

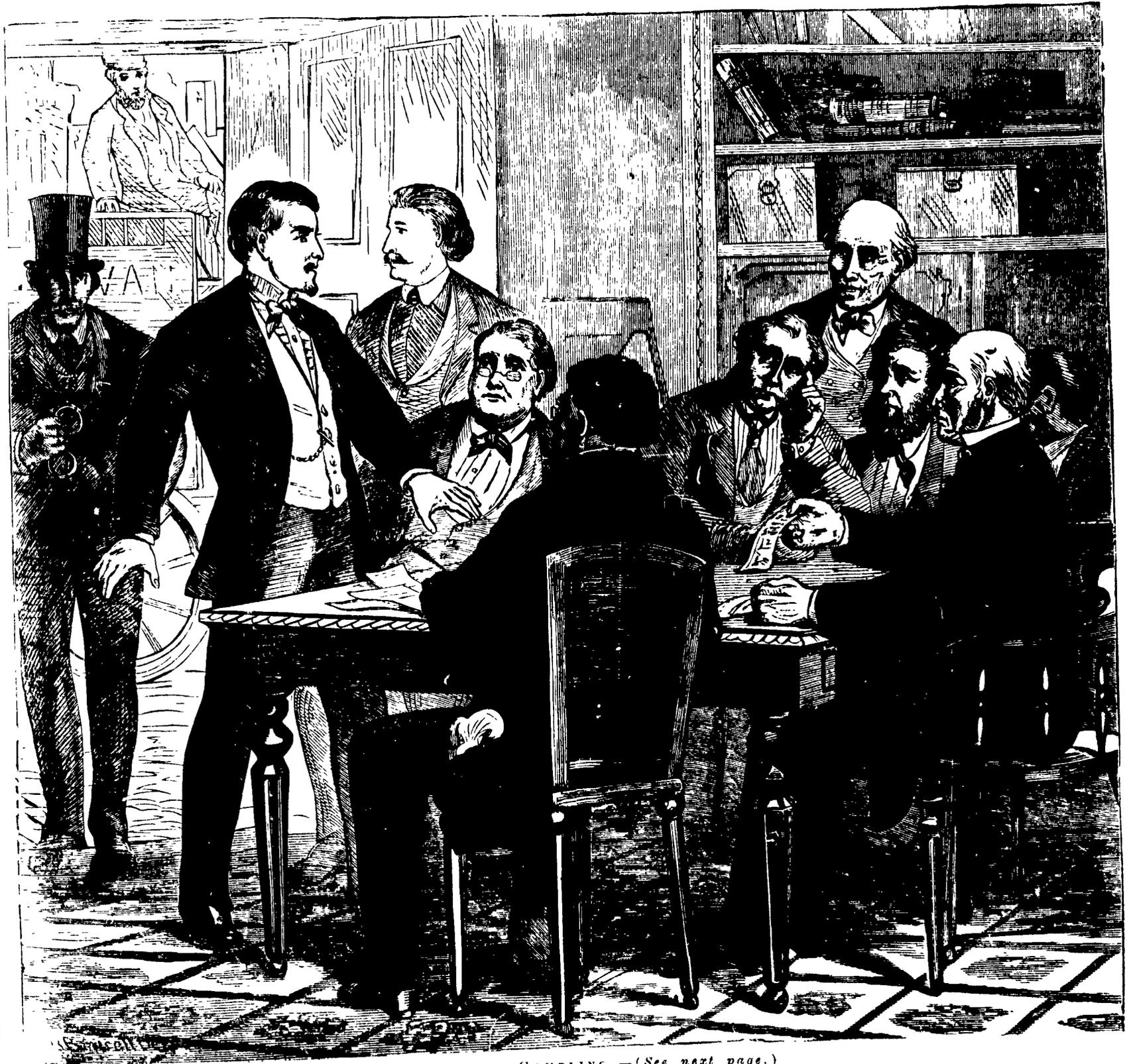
HOME & SCHOOL



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THE RESULT OF GAMBLING. — (See next page.)

A Litany of Pain.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

At times, when my pulses are throbbing
With currents whose feverish flow
Sets all the strong spirits a sobbing
With nameless yet passionate woe,
I question with feelings that falter,
I murmur with lips that complain,
"What profit to lay on God's altar
Oblations of pain?"

"Can He, in the infinite goodness
That floods all His being with light,
Complacently look on the sadness
That dares to intrude on His sight?
Can He, in His rhythmic creation,
Attuned to the chant of the spheres,
Bear the discord of moans, the vibration
Of down-dropping tears?"

"Would I, a mere woman, foreseeing
Some anguish my dearest must face,
Not guard, at the risk of my being,
Its onset, or die in his place?
And yet, can the Father who loves me
With love that's supreme, foreknow
That soul-wrench impending above me,
Nor ward off its woe?"

Be quiet, poor heart! Are the lessons
Life sets aye so hard to attain
That thou know'st not their potent essence
Lies wrapped in the problem of pain?
Even Nature such rudiment teaches;
That birth-throe presages the breath;
The soul, so high destined, reaches
Its highest through death.

No beaker is brimmed without bruising
The clusters that gladden the vine;
No gem glitters star-like, refusing
The rasp that uncovers its shine;
The diver must dare the commotion
Of billows above him that swirl,
Ere he from the depths of the ocean
Can bring up the pearl.

And He who is moulding the spirit,
Through disciplines changeful and sore,
That so it be fit to inherit
The marvellous heirship in store—
He measures the weight He is piling,
He tempers the surge with a touch,
There'll not be a graze of His filling
Too little, too much.

O heart canst thou trust Him? For sake of
Attainments the noblest, the best,
Content thee awhile to partake of
These trials so wisely impressed;
Nor question God's goodness, nor falter,
Nor say that thy service is vain,
If He bids thee bring to His altar
Oblations of pain.

The Result of Gambling.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

AT LAST! at last! There are precipices at the end of the rapids, in such courses as "our boy" has been running, more dreadful than Niagara.

Better, far better, the short agony of that wild race down the roaring rapids, and that one dizzy plunge, that finishes all, than those worse plunges that destroy all that a young man has to hope for in life, yet leave him living.

There are dreadful hours when men live only because they cannot die.

This poor fellow has been gambling. He is hopelessly involved, and the tempting whisper is ever at his ear—"Win and pay back!" One fortunate throw may redeem all. He hears among the lobby-members of the gambling-house of those who have won dazzling piles of money after hard runs of ill-luck. He is a teller in a bank, and tempting opportunities offer every day to take the money that will give him one more chance. *Not to steal*—no, indeed—but to borrow! Did the devil ever ask a well-brought-up youth to steal? Not he! Simply to borrow enough to turn his luck with, and he will put it all back before the time for settling accounts.

Borrowing of the bank, he calls it, and he curses with hard words the

false friends that will not help him. Nobody cares for him, he thinks, and he must care for himself; and so, from time to time, he keeps on borrowing. He could not stand this kind of life were it not for his daily drinks of brandy. That makes things look brighter and more hopeful, and dulls his senses to the roar of the coming cataract.

But the time of settlement of bank accounts is coming, and still his luck does not turn. Pray to God! he dare not; and the devil only laughs at his cries. He thinks of the agony of detection, of the shame and disgrace impending. What shall he do? The whisper comes: "*Forge a check. Why not!*" He can imitate writing cleverly, was always a skilful penman. He will do it. He does it; and here, to-day, the artist shows him standing, pale, agonized, detected, before the board who are met to examine the accounts of the bank.

There stands the same boy that left his country home so well-meaning, so beloved, and so happy. Behind him is the detective and the handcuffs, at the door the prison van, while the president of the board holds up the forged check.

Where are the respectable friends who first helped him to wear off his country greenness at select little suppers?

They are perfectly shocked at such revelations of depravity. Who would have thought of his turning out such a scamp! "What a mess he has made of it! The fellow was a fool—a weak-headed fool!"

Yes, he was weak-headed and weak-hearted, and he tried to walk where the strongest heads often turn; and you beguiled him to walk there. You laughed before him at the idea of total abstinence. You boasted before him of your manly powers of touching and tasting everything and never getting upset. You untied his boat, and helped him paddle it into the rapids, and then stood safe on the shore and saw him go down. You never did anything to hurt yourself? Possibly. But how many will be lost by being beguiled to do what you think you can do in safety, and they cannot do at all?

Come, now, boys, let us settle one or two things as absolute certainties when you start in life:

He who *never* drinks *never* will be drunk. That's so—isn't it? He who sometimes drinks, may be.

He who *never* goes into a gambling saloon never will gamble; and he who never gambles, never loses; but

He who goes to observe may gamble; and he who gambles will surely lose.

In all these things is it not best *not to begin*; and would not our country boys have done better to have started with a firm, positive "No!" instead of the treacherous "We'll see!"

He has seen, and seen a great deal too much; and in nine cases out of ten that sort of seeing ends in this way.

Beware of innocent beginnings in wrong ways, and remember the old text we started with:

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are THE WAYS OF DEATH."—*Hearth and Home.*

WHAT is it we all like to possess and yet always wish to leave behind us?—A good character.

Religious Progress.

In the first 1,500 years of the history of Christianity it gained 100,000,000 of adherents; in the next 300 years 100,000,000 more; but in the last 100 years it has gained 210,000,000 more. Please make these facts vivid. Here is a staff. Let it represent the course of Christian history. Let my hand represent 500 years. I measure off 500, 1,000, 1,500 years. In that length of time how many adherents did Christianity gain? 100,000,000. I add three finger-breadths more. In that length of time how many adherents did Christianity gain? 100,000,000. In the 300 years succeeding the Reformation, Christianity gained as many adherents as in the 1,500 years preceding; but I now add a single finger's breadth to represent one century. How many adherents has Christianity gained in that length of time? 210,000,000 more. Such has been the marvellous growth of the Christian nations in our century that in the last 83 years Christianity has gained more adherents than in the previous eighteen centuries. These are facts of colossal significance, and they cannot be dwelt on too graphically or too often. By adherents of Christianity I mean nominal Christians—that is, all who are not Pagans, Mohammedans, or Jews. At the present rate of progress, it is supposed that there will be 1,200,000,000 of nominal Christians in the world in the year 2000.

Break, Break, Break!

BREAK, break, break,
On the cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor-lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of the crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—Alfred Tennyson.

Our Concert.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

THERE is one good thing about Sue, if she is a girl, she is real charitable, and is all the time getting people to give money to missionaries and things. She collected mornahundred dollars from ever so many people last year, and sent it to a society, and her name was in all the papers as "Miss Susan Brown, the young lady that gave a hundred dollars to a noble cause and may others go and do likewise."

About a month ago she began to get up a concert for a noble object. I forget what the object was, for Sue didn't make up her mind about it until a day or two before the concert, but whatever it was, it didn't get much money.

Sue was to sing in the concert, and Mr. Travers was to sing, and father was to read something, and the Sunday-school was to sing, and the brass band was to play lots of things. Mr. Travers was real good about it, and attended to engaging the brass band, and getting the tickets printed.

We've got a first-rate band. You just ought to hear it once. I'm going to

join it some day, and play on the drum; that is if they don't find out about the mistake I made with the music.

When Mr. Travers went to see the leader of the band to settle what music was to be played at the concert he let me go with him. The man was awfully polite, and he showed Mr. Travers great stacks of music for him to select from. After a while he proposed to go and see a man somewhere who played in the band and they left me to wait until they came back.

I had nothing to do, so I looked at the music. The notes were all made with a pen and ink, and pretty bad they were. I should have been ashamed if I had made them. Just to prove that I could have done it better than the man who did it, I took a pen and ink and tried it. I made beautiful notes, and as a great many of the pieces of music weren't half full of notes I just filled in the places where there weren't any notes. I don't know how long Mr. Travers and the leader of the band were gone but I was so busy that I did not miss them, and when I heard them coming I sat up as quiet as possible, and never said anything about what I had done, because we should never praise ourselves or seem to be proud of our own work.

Now I solemnly say that I never meant to do any harm. All I meant to do was to improve the music that the man who wrote it had been too lazy to finish. Why, in some of those pieces of music there were places three or four inches long without a single note, and you can't tell me that was right. But I sometimes think there is no use in trying to help people as I tried to help our brass band. People are never grateful, and they always manage to blame a boy, no matter how good he is. I shall try, however not to give way to these feelings, but to keep on doing right no matter what happens.

The next night we had the concert, or at any rate we tried to have it. The performance was to begin with a song by Sue, and the band was to play just like a piano while she was singing. The song was all about being so weary and longing so hard to die, and Sue was singing it like anything, when all of a sudden the man with the big drum hit it a most awful bang and nearly frightened everybody to death.

People laughed out loud, and Sue could hardly go on with her song. But she took a fresh start, and got along pretty well till the big drum broke out again, and the man hammered away at it till the leader went and took his drum-stick away from him. The people just howled, and Sue burst out crying and longed to die in real earnest.

When things got a little bit quiet, and the man who played the drum had made it up with the leader the band began to play something on its own account. It began all right, but it didn't finish the way it was meant to finish. First one player and then another would blow a loud note in the wrong place, and the leader would hammer on the music stand, and the people would laugh themselves 'most sick.

There wasn't any more concert that night, and the people all got their money back, and now Mr. Travers and the leader of the band have offered a reward for "the person who maliciously altered the music"—that's what the notice says. But I wasn't malicious, and I do hope nobody will find out I did it, though I mean to tell father about it. —*Harper's Young People.*

Beautiful Hands.

BEAUTIFUL hands! not soft and white!
Not gloved and hid from the blessed light;
On the fingers small no diamonds shine,
No rubies gleam from the distant mine;
No reachings forth to the gaping crowd
As the welkin rings with greetings loud;
No gestures wild, no clappings tight,
In the din and strife for woman's right;
No sceptre grasped 'mid golden sheen,
With the royal grasp of a royal queen,
But stamed and marked by labour hard,
Yet subjects fit for the highest bard,
Beautiful hands!

Beautiful hands! for duty strong,
In the sternest tasks, however long;
The willing hands of the gentle bride
Take up life's work with an honest pride,
Create new charms of garner wealth
For the happy home of peace and health,
Whene'er the husband carries long
In the marts of trade or amid the throng,
The beautiful hands for him prepare
The things that make for his tender care;
And when he returns the wife to greet,
The earnest hands give welcome sweet,
Beautiful hands!

Beautiful hands! in kindly deeds
For the poor man's child or the widow's needs,
They are ever ready, and true, and just
To divide the loaf in quiet trust;
And without a thought of reward or fame
They freely give in humanity's name;
They bear for the thirsty lips to sup
The crystal draught in the humble cup;
Yes, more than this, with a broader care,
Over those who are caught in passion's snare
They would throw that beautiful mantle round
Which tinkles not with an empty sound—
Beautiful hands!

Beautiful hands! the girls and boys
Are ever eager for childhood's toys;
And the diligent hands are seldom still,
But toil with a mother's cheerful will
To form the kite or dress the doll,
To gladden the hearts of each and all.
The years go by and sons are grown;
One goes away to the distant town.
In the sultry days he sickens and dies;
No mother was there to close his eyes,
They bear the corpse to the old home-place,
Her hands are touching the dear dead face,
Beautiful hands!

Beautiful hands! I feel them now
As in other years they pressed my brow,
When the fever burned and the hot blood sped
As I tried to raise my aching head;
I feel the sweetly soothing palm
As it sought the fiery rage to calm;
And when again I was strong and well
Those gentle hands on my head would dwell,
As a voice would speak of a countless gain
Of coming thro' sorrow and strife and pain;
Of a straighter path up life's mountain-side,
To sunlit slopes where our views grow wide—
Beautiful hands!

Beautiful hands! forever at rest,
Now crossed on the cold and pulseless breast;
Their humblest deed has been "well done!"
What grander praise have the grandest won?
Grief sits enthroned by the desolate hearth,
And shadows lengthen o'er life's rough path.
The generous hands are forever closed,
From deeds of love they have now reposed;
The beautiful hands have ceased to guide,
The "bairns" are scattered far and wide;
But often from dreams in stranger lands
I wake to the touch of my mother's hands,
Beautiful hands!
—M. H. L. Buckner.

"Girls, Help Father."

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet-work.

"I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures are you?"

"I would be ashamed if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for

me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I have put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay wot ted to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy-chair, enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times!" took away all sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the farmer. "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if able," said Mr. Wilber; which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways who never think of lightening a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine or claim of gratitude. Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—Selected.

How They Gave.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

It was a motley company who had gathered in the great hall one morning for the purpose of packing a missionary box.

The rich and the poor had met together for a common cause, and to give or to withhold of the gifts God had given unto their care, as the case might be.

"Well, well, now that's a pretty good-sized box!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, treasurer of the ladies' society; "wonder if we can find enough to fill it?"

"I think so," answered little Mrs. Lewis, laying down her budget.

"We ought to," added Lizzie Elgin, folding up a comfortable patch-work quilt, the work of her industrious fingers.

"I brought these along," said sweet little Mrs. Myrtle, the minister's wife, as she displayed a partly worn suit of clothes in good repair. "They were brother John's, and so I have always kept them for his sake. I had so few of his things left after he died; but they will do some one good."

"Better have left them for Mr. Myrtle," whispered Lydia Ames to her best friend, Sally Porter.

"So I say," said Sally: "I always make it a rule never to give away anything that I can or may make of any possible use, and even if Mr. Myrtle did not use those clothes, they would make nice braided rugs."

"So they would; but some folks always are extravagant."

"I brought these; it was all I could do," and dear old Grandma Wells laid

down a couple of pairs of thick woolen hose.

"Those will be useful, I am sure," said Mrs. Williams.

"Well, I brought these; they are of no earthly good to me, and I am glad to be well rid of them; the people there may find use for them," and Amanda Davis, one of the wealthiest ladies of the town, held up an old bedraggled tarlatan skirt, of which there was hardly enough left to make a decent ruffle, as outspoken Mrs. Williams declared, and an old ruffled muslin apron!

"But," said Mrs. Myrtle, "you will give more than that: we depend on you. You must surely have cast-off garments which would do better service than these."

"That's the way! if we give much, we must give even more. Here take that and let them suit themselves," and from her thousands, Mrs. Davis tossed down just fifty cents, and left the room.

"Please put this in somewhere," said a meek little voice, as its owner handed in a bright half-dollar. She was poorly clad, and the chill air struck through the thin dress.

"Can you afford it, Jenny?" asked Mrs. Myrtle.

"Yes, for Christ," answered the girl, and hurried away, and no one but He to whom the gift was given so lovingly knew that she had given all the wages of two whole days. The actual amount was only equal to Mrs. Davis' sum, but how much greater in the eyes of Him who looks into the heart for the motives of men.

There were many gifts of value in the box that year. One mother brought the clothing of her little dead child. Another, whose boast was that her gift was the best and most valuable of all, did not think, perhaps, that she gave to glorify herself rather than her Saviour.

Ah, well! He who knoweth the hearts of men, knows what was the most valuable of all the gifts in the box that went to that missionary on the far-off prairies of the West.

We Seek a City.

We seek a city, where each quiet dwelling
Stands fast upon the everlasting hills;
Where in the song of praises loudly swelling,
Comes not a discord of our earthly ills.

We know that in that city life abideth;
Nor tears, nor death, can ever enter there;
And One with nail-pierced hands our way still
guideth,
Until we come unto the city fair.

We seek a city—pilgrim feet grown weary,
But we press on; beyond still lies our home,
Though days are dark, and ways are often
dreary,

We seek, we seek a city yet to come!
Lucy Randolph Flemming.

OFTEN on slight examination of the lesson it seems like dry ground, and it will not do to put entire dependence upon the intellectual understanding, nor upon commentators; it is only by earnest prayer that "the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear" is revealed. It was Whitefield who remarked, in effect, that the fullest, clearest light fell upon the inspired word when he was upon his bended knees over the open Bible. Words, foather-tipped with prayer, will wing their way to the heart, when lengthened, clear expositions, sent from the head will fall cold and unheeded at the feet of careless listeners.

Daughters who do not Excellently.

THE daughter never stops to think that once her mother enjoyed the sparkle and life of society and gave it up, and became the timid, shrinking, self-conscious woman that she is for her daughter's sake. She only tosses it off with a careless air: "Mother does not care for society somehow." She does not know that her mother has lost the art of graceful dress in forgetfulness of self, because her heart was not large enough to contain both herself and her daughter, and shoots the careless arrow into her mother's heart: "I wish, mother, that you wouldn't dress so dreadfully old-fashioned!" She does not know that her mother has closed for herself the library and the music room forever—too late now to reopen them—that she might give the key of both to her child, who to her companions utters the contemptuous sneer, "Mother is such a drudge! I believe she never reads a book, and I don't believe she knows the difference between Beethoven and Wagner." I see the mother's dream shattered, as most of our dreams are by the hard realities of life, and she toiling on in the kitchen and the chamber, and wearily waiting until the rest shall come, while the careless girl to whom she would have given so much, but by the very idolatry of her love has given so little, lives as a guest for her mother to serve, unpaid by the only wages that can ever pay for such services—a cordial recognition, a hearty, sympathetic co-operation, and a rewarding love.—Selected.

Brevities.

A MONTREAL clergyman was too ill to preach on Sunday, but he wrote a sermon, and by the use of a telephone heard it delivered in his church by another preacher as he lay on his sick-bed in his chamber.

It is not every doctor in divinity who is competent to teach children. It is reported that one of them undertaking to define catechism to a Sunday-School, said:—"A catechism is a synopsis, a compendium, a syllabus, of Christian doctrine."

MANY a promising child has been hurried to the grave or crippled in intellect and enfeebled in body by over-study. A little eight-year-old in Philadelphia died a few days ago of brain fever, in which her delirious thoughts were all about examples in arithmetic. She had been in mortal fear of being set back a grade by failure at examination. Common sense in the school room is one of the chief needs of the period.

THE following epigram was written on a Mr. Wellwood, who was much given to exaggeration:—

"You double each story you tell,
You double each sight that you see;
Your name's a double u e double l,
Double u double o d."

AN Englishman visiting Sweden, noticing the care for neglected children, who are taken from the streets and placed in special schools, inquired if it was not costly. He received the suggestive answer: "Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery, and crime, to become afterward a scourge to society, as well as a disgrace to himself."

Mercy and Righteousness.

(Psalm 98)

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

Oh, sing to the Lord a new song,
For the marvellous deeds He hath done!—
His arm, in the battle how strong!
Alone hath the victory won.

He hath His salvation made known,
His mercy abroad to disclose;
His righteousness openly shown
In the midst of the heathen, His foes.

His truth and His mercy have been
For Israel kept and bestowed,
The ends of the earth all have seen
The mighty salvation of God!

Oh, joyfully sing to the Lord,
Thou Earth, and ye regions of light!
And loudly in sweetest accord,
Rejoicing, in praises unite.

To the Lord with the harp will we sing—
With the harp and the psalm rising high;
And trumpet and cornet, the king
Shall hear from His throne in the sky.

The ocean in tempests shall roar,
And its fulness acknowledge His might;—
The world and its dwellers adore,
And the floods clap their hands with delight.

Let the hills with rejoicing break forth,
At the coming of God; for He stands
With righteousness judging the earth;—
And His truth for His people commands.

Newmarket, Ont.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

One Hundred and Sixty-Eight Hours.

In one day are twenty-four hours. In seven days are one hundred and sixty-eight hours. So many hours in one week, and hours of influence at that. Hours of sleep and hours of waking; hours of dreams and hours of experience among the realities of life; hours of doing and hours of idling; hours of reverie and hours of thinking; hours in which the life goes on steadily, and in which the soul grows on steadily—life becoming loftier or baser; the soul improving or deteriorating. O the power of the passing hours!

Sunday-school teacher: You have less than one hour a week for direct labour in the Sunday-school in behalf of your pupils. Only one hour out of one hundred and sixty-eight! And all the other hours full of power for your hour or against your hour.

What shall you do? You may well ask that question. Much depends upon the answer and your use of the answer.

First of all, put so much energy of truth into that one hour you have, that out of it may sweep, as rays of fire out of the sun, light and force to illuminate and dominate the other hours of the week. Adjust the carbon-point in the Sunday hour that the most remote hours of the secular week may shine because of its special glory.

Teach well. Teach essentials. Teach the heart. Teach with the heart. Illustrate the Sunday lesson by the week-day life, so that Wednesday and Saturday experiences in street and shop may suggest the truth so wisely and effectually spoken at the point of Sunday contact—when God's truth filled an hour with divine light and strength. Teach with a prayerful spirit. Teach with a practical aim. No one can begin to tell how much week-day influence can be packed into a Sunday hour of wise teaching.

Do not rest from your labour of loving care during the one hundred and sixty-seven hours that follow. The ten long furrows across the field drawn by your busy plough will not guarantee a harvest. More furrows must follow. And then more furrows. And after furrows fill the field—harrow and planter, hand and hoe, keen eye and good care must keep on the work begun in the beginning; and after many a day of service, and many a day of waiting, will come golden fruit as your reward. So keep up your Sunday solicitude and prayer, and work seven full days, and seven times seven, and seventy times seven, nor even then must you grow negligent. Think about your pupils; pray for them; write to them; visit them; guard the books they read; keep a vigilant care concerning the company they keep. Live for them all the time, and thus will one hour's work at Sunday-school on Sunday touch all the intermediate hours with light, and make radiant the passage from Sunday to Sunday across the sea of secular life as, one of these days, electric lights will mark the steamer's pathway across the Atlantic from shore to shore.—*S. S. Journal.*

The Prayer in the Glen.

WHO ever knew one to go on a foreign Christian mission who was not warmly interested in Sabbath-schools in his own land? This was as true in the early dawn of the blessed work as it is now.

When William Milne was fitting himself for the mission work in China, he was most devoted to the Scottish Sabbath-school. He felt that the work for souls was one all over the world. He realized the importance of this means of instruction more than many of us do. Going one night with a friend to visit an evening Sabbath-class, his road lay through a rocky glen, which brought to his mind the spot where he had first given his heart to the Saviour. He paused and said, "I am afraid to enter on the solemn work of the evening without special prayer."

The two young men knelt down in that rocky sanctuary, and for some time pleaded with God for His blessing, as only those teachers do who feel the preciousness of souls.

There was something in their very faces that told their scholars they had

been with Jesus. There was a power in their words that awed even the most thoughtless. Who can doubt that when the great books are opened, some saved soul will trace its rescue to that prayer in the glen which his faithful teacher poured out for him.

We can work for Jesus acceptably in no other spirit. We must feel that the work is solemn, and that prayer is our chief dependence. Other means may help us, but this brings down omnipotent help. Let us remember this prayer in the glen when we are going to meet our classes next Lord's day.—*Sunday-School Magazine.*

Home.

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty; where
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

—Thomson.

HOME is where the heart is. If it be a Christian home, with a Christian father, mother, brothers, and sisters, then there dwell love, joy, and peace. Every voice in such a home is music; music, the prelude of music in our heavenly home.

The Bible.

God never meant that man should scale the heavens
By strides of human wisdom. In His works,
Though wondrous, He commands us in His word

To seek Him rather, where mercy shines.

—Cowper.

IN His word God commands us to seek Him, where mercy shines. All through the New Testament mercy shines, in the life, parables, sayings, and promises of Jesus; in the work of the Apostles; the teachings and acts of the first Christians. Wonderful book! Glorious revelation of the divine will!

SAFETY FOR OUR CHILDREN.—Where shall we find protection for these tender lives save in the keeping of the almighty Saviour? We cannot shelter them ourselves. We cannot make our doors strong enough to shield them. We cannot protect them even by love's tenderness or by the influence of beautiful things—of art, of luxury, of music, or by the refinements of the truest and best culture. From amid all these things children's souls are every day stolen away. All history and all experience proves that nothing but the religion of Christ can be a shelter of our loved ones from this world's dangers and temptations.—*Teacher's Mentor.*

KITE-FLYING.—You must not treat your scholars as a boy might a kite that he lets off into the air and then goes away, having fastened his line to a post. Once in half-a-dozen hours does he visit the post. He may find the string but not the kite. That is the way some teachers treat their classes. They meet them on Sunday—hear the lesson and, dismissing all further interest, go away. That is tying the line to a post and leaving it. The class is ignored during the week. Another Sunday the teacher pulls the kite in. What wonder if the kite, or portions of it, be missing, a boy or girl gone? A good kite-flyer will watch his kite all the time. And you cannot do less in your work. Make your scholars feel that your restraining, directing hand is on them all through

the week, to visit if sick, guide if perplexed, restrain if venturesome. Ever keep your hand on the kite-string.—*S. S. Journal.*

STRIKE A MARK.—When you handle the lesson, aim to make one supreme, positive impression. It may be love, faith, temperance, but hit some mark squarely and dent it deep. The gunner in battle does not load his cannon purposelessly. He has an object as he rams down the powder, packs away the shot and applies the match to the touch-hole. There it is blazing, roaring, crashing away, but that piece of metal has an object in view, to hit a mark and hit it hard. As you teach the lesson in school, as you explain and comment, following up the questions with an after-talk, have some point at which you aim. Make an impression on the class, and let it go as deep as the impulse of love can force it.—*S. S. Journal.*

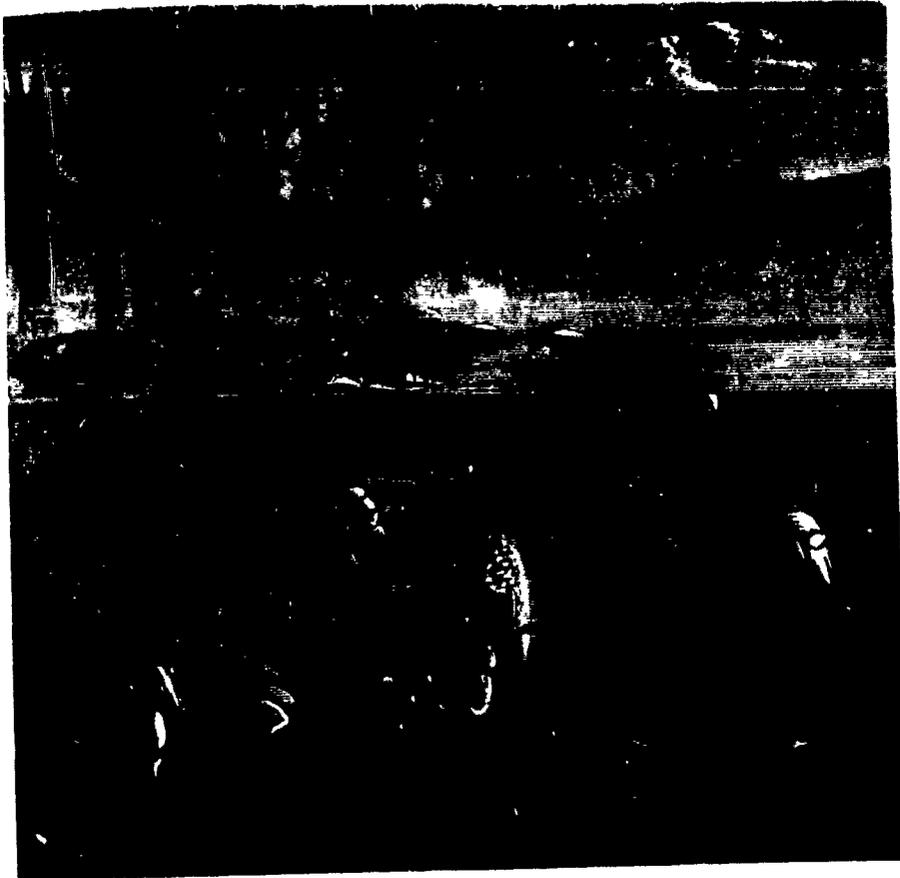
If a superintendent really wants order and quiet in his school as a preliminary to beginning the exercises, he can have it without fail. He need do nothing more than to take his place in the desk and—wait. If he will not begin until there is quiet, he will have quiet before he begins. But if he enters into a competition with the school, to see which can make the most noise, with bell or voice, the majority will be pretty sure to win.

THE TEACHER'S OPPORTUNITY.—You have a splendid opportunity. You are helping to shape souls for eternity. You can work easily now, since the material in your hand is so soft and plastic. Watch that potter moulding his clay, patting, curving, hollowing, elongating, skilfully shaping till his work is done. He works when his clay is soft, and surrenders himself to his work. Youth is the yielding material in your hand. You can mould it now. Ten years from this date you might not be able to do it. Realize your opportunity. It is magnificent, for you do not shape a pitcher, a jug, a plate, but a soul.—*S. S. Journal.*

YOU MUST NOT SEE IT.—Teachers ought to be able to see everything that is going on in their class or their school. "All-eyes," we believe, was the name that Daniel Webster got when he was a school-teacher. He seemed to have eyes in all parts of his head. But then, too, teachers should have the faculty of *not* seeing things. If they see a thing, they must do something about it. If they do not see it, it may pass without remark from them. Teachers should sometimes practice the art of not seeing things.—*S. S. Journal.*

TAKE IT IN GOOD PART.—It may not have been meant in good part. Never mind, take it so, all the same. If a scholar makes an ill-natured remark to you, or asks you a teasing question, treat him with such unconsciousness of his bad spirit that he will be ashamed of it himself, and be glad that his teacher did not observe it. There is often great wisdom, meekness of wisdom, in taking things in good part.—*S. S. Journal.*

"THE church that has no missionary spirit is dead. What does she live for?"—*Lutheran Missionary Journal.*



WATER SPIDERS.

Water Spiders.

THESE are very remarkable creatures. They possess the faculty of making a little balloon, as it were, in the water, and filling it with air, so that they can live quite comfortably beneath the surface of a pond. This little air chamber is attached by numerous threads to adjacent water plants. The spider makes frequent visits to the surface, as shown in the picture. The amount of mechanical and almost scientific skill that these creatures possess is marvellous. They may be said to have invented both diving bell and suspension bridge long before man had ever thought of either. Small wonder that the Psalmist, considering the wonders of nature, devoutly exclaimed, "O Lord! how marvellous are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all!"

Though Justice Wait.

BY REV. H. B. WARDWELL.

Though justice wait with long delay,
Twill come at last in God's own day;
And clouds of doubt and wrong take flight,
Like mists before the morning light.

We know not why God's plans should be
Just what they are, and sometimes see
But dimly where His beacons shine,
And faintly hear the Voice divine.

But He who notes the sparrow's fall,
Whose constant care is over all,
Will hear our prayer for greater light,
And lead us onward through the night.

The plans of God work 'ow but sure,
And truth forever shall endure;
The transient victories of wrong
Shall perish with its fated throng.

The down-trod nations shall awake
To freedom's glory, and shall break
Their long-worn fetters, forged of old
With songs of triumph, heavenward rolled.

On every soul by wrong oppressed
Some time the light of truth shall rest;
And obloquy's dark cowl of shame
Be wrested from the hero's fame.

Though justice wait, at last 'twill fall,
For God is just and true to all;
Then let us trust in God's great might,
And He will guide us in the right.

Jesus as an Inquisitive Boy.

BY MRS. V. C. PHOEBUS.

DID it ever occur to you that in the one glimpse we get of the boyhood of Jesus He is engaged in that most boy-like occupation, *asking questions*? Many persons have concluded these questions to be a merely Socratic method of leading the doctors to accept his views; but what warrant have we for thinking of them as other than the inquisitive questions of a boy seeking for information? Surely there was a time when His human nature was learning, for we are distinctly told that He "increased in wisdom" as well as in "stature."

He who was perfect man must surely have been perfect baby, perfect child, perfect youth, etc. Can we think of perfect babyhood with an "unchildlike shade upon the brow," such as Mrs. Browning fancies rested there?

Was He not rather, as an old English poet says, a "blessed, silly babe," with vacant stare and aimless tossings of hand and feet? then—but every mother's heart can picture the beautiful and rapid transitions—the "baby smiles," "the love-like coolings in the yellow air," "the short, quick joys of leaping babyhood," the block-building in the carpenter's shop, the merry romps among the Nazarene hills; then, the thoughtful moods, interspersed among the sportive hours, the mental questionings, the desire to know, and the beautiful, teachable spirit.

Among all His sayings, none is dearer to the heart of Christendom than this: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." In what does this essential virtue of childhood consist? In its weakness? In its ignorance? Nay, but in its *teachableness*. A child who has become vain, conceited, who thinks he knows more than his heaven-appointed guides, stands for the type of *unchildlike* childhood.

Surely He, our example, visiting the temple when but twelve years old, was no such child. He was rather a child-like boy, in whom was already begin-

ning a mental struggle involving questions beyond his years; what more natural than that He should thus seek a suitable opportunity for their solution? These doctors were His nation's teachers, He asked them questions because He wished to know; He "heard" attentively, and doubtless treasured their answers, for who, in all that nation, better fitted to answer than these who made a daily study of God's word? Not yet, nor for many years after, did He astonish them by His teachings: their astonishment now grew only from His thoughtful answers to their questions, and the strong, though boyish, understanding revealed both by His questions and His answers.

Let us then take this one scene of Jesus as a scholar in the temple for a Sunday-school model. Since Jesus both questioned and answered, let us encourage our scholars to ask questions, feeling sure that such a questioning class will be no inattentive class.

But since they are merely human questioners, we shall need to guard against errors in the questions they may

propose, such as:

1. Merely trivial or discursive questions. The first, the trivial, are easily answered by the remark, "We haven't time to discuss such themes;" if a question, really valuable in itself, is calculated to draw the attention entirely away from the subject of the lesson, don't entertain it, but answer, "Ask me that some other time," etc.

2. Perplexing questions, or questions designed to perplex. Those who came to Him, asking, "Whose image and superscription is this?" had already taken counsel "how they might entangle Him in His talk." In the senior classes of our Sunday-schools a teacher may be beset with similarly entangling questions. Jesus could not be entangled, but how shall a human teacher proceed? Of course, as there are different degrees of enlightenment, a question which might entangle one may have no meshes for another; then let each one proceed according to his light; answer if he sees a really clear solution; hesitate not to say "I don't know," if the state of the case requires it. Such a course will win the confidence of the thoughtful members of the class.

3. Questions asked in order to display superior knowledge and attainments. These questions require tact in the teacher, but since this self-conceit is most usually the result of half knowledge, there are times when it might be well to lead the questioner on till he begins to trip, and then good-naturedly show him how little he knows after all.

Whatever motive may prompt a questioning child, let the teacher feel sure that in his answer he must not feed him with mere words. Let me illustrate from a secular school. A little girl, listening to the recitations of an older class in astronomy, was greatly surprised to hear them taught that the path made by the earth around the sun is not a circular one; while one of the pupils was drawing upon the black-board an ellipse that should represent this path, the watching child jumped

to the conclusion that she now understood the reason of the changes in seasons; nearest the sun, thought she, makes summer; furthest away makes winter. Subsequently she questioned the teacher and learned that we are really nearest the sun in winter and *vice versa*, "but," added the teacher, "the difference in seasons is caused by the inclination of the earth's axis toward the plane of the ecliptic." The child, asking bread, had received a stone, and, worst of all, she valued her stone, she thought it bread, and *the hunger pain was appeased*, that is, she fancied she knew, she became wise in her own conceit, and upon that point the teachable spirit left her.

Lake Superior.

THE shadows round the inland sea
Are deepening into night.
Slow up the slopes of Penokee
They chase the lessening light.
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
I rest my languid eye,
Lake of the North! where cool and sweet
Thy sunset waters lie!

Along the sky, in wavy lines,
O'er isle and beach and bay,
Green-belted with eternal pines
The mountains stretch away;
Below, the maple masses sleep
Where shore with water blends,
While midway on the tranquil deep
The evening light descends.

A Missionary Era.

SUCH is this. We are told by good authority that there are 90 general Missionary Societies where there were only 9 or 10 eighty years ago. Their income is \$8,000,000, against about a quarter of a million eighty years since. The army of missionary workers numbers 45,000 in 20,000 places, where, at the beginning of the century, there were less than 700 ordained missionaries and a few native assistants. There are 9,316 schools with 450,000 scholars in about half of the missions; 857,332 communicants and 1,813,596 adherents are reported in about two-fifths of the missions, probably three and a half million in all. Multiplying Bible Societies have been distributing 160,000,000 copies of the word of life in 250 languages since 1804, when there were but 5,000,000 in the whole world.

THE Ceylon Mission of the A. B. C. F. M. has thirteen churches, all but four of them self-supporting, with over 1,000 members. Ten of them have ordained native pastors, and two more licensed preachers who are soon to be ordained. There is a college wholly self-supporting, with an endowment of 70,000 rupees, or about \$35,000; a native and foreign Board of Education, with 140 schools, 10,000 pupils, and an annual expenditure of 24,000 rupees, of which the Government gives over 20,000 in grants-in-aid; two female boarding-schools, with 100 pupils, one wholly, and the other partly self-supporting, and a normal training-school for boys, with about thirty pupils.

"THERE is nothing that so enlarges and expands the soul as an active interest in foreign missions. The idea compasses the globe, and lifts the thoughts out of the region of selfishness into that of universal benevolence; besides, the sanction and the command of Christ is its impelling impulse."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

The Vanished Choir.

Once more, after years, in the quaint old church

To the choir I bent my ear,
But vainly through it made listening search
For the voices once held so dear.
No lack of melodious art was there,
Still grand were the chords of praise,
Yet I missed with a pang the familiar air
Of the choir of my boyhood's days.

The sweet pure flood of my sister's voice
Of my brother's full toned and clear,
And of yet a dearer, whose accents choice
Made my pulses stir to hear;
And of friend and neighbour, each quite distinct,
In the symphony—where were they?
Gone, vanished and mute—a chain dislinked,
An accord that had died away!

I mourned their loss; and then vague and dim
Grew the notes of the later choir;
And there seemed to swell on the air a hymn
Rich and strong with the old-time fire.
With a thrill ecstatic I recognized
Each tone in remembrance kept,
While that one dear voice, than of all more prized,
My innermost heart-strings swept.

So real it was that I turned my head
To the singers as if to see
The prayerful eyes of my beautiful dead
Looking down, as of old, on me;
When the spell was dissolved I recalled no face,
No glance, the new choir among,
And the dream-hymn fading, gave gradual place
To the psalm that was being sung.

Sad and sedate through the Gothic door
I passed with the goodly throng,
And the quaint little church was hushed once more,
So to rest for a whole week long;
But for days and days in recesses grey
Of memory long locked fast,
A phantom choir held sovereign sway
With the anthems of the past.

No Harm in a Little.

BY THE REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.

If there was a plank thrown across a gulf fifty feet high that would bear a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, and you weigh one hundred and twenty, it might be a safe plank for you to walk over. But here stands a man who weighs two hundred pounds, and he sees you walking frequently over that plank in safety. He says that plank is safe. I will cross over, too. So on he goes until he sets his foot on the centre, and crash goes the plank, and the man is dashed down to destruction. The example of moderate drinkers is leading thousands to destruction in just the same way.

At a certain town-meeting, the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum; those were the days when even church-going people and many ministers saw no great harm in temperate drinking, as they called it. The physician of the place, the leading deacon of the church, and the clergyman, were all favourable to granting the license, only one man in the meeting spoke against it. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable-looking woman. She was very thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost ended. After a moment's silence, and as all eyes were fixed upon her, she lifted up her wasted body to its full height, and stretched out her long, bony arms, and raised her voice to a shrill pitch.

"Look upon me," she cried, "and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said about temperate drinking being the father of drunkenness is true. Look upon me. You all know

me, or you once did. You all know that I was the mistress of the best farm in this place. You all know, too, that I had one of the best husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard. All—every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged that they went to excess. They quoted you, and you, and you (pointing with her bony finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor), as their authority that it was all right. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family, and I saw it with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow. I begged, I prayed, but it was of no use. The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and my boys, was a good creature of God—the deacon there sold them rum, and took our farm to pay for the rum bills. The doctor said that a little was good, and it was only excess that was to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, and one after another they were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all—to warn you, deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's word!" And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed: "I shall soon stand before the judgment-seat of God. I shall meet you there, false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly. The minister, the deacon, and the physician hung their heads; and when the President of the meeting put the question, "Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous response was "No!"—*The Temperance Battle-field.*

Drinking Does Not Pay.

Go with me to every jail and prison throughout our land, from ocean to ocean, and ascertain how large a portion of those crimes and misdemeanors that have taken men from their families and lodged them there in prison walls has resulted from intoxication; and the answer from every jail and prison comes to us to-night that "drinking does not pay." Visit the poor-houses, which the charities of mankind provide for those who from competency have been reduced to destitution, and learn there the sad lesson, how many of them have ceased to become useful and valuable members of society, and dependent upon the taxes by which we support the poor, in consequence of yielding to the intoxicating bowl; and every poor-house answers, "Drinking does not pay." Examine the statistics of the gallows, and learn how many of its victims were induced to take the downward road thither by that intoxicating cup which turned

their brain and nerved their arm for the blow which sent them to the gallows; and the gallows tells you that "drinking does not pay." Read history, and learn from it how many of the great and the gifted in other lands as well as our own have commenced at wine drinking and ended in ruin, mental and physical; and history tells you that "drinking does not pay." Nay, more, read the papers of the day, and from every quarter you hear, morning after morning, and evening after evening, of the thousands who, once having pledged at the altar a lifetime of devotion and affection to their brides, reel home from a drunken debauch, to treat with brutality and violence those who should be as dear to them as their heart's blood; and this army of wome than widowed wives, whose woes no one but themselves can realize, tells you most sadly and impressively that "drinking does not pay."

It has been well said, "It is the first step that costs." Young men stepping out upon the threshold of life, with everything bright and hopeful in the future, let me adjure you, above all things else next to devotion to that religion which is to smooth your pathway to the tomb, avoid taking that first step. Plant your feet upon that solid rock of sobriety, as well as of safety, and then you may know that, so far as intemperance is concerned, its waves can dash against you, but they will dash in vain.—*Hon. Schuyler Colfax.*

What Shall we do With our Boys?

BY MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

FOR six or seven years, as a boy frolics in the nursery, and on the playground, with his sisters, in picturesque jackets and short pants, it is comparatively easy to get along with him. But by and by the soft hands grow rough, the pockets swell with nails, sticks, and old knives, the knees wear out in "marble time," skates are polished with handkerchiefs, which are found in rusty wads in overcoat pockets, the kite-tails are manufactured with bran-new strips of ruffling. Then, too, he keeps your heart in your mouth, as he responds to your call from the top of a fruit-tree, or leaps from a roof, or slides down the banisters.

While his sisters are behaving like ladies, with dolls and books and toys, he grows noisy and rude every day. His childish beauty is usurped by a weather-beaten, freckled face, seldom clean, and surmounted by a head of hair that always "needs cutting," or has just been "cut too short." His wrists and ankles will make unsightly exhibitions of themselves, unless a father's purse can meet a frequent tailor's bill. His voice grows harsh, and manners ungainly; he will brag of "licking big boys," and blush like a peach when asked to sit down to the table with a guest. Unless he can whistle, pound, whittle, wrestle, and kick he is miserable.

What shall be done with him? Send him to school, and there's the long vacation! Give him the barn to play in, and ten chances to one that he will break his neck from the hay-mow, or set the latter on fire, learning to smoke! He can't fish and hunt all of the time; neither make garden or pile wood all day. He must have home and love and a fireside. The more energetic,

robust, and active the boy becomes, the more annoying to all about him. He is in his sister's way. It puzzles his father, busy with money-making, to manage him. He is angry at the antics and follies of which he himself was guilty at the same age, and is both ashamed and proud of his boy.

The Devil improves this time to entice the boy to places where he will have a hearty welcome, and full play for his energies. He has books of obscenity and reckless adventure, which he is taught to hide in chest or secret drawer, or out in the barn; companions and vicious amusements, suited to every nature, where none shall remind him that he is "always in the way;" where his awkward movements and boisterous manners pass unrebuked, or are greeted with coarse laughter.

The divine Father foresaw all this, when He placed mankind in families, and gave the ungainly lads into the hands of a mother, filling her with a love with which He compares His own infinite love. This unfathomable heart has God prepared for a sacred resting place for the dear boys. Hers will not be weaned by his waywardness, or heedlessness, or later sins. She delights in his rugged growth. She can go with her undiminished love, and the sweet grace of her motherhood, into that secret chamber where none other but the holy Christ could enter. She is the only one to speak the gentle word of apology to the father and friends for the boy ways,—the vigorous outgrowth of early follies.

When he takes advantage of her wondrous love, and acts the boor, she passes it by, knowing that the remembrance of her unspeakable tenderness and forbearance will bring him back to her side. Ah, with prayer, watching, and patience, the wise mother can defy the world for her boy! Of all earthly undertakings, none pays better than the brooding of an awkward boy.

"What shall be done with him?" Why, bear with him and brood him, as none but a mother can. His destiny is in your hands. Take an interest in his boyish affairs. Win his confidence, and then respect it! Go to his bedside at night, with a kiss and a blessing. Don't mind if the baby and younger children do call lustily for "mamma," your boy needs you most. Tuck him in and chat with him; above all, sometimes kneel and pray with him. If you don't know how, learn. Never mind if your heart does fly and leap into your mouth. Kneel at his bedside, and though he should pretend slumber, he will tell his wife of it, years after!

When your boy sees that you are less offended with his rudeness than grieved with his want of integrity,—that you are proud of him, and in true sympathy with him,—he will make his mother's great heart of love a sure resting-place. He will never go far astray, because he cannot forget whose idol and pride he was, when he was in every one else's way, and who was patient with him when every one else blamed.

If the mothers of our land must fill the professions, engage in politics, or live in social life, God help our boys! They are friendless indeed. They have lost the only earthly beings capable of steering their bark safely through the quicksands, rocks, and shoals that lie between the dim shores of boyhood and a virtuous and beautiful manhood.—*S. S. Times.*

The Corn and the Lilies.

Say the corn to the lilies,
"Press not near my feet,
You are only tillers—
Neither corn nor wheat.
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Nought answered the lilies—
Neither ye nor may,
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples
Rested at his feet,
And the proud corn rustled,
Bidding them to eat.
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat."

"Consider the lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory,
Yet no toil they know."
Oh, how happy were the lilies
That he loved them so.

—Sunday Afternoon.

The Energy That Succeeds.

THE energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following simple story strongly illustrates this truth:

About thirty years ago, said Judge P—, I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy of twelve years of age came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back.

"I've got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man not very kindly told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the

remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the other, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven cents left toward buying some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no boat could live in such a sea.

The captain, who had been below with his chart, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

"I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men!"

He did land us safely; but the vessel sank moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang-plank. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P—, do you recognize me?"

I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him, until I stepped aboard of his vessel.

"Do you remember that boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," he said. "God bless you!"

"And God bless noble Captain Haverly!"—*Baptist Weekly*.

The King and the Miller.

NEAR Sans Souci, the favourite residence of Frederick the Great, there was a mill, which much interfered with the view from the palace.

One day the king sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill, and the unexpected reply came that the miller would not sell it for any money.

The king, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance, but, folding his arms, quietly remarked:

"The king may do this, but there are laws in Prussia." And he took legal proceedings, the result of which was that the king had to rebuild the mill, and to pay a good sum of money besides in compensation.

Although his majesty was much chagrined at this end to the matter, he put the best face he could upon it, and turning to his courtiers, he remarked:

"I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom."

A sequel to this incident occurred about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller of whom we have just

been talking had come into possession of the mill.

After having struggled for several years against ever-increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on his business, he wrote to the present emperor of Germany (then only king of Prussia), reminding him of the incident we have just related, and stating that if his majesty felt so disposed, he should be very thankful, in his present difficulty, to sell the mill. The king wrote the following reply with his own hand:

"MY DEAR NEIGHBOUR: I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of your family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith \$6,000, in the hope that it may be of some service in restoring your fortunes.

"Consider me always your affectionate neighbour,

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

Missionary Notes.

THE Wesleyans in Australia have 36,804 pupils in their Sunday-schools. They lead all other churches.

In Germany Baptists are not allowed to hold a Sunday-school under that name. To make it lawful it must be styled Divine Service for Children.

"HAD it not been for the foreign missionary spirit, the Christian religion would never have seen its second century."—*Morning Star*.

WERE the foreign missionary spirit to die out of our American churches, they would be as dead and worthless as the Armenian and other corrupt Eastern churches.

In a discussion of woman's work in missions, in a certain mission in China, it was decided, with but one dissenting voice, that it was more important than man's. "Christianize the women, and idolatry must cease," was the expression of feeling.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

THE last census reveals the fact that in India alone there are 250,000,000 worshippers of idols, 21,000,000 of whom are widows (many being mere children), and to be a widow there is worse than being a dog. Public opinion has put bans upon them, and in some measure they are counted responsible for the death of their husbands, and are treated accordingly. The whole missionary force in this field is but a handful, and there is urgent need for an increase of men and money.

AMERICAN INDIANS.—"No good Indian but a dead one." And yet, a civil engineer, long conversant with the Creeks and Choctaws, says: "They are as nice a people as you can meet; there seems to be no vice or crime among them. I never knew a people so honest, or so careful in their observance of the Sabbath. They would not even take old fruit-cans that were thrown out of the camp, without first asking permission; although being very fond of pictures, they valued those that were pasted around the cans;" and he attributes their integrity and good morals to the fact that most of their chiefs are Christian ministers.

ONE of the islands of the Samoa group, Atafu, reports that all its adult population are either members of the

church or candidates for membership. It has been in charge of a native teacher for the past eight months, having been previously without a teacher for two years. The missionary, under whose superintendence it falls, the Rev. Charles Phillips, of the London Society, thinks it ought to be called the "Millennial Isle." The church has eighty-five members and there are twenty candidates. Not a soul "remains in the service of Satan." The teacher says he is well cared for. The people have provided for him a large and comfortable house, and supply him abundantly with food.

"At Evening Time it Shall be Light."

THE gorgeous banners of declining day
Hang in the sunset halls;
The gold and purple piled in grand array
Against the azure walls;
Yet all day long they trailed their gloomy way,
Draping the sky with palls!

Still on the lidless eyes of faith there rise
Such visions as the seer's;
Already breaks along earth's clouded skies
Light from the holy spheres;
And through the gates that evening glorifies,
Dawn the millennial years!

—Charles D. Buck.

Varieties.

MEN OF THE TIME.—Watchmakers.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.—Baby's mouth.

A "PLUCKY" FELLOW.—A busy poulterer.

WHAT is that by losing an eye has nothing but a nose left!—A noise.

WHEN a man is climbing the ladder of fame he likes rounds of applause.

A SAN FRANCISCO editor says that when he thinks of Ireland's woes his heart goes "Pity Pat."

WHY is a cab-horse the most miserable of all created beings?—Because his thoughts are ever on the rack, and his greatest joy is woe!

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD child, visiting, saw bellows used to blow an open fire, and informed her mother that "they shovel wind into the fire at Aunt Augusta's."

A YOUNG ragamuffin, on being asked what was meant by conscience, replied, "A thing a gen'lman hasn't got, who, when a boy finds his purse and gives it back to him, doesn't give the boy ten cents."

A LITTLE three-year-old, whose father did not use a razor, was recently, while on a visit to an aunt, greatly interested in seeing her uncle shave. After watching him intently for a few minutes, she said, "Uncle what do you do that for? Papa don't wash his face with a little broom and wipe it with a knife."

LEVER, the novelist, noticing that the hand of a woman, who was bringing him some tea at a small country hotel, shook tremulously, kindly said to her, "I am sorry to see, Biddy, that you have a weakness in your hand." "O, your honour," she replied, with a glance of indescribable humor, "the weakness is not in my hand, but inside the tay-pot!"

AN IRISHMAN some time ago was being examined as a witness in some street quarrel in Bishop Auckland, when a sharp attorney, trying to browbeat the Hibernian concerning which side of Newgate-street he was on, asked, "Which side of the flag were you on?" "Bedad, your honor," replied Pat. "there's only two sides to a flag, an' I was on the top side!"

Some Day.

SOME day I shall be dead,
Some day this tired head,
With all the anxious thought it now doth
know,
Shall be laid low.

This body, pain-racked, ill,
Shall lie at length, and still,
Under the clover and the wind-swept grass,
Nor hear you pass.

That were, indeed, strange sleep,
When even you might weep,
And come, and go—even you—unheard of me
As bird or bee.

Perchance, when that release
Hath wrought its spell of peace,
O'er this unquiet heart, long vexed with woe
Heart's ease may grow.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

- 30.—James A. Garfield. Garfield.
- 31. The simplest deed may tell the truly brave;
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve;
The slightest look may make a heart to grieve;
Naught is so small but that it may contain
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.
- 32.—Pleiades—Arcturus.

NEW PUZZLES.

- 33.—CURTAILMENT.
A King of the Jews, and have a brave man; again, and have a pronoun.
- 34.—DECAPITATION.
Whole, in the wrong way; be-headed, successively, to wander, a salver, a line of light, yea, a lecturer.
- 35.—SQUARE WORDS.
A fruit; a girl's name; a prophet; a rough file.
A poet; a weight; the deity of ridicule; to cleanse; to set again.
The shinbone; articles; a half shekel; an idol; the remains of a human body when burnt.

Was it Dr. Chalmers or Dr. Guthrie of whom this story is told? When he entered his pastorate in Edinburgh, being still quite young, a hard-headed old Scot of the Kirk took great umbrage because such a youth was set to teach him the way of the Lord. He criticised the call, and then treated the preaching with lofty contempt.

Getting wind of it, the minister had the wit and sanctified wisdom to meet him as a man.

"I hear you are unhappy," said he, "under my ministry."
The man gruffly admitted that he was unhappy.

"And I am told that you consider my preaching poor, and that I have no business to be standing in such a distinguished church."

The dauntless member not only would not deny, but avowed that just such were his views.

"Then," said the minister, "you and I can well afford to shake hands and be friends, for we think exactly alike. I never thought myself the fit man for the place; and every Sunday I am ashamed of the sermons. The people have a fancy to the contrary; and until I met you there was none to sympathise with my views. Let us shake hands and stand together."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1134.] LESSON XIII. [Sept. 23.

THE CHILD SAMUEL.

1 Sam. 3. 1-19. Commit to mem. vs. 10-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. 3. 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God calls the children to love and serve him.

TIME.—B.C. 1134. Seven or eight years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Shiloh, 17 miles north of Jerusalem.

ELI.—Judge and high priest. 78 years old.

SAMUEL.—About 12 years old. Just beginning to prophesy.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The people of Israel had become degenerate, and had forgotten God. Eli was old, and his sons who acted in his place were covetous and very wicked, and Eli did not depose them from the priesthood.

INTRODUCTION.—Samuel had now been at the tabernacle at Shiloh for several years, doing such work as a child could do, and waiting on Eli.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Samuel ministered*—Did such work as lighting lamps, opening doors, etc. *The word was precious*—i.e., rare. *No open vision*—No public prophecy, such as had been through Moses and Joshua. 3. *Ere the lamp went out*—i.e., just before morning. *Laid down to sleep*—In one of the buildings within the court of the tabernacle, and built around it. Not in the tabernacle itself. 12. *The things which I have spoken*—Some time before this by a prophet. (1 Sam. 2. 27-34). 13. *He restrained them not*—He should have turned them out of office. Probably also he was too indulgent to them in youth. Hence Eli was guilty with his sons. 19. *And Samuel grew*—Compare what is said of John the Baptist (Luke 1. 80), and of Jesus Christ (Luke 2. 40, 52).

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Eli's character.—Eli's sons.—How much Eli was to blame.—Samuel's early piety.—John's youth.—Christ's youth.—How early children may become Christians.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—At what age was Samuel taken to the temple? How long after that to his call as recorded in to-day's lesson? What was the general state of the people at this time?

SUBJECT: EARLY PIETY.

1. AN EXAMPLE OF EARLY PIETY (vs. 1-10, 19).—How old was Samuel at this time? In what place did he live? What did he do at the tabernacle? (v. 15). To whom did he minister? How young can one begin to serve the Lord? What can you do in his service? Should children join the Church? Meaning of "the word of the Lord was precious"? Who called Samuel? Whom did he think it was? How many times was he called? How did he learn who it was that called him? What was Samuel's answer? Does the Lord ever speak to you? In what ways does he call you? How by his spirit? How by conscience? How by the Bible? How by religious services? How by the example of others? By what providences has he spoken to you? What does he call you to do? What should be your reply to him? What is said of Samuel's boyhood? (v. 19). How does it compare with what is said of John the Baptist? (Luke 1. 80). How with Christ's boyhood? (Luke 2. 40, 52). Meaning of "did let none of his words fall to the ground?"

2. A WARNING AGAINST NEGLECT OF EARLY PIETY (vs. 11-18).—What was God's message to Samuel? What warning had been given before this to Eli? (1 Sam. 2. 27-34). What kind of a man was Eli? How old was he at this time? Name his two sons. To what office had Eli appointed them? What kind of men were they? (1 Sam. 2. 12-17). How far was Eli to blame for their conduct? (v. 18). Were they any the less to blame? Did not Eli warn them? (1 Sam. 2. 23-25). Was this too late? When should he have begun? What promise is given to those who train their children aright? (Prov. 22. 6). What promise to

those who obey their parents? (Eph. 6. 1-3). How were Hophni and Phinehas punished? What was Eli's punishment? Is this the natural result of disobedience to parents?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Children can become Christians in very early life.
2. Children can serve God by prayer, worship, obedience, and kindness to others, interest in missions, etc., at meetings and Sabbath school.
3. God calls children by the Bible, by the Spirit, by conscience, by providence, by the example of others, by influence of parents and teachers.
4. We should be very attentive when God speaks.
5. Receive the word of God as children: (1) with eagerness; (2) with humility; (3) without prejudice; (4) with a disposition to obey.
6. Those who neglect to train their children are guilty with them of their sins.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in Concert.)

21. Where did Samuel spend his boyhood? **ANS.** At the tabernacle in Shiloh.
22. What did he do? **ANS.** He aided in the temple services?
23. What happened to him one night? **ANS.** God called him.
24. What was Samuel's answer? **ANS.** Here am I!
- Speak, for thy servant heareth.
25. What kind of a boy was he? **ANS.** He grew and waxed strong in spirit, and the Lord was with him.

LESSON XIV.

REVIEW.—Sept. 30.

QUESTIONS.

1. TIME.—How long before Christ did the events of this quarter begin? Over how much time did they extend?
2. EVENTS.—What are the chief events recorded in this quarter's lessons? Point out the places where they occurred. Locate on the map the different tribes. Name the principal enemies of Israel, and point out their location.
3. PERSONS.—Name the principal men referred to in the lessons. Name the leading women. For what was each one noted? In what places did they live?

SUBJECT: THE PROMISED LAND.

1. THE LAND OF PROMISE.—Give the location of the Promised Land. What was its length and breadth? Its principal lakes and rivers and mountains? What was the promise? (Gen. 12. 1-3. Deut. 8. 7-9). How is Christ's kingdom like this land? Is the Christian life full of fruits and blessings?

2. ENTERING THE LAND (Less. 1, 2).—Who was the leader of Israel after Moses' death? What kind of a man was he? What was the secret of his success? How did the people prepare to cross the Jordan? From what place did they start? Where did they cross? How? In what respects was this like the beginning of the Christian life?

3. CONQUERING ENEMIES (Less. 3, 4, 9, 10).—What was the first city conquered? In what way was the victory gained? Why was there such a manifestation of divine power at the beginning? What was their next attempt? Why were they defeated? How did they finally attain to success? Tell the story of Gideon's victory. Give a brief account of Samson's victories. What enemies have we to overcome? What especially at the beginning of the Christian life? What do we learn from these lessons as to the way to overcome them? Can we live a happy, useful, Christian life unless we conquer them?

4. DAILY LIFE IN THE LAND OF PROMISE (Less. 5, 8, 11-13).—What thrilling scene took place soon after the entrance of the Israelites in the Promised Land? What was its object? What does it teach us as to the Christian life? What cities were appointed after the conquest? Their object? What lesson of Christian life do we learn from this? What great assembly just before Joshua's death? What choice did the people make there? What help in daily life do you obtain from this lesson? What backslidings occurred after the death of Joshua? In what way did God help them out of these? How many judges were there? How long did the people live under judges? Relate the story of Ruth. What is the story of Hannah and the lessons from her life? Relate the story of Samuel. What help can children obtain from his early history?

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