

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

HONEY AND SCHOOLS

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 26, 1890.

[No. 15.]

Hay-Making in Switzerland.

SWITZERLAND is chiefly a grazing and dairy country. Hence the people cure all the hay they can. They will climb, apparently inaccessible places for a scanty crop of hay which they will bring home on their heads as shown in the picture. It is remarkable how man or beast can keep foothold on many of the steep mountain sides.

About Gloves.

THERE are some very curious circumstances attending the glove, independent of its relation to manufacturing industry. It has in various countries and at different periods been the pledge of friendship, of love and of safety, the symbol of hatred and defiance, of degradation and honour, the token of loyalty, the tenure by which estates have been, and are, held, and a customary offering on occasions both of sorrow and of joy.

The first law relating to this subject is dated in the year 720, when Charlemagne granted a right of hunting to the abbot and monks of Sithin for the purpose of procuring skins for making gloves and girdles. The first commercial notice of the glove-trade is dated about the year 1462, and two years afterward armorial bearings were granted to the glovers by Edward IV. At what prices gloves were valued in that reign does not appear.

The ceremonial use of the glove in matters of investiture and tenure is illustrated in many ways. We may take as an instance the investment in the family of Dymocke, of the manor of Scrivesley, under the condition of the head of the family acting as champion at the coronation of the English sovereign at Westminster, in which the glove plays a conspicuous part in the ceremony.

The glove has been deemed an emblem of firm



HAY-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

possession. Thus the former kings of France used at their coronation to receive from the archbishop a pair of gloves, previously blessed, as an emblem of secure possession.

Both honour and degradation have been typified by the glove, according to the circumstances attending the particular occurrence. Challenge and defiance have been in various ages and countries conveyed by the glove. The presentation of gloves at weddings and funerals is another curious item in

the catalogue. The presentation of gloves as a gift, with or without money inserted in them, is another curious custom which has passed through many gradations of society. James II., when at Woodstock, received a pair of gloves as a gift from the university. A lady, a suitor in chancery, whose cause had been favourably decided by Sir Thomas Moore, presented him with a pair of gloves containing a sum of money. His remark was, "I accept the gloves—it would be against all good manners to refuse a lady's New Year's gift—but the lining you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere."—*Selected.*

How Small Birds Cross the Ocean.

A GERMAN author, Adolf Ebelling, writing in the *Gartenlaube*, asserts that he found it currently believed at Cairo, that wagtails and other small birds cross from Europe to Nubia and Abyssinia on the backs of storks and cranes, and details the result of conversations which he had with several independent witnesses, all testifying to the same thing. He then proceeds:

"At supper, in the Hotel de Nile, I related the curious story to all present, but, naturally enough, found only unbelieving ears. The only one who did not laugh was the Privy-Councillor von Heuglin, the famous African traveller, and, excepting Brehm, the

most celebrated authority of our time on birds in Africa. On asking his opinion, he remarked: 'Let others laugh—they know nothing about it. I do not laugh, for the thing is well known to me. I should have made mention of it in my work, if I had had any personal proof to justify it. I consider the case probable, though I cannot give any warrant for it.'

"My discovery, if I may so call it," continues Herr Ebelling, I would have kept to myself—even

after Herglin had thus expressed himself, had I not discovered a new authority for it. In the second book of Dr Petermann's great book of travels, I find the following: "Professor Roth, of Munich, related to me, in Jerusalem, that the well-known Swedish traveller, Hedenborg, made an interesting observation on the island of Rhodes, where he was staying. In the autumn, when the storks came in flocks over the sea to Rhodes, he often heard the notes of small birds, without being able to see them; but, on one occasion, he observed a party of storks just as they alighted, and saw several small birds come off their backs, having been transported by them across the sea."

The Master's Questions.

HAVE ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and the darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of My wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of man was among them—
He had nowhere to lay his head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have ye told My fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the "golden land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows,
That there I had been before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear Me whispering beside you
"Tis the pathway I often go!"
My brethren, My friends, My disciples,
Can ye dare to follow Me?
Then, wherover the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be!

The School Days of Great Men.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

ISAAC NEWTON, the world-famous natural philosopher, was the son of a farmer, and was born at Woolsthorpe, England, in the year 1642. He was a puny, sickly, delicate little child. Soon after his birth it was not thought he would live many hours, and his nurse—who went for some medicine—was surprised to find him alive when she returned. His father had died before little Isaac was born. Not a great while after, his mother married again, and Isaac was taken by his maternal grandmother to be brought up by her.

During his early school-days he was not a particularly attentive scholar, though not from any lack of intelligence. You will smile when you learn how he was "spurred up" to attend to his education. It happened that one day a mean, bad boy, who stood next to him in the class, kicked him in the stomach. Most boys would have kicked back. Isaac didn't. He thought of a sweeter revenge, or punishment, than personal violence. He put his mind to his books, and determined to

get ahead of this boy, which he did in a very short time, and finally became the first scholar in the class.

When he was twelve years of age he was sent to the public school at Grantham, where he was remembered as a "sober, silent, thinking lad," who loved to be much by himself. From his very earliest childhood he had been fond of using tools, and loved to construct all sorts of curious pieces of mechanism. Some men were building a wind-mill in his neighbourhood. He watched them to see how it was put together, and then set to work to build a little one on the same plan. After he got tired of seeing it put in motion by the action of the wind, he so changed it that it could be run by animal power. He contrived it so that a mouse would run over a tread-wheel, and thus keep the machine going.

His water-clock was a still more wonderful piece of work. It was about four feet high, and looked somewhat like a common house-clock. The index of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood, which was made to rise or fall by the action of dropping water. This clock was used for many years by an old resident of the village.

Isaac Newton was the inventor of a sort of velocipede, or, as he called it, a "mechanical carriage." This vehicle had four wheels, and was put in motion by a handle worked by the person who sat in it. It could only be used on the smooth surface of the floor. Doubtless it could be used on such sidewalks as we have at the present day, though it would look rather awkward beside the well-made natty three-wheeled velocipedes in use by our modern boys and girls.

It may surprise you to learn that the grave philosopher Newton was the inventor of the improved kite. After experimenting on the proper shape to be used, and the best method of tying the string, he one day astonished his companions by introducing the new plaything to the school-ground. After this he made paper-lanterns, which he used on dark, winter mornings, when going to school. Then he conceived the idea of tying a lantern to the tail of a kite, and putting the kite up by night. Many country people thought the light was a falling meteor, or a comet, descending from infinite space.

Besides this genius for mechanism, Newton was a good draughtsman, and adorned his room with many little pictures, drawn and framed by himself. He wrote some poetry, too; but the less we say about that the better.

At the age of fifteen he was taken from school and put on the farm where he was born, it being the intention of his mother to make him a farmer. You know what care—what thrift and industry—are required to cultivate the soil; and how a man must take a real interest in his work—or in any work, for that matter—if he would be successful. Newton was a born mechanical genius, but as an agriculturist—a cultivator—he would never have made a success. On the farm he spent most of the time studying scientific books, or working at his inventions. As for the oats, the beans, and the barley, they looked after themselves.

On Saturday night he would have to go to town to sell his produce. Sometimes Newton would send his man; and even if he went himself the man would have to attend to the business, for Newton's mind was so much occupied with astronomical or other studies, that he had no more idea of the prices he ought to get for his produce than the man in the moon. Sometimes he would leave the wagon before he got to town, and, sitting down by the roadside, under the shade of a big tree, he would pore over a book, or study out some new invention.

Once his uncle—a clergyman—caught him in this position, so wrapped up in his thoughts that he did not notice the presence of his reverend relative.

Newton was studying a mathematical problem. The uncle saw at once that a boy like Newton would never make a farmer, and advised his mother to send him back to school. She did so; and after a time, Newton entered Trinity College, where he was a close student, and had time and opportunity to study scientific works to his heart's content. He mastered *Descartes' Geometry* by himself, without any preliminary study.

One notable thing about Newton was his modesty. He was the man who said, in speaking of his studies, that he was only "a child gathering pebbles on the sea-shore." He made use of every little fact that came in his way.

An old writer has expressed the thought that they who would

"To greatness rise,
ought not small beginnings to despise,
Nor strive to runne before they learn to creep.
By many single cares together brought
The hand is filled; by handfulls we may gaine
A sheafe; with many sheaves a barn is fraught;
Thus oft by little we do muche obtaine.

She Will Sleep To-Night.

SMOOTH the braids of her silken hair
On her queenly brow with tender care;
Gather the robe in a final fold
Around the form that will not grow old.
Lay on her bosom, pure as snow,
The fairest, sweetest flowers that grow.
Kiss her and leave her, your heart's delight,
In dreamless peace she will sleep to-night.

A shadowy gleam of life light lies
Around the lids of her slumberous eyes,
And her lips are closed as in fond delay
Of the loving words she had to say;
But her gentle heart forgot to beat,
And from dainty hand to dainty feet
She is strangely quiet, cold and white,
The fever is gone—she will sleep to-night.

Put by her work and her empty chair,
Fold up the garments she used to wear;
Let down the curtains and close the door,
She will need the garish light no more;
For the task assigned her under the sun
Is finished now and the guerdon is won.
Tenderly kiss her, put out the light,
And leave her alone—she will sleep to-night.

"Be Mighty Sure."

"Be mighty sure with your proofs, Bob," said a hard-looking old man to another, who had assured him there was no hell. "Be mighty sure of your proofs, Bob; for there are a great many of us who are depending on ye."

"Yes, I believe," said one man, "that everybody will be saved; but I'd give that yoke of oxen if I knew it was so."

"I believe every word of it," said a grasping miser, to one who had been prophesying smooth things to the people; "but I will give you a thousand dollars if you will prove it sure, and no mistake."

Men are right glad to pay their money; but they want to be sure they get what they pay for. And if at last they should find that there was some mistake, and that perdition was no dream and no joke; if they should find that, after all their assaults on creeds and catechisms, there was one thing they had not touched—the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever; that word which declares: "The wages of sin is death," and the soul that sinneth, it shall die"; men will mourn at last that they depended upon falsehoods and uncertainties. Is it not better to make the matter sure to-day, by turning to the Lord, and seeking and finding salvation through him?

Triumphs of the English Language.

BY J. G. LYONS.

Now gather all our English bards, let harp and hearts be strong,
To celebrate the triumphs of our own good English tongue;
For stronger far than hosts that march with battle-flags unfurled,
It goes with Freedom, Thought, and Truth, to raise and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays on every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears its echoing far as Orkney's breakers roar;
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills it floats on every gale,
And warms with eloquence and song the homes of Innis-fail.

On many a wide and swarming deck it scales the rough waves' crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage—the fresh and fruitful West;
It climbs New England's rocky steep, as victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice, still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows on bright Canadian plains,
And where on Essequibo's banks eternal summer reigns;
It glads Acadia's misty coasts, Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where gay with early flowers green Texan prairies smile:

It tracks the loud, swift Oregon, through sunset valleys rolled
And soars where Californian brooks wash down their sands of gold:

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves, on the seas of fierce Malay
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood, and towers of proud Bombay;
It wakes up Aiden's flashing eyes, dusk brows, and swarthy limbs;
The dark Liberian soothes her child with English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won in gentle English speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life by Sidney's sheltered beach;
It dwells where Africa's southmost cape meets ocean broad and blue,
And Nieuwveld's rugged mountains gird the wide and waste Karroo:

It kindles realms so far apart, that, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with Autumn's fruits, and those with flowers of Spring;
It quickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross hangs orbed fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told, and righteous kings desired;
With all that great apostles taught, and glorious Greeks admired;
With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse, and Milton's loftier mind:
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore—to cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and error flies away
As vanishes the mist of night before the star of day!
But grand as are the victories whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn, which speaks of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Alfred's fame, take heed, nor once disgrace
With deadly pen or spoiling sword our noble tongue and race.
Go forth, prepared in every clime to love and help each other;
And judge that they who counsel strife would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time, by good men prayed for long,
When Christian states, grown just and wise, will scorn revenge and wrong;

When Earth's opprobred and savage tribes shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words—Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home.

Pompeii.

THE old Pompeians had folding doors and hot-water urns; they put gratings to their windows, and made rockeries in their gardens. Their steel-yards were exactly like those your own cheesemonger uses to weigh his Cheddars and Glosters.

Their children had toys like ours: Bears, lions, pigs, cats, dogs—made of clay—and sometimes serving as jugs also.

People wrote on walls, and cut their names on seats, just as we do now. They kept birds in cages. In Naples to-day, as you walk along the Chiaja, you may find yourself in the midst of a herd of goats, with bells around their necks, exactly like those in the museum.

They gave tokens at the doors of the places of entertainment; the people in the gallery had pigeons made of a sort of terra-cotta. They put lamps inside of the hollow eyes of the masks that adorned their fountains. They even made grottoes of shells.

Vulgarity itself is ancient. They eat sausages, and hung up strings of onions. They had stands for public vehicles; and the schoolmaster used a birch to the dunces. They put stepping stones across the road, that the dainty young patrician gentleman, and the puffy old senators, might not soil their gilded sandals.

It was never cold enough for their pipes to burst; but they turned their water on and off with taps. Their cookshops had marble counters. They clapped their offenders into the stocks; two gladiators were kept there eighteen hundred years! When their crockery broke they rivetted it. At Herculaneum there is a huge wine-jar, half buried in the earth. It has been badly broken, but is so neatly rivetted, with many rivets, that it no doubt held the wine as well as ever. Those rivets have now lasted eighteen hundred years. It is a strange thing to think about! What would the housewife have said if some one had told her that her cracked jar would outlast the Roman empire?—*Interior.*

The Outside Passenger.

SOME years ago, a young lady—who was going into a northern county—took an inside seat in a stage coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as a governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat.

At midday the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady rose, rang the bell, and, addressing the waiter, said:

"Here is an outside passenger! I cannot dine with an outside passenger."

The stranger bowed, saying: "I beg your pardon, madam; I can go into another room," and then immediately retired.

The coach soon afterward resumed its course, and the passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered:

"As soon as we have attended to his lordship we will come to you."

A few words of explanation ensued, and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but the very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill; and the apology sent that evening was more than pretence.

The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun.

"We must not allow the night to pass thus," said he to the countess. "You must send for her, and we must talk to her before bedtime."

He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it so plainly evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his grandchildren to be taught such notions; refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong; and when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand.

The Midnight Cry.

WHEN Mr. Boddy was in Tripoli, he lay down at night, as he says, in his African chamber with a hole in the roof through which the stars were shining, and after a day full of strange sights fell to dreaming of marabouts and assassins. As it seemed to him, they were marching to and fro, proclaiming a war of extermination against the infidels. Even now they were fast approaching his house, having somehow learned of the arrival of a *Roumi* from the "land in the sea." Louder and louder grew their wailing, discordant song, accompanied by the measured beat of the drum.

"A cold perspiration broke out on my face when I began to realize that I was not asleep, but wide awake. I was alone, and it was about two in the morning; but the howls and the beating of the drums were *real*. There was no mistake: I was wide awake, and the noise was every moment growing louder.

"Herricly putting on my clothes, I felt my way into a chamber looking out upon the street. Down this a blaze of light was moving. Several hundred Arabs waving lanterns and torches were marching with measured step and chanting an unearthly song. Many were leaping in their white robes, flying like cats at the walls, as if to reach the upper story, and the crowd, composed entirely of men, completely filled the street.

"And what was it all? It was a marriage procession upon the last night of the week's festivities; the bridegroom was being escorted to his bride.

"As the crowd advanced I saw an open space in which was the bridegroom supported by two friends. He looked very timid, as if he did not at all like it, and seemed to be about eighteen or twenty years of age. The strange crowd, making the street echo, passed under a deep archway, and the noise gradually died away in the distance.

"In this far-off Eastern land we were often brought face to face with scenes only half realized before, and here was one which was a vivid commentary on Matt. 25: 5, 6: 'While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.'—*Companion.*

"BESSIE, I hear your sister is sick. What ails her?" "I don't know, ma'am. May be it's the diploma." "The what, child?" "The diploma. I heard mother say that she got it at school."

The Family Bible.

This volume, when my life was young,
And speech first faltered on my tongue,
A tender mother read to me,
Whose tones come back in memory!
A child once more beside her chair,
I feel her hand caress my hair,
And, glancing from the sacred Book,
I meet her fond and gentle look,
In those sweet hours I used to know
Of faithful counsel long ago!

I turn a time worn yellow page:
Here, legible, though faint with age,
I see the marriage entry stand—
My father's bold, decided hand,
My mother's graceful characters,
And something in my bosom stirs
Of love and grief to find a name,
The record with my sister came,
The first-born to her parents given,
Who followed in their steps to heaven!

Thy children, Lord, abide in thee
In earth and heaven one family!
This Book had the unceasing trust
Of hearts that long have turned to dust,
Yet from the grave they seem to say,
"We triumph in eternal day!"
For still the Father's love prevails,
Though darkness falls and death assails—
While faith discerns beyond the strife
The promise of the Word of Life.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100;	
per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 31
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Herein Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

29 to 53 Richmond St. West and 30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COAKS,

S. F. HURSTIS,

3 Bleury Street,
Montreal.

Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Home and School.

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

TORONTO, JULY 26, 1890.

"The Church and the Boys."

BY THE REV. J. V. SMITH, TORONTO CONFERENCE.

Few questions have been more discussed at Sunday-school Conventions, than this, "How to retain the elder scholars?" When boys reach the age of fourteen and upwards, they generally consider themselves too far advanced in life to attend Sunday-school, and should they quit, the probability is that they will go astray. Boys at the age mentioned are often sent to situations, mostly in our cities where their duties are very onerous, and being away from home influence, they often seek for recreation in places of pleasure, and form associations which do not as a rule encourage piety, hence impressions made at Sunday-school are lost.

Bro. Smith, like every faithful pastor, often deplored the loss of young people who have been connected with the Sunday-schools under his pastoral care, but when stationed in London he formed classes especially for boys, which were remarkably successful, so that after three years the

average attendance of the above class is reported at one hundred.

Mr. F. W. Matthews is the leader of the boys' class in Dundas Street Centre Methodist church, London, and he is evidently the right man in the right place. If one such person could be found in every church, who would devote himself with the same zeal to the work of caring for the boys as he does, valuable accessions would be made to the ranks of the membership of our Churches.

Mr. Matthews keeps a watchful eye on all the boys who have placed themselves under his care. Such as cannot attend the weekly meeting, are recommended to write their experience and send it to the leader who reads it to the class, which is not only a benefit to those present, but also to the writer who thus takes stool of himself. This is an excellent plan which adults might practice with advantage. Mr. Matthews receives about 1,000 written communications from his boys in the year. Such as leave the city are not lost sight of, but, like a faithful watchman, he follows them wherever they go, and thus the boys, feeling that their leader has an interest in their welfare, are prompted to increasing diligence in the divine life.

The leader does not confine his members to routine duties in the class-room, but gets them to work in various ways, particularly as section or district visitors. In this way they watch over one another and help each other in works of faith and labours of love.

Each member of the class signs a pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco, and the meetings are all made as attractive as possible, and sometimes are varied so as to increase the interest. The leader occasionally invites a few of the boys in rotation to his house for a social prayer-meeting and thus seeks to cultivate the talents of his juvenile friends and fit them for usefulness.

The limits assigned to this article do not allow us to go into further detail, but we would recommend our readers to send to the Book Room in Toronto, or Montreal, or Halifax and get the valuable little pamphlet which Bro. Smith has published, from which they can obtain more extensive information. We would be glad if Bro. Smith's little brochure was scattered broadcast through our churches. The reading would do good, and we hope would induce pastors and Sunday-school superintendents to adopt the method which the author carried to such a successful issue in London.

How often we hear the remark, "Oh, it is only a boy that has been converted," or when a special service has been held and the results are reported, it will be said there were so many conversions and a few children, as though "a few children" were of no moment and did not in any way affect the amount of good that followed the meeting, whereas in all probability the conversion of the "few children," might be of greater benefit than that of the adults who were specially mentioned.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the successful Baptist minister in London, when once writing respecting his Church says, "I have during the past year received forty or fifty children into Church member-



LESSON PICTURE.

AUGUST 3.—THE PRODIGAL SON.—Luke xv. 11-24.

ship. Among those I have had at any time to exclude out of a church of 2,700 members, I have never had to exclude a single one who was received while yet young." And he further states that, "Teachers and superintendents should not merely believe in the possibility of early conversion, but in the frequency of it."

Bro. Smith relates in his admirable little pamphlet the following fact which we hope will encourage Christian people to look well after the lads:

"Three boys were converted in Yorkshire; one eight, one nine, and another eleven years of age. Only three boys I admit, and small boys at that, but look at these boys to-day; John Walton, a distinguished missionary of the Cross, and now one of the ex Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference in England. Joseph Spencer, an eminent minister, whose memory is fragrant with spiritual achievement. Charles Fish, of Toronto Conference, who has been eminently successful in winning souls to Christ. Supposing that these three lads had been discouraged by the Church and allowed to drift into the line of sin, what a wealth of Christian service would have been lost to the Church and the world."

Let all Church workers be encouraged. No well-meant effort put forth in the name of Christ will be lost. The promise is, "He that sows forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Let there be a boys' select class and also a girls' in connection with every Sunday-school. E. B.

In What is Your Hope?

IN the State Prison Room of the great Tower of London, as you enter the Beauchamp Tower, is a short inscription, bearing date of more than three hundred years ago. It is a brief and precious record of one of whom nothing certain is at present known but the name—yet it is enough. In five short words it tells that, shut off from dear friends and all the pleasures of the bright world outside, and shut up in this gloomy fortress, the poor prisoner had a never-failing source of comfort in a simple reliance on the Saviour, who has said he will "never leave or forsake" those who put their trust in Him.

The inscription which leads to this conclusion is a brief one:—

"MY HOPE IS IN CHRIST."

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."



MOSES AND AARON BEFORE PHARAOH.

Does Anyone Know Him?

Out of the street, after ringing a bell or two,
Into the house, with a rush and a yell or two,
Kitchenward, lured by some savory smell or two—
Dinner inspires him with joy!

Off goes his hat, with a dextrous fling to it;
Off goes the cat with a mischievous string to it;
Up starts the baby, because he will sing to it—
Any one know such a boy?

Wild with his comrades as any Comanche is;
Rough as a steer on a far western ranch he is;
Surely of mischief the root and the branch he is;
Yet there's pure gold in alloy

Tender and true at the heart's core, though small he is;
Brave and chivalric, whatever befalls, he is;
Mother's own torment and blessing through all he is—
Any one know such a boy?

Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh.

AND the Lord spake unto Moses and unto Aaron, saying, When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, Shew a miracle for you: then thou shalt say unto Aaron, Take thy rod, and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall become a serpent. And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded: and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent. Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers: now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods. And he hardened Pharaoh's heart, that he hearkened not unto them; as the Lord had said.—Exodus vii. 8-13.

Resting on God.

A YOUNG man, distressed about his soul, had confided his difficulties to a friend, who discerned very quickly that he was striving to obtain everlasting life by great efforts. He spoke of "sincere prayers" and "heartfelt desires" after salvation, but continually lamented that he did not "feel any difference in spite of it all."

His friend did not answer him at first, but presently interrupted him with the inquiry: "W., did you ever learn to float?"

"Yes, I did," was the surprised reply.

"And did you find it easy to learn?"

"Not at first," he answered.

"What was the difficulty?" his friend pursued.

"Well, the fact was. I could not lie still: I could not believe or realize that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began to struggle, and, of course, down I went at once."

"And then?"

"Then I found out that I must give up all the struggle and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that; I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should never sink."

"And is not God's word more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for feelings; he commands you just to rest in him, to believe his word and accept his gift. His message of life reaches down to you in your place of ruin and death, and his word to you now is, 'The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord' (Rom. 6. 23)"

Beware of Little Sins.

IN his garden, in Vermont, the writer had growing a large and flourishing apple tree. How long it had stood there he could not tell, probably ten years. Many a severe storm had beaten against it; the biting cold of many winters had assailed it; but, in spite of wind and frost, the tree stood as firm and unharmed as ever. With the return of every spring appeared the leaves and blossoms; when autumn came the branches were freighted with an abundance of rosy fruit. But two winters ago, when a great lepth of snow lay upon the ground, mice found their way to the tree, and nibbling away silently and unseen, stripped the bark to a height of three feet from the ground. What the result was one can easily imagine. With the coming of spring no more leaves or blossoms appeared, for the tree was dead. Soon it had to be cut down as an encumbrance to the ground. What the severe storms of many winters failed to do those tiny vermin succeeded in doing within a short time—sapping the life of that once flourish-

ing tree. In this story there is a moral for the young. It teaches the destructive power of little sins. When some great temptation meets a person, as a rule he will brace himself against it; he will fight the evil with all the power at his command. The same is not true, however, of our dealings with little evils. These are so small, so trivial, that we pay but little attention to them. And yet these little sinful acts do more mischief than the greater. By their silent, subtle character they often succeed in working untold harm. A boy tells a lie now and then, thinking nothing of it, but the repetition of that act will in time make him a confirmed liar, in whose word no one will have confidence. Occasionally he may utter an oath, thinking little of what he says; but if he persists in doing so, he will become a foul-mouthed swearer, whose every other word will be a curse. Oh, remember, that little sins cherished or persisted in are sure to lead to sad and terrible results.

A short time ago an incident came under my notice illustrating forcibly this thought. The pilot of an East River ferry-boat was observed one day by the superintendent taking two bricks from the company's yard. A

watch was placed over him, when it was discovered that he repeated the same act every day. At last, he was arrested on the charge of stealing; and when his house was searched, there was found in his cellar a large pile of bricks which he had in this small way stolen from his employers. Of course, the man was brought to trial, receiving a sentence of several years in the penitentiary.

From what has been said, it is clear that to maintain our integrity, we must needs shun the very appearance of evil. To build up a noble character and preserve the same intact; to gain the respect to their fellows and win the approval of God, the young need to put in constant practice the advice of the great apostle, "Abhor that which is evil."

Wild Oats.

THAT altogether silly theory that young men must sow their "wild oats" is being exploded pretty thoroughly. It is high time. Dr. Talmage gives his opinion in characteristic style in the *New York Observer*.

You see aged men about us at eighty, erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between eighteen and thirty? None, absolutely none. God does not very often honour with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Trembling and staggering along these streets to-day are men, all bent, and decayed, and prematurely old for the reason that they are paying for liens they put upon their physical estate before they were thirty. By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage and a second mortgage and a third mortgage to the devil, and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertakers will soon put out of sight. Let a flock of sins settle on your heart before you get to twenty-five years of age, and they will in all probability keep possession of it. What? Will a man's body never completely recover from early dissipation in this world? Never. How about the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through all eternity.

Methodist Jubilee Song.

"AWAKE! Arise!" The shout was heard "delivered
nigh!"

When first the sons of Wesley hung their banners to the
sky

The world for Christ their watchword, and this their
battle cry:—

The Lord is marching on?
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
The Lord is marching on.

At once arose a shout of joy, from England's sunny dales
That woke the sleeping echoes all through Scotland's hills
and vales,

And rang in stirring clarion tones, from all the peaks of
Wales,

The Lord is marching on.

The rugged Cornish miners heard the song of jubilee,
The Channel Islands caught the strain and sung it glad
and free,

It burst in pealing chorus from the toilers of the sea,
The Lord is marching on.

The sons of Erin started when they heard the joyful song,
Across the ocean billows, on glad winds borne along,
And a thousand sturdy voices swelled the anthem clear
and strong,

The Lord is marching on.

So swift to east and so swift to west, the Gospel signal
sped,

Until a mighty army had risen from the dead,
Shouting with glory in each soul, and joy upon each head,
The Lord is marching on.

Then with a start and with a cry, with blood red flag un-
furled,

Upon the ranks of evil the bannered host was hurled
For the spreading of the Kingdom, for the conquest of the
world,

The Lord is marching on.

No more the sin-cursed sons of men shall mourn the spirits
dearth,

For time has never blighted the hopes that then had birth,
A hundred years of victory and glory fills the earth,
The Lord is marching on.

The Lord is marching on.

Oh! brothers, while your hearts are swelling, start the old-
time song,

Sing it with a vigour that shall roll the world along,
Sing it as we ought to sing it, twenty millions strong,
The Lord is marching on.

The Lord is marching on.

The coming of the kingdom. Oh! the glory it will bring,
Oh! through the vaulted heaven let our praises peal and
ring,

For a glorious day is dawning, 'tis the coming of the King.



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

Take Care of the Methodist Girls.

THE boys are not to be neglected. But the girls
are more important. The grace-hoop is mightier
than the ball-bat. Cinderella's chances are better
than Jack-the-Giant-Killer's. Only one feature of
the subject now: the possible influence of the girls
upon the future strength of our Church. We
would not be narrow; but we would be Methodists.
Methodism is the broadest Church in the world
which retains the vigor of spiritual life. Because
it is best adapted to the religious wants of the
great multitude, we desire its enlargement. Woman
is the best propagandist. She is most tenacious in
her grasp upon doctrine and polity. But for her,
scarcely a Church would maintain its hold upon
society. On every frontier she is the Church. It
is her providential function. The young girl
naturally espouses the cause of her Sunday-school
and Church. Make her espousal intelligent and
spiritual. Indoctrinate her. Acquaint her with
the history of Methodism. Instruct her in its

polity. Adjust the work of the Church so as to
give her a part. Teach her that she is depended
upon. Acknowledge heartily her labours. Guide
them. Place the highest ideals of life before her.
Insist that the Church shall give her the best
opportunities. Befriend her every way. No
matter if she is poor. Perhaps she is a domestic.
See that your Epworth Leagues welcome her.
Here is the place to "lend a hand." Never mind;
look ahead. Is it true that she who "rocks the
cradle rocks the world?" So far as our observation
extends, the humblest cradles are the greatest
rockers. You are training loyal Methodist woman-
hood. At opportune moments in critical periods
Barbara Heeks will appear.

Vanderbilt University irradiates the Church
South, and the shimmer of its greatness falls on us.
Have you wondered how Vanderbilt came to lavish
his money upon that denominational enterprise?
This is the story: His second wife, whom he
married in Canada, was a Southern woman, a niece
of Bishop McTyeire. The bishop was taking leave
after a visit, during which he had opened his heart
on the educational needs of his Church, when Mr.
Vanderbilt handed him a sealed envelope, which
contained \$500,000 as a nucleus for Vanderbilt
University.

Methodists are never better off than when they
have an Esther at court. There are many Esthers
in the infant-class now. Take care of them.—
Western Christian Advocate.

Bible Study.

Do not be discouraged because the Bible seems a
dry book. Do not try to read it through in a year
—three chapters every day and five on Sunday—
but make a little part your own each day. Get the
book of verses, "Daily Food," and learn a verse
each morning, write it at night, and be sure you
remember it. We knew a little girl of sixteen,
helpless for months at a hospital, whose eyes were
bandaged from the light. Every day she repeated
the verses she had learned as a child, and that
kept her hopeful and happy, and had much to do in
giving her health and eyesight again. Get the plan
of reading laid out for the Epworth League, and
follow it faithfully.

—Waterloo, P.Q.—Rev. Mr. McGill's lecture in
the Methodist church, under the auspices of the
Epworth League, was well attended, and it was
not too much to say that the lecture was thoroughly
enjoyed. The lecture was on "First Principles—
Purity, Responsibility and Work," and the subject
was treated in an able, original and interesting
way. Many passages were eloquent, and we only
regret that in a brief report we are unable to give
any idea or conception of Mr. McGill's grand treat-
ment of a grand theme. The Epworth League
orchestra, numbering seven or eight good musicians,
discoursed sweet and appropriate music, the choir
assisting. The League has entered upon a career
that promises to be abundantly useful.—*Waterloo
Advertiser.*

"The Grip."

A FEW months ago the world was troubled with
a disease which was familiarly called "The Grip."
Thousands—perhaps millions—of people were
sorely afflicted with it. A great many in our own
and other lands died from its effects. By a per-
sonal experience of its power we were made to
realize that it was anything but a joke. We tried
for several days to "back it," but it persistently
refused to be backed, and, in fact, laid us on our
back for as many days as we had spent in fighting
it. The whole system seemed to be affected by it.

Those who made light of it put themselves in great
danger of pneumonia, which was usually fatal in
its termination.

While the disease lasted, and since, we have often
thought what a good illustration "the Grip" is
of sin. In its very name it resembles sin, for sin
grips the soul as the dreaded disease did the body.
From time immemorial people have been suffering
from the grip of sin. It racked the physical
system; so does sin rack the soul. It was impos-
sible to "back it" off; so it is impossible for the
unaided nature to back off the presence and dis-
astrous effects of sin. It led, unless checked, to
something more disastrous; so sin leads to vice,
and crime, and death. It needed the skill of a
trustworthy physician; so sin, if we would be freed from
its power, needs the skill of the Great Physician of
souls.

Are any of our readers still under the grasp of
the more terrible "grip" of sin? We beg them
not to try to overcome it in their own strength,
but to call in at once the only one who can release
them from its baleful power—the Lord Jesus
Christ. What a blessed thing it is that we have
so sure and mighty a helper!

The Spicery of Religion.

How any woman keeps house without the reli-
gion of Christ to help her, is a mystery to me.
To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as
many women do, in planning for the meals, and
stitching garments that will soon be rent again,
and deploring breakages, and supervising tardy
subordinates, and driving off dust that soon again
will settle, and doing the same thing day in and
day out, and year in and year out, until the hair
silvers and the back stoops and spectacles crawl to
the eyes and the grave breaks open under the thin
sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony!

But, when Christ comes to the drawing-room,
and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nur-
sery, and comes to the dwelling; then how cheery
becomes all womanly duties! She is never alone
now. Martha gets through fretting, and joins
Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah
is happy, because she can help Lapidoth; Hannah,
because she can make a coat for young Samuel;
Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother;
Rachel, because she can help her father water the
stock; the widow of Sarepta, because the cruse of
oil is being replenished.

Oh, woman, having in your pantry a nest of
boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why
have you not tried in your heart and life the
spicery of our holy religion? "Martha! Martha!
thou art careful and troubled about many things;
but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen
that good part which shall not be taken away
from her."—*Talmage.*

"Let Well Enough Alone."

SOME good people are very conservative. They
are alarmed at any proposed innovation. They
dislike a change. Their spirit may be illustrated
by this incident:

The son of a certain German farmer found, in
getting ready for mill, that the sack of grain would
ride just as well on the horse's back by dividing the
load, as by putting a stone in one side and the
grain in the other. So he called his father's atten-
tion to the improvement. But the improvement
was an innovation, and the father said, "Hans,
your vater und your grandvater, und your great-
grandvater vent to mill mit dat shtone in der sack,
und vat vas goot enough vor tem, ish goot enough
vor you. Put back dat shtone."

Destiny.

BY T. E. MOORE.

Awake! awake! old England,
Rise from thine island lair;
The sun of Empire dawning
Gleams on thy dew-wet hair.

Outstretch thy limbs majestic,
Peal out thy thunderous roar;
Thy lion brood will greet thee
From every sea and shore.

They share thine ancient ardour,
Proud mistress of the sea,
For truth and honest dealing,
Thy love of liberty!

And where thy sturdy offspring
Have wandered far and near,
Their British pluck and industry,
Have proposed year by year.

Until the pulsing life-blood
Of hearts so bold and free,
Begots a people yearning
For Nationality.

Temptations now beset them—
Foes from behind, before;
Her children look to England—
They wait the lion's roar.

The royal invitation
From out the lordly den,
Like sound of distant thunder,
Or tramp of armed men;

The royal invitation
To the lion brood afar,
To share the royal burden
Be it in peace or war.

To share the royal honour—
Bright guardon of the day—
When England and her offspring
Shall join in equal sway.

Awake! awake! old England,
Rise from thine island lair;
Thy lion brood are longing
Thy destiny to share.

The Church and Amusements.

Our Church is right in forbidding the dance. This diversion is not lacking in stimulating quality, it is true; but the whole arrangement is commonly made for seeking this stimulant when both mind and body need repose. And where the delight is keenest, there is such dress, posture, mixing of sexes, time, and associations, as tends to damage body, brain, and morals. It is an egregious error to have children learn to dance to make them graceful. That politeness which studies posture chiefly bears the same relation to true politeness that counterfeit coin bears to good money. Only the pure gold of sincerity can be stamped into true gracefulness in man. What is the value of the polite protestations of friendship in the society of those who learned grace (?) from the French dancing-master?

The Bible says: "He that loveth pureness of heart for the grace of his lips, the king shall be his friend." The movement of the lips is a better index of character than the movement of the feet. If it be not from a good heart, all graceful speech and appearance is a sham.

Card-playing is also justly condemned. This game furnishes a stimulant to few people, for a long time, without some wager. "Progressive euchre" was a natural outgrowth of social card-playing. This is exciting, and will do more to train some who will later take risks with trust funds than the gambling houses of great cities; for those who resort to the gambler's hall will not get high places of trust.

The theatre is condemned on its merits. I will not discuss the theatre at its worst. But what of

the best theatre, where we are asked to send the youth to learn history and biography and literature? It is a fatal plea. Men or boys do not go to the theatre to study anything. They go for a stimulant. The drama is a diversion—a play—or it is nothing. It has the one characteristic of all useful amusement—it must be thrilling, and increasingly so, or it becomes dull and stupid. To speak of it as a means of instruction is to clothe the theatre with a dignity not its own. People go to it for entertainment only; its representations are very properly called "plays." Let us look at it in its own habiliments.

In the best tragedies, the characters are the creation of the author. If it be Shakespeare's, they are very much like men whom God created, but not real men. We know that no man ever did or could speak such classic poetry when his passions were raging with anger, or his heart breaking with sorrow. The "strut of the stage" which stimulates the posture and speech of men in anger can be only approximated. Real life is inimitable and indescribable in voice and gesture. A drama, on the stage, is not life, but a play. The Bible gives us tragedy in the books of Esther and Daniel, but not in the form of a drama. It would be corrupting to look upon an imitation of those scenes on the stage. Even the description of them is almost wholly omitted. Reading Shakespeare may be a study. Seeing his characters on the stage is an entertainment. Great actors study Shakespeare from the book only. The drama is not the best form for teaching history or biography. The damage of the theatre is first upon the actor. He is a simulator; has a habit of acting upon feelings he does not possess. If he achieve distinction, more is the pity; for he only proves that he might have served his fellow-men by being great in some useful work. A life thrown away for what? A play. "Not enjoyment," says Longfellow, in his Psalm of Life,

"But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us better than to-day."

We would not desire to live in a part of the city where tragedies in real life occur often, so that our children could look upon them from the windows to study human nature. All admit that this would corrupt the youth; but who can show that looking upon an imitation of such things is not also corrupting.

There is a law of man's nature that gives him pain at sight of suffering; but, accustomed to see it, with no power to relieve, man becomes dead to the feeling of pity. It feeds upon itself till consumed. Witness the surgeon, who can cut off your finger with no more feeling of pain than your experience in mending the point of a pencil. He who goes to the theatre and sheds tears at simulated sorrow, will have lost tears to shed for the real suffering near his own home.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Bands of Mercy.

THE Ladies' Committee of the Royal Humane Society give the following reasons why children should be encouraged to join Bands of Mercy:—

1. Because children should be trained to habits of kindness to animals, which will soften their manners and tend to habits of kindness to mankind.

2. Because children should have tender hearts, which will lead them to compassionate defenceless creatures, and ameliorate the condition of weak, oppressed, or suffering human beings.

3. Because children should learn their duty to the lower creation, whether of domestic or wild nature, the performance of which is doing in part our duty to the Author of Creation.

1. Because children should study the structure, habit, and uses of animals, which will enable them to treat them usefully and humanely, and to treat them usefully and humanely, and to fix in their minds a sense of justice to man, and bird, and beast.

5. Because children who acquire kindly dispositions in Bands of Mercy are not likely to be cruel to any sensitive being when they become men and women, and thereby will be made better citizens.

6. Because children should be permitted to cultivate tenderness towards animals, seeing that the performance of a reasonable consideration for them increases the happiness of animals, and is a source of pleasure to children and adults.

What He Had Against Him.

A PERSON went to the late Mr. Longden, of Sheffield, one day, and said, "I have something against you, and I am come to tell you of it."

"Do walk in, sir," he replied. "You are my best friend. If I could but engage my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper. But, if you please, we will both kneel down, in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview."

After they rose from their knees, Mr. Longden said, "Now, my brother, I will thank you to tell me what it is that you have against me?"

"Oh," said the man, "I really don't know what it is. It is all gone; and I believe I was in the wrong."

Bits of Fun.

—The man who tries to take things as they come—the base-ball catcher.

—Hogg was only a fourth-rate poet, but he is the only literary man who ever had a pen named after him.

—A full-blooded Indian recently astonished a printer at Elko, Cal., by ordering a supply of visiting cards.

—"Does your daughter read much?"

"No, she does not."

"I understand she reads all the latest novels."

"Well, so she does; but I don't call them much."

—A Boston woman when writing to invite a friend to dine with her, does not dare to affix "N. B." to her letter lest it be interpreted "no beans."

—Servant—"Yis, sorr, Mrs. Jones is in. Shall I take in yer name, sorr?"

Visitor—"Professor Vandensplinkenheimer."

Servant—"Och! Sure ye'd better go right in and take it wid ye."

—Baby was trying to dress herself.

"Whatever are you trying to do there, little one? Doesn't baby see that she's putting her stockings on wrong side out?"

"Yes, that's coz there's a hole on t'other side."

—Mary—"I'm so glad Eugenia was not sea sick on the trip over."

Bessie—"How do you know she was not? The steamer has only just arrived on the other side."

Mary—"The paper says that the *City of Rome* was spoken by the *Ethuria*, which reported, 'All well on board.'"

—Two men met on a country road. First man—"Do you live in this neighbourhood?"

Second man—"Yes, sir."

"Do you own any buildings?"

"Yes, sir."

"Couldn't I sell you some lightning-rods?"

"Perhaps you could, under one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you will subscribe for *Lives of the American Presidents*, which I am selling."

"Good-day. I think I made a mistake."

Mother's Boys.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small, muddy boots?
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlour is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night;
While you can go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I am a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home, with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure—
But leave me my four noble boys!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 29 or 30] **LESSON V.** [Aug. 3

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke 15. 11-24. Memory verses, 17-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee.—Luke 15. 18.

TIME.—29 or 30 A.D.

PLACE.—Perea.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Told in connection with the preceding two parables.

EXPLANATIONS.

The portion—The elder son had a legal right, on the death of his father, to two portions of the movable property. The younger son was entitled to one-third; but it was impertinent to demand it during his father's life-time. *Divided unto them*—But evidently, from the rest of the story, he retained his own authority over the eldest son's share. *Not many days after*—Impatience with restraint is soon followed by lawless behaviour. *Par country*—Jewish boys not unfrequently went thus abroad, to the great grief of their orthodox parents. *Riotous living*—Reckless waste of noble energies. *Mighty famine*—Famines were common incidents of ancient civilization as railroad accidents are of ours. Nobody in a Gentile city would fare worse during famine than a Jew, for he was as thoroughly hated by the pre-Christian world as by many in modern Christendom. *Went*—Is characteristic of the far country. Excess always leads to suffering. *Joined himself*—The word means glued himself. He "stuck" against the citizen's will. *To feed swine*—Jews so hated pigs that they never mentioned them, but always called them "those other things." Swineherds were accursed; but the prodigal had no other resource. *Would fain*—Desired, but did not dare to. *Husks*—Carob-pods. Cattle like them, but they are unfit for human food. *No man gave*—Satan cares not to alleviate the distresses of his victims. *Came to himself*—He had been living to Satan. *Hired servants*—"Those who serve God from the hope of reward, not in the spirit of filial love." *I will arise and go*—Remorse avails nothing without practical repentance. *Will say*—"I have played the fool, and will hasten to confess it." *Against heaven*—The truly penitent soul realizes that sin against God surpasses all other sins. *He arose and came*—A miserable journey.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Sin*, vers. 11-16.
About whom did Jesus begin to tell a story?

What demand did the younger son make?
What did the father do with his estate?
Where did the younger son go?
What had the younger son done?
What distress came upon him?
From whom did he seek aid?
What employment was given him?
What shows that he was in great poverty?
What always follows from sin? Jas. 1. 15.

2. *Repentance*, vers. 17-21.

What was the first indication of repentance?
What contrast came to his mind?
Where did he resolve to go?
What did he intend to say? (Golden Text.)
How far did he carry out his purpose?
Where did his father see him?
What did the father do?
What did the son say?
Against whom does every sinner offend?
Psa. 51. 4.

3. *Salvation*, vers. 22-24.

What did the father bid the servants do for the son?
What order did he give for a feast?
Why did he show such joy?
What pledge of salvation has every penitent sinner? Prov. 23. 13.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the younger son demand of his father? "His share of the inheritance."
2. How did he waste his substance in the far country? "With riotous living."
3. When he had spent all, what arose in that far land? "A mighty famine."
4. In his misery, what resolution did he make? "I will arise and go to my father."
5. What did he say to him? "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee."
6. How did the father act? "He was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The riches of grace.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. Why is this sometimes called justification?

Because the forgiven penitent is justified, or treated for Christ's sake as if he were righteous.

Being justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Romans 5. 1.

A.D. 30] **LESSON VI.** [Aug. 10

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

Luke 16. 19-31. Memory verses, 25-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

How hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!—Mark 10. 24.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Perea.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This parable, like that of the unjust steward, is given only by Luke. It was uttered by our Lord during his last journey to Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.

A certain rich man—Left nameless. *Purple and fine linen*—Descriptive of the extremest luxury. The purple dye was very costly. Egyptian linen, here alluded to, was so fine it was called "woven air." It was nearly as fine as silk, and as transparent as lawn, and was enormously costly. *Par'd sumptuously*—Making merry in splendour. *Lazarus*—This is the only instance of a personal name in our Lord's parables. *Was laid*—Carelessly left there by unsympathetic bearers. *Full of sores*—Ulcerated *crumbs*—Where knives, forks, spoons, and plates are unused, crumbs are more plentiful than with us. *The dogs*—Got the fragments the beggar longed for, then came and worried him. Street dogs in the East are wild, masterless scavengers, and no tenderness on their part is indicated. *Morose*—And even. *Abraham's bosom*—The Jews used three phrases to indicate the heavenly state—the throne of glory, Paradise or Eden, and the bosom of Abraham. The fancy that lay behind the latter term was that of a great feast, in which the "Father of the faithful" was host. *Hell*—Hades. To Christ's hearers this word brought only the thought of a state where men lived without their bodies. *In torments*—He was suffering punishment. *Send Lazarus*—These words might indicate the old selfish arrogance and heartlessness; but they are more likely to indicate a pathetic craving for the sympathy of one for whom in his lifetime

he had only contempt. *Tormented*—I am suffering pain. *Abraham said, Son*—Abraham does not disown his relationship. It is the same word the father uses to the elder son in the parable of the prodigal son. *Remember*—On memory will hang much of the joy and much of the pain of eternity. *Thou in thy lifetime*—Every man makes choice of what joys he will indulge in. Lazarus had chosen the eternal things, and had had a hard time until the dawn of eternity brought him bliss. The rich man had chosen temporal things, and now his joys were exhausted. *I have five brethren*—This passage has been variously interpreted as indicating selfishness and unselfishness and anxiety for others. We prefer the latter view. *Moses and the prophets*—Sufficient to warn any heedful man from his indulgence. *From the dead*—The Jews were by nature peculiarly susceptible to the marvellous. Generally the thought of a messenger from the dead would be peculiarly impressive to the Jewish mind. *Neither will they be persuaded*—Infidelity and humble faith in God are produced in most instances, not by outward circumstances, but by a man's own decision. There are few men who have not within handy reach all the means necessary to secure their salvation.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Here*, vers. 19-21.

What two persons are pictured here?
What is said of the rich man's raiment?
What of his daily food?
Where was Lazarus found daily?
What is said of his daily food?
Who were his only companions?
What does God require of the rich here?
1 Tim. 6. 17, 18.
What rich poor men does God honour?
—Jas. 2. 5.

2. *Hereafter*, vers. 22-31.

What happened to both of these men?
Where did the poor man go, and how?
What became of the rich man?
Whom did he see and recognize?
What prayer did he offer?
What contrast did Abraham point out?
What hindered granting the rich man's prayer?
Where then did he wish Lazarus sent?
Why did he make this request?
What was Abraham's reply?
What was said in answer to this?
What reason was given why this would fail?
What danger from riches does the Golden Text point out?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was Lazarus the beggar laid while suffering from hunger and sores?
"At the rich man's gate."
2. When he died, where did the angels carry him?
"Into Abraham's bosom."
3. What led the rich man, after death, to appeal to Abraham?
"He was in torments."
4. With what did he ask that Lazarus might be sent?
"A drop of water to cool his tongue."
5. When refused this favour, to whom did he ask that Lazarus might be sent in warning?
"To his five brethren."
6. What did Abraham say would occur since they heard not Moses and the prophets?
"Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The intermediate state.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

6. But is not he who is treated as righteous made righteous also?
He is made inwardly righteous by the renewing of the Holy Spirit, who enables him to do righteousness.
That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Romans 8. 4.
Titus. 3. 5; John 3. 7.

FIFTY years ago, seven shoemakers in a shop in the city of Hamburg, said: "By the grace of God we will help to send the Gospel to our destitute fellow-men." In twenty-five years they had established fifty self-supporting churches, had gathered 10,000 converts, had distributed 400,000 Bibles and 800,000 tracts, and had carried the gospel to 50,000,000 of the race. It would take only 160 such men to carry the gospel to the whole world in twenty-five years.



A complete line of Epworth League Recommended Readings in the different courses now in stock, and will be shipped promptly as ordered. Epworth League Badges and Ribbons ordered and will soon be in stock.

Young People's Prayer-meeting Topics from January to July, ready; 25 cents per hundred.

Epworth Leaflets, Nos. 1, 2, 3, ready; 5 cents per dozen. Samples free.

For goods write WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

For sample Epworth Leaflets, write W. H. WITHROW, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

SUNDAY READING FOR THE CHILDREN.

Sent Post-paid at prices attached.

Bible Stories, (stiff cover).....	15
Bible Picture Alphabet, (paper cover) .	20
Rays from the Bright and Morning Star (just out)	35
The Pilgrim's Progress, in words of one syllable with coloured illustrations. .	50
The Beautiful House, with its Seven Pillars	45
The Young Refugee.....	45
Favourite Bible Stories.....	45
Sunday Afternoons at Rose Cottage....	45
Walking with Jesus	45
The Three Brave Princes, and other Stories	45
The Lilies of the Field, and other Readings	45
Readings with the Little Ones.....	45
In the Beginning (Stories from Genesis) .	70
Bible Pictures for Little Ones.....	70
The Story of the Life of Jesus, told in words easy to read and understand. .	70

These books are most suitable for Sunday Reading and are written particularly for the use of Children. Send for one or more.

JUST THINK!

IF YOU SEND 10 CENTS

We will send Post paid

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

COMPLETE.

With many illustrations, neatly bound in Paper;

OR FOR \$1.00

We will send you a beautiful Cloth Bound Edition, with Scripture References, and 100 illustrations, printed in large clear type, containing 447 pages.

POST-PAID.

THE ELSIE BOOKS.

A series of High-Class Books for Girls by MARTHA FINLAY.

Elsie Dinsmore.
Elsie's Holidays at Roselands.
Elsie's Girlhood.
Elsie's Womanhood.

OTHER VOLUMES READY SHORTLY.
35 Cents each, Post-paid.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

29 TO 33 RICHMOND ST. WEST

AND

30 TO 36 TEMPERANCE ST., TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.