent spies
across the Jordan to learn the condition of
things there. He then reminded the three
tribes that they were to go with the others.
The spies returned. The Israelites broke up
their camp and moved down to the river, and
made preparations for crossing.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—5. *Sanctify*—
i.e., make holy, prepare your hearts, and go
through the prescribed ceremonies of purifi-
cation. 6. *Ark of the Covenant.*—An oblong
box of Shittim (i.e., Acacia) wood, covered
with gold. It was 4 feet 4½ inches long, by
2 feet 7½ inches broad and high. Over it was
the mercy-seat with the Cherubim. It was
called *the ark of the covenant*, because it con-

tained the tables of stone with the ten com-
mandments on them, which were God's
covenant with man. 10. *Canaanites.* Des-
cendants of Canaan, on the lowlands by the
coast. *Hittites.*—Descendants of Heth, second
son of Canaan,—near Hebron. *Hivites.*—
Near Mt. Hermon. *Perizzites* (rustics) In
the south and west of Carmel. *Gergashites*
—A family of Hivites, east of the sea of
Galilee. *Amorites.*—Mountaineers on the
heights west of the Dead Sea. *Jebusites.*—A
mountain tribe holding the site of Jerusalem.
15. *Jordan overfloweth his banks.*—In the
harvest, i.e., the barley harvest, the Jordan
is full and deep and wide. They crossed at
this time because no enemy would await them
on the other side, it being impossible for an
army to cross. 16. *The waters, etc.* The
waters were cut off at Adam, near the mouth
of the river Tabbak, 20 or 30 miles above.
All below that the river bed was dry. The
priests with the ark stood in the midst of the
river, while the people rushed across.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The
spies—The order of events—The ark of the
covenant—The Jordan at the time of harvest
—The drying up of the Jordan—Adam and
Zaretan—Memorial stones—Of what were
these things a type.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Which three tribes pro-
posed to remain on the east side of Jordan?
(Josh. 1. 12.) What did Joshua say to
them? How many soldiers did they have?
(Josh. 4. 12, 13.) Where were the Israelites
encamped? What great crisis had they now
arrived at?

SUBJECT: THE NEW START IN LIFE.

1. **PREPARATIONS (vs. 5-8).**—What was
the first act of preparation? (Josh. 2. 1.)
Give an account of the excursion of the spies?
How long were they gone? Who has
reported to us of what is before us in the
Christian life? What was the next act of
preparation? (Josh. 3. 1.) Are we, like
them, to move on toward the new life?
What was the third measure of preparation?
(v. 5.) What is it to sanctify ourselves?
What preparation like this must we make for
our new life? Why did they need to do it
now? What wonders does God work for us?
What was the ark of the covenant? Where
was it to be carried? How far in advance?
(Josh. 3. 4.) Why? What are we taught
by this symbol of God's presence going in
advance? How would the crossing of Jordan
magnify Joshua? How do all God's wonder-
ful works for the church magnify God's
people? For what purpose does he magnify
them?

2. **THE PROMISE (vs. 9-13).**—What nations
were to be driven out of Canaan? How were
the Israelites to know that they could do this
great work? How would the drying up of
Jordan prove it? Give an example from
David's experience? (1 Sam. 17. 32-37.)
May we have a like encouragement? What
twelve men were chosen? For what purpose?
(Josh. 4. 2-7.) How would this strengthen
their faith in future times? What is the use
of memorials? What memorials should we
raise?

3. **THE FULFILMENT (vs. 14-17).**—What
time of the year was it now? (Josh. 4. 19.)
What was the state of the Jordan at this
time? Why did they cross at such a time?
Who entered the Jordan first? What hap-
pened as soon as they touched the water?
How far up was the water stopped? Where
did the ark remain while the people were
crossing? (Josh. 4. 10.) What was the
object of this great miracle? (v. 7. chap. 4.
24.) Of what things was this a type?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God still works wonders for his people,
—in conversions, in sustaining grace, in the
triumphs of the Gospel.
2. God goes before his people.
3. We know that God will fulfil his prom-
ises by what he has done.
4. We should ever keep in remembrance
God's acts of mercy and goodness.
5. We must follow the priests as far as
they bear the ark.
6. There is a Jordan to be crossed before
all good, every new life, every higher life,
heaven.

**REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School
in Concert.)**

7. When did the Israelites cross the Jordan?
Ans. In the Spring of 1451 before Christ.
8. What was the state of the Jordan? **Ans.**
It was wide and deep, overflowing its banks.
9. Who went over first? **Ans.** The priests
bearing the ark of the covenant.
10. What happened when they entered the river? **Ans.**
The Jordan dried up, and the people passed
over on dry ground.

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