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HOME AND SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, JULY 3, 1886.

[No. 14.]

One Touch of Nature.

CRUEL and wild the battle:
Great horses plunged and roared,
And through dust-cloud and smoke-cloud,
Blood red with sunset's angry flush,
You heard the gun-shot's rattle,
And, 'mid hoof-tramp and rush,
The shrieks of women spared.

For it was Russ and Turkoman,—
No quarter asked or given;
A whirl of frozied hate and death
Across the desert driven.
Look! the half-naked horde gives way,
Fleeing frantic without breath,
Or hope, or will; and on behind
The troopers storm, in blood-thirst blind,
While, like a dreadful fountain-play,
The swords flash up, and fall, and slay—
Wives, grandmothers, baby brows and gray,
Groan after groan, yell upon yell—
Are men but fiends, and is Earth Hell?

Nay, for out of the flight and fear
Spurs a Russian cuirassier;
In his arms a child he bears.
Her little foot bleeds; stern she stares
Back at the ruin of her race.
The small hurt creature sheds no tears,
Nor utters cry; but clinging still
To this one arm that does not kill
She stares back with her baby face.

Apart, fenced round with ruined gear,
The hurrying horseman finds a space,
Where with face crouched upon her knee,
A woman cowers. You see him stoop
And reach the child down tenderly,
Then dash away to join his troop.

How came one pulse of pity there—
One heart that would not slay, but save—
In all that Christ-forgotten sight?
Was there, far north by Neva's wave,
Some Russian girl in sleep-ropes white,
Making her peaceful evening prayer,
That Heaven's great mercy 'neath its care
Would keep and cover him to-night?

—Anthony Morehead.

Among the Eskimos.

To reach the North Pole has been the chief problem which Arctic navigators have set themselves to solve. Whether this is ever to be accomplished admits of doubt; but if it is not, it will not be because there are not heroic spirits ready to attempt it, even at the risk of their lives.

All honour to these heroes. We may regret that so much enterprise and energy should be expended on what appears to be such a forbidding field, and that so many precious lives should be sacrificed in the attempt to accomplish that which may prove beyond the bounds of possibility. And yet we would not have it otherwise. It is not in human nature, in its highest and best forms, to own itself defeated so long as there is the opportunity to make another attempt, even with the bare possibility of success. And they are not the highest style of heroes whose efforts are limited by the utilitarianism which stops at every step to enquire whether it will pay, especially

if the question is asked in the spirit of the market-place.

One is tempted to dwell on the history and tragical fate of the DeLong expedition, but the prescribed limits of this article renders this impracticable.

on the ice, and in their open boats after their ship had been abandoned and had gone down, and the heroic struggle in attempting to reach the nearest Siberian settlement, would require too much space.



AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

To give anything like an adequate description of the terrible experiences of those dreary twenty-one months during which their ship, held in the relentless grasp of the pack, helplessly drifted at the mercy of the wind and the currents; of the still more painful experiences of the three months spent

The sympathy of the world very naturally concentrates upon Lieut. DeLong, Lieut. Chipp, and those of their comrades who perished in this attempt. But Chief Engineer Melville and Lieut. Denhower, though they were fortunate to escape the fate of their chief, have no less claim upon our ad-

miration. They bore themselves no less heroically than did he. Indeed, the case of no other of these gentlemen appeals so strongly to our sympathy as that of Lieut. Denhower. A confirmed invalid, threatened with the loss of sight, subjected repeatedly to painful oculistic operations, and yet, even in the extremity of his weakness bearing himself as a hero, and, finally, by his science and sagacity saving himself and all on board by guiding their frail craft into one of the mouths of the Lena, is certainly a sublime object.—*Methodist Magazine for June.*

A King Admonished.

FREDERICK THE GREAT had acquired from his French associates the disgraceful and degrading habit of profane swearing. On the occasion referred to, when a large atheistic and scoffing element was present, the king was profusely profane. One of his guests was the trusty General Ziethen, who was not only brave in the field, but also loyal to the King of heaven. He was deeply grieved at the unkindly behaviour of his master. Rising from his seat at the table and bowing respectfully to the king, he said in substance "Your Majesty is aware that, with due deference to your Majesty's will, I have ever rendered you such service as I was able to perform. My sword has ever been drawn in defence of your Majesty's rights and interests without a murmur. But I cannot sit quietly by and hear the name of my Lord Christ thus irreverently bandied about at this table. I salute your Majesty." Amid a death-like silence of the company the brave old veteran took his seat. The king was visibly moved by the heroic conduct of his noble officer, and taking him afterward into his private apartment, he acknowledged his fault, begged the general's pardon, and promised never to wound his felings thus again.

THE true pair of compasses to take the measure of a Christian is faith and charity. Faith is the one foot fixed immovable in the centre, while charity walks a perfect circle of benevolence.—*Robert Hall.*

DR. MACLAY, who has spent eight years as missionary to Japan, says he never heard a Japanese oath. He never heard a missionary say that he had heard one swear. He has heard them trying to repeat some oaths in English learned from sailors. They thought they were learning English. This is another illustration of how other nations copy our vices.

War.

Let night amid the mighty clash and swell
Of grand orchestral music, with closed
eyes
I seemed to see, as summoned by a spell,
Vast hosts before me rise.

And all the armies since the birth of time
That ever went forth to dire, ensanguined
war,
Thronged by with measured tread and mien
sublime,
Conquered and conqueror.

Forth from proud Nineveh's embattled
towers,
To sound of timbrels and sweet psalteries,
Leading her van in chariot decked with
flowers,
Came great Semiramis.

And then I saw on parched Assyrian plains
Beneath the tortures of a tropic sun,
Driving their Jewish captives home in chains,
The lords of Babylon.

Vain Xerxes passed with those barbarian
hordes
Who climbed the mountains by the shim-
mering sea,
And met the Spartans with fierce clash of
swords
At lone Thermopylae.

After him the Macedonian boy
Whose pathway was a track of flaming fire
Across all Asia, strode with shouts of joy
From the razed walls of Tyre.

And following slow, with melancholy brows,
The Trojan heroes trod in stately line,—
Achilles, breathing wrathful vengeance vows,
And Nestor, the divine.

Ere long, amid the ever surging crowd,
The great of haughty Hannibal upreared;
And Caesar's serried legions, stern and proud,
Rank upon rank appeared.

And when the cohorts of imperial Rome
Had vanished in their splendour, I descried
With lawless front on charger white with
foam
The fierce Alaric ride.

Wild Attila his ravaging hordes led by,
Weighed down with bloody spoils from
field and fane,
And speeding on, with holy battle-cry,
Swept conquering Charlemagne.

And I beheld the lion-hearted king
Who strove the sacred sepulchre to win;
And, holding high a crescent glimmering,
The swarthy Saladin.

Then in the music's sudden deafening crash
I heard the thunder of the cannonade;
My vision caught the vivid lightning flash
A million muskets made.

No more I saw the glistening axe and spear,
The burnished shield, the dinted coat of
mail,
But bristling bayonets, rising tier on tier,
And storms of iron hail.

And foremost 'mong the swiftly marching
throng
Two faces bronzed by battles' breath I
knew;—
The two who urged the tide of war along
At gory Waterloo.

And, ere the pageant faded quite away,
The music faltered, and I seemed to see,
Before the troops drawn up in dense array,
Ride veterans Grant and Lee.

The chords that throbbled with such tumul-
tuous stress
Grew slowly silent, and I saw no more,
But caught a far-off strain of happiness
Borne from a distant shore.

And this I deemed prophetic of a time
When all the horrors of red war would
cease,
The radiant dawning of that most sublime
And sovereign reign of peace!

—*Tinton Scollard.*

To carry on the business of life you
must have surplus power. Be fit for
more than the thing you are now doing.
Let every one know that you have a
reserve in yourself, that you have more
power than you are now using. If you
are not too large for the place you
occupy you are too small for it.

BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.—METHODISM COMES
TO CANADA

FOR some time before the death of
Embury, the war clouds had been
gathering which were to wrap the con-
tinent in a blaze.

At length at Concord and Lexington
(April 19, 1775), while Embury lay
upon his death-bed, occurred the col-
lision between the armed colonists and
the soldiers of the King, which pre-
cipitated the War of Independence,
and the loss to Great Britain of her
American colonies. The bruits of war
became louder and louder, and filled
the whole land.

"Nay, dear heart," Embury had
said to his faithful and loving wife, as
she repeated the rumours of the out-
break which had reached the quiet
valley in which they dwelt; "nay,
dear heart; this is only some temporary
tumult. The colonists will not wick-
edly rebel against his Majesty, God
bless him, when every Sunday in all
the churches they pray, 'From all
sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion,
Good Lord deliver us!'"

But the loyal heart did not rightly
interpret the signs of the times. The
country was ripe for revolt. From the
mountains of Vermont to the ever-
glades of Georgia, a patriotic enthusi-
asm burst forth. By this time, how-
ever, Philip Embury had passed away
from the strifes and tumults of earth
to the everlasting peace and beatitude
of heaven. The loyal Palatines main-
tained their allegiance to the old flag
by removing to Lower Canada. It
was not without a wrench of their
heart-strings that they left the pleasant
homes that they had made, and the
grave of their departed religious
teacher and guide, and set their faces
once more resolutely toward the wil-
derness.

"Why not cast in your lot with us
and fight for your rights and liberty?"
asked one of their neighbours who had
caught the fever of revolt.

"The service that we love is no
bondage," spoke up brave-hearted Bar-
bara Heck, "but truest liberty; and
we have, under the dear old flag be-
neath which we were born, all the
rights that we want—the right to wor-
ship God according to the dictates of
our conscience, none daring to molest
us or make us afraid."

"If fight we must," chimed in Paul
Heck, although he was a man of un-
warlike disposition, "we will fight for
the old flag under which we have en-
joyed peace and prosperity—the flag
that may have known disaster, but
never knew disgrace. Our fathers
sought refuge beneath its folds, and we
will not desert it now. My religion
teaches me, as well as to fear God, to
honour the King—to be a true and
faithful subject of my earthly as well
as of my heavenly sovereign."

For conscience sake, therefore, this
little band of loyal subjects left their
fertile farms, their pleasant homes,
their flocks and herds. They sold
what they could, at great sacrifice, to
their revolutionary neighbours, who,
while they respected their character,
were not averse to make gain out of
what they regarded as their fanatical
loyalty. When the wheat harvest had
been reaped, the exiles, reserving suffi-

cient for their maintenance during
their journey, turned the rest into
money for their future necessities.

Two well-looking and unwieldy
batteaux had been provided for the
long journey over unknown waters to
the King's loyal province of Canada.
In one were placed some simple house-
hold gear—bedding and other necessi-
ties. Among the most precious articles
of freight were Philip Embury's much-
prized Old Testament and Barbara Heck's
old German Bible. A nest was made
in the bedding for the five children of
Paul and Barbara Heck—the oldest
and youngest, bright-eyed girls, aged
ten and two respectively, the others
three sturdy boys—and for the young
children of Mary Embury. The fair
young widow sat in the stern to steer
the little bark which bore the germs
of Canadian Methodism, while the
matronly Barbara cared for the chil-
dren. Paul Heck took his place at
the oar—aided by his friend, John
Lawrence, a grave, God-fearing Meth-
odist, who had been his companion in
travel from their dear old island home.
In another boat were their fellow-
voyagers, Peter Sweitzer and Joel Dul-
mage, with their wives and little ones.
Several of their neighbours, who in-
tended soon after to follow them, came
down to the river side to see them off
and wish them "Godspeed."

"God will be our guide as He was
the guide of our fathers," said Paul
Heck, reverently, as he knelt upon the
thwarts and commended to His care
both those who journeyed and those
who, for the present, should remain.

"My heart feels strangely glad,"
said Barbara Heck, the light of faith
burning in her eyes; "we are in the
hollow of God's hand and shall be
kept as the apple of His eye. Naught
can harm us while He is on our side."

The last farewells were spoken, the
oars struck the water, the batteaux
glided down the stream, the voices of
the voyagers and of those upon the
shore blending sweetly in the hymn:

"Our souls are in His mighty hand,
And He shall keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him on Zion's hill.

"O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed;
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our heads.

"Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end
And keep the prize in view."

All day they glided down the wind-
ing stream, through scenes of sylvan
loveliness. Towards sunset they caught
a glimpse of the golden sheen of the
beautiful South Bay, a narrow inlet of
Lake Champlain, glowing in the light
of the fading day like the sea of glass
mingled with fire. They landed for
the night on the site of the pleasant
town of Whitehall, then a dense forest.
A rude tent was erected among the
trees for the women and children, and
a simple booth of branches for the
men. The camp-fire was built. The
bacon frying in the pan sent forth
its savoury odour, and the wheaten
cakes were baked on the hot griddle.
The children, with shouts of merry
glee, gathered wild raspberries in the
woods. A little carefully hoarded tea
—a great luxury at the time—was
steeped, and, that nothing might be
lost, the leaves were afterwards eaten
with bread. A hearty, happy meal
was made; a hymn and prayer con-

cluded the evening; and the same
simple service began the morning, after
a night of refreshing sleep.

Day after day the rude batteaux,
impelled by oar and sail, glided up the
broad and beautiful Lake Champlain.
Its gently sloping shores were then
almost a wilderness—with only here
and there the solitary clearing of an
adventurous pioneer. All went well
with the exiles till the afternoon of
the fifth day. While in the widest
part of the lake, wearily rowing in a
dead calm, a sudden thunderstorm
arose that for a time threatened them
with no small peril. The day had been
very sultry, with not a breath of air
stirring. The burning sunlight was
reflected from the steel-like surface of
the water. The children were fretful
with the heat and the oarsmen weary
with their toil. Presently a grateful
coolness stole through the air, and a
gentle breeze refreshed their frames
and filled the swelling sails, and at the
same time a cloud veiled the fervid
beams of the sun.

"Thank God," said Barbara Heck,
"for this change," and the children
laughed with glee.

Presently, Paul Heck, who had been
leisurely scanning the horizon, sprang
up with a start.

"Down with your sail!" he shouted
to his fellow-voyagers, Sweitzer and
Dulmage, whose boat was not far off,
pointing at the same time toward the
western horizon, and then eagerly
taking in and close-reefing his own sail.
To a careless eye there was no sign of
danger, but a closer observation re-
vealed a white line of foam, advancing
like a race-horse over the waves.

"Lawrence, take the helm! get her
before the squall," he continued; and
scarcely had the movement been ac-
complished when what seemed a hurri-
cane smote their frail bark. The waters
were lashed to foam. The rising waves
raced alongside as if eager to over-
whelm them. The air grew suddenly
dark, the lurid lightning flashed, fol-
lowed instantly by the loud roll of
thunder and by a drenching torrent of
rain.

"The Lord preserve us," exclaimed
Lawrence, "I can scarcely keep her
head before the wind; and if one of
these waves strikes us abeam it will
shatter or overturn the batteau."

But Barbara Heck, unmoved by the
rush of the storm, sat serene and
calm, holding the youngest child in her
arms, while the others nestled in terror
at her feet. In the words of another
storm-tossed voyager upon another
boisterous sea seventeen hundred years
before, she said quietly—

"Fear not; be of good cheer; there
shall not a hair fall from the head of
one of us."

"Enhearted by her faith and cour-
age, her husband toiled manfully to
keep the frail batteau from falling
into the trough of the sea. Lightly it
rode the crested waves, and at last,
after a strenuous struggle, both boats
got under the lee of Isle-aux-Noix, and
the voyagers gladly disembarked in a
sheltered cove, their limbs cramped
and stiffened by long crouching, in
their water-soaked clothing, in the
bottom of the boats. A bright fire
was soon blazing, the wet clothes dried
as fast as possible, and over a hearty
meal of bacon, bread and coffee, they
gave thanks with glad hearts for their
providential deliverance.

Embarking once more, they urged
their batteaux down the Richelieu and

up the stream of the majestic St. Lawrence, hugging the shore in order to avoid the strength of the current.

"I never thought there was so large a river in the world," said Mary Embury, as she scanned its broad expanse. "I believe it is twice as wide as the Hudson at New York."

"More like four times as wide," replied Paul Heck. "If it were not for its rapid current, one would hardly think it was a river at all."

The strength of this current made itself so strongly felt at times that the men had to walk along the shore dragging the boats by a rope, while the women assisted with the oar. This was especially the case at the St. Louis Rapids, just below Montreal.

It was with glad hearts that the wary voyagers behold the forest-crowned height, the grassy ramparts, and the long stone wall along the river front of the mediæval-looking town, and hailed the red cross flag they loved so well. A red-coated sentry paced up and down the rude landing-stage; and another mounted guard at the ponderous iron-studded wooden gate. Paul Heck and his wife and John Lawrence set out to find temporary lodgings, leaving the others to "keep the gear," or, as Barbara Heck phrased it, "to bide by the stuff."

The pioneer explorers entering the "water gate," first turned towards the long low line of barracks, on the site now occupied by the Canada Pacific Railway Station. Their hearts warmed toward the red coats, the visible sign of that power for which they had sacrificed so much. Their first reception however, was rather disheartening to their loyal enthusiasm. In reply to Paul Heck's civil enquiry of an idle soldier who was lounging at the gate, if there were any Methodists in the town, the low-bred fellow replied—

"Methodies? wot's that, I'd like to know?"

The explanation that they were the followers of John Wesley did not throw any light on the subject.

"John Wesley? who was he? O niver heard of un. Zay, Ned, do 'ee know any Methodies hereabouts?"

"Methodies," replied the man addressed, pausing in his operation of pipe-claying his belt and bayonet-pouch.

"Oh, ay! 'e means them rantin' Swadders, wot was in the King's Own in Flanders, d'ye mind! The strait-laced hypocrites! an honest soldier couldn't drain a jack, or win a main at cards, or kiss a lass, or curse a Johnny Cra-paud, but they'd drop down on 'im. Noa, ther beant noan on 'em 'ere, and wot's more, us doant want noan on 'em nayther."

"Well, we're Methodists," spoke up Barbara Heck, never ashamed of her colours. "So take us to your Captain, please."

"What d'ye say? You are!" exclaimed the fellow, dropping both pipe-clay and belt. "Well, your a plucky un, I must say. But you're just like all the rest on 'em. Here, Geoffrey," he went on, calling to an orderly, who was grooming an officer's horse, "take the parson and 'is wife to the Captain."

"Taake 'em yoursen. OI beant noan o' your servant," replied that irate individual.

The altercation was speedily interrupted by the presence of the officer himself, clattering down the stone steps, with his jangling spurs and clanging sword.

"Hello! what's the row with you fellows now? Beg pardon, madame," he continued, taking off his gold-laced cocked hat, with the characteristic politeness of a British officer, to Barbara Heck. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"We have just arrived from the province of New York," replied Barbara, making an old-fashioned courtesy, "and we're seeking temporary lodgings in the town."

"From New York, oh! Come to the Council-room, please, and see the Governor;" and he led the way along the narrow *Rue Notre Dame* to a long low building with quaint dormer windows, in front of which the red-cross flag of St. George floated from a lofty flag-staff, and a couple of sentries paced to and fro in heavy marching order. This venerable building, almost unchanged in aspect, is now occupied by the Jacques Cartier Normal School. It had been erected as the residence of the French Governor, but at the time of our story it was the quarters of Colonel Burton, the Military Governor of the District of Montreal and Commandant of his Majesty's forces therein. It was subsequently occupied during the American invasion by Brigadier-General Wooster and by his successor, the traitor Benedict Arnold. It was here also that the first printing press ever used in Montreal was erected by Benjamin Franklin, in order to print the proclamation and address by which it was hoped to seduce Canada from its lawful allegiance, to join the revolt of the insurgent provinces.

After a moment's delay in a small ante-room, the officer conducted our travellers, somewhat bewildered by the contrast between his respectful treatment and that of his rude underlings, into a long low apartment with flat timbered ceiling. In this room the present writer, on a recent visit, found a number of old historic portraits, probably of the period to which we own refer.

Seated at a large, green-covered table, on which lay his sword, and a number of charts and papers, pay-rolls and the like, was an alert, grizzled-looking officer of high rank. Near him sat his secretary, busily writing.

"Ah! be seated, pray. Pierre, chairs for the lady and gentlemen," said the Governor, nodding to a French valet, and adding, "You may wait in the ante-room. I hear," he went on, turning to Paul Heck, "that you have come from the disloyal province of New York."

"Yes, your worship," said Paul Heck, rather nervously fumbling his hat.

"Say 'his Excellency,'" put in the secretary, to the further discomfiture of poor Paul, who had never before been in the presence of such an exalted personage.

"Never mind, Saunders," said the Governor, good-naturedly, and then, to his rustic audience, "Feel quite at home, good people. I wish to learn the state of feeling in New York, and whether there is any loyalty to the old flag left."

"O yes, your worship—your Excellency, I mean," said Paul; "there are yet seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal."

"Seven thousand—Baal—what does the man mean, Featherstone?"

"Blest if I know, your Excellency," said Colonel Featherstone, who, like the Governor, was more familiar with

the Letters of Lord Chesterfield than with the Hebrew Scriptures.

"He means," said Barbara Heck, "that there is yet a remnant who are faithful to their King, and pray daily for the success of the old flag."

"Ah, that's more to the purpose. But how many did you say my good man? and how do you know the number? Have they any organization or enrolment?"

"I said seven thousand, sir—your Excellency, I mean—because that's the number Elijah said were faithful to the God of Israel. But just how many there are I cannot say. The Lord knoweth them that are His."

"A pragmatical fellow, this," said the Governor to Colonel Featherstone; and again addressing Heck, he asked, "Well, what are they going to do about it? Will they fight?"

"Many of them eschew carnal weapons, your Excellency. I'm not a man of war myself. I have come here with my wife and little ones, to try to serve God and honour the King in peace and quietness; and there's a many more, your Excellency, who will follow as soon as they can get away."

"Some of us have not the same scruples as Paul Heck, your Excellency," here interposed John Lawrence, who himself bore arms for his King in later days; "and if his Majesty wants soldiers, he could easily raise a regiment of loyal Americans, who would rally to the defence of the old flag."

"Good! that has the right ring. We want a lot of true-hearted, loyal subjects to colonize the new province of Upper Canada, and you are welcome, and as many more like you as may come," said the Governor, rubbing his hands and taking a snuff with Colonel Featherstone. He then conversed kindly and at some length about their plans and prospects. "I doubt if you can find lodging with any English family," he said; "there are not many English here yet, you see; but I will give you a note to a respectable Canadian who keeps a quiet inn," and he rang his table bell and wrote a hasty note. "Here, Pierre, take these good people to the Blanche Croix, and give this note to Jean Baptiste la Farge. I will send for you again," he added, as he bowed his guests politely out of the room, kindly repressing their exclamations:

"A thousand thanks, your worship—your Excellency, I mean," said Paul Heck; and added Barbara, "The Lord reward you for your kindness to strangers in a strange land."

He Attended the Sunday-School.

A LITTLE boy was hurt at a spinning-mill in Dundee, and after being taken home, he lingered for some time, and then died. I was in the mill when his mother came to tell that her little boy was gone. I asked her how he died.

"He was singing all the time," she said.

"Tell me what he was singing," I said.

"He was singing—

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary!
The Lamb that was slain has risen again,
And intercedes for me.

"You might have heard him from the street, singing with all his might," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Had you a minister to see him?" I asked.

"No."

"Had you no one to pray for him?"

"No."
"Why was that?" I inquired.
"Oh, we have not gone to church for several years," she replied, holding down her head. "But, you know, he attended the Sunday-school, and learned hymns there, and he sang them to the last."

Poor little fellow! he could believe in Jesus and love Him through those precious hymns, and die resting "safe on His gentle breast" forever.

"Let Me Ring the Bell."

A MISSIONARY far away,
Beyond the Southern sea,
Was sitting in his home one day,
With Bible on his knee,

When suddenly he heard a rap
Upon the chamber door,
And opening, there stood a boy,
Of some ten years or more.

He was a bright and happy child,
With cheeks of dusky hue,
And eyes that 'neath their lashes smiled,
And glittered like the dew.

He held his little form erect,
In boyish sturdiness,
But on his lip you could detect
Traces of gentleness.

"Dear sir," he said in native tongue,
"I do so want to know,
If something for the house of God
You'd kindly let me do."

"What can you do, my little boy?"
The missionary said,
And as he spoke he laid his hand
Upon the youthful head.

Then bashfully as if afraid
His secret wish to tell,
The boy in eager accents said,
"Oh, let me ring the bell!"

"Oh, please to let me ring the bell,
For our dear house of prayer,
I'm sure I'll ring it loud and well,
And I'll be always there."

The missionary kindly looked
Upon that upturned face,
Where hope, and fear, and wistfulness,
United, left their trace.

And gladly did he grant the boon,
The boy had pleaded well;
And to the eager child he said,
"Yes, you shall ring the bell."

Oh, what a pleased and happy heart
He carried to his home,
And how impatiently he longed
For the Sabbath day to come.

He rang the bell, he went to school,
And the Bible learned to read,
And in his youthful heart they sowed
The Gospel's precious seed.

And now to other heathen lands
He's gone, of Christ to tell,
And yet his first young mission was
To ring the Sabbath bell.

Who Did Best.

A STORY is told of a great captain who, after a battle, was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, and some of another. "No," said he, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field to-day was a soldier who was just lifting his arm to strike an enemy, but when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself, and dropped his arm without striking a blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing that has been done to-day." And nothing pleases God so much as absolute and unhesitating obedience.

THE meaning of the word "Denmark" is the marches, territories, or boundaries of the Danes.

The Two Lives.

Two babes were born in the self same town,
On the very same bright day;
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms,
In the very self-same way;
And both seemed pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below

Two children played in the self-same town,
And the children both were fair,
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.
The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow;
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved.
The other saw thro' the curtain's part,
The world where her sister moved.
And one was smiling a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe,
For one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare.
One had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow;
For one had lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

If Jesus, who died for rich and poor,
In wondrous, holy love,
Took both the sisters in his arms,
And carried them above,
Then all the difference vanished quite,
For, in heaven, none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.

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

TORONTO, JULY 3, 1886.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

For the Year 1886.

The Parents' Sunday-School Work.

It is the parents' duty—

1. To encourage the children at home to study the Sunday-school lesson.
2. To study the lesson with the children.
3. To teach the lesson to the children, whether there is a Sunday-school or not.
4. To accompany the children to the Sunday-school whenever possible.

5. To magnify the work of the Sunday-school in all ways possible.

6. To examine the children on their return from the Sunday-school, especially on the spiritual instruction which they have received, and supplement such teaching by kind and encouraging words.

7. To send the children to the Sunday-school always in good time.

8. To become acquainted with the teacher of the children, and converse with him in regard to each child's disposition, wants, etc.

9. Never to speak disrespectfully of the teacher, superintendent, pastor, or school, in the presence of the children.

10. To use the current lesson and home-readings in family worship

11. To pray in family worship for the teacher of the children and the school.

12. To read the children's Sunday-school papers and books.

13. To see that the children study our Church catechisms.

14. To take the children to the regular Church-service when practicable, and not excuse them from this because they have attended the Sunday-school.

Casting all your Care upon Him.

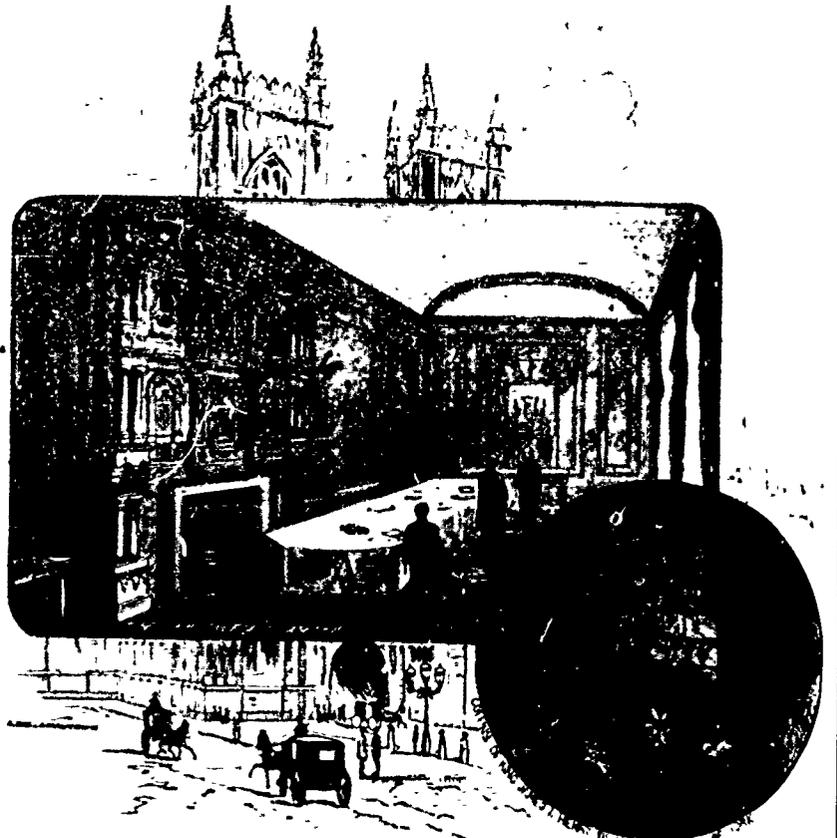
In the summer of 1878, I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the service of the day, he gave me unconsciously a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulder. In doing this he asked for all; but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movements; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my alpenstock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he again led the way. And now, in my freedom, I found I could make double speed with double safety.

Then a voice spoke inwardly, "O foolish, wilful heart, hast thou, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them, nor even the right." I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountain side, I said within myself, "And even thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon Him, for He careth for me."
—Sarah Smiley.

The Scott Act.

AN ASSAULT ON A MINISTER ARISING OUT OF THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW.

As Rev. James Lawson, of Cobden, was stepping on board the train for Renfrew, he was accosted by an hotel keeper of the village who was recently fined \$100 for a second offence against the Scott Act, who accused him of having given the information which secured his conviction. Mr. Lawson denied knowledge of who gave the information in this particular case, but expressed his determination to do all he could to assist in the enforcement of the law and to give information if he had the chance. The hotel keeper thereupon struck Mr. Lawson in the face, knocked him down, jumped on him, and hammered away until some



THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

of the bystanders pulled him off—a somewhat difficult task. Mr. Lawson proceeded on the train to Renfrew on business. His assailant gave himself up to a local magistrate, but the matter is not yet settled. The Act is working very well in all but one or two parts of the county.

Mr. Lawson is a highly-esteemed Methodist minister, and a frequent contributor to this paper. Such ruffianly treatment as he has received greatly helps the cause it was intended to injure, however unpleasant it may be to the immediate victim.

The Jerusalem Chamber.

THAT is a curious name for a room, is it not? But the room itself is a famous one. It is a room in the deanery of Westminster Abbey, the splendid church in London, where there are so many memorials of kings and statesmen and generals and other noted men. It is a very old room, and it is called the Jerusalem Chamber because in the time of Richard II.—turn to your histories and see how long ago that was—the walls were hung with tapestries which represented the story of the siege of Jerusalem. King Henry IV. died in that room. In it was held the Westminster Assembly of Divines—the company of good and learned men who prepared the "Shorter Catechism" that some of you study.

Here, within the last ten or twelve years, the committees of ministers have met who have been engaged in revising the Bible. The Revised New Testament, you know, was finished and published four years ago. This year we have had the Old Testament issued, so now we have a revised translation of the whole Bible. This means that these scholars have sought to give us more exactly than we had it before just what the Hebrew and Greek in which the Bible was originally written means. The Old Version—King James' Version as it is called—is very good and very beautiful. It is inexpressibly dear to multitudes. But while the new version does not change any of the

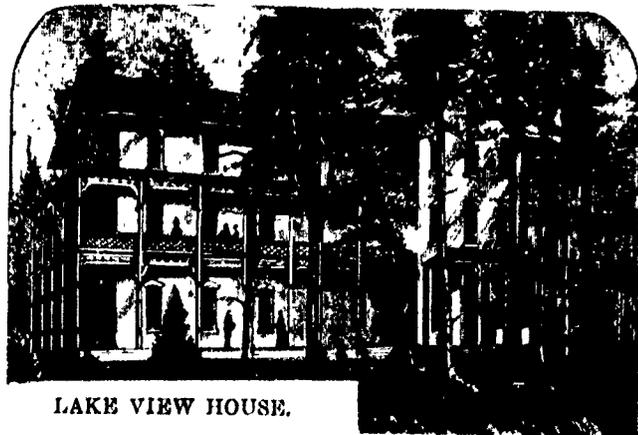
old truths of the Bible, there are not a few places where it makes the truth clearer.

But the great thing, children, is that whether in the new version or the old, you study the Word of God, make it the man of your counsel and the guide of your life.

A LITTLE over a hundred years ago Britain spent much blood and treasure in trying to keep the revolting American Colonies in subjection. Thousands of wise men were as confident in those days that Britain was entirely right in her treatment of the Colonies as they are now confident that Gladstone is entirely wrong in his treatment of Ireland. A few weeks ago her Majesty and several members of the Royal family were present at the opening of the Colonial Exhibition. Part of the opening ceremonies consisted in the singing of an ode composed by Tennyson for the occasion. One of the four verses alluded to the loss of America in the following terms:

Britain fought her sons of yore;
Britain failed, and never more;
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our fathers' sin?
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophetic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the west,
To forage for herself alone,
Britons, hold your own.

That verse would have been considered rank treason fifty years ago; but it was then sung before the Queen and members of the Royal family and met with their approval. Had anybody said a hundred years ago in presence of royalty that the "unprophetic rulers" of the Empire were driving the young eagle out of the mother's nest he would most likely have been sent to the Tower. The lesson seems to be that we should not be too positive about the outcome of any political movement. The wisest men cannot see very far into the future, nor tell what effect any political movement may have fifty or a hundred years hence.
—Canada Presbyterian.



LAKE VIEW HOUSE.

Creeping Up the Stairs.

In the softly-falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble
That had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing:
"Me is creepin' up a stairs!"

Ah! it touched the tender heart-string
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened
As words can ne'er define;
And I turned to see the darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Like a magpie in the trees—
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When o'er all her world's affairs
She, delighted, stood a victor,
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
When best prizes must be captured
With noble, earnest strife:
Onward, upward, reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of cares;
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet;
By their side may be no rail;
Hands and knees may often pain us,
And the heart may almost fail;
Still above there is the glory
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its rest and joy forever,
After creeping up the stairs.

Grimsby Park.

It has become a necessity of modern life that the o'er-strung bow shall be unbent, that men in business take a brief holiday from toil, that ladies and children find respite from the exacting of society and school. Till recently the chief places of summer resort were scenes of fashionable dissipation and folly, which no Christian could visit without impairment of his spiritual health. Thanks to the management of such assemblies as Grimsby Park, Weeley Park, St. Lawrence Camp-ground, and others of the sort, ample

provision is made for rest and recreation under religious influences, and heads of households may leave their families in such places with the confidence that the moral, social, intellectual and religious influences surrounding them shall be in the highest degree helpful and

wholesome.

Where do you intend spending your vacation? is a question frequently asked by those who desire a brief respite from grinding toil, harassing cares, and exhausting brain-work. Nature cannot be outraged with impunity. He who grants himself a few weeks' holiday, will not only live longer, but do more work than he who trudges from January to December. Grimsby Park is one of the most beautiful places in the Dominion to spend the summer. Throughout the day it is pleasantly cool and refreshing, and at evening-time it is a beautiful sight to see the avenues, auditorium, tabernacle and lake front brilliantly lighted by electricity.

The Directors of the Ontario Methodist Camp Ground Co. are doing all in their power to promote the moral, intellectual, and religious welfare of the thousands who annually assemble here from the United States and Canada. Recreation is indispensable, but it is not necessary to have what a certain class call "amusements;" there is a tendency in this direction amounting to dissipation in its worst forms. The mind may be unbent in ways less perilous. The engravings that accompany this article will, better than any description, indicate the character of the place and its surroundings.

Grimsby Park programme for 1888 surpasses any previous year in its healthful variety and solid excellency. The service of song will again be led by the Whyte Brothers. These charming vocalists have thrilled immense audiences throughout Canada and the United States. Among the preachers and lecturers for the season will be T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Chancellor Sims, LL.D., Chaplain McCabe, D.D., H. W. Milburn, D.D., of Washington, the famous blind preacher; Chaplain Searles, D.D., of Auburn State Prison; F. O. Iglehart, and a whole host of Canadians.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

July 1st.—Opening Day at the Park. Grand Pyrotechnical Display from the Company's fleet of bows in the evening.

July 2nd to 10th.—Evangelistic services, conducted by Rev. David Savage and his Band of Workers.

Aug. 2nd, 3rd, and 4th.—Annual Meeting of the Methodist Ministerial Association. Interesting papers will be read and discussed.

Thursday, Aug. 5th.—Re-union of the Sons of Temperance, Niagara District Divisions. All Day Meeting. First-class speakers.

Saturday, Aug. 7th.—A Grand Concert by the "Athena Glee Club," of Toronto.

The National School of Oratory will give a free Musical and Literary Entertainment in the Tabernacle every Friday evening.

Wednesday, August 11th.—Annual Meeting of the S. S. Board of the Methodist Church for the Dominion. Public Meetings afternoon and evening.

Thursday, August 12th.—Annual Meeting of the Women's Missionary Society.

Friday, August 13th.—Royal Templars' Day. Gathering of the Royal Templars of the Dominion at Grimsby Park. The best platform talent secured.

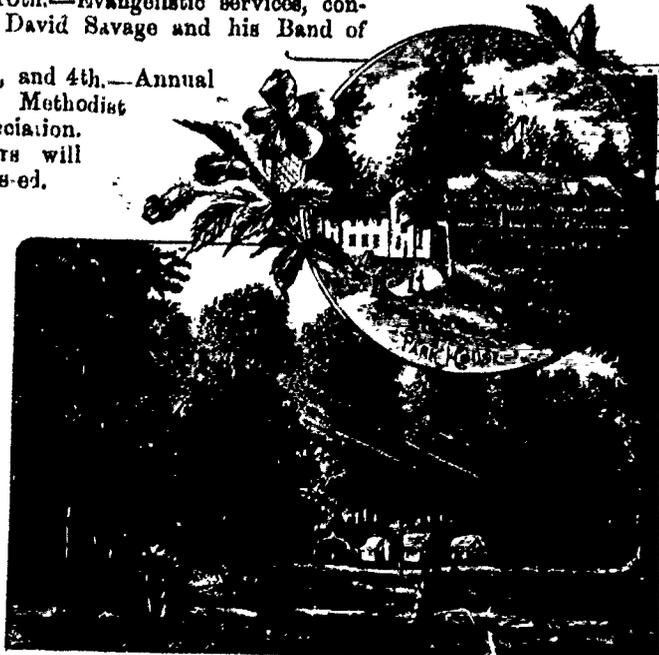
For further particulars apply to Rev. M. Benson, Toronto.

Acknowledge the Debt.

A VENERABLE clergyman said recently: "Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside a death-bed the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged to light. I have seen men die in battle, children, and young wives in their husbands' arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my church.

"I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigour. She married and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she sewed; she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have done.

"She succeeded; sent the boys to college, and the girls to school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out, common-place old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died of some sudden failure in the brain. The shock



GRIMSBY PARK, FOREST VIEW.

woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her as she lay unconscious, in an agony of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried:

"You have been a good mother to us!"

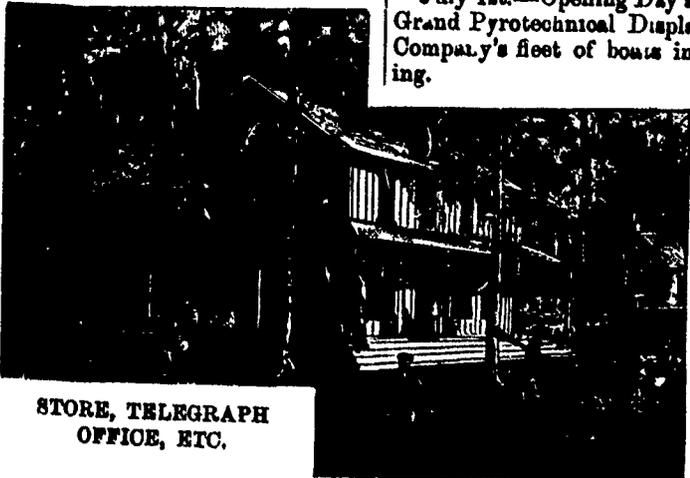
"Her face coloured again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, 'You never said so before, John.' Then the light died out and she was gone."

How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their strength, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course, and begrudge a care, a word of gratitude, in payment for all that has been given to them!

Boys, when you come back from college, don't consider that your only relation to your father is to "get as much money as the governor will stand." Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose service he has grown old. You can never pay him the debt you owe; but at least acknowledge it before it is too late.

KIND words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes.—*F. W. Faber.*

THE Bible tells us of the streams that it may allure us to the fountain; it tells of the past acts of God's faithful love that we may be led to set our hope on God, and to feel that He who hath helped will help, and that He who hath loved will love unto the end.—*Thos. Erskine.*



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BOAT AND BATH HOUSES, GRIMSBY PARK.

"A Cup of Cold Water."

(MATTHEW 10: 42.)

THE Lord of the harvest walked forth one day

Where the fields were white with the ripening wheat,
Where those he had sent in the early morn
Were reaping the grain in the noon-day heat.

He had chosen a place for each faithful one,
And hidden them work till the day was done.

Apart from the others, with troubled voice,
Spoke one who had gathered no golden grain:

"The Master has given no work to me,
And my coming hither has been in vain;
The reapers with gladness and song will come,

But no sheaves will be mine in the harvest home."

He heard the complaint, and he called her name:

"Dear child, why standest thou idle here?
Go fill thy cup from the hillside stream
And bring it to those who are toiling near;
I will bless thy labour, and it shall be
Kept in remembrance as done for Me."

'Twas a little service; but grateful hearts
Thanked God for the water so cool and clear;

And some who were fainting through thirst
and heat
Went forth with new strength to the work
so dear;

And many a weary soul looked up
Revived and cheered by the little cup.

Dear Lord, I have looked with an envious heart

On those who were reaping the golden grain;

I have thought in thy work I had no part,
And mourned that my life was lived in vain.

But now thou hast opened my eyes to see
That thou hast some little work for me.

If only this labour of love be mine,
To gladden the heart of some toiling saint,
To whisper some words that shall cheer the weak,

Do something to comfort the worn and faint—

Though small be the service, I will not grieve,
Content just a cup of cold water to give.

And when the Lord of the harvest shall come,
And the labourers home from the field shall call,

He will not look for my gathered sheaves;
But his loving words on my ear will fall,
"Thou gavest a cup of cold water to Me,
A heavenly home thy reward shall be."

—The Family Friend.

Nature's Workshop.

If you were to go out on one of these early spring days into a forest you would see that a great work was going on there, though you could not hear a sound save, perhaps, the rustle of a breeze among the branches, nor see anything in motion except it might be a waving bough or a fluttering leaf. But you would note that a great and rapid change was coming over the scene before you. Where, but a few weeks ago, the trees and shrubs and the ground beneath were alike bare and brown, you would observe indications of returning life and beauty. You would see on some trees and plants the red buds just starting, upon others the leaves half unfolded, and on the ground the blades of wild grass and the stalks of flowers pushing their way out of the layer of mould. It is evidently one of the busiest places that could possibly be imagined, and yet one of the most quiet. There is no jar and whirl of wheels, no hum of spindles and thud of looms, no grating sounds of files or saws or hammers, and yet the most wonderful works of architecture are being woven, and the most intricate pieces of workmanship are being put together.

If our sight could penetrate the

bodies of the trees we could gain some knowledge of Nature's ways of working. We would see ascending through the most minute tubes, drawn up by some invisible power, a countless number of streams of a sweet watery substance called sap. This sap is composed principally of water drawn out of the earth by the roots of the trees and carrying with it certain substances which help to make the buds, leaves, flowers and the green, new wood. The sap may be properly called the life-blood of plants, since its office is very much the same in plants as that of the blood in man and other animals, carrying the life-sustaining properties to every part of the body. Like man and brutes, plants must have light and air in order to live. The sap itself would not sustain the life of the plant, if it were not for the help it receives from the sunshine and the surrounding atmosphere, any more than the blood in an animal would keep it alive and vigorous if it were placed in a dark, air-tight room. Every plant has lungs, or organs which answer the purpose of lungs in drawing air into its body. Every leaf of a plant has a countless number of little openings, or mouths, so small that you can only see them with a microscope. Through these mouths plants inhale various properties, of which the air is full, especially the gases they need to make them live. Through them they also send out the air and gases from which they have taken all they require, and which have become impure and unfit to breathe. The sap which has come up from the roots, into the leaves then meets with the air, and together they make wonderful combinations of new material, which the sap carries back in its return journey to help build up other parts of the plant.

We may imagine that the particles of sap are little servants or workmen whom Nature employs to build up the trees and shrubs and weave the texture of their leaves and flowers. Just follow, in imagination, one of these little workmen, who are carrying up the materials to build the plants in some such way as you have seen other workmen carry the bricks and mortar to build the walls of a house. This little burden-bearer gets his load of carbon and some other substances that are called for down in the dark ground, where Nature keeps her choicest stores, and then he goes quickly up the long winding stairways in the interior of the tree, up and up, leaving a little here and a little there, as he goes to the topmost branch, and out into the little tender twig, where he leaves his load to swell the bud and open the leaf.

And one of the strangest things about this business is that these workmen never make a mistake. Here are growing in a small space a great variety of trees and smaller plants of different general shape and texture, with different shaped leaves and flowers, and bearing different kinds of fruit, yet all drawing their life from the same ground. The sweet violet and the poison ivy nestle at the foot of the oak, and obtain their supplies of nourishment from the same soil that sustains their giant protector. The little workmen select from the same great storehouse the material that is needed for each plant where they are appointed to work. They never make such a blunder as to carry way up to the topmost twig of that maple a particle that was intended to help form a birch tree; and as for carrying up a bit of poison, intended for the laurel, into the innocent

petals of the azalea, such a thing is really impossible. We may trust these workmen always, for they never are disobedient to the great Architect of nature, under whose direction they are employed.

And what an innumerable multitude of these little joiners and masons, painters and master-builders, are at work in the forest to day putting together all this wonderful architecture, these massive columns, these graceful arches, these bowers of leaves and green pendants. How many tons and tons of material are being lifted up high in the air every moment in this vast forest; while through all and over all there is perfect order and harmony. When we think of these things we are prompted to exclaim with the poet—

"My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me; the perpetual work of
Thy creation
Finished, yet renewed forever."

The Whirlpool.

BEWARE of the whirlpool, brother,
The whirlpool strong and deep;
Steer thy bark with a steady hand,
And far from its dangers keep;

For a wicked siren singeth low
To lure you to the spot.
Ah! lend no ear to her wooing voice—
Beware, and heed her not.

She beckons you over the fatal waves
To ruin and shame; for the breath
Of this cruel siren is alcohol,
And the raging whirlpool, death.

—Kate McDonald.

"Our Daily Bread."

WHEN the German poet Herder was dying, his family pressed food and wine upon him.

"Can you not give me," he said, "a great thought to refresh me?"

Byron, whenever he found his creative power growing feeble, threw himself into scenes of great beauty and waited until nature "struck the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound."

When George Eliot was preparing to write a novel Mr. Lewes (who guarded the health of her mind as parents do that of the bodies of their children) was used to take her to Switzerland or Italy, and took care that she heard noble music every day.

"How do you infuse such power and magnetism into your sermons?" asked a young clergyman of one of the most eloquent of American pulpit orators. "Your life is eventless and monotonous, you meet commonplace people and are deluged with commonplace thoughts, like the rest of us. How do you keep yourself awake and above it all?"

"Before I sit down to write I go to the Five Points, or to the wharves where the emigrants come in, or to a prison or hospital," was the reply. "I face human nature stripped of its externals, or some awful problem of vice or disease and death, in which a man meets God."

In a word, these people, before attempting to do a great work, sought, like Herder, "a great thought to refresh them."

The defect in the life of many families is not that it is vicious or impure, but that it is cramped, small, and common. The whole thought and conversation of a household or a social circle often run upon their own petty business and work, and the personal affairs of themselves and their neighbours; and this not for days or months but for years, until monotonous, gossiping

youth sinks into monotonous, gossiping old age.

The mind becomes enfeebled and narrow in this belittling process. When the body is enfeebled we feed it and give it tonics. The boys and girls who read the *Companion*, should they find their brains growing dull and weak in the daily routine of life, ought to have the common-sense to see that the mind as well as the body must have its food and tonics.

If but for ten minutes each day, read a great book, listen to music, study nature, face some mighty reality of life, and so bring back a great thought to infuse into the petty monotony of your daily duty. God speaks in many ways to us. We must find some great word of His each day. "A servant with this clause makes drudgery divine."—R. H. D.

Story of a Tract.

Two ladies were driving over a country road in Derbyshire, when the elder spoke lovingly to her friend, a young Christian, of working for the Lord. "How can I—a girl of eighteen—serve Him?" asked the other. "Begin now," was the reply. "Let us give some tracts to those Irish reapers we see yonder." The girl took the tracts, and offered them to the labourers as they neared the carriage. Years rolled by, and she became a school teacher near Ottawa, Canada. One Saturday she was returning to Ottawa from the outlying school, and as she drew near the river she saw a man rushing forward in evident excitement and despair. Seeing him in such trouble, she went to him, and attempted to open a conversation by offering him a tract. He took it silently, but presently rushed after her, talking most wildly and incoherently. "Calm yourself," she said; "tell me your trouble, and I will try to help you. When I gave you that tract I was praying for you." "Years ago," he said, "when the potato famine drove me to seek work in England, a lady gave me this very same tract in Derbyshire, 'Did You Ever Read a Tract?' The title took my fancy, and I sat down under a hedge and read it through. I had never known the gospel before, but that little book led me—ay, and my old mother, too—to the Redeemer. I got good work in Liverpool, but after my mother had passed peacefully away, I had to come out here and work on the railway, for the Liverpool firm failed. I am ashamed to say I got a taste for the drink, ma'am, and the drink made me a backslider. My master gave me many a trial, but turned me off at last for not keeping sober. I had given up all hope, and just as you passed by I was waiting for a chance to drown myself. You came up to me and gave me a tract with the title which I have never forgotten. Oh! ma'am, what does it all mean?" The teacher persuaded him to accompany her to the neighbouring house of a minister, where they tenderly relieved his starvation, and told him that the thoughts of God were indeed those of loving kindness towards him, for in far-distant countries the same messenger had been sent to bid him hope.—*The Quiver*.

EXERCISE is crying out to you louder and louder as you near its brink. Rise, be going. Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man.

Too Little.

The chair was hardly high enough,
Her head came just above the table;
Her little fist a nonchalance grasped
And scribbled fast as it was able.

"I'm writing stories," she explained,
And down the busy head bent lower;
"Ah, read one to me, dear," I begged—
And then the dimpled hand moved slower.

"O, Auntie,"—and the baby face
Drew back, then, swift the blue eyes light-
ing:

"I'd love to, only I'm so small
I don't know how to read my writing."

"Selling" People.

BY HENRY MASON.

FRANK HARDING is by no means a shallow-pated fellow, nor has he any distaste for the intelligence of his pretty young cousins; but he considers them country girls now after his two years in Philadelphia, and has been "astonishing them" by a few entirely imaginary stories of life in the great city. "stuffing" them, as he will report this evening to his room-mate up five pair of stairs in his lodging-house where he enjoys some of the discomforts of his metropolitan existence.

His is on very dangerous ground. Cousin Bessie has not seen him for a long time, and it would be strange if she did not believe every word he says; and, though Aunt Maria is not so unsophisticated as she seems to be, and may enlighten the girls somewhat after Frank leaves them at the station, she may not, as she is absorbed in her reading.

"Selling" people is not a very brilliant feat. It consists in telling direct fibs; and if you are not a tramp, it is the natural thing for your listener to believe them—to "swallow" them, as you describe it. A joking caricature, immediately contradicted and set right, is fair play perhaps, but the practice soon leads to a taste for something more prolonged and triumphant. George Eliot speaks of those "whose indignation is not mitigated by any knowledge of the temptation that lies in transcendent genius;" sooner can we estimate the temptations of an habitual joker.

In a country neighbourhood where I was visiting just after the war there was a jocose suggestion, on account of the endless depredations of the newly self-supporting negroes, that a little strychnine should be inserted in the stem of one or two watermelons in a patch. The suggestion circulated, and threatened the utter loss of the crop. It was an absurd suggestion, but one of the first to expound it to me was a grave old gentleman—high in the Church, I was told—who insisted that it was a first rate idea, and implied that he had taken advantage of it. Of course I thought him both fiendish and contemptible, and my opinion of the whole community was gauged by that leading citizen. I never saw him again, but, fortunately, he took the pains to tell my father how "nicely he had fooled me."

A very clever talker, a Southerner, told me with the greatest glee how he had once long ago gone buggy-riding with a girl from the North, and they were discussing slavery. Some argument she bolstered up by the axiom that negroes "have souls."
"Souls!" he exclaimed. "You don't think they have souls, do you? Why, if I thought that, I would never kill another one!" and he went off into peals of laughter at the way in which she "almost jumped out of the buggy."

Who can say how real a weight that very joke may have had in the sorrows of the war? The speech would quickly spread through one outraged New England circle, having meantime travelled off to spread through another, its sharp edge of absurdity, as it struck the fun-loving young man who uttered it, being a sharp edge of horror to each new hearer. I am angry whenever I think of it.

Thus, in one degree or another, may you go through life leaving wrong impressions—specially of yourself—on prim old aunts whom you cannot resist the desire to shock, and gullible little boys who may even imitate your brilliantly-sketched exploits.

There is a great deal of "jesting which is not convenient." There is nothing to prevent a falsehood told in jest from doing the same harm as a falsehood told in earnest. Dangerous prejudices have gained centuries of belief through one practical joke. Witness the so-called "Blue Laws of Connecticut," which never had an existence. That which is only generous and safe which is an injury to somebody else.

Charlotte Elliot's Hymn.

SOME fifty years ago that eminent minister, the Rev. Oeser Malan, of Geneva, was a guest of the Elliots, a well-to-do family in the West End of London.

One evening, in conversation with the daughter, Charlotte, he wished to know if she were a Christian. The young lady resented his question, and told him that religion was a matter which she did not wish to discuss. Mr. Malan replied, with his usual sweetness of manner, that he would not pursue the subject then if it displeased her, but he would pray that she might "give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for Him."

Several days afterwards the young lady apologized for her abrupt treatment of the minister, and confessed that his question and his parting remark had troubled her.

"But I do not know how to find Christ," she said; "I want you to help me."

"Come to Him just as you are," said Mr. Malan.

He little thought that one day that simple reply would be repeated in song by the whole Christian world.

Further advice resulted in opening the young lady's mind to spiritual light, and her life of devout activity and faith began. She possessed literary gifts, and, having assumed the charge of *The Yearly Remembrancer*, on the death of its editor, she inserted several original poems (without her name) in making up her first number. One of them was—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

The words of Pastor Malan, realized in her own experience, were of course the writer's inspiration.

Beginning thus its public history in the columns of an unpretending religious magazine, the little anonymous hymn, with its sweet counsel to troubled minds, found its way into devout person's scrap-books, then into religious circles and chapel assemblies, and finally into the hymnals of the "Church universal." Some time after its publication a philanthropic lady, struck by its beauty and spiritual value, had it printed on a leaflet and sent for cir-

ulation through the cities and towns of the kingdom, and in connection with this an incident at an English watering-place seems to have first revealed its authorship to the world. Miss Elliot, being in feeble health, was at Torquay, in Devonshire, under the care of an eminent physician. One day the doctor, who was an earnest Christian man, placed one of those floating leaflets in his patient's hands, saying he felt sure she would like it. The surprise and pleasure were mutual when she recognized her own hymn, and he discovered that she was its author.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Two Builders.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

MORE than three hundred years ago there came to the throne of England young Henry, the eighth of his name in the line of English kings. If ever a man had the chance to build himself a noble character, it was this prince Henry. His personal qualities were all in his favor: he was handsome, quick-witted, well educated and amiable, and the strong will that afterward became such a terror to friend and foe would have been a glorious influence for good if it had been thoroughly bent to God's will. His people idolized him at first, and for many years his conciliatory course in relaxing some unreasonable laws of his father and parting with some obnoxious counselors aroused in them a boundless enthusiasm. Then the times on which he had fallen were glorious times. Luther had struck the fetters of superstition from thousands of minds, and the intellect of the world was trying its freedom in pursuit of knowledge. The revival of religion roused all the latent powers of mind and soul. What a chance had young Henry for noble living! And what became of his chance? He knew the truth, but he did it not; with an abundance of materials at hand for an enduring building, he spent his strength rearing a glittering palace for pride and pleasure, sought only to gratify his passion or his ambition or his caprice, and presently the chill wind of death blew upon it, and it fell; for it was built upon the sand. And he, hated, forsaken and hopeless, was buried beneath its ruins.

Now, turning our eyes away from this wrecked life, of which history has kept us the picture, we see at a later date a noble character standing like a fair and beautiful castle, built by William the Silent, prince of Orange, who gave himself, his ease and comfort, his days and night, his heart and body, the whole of his immense fortune, and finally his life, to the cause of religious freedom and Dutch independence. He heard the Lord's commands and bent himself to the doing of them. The motto on the shield of the Man Christ Jesus was, "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give my life a ransom for many," and the legend inscribed upon that of this prince had the very ring of his Master's: "Ich dien"—"I serve." Upon this building to the storms beat: never, I ween, did storms of persecution and slander and misfortune and trial beat more fiercely upon a life; and oh the glorious result! *It fell not*, but calm and steadfast and true, and in the end triumphant, it stood, for it was founded upon a rock—even obedience to God's commands.

Young builders, as you add day after

day to your lives, see to it that the foundations are sure. Storms you must feel even in this life, and sooner or later death's cold wave must come upon you. Are you building upon the Rock?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 29.] LESSON II. [July 11.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10. 1-18.

Commit vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—John 10. 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the good shepherd, who guides, guards, feeds, and saves us.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 10. 1-18. Th. Ps. 23. 1-6. W. Ezek. 34. 1-26. Th. Isa. 40. 1-11. F. Isa. 63. 7-14. Sa. John 15. 9-17. Su. John 21. 1-17.

TIME.—Oct., A.D. 29. Soon after our last lesson, John 10. 20, 21.

PLACE.—Judea, probably Jerusalem.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The blind man whom we studied in our last lesson was expelled from the synagogue for defending Jesus, who had cured him. Thus the Pharisees, who pretended to be the religious guides and shepherds of Israel, had proved themselves bad shepherds, driving away a part of the flock. Jesus, therefore, teaches the people and the Pharisees what are the marks of a true shepherd.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Sheepfold*—Not a covered building, but a mere enclosure, surrounded by a wall or thorn-bushes. *The door*—The proper appointed way, spiritually, a character and knowledge fitted for the work. *Thief*—One who seeks his own honour, pleasure, or wealth at the expense of the flock. 3. *The porter*—The Father in heaven. *Hear*—Listen and obey. *Calleth by name*—Eastern shepherds know each of their sheep by name. Jesus knows us all as individuals; he knows all our needs, our temptations, our hopes, and troubles. *Leadeth them out*—Into the pastures. 4. *He goeth before them*—So does every good teacher. He sets them a good example, and lays no burden upon them which he does not himself take up. 7. *I am the door*—The way by which men can enter the kingdom of God. 8. *All that came before me*—Pretending that they were Messiah, or that there were other ways of salvation and prosperity than that, which he preached. *Go in and out*—To the pastures where the shepherd lived. But his home was at the fold. 12. *A hireling*—One who works simply for the pay, with no love for the sheep, nor for the master. 14. *Know my sheep*—Everything about them as intimately as the Father knew his own only-begotten Son. 15. *Other sheep*—Gentiles who were to be brought into the Church. *One fold*—Rather, one flock, all belonging to one church, serving one master.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The connection.—Eastern shepherds.—What is meant by the sheepfold, by the door, by thieves.—Comparison of Jesus to a good shepherd.—Giving life for the sheep.—The hireling.—The other sheep.—One flock.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—On what occasion was this parable spoken? How long after the last lesson? In what place?

SUBJECT: THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I. THE PARABLE (vs. 1-5).—Give a description of Eastern shepherds. What can you tell about the Eastern shepherds and their customs with their flocks? Do they know their sheep by name? Do the shepherds lead or drive their sheep to pasture? What enemies have the flock?

II. ITS MEANING.—In interpreting this allegory, what is meant by the sheepfold? What is the door? Who are the sheep? Who are the shepherds? Who are meant by robbers? How does the shepherd go before his sheep? What is meant by their knowing his voice? By his knowing them by name?

III. JESUS AS THE DOOR (vs. 7-10).—What is meant by Jesus being the door of the sheep? Can no one enter the kingdom of

God except through him? Who are thieves and robbers? Why? What blessing will come to those who enter by the door? What is life here? What is it to have life abundantly?

IV. JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD (vs. 8-18).—What qualities of a good shepherd has Jesus? Who are the sheep? What is the fold? From whom does Jesus defend? Where does he guide? What are the pastures? In what respects does he go before the sheep? What is meant by giving his life for the sheep? Who is meant by the hireling? By the wolf? What by knowing his sheep? Who are the other sheep? What is the one flock? What qualities do you find here describing the sheep? Meaning of v. 17.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The fold is the kingdom of God, the true church.
2. The sheep are those who trust in Jesus, follow him, obey him, know him.
3. Their enemies are those who teach false doctrine, set bad examples, instil wrong principles, and seek their own advantage at the expense of the flock.
4. The good shepherd (1) leads his flock to the green pastures of truth, righteousness, love, communion with God. (2) He knows each sheep by name; loves each as an individual, guides and directs each one in the best way for him. (3) He guards and defends from all evil. (4) He seeks the wandering. (5) He gives his life for the sheep.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

6. To what did Jesus compare his people? **ANS.** To sheep who obeyed their shepherd. 7. To what did he compare himself? **ANS.** To the door of the sheepfold. 8. To whom did he liken himself? **ANS.** To a good shepherd. 9. What does the good shepherd do? **ANS.** He knows, guides, guards, feeds, and gives his life for the sheep. 10. Repeat the Shepherd Psalm.

A.D. 30.] LESSON III. [July 18.

THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 1-16. Commit vs. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep.—John 11. 11.]

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's seeming delays in helping his children are to bring larger and better blessings.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 10. 19-42. Tu. John 11. 1-16. W. Luke 10. 38-42. Th. John 12. 1-11. F. Ps. 30. 1-12. Sa. Isa. 25. 1-9. Su. 2. Cor. 4. 1-18.

TIME.—January to February, A.D. 30. Three months after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jesus was at Bethabara, beyond Jordan, in Perea. Lazarus was at his home in Bethany, about two miles south-east of Jerusalem, on the Mount of Olives.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—In the three months between the last lesson and this we must place Matt., chap 11, and Luke 9. 51 to 17. 10, including several miracles and parables.

JESUS.—33 years old, having completed more than three years of his ministry. Two or three months before his crucifixion.

INTRODUCTION.—After the parable of the good shepherd Jesus makes his final departure from Galilee, sends out the 70 in Samaria, crosses the Jordan into Perea, where he slowly journeys to Jerusalem, reaching there about the time of the Feast of Dedication, in December, A.D. 29. At this feast he speaks the words following in John, our last lesson, chap. 10. 22-39, and then he retires to Bethabara, in Perea, beyond Jordan, where we find him at the opening of to-day's lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. Lazarus.—The Greek form of Eleazar. He and his sisters had a home in Bethany, at which Jesus loved to stay. 2. That Mary.—The anointing here spoken of took place later, John 12. 27. 3. Sent unto him.—At Bethabara beyond Jordan, 10-40—about 30 miles. 4. Sickness not unto death.—Death would not be the final result. For the glory of God.—(1) By showing his divine power in raising up Lazarus; (2) in strengthening the faith of the family and the disciples; (3) in leading many to believe; (4) in giving comfort through all ages in the hours of sickness and death by the assurance of immortal life; (5) in leading to the crucifixion and thus the

glorification of Jesus. 6. Therefore.—Because Jesus loved them. He abode two days still.—So that all would know that Lazarus was dead and the resurrection was by divine power. 8. Of late.—A month or two before; chap. 10. 31. 9. Twelve hours.—A definite limit set by God himself. If any man walk in the day.—Symbolizing the time and place appointed by God, in the way of duty, guided, enlightened, and strengthened by God. So long as he was about God's business, his enemies could not harm him till God's time came.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Lazarus.—The home at Bethany.—How we can have a home where Jesus will love to be.—How the sickness of Lazarus was for the glory of God.—v. 9.—Sleep as a type of death.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Jesus in our last lesson? How long between that lesson and this? What took place in the interval? Where was Jesus at the time of to-day's lesson? How long was it before his crucifixion?

SUBJECT: LESSONS FROM THE SICKNESS OF LAZARUS.

I. THE FAMILY THAT JESUS LOVED (vs. 1, 2, 5).—Where did this family live? Name the members of it. By what act was one of them widely known? (v. 2; ch. 12. 3-7.) Why did Jesus love this family? What blessings would this friendship bring? Will Jesus be a member of your family? (John 14 17, 20 21.) What must we do to have his presence? (John 14 15, 23; 15. 10; Luke 24 29.) What proofs can you find that this family loved Jesus? (Ch. 12. 2-7; Luke 10 38,42.)

II. SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY (vs. 1-4).—Which one of this family was taken sick? What did his sisters do for him? How far away was Jesus? Should we do the same in case of sickness? In what way would you send to him? Does this require that we should not use every means in our power to be cured?

III. JESUS' MYSTERIOUS DEALINGS WITH THE AFFLICTED (vs. 4 10, 15).—What did Jesus say was the object of this sickness? Did Lazarus die? How was his sickness to the glory of God? Why did Jesus remain two days before he went to help his loved friends? In what ways was this delay a benefit to the family? How to the disciples? (v. 15.) In what ways may we gain good from sickness? Why did the disciples hesitate to go back to Judea? What was Jesus' reply? What did he mean here by "walk in the day," "walk in the night"? Apply this to yourselves.

IV. THE STEEP TO DEATH (vs. 11-16).—When about to go to Bethany, what did Jesus say to Lazarus? What did his disciples think he meant? What did he mean? In what respects is death like sleep?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Blessed is the home where Jesus loves to dwell.
2. We may have such a home, (1) by casting out all that is uncongenial to him; (2) by cultivating those qualities which are pleasing to him; (3) by inviting him to come.
3. Sickness and sorrow come to every household.
4. We should go to Jesus for guidance and help.
5. God's mysterious delays are for the purpose of bringing to us a higher good.
6. There is a time appointed for all our duties, and help given from God to do them.
7. The duties must be done at the time, and with God's light, or there will be failure.
8. Death is like sleep, (1) in unconsciousness; (2) in continued existence at the same time; (3) in the fact that there is an awakening.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What family did Jesus love? **ANS.** That of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus, of Bethany. 12. What betell one of them? **ANS.** Lazarus was taken dangerously sick. 13. What did his sisters do? **ANS.** They sent word to Jesus beyond Jordan. 14. What did Jesus do? **ANS.** He remained two days before he went to help them. 15. For what purpose? **ANS.** That he might do greater things, and teach them higher lessons.

CONDUCT is the great profession. Behavior is the perpetual revealing of us. What a man does tells us what he is.

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