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HOMER'S SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1886.

[No. 8.]

Procrastination.

PROCRASTINATION is a long word, but it is one most of us know something about. It has, you know, a connection with the Latin word *cras*, which means to-morrow; and the boy or girl who is fond of procrastination is the boy or girl who thinks to-morrow, or presently, is the proper time for everything. hapless mistake! There is danger in it.

A noble ship had sprung a leak, and lay upon the ocean with a signal of distress flying. To the joy of all, a ship drew near, and at last came within hail.

"What's amiss?" called the strange captain through his speaking-trumpet.

"We are in bad repair, and are going down. Lie by till morning," was the answer from the sinking ship.

"Let me take your passengers on board now," called back the ready helper.

"Lie by till morning," was the only answer.

Morning came at last, but the *Central America* went down within an hour and a half of the refusal; and passengers, and crew, and procrastinating captain, went down with her.

"I am going to turn out at six to-morrow," says Tom, with an air of most thorough determination. At half past five the next morning Tom awoke with a feeling of having something on his mind.

"Halloo! it's time to get up. Stay a minute, though; I can dress in less than half an hour."

Tom accordingly lies upon his back and follows the movement of an early fly, which now and then makes a dash at his face. This position not being satisfactory for long, he turns upon his side, and, while experiencing a sensation of relief, his eyes show a tendency to close.

"This will not do!" cries Tom, arousing himself with a jerk. "But they say it is bad to jump out of bed in a hurry."

Acting upon this caution, Tom's head once more returns to the pillow; and he is hardly surprised that the next time he thinks of turning out it is because there is a loud knocking at the

door, and somebody calling out: "It's half-past eight, Master Tom, and breakfast is begun!"

So Master Tom's procrastination ends in his coming down to breakfast an hour late, with a sleepy face and a bad temper for the rest of the day. If Master Tom goes on through his life like this in every matter, we know well enough there is but little success awaiting him. This is a busy world, and while one is

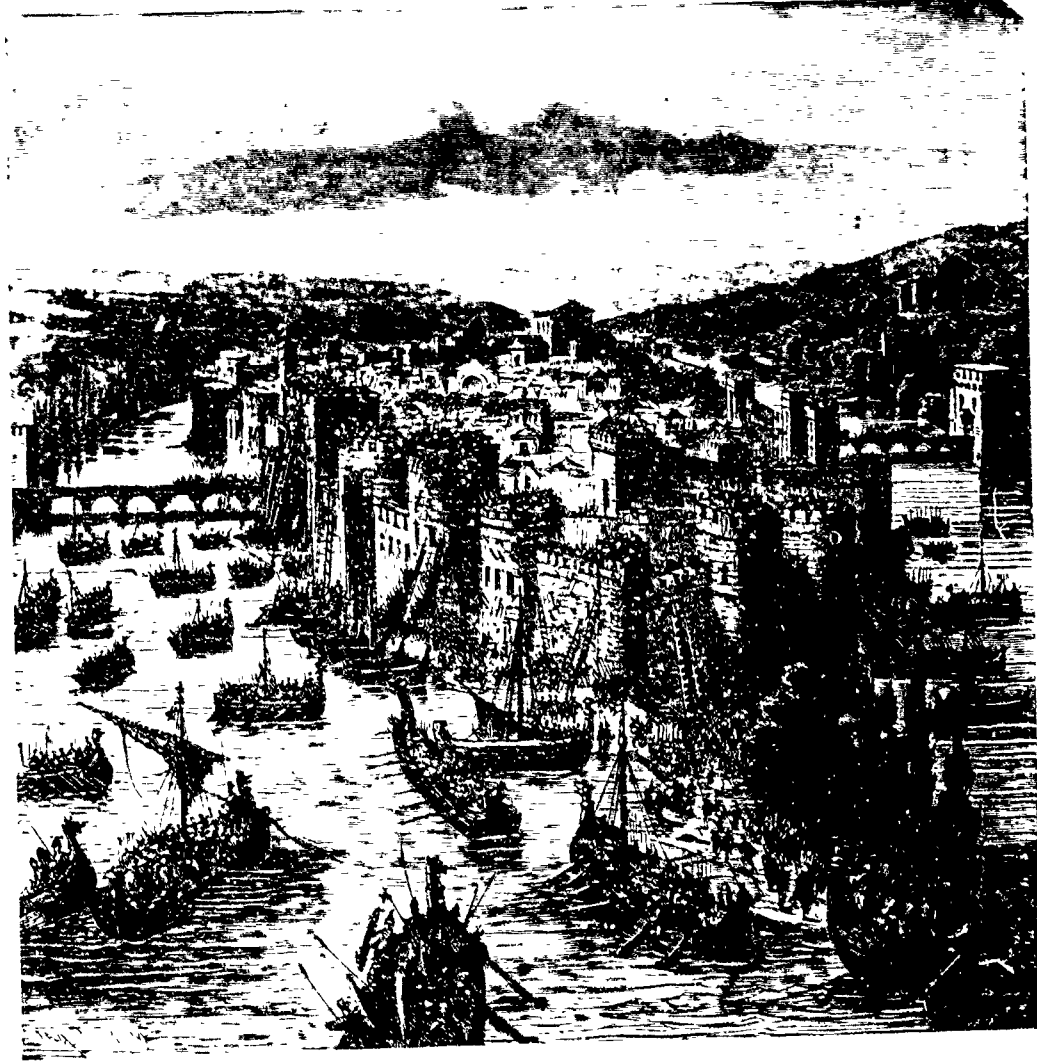
The Normans on the Seine.

It is a curious fact that in conflicts between Northern and Southern nations the men of the north are almost always victorious. It seems as if the milder climate and luxuries of the south enervate both the body and the mind. A striking illustration of this is shown in the invasion of France by the Northmen, under Rolf or Rollo, in the ninth century. The degenerate successors of

situated the great cathedral of Notre-Dame. This the Northmen besieged for thirteen months, and were hought off only with large ransom. Eventually they settled in the country, gave it the name of Normandy, and became under William the Conqueror, the eighth in descent from Rollo or Rolf, the Norman conquerors of Britain.

This striking engraving is taken from Dr. Ridpath's "History of the World,"* and is a specimen of over 1,200 contained in that great work. The study of history both sacred and secular—the study of God's dealings with our race—is, we think, the most interesting and instructive pursuit that can engage the human mind. It is also one of the most essential. History, it is well said, is philosophy teaching by example. The great problems of the ages repeat themselves. He who would understand the urgent questions of to-day and the best mode of their solution must know how these questions have been met and answered in the past. No one can pass muster as well informed who has not some adequate conception of the past record of our race. Yet many are deterred from this task by its seemingly hopeless magnitude, by the vast number of volumes to be mastered. And this is a real difficulty. To master the works of the great historians who have written in detail the annals of the nations is the work of a life time.

We venture to say that the careful study of these volumes is, in a very important sense, a liberal education. The reader is made acquainted with the chief actors in the great drama of time, with the nature of their work and with its influence on the world.



THE NORMANS ON THE SEINE—SIEGE OF OLD PARIS.

thinking of doing something "presently," another comes up and does it at once.—*Chatterbox.*

"Why did you learn to smoke, my boy?" "For the reason you did, I suppose." "Well, I want you to stop smoking." "Won't you give me the reason for stopping that I had for learning, father?" After a moment, "Yes, I will." Both stopped.

Charlemagne—Charles the Fat, Charles the Simple, Charles the Bald—by their wealth and cowardice offered a tempting prey to the bold Norse pirates, who pillaged the coasts of Europe as far as Sicily. In the days of Charles the Fat they swarmed up the Seine as far as Paris, with 30,000 warriors and 700 war galleys, and laid siege to the city—even then a great feudal stronghold. There is an island in the Seine known as the "Old City," on which is now

* *Cyclopaedia of Universal History.* Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilizations to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2,364 pages. By John Clark Ridpath, LL.D., Professor of History in DePauw University; author of a *History of the United States, a Life and Work of Garfield, etc.* Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati. The Balch Brothers, 10¹/₂ Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

Talk of the interest of fiction and romance! It will not compare with the fascination of the truths stranger than fiction of history.

God is far the sweetest poet,
And the real is His song.

The Bonny Land.

By REV. WILLIAM WYK SMITH.

[We have pleasure in printing the following charming verses by a very accomplished Canadian poet, whose verses frequently grace some of the leading American journals.—Ed.]

"O weel ken I the bonny land,
Beside the Tweed it lies;—
I ken the very nook o' the sky
'Neath which its pearls and gowans lie,
And where its mountains rise!
Wi' Bemerside and Cowdenknows,
Frae Newark Peel to the Loch o' the Lowes,
Where laverocks sing and heather grows,—
O that's the bonny land!

"O that may be, and yet to me
There lies my 'bonny land'!
Where simmer streamlets glist and glide,
Through Carae o' Gowrie, fair and wide,—
And gray auld castles stand.
Where Tay, past mony a rook and scour,
Flows saft as peace that follows war,
And Hieland hills look down from far,—
O that's the bonny land!

"I ken, I ken the bonny land—
For I was cradled there!
'Tis not by Tweed, nor yet by Forth,
'Tis not on Tay, but in the North,
Where beauty fills the air!
Where mountains beckon to the skies,
And lochs are clear as maidens' eyes,
And glory on Glen Conan lies—
O that's the bonny land!"

Up spak our wee wee gowdie-lane,
The youngest o' them a':
"The bonny land I weel can tell,
Is where my mither's gane to dwell,
In yon sweet Far-awa!
The darksome night is never there,
The morning light's ay rosy, fair,—
And weeping een can weep nae mair,
Within that bonny land!

"The weary heart shall win the balm
That gars it sing for glee;
And, saft as breath o' evening psalm,
The storm shall sink into a calm,
Upon that Simmer-sea!
And holy hearts shall harbour there,
Aneath the smile o' angels fair,—
For He wha makes this warld His care,
Maks that the BONNY LAND!"

Bonny, lovely; ken, know; gowans, wild daisies; laverocks, larks; glist, sparkle; carae, a broad, open valley; scour, a precipitous bank; lochs, lakes, (ch, guttural); gowdie-lane, a child able to walk; gars, compels.

NEWMARKET, ONT.

Like a Gentleman.

"COUSIN ALICE, is Mr. Harlow a gentleman?" asked Fred Towne of a young cousin who was visiting his father's.

"Of course he is. But why do you ask?" she replied.

"Because I wanted to know, and I thought you would tell me. Father says he wants to learn to take a glass of wine like a gentleman, and I have been watching Mr. Harlow to see just how he does."

"Did you ever drink wine, Fred?"

"Never but little, and I didn't think it was very nice. Do you think it nice?"

"Not nice at all. I never taste it."

"Are you like Aunt Jane? She thinks it is dreadful stuff. I have heard her talk to father about it, but he always laughs at her and tells her she is old fashioned."

"We are all old fashioned in the same way at our house, and I wish my Cousin Fred would grow up to be a teetotal gentleman."

"Cousin Alice, I guess there are two kinds of gentlemen: one kind that drinks wine and one kind that don't;

and Bridget told me something about Mr. Harlow that made me almost think that he isn't a gentleman at all. She says he gets drunk as a 'baste' when he isn't in fine company. I mean to ask father if he drinks like a gentleman."

Mr. Towne coming in at that moment, the question was propounded and answered.

"Mr. Harlow is always and everywhere a gentleman."

"Is he when he gets drunk as a 'baste,' as Bridget says he does?"

"Bridget talking to you in that way," exclaimed Mr. Towne, angrily. "She must be taught better than that."

"She wouldn't have said it if I hadn't asked her if Mr. Harlow drank wine like a gentleman. I wanted to know because—"

"Never mind the 'because' and be sure you never ask her any more such questions. Your Cousin Alice can tell you what a gentleman is like."

"I have been asking Cousin Alice about it, and she thinks the same as Aunt Jane does."

"What set you to asking so many questions about drinking wine?"

"What you said to me about drinking it like a gentleman, and what I heard a man say who was talking at the corner of the street. He said men began with wine and ended with the meanest kind of whiskey. He said, too, that every boy ought to be pledged against tasting a drop of liquor of any kind. Since then I've been considering what I'd better do. You wouldn't mind, would you, if I should be teetotal like a gentleman, instead of drinking wine like a gentleman?"

Mr. Towne was silent, and Fred continued:

"You would know then, certain and sure, that I should never be a drunkard, and isn't that a good thing to be sure of, father?"

"Of course it is," was the somewhat reluctant answer; and Fred needed no more to decide him on his future course.

How many of the boys who read this will be teetotal like a gentleman—
Mary Dwinell Chellis.

Letter from Bella Bella, B.C.

DEAR DR. WITHEROW,—Allow me, through your valuable HOME AND SCHOOL, to present to my many friends in the Sabbath-schools of Ontario a short account of the mission work in this Western part of the field. I have been here but a few weeks, so cannot give a minute account; yet I hope to say something that will arouse an interest in the mission work, and enlist your sympathy and prayers in behalf of those poor heathen who have not yet the Gospel.

Our village, consisting of about 300 souls, is pleasantly situated on an Island overlooking McLaughlin's Bay. On all sides are rocky hills, which, I dare say, most of you, accustomed to comparatively level country, would call mountains, and indeed we can see the snow-capped mountains at no great distance.

The natives subsist by fishing—chiefly salmon—hunting, fur sealing and gathering clams. A new clam cannery was built a mile from the village, and this being the proper season the majority of the people are engaged. There is employment for old and young in some part of the work. This doubtless is a benefit to the people, but a loss to me, as it robs my school of many of the pupils.

Before the missionaries came, the dress of the Indian consisted chiefly of

a blanket,—which indeed they can put on quite gracefully—but all the Christian villages adopt the "white man" dress. However, not all who wear the latter are Christians, or "school people," as they say.

Too many, indeed, mistake this for Christianity, and are satisfied with the outward form. If they wish to say a man has gone back to heathenism, they say, "He has put on his blanket again."

Most of the tribes have a different language. "Hielohuk," the native language of this tribe, is a very musical one, but difficult to acquire. At least, I find it so, as I have been able to get very little of it yet, but I hope by perseverance to master it in the near future. You see, children, they have no books in their language, and it is hard to learn without a book. Isn't it? Few of them understand English, and those who do pretty well, are afraid to use it lest they be laughed at by the others. I have been trying to stimulate the pupils by offering a prize to all who speak English by Christmas.

The pupils attend school very irregularly, owing to their being away for days, often ten weeks, together securing their food. All the pupils are not children. Quite a number are grown up, or married folk. In some cases the whole family attend. All learn fairly well. The children like to attend Sunday-school, which is held in the Mission-house every Sunday at 2 p.m. I have had charge of the Sunday-school since I came, Mrs. Cuyler had it previously. Rev. Mr. Cuyler has charge of the Bible-class in the church at the same hour. We study the Berean lesson, as you do. Our order of procedure is this: Singing, prayer by one or two of the pupils and the teacher, all repeating in concert the Lord's Prayer; singing again, review of last lesson and study of the new; singing, repeating Golden Text and other verses learned during the week, both in English and "Hielohuk"; and now comes the pleasing part when the tickets and papers are distributed. Then the doxology and benediction. The average attendance has been 20 thus far.

All this, dear young friends, the Gospel of Jesus Christ has done for this people. Little more than six years ago they were in heathen darkness; now many of them know Jesus as a personal Saviour, and delight to do His will. As one said to me to-day, "I love my Saviour and I like always to speak for Him to the heathen." Many times we are led to bless God who has dealt so graciously with them.

Our services are often seasons of power, and when we see the young coming to Jesus we are encouraged to look for still greater things in the future. The superstition of ages cannot be effaced in a day. It needs time and patience, and the "wisdom" which only descends from above, in dealing with its many forms. Pray for us that our hands may be strengthened for the work.

But we must remember, there are scores of villages who have no knowledge of the true God, and no teacher to tell them of Jesus and His love. I wonder what we can do to help them?

The Indians as a rule are very fond of singing, and often they gather in little companies to sing the songs of Zion. How very different from the "war whoop" of former times.

God wonderfully sustains us in this work, and though far from home, and friends and society, and the Christian

fellowship we once enjoyed, to all of which we often turn with fond recollection, yet we are happy in our work, nor have we any desire to leave the field. Indeed I am privileged beyond many of the missionaries more worthy than I, in being sent to this village where my home is in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler, old and tried friends of the past.

We had a visit from Rev. Mr. Crosby in the *Glad Tidings* some few weeks since. He spent Sunday with us, and then proceeded to Bella Coola. On his return he called for the night, and then left us again for his home in Port Simpson, 250 miles north of this. We were so pleased to see him. It is not very often we have the pleasure of a visit from the missionaries, therefore we prize one the more.

Think, girls, there is not another white woman within a hundred miles.

I fear my letter is already too long, so lest I weary you I will close. After our Christmas tree entertainment you may expect to hear from me again, but if you really wish to become interested in missionary work I would advise you to subscribe for the *Missionary Outlook*.

With this I shall say "Whe-leek-suka" (good-bye) for the present.

E. A. REINHART.

The Closed Door.

How well I remember it; it was one morning many years ago, when I was a very little child. I had been naughty at breakfast-time, and papa said to me gravely: "Carrie, you must get off your chair and go and stand outside the door for five minutes." I got down, choked back the sob that rose in my throat, and without turning to look into papa's face, I went outside the door, and it was shut against me.

The moments seemed very long and silent. I remember well how my tears dropped down on the mat; I was so grieved and ashamed. The five minutes were not nearly over, but the handle of the door was partly turned, and Johnny's curly head peered out. Both his arms were around my neck in a minute, and he said: "Carrie, go in. I'll be naughty instead of you." And before I could say a word he pushed me in, and shut the door.

There I stood, not knowing I might go up to the table; but papa took me by the hand, and led me to the table, kissed me, and put me on my chair; and I knew I was forgiven just as much as if I had borne all the punishment; but O how I wished that Johnny might come in!

When the five minutes were up he was called in, and then papa took us both and folded us in his arms, and I sobbed it all out—the repentance, and love, and gratefulness—while we were held close to that loving heart.

The years went by, and I found myself outside another door, separated from the Father, sin having come between my soul and God, till I saw One who loved me come and take my place, and put me into His place of nearness, and I was forgiven for Christ's sake; and I knew the fulness and freeness of that forgiveness, for our Father drew me close to His divine heart of love, and there with the Lord Jesus, my sin-bearer, I found "joy unspeakable and full of glory."—*Ex.*

It is not learning but life that is wanted for the Messiah's kingdom, and life begins by birth.

A John Brown's Pike.

The smith, amidst his men,
I looked up and saw a face
Come down the factory glass,
In grave and bearded grace:
"Canst thou?" the old man said,
"Trust one upon his looks
And make me, for my sheep,
Five hundred shepherd crooks?"

"Yes, long as thou must owe,
I'll fill thy order cheap,
So many crooks do show
That thou hast many sheep!"
"Four million sheep are mine,"
The old man answered back;
"Far down the land they shine,
But all their fleece is black."

He left his pattern there,
Himself they soon forgot;
He kept his promise fair,
And owed the forger not;
Till once, a wild man's hand
(Great slavery's armour shook,
And in the negro's hand,
They found the shepherd's crook

Then cried the Law: "Who made
These pikes of steel so stout?"
"Be not, O smith, afraid,"
The old wild man spoke out,
"My sheep the wolves had tread,
And I good shepherd like,
My crook with iron shod,
And it became a pike."

They hanged the shepherd old;
His shining crooks went on;
The black sheep found the fold,
And all the wolves were gone.
The smith who had mistook
The pattern he should strike,
Remarked "God bless the crook!
Although it was a pike."

—George Alfred Townsend.

God's Love for Mankind.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John. iii. 16.

"OH! look at my beautiful flowers," exclaimed a bright-eyed, merry-looking girl of some sixteen years, to a group of companions, who had gathered about the school-room door, waiting for the summons to their lessons.

"They are very pretty, indeed, but then, Elva, you seem to admire everything, especially flowers."

"Well, girls, I suppose I do; but how can one help loving them? What- ever should we do, if we had not so many beautiful things!"

"Good morning, girls! As I came upon you I overheard Elva's remarks, and I wonder if, while we all delight in and enjoy the gifts of a bountiful Father, we are truly thankful to the Great Giver of all." The girls were silent, for each felt that she seldom, if ever, gave any thought to what her teacher was alluding.

"Miss Moulton, I brought these flowers for you," said Elva, following her into the school-room.

"Thank you very much! Just one moment, dear! When I heard you speaking of your fondness for the things around us, that passage of Scrip- ture which tells us to place our affections on things above came to my memory. Does my Elva feel her need of a Saviour, or does He hold but a secondary place? Surely the works of His hand do not come first!" Getting no answer, she continued. "You know what He has done for you, in return for which He only asks your love. I am afraid you do not think enough about this matter, which is of such infinite import- ance, and do not realize that you are sporting on the brink of such a terrible precipice. You are a leader among your companions; this is of the good you might do others by consecrating yourself fully to God."

"I know what you mean, Miss Moul-

ton. I am not a Christian, but then I am young, and have no thoughts of dying. Of course, we all intend be- coming Christians when we grow older, but if I were to become converted now I would have to give up all pleasure, and I have so looked forward to a life of enjoyment. Oh! I couldn't become a Christian now, indeed I couldn't."

"My child, you do not know what you are saying. You are asked to give up nothing but sin, in place of which you receive that, that refines, elevates and exalts. Even were you sure of a long life, and Christ willing to receive you at the eleventh hour, as we believe He is, you do not mean that you intend living without Him all the best days of your life, and then, when tired and worn out with the world's gaities, to offer Him, as it were, "the very dregs of your existence." Think of the injus- tice, the ingratitude of such an act. You remember that poor boy who, at the risk of his own life, saved you from drowning, a few years ago. In a spirit of thankfulness, did you offer him some worthless toy, saying, 'Here, Tim, I am through with this, I don't want it any longer; and I am so thankful that you saved me from death that I am going to give it to you?' If not, why then to the King of kings, who by giving Himself for you, has opened the way of salvation, by which you may be saved, not from a death of drowning, but from that death which destroys both body and soul?"

"Oh! don't tell me I am doing that! Surely I am not! I never looked at it in that light before. To think, that all these years I have been so ungrateful! Will He be willing to forgive me, to receive me now! Oh, tell me that He will!"

"Thank God for that. Yes! He is willing and waiting now to receive you as a lamb to His fold. Believe on Him! trust Him—think how He loves you—so much that He gave Himself for you. I have not now time to say more, but before I call in the others, let me mark for you a verse in this little Testament. Here, John iii. 16. Think over it, pray over it, and may God in His great mercy bless you, and help you to cast all upon Him."

A silent prayer went up from that faithful teacher's heart, that this young soul might be counted among those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Next morning all noticed the look of perfect peace that rested on Elva's face. Miss Moulton sought for an undisturbed talk with her. On the other pupils leaving the room the impetuous girl threw her arms around her teacher's neck, and with tears rolling down her cheeks exclaimed, "Oh! never when my thoughts were only for the pleasures of this world did I feel as happy as now. After what you said to me, I could no longer live without the love of God in my heart. I just prayed Him to pardon me. I was willing to give up everything, do anything, if I could but feel the burden of my sins taken away, and be sure of my acceptance with Him. I cannot tell you what joy and peace I have. It is beyond words. I could not rest until I told brother Tom what you said of our putting off salvation until we grow old and feeble. He said he did not think there was so much meanness about him before, and he wanted me to tell him again just what you said. You know that for some time he has caused father great anxiety and trouble, and he could not

believe that Christ was willing to save him just as he was, but thought that he must first do something that would atone, in part, for his past life. But we prayed together and read that verse you marked, and the words "whosoever believeth in Him" seemed to help him. After reading and praying over it, he said, "I will believe, and, so help me God, that everlasting life will be mine."

"What joy there must have been among the angels as they looked down on that brother and sister wrestling with the great "I Am," and how the heavenly music must have resounded as they noted down that noble resolution among the records of all that is just and true. And how that teacher's heart did leap for joy, that by speaking a few words to one without the ark, she had been instrumental in leading at least two precious souls to the Saviour, and with what longings she yearned toward others, that they might see the ingratitude they are showing their Redeemer, and that in giving them- selves to Him they would be performing the noblest act of their lives.

Then resting her hand on the young girl's head she said: "Let us pray that your feet may be kept in the narrow way, that you may never falter; and that your life may be such that others may also seek to glorify God. You have found the resting place for all sorrow, and trouble, as well as joy. Point it out to others. Work for Christ and you will be kept in close communion with Him. Let us make our religion something that may be felt, something so attractive, as God in- tended it should be, that sinners may come unto Christ, where only they can find mercy, peace and rest."

What Faith Is.

A YOUNG lady was reading in her Greek Testament one day, the second and third chapters of the Gospel of St. John. She came to the word "BELIEVETH" in chapter iii. 15.

"Surely that word occurred in the previous chapter," she said to herself; and looking back she saw that the word "COMMIT HIMSELF UNTO" was exactly the same in the original as the word "believe."

Thus God showed her that "be- lieving" meant simply committing her- self with all her UNBELIEF and sin to Jesus; then her soul rested on the strength and love of her Saviour.

It is this simple "committing of ourselves" to Jesus that our great enemy tries to persuade us is difficult. The very words "faith," and "believ- ing," are so familiar that they seem almost to have lost their first simple meaning, and to some minds seem words of vague import.

But the Lord Jesus would not offer a dim, uncertain way of salvation to poor dying ones, so He says in His abounding love, "I am the way." "I Jesus,"—who was made flesh and dwelt among men, and knows to the utter- most the poor sinner's need and wear- iness,—"the living, loving Saviour, am the way; commit yourselves to Me, and you are safe for eternity!"

The following true story may serve to illustrate what this committing faith is.

Some years ago a ship was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall. All on board were drowned except one sailor boy, who was washed on shore nearly dead, and who lay for weeks upon a sick bed. A young Christian man

visited him, and spoke the Gospel to him.

"When your vessel was in pieces round about you," he said to the lad, "and you were sinking, if a plank had floated by you and you had been able to clutch it, and you felt it would bear your weight, you would have thanked God for that plank?"

"Yes," said the boy, and he was led to understand that the "plank" for his sinking soul was "CHRIST," and that he had only to commit himself to Christ as in drowning he would to the plank.

Many years afterwards in a distant city the same Christian man visited a deathbed. The dying person was a stranger to him.

"Is it well with your soul?" he said, as he bent over him.

The dying man turned his head,— there was a smile of recognition, a grasp of the hand.—and he said, "God bless you, sir, THE PLANK BEARS! THE PLANK BEARS!" And he died.

Poor sinking one, do you imagine that the weight of your sin and wear- iness is too heavy for Jesus! It was heavy, and he sank under the weight of it, in order that you might not sink; and now He lives to present His re- deemed faultless before the presence of the Father's glory.

"He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters."

Rev. Dr. Tiffany.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

AN immense and highly appreciative audience assembled at the Pavilion to hear Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of New York. In the evening he took as his text 1 Corinthians xv. 22, 23. He said: The Church has been working for over eighteen hundred years, and how little seems to have been accomplished! We are to remember that the present Government of the world is adminis- tered by Christ. We must remember all the events that have happened during the Christian era, and that God controlled all these events. Some seem to think that Christianity is dying out. It is not so. In the second century there were 500,000 people converted to the Christian faith. In the third it had 5,000,000 adherents; in the fifth, 15,000,000; in the seventh, 25,000,000; in the tenth, 50,000,000; in the thirteenth, 75,000,000; in the fifteenth, 100,000,000. In the eighteenth cen- tury 200,000,000 persons were known as Christians, and still it is said that Christianity is dying out. In 1894 there were 410,900,000. Dying out very fast; becoming extinct rapidly! May it continue to die out as in this way. Christ must reign until all ene- mies are put under His feet, until all evil is destroyed. He must put down evil rule, authority, and power, phy- sical evils, want, disease, and death. There is a great victory to be accom- plished. It is a hand-to-hand fight. The Master met with delays and re- verses, and when He was done He handed the work over to men such as us, and we must also expect delays and disasters in our work. There was more delay and disaster in the time of Christ than now. Yet we are not to despair. We are to take courage and proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"GRACE, grit, and greenbacks" are mentioned by the Rev. Sam Jones as the essentials of worldly success.

God Cares for Me.

I SAT in the door at eventide,
My heart was full of fears;
And I saw the landscape before me,
Through mists of burning tears.
I thought to myself, The world is dark,
No light nor joy I see;
Nothing but toil and want is mine,
And no one cares for me.

A sparrow was twittering at my feet,
With its beautiful auburn head,
And looked at me with dark, mild eyes,
As it picked up crumbs of bread;
And said to me, in words as plain
As the words of a bird could be,
"I'm only a sparrow, a worthless bird,
But the dear Lord cares for me."

A lily was growing beside the hedge,
Beautiful, tall, and white,
And it shone through the glossy leaves of
green,
Like an angel clothed in light;
And it said to me, as it waved its head
In the breezes soft and free,
"I'm only a lily, a useless flower,
But the Master cares for me."

Then it seemed that the hand of the loving
Lord

Over my head was laid,
And he said to me, "O faithless child,
Wherefore art thou dismayed?
I clothe the lilies, I feed the birds,
I see the sparrows fall;
Nothing escapes my watchful eye,
My kindness is over all."

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

TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1886.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

THE "Million for Missions" cry raised by Chaplain McCabe, and seconded by the M. E. Church at large, finds a responsive echo in other branches of the Methodist family. Our Southern Methodist exchanges have set their figures at \$500,000 for missions in 1886, and the Canadian Methodists have inscribed on their banner, "\$250,000 for missions in 1886." In proportion to numbers, these figures mean as large giving, or even larger, than \$1,000,000 would be from the great M. E. Church.—*Michigan Christian Advocate*.

How They Do It in Canada.

BY MRS. M. N. VAN BENSCHOTEN.

FOR years I have heard of the liberality of the British Wesleyans and the Canadian Methodists to the missionary cause. The amount per member that is given annually has been held before us until we have wondered "how they did it." Recently we had an opportunity to see for ourselves. Rev. Hugh Johnston, of Carlton Street Methodist Church of Toronto, desired us to be with him on the occasion of his missionary anniversary, and we accepted his invitation. It was a lovely day, and the membership was very fully represented at the morning service. After the opening exercises the pastor gave the annual report, warmed up and brought home here and there by a thrilling incident or a brief sketch of some missionary or special work. At the conclusion he said: "We will now take the collection, after which we will have the address from our friend and then be ready for your subscriptions." So while the organ pealed its loudest notes, the whole congregation joining with the choir, the baskets were passed. After a brief address and appeal—"How much owest thou thy Lord?"—with a rustle of expectancy and eagerness the cards were passed. In a few minutes they were collected and the services closed with an earnest invitation for all to be present in the evening. We found that the receipts of the morning amounted to a little over \$600. "We must make that a round \$1,000 this evening," I said to Mr. Walker, my host, who is one of the merchant-princes of Toronto, and what is better still, one of the princes of God.

At an early hour the large church with its gallery was packed to its utmost limits. It was inspiring as that vast audience took up the words, led by a large choir, and sang

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run."

The first address of the evening was given, and just as we were concluding the pastor said, without any explanation, but as a matter of course and from custom, "Now we will take the collection, after which Dr. Potts will speak and then we will be ready for your subscriptions." The baskets were passed while "From Greenland's icy mountains" thrilled our hearts. Over \$66 was taken, making, with the morning collection, over \$114 from the collection alone.

Then Dr. Potts, who had come in after the close of his own services, spoke. Have you not heard Dr. Potts? Then you can form no idea of the mighty energy of this man of God. Forceful, incisive, and altogether inimitable, he swept everything before him. We were "ready" for the subscriptions. "You may pass the cards," said the pastor, and the missionary committee with cards and sharpened pencils moved down the aisles and through the gallery. "Take plenty of time," said Brother Johnston, as leaning over the desk he beamed upon the people,—that people which for the fourth time that day had been asked for missionary money, and who were more smiling and enthusiastic at this last asking than before. "Now, brethren, you may gather the cards;" and with glowing faces and happy hearts they sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." As we passed the vestry a large-hearted brother



WINGED LION, FROM NINEVEH.

remarked: "We ought to have set the mark at \$1,500; we would have got it."

Mr. Walker soon came in with the missionary bag over his shoulder, for they carry missionary money in "bags" in Canada. The result rounded up handsomely to \$1,107 42, which the Sunday school collection and the subscriptions of a few who were absent will increase to over \$1,300, against \$791 last year. And this, too, in the midst of extensive and expensive repairs on the church. The cards showed an advance quite generally among the subscribers. Young men gave from ten to twenty-five dollars, and young girls from two to five dollars. One card read: Mr. and Mrs. — \$75, and so on. Mr. R. Walker, formerly of the firm of Walker & Sons, whose card last year read \$125, was not there this anniversary. He had passed on to his heavenly reward some six months previously. He belonged to the branch of Primitive Methodists before the Union, and was distinguished for his benevolence, giving away every year not only one-tenth, but one-fifth of his entire income.

These cards are placed in the hands of faithful collectors, who also see those who were absent, not one being neglected, but every member of the church and congregation being honoured with an invitation to help in the glorious cause of missions. This is not an exceptional case or service, but the custom, with slight variation, of the churches of Canada. Their thoroughness and system are greatly to be commended. The making so much of their anniversaries tends to create and develop the heroic, and to inspire both young and old with the grandeur of the cause. We fear that it is for the want of the method, system, and enthusiasm of our Canadian brethren that we fail to reach results so greatly desired. In some churches the disciplinary plan (and there is none better) is faithfully carried out, but it needs to become more generally operative.—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

A CHILDREN'S missionary meeting at Millgrove—the first ever held there—was addressed by Bro. Osborne on a recent Sunday-afternoon. The church was crowded to hear him speak about the "girls and boys in India." A boy about twelve years of age filled the chair, and four little girls (the best collectors on the list last year) took up the collection, which amounted to \$6. The school raised two years ago about \$12; last year, \$42 75; and this year they are going to make it \$50. Mis-

sionary hymns" were sung by the school, led by Bro. Whitfield Carey. Rev. Thos. Boyd distributed the missionary cards to the new collectors.

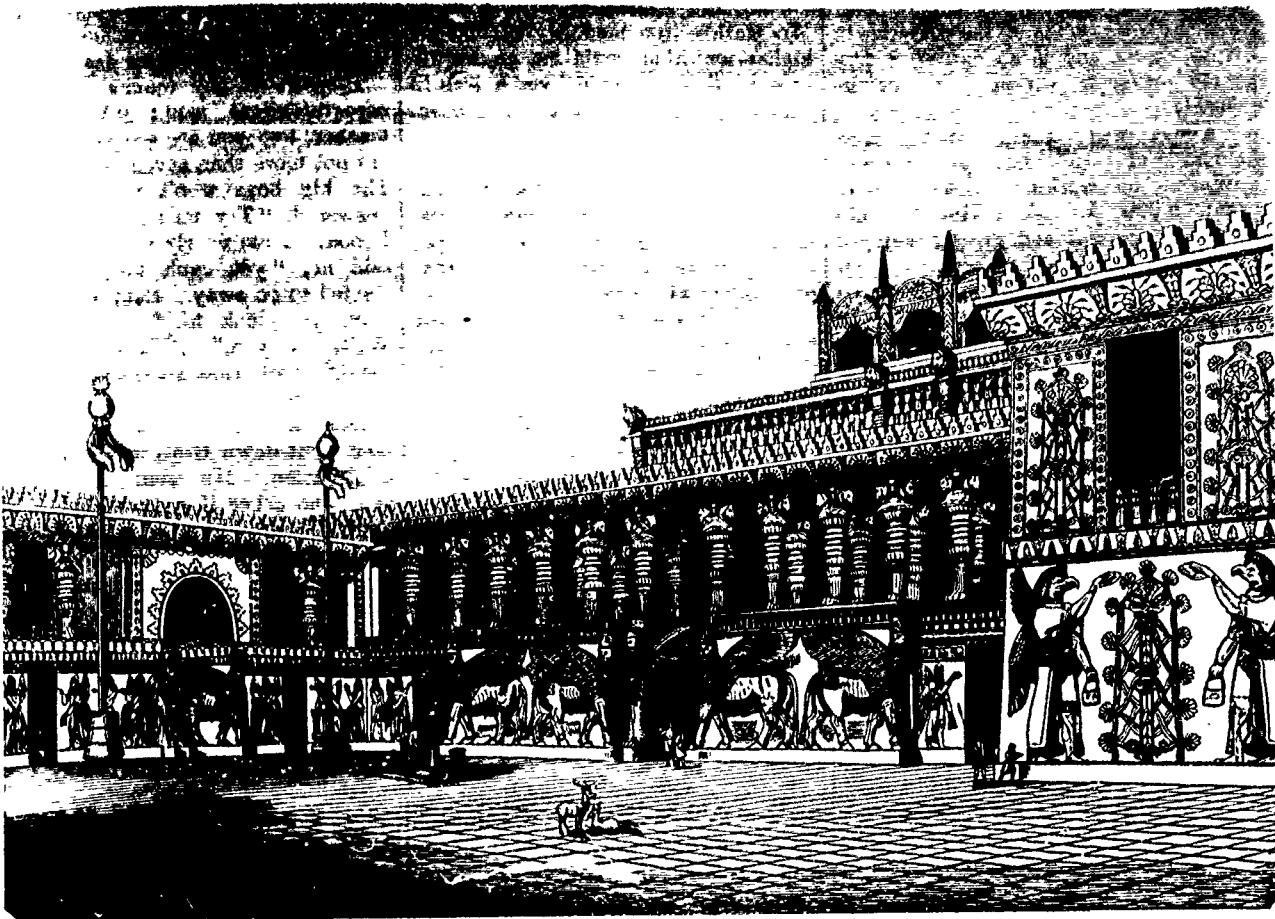
There are Gentlemen Present.

A RELIABLE gentleman tells this incident of a celebrated General:

During the late war, the General and several army officers were sitting together in a tent. One of the number, himself an officer of high rank, remarked that he had a good story to tell, adding, "There are no ladies present." The General, looking up quickly, replied, "But there are several gentlemen present." The conversation changed to another channel, and the officer's story was not told. At the first opportunity the officer sought the General's presence again, and with sincere apology he said: "General, you have taught me a lesson, and I shall never forget it."

And here is a lesson for my young readers, and older ones as well. How many are the stories that are told among men and boys that would be considered unfit to be told in the presence of ladies. The safe rule is never to tell any thing that would be indelicate to relate in the presence of your mother, your sister, or the most refined lady you can think of. If all persons would follow this rule, how conversation would be relieved of all things impure and degrading, and be lifted up to a pure and ennobling plane!

WHAT can be done to bring the Sunday-school to church? That was the question proposed by the Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut at the opening session of a Sunday-school convention recently held in Burlington, Vt. Among the answers elicited from the audience were: The superintendent can (1) lead the children to church; (2) question them about the sermon; (3) keep a record of church attendance; (4) announce the public services; (5) cooperate with the pastor in securing occasional services for the children. The teacher can (1) teach the children to attend church; (2) go himself; (3) speak well of the pastor and the church. The pastor can (1) preach so that the children can understand; (2) have one or more hymns for the children; (3) attend the Sunday-school himself; (4) get acquainted with the children; (5) teach a class in the Sunday-school; (6) urge parents to bring their children to church. The parent can (1) take the children to church, not send them there; (2) make room for the children in the pew; (3) speak well of the pastor and the preaching.



PALACE OF SARGON—RESTORED.

Light at Eventide.

THE day has been dark and doleful—
A day of wind and rain,
With the sound of ghostly fingers
On the window-pane,
And never a gleam of sunshine;
The cold gray sky has closed
In this day for sad remembrance
For what our lives have lost.

Wearied with vain regretting
For things that could not be,
Wearied with counting over
The graves in memory,
I opened the Book of comfort,
And in its pages read
What one of the grand old prophets
In time of trouble said.

I heard like a voice from heaven
The loyal singer's song
Of faith in Eternal Goodness
Triumph over wrong.
The day may be wild with tempest,
But in patience trust abide,
And remember the sweet old promise
Of light at the eventide.

And lo! as I read the chapter
So dear to the weary heart,
I saw the clouds at sunset
Like curtains swing apart,
And it seemed like a glimpse of heaven,
That touched my eyes like balm,
As I sat in the sunset glory,
Repeating the sweet old psalm.

—Christian Union.

John B. Gough.

He died on the field of battle. He was struck down in the very utterance of his strong appeal for temperance and truth, while speaking the words, "Young man, let your record be pure!" It was the gracious and beautiful end of a day which began in storm and tempest, but whose black clouds were scattered ere noonday by the breath of the Divine Spirit, and whose evening sun set in un-hadowed glory.

John B. Gough was the most eloquent orator that ever spoke for temperance, and one of the most eloquent orators that ever spoke on any subject. Before 1842 he was as hopeless a drunkard as ever haunted a grog shop or lay in a gutter. In 1845 he had conquered his appetite and was already

known as a young prodigy of effective eloquence. Once and again he went back to his cups; but he had strength and grace at last to stand strong. His impassioned appeals for temperance and purity and honour, illustrated from his own experience, have lifted many thousands out of a similar ruin. First and foremost he was a moral power. It was appropriate that the last words he uttered should be such an appeal to young men that their records be clean.

The world is not very quick to recognize the mere philanthropist. But Mr. Gough's artistic genius was such that the most indifferent dilettante could not affect to despise him. No professional orator of the day in either hemisphere had either his fire or his pathos. Others, like Wendell Phillips, had more culture and grace, possibly more inventive; but no one of them could cover, like him, the whole gamut of emotion, or whirl the hearer so suddenly and against his will from passion to passion, from laughter to tears. No one had such a strong hold on the loftiest emotions, or grasped the heart and conscience so like a master. Not one word came from his lips that was not helpful. He had the Christian passion for lifting men out of their own evil selves into the life of God. After all, eloquence, like every other high art, cannot reach its supreme attainment, except as it carries God and duty in its soul. Without God eloquence becomes fustian and rant; painting a riot of colour and form; music a drowse of languor or a tinnabulum of passion; and poetry the ice of death or the fire of hell. It was genius, sanctified by a Christlike purpose, that made John B. Gough the greatest orator of his age.

Bertha.—"Grandma, is oor teef good?"
Grandma.—"No, darling; I've got none now, unfortunately."
Bertha.—"Then I'll give oo my nuts to mind till I come back."

The Palace of Sargon.

OUR Sunday-school lessons have recently directed our attention to the wonderful city of Babylon, captured by Cyrus, the Mede, on the night of Belshazzar's impious feast, and to the older city, of Nineveh. One cannot fully understand the connections of sacred and secular history without a knowledge of both. The former we find in the Bible. For the latter we have to go to other sources. One of the best books for the Sunday-school teacher or superintendent is Dr. Ridpath's "History of the World." The excavations of Mr. Layard, the great English explorer, enable us to reconstruct the palaces and temples of these buried cities of the past. In the British Museum, at London, are the great winged lions which Layard brought from Nineveh, shown in our large engraving, and on a larger scale in this out on the opposite page. A full-size copy of this huge figure may also be seen in the Normal School Museum at Toronto. Sargon, king of both Nineveh and Babylon, was a great builder, and constructed the magnificent palace, a restoration of which is shown on this page.

It is Curious Who Give.

"It's curious who give. There's Squire Wood; he put down two dollars. His farm's worth ten thousand dollars, and he's money at interest. And there's Mrs. Brown; she's put down five dollars, and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army; and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for awhile, but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause. That's why she gives."

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel after we came home from church the day pledges were taken for contri-

butions to foreign missions. He was reading them off, and I was taking down the items to find the aggregate. He went on: "There's Maria Hill, she's put down five dollars. She teaches in the North District, and don't have but twenty dollars a month, and pays her board; and she has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience, the time she joined the church, I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul; and where He works you'll generally see the fruit in giving. And there's John Baker; he puts down one dollar, and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a fortnight. Cyrus Dunning, four dollars. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with that crippled hand; but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work. O. Williams, ten dollars. Good for him. He said the other night to prayer-meeting that he'd been reading his Bible more than usual lately. Maybe he read about the rich young man who went away sorrowful, and didn't want to be in his company."

Not Bothered about Souls.

"Tom, you're the sort of a Christian I like."

The speaker was a young man, of no religious profession. His companion was a member of a Christian church, in regular attendance at divine service.

"You're the sort of a Christian I like. You never seem to bother yourself about a fellow's soul."

The words were lightly spoken, but they pierced like an arrow. If we had listened at Tom's chamber door that night, we would have heard something like this: "O God, forgive me that I seemed indifferent to the welfare of my friends! Help me to trouble myself more and more about them! Make me hungry and thirsty for the salvation of those about me! Give me a passion for souls!"

Dear reader, are you one of the members of Christ's Church who are not bothered about souls? You have unconverted friends. You profess to believe the Bible. It declares that all who reject Christ shall be cast forth into the outer darkness, where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched. Yet you utter no warning, stretch forth no hand! One of two things must be true. Either (1) your profession of love toward your friends is mere pretence; or (2) your profession of faith in the declarations of Scripture is a serious error. May the Lord help us to believe in the verities! Read Ezekiel iii. 15-21.

"All Right, Jack!"

SOME years ago a ship was wrecked off one of the islands of Fiji. A boat's crew that had got ashore from the wreck were in the greatest possible terror lest they should be devoured by the Fijians. On reaching land they dispersed in different directions. Two of them found a hut and crept into it, and as they lay there wondering what would become of them, one suddenly called out to his companion, "All right, Jack; there is a Bible on this chair; no fear now!"

OUR Saviour is both God and man.

Palm Sunday.

The multitude was crowding all the way,
 But yesterday,
 To see and touch the Lord as He rode by,
 To catch His eye,
 Or, at the very least, a palm-branch holding
 Upon the pathway of the chosen King
 Faded and dry these palms lie in the sun,
 Withered each one,
 These glad, rejoicing shouters presently
 Will flock to see
 With never thought of pity or of loss,
 The King of glory on His cruel cross.
 Lord, we would fain some little palm branch
 lay
 Upon Thy way;
 But we have nothing fair enough or sweet
 For holy feet
 To tread, nor dare our stained garments
 fling
 Upon the road where rides the Righteous
 King.
 Yet Thou, all-gracious One, didst not refuse
 These tickle Jews;
 And even such worthless leaves as we may
 cull,
 Faded and dull,
 Thou wilt, endure and pardon and receive,
 Because Thou knowest we have naught else
 to give.
 So, Lord, our stubborn wills we first will
 break,
 If thou wilt take;
 And next our selfishness, and then our pride,
 And what beside?
 Our hearts, Lord, poor and fruitless though
 they be,
 And quick to change, and nothing worth to
 see.
 If but the foldings of Thy garment's hem
 Shall shadow them,
 These worthless leaves which we have
 brought and strowed
 Along Thy road,
 Shall be raised up and made divinely sweet
 And fit to lie beneath Thy gracious feet.
 —Susan Coolidge, in *Christina Unwin*.

"Them that Honour Me I will Honour."

BY THE REV. K. BARRASS.

SOMEWHERE about half a century ago there resided at one of the collieries in Durham, England, a person named Elliot, who was an underground agent. He had a family consisting of several sons, all of whom received a liberal education. The eldest became a very successful agent in the coal mining districts. The house of the elder Mr. Elliot was the home of the Methodist ministers, and on anniversary occasions, as well as others, the house would be crowded with guests. Not a few of the most renowned ministers in Methodism were accustomed to visit the locality, when they would be sure to be greeted with immense audiences. The present writer, when a boy, well remembers having heard the celebrated William Dawson, Theophilus Lessey, Robert Newton, Joseph Fowler, father of Dr. Robert Fowler, of London, and others, at the place where the Elliots resided.

The eldest son of Ralph Elliot became the head agent of the Marchioness of Londonderry, who is the owner of several extensive collieries which give employment to thousands of workmen. As he rose in his profession he was called to occupy many public positions. Among others he became a member of the British House of Commons, and as a reward for his services on some important occasions Her Majesty conferred a baronetcy upon him, and also made him a knight, from which our young readers may learn what honours are sometimes conferred on those who become learned in their professions and qualified for their respective duties. Sir George Elliot always worked hard, and never allowed any matters of importance to wait for his attention longer

than was necessary. He is now very wealthy, owns some of the collieries in Nova Scotia, and is an extensive property owner in various parts of the world.

About thirty years ago the Marchioness of Londonderry gave a grand dinner to her workmen, of which more than 5000 partook. Her ladyship was also present and greatly enjoyed herself among her employees. Of course a vote of thanks was tendered to her ladyship for her kindness, the mover of which was a young man, a workman in the colliery and a Methodist local preacher. He stood on one of the tables and in a tremulous voice spoke a few minutes, and in the name of his fellow-workmen thanked her ladyship for her kindness. The Marchioness was pleased with the young man, and instructed her agent to inform him that it would be a pleasure to her to promote him to a higher and more lucrative position than that of an ordinary workman. When the pleasure of her ladyship was communicated to him he felt grateful, but declined the honour. He was allowed one week to consider whether he would accept.

At the appointed time he waited upon Mr. Elliot and thanked him for his kindness and desired him also to tender his grateful acknowledgments to her ladyship, but, as he was about to enter the Wesleyan ministry, he respectfully declined. Mr. Elliot knew something about Methodism, and did not fail to remind his young friend of the hard toil and often poor remuneration which attended the itinerancy, whereas there was every probability that in the situation offered him he would be sure to soon receive great emoluments. Still he declined, and the master and workman bade each other adieu.

Twenty-seven years rolled away, and the young man, who was now the Rev. James Cuthbertson, was preaching at Whitby, a watering-place in the East Riding of Yorkshire. His text was: "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." To his surprise he afterwards learned that his former master was in the congregation and left a message for him to call upon him next morning. Of course he did so. Both were considerably altered. Mr. Elliot had now become Sir George, and his name was famous among the savans of England. But he was not ashamed of his former workman, whom he introduced to the Earl of Stanhope as an old friend of his.

After some conversation, Sir George said to Mr. Cuthbertson, "You greatly interested me with your description of Eastern lands and scenery. Would you like to visit any of the places referred to in your sermon, so that in your future discourses you might be able to illustrate such sacred texts with all the accuracy and vividness of actual, personal experience?"

"I certainly should, Sir George; I may say it has been the dream of my life to see the land of Palestine."

"Well, then, I shall have great pleasure in providing you with the opportunity of visiting Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece, etc.; and I sincerely hope that the journey may prove a blessing to you in increasing your knowledge of the Bible, and in opening before you additional sources of enjoyment and usefulness."

Of course Mr. Cuthbertson thanked his kind friend, and Lord Stanhope advised him to take copious notes of

his tour and afterwards write a book. Mr. Cuthbertson modestly replied his highest ambition would be, on his return to England, to deliver a lecture respecting his travels, with Earl Stanhope in the chair.

The tour was made, which occupied three months, and a book was written. We hardly know which to admire most in the interesting narrative now given, but we think, and we feel sure that our readers will agree with us, that all the distinguished persons herein named honoured themselves by the course they adopted, while they conferred a lasting honour on a Methodist minister. "Them that honour Me I will honour."

The Present a Splendid Time for the Right Sort of Young Men.

NEVER was there a better time for young men to get on in the world than now.

Two things discourage many. They get along so slowly and they see many that are dissipated and even vicious—the smokers, drinkers, obscene and filthy talkers, profane swearers, and Sabbath-breakers, that seem to get on faster than they do.

But these last generally fall out by the way. Most of them are ruined before they are twenty-one. Others hold on later and fail at thirty or forty. Some fall as quick as if they were struck by lightning.

Look at Ferdinand Ward. Two years ago he was a nabob, a great capitalist, rolling in wealth, fast horses, pictures, fine house, big dinners. Where is he now? In Sing Sing prison, associating with the lowest convicts, with his hair cropped close, his face shaved, his clothes the disgraceful prison uniform, his food the poorest, and his work hard.

As for those who get along slowly, if they are of the right kind, it is sure even if slow.

I know a man that has only saved from his wages \$100 per year, less than two dollars per week. But now that he is sixty years old, with the interest, he has enough to live on.

I know a boy that worked hard all day. He read at night two hours. Now he is one of the wisest young men in Brooklyn, can converse with anybody.

The right kind of young men are in great demand.

What are the right kind? They must have common sense, great energy, good principles, good habits, and good manners. And they must learn each and every part of their business well.

To do this they must not be up late at night, nor use tobacco, nor drink beer, nor associate with the vulgar, nor be listless at business or in school.

One says: "I want to work and I mean to succeed, but I can't get a situation. I have applied fifty times and nothing came of it." That is discouraging. But don't you be discouraged. You cannot tell what will turn up. The best thing that ever happened to me happened when I had the most reason for discouragement. That is the case with half the men alive to-day. If you talk with them you find their lives are a history of discouragement and difficulty and failure, till finally the tide turned. There is a situation waiting for you now. It will not come to you. You must search till you find it.

Once, when I was almost out of money as a student, and less than twenty years old, I went to look for a

school to teach. Everywhere I went they had engaged a teacher. It was the same story day after day.

I spent all my money. At last a superintendent said: "We want a teacher, but you are too young. You are not more than seventeen years old. The big boys won't mind you." I answered, "Try me, I am older than I look. I am nearly twenty." "No," said he, "you can't keep order." I started to go away. Said he, "Young man, you look kind of discouraged. We'll try you." And he did. You see, after all, that situation was waiting for me.

Only a month ago a boy of seventeen went down Broadway looking for a situation. He went into a large store and asked if they wanted a boy. Said the proprietor, "I suppose you think you can do about everything, don't you?" "No," said the boy, "I can't do anything; I have never been in a place. But I can try to do anything you tell me to do." "How much wages do you want?" "I won't be worth much to start with. I will take what you will give me, and if I improve you will know what I am worth."

The boy spoke so sensibly and showed such good principles that the gentleman took him in at once. Afterward he told the lad's father that he really had more help than he needed, but could not afford to let such a boy go.

There is great demand now for first-class workmen everywhere. It is second class that have the hard time. Also real honesty was never worth so much as it is now. "We want boys that we can trust," said a merchant.

Yes, this is a splendid time for the right kind of young men. Be sure to be such, and God will take care of you, and good men will help you on."

REV. JOSEPH COOK, in the prelude to his Monday lecture, recently read an interesting letter from Rev. O. S. Eby, M.A., in favour of the use of the Roman letters in Japanese. Mr. Cook, before reading the letter, said: "The Monday lectureship is favoured by a communication from the Rev. O. S. Eby, a distinguished lecturer from Tokio, who is now in this country, and who, I hope, may some day appear on this platform. This eloquent and learned missionary and reformer was founder and editor of the *Chrysanthemum*, an English monthly of high merit, published in Tokio, and has given lectures in that city to great assemblies, and had for chairmen the British and American ministers. His lectures in Japanese and English have reached very wide circles of readers in Japan. He has been one of the foremost advocates of the Romanization of the Japanese language; that is, the application to it of our Roman alphabet. I am happy to be able to present to you a history of the origin of this reform as given by one of its earliest and most efficient friends."

A curious curfew law has been adopted in Ogden, Utah. The bells are sounded at eight or nine p.m., according to the season, and after that hour boys or girls under sixteen years of age are liable to arrest for misdemeanour if found on the streets unaccompanied by a parent, guardian, or friend, or unprovided with a permit. A similar law is in operation in certain California and Nevada towns.

A Tale of the Irish Famine.

The potato famine in Ireland was nowhere felt more severely than in the part of the country where the following story is told as a true tale:

In a small village in one of the most barren districts of the west of Ireland, there lived a very poor widow, whose sole inheritance from her husband was two healthy children, girls, of the respective ages of three and five. Painfully, and by the utmost efforts, she contrived to pass two years of her sorrowful widowhood. Bad and scanty food, obtained only by labour too great for her delicate frame, had at last thrown her upon her sick bed, and death, in pity, removed her in a few days, and without great suffering, from all her earthly troubles.

The poverty of the parish was so great that nothing could be done for the poor orphans. All the neighbours, with the utmost desire to help, were too famine-stricken, and heard their own children too often cry in vain for bread, to assist others.

"If the children could only be got to Kilburn," a village some miles distant, said one of the neighbours, after the poor mother had been buried, "a brother of their father lives there, and he could not possibly refuse to take care of them."

"But matters are as bad there as here," replied another, "and I fear they will be no better off there."

"It cannot possibly be worse than here, for nothing but starvation stares them in the face. If we send them to their relations we have done our duty. We cannot possibly keep them here."

All were at last agreed upon this, and as there was a carrier, who, on the next day, was going near to Kilburn, he was requested, as an act of charity, to take the children with him. The man readily consented, and the neighbours felt satisfied that they had done all that could be required of them.

The carrier, as agreed, came the next day and took the two girls—Lizzie was seven now and Mary five—in his cart with him. The timid children kept very quiet and close together, the carrier hardly looked at them. Toward noon they reached the spot where the cart would turn off. The man lifted them out, showed them a road to the left and bade them go straight forward, and if they did not turn from the high road they would, in about two hours, come to the place. He then drove off. The children sobbed out "Good-bye," and looked out after him as long as they could see the least speck of the cart, and then they both began to cry.

Lizzie ceased her crying first. She took hold of her little sister's hand, who had seated herself on the ground, and said: "Get up, Mary; we must not stay here, if we wish to get to Kilburn. We cannot stop here on the road."

"I am so hungry," sobbed Mary, "we have had nothing to eat all day."

And again they began to cry; for Lizzie was equally hungry. The poor children had gone to bed without food the night before; it was a long time since they had had a full meal; the neighbours, where they had stayed since the death of their mother, had not given them any breakfast, as the poor people had really themselves nothing to eat. It was now dinner time, but there was no dinner for them.

"Come, Mary," at last said Lizzie,

"we must try to get to some house. We may perhaps get a little bread or a few potatoes. If we stay here we shall starve; no one will bring us anything to eat here."

"Oh! if our dear mother were but alive!" exclaimed the little one, getting up with difficulty.

The children were very weak, and could only drag themselves slowly along. Hand in hand they tottered on. Several times Mary declared that she could not go any further, and sat down on the high road; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Lizzie persuaded her to get up again, and to pursue their way. At last Lizzie fancied she saw a house, and pointed toward the spot.

"Now, Mary, we shall soon get something to eat; we shall find kind people there."

It took them more than a quarter of an hour before they reached the farm house, for such it proved to be. With hesitating steps they approached the house, for they had never begged before, in spite of their former misery. But at this moment they could think of nothing else but their terrible hunger. When a few steps from the house, they heard the farmer violently scolding one of his men. Then he went into the house, fiercely closed the door after him, so as to make the windows rattle, continuing his abuse all the time. The children, terrified and with beating hearts, stood still at the door until the voice ceased. Then Lizzie opened the door and both the children entered. The farmer sat in an arm chair by the fire.

"Well, what do you want?" he harshly asked the children, who were too frightened to utter a word and to tell their errand. "Can't you speak?" he asked, still more roughly.

Lizzie at last took courage, and said, gently:

"Oh, if you would be so good and give us the least little bit to eat—a small piece of bread or a few potatoes."

"I thought so," shouted the farmer; "I was sure you were nothing but beggars, although you do not seem to belong to this neighbourhood. We have plenty of those here, and do not want them to come from other parts. We have not bread for ourselves in these hard times. You will get nothing here. Be off this moment."

The children, dreadfully frightened, began both to cry bitterly.

"That will not do you any good," continued the man, "that kind of whining is nothing new to me, and won't move me. Let your parents feed you; but they, no doubt, prefer idling rather than getting their living by honest labour."

"Our parents are dead," said Lizzie.

"I thought so," replied the farmer; "whenever children are sent out to beg their father and mother are always dead, or at least their father. That is a mere excuse for begging. Be off this minute."

"We have not eaten a morsel the whole day," pleaded Lizzie; "we are so tired that we cannot move a step. If you would but give us the least little bit to eat, we are so hungry."

"I have told you I should not. Beggars get nothing here."

The farmer got up with a threatening look. Lizzie quickly opened the door, and drew her sister along with her. The children again stood in the farmyard, but knew not what to do.

Suddenly little Mary drew her hand from her sister's clasp, and went to the other side of the yard; there was a big, fierce dog chained; his dinner stood before him in a wooden basin. Mary put her hand into the basin and began to eat with the dog. Lizzie went nearer, and saw that in the basin there was some liquid, in which a few pieces of bread and some boiled potatoes were floating; she likewise could not resist; she had but one feeling—that of the most gnawing hunger; she took some of the bread and potatoes and ate them greedily.

The dog, not accustomed to such guests, looked at the children full of astonishment; he drew back a little, then sat down and left them his dinner, of which he had eaten very little. At this moment the farmer stepped into the yard; he wished to see whether the children had really left, and then he saw this singular scene. The dog was noted for his fierceness, and feared alike by old and young; he was obliged to be constantly chained. No one dared to come near him except his master. Even the servant put the food before him in the most cautious manner.

In the first moment the man thought of nothing but the fearful danger in which the children were, and walking quickly toward them, he exclaimed:

"Don't you see the dog? He will tear you to pieces!" But suddenly he stopped, as if rooted to the ground; the dog had got up again and gone near the children, then he looked up at his master and wagged his tail. It seemed as if he wished to say, "Don't drive my guests away!"

At that sight a great change came over the man; the spectacle before him acted upon him like an electric shock, and feelings such as he had never had before seemed to stir within him.

The children had arisen, terrified at the call of the man, fearful of punishment for having eaten against his command. They stood with downcast eyes. At last, after several minutes' silence, the farmer asked:

"Are you really so fearfully hungry that you do not even despise the dog's food?"

But without waiting for an answer, he continued:

"Come in, then, you shall have something to eat, and as much as you like."

And taking them by the hand, he led them into the house, calling out to the servant:

"Biddy, get some bread and milk, and be quick, for these children."

The dog had shamed his master—the brute had taught the man. Touched by what he had seen, the farmer was anxious to make amends for what his conscience showed him to be a great sin. He seated the children at the table, sat down by them, and kindly asked them their names.

"My name is Lizzie," said the eldest, "and my sister is called Mary."

"Have your parents been dead long?"

"Our father has been dead two years, but our mother died only last week."

At the thought of their recent loss both children began again to weep.

"Don't cry, children," said the farmer, kindly. "God will in one way or another take care of you. But tell me, now, where do you come from?"

"From Loughrea," replied the child.

"From Loughrea?" asked the man. "From Loughrea? That is strange!" He began to suspect the truth, and asked, hesitatingly:

"What was your father's name?"

"Martin Sullivan," replied Lizzie.

"What—Martin—Martin Sullivan?"

he exclaimed, jumping up at the same time and casting a piercing look at the children, thoroughly frightening them. His face grew red—then tears came to his eyes—at last he sobbed aloud. He took the youngest child in his arms, pressed her to his heart and kissed her. The child struggled and called for help to her sister; she could not think what the man meant.

Then he put down the little one and did the same to Lizzie, who took it more quietly, as she had seen that the man had not hurt her sister. At last he became more composed; he dried his tears and said:

"Do you know my name, children?"

"No," replied Lizzie.

"How happened it, then, that you have come to me?" he asked. "Has any one sent you to me?"

"Nob'dy has sent us," replied Lizzie.

"We were to go to Kilburn, where a brother of our father lives, and they said he would gladly receive us. But I do not believe it, for our mother always said that he was a hard-hearted man, who does not care for his relations."

"Your mother was quite right when she said so," said the farmer. "But what will you do if the hard-hearted man does not receive you?"

"Then we shall have to starve," answered Lizzie.

"No, no," exclaimed the man quietly; "it shall never come to that—never. Dry your tears. The merciful God has had pity on your helplessness, and has made use of a fierce brute to soften the heart of your uncle, and, therefore, he will never forsake you—never!"

The children looked at the man in utter bewilderment; they did not understand what he said—his words and his behaviour were alike strange to them. This he soon perceived, for he added:

"You were going to Kilburn to Patrick Sullivan; you are already there. I am your uncle; and now that I know that you are children of my brother Martin, I make you welcome."

The children's tears quickly changed into smiles, and the meal which Biddy just put on the table for them made them forget their grief.

Patrick Sullivan had taken this farm near Kilburn about a year before. A kind Providence had directed the children's steps to him; but if the dog had not taught him a lesson in kindness, who knows what might, after all, have become of the poor orphans? But He who is the Father of the fatherless would assuredly not have forsaken them.

"JOHN, if you are going to be out till two o'clock to-night you will have to stay at home and let yourself in, for I won't."

"No, I never could remember anecdotes," said a busy merchant to a man of leisure, who called on him at office. "I've too many other things to think of." "That's queer; why I could sit right down and tell you stories for a week, without stopping." "Indeed! Will you excuse me, as I am going out now!" "When will you be back?" "In about a week. Good-day!"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN

A.D. 27.] LESSON III. [April 18.

THE FIRST MIRACLE.

John 2, 1-11. Commit vs. 1, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him.—John 2, 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus sanctifies and blesses our daily life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 2, 1-11. T. John 2, 13-25 W. Eccl. 11, 6-10. Th. Rom. 12, 1-15. F. Isa. 55, 1; Ps. 104, 15; Prov. 3, 9, 10. Sa. Prov. 23, 29-32; Rev. 14, 10. Su. John 1, 9-14.

TIME.—The latter part of February, or early March, A.D. 27. Three days after our last lesson.

PLACE.—Cana of Galilee, 6 or 8 miles north-west of Nazareth.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson we left Jesus just starting from Bethany (Bethabara), on his way to his home in Galilee. He had five or six disciples, and on the third day reached Cana, the home of Nathanael (Bartholomew), where doubtless he stopped till he was invited to the wedding, where we find him to-day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *The third day*—After leaving Bethabara (1, 43). *The mother of Jesus was there*—From her familiar actions it is supposed she was a relative. 2. *Jesus was called or invited*—Since his mother was there, and he himself would be a prominent guest in a village Jesus went to the wedding feast, and thus sanctified the home, the wedding, and innocent social joys. *And his disciples*—Andrew, Peter, John, Philip, Nathanael, and probably James (see last lesson). 3. *When they wanted wine*—When the wine failed, perhaps on account of his increase in the number of guests. 4. *Woman*—Greek, *lady*, a term of respect. *What have I done with thee*—i.e., I am no longer subject to your control as heretofore, but to my heavenly Father who henceforth tells me what to do. *Min' hour is not yet come*—The hour to show his divine nature, or the hour of his public manifestation as the Messiah. 5. *His mother saith*—Implying that she had confidence that he would come to their help in some way. He did not refuse her request, but put it on the right basis of divine and not human commandments. 6. *Six waterpots*—Stone jars in the court or outer room. *Purifying*—As the Jews then ate not with spoons, or knives and forks, but with their fingers, these frequent washings were very necessary. *Firkins*—The Hebrew bath—about nine gallons. 8. *Governor of the feast*—The friend who had general charge. 10. *When men have well drunk*—or drunk freely, and their taste is dulled. It does not imply that any of this company were intoxicated, but is a proverbial statement. *Good wine*—Of the best flavour, of peculiarly delicious aroma and taste. 11. *Beginning of miracles*—The first that Jesus ever did. *Miracles*—Here, signs; wonders done as a sign of Christ's nature and truth. *His glory*—His true nature as the Son of God, his loving, helpful character, his goodness and power. *His disciples believed*—Their faith began a few days before was now confirmed and settled.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Cana of Galilee.—Weddings among the Jews.—Lessons from Jesus' presence at the wedding (v. 4).—The stone water-jars.—Lessons from this transformation.—Jesus, example as to wine.—His glory.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Jesus in our last lesson? Where was he going? Who were with him? What year was this? At what time of the year? Trace the journey on the map.

SUBJECT: JESUS IN DAILY LIFE.

I. JESUS AT A WEDDING (v. 1).—How long was Jesus in reaching Cana? What disciple lived there? What social event was taking place at this time? Why was Jesus invited? Who went with him? Did Jesus by this sanction social pleasures? Is his religion opposed to innocent enjoyments? Does his presence with us increase the joy? Is any pleasure right in which we would not like his presence?

II. JESUS SUPPLYING COMMON NEEDS (vs. 3-10).—What can you tell about Jewish customs at their weddings? What part of the entertainment failed? Why? What did the mother of Jesus suggest to him? What was his reply? Was this a reproof? What did he mean? What hour had not come? Did his mother take this reply as a refusal? Was all this said in public or private? What was the purpose of the six water jars? How much would they all hold? What was done with them? Into what was all this water changed? How was it proved? What kind of wine was it?

III. THE GLORY OF JESUS (v. 11).—Had Jesus done any miracles before this? What was Jesus' glory? How did this miracle manifest it? In what respects does Jesus transform our lives? (John 3, 3, 5; Rom. 12, 2; Phil. 3, 21; Isa. 55, 12, 13; 60, 17-20.) Had Jesus' disciples believed on him before? (John 1, 41, 45.) How was their faith now confirmed?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Jesus exalts our daily life by his presence.
2. Any place of enjoyment where Jesus can go with us is safe for us.
3. Jesus confirms, blesses, and ennobles the home.
4. We should go to Jesus in our every need.
5. We should do not only the right thing, but at the right time.
6. Jesus sympathizes with us in our joys as well as in our sorrows.
7. Jesus has come to transform our hearts, our lives, the world.
8. Jesus by his wondrous works is ever confirming our faith.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. *Where did Jesus go from Bethabara?* ANS. To Cana of Galilee. 2. *To what was he invited there?* ANS. To a wedding feast. 3. *What did he do at this feast?* ANS. He changed water into wine. 4. *Of what was this a type?* ANS. His transforming work in the world. 5. *What was the effect?* ANS. His disciples saw his real glory, and their faith in him was strengthened.

A.D. 27.] LESSON IV. [April 25.

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

John 3, 1-18. Commit vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye must be born again.—John 3, 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

A new heart and life, the way unto the kingdom of God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 3, 1-18. Th. Ezek. 18, 20-32. W. 1, John 3, 1-24. Th. Num. 21, 1-9. F. Rom. 8, 1-17. Sa. Rom. 8, 28-39. Su. 1, John 5, 1-20.

TIME.—April 9, 16, A.D. 27. Five or six weeks after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, The guest-chamber in a private house, perhaps John's.

RULERS.—Tiberius Caesar, emperor of Rome. Pontius Pilate, governor of Judea. Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Soon after the wedding at Cana, Jesus and his mother's family went to Capernaum on the Sea of Galilee. After remaining here a short time he went up to Jerusalem to the Passover (April 9). Here he drove the cattle-dealers and money-changers from the temple, and, by his teaching and miracles, won a large number of believers. Among them was Nicodemus, the teachings of Jesus to whom form the subject of our lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Nicodemus*—A Pharisee, a member of the Sanhedrim, a learned man, a teacher of the law. We hear nothing more of him, except a defence of Jesus (John 7, 50), till the time of Jesus' death, three years later, when he seems to have become a true convert (John 19, 39). 2. *Came by night*—Not from fear, but because he would converse more quietly then. And it was prudent not to commit himself till he had learned more. *Rabbi*—i.e., an honorary title, teacher, master. 3. *Jesus answered*—His implied question. *Born*

again—Or anew, or from above. He needed a new life of holiness, a new principle, a life like God's. 5. *Born of water and of the Spirit*—Born of water refers back to John's baptism of repentance, saying that he must be cleansed from his past sins, and confess publicly his renunciation of his past life. Born of the Spirit refers to a new spiritual life. Without public confessions he cannot enter the visible kingdom; without a new heart he cannot become a real member of the kingdom of God. 11. *We speak*—Jesus and all who have experienced the new birth. 12. *If I have*—Here Jesus returns to the singular number because he alone knew about heaven. 13. *Which is in heaven*—Is ever in communion with heaven. It was ever plain and open before him. As God he was always there. 14. *As Moses, etc.*—See Num. 21, 4-9. 16. *Only begotten Son*—God's son in a close and peculiar sense, different from that in which we are all God's children. 18. *Condemned*—Judged. *Condemned already*—He is judged for his sins, and they have not been forsaken or forgiven; he remains in condemnation. His choice of sin itself judges and condemns him.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening history.—Nicodemus.—Why he came by night.—The kingdom of God.—Born of the water and the Spirit.—The Spirit's work compared to the wind.—Christ's knowledge of heavenly things.—The serpents in the wilderness.—God's love.—Eternal life.—The condition of receiving it.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jesus go after the miracle of Cana? How long after did he go to Jerusalem? Why? How old was he? How long was it since entering upon his mission at his baptism? What did he do at this Passover? Did he make any disciples?

SUBJECT: HOW TO BELONG TO THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I. THE INQUIRER (vs. 1, 2).—Who was Nicodemus? What hints as to his after history? (John 7, 50, 51; 19, 39.) Why did he go to Jesus by night? Of what was he convinced? How was he convinced?

II. INSTRUCTION AS TO THE NECESSARY CONDITION OF ENTERING THE KINGDOM OF GOD (vs. 3-8).—What is the kingdom of God? On what condition only can any one enter, or even see this kingdom? What is meant by "born of the water?" What by "born of the Spirit?" Why cannot one enter God's kingdom without this new birth? What illustration does Jesus give of the method of conversion? (v. 8.)

III. THE AUTHORITY OF THE INSTRUCTOR (vs. 9-13).—How did Jesus know all about heaven and heavenly things? Is that good authority?

IV. HOW TO OBTAIN ETERNAL LIFE (vs. 14-18).—What comparison does Jesus use? Relate the story from Num. 21, 4-9. Why is sin like the bite of these serpents? How was Christ lifted up like the brazen serpent? Was faith required in both cases in order to be saved? What is saving faith? How has God shown his love? What will become of those who refuse to believe? What will be given to those who do believe?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Let us ever go to Jesus for light and help.
2. The Gospel is proved by the marvellous thing it does for men.
3. The great need of men is new life, new hearts.
4. Without this no one can enter God's kingdom.
5. Jesus is the true teacher about heaven because no has been there, and as the Son of God knows all about it.
6. Jesus has to bring us eternal life.
7. We can obtain it by believing on him with all our heart.
8. God has shown his infinite love by what he has done for men.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

6. Who came to Jesus by night? ANS. Nicodemus a ruler of the Jews. 7. What did Jesus say to him? (Repeat v. 5.) 8. How did he show him that he was able to teach him about God's kingdom? Repeat v. 13.) How did he illustrate his salvation? Repeat vs 14, 15.) 9. What did he say of the love of God? (Repeat v. 16, f. c.) 10. How may we obtain eternal life. (Repeat v. 16, l. c.)

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