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ROLPH, SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

[No. 18.]



ONE OF THE WAHYEVA OF UHOMBO
(BACK VIEW).

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XVIII.

We feel it to be unwise to stay long in the vicinity of such powerful, well equipped, and warlike tribes. We therefore lifted anchor, and began to descend the stream; but, as we turned away, the savages lined the banks, beat their drums, and shouted their war-cries.

This last of the twenty-eight desperate combats which we had had with the insensate furies of savage land, began to inspire us with a suspicion of everything bearing the least semblance of man, and to infuse into our hearts something of that feeling which possibly the hard-pressed stag feels when, after distancing the hounds many times, and having resorted to many stratagems to avoid them, he hears with terror and trembling the hideous and startling yells of the ever pursuing pack. We also had laboured strenuously through ranks upon ranks of savages, had endured persistent attacks night and day, had resorted to all modes of defence, and yet at

every curve of this fearful river the yell of the savages broke loud on our ears, the snake-like canoes darted forward impetuously to the attack, while the drums and horns and shouts raised a fierce and deafening uproar. We were becoming exhausted. Yet we were still only on the middle line of the continent! We were also being weeded out by units, and twos and threes. There were not thirty in the entire expedition that had not received a wound. To continue this fearful life was not possible. Some day we should lie down, and offer our throats like lambs to the cannibal butchers.

The following entries are from my note-book:—
“Livingstone called floating down the Lualaba a foolhardy feat. So it has proved, indeed; and I pen these lines with half a feeling that they will never be read by any man. Still, as we persist in floating down, I persist in writing, leaving events to an all-gracious Providence. Day and night we are stunned with the dreadful drumming which announces our arrival and presence on their waters. It may well be said we are ‘running the gauntlet.’

“Our terrors are numerous. First, the rocks and rapids, the plunging cataract, and whirling pool. Then the sudden storm, which now blows each day up river, and soon raises heavy, brown waves, like those of a lake; but the greatest



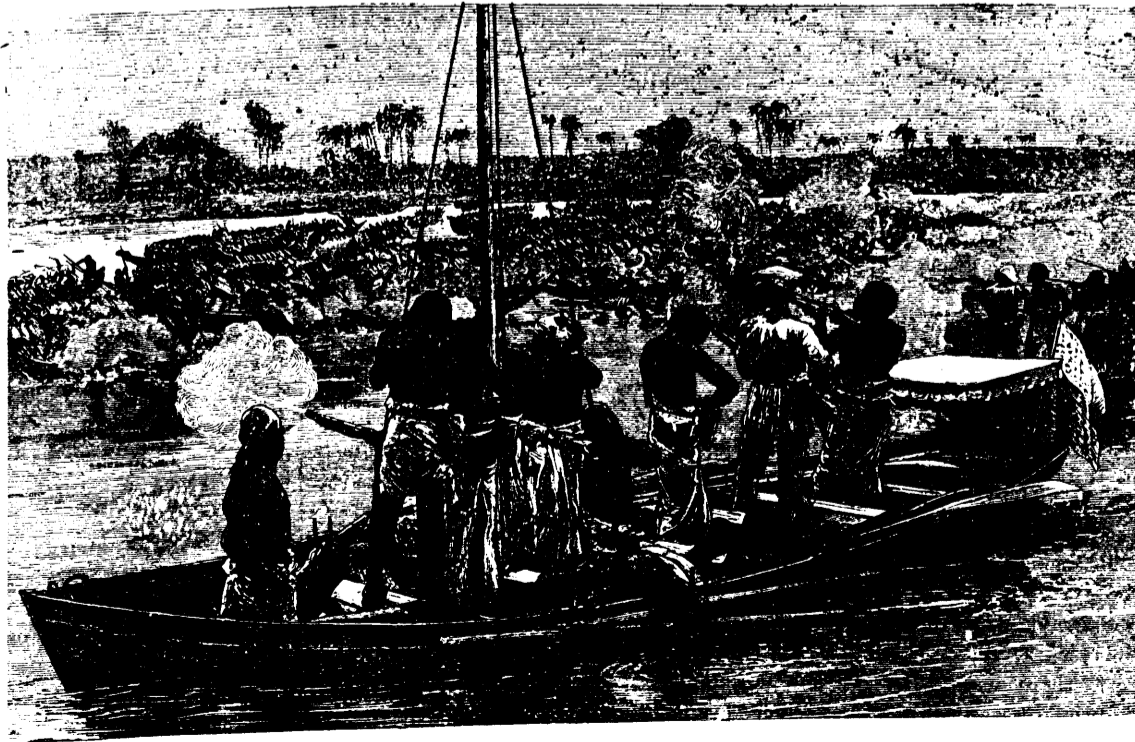
NATIVES OF UBUIJE.

danger—an ever-recurring one—is that which we have to encounter each time the wild, howling, cannibal aborigines observe us. To add to our troubles, our food is finished; we have no more, and to attempt to obtain it will cost human life. I solemnly addressed my people; and, while telling them to prepare every weapon, gun, spear, axe, and knife, reminded them that it was an awful thing to commence hostilities—whether for food or anything else. They groaned in spirit, and asked what they should do when they yearned for something to satisfy their hunger.

“I prepared the brightest and most showy wares close by me, and by barter with some friendly natives procured an ample supply of food. Our gnawing emptiness banished, and our long-harassed minds are at rest. May this happy friendship be the first of many more!”

While we rested on a jungle-covered islet, we experienced that repose of spirit which only the happy few—who know neither care nor anxiety—can enjoy. For the first time for many weeks we had slept well.

On the morning of the 10th February we arrived at the very populous settlement of U-rangi. Our appearance was the signal for a great number of the elegant canoes of this region to approach us. These ranged in length from fifteen to forty-five feet, and were beautifully carved. We received a noisy and demonstrative welcome. They pressed on us in great numbers, which, considering our late eventful life, did not tend to promote a per



THE ATTACK OF THE SIXTY-THREE CANOES OF THE PIRATICAL BANGALA.

fect feeling of security. Still, we bore it good humouredly. As for Frank and myself, our behaviour was characterized by an angelic benignity worthy of canonization. I sat smiling in the midst of a tattooed group, remarkable for their filed teeth and ugly gashed bodies; and bearing in their hands fearfully dangerous-looking naked knives, or swords, with which the crowd might have hacked me to pieces before I could have even divined their intentions.

But presently murmurs were heard; and, finally, the camp was in an uproar. One man complained of his mat being stolen, another of his knife, another of his cloth, another of his store of beads; three or four spears were next abstracted; and, finally, the thieving culminated in two guns being stolen. Then we fell back upon the old rule, of never forgetting that an unsophisticated savage was not trustworthy except when our eyes were on him. We refused admission to the camp; but a market was fixed in a special place without, where, the natives were told, those who possessed articles for sale would find purchasers.

At sunset our strange friends departed, and paddled across the river to their villages, very amiably disposed, if one might judge from smiles and pleasant nods of the head. After 8 p.m. a terrific drumming, and some half-a-dozen musket-shots, were heard from the Urangi villages.

An hour before dawn we were alert, preparing our morning meal, packing-up, etc. As we began to move from our camp, we observed scores of canoes approaching us. For ten minutes we glided down smoothly and agreeably. Suddenly I heard a shot and a whistling of slugs. I turned my head, and observed the smoke of gunpowder drifting away from a native canoe. One of my people cried out: "Master, one of our men is killed. The people are firing on us." Anxious for the safety of the expedition, I permitted my canoes to pass by me, and then formed them into line—the boat in the rear. The natives advanced on us in gallant style, and, after firing their heavily-charged guns, withdrew rapidly—again to reload. Of course the shields were raised like bulwarks around our flotilla, and the fire from behind them was deadly. But they persistently followed us until other natives heard the firing, and rushed to the assault, and maintained it with a pertinacity that made us almost despair.

On one of the islands we saw an elephant, with a pair of magnificent tusks. The channels swarmed with the hippotamus, crocodile, and monitor.

On the morning of the 13th we discovered ourselves in the presence of a large number of villages. It was too late to return. The great war-drums and horns thundered through the woods, and startled the wild echoes of many a forested isle. With an intuitive feeling that we should again "catch it," and become soon engaged in all the horrors of a savage warfare, we prepared—with all the skill in our power—to defend ourselves. The women and children were told to lie down in the bottom of the canoes, and the spearmen to "stand by shields" to protect the riflemen.

At this time we possessed only thirty-nine guns—nineteen Sniders and twenty muskets—besides my own rifles. When within three hundred yards of the first settlement, we sheered off into mid-river, and paddled slowly down in close line, with a vague sense that there would be no rest for us until we either sank into the grave or Providence should endow us with wings to enable us to vanish from this fearful savage world.

Before I was on the alert, there were three canoes in front of me, and over the gunwales I saw nine bright musket barrels aimed at me. As

my position was in the bow of the boat while leading the expedition down river, I soon became a target for a few more. But, as on several other occasions, I was saved, because my very appearance startled them. Had I been a black man I should have long before been slain; but even in the midst of a battle, curiosity—stronger than hate or bloodthirstiness—arrested the sinewy arm which drew the bow, and delayed the flying spear. And now, while their thin, flint hammers were at full cock, and the fingers pressing the triggers of the deadly muskets, the savages became absorbed in contemplating the silent form of a being who was *White!*

Of course my very slightest movement would have been instantly followed by my death. Though it was unpleasant to sit and feel oneself to be a target for so many guns—yet it was the wisest plan. Five minutes afterwards, a vicious black aborigine fired and killed one of our finest men. Instinctively the Wangwana raised their shields, and rowing up swiftly to meet them—to defend the people like a hen her chickens—the boat opened its battery of small arms to avenge the death of Rehani, and in thirty minutes the seventy musket-armed canoes of the Maranja were retreating to a more respectful distance. After following us for five miles they abandoned the pursuit, and we happily saw no more of them.

During the forenoon of the 14th February, while anxiously looking out, we came in full view of a settlement on the right bank. Too late to return, we crept along down river, hugging the left bank as closely as possible, lest the natives should sight us. But, alas! even in the midst of our prayers for deliverance, quick taps on a native kettle-drum sent our blood bounding to the heart, and we listened in agony for the response. Presently one drum after another sounded the alarm, until the Titanic drums of war sounded the call to arms.

In very despair, I sprang to my feet, and, addressing my distressed and long-suffering followers, said, "It is of no use, my friends, to hope to escape these blood-thirsty pagans. These drums mean war. Prepare your guns, powder, and bullets; see that every shield is ready to lift as soon as you see or hear one gun shot. It is only in that way I can save you, for every pagan now—from here to the sea—is armed with a gun, and they have a hundred guns to your one. While I am trying to make friendship with them, let no one speak or move." Meanwhile savage madness was being heated by the thunder of drums; canoes were mustering, guns were being loaded, spears and broad swords were being sharpened—all against us—merely because we were strangers, and afloat on their waters. Yet we were ready to submit to any tax, imposition, or insolent demand, for the privilege of a peaceful passage. Except life, we would sacrifice anything.

Slowly and silently we began the descent of the stream. Soon the prows of many canoes were seen to emerge out of the creek. I stood up, and edged towards them, holding a long piece of red cloth in one hand and a coil of brass wire in the other. I hailed the natives, who were the most brilliantly decorated of any yet seen. At a distance, they all appeared to wear something like English University caps, though of a white colour. There was a great deal of glitter and flash of metal—shining brass, copper, and bright steel—among them.

The natives returned no answer to my hail. I observed three or four canoes approaching Frank's vessel, with a most suspicious air about them, at which Frank stood up, and menaced them with his weapon. I thought the act premature,

and ordered him to sit down and to look away from them. I again raised the crimson cloth and wire, and, by pantomime, offered to give it to them; but almost immediately they fired into my boat, wounding three of my crew.

After this murderous outrage there was no effort made to secure peace. The shields were lifted. The conflict began in earnest, and lasted so long that ammunition had to be re-distributed. We perceived that, as the conflict continued, each village sent out its quota. At three o'clock I counted sixty-three canoes opposed to us. Allowing five guns on an average to each, there were three hundred and fifteen muskets opposed to our forty-four. After a prolonged and strenuous struggle, our antagonists retired—leaving us to attend to our wounded, and to give three hearty cheers at our success. This was our thirty-first fight on the terrible river—the last but one—and certainly the most determined conflict that we had endured.

One remarkable fact connected with our life in this region is, that though we endured more anxiety of mind and more strain on the body were subject to constant peril, and fared harder, we—Frank and I—enjoyed better health on the Livingstone than at any other period of the journey; but whether this unusual health might not be attributed to having become more acclimatized is a question.

Since the 10th we have been unable to purchase food. The natives appeared to be so unapproachable, that again the questions naturally arose in each mind: "Where shall we obtain food?" "What shall we do?" "What will be the end of all this?" "Whither, oh! whither, are we going on this cruel, cruel river?"

Yet my poor people bore the dire period with Spartan stoicism. They had become trained to rely on my judgment and discretion, and with a child-like faith they trusted me. Knowing this but too well, my anxiety to show myself worthy of their love and duty was increased. But where should I get food, when the mere sight of us put the natives into a rage for murder?

(To be continued.)

Don't Look at It.

I ONCE learned a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog, and say, "No!" and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. No, but he seemed to feel that if he looked at it the temptation would be too strong; so he always looked steadily at my father's face.

A gentleman was dining with us one day, and he said, "There's a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation. Always look away to the Master's face."

Yes, this is the old way; do not look at temptation. "Avoid it, pass away." When the thought of doing wrong in any way comes into your heart, however small a thing it is, you may be sure it comes from Satan, so do not look at it, but look up to Jesus, and ask him to keep you, and make you more than conqueror over every temptation, through him that loves you.—*Children's Treasury.*

LEAN on Jesus, and he will rest you. Labour for Jesus, and he will bless you. Live for Jesus, and your soul shall mount up as on an eagle's wing; you shall run, and never weary; you shall walk arm in arm with him, and never faint.

"Every word of God is pure. He is a shield unto them that trust him."

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St. George and the Dragon.

BY DR. H. F. LEGGOTT.

You have heard of the wonderful dragon,
That the brave Saint fought of old—
The scaly beast with the fiery breath!
Ah! it makes the blood run cold,

To think of the terrible conflict there
On the barren sands of Doan,
And the blood-red crest of the dragon's wrath,
And good St. George all alone!

How bravely he fought from the early morn,
Through a weary summer's day,
While the blazing sun looked down from the sky
On the still uncertain fray!

Now up and now down for the good St. George,
The scale of the battle turned,
While his blows he rained on the dragon's crest,
And the red sun blazed and burned.

But fiercely he fought with a faith sublime,
Forgetful of thirst and pain,
Till he gained the well-earned victor's crown
And the wild, red beast was slain.

So the dragon died, and the realm had rest,
And the Saint has passed away;
But a fiercer dragon than St. George slew
Is wasting our land to-day.

In the North and the South his trail is found,
On the East and West it lies;
He blights the land with his breath, while he gloats
Over human sacrifice.

An army, each year, with its thousands strong,
Grows pale at his touch and dumb,
And reels to the grave he has dug so deep—
This terrible dragon, Rum!

The wise and the strong, the brave and the fair,
Are held alike in his thrall;
And a million homes in our land to-day
Have seen how the brightest fall.

The mother's hope, and her life, and her joy,
The staff of her waning years,
In the merciless grasp of the dragon's fangs,
Is held in spite of her tears.

The harvests that wave over prairie and hills
For hunger's terrible needs,
But rot in the reeking dens of shame
Where the loathsome monster feeds.

O Heaven! that a sight like this should be,
And the clouds still drop sweet rain,
And the sunshine weave its tangled gold
For a harvest time again!

O beautiful land! rouse up in thy might
And arm thyself for the fray,
For the forces are gathering near and far,
And the night must win the day!

O freemen! list well to the bugle call,
And step to its martial tune,
When the tented hosts of the battle camp
On the flowery fields of June.

When the cannon shall peal and the battle pall
Roll over hill and plain,
Pray Heaven that its bolted wrath may fall
On the dragon forever slain!

Honest Dogs.

It is related by Professor Bell that, when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusty dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and, as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for it with great eagerness. The truth was, that the gentleman had

dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up, and kept it in its mouth—fearing even to eat—lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Anecdotes of this character are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable instance of this propensity. A farmer having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end, and tell it to go home.

The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and, instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently believing the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that belonged to its master, and to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deerhounds—"Smoker" and Smoker's son, "Shark"—a curiously suggestive instance of paternal discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was invincible, but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window, Mr. Berkeley noticed Shark, anxiously watched by its father, steal a cold tongue, and drag it to the floor. "No sooner had he done so," says his master, "than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled him over, beat him, and took away the tongue," after which Smoker retired gravely to the fire-side.—*Selects*.

Answered Prayer.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"ARE you going to the prayer-meeting this evening?" asked Jane Welsh, putting her head in at the door of the room where her schoolmates—Irene Cousins, Bell Merrick, and Hattie Trask—were busy over their books.

"No," said Belle. "I have not finished my problems. Hattie will stay and help me out, and Irene will not go if we do not; so you might as well bring your books in here, and make yourself comfortable."

Jane accepted of the invitation so far as to enter the snug room and seat herself by the round table. She had a shawl over her arm and a hat in her hand. As she twisted the scarlet ostrich plume into position she said, so thoughtfully that the other girls all looked up at her:—

"I want to go to the prayer-meeting, and I don't want to go alone. It seems to me we had all better go together."

"I never knew you to want to go to a prayer-meeting before," said Belle, "what's the trouble?"

"The salvation of my soul, and the souls of you all. I have thought of nothing else all day." Jane spoke with great hesitation, but when the words were out she faced the other girls boldly.

They looked at her and at each other in surprise. Then Irene said:

"I have been thinking of the same thing all day. We have been so thoughtless and full of fun we have not seemed to realize the work of grace going on among our schoolmates."

"I know it," said Belle. "I was wondering, just now, when the bell rung, if we should indeed let this time slip by without accepting a Saviour."

"I thought you would all laugh if you knew. I was praying that we four, who are so fond of each other, might all find the Saviour, and acknowledge

him at the same time; but I was too cowardly to say so," said Hattie.

"Then you have found him as yours, or you would not be praying."

"Oh, girls! I have always prayed—not with much boldness or much faith, perhaps; but I do want to be an out-and-out Christian. I am called the wildest girl in the school; and yet, when I am engaged in some of my maddest pranks, I am praying all the time that I may be kept from doing anything really wrong, or from hurting anyone's feelings. I am tired of going on in this way. I want to live as a Christian, and be known as a Christian."

The girls all had on their hats and gloves by this time, and, as Hattie ceased speaking, walked silently—two by two—into the street, and across the campus to the church. It was a warm evening, and their soft footfalls made no noise on the carpeted floor of the hall that led into the vestry.

The young people who were congregated were all on their knees; and one, and then another, and another, prayed for those of their schoolmates who were thoughtless and careless, and who held themselves aloof from the meetings for prayer and praise, and who, when spoken to on the subject of seeking the Saviour, answered with a jest. The four girls understood. They assumed the attitude of prayer, and at the first break in the uttered supplication, Hattie sobbed, "Oh, Jesus! be merciful to me a sinner!" and each of her companions followed in a few trembling, contrite words.

"I was never present at such a meeting," said one of the students, who told the story. "Such a joy as came down upon our hearts, and filled them with thanksgiving, is only felt by those who have been instrumental in saving a soul. It is an exceptional joy—a joy shared by the angels!"

These girls are all steadfast Christian women, and they ascribe their conversion at that time to the persistent prayers of their newly-converted schoolmates.

Is not this one more instance to encourage us all to go on praying continually, when alone and when together, for the unconverted all about us?

Little Things.

A LITTLE thing may decide your all. A Commodore put out from England for New York. It was well equipped; but in putting up a stove in the pilot box, a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and, suddenly, the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, put his hands behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and would have crushed him.

A minister in Jamaica, making a journey at night, by the light of an insect called the candle-fly is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet high.

F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English minister, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog.

Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution with seventy-five thousand tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

CONFIDENCE produces confidence, and love begets love.

A Mother's Gift—The Bible.

REMEMBER, son, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come;
When she who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home:
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

Thy mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose this holy one;
She chose for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy.

I bid thee keep the gift, that when
The parting hour shall come,
We may have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.
Thy precious faith in this shall be
Sweet incense to my memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid thee cast the pledge aside,
That thou from youth hast borne;
I bid thee pause, and ask thy breast,
If he or I have loved thee best!

A mother's blessing on her son,
Goes with this holy thing;
The heart that would enjoy the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember 'tis no idle toy,—
A MOTHER'S GIFT, my darling boy!

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

"Follow Me!"

SOME time ago, a gentleman tells us, he was travelling in Syria, and stopped to watch three shepherds, who were watering their flocks at a well. All the sheep mixed together, and to a stranger they appeared as one. Presently one shepherd arose from the well-side and called out, "Men-ah!" the Arabic word, "Follow me."

To the gentleman's surprise, about thirty sheep separated from the others, and followed the man up the hill. The second shepherd cried out "Men-ah! Men-ah!" and away went the second flock.

The stranger was very much astonished at this, and seeing the third shepherd gather up his crook and a few scattering dates that had fallen from the palm under which he had rested, he stepped up to him and said: "Would your sheep follow me if I called them?" The man shook his head. "Give me your cloak and crook, and let me try!"

The shepherd did so, even taking off his dirty turban, and twisting it around the stranger's head,

with a grin of amusement; and then he stood and watched the gentleman call "Men-ah! Men-ah!" until he was quite hoarse.

The sheep stood lazily blinking at him, basking in the sunshine, but not one moved a step.

"Do they never follow any one but you?" asked the gentleman of the shepherd.

"Only when a sheep is sick, and then the silly creature follows any one," replied the shepherd.

So the gentleman, and you and I, learn this lesson: That if any of Christ's sheep cannot hear his voice, or distinguish it from the world, the flesh, and the devil, it is because the sheep is sick. Yes! Soul-sick, sinful, back-slidden, and, oh, so foolish! Is that what troubles you? Are you tired of prayer and Bible-reading and working for Jesus? Oh, poor, sick soul, come back to your Shepherd to-day. Let your prayer be this: "Cause me to hear thy voice;" and when you hear it again, keep close to his side.—*Advocate.*

Won by a Smile.

IN London, in 1872, one Sunday morning a minister said to me: "I want you to notice that family there in one of the front seats, and when we get home I want to tell you their story."

When we got home I asked him for the story, and he said, "All that family were won by a smile."

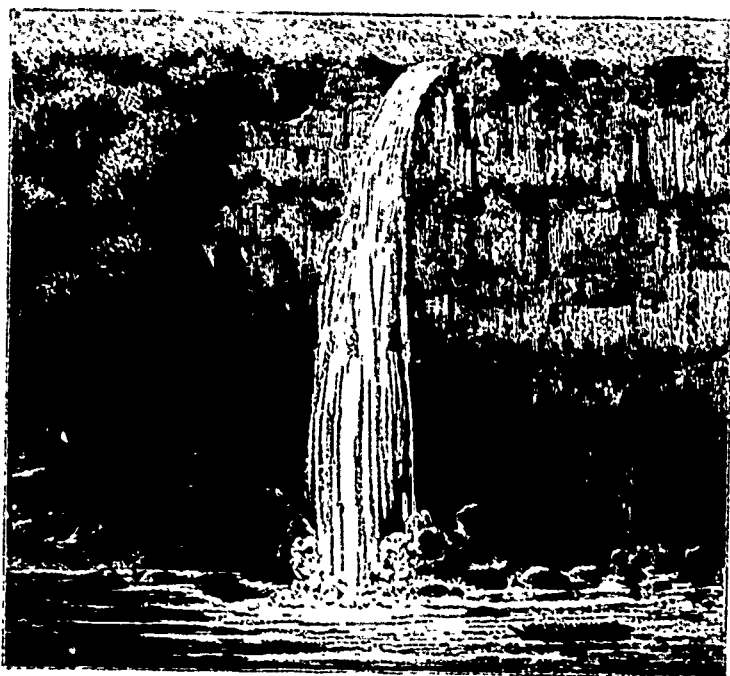
"Why," said I, "how's that?"

"Well," said he, "as I was walking down a street one day I saw a child at a window; it smiled, and I smiled, and we bowed. So it was the second time—I bowed, she bowed. It was not long before there was another child; and I got in the habit of looking and bowing. And pretty soon the group grew, and at last—as I went by—a lady was with them. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to bow to her, but I knew the children expected it, and so I bowed to them all. And the mother saw that I was a minister, because I carried a Bible every Sunday morning. So the children followed me the next Sunday, and found I was a minister. And they thought I was the greatest preacher, and their parents must hear me. A minister who is kind to a child, and gives him a pat on the head, why the children think he is the greatest preacher in the world. Kindness goes a great way. And, to make a long story short, the mother and father and five children were converted, and are going to join our church next Sunday."

Won to Christ by a smile. We must get the wrinkles out of our brows, and must have smiling faces.—*Mooly's Stories.*

The Great Procession.

ONE of the most important features of the great fair at the Ganges and Jumna rivers, in Allahabad, are the nine processions. In one, four elephants, with "sadhoo" (ascetics) on them, bearing huge banners, led the way, followed by palanquins containing the holiest of holy men. Then came drums and other native instruments, making an awful din, which was added to by others blowing trumpets, as if their lives depended upon the amount of noise made. The multitude shouted, and seemed very excited as these "sadhoo" passed along the route reserved for them.



FALL OF THE EDWIN ARNOLD RIVER INTO THE FOCK BASIN.

We went with some difficulty to the stream where the people were bathing, and there we saw a poor, thin old man—almost insensible—carried like a baby and dipped in the river. He was brought back and laid in a doolie, while his friends sat down and talked of different things. There was this poor old man dying, and men and women passed and repassed, intent on their own business, caring nothing for him.

Presently his friends stood up and made way for a priest, who had come with a small vessel of Ganges water and a dirty little calf. This calf was brought up to the dying man, and he was made to hold the end of its tail, while the priest, after saying a few words, poured some water on its back, which ran down the tail into the old man's hand. He was made to drink the water, and after that his spirit was supposed to have passed into the animal.

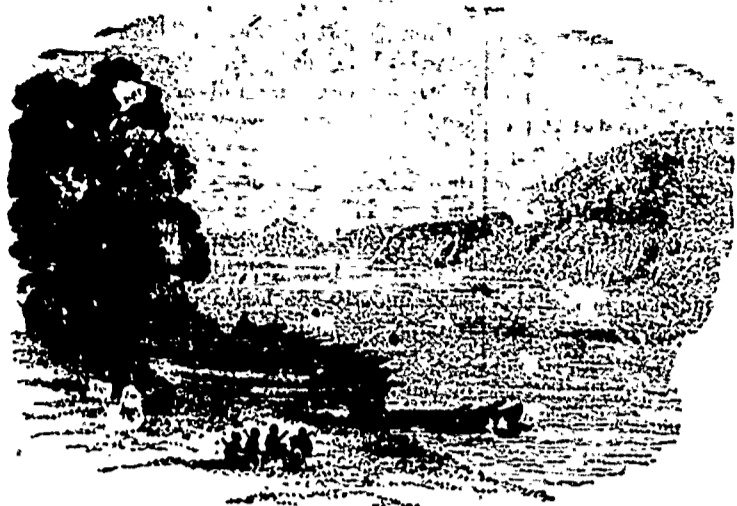
The Little Faces.

THERE are timely as well as touching reflections by a writer in the *Children's Friend*:—

"Suppose the irregular procession of children, schoolward bound, which one meets on the streets, all wore 'shining morning faces,' what a bright and happy throng it would be!

"But some little ones we meet with traces of tears on their faces, and grief looking out untimely from the childish eyes whose birthright is merriment. Hapless, defrauded ones, who go from impatient, fretful homes to the tasks of the school-room; whose mothers forget that a cupful is as full as a brimming bucket, and that childish sorrows and disappointments are not so small to those who have them to bear. How poorly those parents discharge their duties who send out their children for the day unhappy! Could they know for one hour the desolation of the homes from which the children have gone forth for the last time, by reason of the epidemics which have wrought such havoc in many neighbourhoods this year, how patient, how watchful, how tender, they would be!

"It is never our tenderness that we regret," says George Eliot, in speaking of those who are gone beyond our loving or our chiding. No: and it is not our patience that comes back to mingle the bitterness of unavailing regrets with our sorrow. Homes photograph themselves on the faces of their inmates; and a piteous picture is that limned on the sensitive surface of many an unhappy little countenance that lingers behind its more fortunate mates. Is it your fault, sister or mother?"



CAMP AT KILOLO.

God's Beverage.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

Down in the beautiful valley,

The vale that we cherish so well,
Where the red-deer playfully wanders
With its mate in the shadowy dell;
Way down in the rock-bound ravine,
Where pebbles are carelessly strowed,
Where fountains are all the day singing,
Is heaven's best beverage brewed.

High up on the crest of the mountains,
Where granite rocks glisten like gold,
Where the storm-clouds gather relentless,
And the crash of the thunder is told;
And out on the turbulent waters,
Where the hurricane howls o'er the sea,
Is brewed there the best of all beverages—
The best for you, friends, and for me.

'Tis brewed in the cataract sporting,
As it leaps from its perilous height;
'Tis seen in the gauze around Luna,
As she lights up the heavens at night;
'Tis seen in the glittering ice-gem,
When its brilliancy like jewels doth seem,
And, too, in the hail-shower dancing,
Cloud-hid from the morning sun's beam.

'Tis seen in the rain-drops descending,
As they weave the bright bow in the air,
Whose woof is the sunbeams of heaven,
Each painting their bright colours there;
It dances along 'neath the curtains
All dark in the silence of night,
And kisses the vines of the bowers,
As a blessed life-water of light.

On its brink are no poisonous bubbles,
Its foam brings no murder or madness,
No blood stains its crystallized glasses,
No heart bends before it in sadness;
No widows and orphans are weeping
With tears of dark misery's gall;
Pray tell me, dear friends, then why change it
For the *Demon's Drink—King Alcohol?*

Ted's Sermon.

It was Sunday afternoon. Mamma had a headache, and was lying down, and there was no one to amuse the children, and tell them the sweet Bible stories that made Sunday the pleasantest day of all the week to them.

They sat on the shady porch, talking in subdued tones, lest they should wake mamma, when suddenly Ted exclaimed, in a triumphant whisper, "I know what we'll do, Nettie. Let's go down under the trees, and I'll play that I'm a minister, and preach you a sermon."

A few minutes later they were all at some distance from the house, beneath the wide-spreading branches of an old tree that grew at the foot of the lawn, Nettie and little Archie seated on a box which Ted had tugged down there for a seat, while Don laid down beside them, in an attitude of respectful attention.



CAIRN ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK BARKER :
MAJITA, AND URURI MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE, ACROSS SPEKE GULF.

"Now, let me see what I will take for a text—for ministers must always have texts," Teddie exclaimed,

ransacking his memory for one of the Golden Texts that were stored up like treasures in his mind. "I will take this for my text," he said, after a little thought. And then reverently, as he had always been taught to repeat Bible words, Ted repeated the beautiful verse: "I will arise and go to my father."

In childish language he told his little audience the story of the Prodigal Son, and Nettie and Archie listened with as much interest as if it was not a familiar theme.

But Ted had another listener—though he little suspected it. Behind the hedge that ran across the foot of the lawn lay a man, whose ragged clothes and swollen, flushed face might have frightened the children if he had made his appearance among them. Yet he had not always been a drunken tramp. His memory carried him back, as he listened to Ted's words, to the Sunday afternoons when he, too, had delighted in Bible stories, and had profited by a mother's teachings. Now the gentle mother who had taught him and prayed with him had been dead many long years, and he had wandered far away from his heavenly Father.

"That's me," he whispered to himself, as Ted told his little hearers about the son who grew tired of the restraints and love of his father's house, and went into a far country to spend his substance in riotous living.

He listened attentively to all the sweet story, and when he heard how the prodigal grew weary of living upon husks, and longed to be once more in his father's house, even as a servant, where once he had been a son, the rough man muttered again, "That's me."

But when Ted told how the wanderer had made the resolve, "I will arise and go to my father," there was no response from the unseen listener's lips. He could not bring himself to say that just then, even though he knew the welcome would be waiting for him as it had been for the prodigal son.

When the little story was concluded, the children went back to the house, Ted little dreaming that his childish story had been a message to a heart estranged from its Father.

The tramp still lay beneath the hedge till the soft summer twilight gathered—not asleep, though his eyes were closed. He was thinking, "Could I make this resolve?" It was a crisis in his life, and he felt that he had not much farther to go in his downward course, but if he turned about, the Father's house and welcome were waiting for him.

It was not until the first stars shone down upon him like the tender eyes of angel-watchers, that he whispered, "I will arise and go to my Father."

And he had not far to go before he found love and pardon awaiting him; and little Ted never

knew that his sermon had added a star to the crown of rejoicing he will some day wear.—*The Morning Star.*

The Child-Minister.

BY REV. JAMES YEAMES.

"Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child."—
1 Samuel 2. 18.

His white robe gleams 'mid the shadows dim,
His dark eyes beam in the lamp's pale light,
His boyish hands trim the golden flame,
To shine near the altar through the night.

A little child in the house of God,—
With thoughtful love and a fervent zeal
He serves, where the high-priest's feet have trod,
With piety ardent, rapt and real.

First "asked," then "lent," and for aye the Lord's,
His ears shall list to the voice Divine;
His lips shall speak in prophetic words,
His life with a saintly beauty shine.

A little child, then, may serve the Lord;
Even I may render my youth to him;
Nor, with the wasting of life's long years,
Need my love decline, or my hope grow dim.

A holy life be my ephod white,
A loving heart be my censor pure;
With faith as a jewelled breastplate bright,
Steadfast may I to the end endure!

"Don't You Believe Him."

THE Arabs tell a story to show how a mean man's philosophy overshoots itself.

Under the reign of the first caliph, there was a merchant in Bagdad equally rich and avaricious. One day he had bargained with a porter to carry home for him a basket of porcelain vases for ten *paras*. As they went along, he said to the man, "My friend you are young and I am old; you can still earn plenty; strike off, I beseech you, a *para* of your hire."

"Willingly!" said the porter.

This request was repeated again and again, until, when they had reached the house, the porter had only a single *para* to receive. As they went upstairs the merchant said, "If you will resign the last *para*, I will give you three pieces of advice."

"Be it so," said the porter.

"Well, then," said the merchant, "if any one tells you that it is better to be fasting than feasting, do not believe him. If any one tells you that it is better to be poor than rich, do not believe him. If any one tells you it is better to walk than to ride, do not believe him."

"My dear sir," replied the astonished porter, "I knew those things before; but, if you will listen to me, I will give you such advice as you have never heard."

The merchant turned round, and the porter, throwing the basket down the staircase, said to him:—

"If any one tells you that one of your vases is unbroken, do not believe him!"

Before the merchant could reply the porter made his escape, thus punishing his employer for his miserly greediness.—*Selected.*

The Two Glasses.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

THERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy, and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
"Let us tell tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honoured name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
Which has made his future a barren waste,
Far greater than king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that were sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I have quenched, and lips I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I've saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the
mountain,

Slept in the sunshine, and dripped from the fountain;
I have burst my cloud fetters and dropped from the
sky,

And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with
grain.

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour, and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have uplifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told to each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.

Teachers' Department.

The Blackboard in the Class.

BY ROBERT T. BONSALE.

IN a certain mission-school there was an old man among the teachers who was famous for holding the attention of his class of rough boys. One day the superintendent noticed that the class was gathered closely around the teacher, with their eyes bent upon the floor. He passed that way, and overheard the old man, as he stooped down, say, "Why, you see, boys, it is just like this;" and the superintendent, looking over, saw there on the floor a flat piece of board, upon which the man had drawn, with a piece of charcoal, a simple diagram which illustrated the point under consideration. No wonder that class was interested.

It is not difficult for any one to see that there are serviceable ways of using the blackboard in the general school session—such, for instance, as placing upon it special announcements, the numbers of the hymns to be sung, the golden text, the lesson analysis, etc. But it is far from clear to many Sunday-school teachers just how they can use it profitably in their class work, especially if they do not know how to draw. Let me point out a few

of the ways in which it can be used to advantage by any teacher. Teachers who are so situated that they cannot use a blackboard, are to understand that in their case an ordinary slate, or a paper pad and pencil, will do as well.

A simple use to which the blackboard can be put is to place upon it the outline maps of the countries about which our lessons are. You will find it both an easy and profitable exercise to enlist your scholars in this work. I have read about a class of rough boys in which there was a wonderful change for the better wrought by a judicious use of this idea. Make upon the board an outline map of the country about which you are studying, and from week to week add to it such localities as the lessons call for; then have the members of the class make upon paper smaller maps of their own as copies of the larger, and upon these have them trace and mark, from week to week, the points of interest. It will be found that this will be not only enjoyable, but will impress important facts upon their minds so permanently that they will never forget them.

I do not think it is necessary to know how to draw correct figures of men, animals, and landscapes, in order to make your blackboard a success. Mere marks will often do nearly, if not quite, as well. The effect, it is true, can be much better accomplished if you have different coloured crayons to use for various purposes. To the minds of your scholars, a straight or crooked mark can be made to stand for almost anything.

It will often be found helpful to leave the designs of a given lesson on the board or class-slate, for use at the beginning of the next Sunday's session as a review, or to keep up the connection between lessons.

Then, again, it will often happen, in studying continuous history, that the devices of the previous Sunday, by slight modifying, can be made to serve admirably the purpose of the next day also. For instance, a rough landscape basis, which any teacher could make in three to five minutes, representing the plain at the foot of Mount Sinai, served admirably, with slight changes from week to week, for half-a-dozen or more lessons. Another rough landscape—so called—of the Jordan River, with the country on both sides, served for half-a-dozen more of our recent lessons.

There is a method recommended, which I have not tried, though I can readily see that it will often be found very serviceable when it is desirable to place upon the board devices that call for somewhat difficult and yet rapid work. The plan suggested is, that the outlines be made before school-time, in very faint dotted lines, either with a slate-pencil or steatite crayon, so that they can be traced over in heavy lines when used. When practicable, it is, no doubt, best to put the drawings on the board while the children are looking.

The blackboard may frequently be made use of with the older scholars, as the means of impressing the order of the Bible books—a thing which it is very hard for some of us to keep in mind. For instance, many are at a loss to remember the order of the four Epistles of Paul, which follow Corinthians—Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians. But let me now, just by two or three little lines, bring them before you in such a way that you will never forget their exact order. Show, by under-scoring, how the vowels a, e, i, o, occur in their order. This is also true of the Epistles that are now Paul's which follow the Epistle to the Hebrews—James, Peter, John, Jude. A similar circumstance will also be noted regarding the double historical books of the Old Testament—1 and 2 Samuel, 1 and 2 Kings, 1 and 2 Chronicles.

It will occasionally happen that a single word,

placed in the centre of the board, will accomplish permanent good. For instance, such words as "Think," "Remember," "Forget not," "They served other gods," etc. The recent lessons in the Old Testament were full of opportunities for this kind of blackboard work. A lady teacher one day printed on the board the word "Good bye," and then asked, "How many of you have ever spoken that word?" Of course, all had. You see, then, how naturally she could come to the story of Christ's last talk with his disciples.

Frequently the lesson can be made much more forcible by some illustrative story, the impressiveness of which can be greatly increased by the use of the board. For instance, suppose the subject to be one regarding Christ's work for us. Make a tombstone on the board, bearing the inscription, "He died for me," and relate the familiar anecdote about the man who erected such a stone over the grave of the soldier who had died as his substitute.

In most cases the lesson can be summed up and carried away, so far as its essentials are concerned, in a very brief form, which can be placed upon the blackboard. But this subject is such a wide one that it demands a treatment by itself, and so I cannot dwell upon it here.

A well-known expert in Sunday-school methods was once asked how he would use the blackboard. He replied, "Just as I would use a knife or a fork—when I need it." This answer gives us the true philosophy of blackboard work. As one of the editorial writers in the *Sunday-school Times* recently said, "Of all the mechanical appliances in the Sunday-school, none can be of more use than the blackboard. At the same time, none can be more easily misused. As a rule, the pictures of crowns, hearts, crosses, wreaths, fountains, snakes, etc. are worse than useless. The more elaborate and artistic the drawing, the more injurious it is. As soon as the scholars say, 'Oh, beautiful!' you may be sure the aesthetic has taken the place of the ethic." But, when the blackboard is used intelligently as a means—and not as an end—it certainly is a mighty instrument for good.

Working Dogs.

I ONCE heard a gentleman say, that, during a long stay in Holland, he never saw a single dog idle that was old enough and big enough to do any work. All sorts of barrows and carts are built on purpose for them, and they gallop along at a great pace. They are used to carry the fish, wood, vegetables, and anything else their owner wishes; and when it is all sold, and you think that the poor dogs might reasonably expect to go home with an empty cart behind them, the master jumps in, and rides back in state.

But this is not the worst part of the story, for a certain amount of work never hurts any animal, any more than it does boys and girls; but it makes us sad to know that, as a rule, the poor dogs are miserably fed, and are often driven till they drop down from exhaustion. Still, they are wonderfully patient and persevering, and will lick their master's hands gratefully if he treats them kindly.

In Kamtschatka, the dogs are the only animals that can be used to draw sledges. They are strong and active, and run over the snow at a wonderful pace. A courier once drove two hundred and seventy miles in less than four days in a sledge drawn by dogs.

There are generally five dogs to each sledge, and they are harnessed four abreast, with one for a leader. But, in spite of all the work they do, they are badly treated and ill-fed. They hate the work they have to do, and give a melancholy howl when they are first harnessed.

A Lesson in Butter.

A LITTLE maid in the morning sun
Stood merrily singing and churning—
"Oh! how I wish this butter was done,
Then off to the fields I'd be turning!"
So she hurried the dasher up and down,
Till the farmer called with half-made frown—
"Churn slowly!"

"Don't ply the churn so fast, my dear,
It is not good for the butter,
And will make your arms ache, too, I fear,
And put you all in a flutter;
For this is a rule wherever we turn,
Don't be in a haste whenever you churn—
Churn slowly!"

"If you want your butter both nice and sweet,
Don't churn with nervous jerking,
But ply the dasher slowly and neat,
You hardly know that your working;
And when the butter has come you'll say,
'Yes, surely this is the better way'—
Churn slowly!"

Now, all you folks, do you think that you
A lesson can find in butter?
Don't be in haste, whatever you do,
Or get yourself in a flutter;
And when you stand at life's great churn
Let the farmer's words to you return—
"Churn slowly!"

An Odd Hint or Two.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

"Tom isn't as tired, after all, as I thought he would be," said the anxious mother, as she stood in the doorway waiting to call her son to supper. "He is whistling, and when he whistles he is all right. I am so glad to hear you whistling, Tom," she continued, as her large, manly boy of sixteen came into the house with a pail brimming full of new milk.

It had been a long day and a hard day on the farm. From five o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night were too many hours to be on duty; but the season was backward, and the farm-work had come on all at once, and the planting and sowing must be done as soon as possible. But, notwithstanding all this, Tom whistled.

Tom probably thought the whistling of little moment, but it carried great weight with it as it fell upon the mother's ear. It lifted a load from off her heart. She had expected her boy to come in irritable and depressed from the overstrain of the day's arduous labour. Sometimes he did come in from his work in such a mood, and that made the mother feel burdened.

I am sure if Tom had known what a delight it was to his mother to have him come in from his day's work whistling, that he would always have come in that cheerful, whistling manner. It was only a little thing, but it spoke of a good, happy heart; and found its echo in the heart of the one who, of all others in the world, loved him the best. It is just such little things as Tom's whistling that makes the home-life happy. We are apt to give our best manners and care-takers to the outsiders, and think it does not make much difference if we do give our results of ill moods and disappointments to our own family.

We should be just as polite and thoughtful in our own family circle as in the parlours of our friends and neighbours. Nowhere is good breeding so absolutely needed as in the home-life. When people live together all the time, it is very hard to keep the atmosphere pure and sunny. The art of living together without running against the sharp points in each other's character is a wonderful art, only to be acquired by a strict observance of the Golden Rule which our Saviour gave us.

The rights of the members of our households should be observed as carefully as the rights of our neighbours. When Margaret—who is disorderly and negligent—goes to her sister Emma's orderly bureau-drawer, and turns it topsy-turvy, to find a ribbon for her hair, when she is in a hurry to go somewhere and has misplaced her own, she is trespassing upon her sister's premises. It is not strange that Emma feels aggrieved when she goes to the bureau-drawer an hour later and finds it in a disorderly condition, and finds the pretty ribbon—which Margaret has knotted carelessly, and, perhaps, stained with soiled fingers—has evermore depreciated in its value to her. If Margaret chooses to be disorderly and thoughtless, and leaves her things around carelessly, where she cannot find them when they are needed, it is an outrage for her to appropriate her sister's carefully folded-away articles of dress to take the place of her own ill-used and misplaced ones. The rights of property and place should be sacredly kept by each member of the household.

Jealousy is one of the little, mean characteristics that will creep into the family circle sometimes, and make a very unhappy state of things. Jealousy and injustice generally go hand in hand. If one brother or sister has done something worthy of special mention, how often some one in the family circle disparages the act, and brings sorrow to the heart of the one who has tried his or her best to accomplish something worthy of mention, and has succeeded!

Always be willing to give credit where it is deserved, if it does seem to throw your own achievements for the time being in the shade. If Robert's essay or declamation was better than yours, say so. Be honest. If Sarah's first attempt at cake-making was better than her eldest sister's, how beautiful for that sister to say, "Sarah, your cake is much better than mine—but I will try again," instead of trying to make an unpleasantness because of a little petty twinge of jealousy. "In honour preferring one another," is a text that should be learned and practised in every family. "Each seeking another's, and not his own," is a sweet way of living in the home, and will surely bring the kingdom of heaven within the four square walls where the loved ones of the household meet in daily life.

Nowhere can Christ-like living be of more influence than in our own homes. Many of you young people have just started on your Christian life. You have "joined the Church." "Joining the Church" to your brothers and sisters and other members of your household means a great deal. You can go to your "Young People's Meetings," and the "King's Daughters'" gathering, and sew for the poor, and in your life outside do what becometh a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus without so much watching and self-sacrifice; but at home it may not be so easy, for you have been long accustomed to act out yourself there, but that is the very place that you are to show that you really have been with Jesus, and learned of him. It is the little things that carry great influences with them—kind, patient ways, well-chosen words, acts of self-sacrifice, and thoughtfulness. When outside duties and home duties conflict, then home duties are the ones to do. Mother won't speak of her headache or her tired arms and weary feet if she thinks you want to go anywhere. That is the way mothers are, and you must be on the lookout to see that her needs are attended to first.

These mothers are so anxious for their children to have a pleasant time, that they overdo themselves oftentimes in bringing it about. No danger but your life outside will be as it ought to be if you

see to it that your Christian character is like a "bright and shining light" in your own home.

Example is better than precept. The daily life well lived tells the story of Christ in the heart better than words or song.

My Position.

I AM a little temp'rance man,
Cold water only drinking;
And now I am going to tell you what
I have of late been thinking:

I'm totally opposed to beer;
I hate both wine and brandy;
And shun the danger lurking in
All kinds of wine-filled candy.

I am opposed to all saloons;
I look with detestation
On every one, no matter where—
They curse the entire nation.

If alcohol will make strong,
I'd like at once to know it;
Both time and platform I'll divide
With any who can show it.

I think it's best to totally
Abstain from gin and whiskey;
To drink at all of such vile stuff
Is dangerous and risky.

I think if we are only firm
In this our one endeavour,
We'll live to see the drunkard's drink
Cast out, and that forever.

The harvest soon we hope to reap;
And in its full fruition,
We'll raise in thanks our voices high,
For Total Prohibition.

—Union Signal.

A Thief Discovered.

THE following story, describing the unique plan by which a rogue was discovered among the native troops of British India, is told by a veteran English officer:—

Shortly after he had assumed command of the Fourteenth Native Bengal Infantry, a complaint was brought to him of a theft which had just been committed in the barracks, to the perpetrator of which there was not the slightest clue. The next morning—on parade—the colonel passed along the line, giving to each man a thin strip of bamboo; and when all were supplied he said, with solemn emphasis:—

"My men, there's a thief among you! Brahma has revealed to me how I may detect him. Come forward, one by one, and give me your bamboo chips, and the guilty man—let him do what he may—will have the longest."

The soldiers, not a little startled at this mysterious threat, obeyed without a word; but before the first dozen had filed past, the colonel suddenly seized one of them by the throat, and shouted:

"You are the man!"

The Hindu fell upon his knees, and whined out a confession of the theft, while his terrified companions saluted to the ground before the dreaded "sahib," to whom Brahma had given such a terrible power.

When they had dispersed, the senior major—who had been looking on in silent amazement—came up and said:

"I wish you would teach me that trick, colonel."

"It is a very simple one, my dear fellow," he answered, with a smile. "You see, these bits of bamboo were all the same length; but the thief, fearing to get the longest piece, bit off the end of his, just as I expected he would, and that was how I knew him."—*Christian at Work.*

Make Life Happy.

How easy it is to spoil a day—
The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The sight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home light darkened by sin and strife,
Or the downward course of a cherished one ;

By toil that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines till health gives way ;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain—
Some good should come as the hours go by ;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high ;

And life is too short to be spoiled like this.
If only a prelude, it may be sweet ;
Let us bind together its threads of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1061] LESSON XI. [Sept. 15
DAVID SPARING SAUL.
1 Sam. 24. 4-17. Memory verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. Rom. 12. 21.

OUTLINE.

- David's Chance, v. 4, 5.
- David's Grace, v. 6, 7.
- Saul's Gratitude, v. 8-17.

TIME.—1061 B.C.

PLACE.—The wilderness of Engedi.

CONNECTING LINKS.—David and Jonathan parted—the one returning to his father's court, the other going out to exile, and to hardship and peril, being hunted like a wild beast for his life. From Nob he took Goliath's sword, and ate in hunger of the show-bread, contrary to the letter of the law. For a time in the country of the Philistines, he feigned madness to save his life, thence to the cave of Adullam, and thence through the year he wandered from place to place in the mountains, sometimes appearing here and there, as when he smote the Philistine enemy, and again hiding from the pursuit of Saul. At last Saul finds his hiding-place, and the scene occurs which our lesson narrates.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The men of David*—There had gathered around him in his life as an outlaw a band of devoted and hardy young men, who formed in after days the nucleus of his power. *The skirt of Saul's robe*—A piece from the outer garment which was customarily laid aside when the wearer was at rest. *Heart smote him*—Or, as we say, his conscience troubled him. *My father, see*—A reverential form of address. But Saul was really David's father-in-law. *A dead dog: after a flea*—That is, I am too insignificant and contemptible to cause you an hour of uneasiness.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- David's Chance.*
What had been Saul's attitude toward David since his flight from Gibeah?
How earnest was he in his purpose to capture David?
What is the story which this lesson presents?
Why did Saul take three thousand men?
What great temptation came to David?
What proof of rectitude of character does he here manifest?
What would have been the world's verdict on this act?
- David's Grace.*
How far did David's care for Saul's life extend?
How do David's words show that even now, though an outlaw, he was not disloyal?

What two principles seem to have controlled him?
Should the same principle restrain men nowadays from doing violence to monarchs or civil rulers?
How did Jewish kings differ in their tenure of office from kings to-day?
3. *Saul's Gratitude.*
What was David's course after Saul left the cave?
How near together must they have come?
What was made plain by David's address?
What was the effect upon Saul?
What principle had David exemplified by his course? Rom. 12. 21.
What does Saul's speech show as to his own character?
What strange covenant closed this interview? ver. 21.
Why did not David return to court with Saul?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How often men come within a very little of their purposes and yet fail! Why?
Is it fate, or God, that directs?
How often men are in danger of their lives, and do not know it! What saves them?
See the difference between the worldly spirit and the godly spirit:—
Says the World: "See—thine enemy."
Says Conscience: "Make him thy friend."
The World: "Do what seemeth good."
Conscience: "It seemeth good to spare."
The World: "Take the kingdom over men."
Conscience: "Seek the kingdom of God."
The World: "Seize thine opportunity."
Conscience: "My times are in thy hand."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- Study well all from chapter 20 to chapter 24.
- Find the new tests of Jonathan's friendship.
- Study the Psalms for allusions to this time of life. Psa. 40, and others.
- Find how his followers had come about him. 1 Sam. 22. 1; 1 Chron. 11. 15-20; 1 Sam. 26. 6; 1 Chron. 12. 8-18, and other passages.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- What test of David's character is given in our lesson? "His mercy to Saul, his foe." 2. What reason did he give for sparing him? "He is the Lord's anointed."
- What means did he take to convince Saul of his rectitude? "He cut off his skirt." 4. What was Saul's testimony to David when he had learned of his escape? "Thou art more righteous than I."
- What great principles of the New Testament did David exemplify? "Be not overcome," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian charity.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

43. How is God faithful and true?
His words are always true, and his promises can never fail.—Numbers 23. 19.

B.C. 1056] LESSON XII. [Sept. 22

DEATH OF SAUL AND HIS SONS.

1 Sam. 31. 1-13. Memory verses, 4-6

GOLDEN TEXT.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil. Psalm 34. 16.

OUTLINE.

- Saul's Death, v. 1-7.
- Saul's Burial, v. 8-13.

TIME.—1056 B.C.

PLACE.—Mount Gilboa.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story of the last years of Saul's reign is one of tempest and sunshine. Occasionally a gleam of light bursts in upon the madness of the king. Samuel died, and Israel lamented. David lived as a freebooter in the wilderness, subsisting as he could on the country, and once more pursued by Saul. At last he formed defensive alliance with the Philistines in the country of Achish, king of Gath. Once more there came war between the Philistines and Saul, and David went forth with his new allies to battle against his people. The lords of the Philistines distrust him, and he is sent back to the Philistine country before the battle, to find his country had been invaded, and his wives carried away among the captives with the spoil. He pursued and recaptured all, utterly defeating the Amalekite invaders. Meanwhile the battle had been fought in the north which was to bring to David a return to his native

land and to a throne. Our lesson tells the story.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Archers*—Men who fought with bow and arrows. A very effective instrument of ancient warfare. *A sword, and fell upon it*—This was in ancient and classical times the favourite method of escaping death: at the hand of the enemy. Roman and Greek literature contains many instances. *All his men*—Not every soldier of the army, but all his immediate household. *Other side of the valley*—That is, on the opposite side of the great plain of Jezreel. *On the other side Jordan*—That is, on the western side, opposite to Jabesh-gilead. The Philistines thus had at once possession of the whole north of Palestine.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- Saul's Death.*
In what part of Palestine was the battle fought which this lesson narrates?
For how many years had there been almost continual war with this enemy?
What was the effect of this battle upon the political condition of the kingdom?
What was the end of Saul?
What character had he shown as king?
What was the effect of Saul's death upon the country at large?
What had Saul accomplished for his country by his reign?
In what respects were the beginning and ending of his reign similar?
What people had he made his staunch friends by his first act? 1 Sam. 11. 1-11.
- Saul's Burial.*
What proof of the bitterness of the battle did the Philistines find upon the field?
What light is shed on the barbarity of times by their action?
What was the purpose of the indignity shown to Saul's body?
What city of Israel came to rescue their king's remains?
Was this city near the field of battle?
What does their act prove concerning their character?
Where were the bones of Saul and his sons laid to rest?
Was this their final resting-place? 2 Sam. 21. 12-14.
What covenant vow was fulfilled by this act of David?
What beautiful tribute did he also pay to their memory? 2 Sam. 1. 23.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Saul's disobedience brought his ruin. It did not stop there; it ruined his family. How often one act of sin works sorrow in many lives! It spread wider. It entailed war on his country.

Do you see any relation nowadays between sin in public men and public calamity? The old world was barbarous. Hate heaped indignities on the helpless dead. How the cross on Calvary has changed all that! Christianity slowly humanizes. Learn how good a thing is gratitude. Saul saved Jabesh-gilead. Jabesh-gilead did what it could to save Saul's memory.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- Find Mount Gilboa, Beth-shan, Jabesh-gilead.
- Find how many battles Saul had fought with the Philistines. How many won, how many lost.
- Learn why Jabesh-gilead was so devoted to his memory.
- Compare Saul's death with that of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi for a side light upon the truth of this narrative.
- Study carefully chaps. 1-4 of Second Samuel.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- What caused the death of Saul? "Defeat by the Philistines." 2. Who else perished in the battle? "Three of his sons."
- How much of the country was gained by the Philistines by this battle? "All northern Palestine." 4. By whom was Saul's body buried? "By the men of Jabesh-gilead."
5. What prophecy was fulfilled by this battle? "That God hath rejected Saul?" 6. What great truth was thus emphasized afresh? "The face of the Lord is," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's hate for sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

44. What is meant by saying that God is gracious and merciful?
That he is full of compassion, slow to punish sin, and ready to forgive.
The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.—Exodus 34. 6.

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