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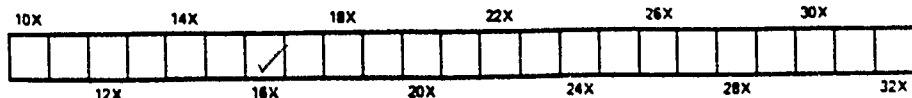
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WOMEN AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
have them
should
do unto
you.

ROBERT SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1888.

[No. 13.]

Ruth.

AND Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter. And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech. And, behold, Boaz came from Bethlehem, and said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you. And they answered him, The Lord bless thee. Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, Whose damsel is this? And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab: And she said, I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves: so she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house. Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens. . . . It hath fully been shewed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother in law since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not



RUTH.

heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust. And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not. And let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not. So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley. And she took it up, and went into the city: and her mother in law saw what she had gleaned: and she brought forth, and gave to her that she had reserved after she was sufficed. And Naomi said unto her daughter in law, Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead. And Naomi said unto her, The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen. And Ruth the Moabitess said, He said unto me also, Thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest. And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter in law, It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field. So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of wheat harvest: and dwelt with her mother in law.

Insane, He Swept the Keys.

It was at one of the railroad stations in the northwest that the incident referred to in the poem below occurred. A young man had been the only hope of an indigent mother. Educated, refined, and of noble intellect, he gave much promise to the future, but alas! in an evil hour he commenced the use of strong drink, and by it became totally insane. As a vagabond, he wandered from place to place, repeating "I will sing of my Redeemer," while, in imitation of his playing in the days gone by, his fingers would wander over the keys of the organ. His reason had fled, and with it the joy and hope of a poor mother. Ah, how many are following his course to-day! How many to-day are on the road to destruction! "Let us crush this monster—" "Let us work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

All day long 'twas cloudy, gloomy,
For there fell a constant rain,
And a crowd of men and women
Waited for the coming train.
Warm were they in silk and satins,
Seated in the cosy room,
Smoking, reading,—little cared they
For outsiders in the gloom.

Swing the heavy shutters wider,
For the restless, moving tide,
Talking, walking—walking, talking,
Talking of the coming ride.
Drifting with the crowd, a stranger
Entered carelessly the door,
Polished form and noble bearing,
Though he ragged was and poor.

See! he gazes on the wealthy—
He had seen much better days:
How he sings!—his fingers wander
O'er the long-forgotten keys.
"I will sing of my Redeemer
And his wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross he suffered
From the curse to set me free."

Hushed was now the chit-a-chatter,
Wond'ring all what this could be—
"On the cross he sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free!"
There he stood—insane—oblivious!
Staring, too, so vacantly!
Neither home, nor mother had he
And so pitiful to see!

Lips once crimson—now so pallid!
Ashen, too, his sunken cheek;
See him stand there staring blankly!
Not a word we hear him speak!
Yet he sang such broken-heart words!
Tott'ring o'er a drunkard's grave—
"I will tell the wondrous story
How my lost estate to save!"

Oh, the cursed, cursed wine-cup!
Oh, the cruel men who sell!
See them in this land of Bibles,
Sending thousands down to hell!
Lo! the wrecks along the sea—
See your ragged, motley train!
Widows, orphans,—these are relics
Of the strong men they have slain!

In that train are starving, stealing,
Gambling, murd'ring, pilgery,—death!
Ah! the news of some dire evil
Greets the ear at every breath!
See! the sky is dark and threat'ning!
Look! the storm is deep and wide!
What can check its awful fury?
Who can shield us from its tide?

Hark! the wise men of our nation—
They are calling from afar;
Hear ye not the clash of armour,
Ready for the coming war?
Lift the flag of Prohibition!
Sound aloud the true keynote;
If you'd kill this dreadful demon,
Ye must kill it with your vote!

—The Issue.

A True Ghost Story.

BY W. H. A.

Most of the ghost stories one hears are but mean accounts of what ignorant and weak-minded people simply imagine they saw or heard, and will not brook the least enquiry, but the story I am about to relate is a faithful narration of facts that will bear the strictest investigation and at the end be received by all as a *true* ghost story.

The incident occurred in New England, and was related to me by a fine old sea captain as one dark night on the western shore of Newfoundland we sat by the fire and listened to the raging of the storm. He described the New England village from which he came as it existed half-a-century or more ago. There by the water in the bay, and some distance from its nearest neighbour, the little fishing hamlet stood. The cleared land which belonged to its inhabitants, and on which grazed their cows and flocks of sheep, stretched away over the hill behind the houses, while down this hill came the road which led onward along the shore. In this solitary retreat the women and children were left alone and unprotected throughout a portion of the year, but they feared no evil as none ever attempted to molest them, and their only anxiety was that the sturdy men and boys, who were away fishing on the banks and elsewhere, might come back home in safety.

One year however, as soon as the men had departed, a ghastly sight was witnessed. Just at dusk on Saturday evening was seen a white-clothed company moving down the hillside. Slowly the apparition approached, revealing at length a large, long coffin which was borne in the midst. It is easier to imagine than to describe the terror which this weird and unearthly sight infused into the hearts of the timid and defenceless people. How fearfully they strained their eyes through the gathering darkness to see where it would go! How glad they were at last to see it pass down the road and out of sight! But even with this relief afforded them their anxious hearts were troubled, for they wondered why it had appeared to them. Was it a "token" to them that the loved ones out at sea had met with danger and with death—that no more they would see their homes, their wives, their children! Or did it mean that disease and death were swiftly coming upon the terrified villagers themselves! *What* could the ghostly visit mean! There followed a week of anxious suspense during which the ghost and the import of its coming was the talk of all. The next Saturday evening came, and lo, again appeared the apparition! With greater terror and anxiety than before the sight was marked and watched. Another anxious week elapsed and again the doleful company with its ominous burden came down the hill and disappeared! Surely as it had now appeared for the *third* time its message

must be true. *What could that message be?* During the suspense of the following week some of the men came home, and soon they were listening to the harrowing story of the ghost. At once, like brave men, they resolved, at all hazards, to get to the bottom of it. Arming themselves, on Saturday evening they lay in ambush and waited for the sight. Soon they saw the spectre advancing to the spot where they lay concealed! Their stout hearts almost failed them, as they looked upon the frightful company, but true to their resolve they sprang boldly forth upon the ghost! And now the apparition was explained! Those white-robed creatures fled for very life! Within the coffin which they flung to the earth was found a newly slaughtered sheep—the last one stolen by this band of disguised rascals who had found an easy if dishonest way of providing Sunday's dinner from the flock of the peaceful villagers! The story is another proof of the folly of fearing what we suppose to be supernatural—another proof of the fact that "we cannot see anything very much worse than ourselves." Let our girls and boys learn the lesson.

The Great Siberian Road.

FROM GEORGE KENNAN'S ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE IN THE *MAY CENTURY*, WE QUOTE THE FOLLOWING:—

"These transport waggons, or *obozes*, form a characteristic feature of almost every landscape on the great Siberian road from the Ural Mountains to Tiumen. They are small four-wheeled, one-horse vehicles, rude and heavy in construction, piled high with Siberian products, and covered with coarse matting, securely held in place by large wooden pins. Every horse is fastened by a long halter to the preceding waggon, so that a train of fifty or a hundred obozes forms one unbroken caravan from a quarter of a mile to half a mile in length. We passed 538 of these loaded waggons in less than two hours, and I counted 1,445 in the course of our first day's journey. No further evidence was needed of the fact that Siberia is not a land of desolation. Commercial products at the rate of 1,500 tons a day do not come from a barren arctic waste.

"As it gradually grew dark towards midnight, these caravans began to stop for rest and refreshment by the roadside, and every mile or two we came upon a picturesque bivouac on the edge of the forest, where a dozen or more oboze drivers were gathered around a cheerful camp-fire in the midst of their waggons, while their liberated but hobbled horses grazed and jumped awkwardly here and there along the road or among the trees. The gloomy, evergreen forest, lighted up from beneath by the flickering blaze, and faintly tinged above by the glow of the northern twilight, the red and black Rembrandt outlines of the waggons, and the group of men in long

kaftans and scarlet or blue shirts, gathered about the camp-fire, drinking tea, formed a strange, striking, and peculiarly Russian picture.

"We travelled without stop through out the night, changing horses at every post-station, and making about eight miles an hour, over a fairly good road. The sun did not set until half past nine, and rose again about half past two—so that it was not at all time very dark.

"The villages through which we passed were sometimes of great extent, but consisted almost invariably of only two lines of log-houses, standing with their gables to the road, and separated one from another by inclosed yards, without a sign anywhere of vegetation or trees. One of these villages formed a double row five miles in length of separate houses, all fronting on the Tsar's highway. Around every village there was an inclosed area of pasture land, varying in extent from 200 to 500 acres, within which were kept the inhabitants' cattle; and at the point where the inclosing fence crossed the road, on each side of the village, there were a gate and a gate-keeper's hut.

"These gate-keepers are almost always old and broken-down men, and in Siberia they are generally criminal exiles. It is their duty to see that none of the village cattle stray out of the inclosure, and to open the gates for passing vehicles at all hours of the day and night. From the village commune they receive for their services a mere pittance of three or four roubles a month, and live in a wretched hovel made of boughs and earth, which throughout the year is warmed, lighted, and filled with smoke by an open fire on the ground."

A Clever Boy.

"FATHER," said a hopeful sprig, "how many fowls are there on that table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely-roasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner table; "why, my son, there are two."

"Two!" replied young smartness. "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."

"Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter-of-fact man, and understood things as he saw them, "I'd like to have you prove that."

"Easily done, sir; easily done! Isn't that *one*?" laying his knife upon the first.

"Yes, that's certain," said his father.

"And isn't that *two*?" pointing to the second; "and don't *one* and *two* added together make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was listening with astonishment to the learning of her son; "really, this boy is a genius, and deserves encouragement. Here, old lady, do you take *one* fowl, and I'll take the *second*, and John may have the *third* for his learning."

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
So the baby learned her prayer,
Kneeling by her mother's chair
In her little bed-gown white;
And it over every night,
Looming in her childish way
How a little child should pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Said the child's maiden gown;
Thinking, with a backward glance,
How the happy past has flown
Since beside her mother's knee,
With a child's humility,
She had said her simple prayer,
Feeling safe in Jesus' care.

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep—"
Yet the words were careless said,
Lightly had the hand of time
Laid his fingers on her head;
In life's golden afternoon
Gave the bells and sweet the tune,
And upon her wedding-day
She had half forgot to pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"
How the words came back again,
With a measure that was born
Half of pleasure, half of pain;
Kneeling by a cradle bed,
With a hand upon each head,
Rose the old prayer soft and low
As a brooklet in its flow.

All alone, with bended head,
She has nothing but her dead;
Yet with heart so full of care,
Still her lips repeat the prayer.
Rest at last, O storm-tossed soul,
Safe beyond the breakers' roll;
He, the Lord, her soul shall keep;
Now she lays her down to sleep.

—*Truth in Life.*

The Aurora Borealis in the North.*

Whitefish Lake, N. W. T.

"Of all the northern lights which I have ever seen, the most splendid is the Aurora Borealis. It occurs so frequently as to be deemed an ordinary phenomenon, and we saw it several times during the autumn." [The northern lights rarely appear in the autumn as far north as I have been. They are very brilliant in winter.] "It commonly commences with a red glare on one spot of the sky, gradually extending—more or less—over the horizon, and encompassing it with its radiance. Frequently the light is distinctly seen moving in different directions—sometimes slowly; while its form and outline constantly change. But of all the auroras I ever saw, none can compare with one I witnessed on the 9th of September, 1840, of which I will attempt a feeble description:—

"At ten o'clock at night, a loud, crackling noise was heard in the air, as though coming from a distance. The inhabitants were not slow in divining what this uproar in the atmosphere betokened; but almost before they could rush to the windows, the whole of the environs were enveloped

* The above extract was lately found in an old magazine, and it so well describes the Aurora Borealis in our own Far North, that it may be taken as a correct account of it.—O. GERMAN.

in one blaze of illumination. Called by our landlord, we hurried into the courtyard to contemplate the phenomenon, and were enraptured at what we saw; but to describe the spectacle is beyond the power of my feeble pen. The night was frosty and clear. Every object around—the earth, the forest, and the town—were white with snow. Berezov was no longer a miserable collection of huts, but, radiant with lights reflected by its covering of snow, looked like a world of enchantment. The different parts of the strange scenery seemed to form but a single grand and stately structure—a structure with walls of flame, surmounted by a cone-like cupola of fire, which towered over our heads. The light was neither red nor lurid, but beamed with mild, soft, indescribable lustre, unlike anything that can be imagined.

"The entire fabric, as it seemed, gradually threw off the cupola, and assumed the form of a sugar loaf. It was narrow at its base; but the summit, or apex, of this cone rose to such an immense height as to bewilder the vision. It appeared as though it even penetrated the vault of heaven, and at that hour of extraordinary solemnity, permitted mortals—though but for a moment—to catch from their earthly vale a glimpse of that mysterious region, inaccessible but to the spirits of the blessed.

"The walls of the wondrous cone were formed by lights, floating clouds of silvery brightness, which, curling upwards like volumes of thin smoke, spread their luminous rays in every direction. These clouds rose like vapours from the base, as if they were engendered in the earth, and rolled rapidly up to the summit, where, after covering the apex, they vanished as quickly as they ascended. Their disappearance, however, did not in the slightest degree interrupt or diminish the splendour of the spectacle; and fresh volumes of cloud continued to roll up in all kinds of fantastic shapes, and with the same brilliant effects.

"These floating walls completely blocked out the sky, so that nothing could be seen of the blue vault of heaven or the countless stars. The eye could only behold the wonderful evolutions of masses of light set in motion by an invisible hand, while the ear was enchained by majestic strains of harmony with which the whole atmosphere resounded.

"The aurora was undiminished in splendour for several hours; but afterwards its motions were less rapid, the coruscations of light faded gradually away, and at two o'clock all had vanished. The stars, which up to that time had been obscured, or only partially visible, appeared in all their former glory; the moon shone brightly, as it sailed over its clear azure path; and everything resumed its usual aspect.

"Wishing to ascertain what the Berezovians, who have not the slight-

est knowledge of natural philosophy, thought of the aurora, I made enquiries with this view. The explanation I obtained from the wisest among them was, that the waves of the Arctic Ocean, reflecting the light of the moon, threw back a radiance on the sky, whence all the effects of the aurora."

Our Indians call the "lights" the "spirits of the dead dancing."

"The Beggars at Our Gates."

The beggars at our gates are the heathen nations. The responsibility of our nation to those beggars whom God has placed at our gates is great. It is the devil's doctrine that a man who deserts God will prosper. The wealth of the world is passing into the hands of the meek servants of God. Heathen nations are impoverished. The wealth of India is a myth. To us who have lived in China and India the word *poverty* has a meaning you cannot understand. Millions of families never have meat. Whole families are clothed for twenty-five cents a year. I believe there is more suffering from the cold in Calcutta than in Boston. To-night a hundred million of people will lie down to sleep with only the earth for a bed, with a thin piece of cotton cloth, a few leaves, or a bamboo matting for protection from the weather. There are two hundred millions of people whose average annual income is twenty-five dollars for a whole family. They have but two meals a day, consisting of coarse millet and rice. An American State wastes enough to support a whole province in India.

The moral state of the heathen is a deep and horrible poverty. There is much that is sweet and lovable, even in the darkest corners of the world. But there is no Christian fellowship, no prayer, no spiritual hope. To me the city of God is a reality. Take this hope out of my life and I am poor. The Hindus have no clear idea of what comes after death—only vague traditions. There is no prayer outside of Christian influence. The Mohammedan mumbles Arabic words that he does not know the meaning of. He does not talk to his God face to face.—*Extract from lecture in Boston Herald.*

The Giant's Causeway.

BY D. JAMES.

LANDING at the historical city of Londonderry, a Canadian will notice that most of the vehicles have but two wheels. I only saw one four-wheeled during my stay. I here took my first ride in an Irish jaunting car, which is a very pleasant, yet amusing way of travelling. Walked on the famous wall of Derry, viewed the monuments and cathedrals, the old cemeteries, and the fine bridge across the river Foyle. The next place of interest to the tourist will be the Giant's Causeway—taking the cars for Portrush, a fash-

ionable watering-place and seaport in the North of Ireland; cars are exchanged for the electric tram cars for the Causeway, a distance of about eight miles. Skimming over the country is somewhat novel without either steam or horse power, and the sensation pleasant. The caves were first visited, one 350 feet long and 45 feet in height, the other 666 feet long and 96 feet high, one side of the large cave is trap rock, the other being basalt. Being low tide when we were in the cave the oxide of iron showed itself in bright red colours mingled in the rocks. The first view of the Causeway is quite disappointing, yet upon close inspection it well repays for the visit; some persons having time have counted upwards of 37,000 columns, the sides of which number from three to nine, the joints of the columns being concave and convex, fitting quite closely. The guide will take you to the wishing seat, where, being seated you wish, which will be realized on one condition, viz.: That you keep your wish a secret. On our way back the party made a call at Dunline Castle, now in ruins, but around which are events of historical interest, part of the castle being built about 900 years ago, and it shows the principle upon which fortifications were constructed during that period.

Going Against Nature.

JACK was thirteen years old, and consequently thought himself a man—at least that he ought to do everything he pleased, whether he always pleased to do right or not. His uncle surprised him one morning by inquiring:

"Jack, did you ever see a fish trying to eat a cabbage?"

"Of course not, uncle," Jack replied indignantly.

"Why not?" pursued his uncle. "It might taste good to them."

"Because they are aqueous mammals," replied Jack, "and not nanny-goats."

"Because they find it does not agree with their stomachs, Jack," replied his uncle; "and it is just as silly for a boy to try to drink beer, when this he finds is the case, as it would be for a fish to taste cabbage-heads."

Jack was silent. His mother was a widow, and did not control him very well; but this old uncle had a way of finding out everything. He had seen Jack tasting the beer—just out of curiosity—when Jimmy—the man who jobbed for his mother—offered it to him, and heard him declare that it was good—though a few minutes afterwards it made him violently sick.

Jack made up his mind that there was nothing so manly after all in making-believe, and resolved to let beer alone in the future.—*Temperance Banner.*

A TASTE of every sort of knowledge is necessary to form the mind.

Only a Song.

It was only a song that the maiden sang,
With a thoughtless tone; yet the echo rung
In the heart of the lad. Like a pure white
lily,

It guided him over sea and land.

Only an old, old-fashioned hymn,
Sung in the twilight gray and dim,
By mother's side or on father's knee;
Yet time cannot blot it from memory.

Only a song from the lips of one
Whose mission is past, whose brief life is
done—

A simple song; and yet, after all,
I never can sing it but tears will fall.

Only a song from a feeble pen,
And a faltering hand and heart; but then,
Who knows? Perhaps some life once sad;
In sin, was made to rejoice and be glad.

Brief as a song is this life of ours—
Fleeting as sunshine, and frail as the flowers
Then sing, my heart! oh, sing and be strong!
Thou shalt one day join in the "new, new
song."

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1888.

Praying in Half a Room.

In a large and respectable school near Boston, two boys, from different States, and strangers to each other, were compelled by circumstances to room together. It was the beginning of the term, and the two students spent the first day in arranging their room and getting acquainted. When night came, the younger of the two boys asked the other if he did not think it would be a good idea to close the day with a short reading from the Bible, and a prayer. The request was modestly made, without whining or cant of any kind. The other boy, however, bluntly refused to listen to the proposal.

"Then you will have no objection if I pray by myself, I suppose?" said the younger. "It has been my custom, and I wish to keep it up."

"I don't want any praying in this room, and I won't have it!" retorted his companion.

The younger boy rose slowly, walked to the middle of the room, and, stand-

ing upon a seam in the carpet, which divided the room nearly equally, said quietly:—

"Half of this room is mine. I pay for it. You may choose which half you will have. I will take the other; and I will pray in that half, or get another room. But pray I must and will, whether you consent or refuse."

The older boy was instantly conquered. To this day he admires the sturdy independence which claimed as a right what he had boorishly denied as a privilege. A Christian might as well ask leave to breathe as to ask permission to pray. There is a false sentiment connected with Christian actions which interferes with their free exercise. If there is anything to be admired, it is the manliness that knows the right, and dares to do it without asking any one's permission.

For Young Men.

THE following is taken from the last article ever written by the late Henry Ward Beecher, a short time previous to his death:—

"I rejoice to say, that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy—it is filthy from beginning to end. I believe that the day will come when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind. I believe that the day will come, when not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to waste one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law; to be sound, robust, cheerful; and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience to the commandments of God will be a matter of ambition and endeavour among men."—*The Guardian*.

Timely Tracts.

The Story of Mark; Harry and Ethel; The Story of a Revival. By the Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D.D. Phillips and Hunt, New York; Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Dr. Vincent, whose success in educational matters is well known, has published a series of tracts, entitled, "Our Own Church Series," of which the above form a part. They are worthy of the gifted author, and are deserving of extensive circulation. They are exceedingly well adapted for usefulness among all classes, but especially among intelligent young people, who sometimes drift away from Methodism.

Rome in Rome. By a ROMAN CITIZEN. Phillips & Hunt, New York; Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

This is the title of another series of tracts, brimful of such sentiments as are well adapted to the times in which we live. The Romish question is here presented in a variety of phases, and we can but wish that the entire series were scattered broadcast throughout the Dominion of Canada.



FED BY RAVENS.

Fed by Ravens.

AND Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word. And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there. So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord: for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook.

A Genuine Love Story.

A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of her bridal wardrobe, the young wife shone among the throng distinguished by her comeliness and vivacity and rich attire; and when, during the evening, her young husband drew her aside, and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company, and that his heart was bursting with pride and love for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world.

Ten years later, the same husband and wife were guests at the same house, where was gathered a similar gay company. The wife of ten years wore the same dress she had worn on the previous occasion—of course it had been altered and made over, and was old-fashioned and almost shabby. Toil and care and motherhood and pinched circumstances had taken the roses out of the cheeks and the lithe

spring out of her form. She sat apart from the crowd, careworn and pre-occupied. Her small hands, roughened with coarse toil, were ungloved, for the minister's salary was painfully small. A little apart, the ten years' husband stood and looked at his wife, and as he observed her faded dress and her weary attitude, a great sense of all her patient, loving faithfulness, came over his heart. Looking up, she caught his earnest gaze, and noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. She rose and went to him, her questioning eyes mutely asking for an explanation of his emotion, and when he tenderly took her hand, and placing it on his arm, led her away from the crowd, and told her how he had been thinking of her as she looked ten years before, when she was a bride, and how much more precious she was to him now, and how much more beautiful, for all her shabby dress and roughened hands, and how he appreciated all her sacrifice and patient toil for him and for their children, a great wave of happiness filled her heart; a light shone in her face that gave it more than its youthful beauty, and in all the company there was not so happy a couple as this husband and wife, their hearts and faces aglow from the flaming up of pure sentiment that transfigured and ennobled and glorified all the toils and privations they had endured.—*Exchange*.

THE saying that order is heaven's first law is particularly applicable to the housewife. When once the habit of placing everything in its proper place is formed, it is just as easy to do as it is to leave things lying about in disorder, and a thousand times better. Children should early be taught to put their toys away when done with, and so form habits of orderliness and neatness. A gentle but careful training in childhood will save severe lessons in after-life.



JUNE.

June.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

WHAT is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And o'er it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.
The little bird sits at the door in the sun,
A tilt, like a blossom, among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a rippling cheer,
Into every bare inlet, and creek, and bay.
Now the heart is so full that a drop over-
fills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it.

The Distance to Hell.

AN officer who, by birth, wealth, and education, should have been a gentleman, but was not, went to see a Cornish mine. The miner who took him down was a Christian, and was much pained by the profane language used by the visitor. As they descended the shaft they felt it getting hotter and hotter. At last the heat became so great that the visitor said:—

"Dear me, its terribly hot! I wonder how far it is to hell?"

"I don't know the exact distance, sir," replied the Christian miner, gravely; "but if one link of the chain gives way, you'll be there in a minute."

This plain answer was the means of rousing the profane man to a sense of his perilous position. In the case of every unconverted man, it is only a step—a breath—betwixt him and death. "And after death the judgment."

Old St. Paul's as a Place of Business.

THERE is a great deal of business done in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, and very little inside the cathedral. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the arrangement was reversed; there appears to have been more business transacted inside St. Paul's than in the churchyard. It was as much a place of business as of worship, if, indeed, the natural purposes of the building were not very decisively subverted.

The principal avenues, and particularly the nave, were made into trading-bazaars, where hucksters exposed their wares for sale, having regular stands, at which they were constantly to be found. Festivals, and high holy days were occasions of greater activity than common, and there was then all the hubbub of a crowded street as an accompaniment of sacred services—in many cases to their interruption.

Makers of "males," or trunks, plied their noisy calling undisturbed; and the sound of iron-shod hoofs could be plainly heard, as beasts of burden were led through the cathedral as through any other thoroughfare. There was, indeed, we may well believe, a regular traffic carried on in horseflesh within, for Bishop Pilkington, writing on "The Burnynge of Paule's Church in London, in the Yeare of our Lord, 1561," complains of the church being used as a "horse-fair for brokers." It was, moreover, he says, a house for merchants, a place for

usury, a place for all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murders, and conspiracies; and the font was as well known for ordinary payments of money as a beggar would know his dish. Goods were warehoused in some of the crypts. Pepys says: "One warehouse of books was saved under Paul's," at the great fire. Some of the crypts were used by vintners as wine vaults.

"Wet the Ropes!"

IN the city of Rome there stands a pillar which, for many long years, was lying almost buried in the earth. Princes had tried to raise it, but in vain. No workman could do it. In the year 1584, the pope of that time sent for a builder to make one more trial. It was no easy matter to free the great pillar from the deep soil in which it was sunk, and then to drag so huge a size and weight of stone to the place where it was to stand. When this was done, Fontana, the

builder, asked the pope to fix a day for raising it. The pope did so, and said he would be there with all his court, and that this would bring out all the people of the city.

"That is what I have to dread," said Fontana; "for if they shout and make a noise, it may startle some of the men in the midst of their work, and my voice will not be heard."

"Never fear," said the pope; "I will take care of that."

He wrote an edict—which means a law for the time—to make it known that any one should be put to death who dared to utter a sound while the work of raising the great pillar went on. This edict was posted up all over the city.

On the day fixed, Fontana mounted the high scaffold from which he was to direct the men by means of bells and flags as signals. The whole space of a wide square was full of people. It seemed to be paved with heads, as still as death, and as if spellbound. At last the signal was given, and the pillar began to rise. Cables and ropes strained and creaked. Up slowly rose the giant block of stone. Fontana waved his flags, the pope leaned forward, the people held their breath—one moment more, and the work would be done! All at once a crack was heard. The heavy mass would not move again; and soon it began to sink, for the ropes did not bear upon it. Fontana was at a loss, with a sense of despair in his soul. But a shout was heard from amidst the crowd: "Water! water! Wet the ropes!" This was soon done; the slack hempen cord shrunk back tight to its place. Once more each man bent down for a last pull, with right good will.

The pillar was set up for the gaze of the world *then*, and for ages yet to come.

He who spoke the word in season was a poor sailor, who had long known the use of ropes made of hemp; but, in spite of his good service, he was taken, and brought bound before the pope—and all men stood in fear for his life, as the law had been broken. Fortunately, the pope was not then in a cruel mood, and instead of punishing the man he gave him a reward.

Bad Companions.

A STORY is told of a gentleman who had a splendid singing canary. A friend wanted to see if he could teach his sparrows to sing by keeping the canary with them. He borrowed it, and placed it in the cage with the sparrows. Instead, however, of teaching them to sing, the poor bird got so timid among the strange birds that it stopped singing altogether, and did nothing but chirp like the sparrows. The owner then took it back, but still it would not sing. It then occurred to him to put it beside a canary which sang well. This had the desired effect; and, regaining the old note, it sang as well as ever.

Keep Nothing from Mother.

They sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread,
One face was old and the other young
A gold and silver head

At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet;
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm;
For her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,
Interwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As the two sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From my older head and heart,
God giveth to me one last thing to say,
And with it thou shalt not part.

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And, ah! that this must be!
The voice of praise and the voice of love
And the voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing that thou shalt fear—
Let never a word to my love be said
Which her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear
If they cannot be told to me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure,
And thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is said to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Story of Boy Life in England.

CHAPTER III.

AN EXCITING SCENE IN CHURCH
MEADOWS.

IN speaking of the stream which ran through the Church Meadows, George Christie had not over-estimated its attractions from a fishing point of view. Kept strictly private, only occasionally in the season did the float bob up and down at the nibble of the roach; or the fly, with its hidden hook, sail along the ripples to tempt the trout rising to its evening meal. At these special times, the fishing-rods were held only by the friends of Captain Starkie who happened to be staying at the hall. The place was jealously guarded and watched, for Captain Starkie took a special pride in the value of this water. Frank knew the place well, but never for a moment had he felt the desire to trespass without permission, for his mother had always warned him against giving way to temptation, reminding him that "the path of duty is the path of safety."

A day or two had passed, and young Christie was sauntering through the spinney, when he met a rough-looking, ill-conditioned country lad, who touched the rim of his ragged cap with a grin of recognition.

The truth was, that this boy, Bill, had in times past been only too ready to do any odd jobs, some not very creditable, for the Squire's son.

"I wishes yer good morning, Master George."

"Well, it isn't a good morning, and I'm out of sorts, so let's have no more of your smirking, d'ye hear?"

"All right, Master Georg. No offence, surely."

"I say, Bill, you know Frank Darrell?"

"Rather; wot of him? Want anythin' doing?"

"Oh, not much. He's got a decent fishing-rod, and I quite forgot to ask him to lend it me for a bit of sport I'm going to have to-morrow evening."

"I'll run and ask him for 't, in a jiffey."

"No you won't. Now look here, Bill; can I trust you to do a bit of business for me?"

"Well, Master George, yer know we've had dealings together, and I've allers kep' it dark, and done what's wanted."

"Now listen to me. I want you to go on the quiet to that shed in the garden where Frank keeps his rod, and bring it to me."

"It's a ticklish thing, Master George, to do, yer know."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if I was nabbed while getting it, yer know, it might go hard with me, like when I got them chickens at Farmer Basset's."

"And it served you right, you young thief. But I'll take care of you this time; and, when it's done, here's a bright shilling for you."

The small, black eyes of Bill brightened at the sight of the silver, and he faithfully promised that night to get the rod, and that Frank should be none the wiser.

Now, it so happened, that as Bill was going back across the fields, Frank met him so suddenly that he turned crimson with the thought of the evil design he had in his mind, and he hardly cared to look into the face of Frank, lest in his very eyes he should read his secret guilt.

"Why, Bill, is that you? It seems a long time since I saw you about here."

The boy muttered something about having a job at the hall garden.

"I'm glad to hear it. Try your best, Bill; and, above all, ask God to help you to do what is right."

"I ain't religious."

"That's a pity, Bill. I think if you knew how much God loves you, and is willing to help you, your face would look a bit brighter than it does."

"Well, Master Frank, you wouldn't look so if you had'n't had nothin' to eat for four or five hours, like me."

"How's t'at, Bill?"

"Oh, it's nothin' particular; only mother ain't got nothin' in the cupboard, and I've no money in my pocket—not a blessed ha'penny—so that's it, you see."

"Bill, are you really in want of something to eat?"

"Oh, never mind; if you thinks I'm taking you in, I don't want to beg."

Bill got out these words with difficulty, for what little conscience he had smote him when he remembered how all round the village he was known as living, not by his hands, but by his glib tongue—begging everywhere. But Frank put aside the misgiving he felt for the moment, and believed the tale, putting sixpence in Bill's hand, and passed on his way.

A grin of satisfaction came over the lad's face, and he chuckled at the thought of what he was going to do in taking the special treasure of the unsuspecting Frank.

Captain Starkie was not a hard man, and, as a magistrate, no one in the neighbourhood could say that he was unkindly severe in his treatment of the culprits who, from time to time, came before him. His park was not an extensive one, but was thickly wooded on that side which lay nearest to the old church.

David Grimston, the gamekeeper, was walking across the meadows, in company with his master, next day.

"The water at the foot of the trees yonder looks well, Grimston."

"Yes, sir, full of fish, I should say; and when the gentlemen come down to-morrow, they'll catch well, I'll be bound, sir."

"I hope so. Keep an eye on the place, Grimston, and don't let any of those rascally boys of the village poach in the stream."

"Oh, no, sir. I'll have them, you may safely reckon, in a jiffey, if they come prowling about here."

"That night, when the sun had set, and it was just dark enough to hide the flowers in the grass, Grimston took up his short whip, and thought he would take a turr round the meadows. Sweep—the black retriever—jumped up, and followed close at his master's heels.

They walked on through the grass wet with dew, and across the quiet fields, over which a grey mist was beginning to gather, like a thin mantle of smoke."

Grimston was smoking his pipe, and his thoughts were far away, at a town some miles off, where, in a few days, he was to attend a sale of horses on his master's behalf.

"I rayther fancy," he murmured to himself, "I rayther fancy the roan mare will be the one—she was a regular fine un, in my opinion."

Sweep had stopped short, and his master almost fell over him.

"What is it, lad?" whispered Grimston.

The dog gave a low, muffled bark, and slowly made his way along the path to the trees of Church Meadows.

"That's odd," meditated his master. I shouldn't wonder if he isn't after something. At any rate I'll go with him."

All at once there was a rush and scramble in the thick brushwood on the other side of the deep stream. Sweep barked loudly, and tore his way to the water.

"Fetch him, lad! Go on, Sweep!"

The dog had taken the water, and was sending ripples and eddies to the bank, making the water lilies and forget-me-nots dance in their sleep.

Grimston's quick eye caught a figure trying to escape in the shadows, throwing everything away in its terror.

"Stop, you young vagabond, or I'll horsewhip you when I catch you."

"And Grimston, remembering the Captain's words, looked as though he meant it.

But there was no voice, and the figure—that of a boy—had got fairly into the field, and was running at top speed. Grimston knew every inch of the ground, and ran quickly towards the old footbridge to cut off the boy's retreat.

A few minutes more, and Sweep had the trespasser by the leg—his master being just in time to call off the dog before much harm was done. But he was not to get off scot-free.

"I told you what I'd give you, and you shall have it."

In vain the lad expostulated, and tried to explain who he was. Grimston's temper was fairly up, and lash after lash of the whip crossed the back of young Christie, for it was he.

Then, taking him by the collar, the gamekeeper dragged the boy back to the bushes, and made him collect his scattered things.

"Was anybody else here?"

The lad was silent for a moment, and then he saw in his craven mind a chance.

"Well, here's a rod—it isn't mine—so you may guess, if you like, who's been here besides."

Grimston took it in his hand, but the light was too far spent for him to discern any special mark on it, so, taking possession of it, with other matters, including the cap of his prisoner, marked clearly inside with his name, he let the boy go.

"But look here, young Christie, if it had been one of those rough lads of the village there would have been some excuse, but you ought to be ashamed of yourself for doing such a thing. However, you've got a bit of punishment, and I'll see what the Captain has to say to it to-morrow."

That night Grimston told his wife all about the adventure, and dwelt specially on the fact that there was an accomplice, who had left his rod, and might prove the bigger rogue."

"Let me look at it, Davie."

It was brought forth, and there, under the light of the candle, could be read the words, neatly carved, "Frank Darrell, his rod, 1869."

The worthy couple stared, speechless, at each other in astonishment and dismay.

(To be continued.)

CHARITY is never lost. It may meet with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed; yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

Our Youth The Girls.

BY LIVANA BOWEN.

For those who stand with married feet
Where womanhood and girlhood meet,
Who wait with eager hearts to greet

The coming years,
From the wisdom time has brought,
From lessons slowly, sadly taught,
Do wish to send a message wrought
From out my fears.

When you is the world to-day,
From be naught but childish play,
May be the earnest upward way
To noblest life.
And what it is, lies but with you,
Your purpose here to will and do,
Your strength to reach the good and true
Through toil and strife.

Remember! what we strive to gain,
Through summer's heat and autumn's rain,
Through weariness and days of pain
Brings its reward.
In youth the goal is never won,
The character is but begun,
Long days of work before "Well done!"
Comes from the Lord.

Look not at clouds which float near by,
But to the stars in depths of sky—
O, keep your purpose strong and high
Above earth's sin.
Your life shall be of God most blest,
A life of inner calm and rest,
Of truest hue, like lily's crest,
All pure within.

Tom's Torch.

THE lesson was on the seventh chapter of Judges, about Gideon and his three hundred, and the wonderful battle they fought with their pitchers and lamps and trumpets. It was a jolly lesson, Tom thought; but Miss Mann's application was rather queer. "Are we not strong enough," she said, "to bear a torch or blow a trumpet?" and she looked straight at Tom.

Tom hesitated a moment and then answered, "To be sure, Miss Mann. Jim and I were members of a club more than a year ago, and we used to parade with torches; and as for trumpets, why, I blew one of those when I was just a little chap."

"Pooh! she doesn't mean it that way," said Jim.

"Beg pardon, Miss Mann," said Tom awkwardly, "I believe I don't quite understand."

"Gideon and his three hundred fought," said Miss Mann, "for God and the right. We are not called upon to do exactly as they did, but we can as truly bear witness for the right. I have heard of a little girl in a stage-coach who asked a passenger, 'Does you love Jesus?' She bore a torch, as did also the little boy who, on being urged to steal, and told that no one would see him, replied, 'Yes, God would see me.' To bear witness for Jesus would be equivalent to bear a torch or blowing a trumpet under Gideon. How many are willing to enlist in the ranks of the Great Captain, to hold up a tiny light, or blow a loving peal for Jesus?"

Merry eyes grew thoughtful. The boys knew the "old, old story;" should they commit themselves to the service of this same Jesus?

"I'll try," said Jim.

"And I," said Cousin Tom.

"We'll all try," said Mark Smith, the biggest boy in the class.

Miss Mann's eyes were moist. "Don't think that it will be a perfectly easy task," she said. "There would be little virtue in well-doing if it never cost an effort. Be prepared for difficulties, and don't forget to consult the Great Commander, or to watch for orders from him."

Tom and Jim walked thoughtfully home together. "It's no use to try," said Tom despondently; "a little bossing from Bell, and my torch would go out on the double-quick."

"But there's the Great Captain," said Jim doubtfully. "Isn't there something about being conquerors through him? Let's stick to our promise, Tom."

"And wave our torches high in the air," was Tom's reply.

"Well, Tom Walker, here you are at last," said Bell, as Tom entered the house. "I suppose you've crawled like a snail all the way home. I want you to amuse Nellie and Amy. I'm tired to death. You children are enough to try the patience of a saint. O dear, how I do miss mother!"

Tom thought some one else missed her too, and he was on the point of giving a word or two of crisp advice, but he thought of his torch, and was silent. He set himself pleasantly to his task of pleasing the little ones, and succeeded so well that his father smiled approvingly when he entered the room, and Bell said, "You really did do well for once."

"I wish I could go to meeting with you this evening, father," said Bell.

"And so you can," said Tom; "I'll put the children to bed and take prime care of the house."

Mr. Walker looked at Tom enquiringly for a moment, and then said, "I think we can trust him, Bell."

Baby Amy was soon tucked away in her snug little crib, but Nellie was allowed to sit with Tom for a while. When the questioning lips were silent and the blue eyes closed in sweet slumber, Tom thought, "Is this bearing a torch for Jesus? is this sending forth a peal for him?" And he seemed to hear the Great Captain say, "Yes, Tom;" and peace filled his soul.

When Bell and her father returned, Mr. Walker said, "Well done, my son, I am glad to see you display such a kind and helpful spirit. I have been selfishly absorbed in my own grief, and you are teaching me, dear children, how much there is still to live for."

Then Tom told him about his Sunday-school lesson, and his desire to be a torch-bearer in the service of Jesus.

"Well, Tom, how about your torch?" said Jim, one morning.

"Oh, we've all taken to bearing torches," Tom replied. "Bell isn't like the same girl; she scarcely ever growls at me now."

"Good!" said Jim. "We shan't be likely to forget Gideon and his faithful three hundred."—*Child's Paper.*

Clocks, Ancient and Modern.

Clocks were first made by the Arabs, and the ancient cities of Bagdad and Cordova were at one time famous for their wonderful time-keeping machines. The Caucasian race, which has since spread its learning and civilization over so vast an area, first looked upon the clock as a joint product of Arab and devil, and, in fact, it so regarded every invention and all scientific attainments of the then progressive Arabs. This, and the further fact that clocks were at first very costly, prevented an early and widespread introduction of them in Europe. The monasteries first used them to direct the monks in prayer, and afterward they were put on tall steeples and towers in larger towns to accommodate the public.

When first put up in Europe, clocks were regarded with superstitious fear, and as the most wonderful inventions. The first public clock put up of which we have any record was at Padua, Italy. Bologna possessed a famous striking clock as early as 1356; but the large towns in France and Germany did not begin to put up tower or steeple-clocks until about 1400. Paris, however, had a public clock as early as 1364. Kensington Museum, London, boasts a clock that was made by a monk for Glastonbury Abbey, in 1325, and which, strange to say, is still keeping time.

There have been many wonderful and ingenious improvements added to the modern clock; and the tower or steeple timekeeper of to-day is much handsomer and stronger than the ancient public clock.

In the steeple of Trinity Church, New York, there is a clock, the hand or crank of which has to be turned eight hundred and fifty times in winding up. There are several other very strong clocks in the United States; and in Europe, at Strasburg, Heidelberg, and elsewhere, there are some very ingenious and complicated time-keeping machines.—*Forer's J.*

It Stings.

"How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking: "It stings! It stings!"

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful, and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you. A little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking the nectar from it most heartily, when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him; so, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung. Sammy's mother washed the wound with hartshorn; and when the pain was gone, she said, "Sammy, dear,

let this teach you that many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this. Many pretty things have very sharp stings. It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind. A boy once thought wine a pretty thing; he drank it, and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him. A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket, and ate it. "Have you eaten one?" asked her mother pleasantly. Fearing she would not get another if she said "Yes," she replied "No," got another pear, and then felt so stung that she could not sleep.

Thus you see that sin—however pretty it looks—stings. It stings sharply, too. It stings fatally. The Bible says: "The sting of death is sin."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1491] LESSON II. [JULY 8

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Exod. 32. 15-26. Memory verses, 19-21

GOLDEN TEXT.

I little children, keep yourselves from idols. 1 John 5. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. The Tables of Stone.
2. The Calf of Gold.

TIME AND PLACE.—The same as in the last lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—When the feast described in the last lesson was ended Aaron, Nadab, Abihu, and the seventy elders had gone down out of the mount to the people, and Moses and Joshua had gone on up into the darkness and mystery of the mountain summit. Almost six weeks they were absent. The people thought their leader was dead or had deserted them. Wayward and ignorant, they clamored for some visible form to worship, and Aaron, weak and easily swayed by the popular tumult, yielded. He tells the story in his own way in the lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Tables of the testimony*—The two tablets of stone. *The work of God*—That God could make such tables by his own power is not to be wondered at. He made the earth and all things that are. *Noise of them that sing*—Moses had been an Egyptian priest. He recognized the peculiar noise which accompanied the worship of the sacred bull in Egypt, and before he saw knew what must be in progress. *He saw the calf and the dancing*—This abomination which roused his wrath was the common form of idol worship at that day in Egypt. *Waxed hot*—Grew fiercely angry. *Burnt . . . ground . . . to powder*—See Deut. 9. 21. By some means he utterly destroyed it. This must have taken many days, or at least it was not done in a brief time. *We wot not*—Know not. *There came out this calf*—A very unsatisfactory account of the building of a furnace, the making of a mold, the melting of the gold, and the casting of the image.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Tables of Stone.*
From what mount did Moses go down?
When did he ascend into the mount?
How long had he been absent from the people?
What was the purpose of his long stay?
What were "the two tables of the testimony"?
How had these two tables been made?
What was the end of these two tables of stone?
The after record says there were two tables of stone kept in the ark; where did they come from? Exod. 34. 1, 27, 29.
Why did not God rebuke Moses for this act of wrath?
2. *The Calf of Gold.*
What was the first intimation Joshua had of a revel going on in the valley?
What was the first intimation Moses had of it? vers. 7, 8.

Why did Moses recognize the sound so much more quickly than Joshua? Acts 7, 22.
 What was his first act on coming to the camp?
 What is meant by "ground to powder"?
 Why did he strew the dust over the water?
 What part had Aaron taken in this sin?
 Was he innocent or guilty?
 Is his account in ver. 24 accurate and sufficient?
 Where does he try to put the blame?
 What was Moses compelled to do to quell the rebellion his acts caused? read Vers. 26-28.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Very often men are called from scenes of exaltation to scenes of depression. From God in the mount to the calf on the plain is a common experience.

The loss which sin causes is taught here: see ver. 19, God's handiwork; vs. 20, their property; ver. 28, their lives.

See how little sin makes a great man appear. Poor Aaron! See how he takes up the spirit of Adam: "the woman tempted me." "They said unto me, Make us gods."

Moses put the blame where it belonged. ver. 25.

So God is never deceived. He is not mocked.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find all you can about the Egyptian method of perpetuating their records in rocks.

2. Read about Egyptian idolatry to see if the scene of our lesson was like it.

3. Study out the meaning of this calf. Where did the idea come from?

4. There are some evidences here of mechanical knowledge. Find them.

5. Read parts of *Uarda* which illustrate these manners and customs.

6. Read Dr. Robinson's book, *The Pharaohs*, if you can get it. It throws some new interest around these stories.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When Moses went down the mountain what did he carry with him? Two tables of stone. 2. What was peculiar about these two tables? They were the work of God. 3. While God was making tables for the people, what had the people done? They had made a molten image. 4. What did Moses call this act of the people? A great sin. 5. What has been the great sin of the whole world? "Covetousness, which is idolatry." 6. What is the warning which our GOLDEN TEXT utters? "Little children," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Idolatry.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

2. Why did God create all things? For his own pleasure: to show forth his glory, and to give happiness to his creatures. Revelation iv. 11. Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honour and the power: for thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created.

B.C. 1491] LESSON III. [JULY 15
 GOD'S PRESENCE PROMISED.

Exod. 33. 12-23. Memory verses, 12-14

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Matt. 28. 20.

OUTLINE.

- 1. God's Presence.
- 2. God's Glory.

TIME AND PLACE.—Same as in the last lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—After the destruction of the calf the people, maddened and intoxicated with their debauch, evidently attempted to still resist the authority of Moses. He called for volunteers upon the Lord's side, and received immediate response from the tribe of Levi. With these he attacked the mutineers, slew three thousand of them, and thus subdued the rebellion. Then he repaired to the mount to plead for God's mercy upon his people. Having received a gracious answer, he returns, takes his own tent and pitches it without the camp, and the mysterious cloud descended upon it when once more Moses entered it. Then occurred the prayer and promise of our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Thou hast not let me know*—God had promised, chap 32, 34, to send an angel with them, and Moses here is pleading

that God will reveal who it is to be. *Show me thy glory*—Moses here asks that he may actually see God's face. *A cleft of the rock*—A recess or rift in the rock. Do not think that these expressions, *hand, back parts*, and *face*, are to be understood literally. They are figurative ways of expressing the glorious manifestation God was to give to Moses.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *God's Presence.*
 After the rebellion of the golden calf was quelled, where did Moses pitch his own tent? ver. 7.
 What sign of his continued presence did God then give to Moses and the people? vers. 9, 10.
 What new command and promise did God give to Moses? chap. 32, 34.
 How does Moses allude to this in our lesson?
 What seemed to be a great characteristic of Moses in his relations to God? Exod. 3. 11; 4. 1; 33. 12.
 What gracious promise does God now give him?
 What four things does Moses pray for in this lesson? vers. 13, 15, 18.

2. *God's Glory.*
 What did he mean by this last prayer? Had he not already, in chap. 24, 10, had this prayer answered?
 What more do you suppose he desired?
 What was God's answer to this prayer of Moses? ver. 20.
 Is there any promise of Christ that men shall ever see God? Matt. 5. 8.
 When is it that his children are to see him as he is? 1 John 3. 2.
 Was the promise that God here made to Moses kept? Exod. 34. 5-8.
 Why did God give this manifestation of himself to Moses?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is a picture of human life: a man sorely tried—almost discouraged—looking out from himself for help.

This life looked to God. It sought God in solitude, in secret, in the closet. ver. 8. See what Christ taught. Matt. 6. 6.

Here is a model for prayer: It pleads God's past promises; it bases its request upon God's past assurance, vers. 12, last clause, and 13, first clause; it simply asks more of the same experience; its only purpose is the good of others.

Here is a revelation of God's character: always at hand to hear; always ready to give counsel, comfort, and strength; always ready to reveal himself.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find the different things Moses said in this lesson.
2. Find the different things God said to Moses as here given.
3. Find the different instances in which God talked with Moses, and see how they differ.
4. Note all the different attributes of God which are here suggested.
5. Find from commentaries or from your pastor what vers. 22 and 23 mean.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the command which God had just given to Moses? "Bring up this people." 2. Before obeying, what anxious question did Moses ask? "Whom wilt thou send with me?" 3. What gracious answer did God give him? "My presence shall go with thee." 4. What prayer did Moses then make? "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." 5. What was God's answer? "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." 6. What is God's promise to-day, through Christ, to all his children? "Lo, I am with you," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The glory of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. When did God create man? After the creation of the earth, God made man to be the chief of his creatures upon it. Isaiah xlv. 11, 12. Thus saith the Lord. . . . I have made the earth, and created man upon it.
 Zechariah xii. 1. The Lord, which stretcheth forth the heavens, and layeth the foundation of the earth, and formeth the spirit of man within him.

WISDOM resteth in the heart of him that hath understanding; but that which is in the midst of fools is made known.

*Canadian
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 Magazine*

(VOL. XXVIII.)

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