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# HOME AND SCHOOL

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TORONTO, JANUARY 15, 1887.

[No. 2.]

Vol. V.]

## The Egyptian Palm.

THE accompanying picture is a representation of the beautiful and fruitful palm tree which grows to-day, as it did centuries ago, along the banks of the Nile. To the Egyptian, this tree affords both food and shelter. Its fruit is a staple article in his daily diet; its branches protect him from the rays of the sun; its leaves thatch his house, and its wood is used for fuel or building. It is said, indeed, that there is nothing about a palm tree which is not in some way useful to man. Perhaps the Psalmist was thinking of this when he said: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree."

### Silent Forces.

WORKMEN in the stone quarries sometimes find a very hard kind of rock. They pick little grooves for the iron wedges, and then with great sledge-hammers drive and drive the wedges into the flinty rock. And yet, once in awhile, they fail to divide the solid mass. The iron wedges and the sledges prove useless, and the workmen wonder at the stubborn rock. But there is yet another way. The iron wedges are removed from the narrow grooves. Then little wooden wedges, of a very hard fibre, are



THE EGYPTIAN PALM.

selected. Now you begin to shake your head and think: "Well, if iron wedges will not do, how is it possible for wooden wedges to be used successfully?" Just wait, until we explain. The sharp, well-made wooden wedges are first put into water. They are then inserted into the grooves tightly, while wet, and water is kept in the grooves, and no sledge is needed to drive them. They would break under the severe blows of the ponderous hammer. But the workmen just let the wet wedges alone. They will do what the driven iron fails to do. How so? The damp wood swells. The particles must have room to enlarge. And the granite hearts of the rocks cannot withstand this silent influence. Soon the solid rock parts from top to bottom, and the workman's will is accomplished. It is so, often, in other things. What noise and visible effort fail to do, some quiet power, rightly applied, will surely achieve. Teachers may remember this fact in mechanics, and manage some very stubborn natures by the application of the silent forces. The iron and the sledge-hammer so often fail; but tears, prayers, and a patient example never fail.—  
*Alex. Clarke, D.D.*

They that seek me early, shall find me.

## My Neighbour's Baby.

A sturdy, fair-haired laddie  
Was Roger, my neighbour's son,  
With the innocent look in his blue eyes  
Of a life that was just begun.  
When I see a crimson dress,  
Hear a sweet, child voice at play,  
It always, somehow, reminds me  
Of the baby over the way.

He was two years old that summer,—  
I had never noticed the child,  
Till one day, when I was passing,  
He looked through the gate and smiled.  
He made a pretty picture,  
With the sunlight on his hair;  
He wore a red dress, I remember,  
And his little feet were bare.

I had always a weakness for children,  
So I stopped and spoke to the lad,—  
He told me what his name was,  
And how many kittens he had.  
He filled my hands with blossoms,  
In spite of all I could say,  
Then he lifted his face to kiss me  
Before I turned away.

I guess I may as well tell you,  
That my neighbour and I were—well,  
Now I've begun the story,  
I hardly know what to tell;  
It was such a little matter  
At first, but it ran along  
As things will, if you let them,  
When they've started to go wrong,

Until—I'm ashamed to say it,  
Living as close as we do—  
After a bitter quarrel,  
When a cutting word or two  
Passed back and forth between us,  
We did not speak again.  
Childish, you say! I know it,  
But I didn't think so then.

But we were the best of comrades,  
The little Roger and I,  
After that day when he kissed me,  
As I was passing by.  
I might turn toward my neighbour  
A face that was hard and grim;  
But Roger, my neighbour's baby,  
I had always a smile for him.

And so it went on all summer,  
Till at last there came a day,  
When strangely hushed and darkened  
Was the cottage over the way.  
A few words told the story,—  
A few words carelessly said,  
But freighted with so much sadness,—  
"The baby, you know, is dead!"

I filled my hands with the flowers  
I knew he loved the best,  
And just as the sunset glory  
Was fading out of the west,  
I entered my neighbour's gateway,  
Went up the path to the door,—  
The months had grown into years since I  
Had trodden that path before.

But we who are very wilful  
By a little child are led,  
As I entered the darkened chamber  
And stood beside the bed,  
Where the silent form of Roger,  
Half-covered with flowers, lay,  
All my bitterness to my neighbour  
Forever passed away.

It needs no words to explain it,  
I think you will understand;  
Over the little sleeper  
I clasped my neighbour's hand.  
The bond that was formed will never  
Be broken till time shall cease,  
For Roger, my neighbour's baby,  
Has spoken the words of peace.

—Good Housekeeping.

BEGIN the study of the Sunday-school lesson early in the week.

## Stop Before You Begin.

Success depends as much upon not doing as doing; in other words, "Stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother, by the horse running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot.

As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not precipitated into the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me:

"Another time hold in your horse before he starts."

How many young men would have been saved if in early life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong-doing:

"No, I thank you."

If John, at that time a clerk in the store, had only said to one of the older clerks, when invited to spend an evening in a drinking saloon, "No, I thank you," he would not to-day be an inmate of the inebriate asylum.

If James, a clerk in another store, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steamboat excursion had said, "No, I thank you," he would to-day have been perhaps an honored officer in the church instead of occupying a cell in State prison.

Had William, when at school, said, when his comrades suggested to him that he write his own excuse for absence from school and sign his father's name, "No, I thank you," he would not to-day be serving out a term of years in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men, I have noticed this, that resisting the devil in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous. "Avoid the beginnings of evil," is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life.

Oh, how many young men have endeavored, when half-way down the hill of wrong-doing, to stop, but have not been able! Their own passions, appetites, lusts and bad habits have driven them down to swift and irremediable ruin.

My young friend, stop before you begin to go down the hill; learn now to say to all invitations to wrong-doing, from whatever source they come, "No, I thank you," and in your old age, glory crowned, you will thank me for this advice.—*Golden Days.*

THE United States, with their forty millions of people, according to the internal revenue report, spend annually for liquors as much money as is spent for all the food of the people, and twice as much as is spent for the clothing of all the men, women, and children.

## At Sabine Pass.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE wind blew fiercely through the Gulf,  
The waters shoreward sweeping;  
O'er barriers there, and high in air  
The watchers saw them leaping.  
Yet felt no fear at first; for they  
Had passed through many a danger,  
And some power, they knew, would soon  
Subdue  
This mighty Texan ranger.

Still higher, higher dashed the spray—  
The wind more loudly roaring,  
While clouds o'erhead the deluge fed  
With generous outpouring,  
Until the land for miles and miles  
Lay underneath the waters,  
And menaced by the sea and sky  
Were Sabine sons and daughters.

Night added horror to the scene;  
And dreadful doom awaited  
That garrison as the storm swept on  
With fury unabated.  
And soon—ah! who can tell the hour,  
Or guess the fearful slaughter?—  
The whole of Sabine Pass, alas!  
Lay 'neath the cruel water!

Above the sea, the light-house tower  
So lonely and forsaken,  
Stood bold and brave, by wind and wave  
Still rudely tossed and shaken;  
And now and then, from depths below,  
A wave of wondrous power,  
Like Python came to quench the flame  
That glimmered in the tower.

For two long dreary days and nights  
The tenants watched and waited,  
Nor broke their fast; while loud the blast  
Roared and reverberated.  
And wife and children nestled there,  
Close bound in loving tether,  
Willing to share each other's fare  
And starve or drown together.

Hope dawned at last. A boat draws near!  
Vigil and fast are ended,  
And in the night from cerise height  
The keeper slow descended:  
Barefooted, ragged, almost spent,  
He paused, his glances turning  
Toward the lamp o'erhead, and calmly said,  
"It's half a light, sir, but it's burning!"

The oil was scant, but he'd made it last,  
And though shorn of its wonted beauty,  
It had burned as guide across the tide,  
And it told of unerring duty,  
Of one who lost neither hope nor heart;  
With heroes a tribute earning  
From the hand of Fame; for though small  
The flame  
He had faithfully kept it burning!

## Keep Clean.

I WANT to tell you something; yes, bright, clean-faced boys and girls, whom I often used to meet on the city streets, and whom I meet now in the country, sometimes. But, in the first place, I do not want you to say, as you look at the two words at the head of this article, "Funny sort of thing for a Sunday-school paper to talk about!"

I do not think so. There is a good deal in it—more than meets the eye; and, besides, the Bible often alludes to it. "Clean hands and a pure heart," "our bodies washed with pure water," and lots of texts besides, bear on the same subject; so it is not out of place to say to you young people, "Keep clean." Keep clean mouths and sweet lips, while you keep your hearts pure by praying every day and every hour the beautiful snow-prayer, "Wash me, and

I shall be whiter than snow." But what I sat down to write was to tell you about some friends of ours who searched the Bible through and through to find this text, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Did they find it! Of course they did not, because it isn't in the Bible at all—though I dare say half the grown-up people who read this will exclaim, "Oh, yes! I know it is! I've read it in Paul's epistles somewhere." I should like to see them hunt for it! But it does not hurt us to "search the Scriptures," even though it be for some impossible text.

It was John Wesley, that great and good man, who said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and I believe it to be true; and though the words of the text are not to be found in the Bible, it is full of the spirit of the text. So I say, as I began, dear young people, "Keep clean," in body and in spirit.—*The Myrtle.*

## The First Fruit.

LUILLA was once made the owner of the grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that they should ripen and be fit to eat. The time finally came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he pulled some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"Yes; but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Father told me that he gives God the first out of all the money he makes, and that then he always feels happier in spending the rest; and I want to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah! but how can you give grapes to God?" said her brother. "And even if you were able to do such a thing, he would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," said she. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go and give them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes because her mother is too poor to buy them."

And away ran Luilla, with a large basket of the "first-fruit" of the vine and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick child.

"I've brought Mary some ripe fruit," said she to Mrs. Martin.

"Dear child, may God bless you a thousandfold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought you."

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young friend and expressed her thanks.

Do you not think that this little girl enjoyed eating the rest of her grapes better than if she had kept them all for herself?

READ the Sunday-school lesson at least once every day.

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Bartholdi's Mighty Statue.

THE UNVEILING OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD"—DESCRIPTION OF THIS MODERN PHAROS—THE CEREMONIES IN NEW YORK.



RIVETING SANDAL.

THIS noble colossus, as which there is none so large in the world, was unveiled on the 25th November, 1886. The statue arrived in New York on 17th of June, 1885, but owing to the difficulty experienced in raising the money for the pedestal—a thing which probably never would have been accomplished but for the indefatigable exertion of the *New York World* in opening and heading a subscription list for the purpose—the work has only now been completed. Standing on Bedloe's Island, in New York Bay, south-west of the city, with its diademed head and uplifted arm, which latter bears an illuminating torch, the figure is indeed a most imposing one. Its stupendous size and majesty are only now for the first time fully apparent, and the effect is certainly sublime. Pictures can convey but a partial idea of its grandeur, and it is at once apparent how much more beautiful are the graceful lines of the figure than the engravings or models represent them. The pedestal is in very good proportion to the statue itself. To give an idea of the immensity of this colossus it may be mentioned that the masts of the largest ship passing on the Bay would scarcely reach to the feet of "Liberty," while her torch, 350 feet above the water, will gleam at night like a constellation in the heavens. This torch will contain eight lamps of 6,000 candle-power each, the light from which will be thrown directly outward and upward, the lamps being placed inside the sculptured flame of the torch, and

their light shining out through a circular band of glass. At the foot of the statue are several lights, each also of 6,000 candle-power, which, being reflected on the figure, will illuminate it brightly. Besides the arc lights all round "Liberty," her head contains incandescent lumps, to give the effect of jewels. The last pieces of the statue raised in place were the forefinger, which measured seven feet eleven inches in length and four feet nine inches in circumference at the second joint, and the sole of the right foot, which was a huge piece of bronze about eight feet long and four feet wide. This latter was fastened in the presence of Major-General Schofield and the American Committee. The workmen, who have been moving over the figure like industrious ants, remind one (as a glance at our second wood-cut will show) of the pigmies swarming over Gulliver in Lilliput. The weight of this stupendous statue is 440,000 pounds, of which 176,000 are copper and the remainder wrought iron. It looms up 305 feet above tide-water, the figure's height alone being 151.2 feet. The forearm is 16½ feet in circumference. The nail of the finger is 12 inches in length. The head is fifteen feet in height, and forty persons can be accommodated within



RAISING THE LAST PIECE.

its interior. The nose is 3 feet and 7 inches in length. The eye is 2 feet and 1 inch in width. Higher than the enormous towers of Brooklyn Bridge or the steeple of Trinity, which is the loftiest in the city of New York—higher, in fact, than any of the colossal statues of antiquity—its rare proportions and its stupendous dimensions will cause it to be classed as the eighth wonder of the modern world.

## THE ORIGINATOR OF THE WORK.

M. Bartholdi, who has devoted eight years of his life and the greater portion of his fortune to this gigantic work, deserves congratulation of his genius, as well as the hearty thanks of all American citizens for his most generous gift to that great republic.

The ceremonies on the Island were impressive. After prayer by Dr. Storrs, Count Ferdinand DeLesseps walked in front of the party of gentle-

men on the platform, and in a clear and sonorous voice, despite his many years, made a brief presentation speech in behalf of the Franco-American union. The rope leading from the platform to the flag, which still covered the face of the goddess, was seen to sway, a sharp pull was given and the banner fell to the pedestal. The countenance of the statue was uncovered above the great assembly. Scarcely had the banner fallen than a signal flag was waved from the mast-head of the "Tennessee." A streak of flame sprang from the side of the old war ship and then another and another, until her decks were hidden in the clouds of powder smoke. From every man-of-war in the fleet, French as well as American, thundered the salute. The scene, had the day been fair, would have been inspiring. As it was, the sound was deafening, and took its chief majesty from the roll of its thunder in echoes across the harbour. The President of the United States then stepped forward and in the name of the people of the United States accepted the statue. The bands began playing "Old Hundred," and the immense assembly joined in singing the doxology, after which Assistant Bishop Potter pronounced the benediction.

There were about 200 vessels in line, including all sorts of craft, from the great Sound steamers to tug boats and steam launches.

## WHITTIER'S POEM.

The land that, from the rule of kings,  
In freeing us, itself made free,  
Our old world sister, to us brings  
Her sculptured dream of Liberty.

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands,  
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave;  
On freedom's soil with freemen's hands,  
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France! the beautiful! To thee  
Once more a debt of love we owe;  
In peace beneath thy fleur de lis,  
We hail a later Rochembeau.

Rise, stately symbol! Holding forth  
Thy light and hope to all who sit  
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth  
With watch-fires from thy torch uplift.

Reveal the primal mandate still,  
Which chaos heard and ceased to be;  
Trace on mid-air th' eternal will  
In signs of fire; "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light  
To reason's ways and virtue's aim  
A lightning flash the wretch to smite  
Who shields his license with thy name.

By far the vastest and most influential temperance society in the world is the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. By temperance in this connection we mean total abstinence or abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage. It is not so widely known as it should be that the law and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with nearly thirteen thousand ordained ministers, two million communicants, and many million of adherents, are positively and unequivocally directed against the use of intoxicating drink.—*N. Y. Observer.*

## Book Notices.

*An Exposure of the Mischievous Perversions of Holy Scripture in the National Temperance Society's Publications.* Addressed to men of sense and candour. By REV. JOHN CARRY, D.D., of Port Perry. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison.

We are sorry that we cannot endorse the views which Dr. Carry enunciates on the temperance question. We have often been grieved that one who is possessed of so much learning should be on the side of the liquor traffic. In the pamphlet before us he has undertaken to assail the "National Temperance Society's Publications." This Society has its headquarters in New York, and for many years has published some of the most valuable works on the temperance question that have ever been issued from the press. The Rev. Dr. Cuyler is president of the Society; General Clinton Fisk, Rev. Dr. John Hall, Dr. Ormiston, and many others whose names are a tower of strength, are connected with the Society.

Dr. Carry finds fault with the teachings of the Society, and regards them as erroneous, but he does not act in a manner likely to convince gainsayers. His first chapter is entitled, "The Dishonesty of Temperance Partizanship," which of course conveys the idea that temperance men are dishonest. He gives a quotation from Carlyle to the effect "that it is the duty of men to abstain from lying." Temperance men understand their duty, and practice it too, and one of them here tells Dr. Carry that temperance men are men of truth.

The spirit in which Dr. Carry writes is not calculated to win the admiration of "men of sense and candour," whose good opinion he seems anxious to secure; and however much he may flatter himself that he has "shown temperance writers to be wilfully blind guides," those who may have patience to read the whole of his abusive pamphlet, will not endorse his opinion respecting temperance writers.

*A Door of Hope.* By JANE F. STODDART. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Popular shilling series.

This volume is one of a series which constitutes an interesting library, and if the other volumes are similar to this in their tendency and design, the library should be in great demand. The book is well got up. The scene of the story is a watering-place, where in the olden time stood a priory. Some four or five persons figure on the canvas. All their portraits are well drawn. Fidelity to each other is well illustrated. The career of one of them, who shortened his days by being a fast young man, is well depicted. A good moral tone runs through the volume, and as we have read it from beginning to end, we have no hesitancy in recommending it as suitable for young people. E. B.



## Who Calls?

BY MISS M. E. WINSTON.

THE following legend concerning the origin of the name of the river "Qu'Appelle," a branch of the Assiniboine, is told by the Crees of Red River Territory.

Where, drooping low, the elm tree branches  
Dip in the crystal stream,  
What time the ash-leaved maple dances  
Gray-quivering in the fiery glances  
Of autumn's sunset gleam  
Who from the darkling wood advances,  
Crossing the golden beam?

An Indian brave from chase returning  
As evening shadows fall,  
For wife and child's embraces yearning,  
And the red fire at evening burning  
Within the wigwam wall;  
For these dear things the woodland spurn-  
ing—  
When hist! A low, clear call!

True to the hunter's forest training,  
To east and west the eye,  
Skilled to discover danger, straining,  
The while soft blows the paddle raining  
Cause the canoe to fly;  
As the day's lingering light is waning,  
And darkness draweth nigh.

And now! A pause—his ear is bending  
Over the gunwale low;  
His fancy to the silence lending  
Echoes of hunters' voices ending  
Their chase long years ago,  
With mingled shrieks the victims rending,  
The air with wails of woe.

Silence! Again the paddle flying,  
Sure stroke with steady hand,  
Fast through the spectral forest flying  
Swift, for the short-houred day is dying  
In the north-western land.  
The boat speeds to the village, lying  
Just yonder on the strand.

Hark! Once again that voice is calling  
In accents clear and low,  
August yet gentle in its falling,  
Nor shriek of beast nor cry appalling,  
Nor groan of pain or woe;  
Some one the chieftain's name is calling,  
Who well the name doth know.

"Who calls?" "Who calls?" The shades  
are deeper,  
Night creepeth on apace;  
"Who calls? Or man, or ghostly sleeper,  
Or feathery wing or shiny creeper,  
Let me but see thy face!  
Say, art thou happy sprite or weeper,  
Or victor from the chase?"

No answer! But the silence broken  
By his own name once more!  
The chieftain heeds the awful token—  
The Manitou three times has spoken  
"I come!" and by the shore  
The stream by quivering rings is broken—  
The chief is seen no more.

And so the Indians name the river,  
Which onward to the falls,  
Where the dark elms and maples quiver,  
Eddies in circling curves forever,  
Like closely-folding palls,  
As in the sunset chill they shiver,  
By the sweet name, "Who calls?"

Reports from missionary meetings are still full of cheer, and we trust they will continue so to the end. An advance of from 20 to 50 per cent. in contributions seems to be common, and we have not yet heard of any circuit that has fallen behind. This is as it should be. With growing wealth, growing intelligence, and growing opportunities, we have a right to expect increased givings.—*Outlook.*

## The Emperor's Sin.

CHARLEMAGNE, the great and glorious Emperor of the West, had sinned. But so dark and heinous did his sin appear to him that he dared not confess it in order to obtain absolution, and recover his lost peace of mind. In spite of all his efforts, his lips refused to speak. His sin, that deadly sin, remained buried in his heart, branded on his memory, and he felt himself an outcast from the Church.

Tortured by remorse, Charlemagne finally sought the presence of a holy man who dwelt at Aix-la-Chapelle, and was known far and wide by the name of St. Egidius. Alone, and in a very humble state of mind, the Emperor entered the lowly dwelling, and penitently began his confession. The many minor sins were quickly disposed of, and soon nothing remained but to reveal the one awful sin, whose shadow darkened every minute of his life. But instead of words Charlemagne uttered heart-rending groans, and scalding tears coursed down his pale face as he lifted an agonized glance to his adviser.

Touched by his evident remorse, and longing to assist him to free his soul from its burden of sin, the monk handed him his tablets and bade him write the confession his trembling lips refused to speak. Sadly the Emperor shook his head, pushed the tablets away, and as soon as his sobs would permit sorrowfully revealed the fact that he did not know how to write.

The monk, not at all surprised, for in those days only a few learned men had any knowledge of reading and writing, now offered to teach him how to write so that he might at last confess his sin and obtain forgiveness. This proposal was hailed with rapture, and Charlemagne, whose mighty fist was accustomed to grasp the hilt of his gigantic sword "Joyeuse," and to swing the heavy battle-axe, slowly and painfully learned to handle the pen. The exertion was greater than that required to win a signal victory over a horde of northern barbarians, and great beads of perspiration stood on the imperial forehead, as he diligently traced the intricate characters. But the perseverance which had won many a crown was called into play, and before many days had passed the Emperor was able to trace the words which would reveal his great sin.

Egidius bade him therefore lose no time but write it down; and while Charlemagne bent over his task, he withdrew to another part of the cell, to pour out his heart in silent prayer.

Once more Charlemagne's tears began to flow and deep sighs and groans heaved his broad chest, as with tear-dimmed eyes he painfully recorded the story of his sin. When he was quite finished, and when he had added a remorseful and fervent prayer for the forgiveness of God, he dropped his pen, slowly rose from his seat and carried his confession to Egidius. With a

face of blank astonishment, the holy man gazed at the tablets, for although he had seen Charlemagne busily tracing his unformed characters, the surface of the tablet was perfectly smooth, and no writing was to be seen. Still gazing fixedly upon it he now saw some words appear and eagerly read:

"God forgives all those who truly repent. Your sin has been washed away by the blood of Christ."

A low exclamation of gratitude and joy escaped from Egidius' lips. The Emperor, whose head was bowed in shame and contrition, eagerly looked up and beheld with his own eyes the comforting words sent to save him from utter despair. Gladly and humbly he sank down upon his knees, and with a broken voice returned thanks to God, who had deigned to answer his prayer.

The characters traced on the tablets of our hearts are for God alone to see. When his all-seeing eye reads the prayer of true repentance his hand gently blots out the record of our transgressions, and deep down in our hearts are heard his tender words of complete forgiveness for all our sins.

## The Puzzled Committee Man.

Down to Conference they sent me,  
With full power to pick and choose,  
Though they favoured Brother Bently,  
If our call he'd not refuse.

So I eyed my man and waited,  
Without makin' any fuss,  
Till at last I calkerlated,  
"That is just the man for us."

He was willin', for a wonder,  
Though our place is rather small,  
For he had been laborin' under  
Burdens he must now let fall.

So 'twas settled he was comin',  
As, the fact, some way, leaked out,  
Then, like honey-bees a hummin',  
All my friends came round about.

They began congratlatin',  
And one preacher, Brother Fox,  
Closed a glowin' speech by statin',  
"We should find him orthodox."

While I sadly sat surmisin',  
What to do, good Dr. Dick  
Said a thing still more surprisin',  
"You will find him catholic."

Well, I thought the world is movin',  
With a motion rather quick,  
If our preachers now were provin'  
Orthodox and Catholic.

But I smothered my vexation,  
As I took my homeward ride,  
He might meet our expectation,  
I would hear him—then decide.

So I ended up my tourin',  
Rather pleased with what I'd done,  
I'd succeeded in securin'  
Three good ministers in one.

But, with all the church a sittin',  
While all thro' to once held forth,  
Seemed to me that we'd be gittin'  
Rather more'n our money's worth.

Well I heard him Sunday mornin',  
Heard him sing, and preach, and pray,  
Listened to his solemn warnin',  
Given in the old-time way.

And I told my dear companion,  
As we jogged home through the mist,  
"Spite of forty men's opinion,  
He's an old-time Methodist."

## Women as Burden-Bearers.

IN Stockholm, woman is almost exclusively employed as hod carrier and bricklayer's assistant. She carries bricks, mixes mortar, and does all the hardest work about a building. She is paid for a day's work, which is fully twelve hours, the sum of one krooner (equivalent to a shilling and three pence). The women do all the street cleaning, haul the rubbish in hand-carts over cobble-stones and out upon the hills, unload the boats at the quays, do the gardening and run the ferries. They take the places of horses and dogs in much of the carrying business, bringing the large and heavy milk cans from the dairies and distributing the milk. In many other parts of Europe it is scarcely better. You can see woman in highly civilized England employed day by day in the coal-pit, at the forge, and in brick-yards. In France she fills furnaces, and tends great coke ovens, and does the greater part of the market gardening, besides tending a greater part of the shops. In Germany she is often hitched with a dog to draw a heavy cart, and this is also done in other European countries. In Germany she does more agricultural labour than in almost any other land; but this is not quite so hard and debasing as work in mines and coal pits, although sufficiently destructive of all the finer qualities of womanhood. In Belgium young women and even little girls work continuously in the coal-pits, and there are bent and crippled old women about these pits who have worked in them since early childhood. In Holland they work on the canals with a rope over the shoulder, and do a large part of the work on the dykes which hold the sea at bay. In all the other laborious occupations they also take a large part, and their coarse and sun-burned faces retain hardly a trace of womanly softness, nor their broad and muscular forms a trace of womanly lightness or grace.

## Church and Child.

DURING a certain revival a little boy was converted who wanted to join the church. His father told him he had better wait six months, and see if he could live his religion first. Shortly after he was in the field with his father and found a lamb separated from its dam, bleating piteously. The father directed the son to put the lamb with its mother. The boy replied: "I think we might as well leave it six months and see whether it will live or not, and then, if it lived, we could put it with its mother." Feeling the force of the application, the father said: "Put the lamb with its mother, and join the church if you want to."

AN oyster is said by Poli, a great authority on this subject, to contain as many as 1,200,000 eggs, so that from a single oyster enough to fill 12,000 barrels might be born.

### Signing the Farm Away.

FINX old farm, for a hundred years  
Kept in the family name;  
Cornfields rich with golden ears  
Oft as the harvest came:  
Crowded barn and crowded bin  
And still the loads keep coming in—  
Rolling in for a hundred years;  
And the fourth in the family line appears.

Orchards covered the slopes of the hill;  
Cider—forty barrels, they say—  
Sure in season to come from the mill,  
To be tasted round Thanksgiving Day!  
And they drank as they worked, and they  
drank as they ate—

Winter and summer, early and late—  
Counting it as a great mishap  
To be found "without a barrel on tap."

But, while the season crept along,  
And passions to habits grew,  
Their appetites became as strong  
As ever a drunkard knew,  
And they laboured less and squandered  
more,

Chiefly for rum at the village store;  
Till called by the sheriff one bitter day,  
To sign the homestead farm away.

The father, shattered and scented with rum,  
The mother, sick and pale, and thin,  
Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,  
In debt for the bed she was lying in.  
Oh, I saw the wrecked household around  
her stand—

And the justice lifted her trembling hand,  
Helping her, as in her pain she lay,  
To sign the homestead farm away.

Ah, how she wept! And the flood of tears  
Swept down the temples bare;  
And the father, already bowed with years,  
Bowed lower with despair.  
Drink! Drink! It has ripened into woe  
From them and all they loved below,  
And forced them, poor, and old and gray,  
To sign the homestead farm away.

### Conscience at the Anvil.

It was a dreary day in late winter.  
There were wearisome gray clouds  
overhead, and dull brown, half-melted  
ridges of snow and ice under foot. In  
the great iron foundry at M—the  
men strode to and fro before the forges,  
bared their swarthy arms to the work,  
thrust huge glowing bars of metal into  
the panting fires, and swung their  
ponderous hammers—clang! clang!  
clang! The noise of the blows and of  
the ponderous machinery was so great  
that talking was impossible. A hoarse  
direction shouted now and then by the  
overseer, with gestures of the hand  
that the workers understood, was all.  
At an anvil a little removed from the  
central uproar stood a solitary man  
fashioning a piece of iron into a shape  
not unlike that of the rubber bands  
sold by stationers for small parcels,  
only it was over a foot long and almost  
as thick as your wrist. The iron was  
held tight by a pair of tongs, and was  
glowing red, the sparks flying in a  
constant shower as the skilful blows  
fell swiftly and surely. The workman  
himself was a quiet looking man, with  
tightly set lips; almost sullen, you  
would have said.

"Well, well," he muttered to him-  
self, turning the hot iron and com-  
mencing on the other side, "it's the  
same old story. Pound, pound from  
morning till night—no rest, no change,  
no hope. I'm of no importance in

the world—it makes no difference  
whether I live or die—ah!—"

He stopped suddenly, and bent  
closely over the article he was shaping.  
You and I would have noticed nothing  
particular, but this man was evidently  
puzzled. He struck the iron two or  
three sharp blows, listening intently to  
the sound it gave back. Then he  
frowned, and poised it a moment on  
the end of his tongs. The other men  
were accustomed to laugh at him be-  
cause he was so particular about his  
workmanship in little things. Two or  
three of them glanced at him now as  
he stood that instant, undecided.

"Let it go, John," called one of  
them over his shoulder. "One out of  
a thousand won't make any differ-  
ence."

But John had decided. "It's a flaw,"  
he said, "I won't risk it." And,  
flinging away the iron loop on a heap  
of refuse metal, he patiently began  
his work over again, this time com-  
pleting it, as he had hundreds of others,  
successfully.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years passed away. It was  
winter again, and the northeast wind,  
roaring through the sky from the far-  
off forests of Labrador, rolling huge,  
foaming waves from mid-ocean against  
the rocky coasts of New England, un-  
roofing houses, uprooting trees, sweep-  
ing over lonely lakes; and, joining its  
cry with the howl of the wolf and the  
cracking of ice floes, turned the night  
into a tumult of darkness and doleful  
uproar dreadful to hear. On the  
western tracks of the A. M. & S. Rail-  
road, the late express was running at  
full speed. It had been delayed by  
the high wind, and the engineer was  
making up time. Twenty, thirty,  
thirty-five miles an hour into the black  
night, with only a glow from the  
headlight on the steel rails, a few  
hundred feet in advance of the loco-  
motive, as it plunged forward faster  
than ever. The fireman plied his  
furnace with coal, shovelful after  
shovelful. Now a few lights, dotting  
the darkness, from comfortable fire-  
sides in small country villages. The  
engine slacks its pace slightly, shrieks  
at the station-master with his waving  
lantern, and dashes on at thirty-eight  
miles an hour. The engineer, with one  
hand on the polished bar before him,  
glances alternately at the steam-gauge  
and the track ahead. The wind is  
blowing more fiercely than ever, but he  
knows nothing of that; he thinks only  
of the hot, bounding, roaring creature  
on whose back he rides on into the  
night at forty miles an hour.

The passengers in the train are most  
of them asleep. There is a baggage  
and mail car, in which a few men are  
at work; but in the Pullman cars be-  
hind are over a hundred souls, trust-  
fully awaiting the end of their journey.  
There are fathers hurrying home to  
their children; boys and girls with  
their heads upon the rocking pillow,  
dreaming of fir-trees and lights and

bright gifts, for it is just after Christ-  
mas. One of the passengers has a  
little girl nestling close beside him;  
her mother left her for Christ's country  
last week, and now she alone is left to  
him. As the rails rattle beneath the  
flying wheels of the train, the man be-  
comes uneasy and holds the little girl  
more tightly. Then he takes out his  
watch and calculates the speed.

"I wonder—" he says slowly. "I  
wonder—"

Crash—h—h!

Darkness, wild cries—the car dash-  
ing furiously over timbers and wreck  
of rail and platform like a ship upon  
the rocks; screams, prayers, groans;  
a terrible sideways lurch and a pro-  
longed creaking of strained iron and  
wood above the shrill cries of men,  
women, and children. The dead, awful  
stillness. One by one the terrified, half-  
dressed, trembling passengers make  
their way over the slanting floor of the  
car, and out through the broken doors  
and windows into the cold night air.

As lights began to flash upon the  
scene, the bravest hid their faces and  
turned pale. In the valley, far below,  
as if they were looking down from a  
lofty church belfry, lay the monster of  
steam and iron which a few moments  
before was bounding homeward with  
them in apparent safety and sure  
speed. Beside it were heaped the ruins  
of the mail car; and on the verge of  
the embankment, leaning dizzily over  
those awful depths, rested the forward  
Pullman. What held it back? The  
locomotive left the rails and plunged  
over the embankment seventy-five feet  
down to the bottom, turning com-  
pletely over in its course and dragging  
the mail car after it. Only one man  
was killed, though the train was  
crowded; the forward Pullman would  
have gone over after the mail car, had  
it not been held back by the link  
which coupled it to the next car.

So the report flew over the wires the  
next morning, and so you can read it  
in the newspapers, if you like. And  
what of the obscure iron-worker who  
would not let that iron link pass his  
hands until it was perfect—a true and  
honest piece of work? No one knows  
his name. He never will know in this  
world how that faithful half-hour saved  
sixscore human lives. But there is  
one who knows, and who does not for-  
get the humblest, every-day duty-doing  
of his children. He who said: "Thou  
hast been faithful over a few things, I  
will make thee ruler over many things;  
enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

### A Life Worth Living.

THIRTY years ago the region about  
London docks contained as large a  
heathen population as any district in  
Africa. Back of the huge warehouses  
were "innumerable courts and alleys  
filled with fog and dirt, and every  
horror of sight, sound and smell. It  
was a rendezvous for the lowest types  
of humanity." The wealthy and influ-  
ential class in this settlement were the  
rumsellers and keepers of gambling

hells. Children were born and grew  
to middle age in these precincts who  
never had heard the name of Christ,  
except in an oath. Thirty thousand  
souls were included in one parish here,  
but the clergymen never ventured out  
of the church to teach.

A young man named Charles Low-  
der, belonging to an old English family,  
happened to pass through this district  
just after leaving Oxford. His class-  
mates were going into politics, or the  
army, or to the bar, full of ambition  
and hope to make a name in the world;  
but Lowder heard, as he said, "a cry  
of mingled agony, suffering, laughter,  
and blasphemy coming from these  
depths that rang in his ears, go where  
he would." He resolved to give up  
all other work in the world to help  
these people. He took a house in one  
of the lowest slums, and lived in it.  
"It is only one of themselves that they  
will hear, not patronizing visitors." He  
preached every day in the streets  
and for months was pelted with brick-  
bats, shot at, and driven back with  
curses. He had, unfortunately, no  
eloquence with which to reach them;  
he was a slow, stammering speaker,  
but he was bold, patient and in earnest.  
Year after year he lived among them.  
Even the worst ruffian learned to re-  
spect the tall, thin curate, whom he  
saw stopping the worst street-fights,  
facing mobs, or nursing the victims of  
Asiatic cholera.

Mr. Lowder lived in London docks  
for twenty-three years. Night-schools  
were opened, industrial schools and  
refuges for drunkards, discharged pris-  
oners and fallen women. A large  
church was built, and several mission  
chapels. His chief assistants in this  
work were the men and women whom  
he had rescued from "the paths that  
abut on hell." A visitor to the church  
said: "The congregation differs from  
others in that they are all in such  
deadly earnest."

Mr. Lowder broke down under his  
work, and rapidly grew into an old,  
careworn man. He died in a village  
in the Tyrol, whither he had gone for  
a month's rest. He was brought back  
to the docks where he had worked so  
long. Across the bridge where he had  
once been chased by a furious mob  
bent on his murder, his body was rever-  
ently carried, while the police were  
obliged to keep back the crowds of  
sobbing people who pressed forward to  
catch the last glimpse of "Father  
Lowder," as they called him. "No  
such funeral," says a London paper,  
"has ever been seen in England. The  
whole population of east London turned  
out, stopping work for that day. The  
special trains run to Chiselmhurst were  
filled, and thousands followed on foot—  
miserable men and women whom he  
had lifted up from barbarism to life  
and hope."

There are many careers open to  
young men on entering the world, but  
there are none nobler or that lead more  
directly to heaven than that of this  
modern crusader.—*Youth's Companion*,



### The New Pastor.

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

The lady glanced, as the pastor spoke,  
At his plain and homely face,  
Noting the old and shabby coat,  
Worn with so little grace,  
The still, set figure; the toil worn hand,  
And smiled at his words of grave command.

His message given, the pastor looked  
At the fair and smiling face,  
Noting the folds of the silken dress,  
The courteous, easy grace;  
Reading the smile with a ready wit,  
And the thoughts that lay hidden away in it.

"Do you remember," he gently asked,  
"The pillars of old that stood  
In the Tabernacle's curtained courts  
Were of naught but shittim wood?  
Chosen by Israel's God of old,  
Stood the shittim pillars o'erlaid with gold."

"The commonest wood yet ordained by God  
For His sacred service sweet,  
Chosen and blessed, yea, adorned with gold,  
And made for his presence meet!  
Is there no lesson we can unfold  
From those shittim pillars o'erlaid with gold?"

The smile had passed from the lady's face.  
She murmured with thoughtful look:  
"In earthly vessels this treasure is,  
We read in the Holy Book."  
The grace of the Spirit our common mould  
O'erlay's like the shittim wood with gold.

### The Power of Song.

In one of the hospitals of Edinburgh lay a wounded Scottish soldier. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told he must die. He had a contempt for death, and prided himself on his fearlessness of facing it.

A rough and evil life, with none but evil associates, had blunted his sensibilities, and made profanity and scorn his second nature. To hear him speak one would think he had no piously nurtured childhood to remember, and that he had never looked upon religion but to despise it. But it was not so.

A noble and gentle-hearted man came to see the dying soldier. He addressed him with kind inquiries, talked with him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered spiritual counsel. But the sick man paid him no attention or respect. He bluntly told him that he did not want any conversation.

"You will let me pray with you, will you not?" said the man at length.

"No; I know how to die without the help of religion." And he turned his face to the wall.

Further conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment's silence he began to sing the old hymn so familiar and so dear to every congregation in Scotland.

"O, mother dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee."

He had a pleasant voice, and the words and melody were sweet and touching, as he sang them. Pretty soon the soldier turned his face again. But its hardened expression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he asked when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her when I was a child, and I used to sing it to her." And there were tears in the man's eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The word of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door. Weeping, and with a hungry heart, he listened to the Christian's thoughts of death, and in his last moments turned to his mother's God and the sinner's Friend.

### The End of a Dog's Quarrel.

ONE day a fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a sharp discussion over a bone, and warred away as angrily as two boys. They were fight-

ing on a bridge; and the first they knew, over they went into the water. The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing place. It was very easy for the Newfoundlander; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so poor Bruce; he struggled and tried to swim, but made little headway. The Newfoundland dog quickly reached the land, and then turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should the noble fellow do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and, keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port! It was funny to see these dogs look at each other as they shook their wet coats. Their glance said as plainly as words, "We'll never quarrel any more."

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