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HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As Ye Would
That They
Should
Do unto
You

ROLPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO

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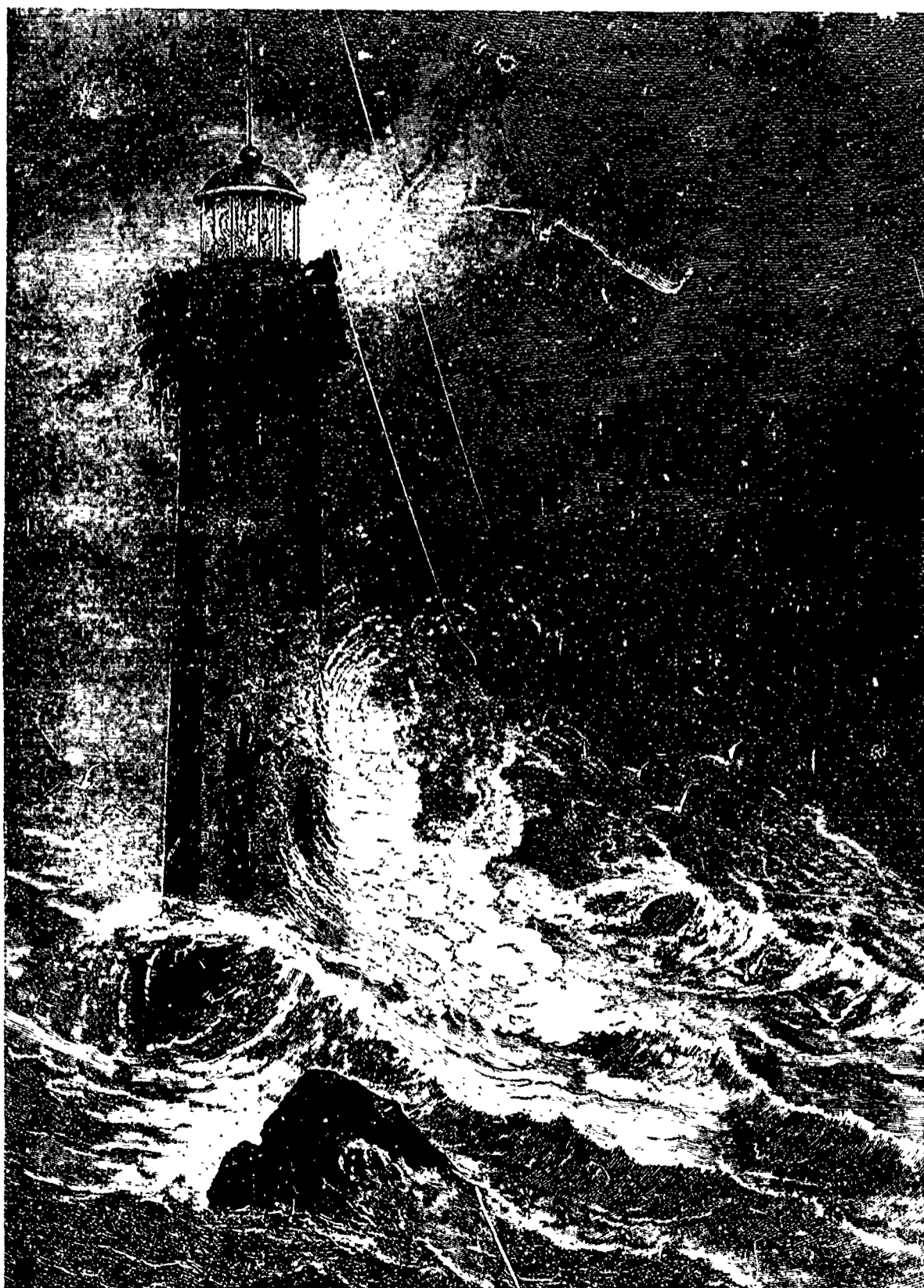
A Lighthouse.

When we tell the older readers that this is a lighthouse, they will understand; but the younger readers may ask, "Which is the lighthouse—the tower or the house in front?"

The tower. The house is the home of the men who take care of the light. Most lighthouses are so far from other homes that houses for the keepers must be built where their work is.

Along our coast and the larger rivers the Government has built these lighthouses in places of danger, to warn sailors and direct them to the safe channels. These lights are not always on towers. Some are mere lamps fixed on the top of a frame, others are large lamps on the top of a small house; still others, large lamps in a cupola above the house of the keeper.

The most important lighthouses are towers built more or less like the one in the cut. These are of stone or brick, though lately some have been built of iron, and are made very strong, to stand the severest storms, and to last a great while. These towers are shaped like the trunk of a tree, large at the bottom and tapering to the top. While the walls are thick, there is a large space inside; this is



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

mostly taken by the winding stairway, reaching from the ground to the top. Along this stairway are windows, to admit air and light. To climb some of the tallest towers is a tedious job, yet the view from the top is usually worth all and more than the effort to reach it.

The lamp in the top story is the most important part of the lighthouse. Though it is not such a wonderful lamp, yet it has one great excellency—it does the work intended for it, and does it well. Standing in the middle of a room, surrounded on all sides by glass windows, it sends its light all around, but neither up nor down. The lamp is surrounded by glass lenses so made and placed that the rays of light which would go upward or downward are turned to shine out over the water where the sailors can see them. In this way a lamp, that would send its light but a short distance, is made to send its rays several miles away before becoming lost in the darkness. These lenses are something like a wise rule for a lively school-boy—the rule keeps the boy at work in the right way, and the lenses make the rays of light that would like to be running away go out on

the ocean, where they are most needed. Coloured lights are used on different parts of the coast to let the sailors know where they are—but another method is even better. Coloured lights do not shine as far nor as brightly as white, because part of the light is taken away by the coloured glass through which it passes. The other method is by what are called "revolving," or "flash" lights. The difference between the revolving and the other light of which we are thinking, is that the lenses are moved around the lamp by means of clockwork, to make the flash-light. When a lens is turned directly toward the person, then the light is bright, gives a flash; but as soon as the lens is turned away the light can hardly be seen at all.

Night after night, for weeks and months and years, these lights are kept burning. From sunset till sunrise they send out their rays over the water, never going out—never burning dim. No matter what else the keepers may do or neglect, they must not neglect the lamp of the lighthouse. Far out on the ocean, sailors may be watching for that light: vessels along the coast may be guided by it. Should a light burn dim, a vessel might mistake it for another; should a light go out, a ship might run on a rock or shoal and be wrecked. Millions of dollars worth of property—thousands of lives—might be lost in a single night if but one light should go out.

Is it a wonder that the Government is so careful about its lighthouses, and takes such pains to have the most trusty, faithful men as keepers? Nor is it strange that those keepers are faithful men. Very seldom—if ever—does one of them prove unfaithful. How could they neglect their duty when so much depends on keeping the light burning? A man who thinks at all must feel the importance of his position.

Did you ever think, reader, that you are a lighthouse keeper? You are. You have been put in charge, with others, of lighthouses. Much depends on what you do. You are responsible for what you are doing in that trust. A government greater than any earthly government has put you in charge of its lighthouses. "What government?" do you ask. God's!

God's plan in this world is to save men's souls by leading them to see Jesus. He has made every one who knows about the "Light of the world," a keeper of that light.

Perhaps you are a Christian. Jesus says of these, "Ye are the light of the world." What kind of light are you giving to the world? What is the world learning from you about the way of salvation? Is your light burning dim? Has it gone out? What if some one, knowing that you are a Christian, be trying from your life to learn about Christianity, and by your life is led astray? What if you lead that one away from Jesus and away from heaven? It would be bad enough to let the lamp of a lighthouse go out, and a vessel be wrecked; but your light going out may be the means of wrecking a soul. Once wrecked, that soul is lost for eternity.

But some of you are trying to give all the light you can to lead souls to Jesus and to heaven, yet you fear you are doing nothing toward saving souls. Lighthouse keepers do not see ships enter the harbour by means of their light, yet the vessels do enter, and are safe there because of the light, whether keepers see or not. So, though you may not see the results of your light-giving, souls may be saved by it. Just keep on giving out Christian light; that is your part of the work, and God will take care of the rest. He will let you see, when your work is done, what you have accomplished.—*Sydney Clark.*

A Glorious Battle Won.

HE stood with a foot on the threshold
And a cloud on his boyish face
While his city comrades urged him
To enter the gorgeous place.

"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!
It isn't a lion's den;
Here waits a royal welcome
From lips of bravest men."

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter
That sought in the old, old way,
To lure with a lying promise
The innocent feet astray.

"You'd think it was Blue Beard's closet,
To see how you stare and shrink!
I tell you there's nought to harm you—
It's only a game and a drink!"

He heard the words with a shudder—
It's only a game and a drink!
And his lips made bold to answer:
"But what would my mother think?"

The name that his heart held dearest
Had started a secret spring,
And forth from the wily tempter
He fled like a hunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city
And its gilded halls of sin
Are shut from his sense and vision,
The shadows of night within.

What though he was branded "coward?"
In the blazoned halls of vice,
And banned by his baffled tempter,
Who sullenly tossed the dice.

On the page where the angel keepeth
The record of deeds well done,
That night was the story written
Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the starlight—
As guiltless of sword and shield—
A braver and nobler victor
Than the hero of bloodiest field!

Civilized Indians.

At the village of Caughnawaga, an Iroquois population of 1,400 have 5,000 acres under tillage, and last year reaped 10,000 bushels of produce. To this reserve belongs the honour of having lately conceived and achieved an Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition, open only to Indians, an experiment so novel in its nature, and so surprising in its results, that it deserves more than the local attention it received at the time.

Half an hour's ride from Montreal by rail, and a short but somewhat perilous journey across the current of the St. Lawrence, in a small mail-boat manned by Indians, takes one to Caughnawaga. The shore of the river is strewn with canoes in all stages of disrepair; and whilst the men dry out their sails, and bale their fragile craft for the return trip, Indian pigs—jet-black and brown and black—come grunting and sniffing a welcome, and with a more or less vagrant fidelity, escort the passenger to his destination. In order to reach this, one must pass through the straggling and streetless village, in which, however, wigwams have been replaced by comfortable houses of wood or stone, interspersed with small establishments for the supply of the people's simple daily wants, from the "staff of life" to the latest Yankee nostrum.

The Indians, being close imitators of their civilized neighbours, held their exhibition in a large field, fenced round for the purpose, which was entered by orthodox arches of evergreen, surmounted by suitable mottoes. In the centre of the field an elevated platform was erected, from which a flag-staff displayed the British standard, in two shades of yellow, on a basis of red. An instrumental band of Onondaga Indians, dressed in blue, with

white trimmings edged with red, and white and red plumes in their hats, occupied this platform, and from the most modern of musical instruments produced combinations of sweet sounds which might have claimed an older civilization. The firing of a cannon, presented to the reserve by George III., and the delivery of speeches in English, French, and Iroquois, intimated that the exhibition was formally opened to the public.

The scene was a most striking one—suggestive at once of the past and the future of these tribes. The crowd was composed mainly of Indians, quiet and orderly, lounging in groups, or patronizing coffee and dough-nut stalls, and evidently impressed with the novelty of the situation in which they found themselves placed; and it may be questioned if a gathering of British subjects in any other part of the empire could have met together and enjoyed themselves for two or three consecutive days with such a total exclusion of intoxicating beverages. The men were dressed mostly in modern tweeds, though not a few of the better class aspired to purple silk cravats and frock-coats of broadcloth. The women, clinging with more tenacity to ancient custom and costume, appeared with uncovered heads, unbraided hair, and navy-blue blanket-squares, edged with green and yellow; the younger portion of them, however, being sometimes unable to resist the temptation of platings, polonaises, paniers, and so forth; whilst the children, many of them, protested against the papoose in favour of Jersey suits and perambulators.—*The Quiver.*

The Swearer Cured.

A GENTLEMAN once heard a man swearing most dreadfully, in the presence of a number of his companions. The gentleman told him that it was both a wicked and a cowardly thing to swear so; especially in company with others, when he dared not do it by himself. The man boastfully replied that he was not afraid to swear, at any time, or in any place.

"I'll give you a sovereign," said the gentleman, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night, and swear the same oaths there, when you are alone with God, as you have just uttered here."

"Agreed," said the man; "it's an easy way of earning a sovereign."

"Well; come to me to-morrow, and say that you have done it, and the money is yours."

The time passed on; the hour of midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a dark night. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard. All was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, "Alone with God," came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness of what he had done, and what he had come there to do, darted across his mind like the lightning's flash.

He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees; and, instead of the dreadful oath he came to utter, the earnest cry went up, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

The next day he went to the gentleman, and thanked him for what he had done, and said that, by God's help, he would never swear another oath as long as he lived. There is hope that this event led to his becoming "a new creature in Christ Jesus."—*S. S. Messenger.*

A PERSIAN proverb says: "Do little things now, so shall big things come to thee by-and-by, asking to be done." So often we lose the opportunities of doing little things, and little acts of kindness, because we are waiting for the opportunities to do great or grand things.

The Silver Boat.

THE room was hushed, and the moonlight fell
In broken bands on the garret floor;
So cold and damp—the Shadow of Death
Had fallen three hours before.

Oh! she was the child of his old age,
And she lay in his arms a-dying;
The night-wind crept up the narrow stair,
But fled through the window sighing.

Her yellow hair fell in sheaves of gold,
Her breathing was hurried and low,
Her mother had died, a night like this,
Just seven long years ago.

Day by day, with a terrible love,
A love that was unavailing,
He had watched the light in her blue eyes,
Stealthily, hopelessly paling.

"Spare her, good Lord, for she must not die!"
His words were distracted and wild;
God help him now—for the old man's life
Is bound up in the life of the child.

"Father," she cried, with a sudden strength,
"Look, oh! look at it, sailing there!
The Good Lord hath set his Silver Boat—
He has heard and answered my prayer.

"It came last night, but you were asleep,
The windows were fastened tight;
I held out my arms but it sailed away,
Sailed far away out of sight."

The old man's eyes were blinded with tears,
As they followed hers to the sky,
And he only saw the crescent moon
In the storm of clouds drift by.

But a light not born of earth or sky
Shone now in the eyes of the maiden;
"It comes, dear father, it comes!" she cried,
"For the weary and heavy-laden.

"I shall sail on through the brilliant stars,
To God's beautiful Home on high,
And he will send it again for you
In a little while. Good-bye!"

The moonlight strayed from the garret floor,
The crescent moon sailed out of sight;
But the old man knew that his wife and child
Had met in God's Home that night.

—Isabel Plunket.

A Touching Incident.

THE Washington correspondent of the *Chelsea Telegraph and Pioneer*, once gave the following touching incident in an issue of their paper:—

In travelling, we often meet with persons of different nationalities and languages. We also meet with incidents of various character—some sorrowful, and others joyful and instructive. One of the latter characters I witnessed recently while travelling on the cars. The train was going west, and the time was evening. At a station, a little girl—about eight years old—came aboard, carrying a little budget under her arm. She came into the car and deliberately took a seat. She then commenced an eager scrutiny of faces—but all were strange to her. She appeared weary, and, placing her budget for a pillow, she prepared to try to secure a little sleep. Soon the conductor came along, collecting tickets and fares. Observing him, she asked if she might lie there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might; and then kindly asked her for her ticket. She informed him that she had none, when the following conversation ensued:

Said the conductor, "Where are you going?"

She answered, "I am going to heaven!"

He asked again, "Who pays your fare?"

She then said, "Mister, does this railroad lead to heaven, and does Jesus travel on it?"

He answered, "I think not. Why did you think so?"

"Why, sir, before my ma died she used to sing to me of a heavenly railroad; and you looked so

nice, and talked so kind, I thought this was the road. My ma used to sing of Je-us on the heavenly railroad, and that he paid the fare for everybody, and that the train stopped at every station to take people on board. But my ma don't sing to me any more. Nobody sings to me now, and I thought I would take the cars and go to ma. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?"

He replied, "No, my little dear; I have no little girl now. I had one once—but she died some time ago, and went to heaven."

Again she asked, "Did she go over this railroad, and are you going to see her now?"

By this time every person in the car was upon his feet, and most of them weeping. An attempt to describe what I saw is almost futile. Some said, "God bless the little girl!" Hearing some one say that she was a little angel, the little girl earnestly replied:

"Yes, my ma used to say that I would be an angel sometime."

Addressing herself once more to the conductor, she asked him:

"Do you love Jesus? I do; and if you love him he will let you ride to heaven on his railroad. I am going there, and I wish you would go with me. I know Jesus will let me into heaven when I get there. He will let you in too; and everybody who will ride on his railroad—yes, all these people. Wouldn't you like to see heaven, and Jesus, and your little girl?"

These words, so innocently and pathetically uttered, brought a great gush of tears from all eyes, but most profusely from the eyes of the conductor. Some, who were travelling on the heavenly railroad, shouted for joy.

She now asked the conductor, "Mister, may I lie here till we get to heaven?"

He answered, "Yes, dear; yes."

She then asked, "Will you wake me up then, so that I might see my ma, your little girl, and Jesus? For I do so want to see them all."

The answer came in broken accents, but very tenderly spoken, "Yes, dear angel, yes. God bless you!"

"Amen!" was sobbed by more than a score of voices.

Turning her eyes again upon the conductor, she interrogated him again:

"What shall I tell your little girl when I see her? Shall I say to her that I saw her pa on Jesus' railroad? Shall I?"

This brought a fresh flood of tears from all present; and the conductor, kneeling by her side and embracing her, wept the reply he could not utter.

At this juncture the brakeman called out "H—s."

The conductor arose, and requested him to attend to his (the conductor's) duty at the station, for he was engaged. That was a precious place. I thank God that I was a witness of the scene, but I was sorry that at this point I was obliged to leave the train.

We learn from this incident that out of the mouths of even babes God has ordained strength; and that we ought to be willing to represent the cause of our blessed Jesus, even in a railway car.

THE person of whom you have spoken evil is thereby removed farther beyond your reach for good; the helping hand and blistering tongue have no fellowship.

LITTLE Clarence was tormenting his pussy cat the other night, when all at once he cried out, "Ouch! Tom is biting me with his feet."

Energy and Self-Help.

RICHES and it is perfectly clear, are not necessary for man's highest culture, else had not the world been so largely indebted in all times to those who have sprung from the humbler ranks. An easy and luxurious existence does not train men to make effort or encounter with difficulty; nor does it awaken that consciousness of power which is so necessary for energetic and effective action in life. Indeed, so far from poverty being a misfortune, it may, by vigorous self-help, be converted even into a blessing; rousing a man to that struggle with the world in which, though some may purchase ease by degradation, the right-minded and true-hearted will find strength, confidence and triumph. Bacon says: "Men seem neither to understand their riches nor their strength; of the former they believe greater things than they should; of the latter, much less. Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, to eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labour truly to get his living, and carefully expend the good things committed to his trust."—*S. Smiles.*

Full of the Bible.

A boy went to Sabbath-school regularly, and had many Bible verses in his mind. He was a temperance boy. When a wicked man, in a pleasant manner invited him to drink with him, he said:

"I thank you, sir, but I never drink liquor."

"It will not hurt you."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little will do you no harm, and will make you feel pleasantly."

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' I think it wise not to play with adders."

"My fine little fellow I like you. You are no child; you are fit to be the companion of a gentleman. It will give me great pleasure if you will drink wine with me."

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

This was a stunning blow to the tempter. He gave up his wicked attempt and went back to his companion.

"How did you succeed?"

"That fellow is so full of the Bible you can't do anything with him."

Every boy's mind and girl's mind should be so full of the Bible that wicked tempters cannot do anything with them. "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."—*Christian Standard.*

Gunpowder.

No one knows who invented gunpowder. It has been known for hundreds of years. It is made of saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur, finely ground in deep circular troughs of stone or iron, in the following proportions: About seventy-five parts saltpetre to fifteen of charcoal and ten of sulphur. These are mixed first loosely in revolving barrels, then by heavy machinery. Next they are pressed in layers about two inches thick, separated by sheets of brass or copper, and damped by water. The pressure is six hundred tons to the square inch. Next comes granulating, then glazing; then drying and sifting. A powder-mill is composed of many rough-looking little sheds built a long way apart, so that if an explosion should occur in one of them the others might escape. No lights or fires are allowed near the buildings. Yet in spite of all precautions, it is very dangerous business, and explosions frequently take place.

The Coward.

Who is a coward? who?

The boy who cannot bear
A hasty word, a scornful look,
A thoughtless jest, a damaged book,
Whose selfish spirit cannot brook
The play he may not share.

Who is a coward? who?

He who would rather fight
Than own that he is in the wrong,
Or curb his wild, unruly tongue,
Who rather would be fierce and strong,
Than kind, and just, and right.

Who is a coward? who?

The boy who never craves
For grace to help him to refrain
From taking God's own name in vain,
But idly follows in the train
Of Satan's willing slaves.

Who is a coward? who?

He who dares not refuse
To join in every evil way
With those who seek to lead astray;
The boy who is ashamed to pray,
Afraid the right to choose.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1888.

Sunday Rest and Sunday Labour.

A GOOD example was set by a miller. A Swiss newspaper contained, in September, 1863, the following advertisement:—

"Altorf, canton Uri. A miller wanted. In this mill, of the most modern German construction, no work is done on Sunday, or during the night."

A friend of Sunday observance wrote the mill-master, inquiring what had led him to adopt this arrangement, and received the following answer:

"Although I am a young man, I have learned from the experience of the twelve years since I began to work, that the desecration of the Lord's-day, besides being sinful, brings no worldly gain, but rather the opposite. For several years I was servant in a mill in which, under the excuse of the amount of business, work was carried on almost every Sunday. I longed even then to have the Sunday to myself—though only for the sake of ease. When I became a mill-master, I resolved to try whether diligent working during the six days could not produce as much as labour continued through all the seven—especially as I had noticed that on Sundays the work went on very lamely. I was successful. With the six days' work I could show a greater result than my predecessor had been able to produce with the whole seven. This terminated Sunday work in our mill.

"Two years ago I became a mill-owner. In the beginning the mill was very small, but I did not allow it to go on the Sabbath. Night-work, however, I had not abandoned; but it became utterly unsatisfactory; for I had remarked that more was lost than gained by it, through waste and negligence. I abolished it. I now gain so much by restricting the work within the hours of the day, when I can have personal oversight of my men, that, by God's blessing, I realize very ample profit.

"I hold it as certain, that a man who rests one day in seven has both more willingness and more power for work, than another who labours through the seven, without intermission, like a machine. I entreat you to endeavour to persuade the workmen in your neighbourhood to make trial of this; for I believe that, like myself, they will soon find that more is lost than gained by Sunday labour."

"Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

THE brothers John and Charles Wesley, with Richard Pilmore, were one evening holding a twilight meeting on the common, when they were attacked by a mob, and fled from its fury for their lives. The first place of refuge that they found, after having been for some time separated, was a hedgerow near at hand, behind which they hid a few minutes, protecting themselves from serious injury by the missiles that fell like hail about them by clasping their hands above their heads as they lay with their faces in the dust. As night drew on, the darkness enabled them to leave their temporary retreat for a safer one at some distance. They found their way at last to a spring-house, where, in comparative security, they waited for their pursuers to weary of seeking them. Here they struck a light with a flint-stone, dusted their soiled and tattered garments, and after quenching their thirst, bathed their hands and faces in the water that bubbled from the stream that flowed away in the sparkling streamlet. Then it was that Charles Wesley was inspired to write "Jesus, lover of my soul," with a bit of lead which he had hammered into a pencil.

These circumstances beautifully illustrate the hymn, giving to almost every line a reality that makes it peculiarly significant to every loving Christian heart. They had fled before their enemies, and found shelter from danger. He sang:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

—W. H. Dikeman.

Where Does the Sin Commence?

To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink is its proper and natural state; drunkenness is a state of sin. At what stage does it become sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober who has not tasted anything which can intoxicate; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or an eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass; his reason is quenched, his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every noble and generous and holy principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled! This is sin: awful sin; for "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." But where does the sin begin? At the first glass, at the first step towards complete intoxi-

cation, or at the sixth or seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system towards the state of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul?

Good Society.

A BOY who owns a dog has good company. They are true friends, and neither would think of going back on the other. Their friendship is true and faithful. If you meet one you are pretty sure to see the other near, and if one gets into a quarrel, the other is sure to take a hand. Did you ever notice a boy and a dog that had been together any length of time? Of course you have. Why, they understand each other as well, and better, in fact, than two boys would. The dog knows exactly what his little master means when he speaks, and will stick up his ears, turn his head on one side, then on the other, and look the boy square in the face with all but human expression in his countenance when he is being talked to. It is "love me, love my dog," with every boy. To insult one is to insult the other, and an insult to one is resented by both. You could no more buy that dog of his young master than you could hire him to kill his best friend. The wag of that dog's tail is of more value to the boy than anything else, except his mother's love. A dog is a most excellent companion to a boy. The dumb brute will be true even to death, and his faithfulness does, to a certain extent, create a true and faithful disposition in the boy. A boy is generally in good company when he and his dog go out into the woods and fields, and the parent has a reasonable feeling of security for the boy in such company.—From Peck's Sun.

God is Great.

SAINT AUGUSTINE is the name of a very good man who lived many years ago. He tried very hard to understand how great God is, and to solve how one God can be three in person. He studied very much on this subject, until one night he had a dream. He dreamed that he saw a little child by the seashore, dipping water from the great ocean into a little hole in the sand.

"What are you doing?" said the good man.

"I am trying to dip out the ocean into this hole," was the reply.

"Foolish child! Do you not know that you can never do that?"

To his surprise the child answered, "Indeed; and thou wouldst empty the mysteries of the great God with the little dipper of thy thoughts."

Thus God taught this great theologian not to worry about those things that he had not seen fit to make known to us.

God Ever Near.

MEN go seeking here and there for God as if he were not everywhere present and ready to reveal himself to all sincere contrite hearts. There are indeed promises in the Word of making himself known under certain circumstances, as when believers come in his name and for his worship, or when one retires into a chosen secret place and finds God there; but there is no place into which he does not see, no prayer of trust or pleading for mercy that he does not hear. The feebleness of the religious life of the many is that they are not conscious of the fact that God dwells in the hearts of all who receive him by the Holy Spirit. So long as God is to one far away and holding aloof from men there is no sufficient foundation for an intelligent faith. The only Christian life worthy of the name is that in which there is a continuous trust in God and a conscious sense of his favour.



THE RIVER JORDAN.

Canada.

FAIR Canada, our native land,
A poet's song for thee
A song that will through ages stand
To immortality.

A song of home, of humble strain,
Thy far-off sons to cheer;
With love for thee in every vein,
A song of reverence dear.

The mighty lakes, the crystal stream,
To Canada belong;
Thy rock-bound coasts and rural scenes,
So seldom praised in song.

No purer land the earth contains;
Here burns the patriot's fire;
Here Christian hope forever reigns,
And tunes the sacred lyre.

Though winter's frost has nipped thy green,
Yet, soon will smiling spring
In beauty look upon the scene,
And bid all nations sing.

Long may you boast the great and good,
Thy peers be men of worth;
Thy motto: Freedom, Brotherhood,
To gild thy name on earth.

May peace and plenty be thy store,
With health and sweet content;
May never tyrants rule thy shore,
Thy greatness ne'er be rent.

Then over wide Atlantic's foam,
O'er every mount and glen;
We'll ring the virtues of our home
And of our noble Queen.

—P. H. Van Vlack.

Every Day a Little.

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall we enjoy who seeks every day to practise the grace he prays for!

Every day a little happiness. We live for the good of others if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, at the neighbour's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.—S. S. Visitor.

The River Jordan.

OUR picture gives an interesting view of the river Jordan, at or very near the place where it is believed the prophet John baptized the Saviour. This river is the chief river of Palestine, and famous in sacred history. Its remote source is the snows of Mount Hermon, and the two chief streams which form it flow, one from a spring at the base of the hill on which once stood the city of Dan; and the other from a fountain at Baniyas, the city once known as Cesarea Philippi. The general course of the river is due south, although it makes many windings—now sweeping its eastern and now the western bank; curving, and sometimes doubling back, and everywhere fringed by a narrow border of trees and shrubs.

The Jordan has two distinct lines of banks; the first or lower banks confine the stream, and are from five to ten feet high; the second or upper are at some distance from the channel, and in places rise to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. As it approaches the Dead Sea, the stream varies from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet in breadth, and from five to twelve in depth.

As we gaze at the picture, we call to mind some of the events which have given this stream its place in history. We remember that all Israel passed over this stream on their march to Jericho; and although it was the time of harvest, when the melting snows of Hermon caused the river to be swollen and overflow its banks, the people passed over dryshod. Then, too, we remember that in Jordan, at the prophet's bidding, Naaman, the Syrian captain, bathed, and was cured of leprosy. But, best of all, we remember that in these sacred waters the Saviour of men was baptized, while the Spirit of God declared to all who listened that this was the Messiah. As we look at the picture, and think that here he, who needed not to repent, received the baptism unto repentance, let us remember his words to the wondering John, "It becometh us to fulfil all righteousness;" and, remembering them, let us look up for grace to enable us at all times to do it.

A ROY who has been the possessor of cats of several colours and sizes felt like having a change, and so remarked to his mother the other day, as he stroked the cat he held in his lap: "Mamma, I hope the next cat I have will be a dog!"

The Image of God.

God made man! Look at man and repeat the audacity if you dare! Lying, drunken, selfish man; plotting, scheming, cruel man; foolish, vain, babbling man; prodigal man; prodigal man wandering in wilderness in search of the impossible, sneaking in forbidden places with the crouch of a criminal, putting his finger in human blood and musing as to its probable price per gallon. . . . Is this the image of God? Is this incarnate deity? Is this heaven's lame success in self-reproduction? O how we burn under the sharp questioning. How we retire into our proper nothingness, and beg that no more words may fall upon us like whetted spears! Yet there are the facts. There are the men themselves. Write on the low brow, "the image and likeness of God;" write on the idiot's leering face, "the image and likeness of God;" write on the sensualist's porcine face, "the image and likeness of God;" write on the puppet's powdered and painted countenance, "the image and likeness of God;" do this, and then say how infinite is the mockery, how infinite is the lie! . . . Arguing from the outside—that is, from appearance and action and from such motives as admit of outward expression—it is easy to ridicule the notion that God made man in his own image. But arguing from other facts, it is impossible, with any intellectual or moral satisfaction, to account for man on any other theory than that he is the direct creation of God. If I think of sin only, I exclude God from the responsibility of having made man, but when I think of repentance, prayer, love, sacrifice, I say, "Surely this is God! this is eternity!" When I see a sinner run into sin, I feel as if he might have been made by the devil, but when he stands still and bethinks himself; when the hot tears fill his eyes; when he sighs toward heaven a sigh of bitterness and true penitence, when looking around to assure himself of absolute solitude, he falls down to pray without words; then I see a dim outline of the image and likeness in which he was created. In that solemn hour I begin to see man, the man that accounts for the cross, the man who grieved God, the man who brought down Christ. You have often seen that man in yourselves. Sometimes you have felt such stirrings of soul, such heavenly and heavenward impulses, such pureness of love, such outleaping of holy passion toward God and all godliness, that you have thought yourself to be worth saving, even at the cost of blood! There was no vanity in such thought, no self-exaggeration; there was a claim of kinship, a cry as of a child who felt that the father cared for its sin and its sorrow.—Joseph Parker, D.D.

A Secure Fastening.

AN old sea-captain was riding in the cars and a young man sat down by his side. He said: "Young man, where are you going?"

"I am going to Philadelphia to live."

"Have you any letters of introduction?"

"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the sea-captain, "have you a Church certificate?"

"Oh yes," said the young man. "I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to look at that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia present that to some Christian Church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it is my rule as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—Selected.

Vote it Down.

VOTE the curse of liquor down,
Vote it down!
Curse of country, curse of town;
Vote it down!
When unto the polls you go,
Freemen, strike one mighty blow,
Lay the fiery serpent low,
Vote it down! vote it down!

Hydra-headed shape of sin,
Vote it down!
Lure that lures the young man in,
Vote it down!
Trap for careless human feet
Thronging thick the city's street,
Death is sure, and doom is fleet,
Vote it down! vote it down!

Voter king! the sceptre sway,
Vote it down!
Ere 'tis nightfall, while 'tis day,
Vote it down!
Rum yields ruin, shame and crime;
Rule it from the realm of time
By your ballot power sublime,
Vote it down! vote it down!

Vote for righteousness and peace,
Vote the traffic down!
Vote the drink slave's swift release,
Vote the traffic down!
Vote against the licensed still,
Licensed dramshop and ginmill;
Slay to save, and strike to kill,
Vote the traffic down!

Edward Vincent.

Curly Dick;

OR, HOW A WAIF BECAME A MERCHANT PRINCE.
BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

WE GET TO KNOW DICK.

WHILE on a visit to England, in 1887, I met an old friend, who, among other reminiscences of his past life, related the following short narrative, which is well worth repeating for the benefit of all Christian workers:—

About fifty years ago, in a small town in North Wales, on a certain Sunday morning, a poor waif was strolling around the doorway of a Sunday-school. He ventured into the place.

Not being used to such a visitor, many of the scholars and teachers were surprised to see such a dirt-begrimed face, with a body literally clad in rags and tatters. However, my friend—who was a teacher there—said, "Well, come in boy; come in, and sit down." And pulling off something that did duty for a cap, and partially covered a head surmounted by a liberal crop of thick, black, curly hair, the boy seated himself on the extreme edge of a bench, and tried to reconcile himself to the situation.

After school was over, the teacher paid more attention to the waif, and thus commenced an acquaintance which I will let the teacher tell mainly in his own words:

"What is your name, my boy?" I inquired.

"I aint got no name," said the lad, as the scholars, who gathered around, burst into laughter.

"Well, where do you come from? Where were you last night?"

"I slept on Jenny Dulson's hearth last night; but I don't think I can go there again, as Jenny died last night."

"Well, what do people call you?" I asked.

"Well," answered he—drawing his words—"Nanny—Jenny Dulson's girl—called me 'Curly Dick.' Not an inappropriate soubriquet, I thought.

I asked him then to come in the afternoon. The poor little fellow replied, with his eyes brightening:

"Yes, I'll come, if I'm let. But—I've got no money."

I assured him he need not let *that* hinder him; but added, "You must wash your face before you come again?"

"Yes; I will that," said he.

Sure enough, he came in the afternoon. His face was certainly washed; but the boundary line clearly defined the unwashed from the other part—showing the cleaning was only partial.

"So you *have* washed your face?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "I washed it in the town river, and wiped it with my cap."

After school, the teacher took the boy home, and gave him a tea. Dick had secured lodgings for that night at Jenny Dulson's. He became a member of the school. Others took an interest in him, for he showed a bright and good disposition.

One day he expressed a desire to "go to sea," and told the teacher he was about to start. The superintendent got the boy a Bible; and Dick asked the teacher to write "summut" in it, and these words were inscribed on the fly-leaf: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

In a day or two after, Curly Dick made a start for Liverpool. Railways were not known in Wales then; and as no one seemed to lay claim to the lad, no one could hinder. He came with his little bundle on his shoulder one morning to say "good-bye." The teacher accompanied him a mile or two on the way, and at the foot of a hill, commended him to his Heavenly Father, and, with a final hand-shake, they parted, not to meet for many long years.

CHAPTER II.

DICK TURNS UP AFTER MANY LONG YEARS.

THIS chapter opens in the busy streets of Liverpool, and the teacher shall relate the story:—

"I had occasion to visit the great seaport on business of serious importance to me. I was walking to and fro, in Rold Street, waiting to see a solicitor. When, suddenly, I heard some one calling out my name. I saw it was a gentleman in a splendid carriage, an elegantly-appointed equipage, with liveried servants.

"Isn't your name Mr. ———? Are you not Mr. ———, of W—x—m?" asked the gentleman, of unmistakable aristocratic appearance, in the carriage.

"I replied I was.

"Well, then, get up," said he. And being somehow captured by astonishment, I mechanically obeyed the injunction, and the next moment was whirling through the streets of Liverpool. Thoroughly bewildered by the very suddenness of what had taken place, I sat filled with a thousand vain conjectures as to the meaning of it all; and before I knew it, the splendid turnout drew up with a dash in front of a palatial mansion in a most handsome square. I and my mysterious acquaintance were ushered into a handsomely-furnished room.

"Now the gentleman began to manifest unmistakable signs of emotion. This agitated me, and increased my own mystification considerably. Presently he said, 'You will take lunch with me to-day, won't you?' I, in a dreamy way, signified it would be an honour for me to do so. I cannot say I did enjoy the lunch; and, apparently, my host did not do much better, for he was very thoughtful and silent.

"Immediately when luncheon was over, without any preliminary conversation, he produced a small but well-worn New Testament. Holding it towards me, simply saying, 'Do you know *that*,' at the same time placing his finger on the fly-leaf, on which were the words—in my own hand writing—

'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'

"You wrote that, years ago," said he. But my memory failed me. I could not think of the when or where of that writing. Seeing my confusion, the gentleman added, 'Come, now, don't you remember Curly Dick? Don't you remember the little ragged boy you welcomed to your Sunday-school—the lad you took home to tea—the lad you helped and commended to God at the foot of Acton Hill?' And the tears were in his eyes. Light was coming to my memory. Yet I did not fully realize the significance of the spoken words, or grasp the really dramatic character of the situation.

"Apparently, in full sympathy with my bewilderment, yet enjoying the whole thing, my new-found friend led me by the arm, as in triumph. 'Come,' he said; and he then led me into a most luxuriously furnished apartment, and there and then introduced me to his wife and daughters. I never rightly knew how I got through that evening, but I was not long in the room before I learnt I was in a Christian home. And soon my eyes were riveted on the handsome marble mantelpiece. Stretching across its noble frontage I saw, for the second time since I had entered the mansion, the words—now traced on the marble in letters of glittering gold—'WHEN MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER FORSAKE ME, THEN THE LORD WILL TAKE ME UP.'

CHAPTER III.

DICK TELLS HIS OWN STORY.

"THERE," said the gentleman to his visitor, and pointing to the bright inscription on the mantelpiece, "I stand before you to-day a living witness to that Scripture truth! *You* remember parting with Curly Dick at the foot of Acton Hill? He stands before you now!"

And so in truth it was. The poor, dirty, and ragged waif had become a wealthy merchant! He began to tell his history since he had left his guest, seven and twenty years before, when he was "going to sea."

"In telling you this," he began, "I am living my history ever again, and I have twice told the tale in Dr. Raffles' Sunday-school. Well, after leaving you I walked to Chester; from there I was directed to Woodside, in order to get to Liverpool. When I got to Woodside, I saw what I thought was the sea, and the sight took away my courage. I began to cry, thinking what would become of me if I had to cross that sea—it was only the river Mersey. As I stood there, waiting and crying in heart-broken fashion, two ladies came up to me, asking me:

"What are you crying for, little boy?"

"I'm going to Liverpool," I blubbered; "but can't find the bridge."

"Well, wait, and the packet will come directly," said the lady.

"Will they want money?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" was the reply.

"Well, I've got no money," said I, and began crying.

"What's that book you have there in your breast?" said one of the ladies; "I'll buy it off you."

"Oh," I said, clutching it, "I can't sell that; I'll be drowned if I do—it's my Bible; but I'll sell you my cap! I've nothing else."

"Both the ladies laughed—well they might, for my cap was not a very saleable article. After they had their laugh over, they said they would pay my way across. When we were on the 'big ship,' as I thought, they placed me in the care of a man, and, giving me a slip of paper, directed to a cer-

ton gentleman, naming the street and square where I should find him.

"When I landed, I inquired my way to the house and street as told, and eventually found myself in this very mansion we are now, to which I then came—not in a carriage, as we did just now, but in rags, and nearly barefooted, as the tramp had made me look worse than I usually did. Well, it turned out that the ladies I had met were the wife and daughter of the owner of the mansion, and were a most worthy and wealthy Quaker family. Immediately on my advent, I was handed to a groom, who was told to strip and wash me—an ordeal I then thought was cruel; but when I got another suit of clothes, and found myself in the home among the servants, I felt more at ease. As time went on, I was taken by the kind friend to his office, where I availed myself of every opportunity to 'get on.' I had hardships, trials, temptations, fierce enough; I had evil and difficulties to encounter and grapple with, and conquer as best I could; with no father, mother, brother, nor sister to help me. I had to depend on my own energies; and above all, the help of my Heavenly Father. And," added the merchant, with deep emotion, "the Lord did indeed 'take me up!' My friend's granddaughter is now my wife, and I am the head of the firm. You have great reason to thank God, and more have I, that you ever helped 'Curly Dick' to start a new life in your Sunday-school, and gave him the copy of Holy Writ, with that inscription"—pointing again to the marble mantel-piece—"on the fly-leaf."

I may add, that ere my old friend left "Curly Dick's" mansion, he was made the recipient of a substantial proof of the merchant's gratitude. And many times since, owing to adverse circumstances, the Sabbath-school teacher has received, in old age, financial assistance with a generosity as unselfish as it has been liberal.

"Nor is that the only reward," my friend added, "I have had for what I have done for the poor, nameless boy. Just think of the good that merchant prince is doing in the town of Liverpool. Eternity alone will reveal!"

The Drowning Sailor.

"A SHIP on the rocks!" went from mouth to mouth, as men roused themselves one tempestuous night, and hurried down by twos and threes to the shore. The storm was terrific—the wind howling and raging, the waves black and angry, and dashing with a sullen fury against the masses of black rocks, and foaming up to the very feet of the watchers. After an hour of effort in one way or another, three exhausted sailors were landed, and cared for by kind hands; but eager eyes thought they saw, when the clouds occasionally broke, yet another head that rose and sank, and a figure that battled for life in the surging waters.

Standing erect on a small rock was a tall and brave-faced man, ready to cast a rope to the struggling sailor in the waves when he was near enough. He shouted to him; but the roaring tempest drowned his voice. Again and again he threw the rope; but the coil was drawn back ungrasped, for the darkness prevented the drowning man from seeing it. What was to be done? A sudden thought struck a bystander, and from his great-coat pocket he drew his bull's-eye lantern and a box of matches, lit it, and then flashed its light full on the strong man on the rock. Again the rope was cast, and the light gleamed on its coils as it sank amongst the seething waves close to the sailor's hand. Oh, what an answering clutch of that rope followed! And ere many seconds passed the half-dead man lay at his preserver's feet.

What does this make you think of? It seems to make me think of the text, "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

The Holy Ghost is like that bystander; the lantern is God's Word. The strong man ready to save is like the Lord Jesus. You are like the drowning sailor, engulfed, not in water, but in the sea of sin, and with a fierce tempest of wrath raging around your soul.

Christ calls to you; but the noise of earth's business, work, or pleasure drowns his voice. He flings out to you the promises; but you are in the darkness, and cannot see them. You are sinking, though within reach of safety! Oh, it is terrible! But the Holy Spirit comes and flashes light on Christ. You see his efforts to save you! You accept him as your Saviour. His promises are for you; you grasp at them with a mighty grasp. For you all this pity—this effort—this love!

No man can see Jesus as his Saviour, except by the light of the Holy Spirit shining through and upon God's Word. Oh, don't forget daily, as you open that Word, to pray for his light to reveal to you Jesus as your Saviour! His light will show you your danger; but it will also flash Christ upon your soul. Grasp the promises held out to you. Never let them go for an instant, until they land you safely at his feet. Keep your eye on him; search the Scriptures to learn about him; ask the Spirit to teach you of him, for "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost."

That Inquisitive Boy.

A YOUNG lady, and a small, bright-eyed boy, entered a street-car on Lake Avenue, one afternoon. The lady deposited her fare and the boy's, and the bell rang.

"Aunt Ella," said the boy, "what makes the bell ring?"

"The driver rings the bell," was the reply.

"What does he do that for?"

"Why, he does it to register the fare."

"What does he do that for?"

"Because he has to."

"Oh!"

Then there was silence for half a minute.

Presently the boy said:

"What is that round thing up there?"

"That is the register."

"What is that for?"

"To register the fare."

"You said the ring registered the fare."

"No, I didn't say that."

"Yes, you did, Aunt Ella."

"Now, Johnny, don't you contradict me. You are a naughty boy."

"Well, that's what you said."

A silence of two minutes followed. It was broken by the boy, who said:

"Say, Aunt Ella, what made you tell me that the ring registered the fare?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You did say so, didn't you, Aunt Ella?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Then what made you say that you didn't say it?"

"I didn't say that I didn't say so. Don't bother me, Johnny."

"Johnny" was only one name for that boy. What would you call him?

AFTER writing sentences one day, the scholars exchanged work for correction. A small boy marked an error, and then at the foot of the paper made the following explanatory note: "He didn't begin Massychevits with a caterpillar."

A Messenger of Consolation.

Love's peace is in her pure young heart,
Love's light is on her face,
She carries sunshine in her eyes
To many a shady place.

For aught she has of good and sweet
She only seeks to share;
She lends her loving strength to all
The crosses other bear.

Her posies cheer the sufferer's bed,
The city workshop's gloom;
See how a wreath to lay upon
The stranger's lonely tomb.

Through every gentle deed she does
Love's soft aroma steals,
The weary heart grows fresh again,
The wounded spirit heals.

And when she wanders through the woods
In morning's dewy hour,
Standing amid the flowers we see
Herself the fairest flower!

Encourage the Pastor.

ENCOURAGEMENT is needful in every department of life. Approbation consoles, invigorates and inoites. The minister needs its exhilarating influence. His work being arduous, difficult and trying, confronted with discouragement and opposition, and dark pictures oft flitting across his vision, he prizes the voice of cheer and favour. His soul craves it as eagerly as the starving man demands bread. When received, it is a balm to his weary spirit. It is his right and privilege.

As he is benefited by it, so are his people. The reflex influence tells advantageously upon them in better preaching, more efficient work, a more kind and appreciative ministry, a fuller heartier and more responsive service, a longer, sweeter and more fruitful pastorate, and a more refreshing, congenial and helping intercourse and association.

In all kinds of work men need sympathy, especially the manifested interest of those in whose behalf they labour. Under its manifestations zeal is quickened, and activity aroused. The workmen feel that they are not alone, but have interested, friendly co-operators. Herein the pastor is no exception. He yearns for the sympathy of those for whose benefit he prays and preaches and toils. If it be free, spontaneous and constant in its expression toward him, he works with more buoyant spirit, greater fidelity and larger success.

Don't Snub.

SNUBBING is a poor business, anyway. You and I never mean to do it, I suppose. But do we not sometimes show just a bit of that "Not-as-others-are" feeling, in look or tone? Somebody has compiled this list of "Don'ts," which it will do no harm to read:—

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dulness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub anyone. Not alone because some day they may far outstrip you in the race for life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

Behind the Bars.

THE roses bloom in the garden ;
The bee comes wooing the flowers ;
The song-bird pipes to his nest-mate.
Through all the golden hours,
The breeze is freighted with fragrance
From forest, and field, and lea ;
But youth has fled,
And Hope lies dead,
So what is it all to me ?

The bluebird rocks in the tree-tops,
Free as the summer air,
Swings and sways and warbles,
With never a flutter of care ;
Memories never haunt him,
No thought of the morrow has he ;
But the guarded wall,
Like a sombre pall,
Overshadows it all for me.

I sit in the glowing twilight,
And gaze on the evening sky,
On the glorious sunset banners
That a-chwart the hill-tops fly,
Till the diamond eyes of heaven
Look down on the bond and the free ;
But I see the stars
Through the prison bars—
So what is it all to me ?

Ah ! the flowers have lost their perfume,
The summer breezes are chill,
The bees are naught but gluttons,
And harsh the song-bird's trill ;
For the mighty voices of nature,
Of earth, or heaven, or sea,
Have naught of cheer
For the convict's ear—
What—what are they ail to me ?

LESSON NOTES.

B.C. 1451] LESSON II. [Oct. 14

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

Josh. 3. 5-17, Memory verse, 5-6

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.

OUTLINE.

1. The Ark.
2. The River.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—The banks of the Jordan, near Jericho.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The first act of Joshua on assuming command was to give an order for preparing to cross the Jordan. While the host was making ready two spies were sent into Jericho, and after imminent peril returned with cheering words to the people. After the third day had passed came the order to advance ; and this brings us to our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sanctify yourselves*—By sacred washings and changes of raiment. *Will do wonders*—Will make some miraculous manifestation in your behalf. *Magnify thee*—To especially honour him before the people, that the people might know he was God's chosen servant. *Brink of the water*—Eastern brink of the Jordan, at the water's edge. *The living God*—That is, the true and only God, in opposition to lifeless idols. *Shall stand upon a heap*—Or shall be like a wall ; when the waters stop running down they shall pile up. *The salt sea*—The Dead Sea.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Ark.*
What command had been given by the officers to the people concerning the ark ? Chap. 3. 3, 4.
What was the ark of the covenant ?
What was its usual place among the people ?
Was the pillar of cloud still the signal by which they moved ?
For what did God use the ark of the covenant that day ?
What was the ark designed to teach to Israel ?
What allusion is there in Hebrew literature to this occurrence ? Psa. 114. 3, 5.
To what does the Psalmist ascribe this ? Psa. 114. 7.

2. *The River.*

What is the river that is here made memorable ?
Where does this river rise, and what are its peculiarities ?
On which side of it were the people ?
What preparations were made for crossing it ?
How was the passage effected ?
Can this be explained from natural causes ?
If this was miraculous, was it contrary to nature ?
Did any others ever pass the Jordan dry-shod ? 2 Kings 2. 8, 14.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Through the Red Sea with Moses, through the Jordan with Joshua, through the "dark river" with Jesus. The waters always divide before the feet of him who follows the voice of God.

"To stand still in Jordan," was the command then. Very often now God's command is to the soul, "Stand still." He is the best servant who does exactly what he is told.

The reason why we do not oftener see God's wonders among us is because we are not "sanctified." All of God's acts are wonders : each new day is a wonder.

Here are three words to just sum up the foregoing : submission, obedience, purity.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study carefully the history of the ark of the covenant.
2. See if any mention of it can be found in the book of revelation.
3. Is there any evidence of the time of year when this occurred ?
4. Learn all you can of the Jordan.
5. What evidences of the truthfulness of this narrative may be discovered in the text itself ?
6. Learn the facts of the lesson and the order of the narrative very thoroughly.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the next great event in Israel's history ? The passage of the Jordan.
2. How did they cross this river ? They all passed over on dry ground.
3. What was the apparent cause of this dry ground passage ? The ark in the river.
4. What was the real cause ? The presence of the eternal God.
5. What has been the voice of God to the world ever since ? "When thou passest," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—God's presence.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

2. Did our first parents continue in the state in which God created them ?
No ; they fell from that state into sin.

B.C. 1451] LESSON III. [Oct. 21

THE STONES OF MEMORIAL.

Josh. 4. 10-24. Memory verses, 20, 22

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land. Josh. 4. 22.

OUTLINE.

1. The Leader Honoured.
2. The Lord Remembered.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—Same as in last lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—When the people had passed over Jordan Joshua chose twelve men from the tribes, one from each tribe, and ordered them to take from the river-bed each one a stone and carry it over into the land of Canaan. This was done. Then Joshua himself set up twelve stones in the bed of Jordan in the place where the priests bearing the ark stood, and then comes the story of the lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Clean passed over*—Entirely over, every one over. *Waters . . . returned unto their place*—That is, the streams began to flow again as usual. *Over all his banks*—That is, filled up to the full the whole bed and bottom of the river. *Tenth day of the first month*—Not quite forty years since the first passover. *Pitch*—(Ver. 20) Not paint or cover with pitch, but build up into a pile, or monument.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Leader Honoured.*
What was the effect upon the Israelites of the scene at the Jordan ?
What was the effect upon the inhabitants of the land ? Josh. 5. 1.
What two acts did Joshua perform to commemorate the event ?

What had God promised Joshua he would do for him ? Chap. 3. 7.
What evidence do the forty thousand soldiers give of their confidence in Joshua ?
How does this show confidence ?
What evidence did the priests give that they honoured Joshua ?
To what point did the passage of the Jordan bring the people ?

2. *The Lord Remembered.*

Where was Gilgal ?
What memorial could be seen at Gilgal in after days ?
What was the purpose of this memorial ?
How would it effect its purpose ?
What traits of character does this act reveal in Joshua ?
Are monuments and memorials of any value nowadays ? Give an illustration.
What is meant by the fear of the Lord ?
What promises do the Scriptures give to those that fear God ? Psa. 103. 13 ; Acts 10. 35 ; Prov. 10. 27.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Fidelity, patriotism, and loyalty are shown in this lesson. Can you find them ?
God always honours the man who honours him.

The best education is that which leads up to a constant recognition of God.
It was not the priests, nor the forty thousand soldiers, nor Joshua, that led Israel over Jordan, but God.

The priests waited God's command. Let us. The people hastened to do his will. Let us. Joshua was unassuming, loyal, and earnest that God should be glorified. Let us be like him.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read the first nine verses of this chapter.
2. Find five other instances in Scripture where God honoured those who tried to honour him.
3. Locate Gilgal on a map, and find how many years this place was their headquarters.
4. Search out the things that Moses had commanded Joshua.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long did the priests stay with the ark in the dry river bed ? Till all had passed over.
2. When only did they come forth ? When Joshua gave the command.
3. What did Joshua do with the twelve stones carried by the twelve men ? Built a memorial pillar.
4. What did he say this was for ? An object lesson for their children.
5. What were they to tell the children it meant ? "Then ye shall let," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Honouring God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

- What is sin ? Sin is disobedience to the law of God in will or deed.
Romans viii. 7. The mind of the flesh is enmity against God ; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be.
1 John v. 17. All unrighteousness is sin.
James iv. 17. To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.
[1 John iii. iv ; Isa'ah liii. vi ; James i. 14. 15.]

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