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Home School

AND

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

[No. 22.]

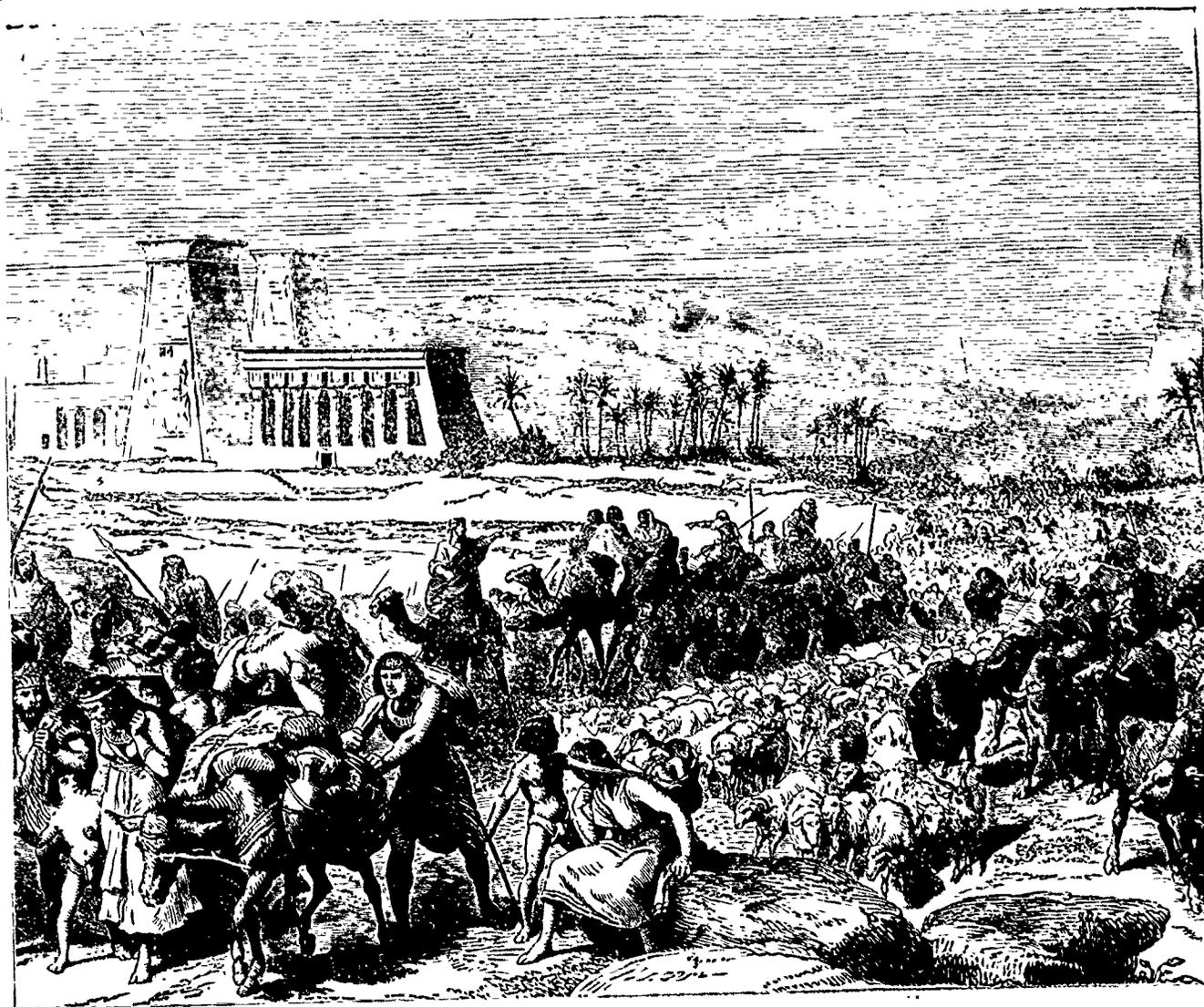
A Monster of the Deep.

THOSE who have seen a diving-suit are aware of the frightful appearance of a man arrayed in it. The front of the head-piece is a large circular pane of glass, giving the wearer the appearance of a hideous Cyclops. From the top of the head runs a rubber tube for supplying air to the diver, and there is also a rope for hauling him up.

which he could procure, and the decision was reached that he should go and bring it. This he did, arriving with it after some time. Mr. Potts' partner arrayed himself in the suit. Lying across the hole was a fallen tree, and Mr. Potts and his partner walked out upon the log, and the partner slipped down into the water and was instantly out of sight. Mr. Potts held the rope by which to pull

The old chief was evidently much interested in the scene, and without more ado he squatted on the bank and awaited developments, his squaws following his example. Pretty soon there came a jerk of the rope that rippled the surface of the water.

Keweah became greatly excited when he saw Mr. Potts pulling heavily on the line, and the old chief



THE EXODUS FROM EGYPT.—(See Exodus xiii-xiv.)

In the early days of the gold excitement in California a Mr. Potts and his partner, both miners, decided that there was gold at the head-waters of the San Joaquin. They discovered a deep hole in the bed of one of the forks, and concluded that if there was gold anywhere in the bed of the stream it was in that hole. They tried diving to the bottom, but the water was too deep, and they found themselves in a dilemma. Mr. Potts' partner be-

thought himself of a diving suit in San Francisco him up. The signal agreed upon was a jerk of the rope. While Mr. Potts was thus sitting on the log and holding the rope he appeared to be fishing with a stout line for big fish. He was thus engaged when Chief Keweah and his squaws came down from the mountains, where they had been gathering nuts. He stopped, and thus addressed Mr. Potts: "You ketchum fish?"

"No, not yet," was the reply, "but I expect a bite pretty soon."

raised himself to his feet and watched the procedure with the deepest interest. Presently the monster of the deep came to the surface, with its hideous Cyclopean eye turned in Keweah's direction.

"Ugh!" shouted the old warrior; and he and his squaws turned suddenly and fled panic-stricken over the plains.

PREVARICATION is a base practice, akin to falsehood.

The Cup of Blood.

WHEN deep in Adullam's cave David, the king,
Lay, hemmed by the troop of the insolent foe,
He dreamed of the beautiful Bethlehem spring
That flowed by the gate of the city below.

He saw there the maidens with pitcher and jar,
The faint camels kneeling and stirring the tide,
And the stream flowing down and refreshing afar
The cool, waving palm-trees that sprang by its side.

The waking from slumber, the king started up,
With thirst of the soul and the body distraught,
And he cried: "O that some one would bring me a cup
Of the crystal, sweet well by the Bethlehem gate!"

Then the three mighty men who had followed him there,
The chief and the bravest of thirty, arose,
And girded their loins, and laid their swords bare,
And mightily brake through the midst of their foes.

Then back, with the cup of the Bethlehem spring,
They fought their fierce way through the Philistine band,
And fled to the fastness, and came to the king,
And proudly delivered the cup to his hand.

For a moment he stood, all his veins hot as fire,
And drank with his eyes; then he marked the red stain
On the cup, and turned quickly, and crushed his desire,
And poured out the draught on the sand of the plain.

And he looked up and said: "Be it far from me, Lord!
Shall I drink of the blood of the men who went forth,
At the price of their lives, against spear, against sword?
Shall I quench my vile thirst with a draught of such
worth?"

O David! O kingly one, mighty of soul!
I would we were great with that greatness of thine,
That royal unselfishness, noble control,
That so in this act of thy majesty shine!

I would that we thought of the price of our gain,
Of the cost unto others of what we possess—
Of the labour it cost them, the anguish, the pain,
The woe and the toil, and the strain and the stress.

I would we might add to each blessing, each gift,
Some thought of its price, some appraisal of love—
Not batten on life without sorrow or shrift,
Not rend the weak as the hawk rends the dove.

But O, might we feel, as did David, the king,
The infinite cost of the hardly won good;
And steep not our lips in that too sacred thing—
The over-full cup of our fellow-man's blood!

Helen's Place.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

IT was Sunday afternoon. Helen Day was sitting with her Bible open, but unread, before her. For a long time a storm had been gathering on her face, which now at length burst.

"I wish," she said, hotly, to the only other occupant of the room—placid, white-haired Aunt Janet, who had come to spend a week with them, "I wish people wouldn't always be thinking that they can point out other people's duties for them. Why can't they understand that a person probably knows about her own affairs better than they do?"

Aunt Janet pushed back her spectacles, shut her book, and waited, knowing that the rest must come.

"After church this morning," Helen went on, "Mrs. Parsons stopped me outside, and asked me whether I didn't think I ought to take a more active part in the church work. Couldn't I teach a class in Sunday-school, or fill some office in one of the societies? She said she thought all young Christians ought to find a place to serve in at once, or they were in danger of drifting into doing nothing. You know, Aunt Janet, I haven't got time to teach a Sunday-school class, or any of those things. Now have I?"

"No, dear, I don't think you have," said Aunt Janet, soothingly.

"How could I hunt the children up, and look after them properly, even if I squeezed in the learning of the lesson? I told her that I didn't have time; and she pursed her lips up, and said that very often we could make time for things if we only thought so. And then she talked to me about Susie Bridges—how she had gone right to work, and is in the front of all the good enterprises. I felt like telling her that if she would provide me with three older sisters, and plenty of servants, and a long purse—such as Susie has—I should be only too delighted to offer my services for charitable purposes too; but that, as it is, if I am going to 'make time' it must be by leaving father's and the boys' clothes unpatched, and their socks undarned, and the house unkept, and my own dresses unmade, and the pennies unsaved, and all the other things undone that—"

"That God has given you to do," finished Aunt Janet, gently, as she paused, out of breath.

"I don't see why," Helen went on, more quietly, "Mrs. Parsons should make me a present of so much good advice. It is no concern of hers."

"Oh, yes! indeed it is. You are wrong—all wrong—there! We are all our brothers' keepers. We do not aid each other by our counsel and sympathy enough—there's where the trouble is. And so, when any one does try to help us in our journey upward, I think we ought to take it kindly, even if she may blunder a little in doing it. You know Mrs. Parsons was a friend of your mother's, and it is very natural for her to take an interest in the daughter."

The thought of her dead mother always softened Helen. Nothing more was said for a few minutes, while the peculiar Sunday quiet took possession of the room. Then Helen rose, and pulled her chair close to Aunt Janet's side.

"Auntie," she said, with a quiver in her voice, "the reason why I was so hurt at what Mrs. Parsons said is, that that is the very thing I keep fretting and worrying over myself. I know she meant kindly, and I'm cross. I should just love to do some such useful work; not the little I get time for now and then, but regularly. I long, and long for it. When I started, I thought that things would be so different; but I don't see that trying to do right makes any more than twenty-four hours in the day after all. How can I find a place to 'serve' in, as Mrs. Parsons calls it?"

"She is quite right about that, Helen, dear. We all need a place to serve in, and I don't know anybody that has a better one than my own discouraged, foolish little niece."

"I!" said Helen, lifting her head to take a look at Aunt Janet's face.

"Yes! you. I think a girl who has three brothers to advise and guide and stimulate and make much of, has as large a field for usefulness as any one need desire. Why, my dear child, if those energetic, active-minded, splendid boys can be formed into living powers for good, how much may they not accomplish! And God has—to a very large extent—put it into your hands to help them to this. You make their home. You have many chances to set high Christian motives before them, and to influence them in right directions. Make them sure of your sympathy, and let it be your great aim to counsel them wisely. Then, as to the patches and pennies you were talking of just now, work them all up into a pattern of thorough, sweet-tempered, conscientious duty-doing, which the boys may have before their eyes daily. Give them precept and practice both. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes'm, I see now," said Helen, soberly. "I thought I had too little to do," she added, presently; "but now I am afraid it's too big. Of

course I knew I ought to help my brothers, but I forgot how much they depended on me. I go wrong so often myself, that I am afraid I won't know how to show anybody else the right way."

"If any of you lack wisdom," quoted Aunt Janet softly. And then some one opened the door, and the little talk was at an end.

Let us pass over four long, busy years, and see what came of the purpose formed in a young girl's heart on that Sunday afternoon.

It was the day for the contest of the debating societies at the academy where Helen's brother, Andy, had spent his first winter away from home. As he was to have a part in the performance, he had yielded to his very wheedling letters, and come up to see him "distinguish himself," as she said. Seated behind her in the hall was a party of several ladies, with a chattering school-boy as escort, who, to beguile the tedious waiting, was pointing out to them the various objects of interest in the gathering crowd. By and by Andy himself appeared in a doorway, and a little ripple of applause ran along the benches.

"Who is he, Will?" asked one of the ladies.

"That is Andy Day," said the boy. "Almost all our crowd are hurrahing for him this year. In fact, whatever Andy goes in for, he's pretty sure to take the sympathy of the school with him."

"Is he so popular?"

"Yes; and he deserves every bit of it, too. I tell you, Andy's all right. He's our living epistle, you know."

"Living epistle?" repeated the lady.

"Yes'm; don't you know? There was a preacher here last winter who preached about that verse, and somebody said he ought to have had Andy up in the pulpit with him, to illustrate it. Soon after that the name stuck to him."

"You certainly praise him very highly."

"At first we thought perhaps it was only word of mouth with him. Sometimes they are that way, you know. But we soon found, by sending out quite a lot of pretty lively exploring expeditions, that his actions spoke every bit as loud as his words. He has kept his light shining in all kinds of weather, and it has lit up the fellows' ideas of things considerably. He's raised the standard on 'ponies' and all that sort of business so high that it works a person's brains for all they are worth to keep up to it. I'll tell you how he does: During the whole of the first term, he and Ap Gregory were both trying with all their might to come out ahead on mathematics at the Christmas examinations. Ap's a queer fish. He's got an awfully long head on him, and if you'll only let him write down what he knows he's all right, but the minute those old directors begin to ask him any questions, or anything like that, why he gets so rattled—I beg your pardon, agitated—that he doesn't have any show at all. He just stands with his mouth open—his eyes goggling round anywhere. Well, he and Andy kept the score pretty even between them all along, until everybody could see that they'd have to fight it out before the directors at examination time. Fortunately for Ap, the old dears just gave us a string of problems to work out on the board. Of course, the most of us succumbed easily; but Andy and Ap, neither of them made any mistake until there was only time left for one more problem. When the answers were read, they were both out by one figure—making them still even, you see. The hour was nearly up, so the examiners didn't have them go over their processes, but gave them a little tally, and told them they might sit down. We thought it was all fixed, when Andy—who had kept looking over at Ap's board all the while they were speech-making—suddenly spoke up, and said: 'I

think Ap's answer is right, sir. The only thing wrong was that 3 instead of a 2, and I think it was meant for a 2. He just puts those extra little tails to his figures for style. You see, here's one down here just like it, and you can tell by the way he multiplies it that it is a 2." Then the big wigs put on their spectacles and hobbled, and, sure enough, Andy was right. "I suppose it isn't quite my place," he said, beginning to get red in the face, "to be pointing out mistakes; but I knew you never could depend on Archie to speak up for himself." And with that he blew the chalk off his hands and sat down. He lost 'first' by it; but I wish you could have seen the old doctors look at each other! And he's always doing something like that—he plays fair every inning. You can count on him like the time of day. He doesn't cut his religion on the bias—that's one thing, sure."

"He must have a good mother, that boy," said one of the ladies.

"His mother is dead, but he has a sister. Dear me, he thinks she's about the biggest there is. He says he has been brought to believe in everyday goodness. He has seen it lived that way at home. It's the kind he's been used to, and he doesn't take much stock in any other."

When the debate was over, Andy brought his little gold medal to Helen, in triumph.

"There, Miss Day," he said, presenting it with a flourish, "aren't you proud of me?"

"Very," was the satisfied reply.—*Our Youth.*

Courage False and True.

"It's a cowardly thing to do, Will; I'll have nothing to do with it."

"You're the coward, Tom," replied Will, angrily.

This was what Will's brother Howard heard, as he stood upon the roof of the piazza, sheltered by the vines that clambered up the corner of the house. He saw the two boys leave the orchard, Tom Jones turning toward his home, while Will walked alone toward the mill.

"Where are you going, Will?" he called.

Willis hurried on with rapid steps, not even looking back as he answered, "Down the road a little way."

"I believe he has that box of torpedoes," said Howard. "He's planning some mischief;" and letting himself down lightly by the grape trellis, Howard followed his brother.

"What are you going to do with the torpedoes?" he asked, as he overtook him.

"I'm going to have a little fun," answered the boy, gruffly.

"Will," said Howard, "you're planning mischief; tell me what you're going to do, for I'm going with you to help you out of it."

"Well, then, I'm going to put these torpedoes on the track; it's nearly time for the express, and it will be fun to see them slow up the train and rush out to see what's the matter."

"I don't see the fun myself," replied Howard. "Where do you propose to stand?"

"I'm going to scatter them in the cut; they will make more noise there, and I'm going to stand on the rocks behind the boulder."

"Don't do it, Will; they'll catch you."

"Pooh! I'm not afraid. If I were such a coward as you are, I suppose I shouldn't do it," replied Will, contemptuously.

Howard was not a daring boy; he never climbed a tree without looking carefully at the branches; he waited for the ice to be safe before venturing far upon it. His prudence and admonitions were a constant irritation to his reckless brother Willis, who never hesitated to place himself at the outposts of danger. The brothers had been too

absorbed to give more than a passing glance to a little boy who was at play near a neighbour's house.

Little Jerry often toddled after his brothers, but now they failed to hear the little footsteps that seemed an echo of their own.

Willis divided the torpedoes about equally between the two tracks that were shut in by the narrow cut through the rocks, and Howard followed him up a winding path, unknown except to the boys who ventured upon the steep height.

"There's the whistle," said Will, as he stationed himself behind the boulder.

Howard threw himself upon the ground near the brow, and looked down the dizzy height. In an instant he was upon his feet. Both boys at the same instant had seen little Jerry upon the track picking up the torpedoes. Both retreated from the rock—Willis to the shelter of the woods beyond, where he threw himself upon the ground with hands pressed closely over his ears; Howard to the path that led to the track the train was rapidly approaching. His feet tripped upon the rail as he caught the child, and as he fell, he saw a freight train approaching upon the other track.

He had only time to take Jerry in his arms, and straighten himself out in the narrow space between the two tracks. He closed his eyes and waited. The noise was terrific; the crackling of the torpedoes and the shrill shrieks of the two engines echoed from the high cliff of either side, and Howard lost consciousness. When he revived, he found himself surrounded by the passengers, who had rushed from the train, while engineers, conductors, and brakemen were carefully examining the track on either side.

"It's no signal," said a brakeman, "see how they're scattered between the sleepers."

"Some boy's work," said another. "Here, boy," seizing Howard, "did you put these here?"

"No, sir!" said Howard, firmly.

"I believe that," said the engineer, who had seen him rescue the child. "A boy who has the courage to do what he has done is above such tricks."

Howard was too weak to attempt to go home; he sat down near the track, hoping Will would come and find him. He called, but his voice seemed to come back to him from the foot of the cliff. Then he thought Will must have fainted, and strengthened by this thought, he determined to go home and send some one to find him.

He walked slowly, leading little Jerry, who was still crying from fright. He found Will at home, looking troubled and unhappy.

Preparing the Way.

"I CAN say it perfectly," said Rob. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make his paths straight."

"What does it mean, mamma?" asked Ellie.

"I have not time to tell you now," answered mamma. "It is time for you to hurry on, or else, with this deep snow to plough through, you will be late to Sunday-school."

It was the first Sunday of the new year, and the snow had been falling heavily all night.

The children ran along, almost in danger of forgetting the Sunday quiet in the fun of breaking their way through the deep snow. Presently little Maud stopped; it was too deep for her.

"There comes Ashley, the sexton," said Rob. "He is digging a path right to the door; let us wait till he gets through."

"I wonder how he got to church?" said Maud. "Oh, he lives close by, on the other side. He has been in and made the fire, and it's as warm as toast in there."

"And now he has come to make a path for us," said Ellen, "to prepare a way, I suppose we might say."

"I wonder if that's what the text means!" observed little Maud sagely.

"Something like it, I do believe," replied her older sister; "I think it must mean if there is anything in the way between us and the Lord Jesus, we must dig it down and throw it clear out of the way, just as Ashley is doing with this snow."

"And then he can come straight in," said Rob, "just as we will go straight into Sunday-school. Here's Ashley now; he'll soon have the path clear, and we'll be the earliest of all. If teacher asks me what this text means, I can answer at any rate."

The Two Disciples.

PENITENT Peter, weeping bitter tears,
Went forth from out the presence of his Lord,
Overwhelmed with shame. Could all the future years
A meet atonement for his sin afford?
Of the sad memory of that look remove,
Which seemed to burn him with reproachful love!

Remorseful Judas, stained with basest crime,
Felt hell already closing him around;
No peace henceforth until the end of time,
One sight to haunt him—that of Jesus bound!
One voice forever ringing in his ear:
"Friend, wherefore art thou come?" he seemed to hear.

Betrayer of his Master and his Friend,
By traitorous kiss, and that for sordid gain,
His Lord condemned to death! was this the end?
His deed in hideous nakedness stood plain.
Stung by remorse, with a despairing cry,
He rushed forth headlong in his sin to die!

Widely they differed. Peter's fall became
The step on which he rose to heights sublime;
A life's devotion blotted out the shame.
Thus on our trampled sins we too may climb,
And not, like Judas, who his Lord betrayed,
Sink deeper in the gulf our sins have made.

Study the Book.

THOSE whose duty and privilege it is to lead in the devotional meetings, or engage in other forms of service in the department of Christian work, should be earnest Bible students. Bishop Vincent gives some advice about the way to study the Word, which might be adopted with great profit by all young Christians. Here are his timely words:

Own a Bible, a substantial reference Bible, with ample margins, good index, clear maps, such as the American Tract Society's teacher's Bible, or Bagster's. Own a second Bible. The one already described is for use at home, and in the sanctuary, the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting; the other should be small in size, suitable for carrying in your pocket to the shop or on the railway train, that the Word may be always with you. King Alfred the Great carried in his bosom the whole book of Psalms, which he had himself copied, and it is said that Oliver Cromwell gave a Bible or a portion of a Bible to each of his soldiers to carry with them. It is possible to utilize for the purpose of Bible study and mental and spiritual improvement much of the time spent in travelling by American Christians.

Read the Bible daily. This will require a little resolution. Neither circumstances nor states of feeling should be allowed to interfere with the habit. Resolve to do it, whether so inclined or not. It is said of the Virgin Mary in an old tradition that she spent a third part of her time in reading the Scriptures. "Sure it is," remarks Trapp, "she was excellently well versed in them, as is proved by her song." Dr Johnston on his death-bed said to a young friend: "Attend to the advice of one who has had some fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker. Read the Bible every day of your life."—*Epworth Herald.*

Fear Not.

BY ALICE WATSON.

Oh, sinner! there is danger nigh,
Thy path is rough and steep;
Oh, will you not to Jesus fly,
And in his shelter keep?
Come to thy Saviour, sinking soul,
And he will set thee free;
Fear not, but trust in Providence
Wherever thou mayst be.

Ah, brother! dangers often met
We all are apt to slight,
And we have known temptation's wiles;
But to resist their might,
Then look to Jesus, tempted one,
And there for refuge flee;
Fear not, but trust in Providence
Wherever thou mayst be.

My Saviour, now to thee I yield,
My lonely heart possess,
Take thou my life, O Lord, and wield
It, as to thee seems best.
Yes, Jesus is my strength and shield;
When waves of sorrow roll,
I will not fear, but trust in thee,
O Saviour of my soul!

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

What to Do with One's Bible.

THE Bible of your own is not to be kept on a shelf merely to show as one of your treasures, but to be used every day. Many seem to think it enough to be able to say, "I have read so many chapters in the Bible." The question in regard to all reading is not how much the eye has passed over, but how much has remained in the memory.

If you were far away from home, and your father were to write to you about coming home, telling you what railroads you were to travel on, and what trains to take, cautioning you about wrong trains and telling you all you needed to know of your journey, it would be wise to have that letter with you and read all its directions very carefully, over and over again. This is just what our Heavenly Father has done in this book. He has pointed out the way to heaven, giving us many counsels to keep us from getting astray and particular direction as to our course each day. Yet he knows that in order to get the full benefit of his instructions we must be really interested in the book. So he has taught us many things by pleasing stories, which help us to see how he wants his children to live. Now it is not best for one to go picking out here and there a story, and neglecting other things; yet I think most chil-

dren will find more interest in the Blessed Book if they learn first about Jesus and his life on earth from the parts of the New Testament that make these things plain. In reading the stories, however, we must be careful to get, not merely the facts, but the lessons they are meant to teach us.

The other day a boy, who is far from his parents at school, had a letter from home. He cannot read writing very well, so he took the letter to him, that he might know exactly what his mother said to him. So you should get your friend to help you to understand this wonderful letter from heaven. The object of Sunday-school teaching and of preaching is to help people understand the Bible. It is delightful to talk over its precious lessons with friends wiser than ourselves. But no human friend can give us such help as we get by asking for the Holy Spirit. There are two precious promises about this matter of helping us to understand and do our Father's will that you will do well to find for yourselves, to often think of, and to ask the Lord to fulfil to you. John 14. 26, and Ezekiel 36. 27.

Faith.

A FAMILIAR word. Few more so. We sing it in our hymns of devotion. We repeat it in the recital of our religious experiences. We incorporate it in our prayers. If familiarity with a word could count, we should all know a great deal about faith. But we often become familiar with a word without knowing much of the thing for which it stands.

Theologians give us many definitions of faith. They are excellent. But most are very long. To those of us who are not theologians, the matter is very easy. To us, faith is simply believing God. That is what we did in the glad hour of our conversion. That is what we did when our hearts were made clean. That is what we did when we received some great spiritual up-lift, and were so wonderfully anointed for special duty or exacting self-sacrifice. The lesson was difficult to learn. We stumbled over its very simplicity. But finally we threw overboard all self-reliance. We turned away from every human prop. We abandoned ourselves to God. We trusted him utterly. And then were we redeemed.

We must not forget the lessons we learned at the beginning. So many do. They seem to imagine that afterwards a more general faith will do as well. Fatal mistake. It is believing God all the way along. To disbelieve him is to invite paralysis. It blots out hope. Cools our zeal. Clouds our horizon. Robs of power. These are times when feeble faith will not answer—times when we need to have absolute confidence in God's word. There are mountains of iniquity all about us. Their dark shadows are chilling indeed. But faith will remove them, and will sink them in the depths of the sea.

See here, young Christian worker. When you are called to duty that seems to you very hard—almost hopeless—do not despair. Nothing is hard when God takes hold. Allow your mind to revert to the hour of your conversion. And to other hours when victory came. Remember this: You



SAMSON'S REVENGE.—Judges xvi. 21-31.

must accept in the same definite, unconditional way the word of God. That means lightened burdens. It means disappearing obstacles. It means victory! —*Epworth Herald.*

Special General Conference Number of Home and School.

To meet an expressed desire for a condensed report of the General Conference, with full statistics of the progress of the Church's work in its chief departments, a special number of HOME AND SCHOOL will be prepared, which may be scattered broadcast in the homes of our people. This is not an extra number. All schools taking HOME AND SCHOOL will receive this. For schools and members who wish it for distribution, the price will be \$1.00 per 100. Send orders to

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A Hiding Place for the Bible.

BUT, although you must hide the Bible in your mind, and in your memory, all will be of little use until you hide it in your heart; and that can only really be done by loving it, and loving it because it is really a message, sent to you from your Father in Heaven. Suppose that when one of you boys grows up into manhood, he leaves his home, and goes out to Australia, or New Zealand, and becomes a sheep-farmer, as many young men do. He is a good son, we will say, and loves his mother, and feels very much parting from her; but he knows that she will write before long, and tell him all that is going on in the old country, and give him advice, and assure him of her unalterable affection. And so she does; and after a time (for the post is not quite so regular there out in the bush as it is with us in London) the letter reaches the young man. Now you all know how he will value it and treasure it; how he will read it over and over again, and carry it about with him on his travels, until it becomes at last yellow and worn at the edges, and is almost ready to drop to pieces with age. And you all know why this is. It is because it is a message from one who loves him, and whom he loves. And he does not read the letter because it is his duty to do so, but because it is his pleasure also.

Now, my dear children, if the Spirit of God has taught you and me that the Bible is really a letter to us, full of kind messages from the Saviour who loved us, and gave himself for us, you may depend upon it, we shall not read it merely because we ought, but because it is a delight to us to do so—in other words, we shall "hide it in our heart."



BUDDHA.

Mother's Letters.

MOTHER'S letters! precious things!
Speeding with their snowy wings!
Waited for by household bands,
In all countries and all lands!

Mother's letters to her boy!
See him grasp it, oh! what joy!
Now with tears his eyes are dim—
Mother, dear, believes in him.

Tender thoughts from mother's pen
He must read to listening men.
They in camp, or "marching through,"
May have anxious mothers, too.

O'er the sea, from shore to shore,
Mid the great Atlantic's roar,
Speed the little missives white
On their rounds of love and light.

Cheering many a maiden's heart,
Forced from home and friends to part;
Checking many a lad's career
When the tempter lurketh near.

Mother's letters! full of love,
Oh, what comforters they prove
In the dark and dismal day,
When no sunlight gilds the way.

Mother's letters! precious things!
Speeding with their snowy wings!
Waited for by household bands,
In all countries and all lands!

Buddha.

THE word Buddha—pronounced as if it were spelled Bood-a—means "The Enlightened One," and is the name given to a teacher of one of the greatest heathen religions of the world, and who is now worshipped by a great many people in different countries.

The religion is called "Buddhism," and the people who believe in it are called "Buddhists." Some say there are more than four hundred millions of people who worship Buddha, and others say there are more than seven hundred millions. There are about twenty millions in Japan.

These people believe there have been a great many worlds—more than we can number—that have come and gone, and that to these worlds have belonged Buddhas more than we can number. Their ideas about the worlds seem to be that the earth is destroyed and then renewed again—for they believe all of the Buddhas "are born in Central India." It is very hard to understand just what they do mean. They believe that one Buddha is born, and after a time passes away, and then another one comes. They say this world has had four. Of the first three they know but little; but the fourth one, whom we have already mentioned, was a Hindoo prince, named "Guatama," who was born nearly six hundred years before Christ. He

was a good man, and spent much time in earnestly studying how men might be saved. He thought they might save themselves, by controlling their thoughts and actions—that if they would lead pure lives they would find salvation.

But the lives of those who profess to be his followers, as well as of all mankind, show how much they need our Jesus to help them to do this, and that without him there is no salvation.

Guatama did not teach the worship of gods, nor claim to be more than a teacher himself; and he chose to be this in order to help men to lead good lives, rather than to be heir to his father's throne. Some years after he died, however, the people worshipped him as a god; and as time has gone on, many changes in Buddhism have taken place. Another Buddha is expected, and the people think that "the first male child born in any Buddhist country, with fingers and toes all uniform in length, and ears reaching to the shoulders," will be the one they are so anxiously looking for.

Dia Butz is the largest of the images of Buddha. It is made of bronze, and is so large that the inside of it forms a temple, where the people worship. The city near the site on which it stands has gone to ruins, but the idol is visited by thousands of people. It is forty-five feet high, and just one of its thumbs is large enough for a man to sit on. None but the ignorant actually worship the idol, but Buddha, whom it represents. There are a great many Buddhist temples and idols, and a great many priests.

Jesus at Bethesda.

ABOUT Jerusalem there are a number of pools. Some of them may have been built by kings for their own pleasure, and for beautifying the surroundings of the capital city. Others may have been built for some use in connection with the worship of the temple.

One of those pools was called the "Pool of Bethesda." No one knows precisely where Bethesda was, although several opinions are held by intelligent and observant travellers. South of the place where the temple stood is the "Fountain of the Virgin," near the Pool of Siloam. Dr. Robinson visited this pool, and saw the waters rise a foot in five minutes. This may have been the place. At least the waters of Bethesda were also "troubled," or moved, at certain times.

The people thought that an angel moved the waters, but that was only the idea of the people. They believed, also, that the waters had healing virtues, so they carried their sick to its sides, that they might be able to step in when the waters rose.

Around the pool were built five porches. For what purpose they were built we cannot tell, but they were used by the sick people—who were there in great numbers, waiting for an opportunity to be healed. There were no hospitals for the sick and unfortunate then. These institutions have arisen since that time through the influence of the Gospel. How thankful we ought to be for the blessed influence of the Bible!

Among the sick folk lying in those porches at Bethesda was a man who had been afflicted with some disease—perhaps nervousness, or paralysis—for thirty-eight years. He was so bad that he

could not get down into the water himself without much trouble, and then it took him so long to move that some one always got ahead of him.

The most wonderful day at that pool was when Jesus paid a visit to those sick people. But they did not know him, or did not believe on him, so they did not ask him to heal them. That was sad. But is it not much more so to think of the multitudes of people who know nothing of Jesus' power to save them from sin?

Jesus said two things to the man who had been sick such a long time. The first was a question, the second a command. The question was: "Wilt thou be made whole?" This he asked to lead the man to look to him for help. He is the One from whom our help must come, and to him we must look for it.

The second thing Jesus said to the man was a command. Think of telling a poor, bed-ridden, sick man to "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk!" That is what Jesus did, and the man at once obeyed. So, when Jesus tells us to do anything for him—to quit sinning, to live holy lives—he gives us the power to do it. Never forget that.

It seems strange that any one could oppose such work as Jesus performed. Yet the Jews opposed it, and even sought to kill him for it. It seems worse that some people even now oppose others when they want Jesus to heal them, not of bodily disease, but of sin. Let us do what we can to bring the sin-sick to Jesus, for only he can heal them.

Dr. Carey as a Boy.

MR. SMILES tells a story of Dr. Carey, the Indian missionary, which you will like to read.

When he was a boy he was most persevering. A difficulty seemed to call out all his courage. In play as well as in work he never allowed anything to beat him. Well, there was a tree near his home that no boy had ever been able to climb. "It shan't beat me," he said; "I mean to climb that tree somehow."

So he went to work, and very rough work he found it. He tore his clothes, he scratched his flesh, and bruised his sinews; but he would not give in—he was determined to climb that tree. One day he succeeded so far as to get three parts of the way up, when down he came and broke his leg.

He was only a little lad, and of course the suffering was hard to bear. For six weeks he had to lie in bed, and it was a long time before he could walk again. At last he was allowed to go out. Where do you think he went first? Why, to climb that tree again, to be sure. Ay, and he did it too this time before he went home.

This boy was only a poor shoemaker, and yet he determined to become a scholar. He had to face difficulties worse than the high tree, and to suffer from worse things than a broken leg, but nothing daunted him. He became a learned man, and when at last he went out to India as a missionary he translated the Bible into sixteen different languages, in order that the poor Hindoos might read the Word of God. By his steady perseverance he altered the hope and life of thousands, who might without him have been in darkness.

"I can't" is a coward with a very long face,
And with limbs that are shaky and weak;
Whatever the time, or wherever the place,
You will know if you once hear him speak;
There's a drawl in his voice and a whine in his tone
That stamp him coward abroad or at home.

"I'll try" is a brave one so stalwart and strong,
With a bright cheery manner and word,
Who feels he must conquer before very long,
And who thinks giving up most absurd.
So when anything difficult causes a sigh,
Just take my advice, and call in "I'll try."

My Saviour's Love.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—*Gal. ii. 20.*

From out the heavenly skies,
My Saviour's pitying eyes
Looked down and saw a race condemned to die,
Neath curse of sin forever doomed to lie.

Blest Lord! he swiftly ran,
Redemption's course began,
And never ceased till on the bloody cross
He poured his life, and made up all our loss.

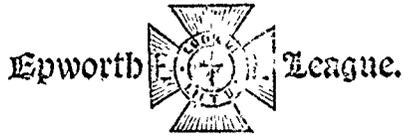
Arise! O joy take wing!
This theme ecstatic sing!
Dark sin has oft defaced my guilty soul,
Thy blood, O Christ! has power to make me whole.

I take that mercy free,
He offers it to me,
I trust him now, I can afford to place
Unbounded faith on such amazing grace.

He takes me to his heart,
He'll never from me part,
I feel his love, it draws me to his side;
I shall not fear, no matter what betide.

A hope like morning star,
And brightening afar,
Fills all my soul—heaven's glory is in store;
My Lord may make it mine forever more.

O Christ! preserve me still,
Shield me from every ill,
Be thou my heaven, through all this earthly strife
Reveal thy face—O true eternal life!



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus"—*John Wesley.*

Promptness in Testimony.

PROMPTNESS is an essential thing to be looked after in the devotional meetings. Do not let the meetings drag. Do not wait for any particular person to speak before you do. Let each member feel a personal responsibility for the success of the meeting. Speak, if you cannot express yourself as clearly as some others do, or use as many words. God looks at the heart. He knows our capabilities. The finest utterances may have little heart in them. If the spirit of God is leading you each day and you are trying to do his will, tell people so. It may not help anyone else, but it will benefit yourself. Be truthful. Say what fits your case if it doesn't sound so fine. Never be afraid of speaking too often. But be careful of taking too much time. Do not try to imitate anyone else. Each has an individuality of his own. Frances R. Havergal says:

"He who formed thee for his praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same."

Some things that may hinder young people in their desire to testify: Getting angry and speaking harsh words to someone during the day. Harbouring resentful feelings. Seeking your own pleasure or enjoyment in preference to others. "Love seeketh not her own." By living all the week without a serious thought of God or his service, then trying to work yourself into a religious frame of mind at the meetings. By forgetting to pray. By letting the physical life predominate over the spiritual. Serving God when we feel like it and leaving off when we don't. That's a poor way, God never treats us so.

Things that will help young people in their testi-

mony: Begin the day with prayer, and read a few verses of Scripture. No matter what your occupation you need the help of the Holy Spirit. Let your mind often revert to God and his Word during the day. Try to be patient amid the little trials and cares that may come. It will give you much peace and joy if when opportunity presents itself you deny yourself to give help or pleasure to some one else. Be careful of your thoughts and your words, that you may not have to regret them. "Love thinketh no evil." If your daily living stands approved of God you will not lack willingness or words to toll of his goodness.—*Epworth Herald.*

The Junior League.

BY REV. M. D. CARROLL.

It grows upon me more and more that we are not giving sufficient attention to this department of our League work. I find pastors who have organized it enthusiastic in its praises. Some were ranking it above the Epworth League itself in value. The little folks enjoy it greatly. Its organization is the introduction of a "children's class" into many a church where it has seemed difficult, if not impossible, to have such a class. It enables the pastor to answer that troublesome question propounded by the faithful presiding-elder in the quarterly Conference. "Has the instruction of children been properly attended to?" Through this organization the children of the Church may receive that training in catechism, in Scripture, and other things contemplated in that very proper provision of the Discipline. Send for the constitution and pledge cards, and badges, etc., and organize at once. If you haven't young people enough to organize a senior League, organize the children, and have a League in training for to-morrow. Put the League in charge of the best available leader. Do not leave it to children alone. Probably there is some elect lady or gentleman in your charge who just waits to be put in this responsible position.

"A Parting Glass."

"Come, and have a parting glass, lad! Come and have a parting glass!" Such was the invitation which I heard one working-man give to another a few nights ago, as I crossed Coseynook village green. And it set me thinking. The more I thought on the matter, the more I felt convinced that "the glass" had never received a truer name.

My working-friend, of course, used "parting" as a sympathetic word, which readily shaped itself into a pleasant plea for a tippie. The word went straight to the heart of his companion, and "The Old White Swan" promptly gained a couple of customers. There is, however, more than one way of looking at a word, and to me there is a sad undertone in the tender phrase, "A Parting Glass."

When we think of the rude severances which occur between husband and wife, who, although solemnly pledged to remain together "till death do them part," are too often put asunder by the use of intoxicating liquors, do we not hear a piteous warning: "Beware of the glass!"

When we come across parental neglect of the little children, and the almost equally distressing neglect of father and mother in old age by grown up sons and daughters—neglect in nearly every case caused by intemperance—do we not hear the melancholy cry: "Beware of the parting-glass!"

When we are brought face to face with the unhappy disagreements between children of the same parents, brother shunning brother, sister disowning sister, because of the disgrace from too much

drinking, can we close our ears to the earnest entreaty: "Beware of the parting glass!"

More than this, when we call to mind the way in which the Saviour's love has been supplanted by the love of the drink in countless hearts, do we not feel impelled unceasingly to utter the warning words: "Beware of the parting-glass!"

What, indeed, is there which is more responsible for the heart-breaking partings—heart-breaking because avoidable—which afflict so many, than intemperance?

Beware, my brothers, of the parting-glass! Have you good friends, a happy home, a prosperous business? "Beware, beware of the entrance of the parting-glass!"

"The best day's work that I ever did in my life," said an old man of eighty-four to me, a few nights ago, "was when I parted company with the drink, on the 10th of September, 1832." Ah, that was indeed a good parting! In his case, a parting to meet no more!

It is good to flee from evil, but it is better to resist the beginnings of evil.

Reader! if you are asked to take "a parting glass," beg to be excused on the ground that you would rather not part company with the strictest sobriety.—*Home Words.*

A Wounded Ratel.

You will find that sportsmen here don't often meddle with the ratel. He is no use dead, and rather serviceable alive. But his safety is as often due to a man's natural disinclination to interfere with an animal which has such an awkward way of fighting, and staggers to the charge with half his weight of lead inside him. I once killed a ratel—it's many years ago—but I have never recovered the full use of my feet.

It was the first time I had a shot gun. My father was with me, but in returning home he stayed to chat with a friend. I saw the ratel creeping round an ant heap. He cantered off, not very fast, and I fired at an easy range. The brute turned heels over head, just as they do for hours at a time when they are playing; if you have seen ratels in cage, you must have been amused by their performance. But it was no fun this time. He came back. I had no second barrel and no knife. It was awkward. The creature paused once, as if in pain, but never took his eyes off me. I did not think of running, but clubbed my gun, and stood, prepared to meet a spring. It was the oddest chance that no one had ever told me how the ratel fights. Almost every boy in the veldt knows it, but I didn't. To wait thus, expecting a leap breast-high, is to give him exactly the chance he wants. Hesitating not a second, the beast glided swiftly in and seized my feet. I hacked him with the butt-end, kicked at him, shouted my loudest, but he knawed with the pertinacity of a bull-dog. At every blow his teeth closed like a vise. I seized his long tail, wrenched and twisted it, but the ratel will not quit hold if he be cut in pieces. Not a moment, I suppose, the struggle lasted. The muscles of my instep were cut through, and I tumbled backward—not full length, but against the ant-hill. That saved my life, probably. The brute let go, as it does when its victim drops, to spring upon his throat, and rip his stomach with his hind claws. But I lifted myself upon my elbows, and lay across the summit of the mound. That might only have prolonged the struggle, but my father ran up at the moment. I was many months in bed, and many more on crutches.—*South African Tales.*

If we want to be happy we must always try to do what is right.

The Pilgrim.

BY J. STRACHAN MORTIMER

THROUGH this wilderness world be thou my Guide;
Keep me from falling, and with me abide—
Thy loving approval to win.
Be thou a lamp to my wandering feet,
For dark is the way—the clouds lower deep—
O guard me without and within!

There's a yawning abyss of temptation and sin
Fall in my path—all is darkness within;
Faith in thee keep me strong;
Pitfalls and snares on each side beset me;
Thy grace be mine and, I'm helpless without thee—
Dreary the road is and long.

Thy Light be my guide o'er life's thorny way;
Shine, Sun of Righteousness! brighten the day—
Lo, the ascent is clear to my view.
The dark road is past, and left far behind me;
Bright and smooth now the path—yea, I see
The Mount glistening with sapphires blue.

Thy omnipotent power doth hedge me round,
My footsteps secure; for thy mercies abound
Unto them that in thee put trust.
Thus far, on life's stormy sea, I have striven
Thy will to do—though on rocks often driven—
Yet cling to the saving Rock I must.

Friends, like the swallow, whose visit brings joy,
Soon take their flight—of the cold winds are coy—
An aching void yet they leave.
But, ah, there's a Friend who never will grieve me
If I but seek him—he will not deceive me
While still to the Cross I cleave.

Footsore and weary my journey has been,
Unknown to the world—thou only hast seen;
But I follow—thy will be mine.
Yea, thine everlasting Arm, I know,
Still will uphold me wherever I go—
Even unto the end of time!
Toronto, Ont.

Indian Missions.

THE METHODIST SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY STATIONS.

THE congregations of Parkdale and Euclid Avenue Methodist Churches had an opportunity of hearing some interesting narratives of mission work amongst the Indians of the North-West Territory. The narrator was the Rev. John McDougall, the superintendent of the North-West stations, who has devoted his whole life since a mere boy to carrying the message of the Gospel to the red man. Himself a frontiersman and the son of a frontiersman—for his father was the Rev. Mr. McDougall, who was frozen to death in the midst of his labours in the territory some years ago—he has from earliest infancy been familiar with the habits and ways of the Indians of these districts. To use his own words, he could prattle an Indian dialect before he could speak English, and he has lived with the people all his life. He is now a man of middle age, with full bushy beard of brownish hue, tinged with silver here and there. He is nimble and of athletic build, and one readily believes him when he tells you that he has got more out of a horse than any man in that wild western country.

Mr. McDougall is now on his way to attend the Methodist Conference at Montreal, but he stays here until to-morrow night. He is travelling with the Rev. Dr. Sparling, President of the Wesley College at Winnipeg, and is the guest of the Rev. J. F. German, of the Parkdale Methodist Church. He addressed a mass meeting of the young people of that church in the forenoon; and in the afternoon spoke at the harvest-festival service at Euclid Avenue Church, to an audience chiefly consisting of the rising generation.

At both churches Mr. McDougall gave interesting and graphic accounts of his work. He is a

fluent speaker, and knows how to rivet the attention of the young men and retain their interest. Mr. McDougall's circuit is measured by thousands of miles. In the vast region superintended by him the church has eight stations, and through its instrumentality 15,000 Indians have been brought to embrace the Gospel—about half of the total red population in the territories. He has ridden through the whole of the great prairie district—stretching from Winnipeg to the mountains—in fact all round Lake Winnipeg, down south over the border along the banks of the Missouri and up the highest peaks of the Rockies.

He related some thrilling incidents of camp-life in the wilds; such, for instance, as the lost boy, the search for him, the prayers of the bereaved Christian parents, the conjuror's lying incantations, the boy's privations, his plight after he lost his horse, in the midst of the buffalo herds, the antelopes, the wolves, and his rescue by a rider, who descried him from a mountain-peak afar in the distance.

By the influence of Christianity much has been accomplished for those people. An orphanage is to be opened very shortly, under Mr. McDougall's direction, at Morley, the head-quarters of the mission in the North-West, at the base of the Rocky Mountains.

Some of the tribes, however, show an aversion to the teachings of the Christian religion, preferring their own idolatrous superstitions. These are the Blackfeet, the Bloods, and the Piegans, who worship the spirit of evil, and propitiate him for their temporal welfare by sacrifices. With the Stoneys and the Crees, however, the missionaries have been more successful—the latter, by the way, is the more numerous race, and theirs is the dominant language.

Mr. McDougall speaks hopefully of the orphanage, which he has just succeeded in getting the Indian Commissioner to provide funds for. It is intended for the purpose of an industrial as well as an educational home for the young. "The building," said Mr. McDougall, "is now on the way, and we expect it will be ready by Christmas."

The buffalo, the once proud monarch of the prairie, has—according to Mr. McDougall—within the last year or two almost entirely disappeared. Even ten years ago they were quite numerous, but now they are rarely to be met with—there is scarcely a score throughout the whole of the North-West. "And for my part," said the missionary superintendent, "I am not sorry. The Indians were demoralized by the buffalo hunts, and the removal of the herds has been a blessing to them. I hold peculiar views upon this matter. I believe that both hunting and fishing are demoralizing, inasmuch as they do not appeal to man's higher qualities."

"How do you account for the buffalo dying out?" was asked. "You who have seen them when they scampered over the plains by the thousands, must have observed the causes of their decline."

"Improved methods of catching and destroying them may have done something to reduce their number, but that alone is not sufficient to account for their annihilation. I believe it is simply the will of Providence that they should become extinct. Yes, like the mammoth and the Irish elk, they have run their course."

"And as the Indian will run his?" was suggested.

"Oh, no!" replied Mr. McDougall, laughingly. "You must not talk to me of that. There is no reason why he should become extinct, and I hope he never will."—*Globe.*

A Long Sleep.

ALL animals have their time for sleeping. We sleep at night; so do most of the insects and birds. But there are some little creatures that take such very long sleeps! When they are all through their summer-work they crawl into winter-quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large numbers of frogs, bats, flies, and spiders do this.

If they were only to sleep for the night the blood would keep moving in their veins, and they would breathe. But in this winter-sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yet they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the spring-time. The warm sun will wake them all up again. They will come out one by one from their hiding-places.

I have told you that this sleep lasts all winter, but it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years. When they were brought into the warm air they came to life, and hopped about as lively as ever.

I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree, fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing until there were over sixty rings in the trunk. The tree adds a ring every year, and the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right, and acted just like any other toad!

Bits of Fun.

—Five-year-old William was talking about his knuckles, and his brother asked what he meant. "I mean the little elbows on my fingers," was the ready reply.

—Housekeeper—"Nora, you must always sweep behind the doors." New Servant—"Yes'm, I always does. It's the 'asiest way of getting durrit out of sight."

—Attorney (to witness)—"You were born in Anno Domini 1840, I believe, Mr. O'Brien?" O'Brien—"The yare is right, yer anner, but oi was borren in Oireland, sorr."

—"Did you thank Mrs. Nabor when she gave you a piece of cake, Bessie?" "No, mamma, it was the last piece on the plate, and I knew there was no chance of getting any more."

—A small girl of three years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table. "Why, Ethel," said the mother, "what is the matter?" "O," whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

—"Here's an apple, Johnnie." "Thanks, ma'am. Now please gimme one for my little sister." "Certainly. How good of you to think of your little sister." "Yes ma'am; if I didn't sho'd keep a teuzin' me for mine."

—A little boy in Saratoga not long ago came rushing in from outdoors, crying because he had been stung by a bee. "Mamma," he sobbed, "I'd just as lief the bees'd walk on me, but I don't like to have 'em sit down."

—The minister was a great hand-shaker—shutting down like a vice. He shook a boy's hand, as he said: "I hope you are pretty well to-day." With tears in his eyes, the boy answered, "I was till you shook hands with me."

—Tangle—"Marie, you're making a terrible noise on the piano. What is it you are trying to play?" Mrs. Tangle—"Why, it's the 'March of the Old Brigade.'" Tangle—"March, is it? I thought it sounded like somebody walking on the piano."

—Cohen—"My friend, when you walks up town in those clothing peobles vill think you own a block on Fifth avenue." Mr. Jarsey (surveying himself):—"Wa-al, I hev heerd that some o' your richest men dressed poorly, but I didn't think it was quite ez bad ez this!"

Grandmother.

Hush, little feet go softly
Over the cobbly floor,
Grandmother's reading the Bible
There by the open door.
All of its pages are dewer still,
Now she is almost down the hill.

Mellow September sunshine
Round her is gently shed—
Go'd and silver together
Crowning her bended head—
While she follows where saints have trod,
Reading the blessed book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning,
Past the noonday sun,
And she is reading and resting
After her work is done;
Now in the quiet autumn eve
She has only to bind her sheaves.

Almost through with trial,
Almost done with care,
And the discipline of sorrow
Hallowed by trust and prayer,
Waiting to lay her armour down
To go up higher and take the crown.

No little feet to follow
Over this weary road,
No little hand to lighten
Of many a weary load;
Children standing in honoured prime,
Bless her now in her evening time.

Grandma has closed the volume,
And by her saintly look
Peace I know she has gathered
Out of the sacred book;
May be she catches through that door
Glimpses of heaven's eternal shore.
—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

**FOURTH QUARTER.
STUDIES IN LUKE.**

**A.D. 30] LESSON VI. [Nov. 9
JESUS BEFORE PILATE AND HEROD.**

Luke 23. 1-12. Memory verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23. 4.

TIME.—Thursday, April 5, A. D. 30.

PLACES.—Palaces in Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The events of this lesson follow immediately on those of the last.

EXPLANATIONS.

The whole multitude—They broke up in a sort of uproar, and priests, elders, scribes, captains, servants, and the crowds tumultuously came to Pilate. *Perverting the nation*—The first "count" in the indictment. *Forbidding to give tribute*—An utterly false charge. *Christ a king*—This third accusation was literally true, but false in all its implications. *Pilate asked*—Luke hastens through the account of this trial. This was a private examination. Jesus had not heard their accusations. *Thou sayest*—A Syrian idiom. It means, "It is so," "As you have said." *I find no fault*—This abrupt conclusion followed a conversation between Pilate and Jesus, in which the Lord explained that his kingdom was not of this world. *Stirring up the people*—Makes mobs. *Jewry*—Palestine. *Herod . . . also was at Jerusalem*—Herod was nominally a Jew, and came up to the holy city at the annual feast like a devout worshipper. *Exceeding glad*—Pleased with this latest sensation. (Had also to receive an overture from Pilate. *Some miracle*—Some modern Christians emphasize miraculous wonders more than experience of divine truth. *Answered him nothing*—Jesus recognized in Pilate a degree of sincerity which Herod had not. *The chief priests and scribes stood* With what vindictiveness they followed up their victim! *Men of war*—Soldiers, body guard. *Gorgeous robe*—Of white tissue. *Sent him again*—This was the second acquittal of our

Lord. *Pilate and Herod were made friends*—So Pilate's artful political scheme proved successful.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Jesus before Pilate*, vers. 1-7.
Who was Pilate? See chap. 3. 1.
Who took Jesus before Pilate?
Of what did the rulers accuse Jesus?
What question did Pilate ask?
What was Jesus' reply?
What judgment did Pilate then give?
(Golden Text.)

How were the people affected by these words?
What did they further charge against Jesus?
What did Pilate then ask?
To whom did he determine to send Jesus?
Why did he so decide?

2. *Jesus before Herod*, vers. 8-12.
How did Herod feel when he saw Jesus?
Why was he rejoiced?
What mistake had Herod once made about Jesus? See Matt. 14. 1, 2.
What now did Herod do?
How did Jesus answer?
Who were his accusers?
What then did Herod do?
What new friendship was formed that day?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the first false charge that the Jews made to Pilate against Jesus? "He perverted the nation." 2. What was the second? "He forbade them to pay tribute to Cæsar." 3. What was the third? "He claimed to be Christ a king." 4. What did Pilate say after examination? "I find no fault in this man." 5. To what other ruler did he send Jesus? "To Herod of Galilee."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The royalty of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

6. Who is the Holy Spirit?
The Holy Spirit is the third Person in the blessed Trinity, one in the Godhead with the Father and the Son.

Baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.—Matt. 28. 19.

**A.D. 30] LESSON VII. [Nov. 16
JESUS CONDEMNED.**

Luke 23. 13-25. Memory verses, 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For the transgression of my people was he stricken.—Isa. 53. 8.

TIME.—Thursday midnight, April 5, A. D. 30.

PLACE.—Court of Pilate, Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This was soon after the meeting, and in closest connection with the story that we have been studying for the last four Sundays.

EXPLANATIONS.

Called together—To make a speech to them. *Ye . . . I*—You have made the charge; I, after careful examination, have disproved it. *Nor yet Herod*—This shows Pilate's weakness. A strong man would have felt no need of corroboration. *Nothing worthy of death*—Herod sends no criminal message back concerning him. *Will . . . chastise him*—A gross injustice if he were innocent. *Of necessity*—This was the custom. *Barabbas*—Either son of Abbas, or "the son of a rabbi." His name also was Jesus. *Sedition*—Local rebellion. *Spoke again*—Called out again. *Expостulated with them*. *Cried*—Vehemently shouted. This wild cry frightened Pilate. *The third time*—Pilate tried very hard to acquit Jesus, but he was a vacillator. *Instant*—Constant voices prevailed. They overrode all obstacles.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Innocent*, vers. 13-17.
Whom did Pilate call together?
What charge had they made against Jesus?
What was Pilate's answer to the charge?
What was Herod's judgment of the case?
What says Peter about his innocence? 1 Peter 2. 22.
What then did Pilate propose to do?
Of what custom did he hope to take advantage?

2. *Rejected*, vers. 18-23.
What demand did the people make?
Who persuaded them to make this demand? Matt. 27. 20.

Who was Barabbas? Ver. 19. See John 18. 40.
What did Pilate wish to do?
What did the people say about Jesus?
What was Pilate's reply?
How did his words affect the people?
Whose wishes prevailed?

3. *Sentenced*, vers. 21, 25.
Against whom did Pilate render sentence?
Whom did he release from prison?
What did he do with Jesus?
What says the Golden Text about this sentence?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Pilate call together? "The chief priests, rulers, and people." 2. What did he say concerning Jesus? "I have found no fault with this man." 3. What did Pilate say he would do? "Chastise him and release him." 4. What did the mob cry out? "Crucify him, crucify him." 5. Whom did the Jews prefer to have released? "Barabbas, a murderer." 6. What did Pilate finally do? "Sentenced Jesus to death."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The moral purity of Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

7. Is the Person of the Divine Spirit often mentioned in Scripture?
Yes; from the beginning of the Bible to the end—but especially in the New Testament.

8. How is he generally spoken of?
Sometimes as a personal Agent, and sometimes as an influence or gift coming down from God.

Readers and Reading.

EVERY age produces work that is destined to last; and if we read nothing of contemporary literature, we shall not keep up to the times in which we live. We would not, therefore, confine anybody to the classics. In books, as in other things, what pleases one does not another—nay, what nourishes one does not nourish another; and so the reading question must, in a great measure, regulate itself. If we read under proper guidance when we are young we shall know what books to choose when we have arrived at man's estate; that is, if we have any capabilities to start with. It is only the blind that need to be led. The true reader, the initiated one, so to speak, has a guide within his own breast which is far more certain than any outside experience. Give a person the whole range of English literature, see what books he selects, and you can soon determine the character of his mind. It is easily classified. People choose their books very much as they do their friends. Some are pleased with any book they chance to take up, and with any person they happen to meet. Others are more discriminating and more exclusive. Readers are, indeed, numerous, but they may be divided into numerous classes; and those who take unaffected delight in the great masters of literature, but who cannot read everything that is printed, may congratulate themselves on belonging to an aristocracy more exclusive than that of wealth and more distinguished than that of family.

A LITTLE girl who had been very observant of her parents' mode of exhibiting their charity, being asked what generosity was, answered: "It's giving to the poor all the old stuff you don't want yourself."

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