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HONEY SCHOOLS

AND

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

[No. 18.



EVENING STUDY.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

In September.

BY ELIZABETH COLE.

MORNINGS frosty grow, and cold,
Brown the grass on hill and wold;
Crows are cawing sharp and clear
Where the rustling corn grows near;
Mustering flocks of blackbirds call;
Here and there a few leaves fall.
In the meadows larks sing sweet,
Chirps the cricket at our feet—
In September

Noons are sunny, warm, and still;
A golden haze o'erhangs the hill,
Amber sun-shine's on the floor
Just within the open door;
Still the crickets call and creak—
Never found, though long we seek—
Ott comes faint report of gun;
Busy flies buzz in the sun,—
In September.

Evenings chilly are, and damp,
Early lighted is the lamp;
Fire burns, and kettle sings,
Smoke ascends in thin blue rings;
On the rug the children lie;
In the west the soft lights die;
From the elms a robin's song
Rings out sweetly, lingers long—
In September.

Evening Study.

ASA and his sister were ambitious to keep up with their classes. Many times when they had hard lessons in arithmetic they would sit up after supper and study. Asa was about three years the older, but he loved his sister's company in study as well as in play or work. He helped her so much that she soon caught up with him. His mind was active, and he easily learned his lessons. It was not easy for his sister, so Asa would act as teacher, as our picture illustrates. Ida would sit and listen to the explanation as Asa took her through each example, step by step. She would ask questions, and he would answer until she understood it well, then Ida would solve an example and explain it in all its parts and answer the questions about it that Asa would ask. In this way Ida gained rapidly. They worked together in this way and kept at the head of their class. Acting as teacher helped Asa very much. He needed to reason and explain more to be able to make it plain. As he reached the higher branches his mind was broadened, so that it was less difficult to master them. By this study together they learned to tell what they had learned. Many boys and girls now only go over their lessons hurriedly, and somehow pass through; but were they called upon to explain their work they could not do so. It is not how much we do that counts for good, but how well. Boys and girls who are slack at study are sure to be slack at work of any kind they undertake. It becomes a habit with them to slight all they do, and some have been known to become even slack in talking. Such boys and girls are slighted by thorough, active people, and when they are grown they find, but too late to recover the mistake, themselves almost a burden to society. This kind of people generally are proud and want to be classed among the best. They scorn poor, honest, labouring people, thinking to exalt themselves in this way. They try to pass off as cultured people; but sham will be found out. Do you know any such boys or girls? Set them a better example. Teach them the best way.

THE great mystery of the gospel doth not lie in Christ without us, though we must know also what he hath done for us; but the very pith and kernel of it consists in Christ inwardly formed in our hearts.

Methodists at Epsom Races.

Mr. Nix's band is forty strong. Their tent is the largest on the Downs—ninety feet long by thirty feet broad:—

And so contrived a double debt to pay,
Bedroom by night—a gospel hall by day.

It is quite close to the race course—opposite the Grand Stand, and in the centre of all the confusion and noise of the biggest and roughest crowd in England. Behind us is rising ground, where thousands stand to see the races, and there are beside them, all the noisy tents and booths which form the fun of an English fair. During the day the din is terrible.

The people who come to the race-course on "Derby Day" are the cream and the scum of England. The great middle-class do not seem to be represented to any great extent. There are young men by the thousand; all the thieves and vagabonds in the country are present; and how many men—young and old—who exist by their wits, who do not know where the next meal or bed is to come from, it is impossible to number.

On Tuesday forenoon Mr. Nix numbered his band within the tent, and prepared to open the campaign. There is a portable harmonium, in charge of a medical student, a cornet, and two violins. Much—almost everything, so to speak—depends on the music: this must be sharp, bright, loud, and lively. The hymn-book is a sheet containing twenty hymns that everybody knows by heart. Every man in the band is prepared to spring on the four-legged stool, in the centre of the ring, to deliver a sermon on salvation, from one to three minutes long.

"Now, boys, let us start!" and we find our way round the carriages and betting men to the course in front of the Grand Stand, the ring is formed, and—

All hail the power of Jesus' name,

resounds in the ears of the astonished multitude.

"Why, here are the sky-pilots!" is the cry; and soon we get a crowd of listeners.

"Now, Mr. Scott, pray!" and a hearty young Wesleyan minister, without a vestige of the cloth about him, asks God's blessing.

Mr. Nix followed. "The first word to be spoken by us to-day," said he, "is to be an acknowledgment of the kindness we received here last year. We do not come here to condemn any man—to denounce racing, betting, drinking, or any special sin. We serve our Master, the Lord Jesus, and we are come to sing his praises, and to tell of the salvation he offers to everybody on the Epsom Downs to-day. We have the secret of true happiness. It is not to be found in money; it is not for those who select a particular horse—it is for everybody here who will take it. The 16th hymn."

And there is no time for any London wit to get in chaff edgeways before those Wesleyans were off with—

We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy—the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? Will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

Pray do not think this was sung to a long-metre tune. There was not time for that. In thirty minutes or so the bell rang to clear the course, and during that time over a dozen sermons were preached and songs without number sung.

Wednesday was the great day of the carnival—and it broke in with heavy rain. As we lay under our canvas we thought of the poor wretches whom we had seen the night before spreading a sport-

ing paper on the ground under a hedge to sleep on. Many a head tried to get below our canvas during the night, but, as we had set a trusty patrol, nothing went wrong. We got on to the course in the forenoon twice or thrice, but as the rain came on heavily, we prepared for an indoor service in the afternoon. No need to ring a bell. As many as we could find places for kept coming and going, and while the great race was being run close by, nobody seemed to take any notice.

Some of the band were sent out in a dry interval to distribute gospels, and they found a ready acceptance from all—rich and poor alike. It was Brother Piper, a bright young Cornishman, who is right hand to Mr. Nix, who was deputed to look after the four-in-hands. "Oh, yes, thank you," said one of a grand company. "We go to church, you know—All Souls; in fact, a church-meeting was put off because we had come to the Derby. Our parson is a very nice fellow, you know, although he doesn't like horse-racing. Will you take a little champagne?"

"Thank you; but, praise, the Lord," said Brother Piper, "I don't know anything of champagne, or real pain."

But, as they would not take "No!" for an answer, he was regaled with lemonade and sandwiches, as he told them what Christ had done for him.

Then he lighted on the Sloper family. He handed in his card, and the great head of the house, that everybody knows, received a copy of the Scriptures for every member of his well-known household. Altogether, nearly a quarter of a million of tracts, leaflets, booklets, and New Testaments were given away during the week.

A young man said: "Everybody has heard of Bendigo, the prize-fighter, who never was beat. He was my grandfather. His son Matt was my father, and he used to say, 'Matt, you've got a nice little son; I think he'll fight well—we'll teach him all we know.' But Bendigo gave his heart to Jesus, and so have I; and I hope I may be esteemed a good fighter for my Master."

Bendigo's grandson is at present attending Mr. Spurgeon's college, and he gives promise that he will be a credit to it. "Thank God," said he to me, "I have a praying mother. She is still living. I have her photo inside of my Bible—I will show it to you."

The good man who was cook for the establishment, came from the kitchen to tell what had been done for him through Mr. Moody's preaching, when he was forty years of age.

"New Jim," once "Old Jim," a pugilist, was able to tell of old Derby days, and of his new life of love. There was many a strange-looking face in the audience—many a weary foot—a tear was seen in many an eye.

An old sailor, who had come from the Sailors' Home, at Shadwell, and who gave his name as Duncan Campbell, was constrained to stay behind, overcome with the good news he had heard. There were many others who gave a like testimony.

Gentlemen came in for a few minutes, and, passing out, left a sum to help in paying the expenses; and there were mysterious visits of a carriage for orders; and the baker and the butcher and the milkman, and other tradesmen, called with what was wanted, and up to the present no bill for anything came in.

The campaign has turned out most successfully, and, all being well, another will be projected next year, with many changes and improvements, which have been suggested by experience. The hearts of the good people of the West Central Mission rejoice over what the Lord has done for and by them at the Epsom races.—*Christian Leader.*

Have Faith in the Boy.

HAVE faith in the boy, not believing
That he is the worst of his kind,
In league with the army of Satan,
And only to evil inclined;
But daily to guide and control him,
Your wisdom and patience employ,
And daily, despite disappointment
And sorrow, have faith in the boy!

Have faith to believe that some moment
In life's strange and checked career,
Convicted, subdued, and repentant,
The prodigal son will appear,
The gold in his nature rejecting,
The dark and debasing alloy,
Illuming your spirit with gladness,
Because you had faith in the boy.

Though now he is wayward and stern,
And keeps himself sadly aloof
From those who are anxious and tearful,
And ready with words of reproof;
Have faith that the prayers of a mother
His wandering feet will arrest,
And turn him away from his follies
To weep out his tears on her breast.

The brook that goes dashing and dancing
We may not divert from its course,
Until the wild turbulent spirit
Has somewhat expended its force;
The brook is the life of the river,
And if we the future might scan,
We'd find that a boisterous boyhood
Gave vigour and life to the man.

Ah! many a boy has been driven
Away from his home by the thought,
That no one believed in his goodness,
Nor dreamed of the battles he fought.
So if you would help him to conquer
The foes that are prone to annoy,
Encourage him often with kindness,
And show you have faith in the boy.

Have faith in his good resolutions,
Believe that at last he'll prevail,
Though now he's forgetful and heedless,
Though day after day he may fail,
Your doubts and suspicious misgivings
His hope and his courage destroy,
So if you'd secure a brave manhood,
'Tis well to have faith in the boy!

The Harvest-Moon.

It is the harvest moon! On gilded naves
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests,
And their aerial neighbourhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
And harvest fields, its mystic splendour rests.
—*Longfellow.*

THE full moon of September which falls nearest the twenty-third day of the month, is popularly known as the "harvest-moon." Sometimes it may happen that the moon "fulls" twice in the month, and sometimes it "fulls" on the second or third day of September, and again on October first, in which case the latter would be the harvest-moon.

The middle of the month is the period when the farmers are busy gathering their harvests, and the moon's rising at nearly the same time on several successive evenings at that period, enables them to continue their labours into the night without interruption. In the early ages, the simple-minded agriculturists of England believed that this was a special dispensation of Providence for their benefit. Hence the name "harvest-moon."

We know now that the harvest-moon is a natural phenomenon. It still continues, however, to be the most charming feature of the early autumn evenings, as it completely bridges for several successive nights the interval between the setting of the sun and the subsequent rising of the same. The moon

rises when the sun sets, as the other full moons of the year do.

The peculiarity about the harvest-moon, is that it appears to rise at nearly the same hours for several consecutive evenings, instead of rising later and later by from forty-five to sixty minutes, as at other times during the year. There is, indeed, an interval of over twenty-four hours between the successive appearances of the moon above the eastern horizon, but that interval is smaller than in any other week of the fifty-two

At the equator, the time which elapses between the risings of the moon is about the same in September as in March. There is practically no change in this respect throughout the year. In the countries ten or twelve degrees north of that line, however, the change is noticeable, while it increases according to the distance north of the equatorial line.

In the latitude of Washington, Louisville, St. Louis, and San Francisco, the difference is thirty minutes, and the change is of course greater as we go north. In the latitude of St. Petersburg, for instance, the greatest interval between successive risings, in excess of the twenty-four hour limit, is about one hour and twenty minutes, and the least is about nine minutes.

The greatest change in all these places occurs in March each year. All this is for that region of the globe north of the equator. South of that line the opposite conditions prevail.

The cause of the apparent change in the moon's movement is this: The angle between the plane of our horizon and that of the ecliptic—the path which the earth travels in going round the sun—is smaller about the time of the autumnal equinox than at any other period during the year. The path traversed by the moon in its journey around the earth, which it completes every twenty-nine days, forms an angle with the path traversed by the earth around the sun, completed every year, and also with our horizon.

If a luminous line were drawn across the firmament representing the earth's orbit, and another representing the earth's horizon, it would be found that the two form a smaller angle at one time in the year than they do at the other, six months later or six months earlier, as the case may be. The earth and moon are nearer the former or smaller angle in September each year, and nearer the latter angle in March.

The full moon in September, in our latitude, rises later each successive night by an interval ranging from about twelve minutes to a little over half-an-hour, being dependent upon the moon's distance from the earth at that time. The full moon of March rises later on consecutive nights by an interval ranging from an hour and ten minutes to an hour and a half.

The harvest-moon is invested with pleasing associations, and has given a theme to innumerable poets, both in England and the United States. On its arrival—

There's merry laughter in the field,
And harri less jest and frolic rout,
And the last harvest-wain goes by,
With its rustling load so pleasantly,
To the glad and clamorous harvest shout.

The waning of the harvest-moon usually marks the close of the more urgent tasks of the husbandman. The pressing labours of the year are over, for—

The harvest treasures are all
Now gathered in beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up,
And instant winter's rage defied.
—*Golden Days.*

If We Would.

If we would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbour's name;
If we would but help the crying,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted
If we would but see the way!
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go a-tray!

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could;"
But our God who judgeth all things
Knows the truth is, "If we would."

Was He Wise?

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy received a present of fifteen hundred dollars from his grandmother. She told him she hoped he would use it wisely, but he was free to do what he pleased with it.

He thought a good deal about it for one week. Then he told his father that he would like to put it out at five per cent. interest. "At that rate," said he, "it will earn me seventy-five dollars a year, which I can add to the principal, and when I am twenty-one years old I shall have a nice little capital."

His father approved, and this was done. Perhaps some of our boys will tell us how much capital this young man would find waiting for him at the end of seven years. This is an example in compound interest, remember.

He might have bought a fine boat and a lot of fishing-tackle and gone off on a boating excursion, and had a great deal of pleasure. Or he might have bought a quantity of ammunition and some fine guns, and gone off on a wonderful shooting expedition.

But he did a great deal better. He preferred the *unseen* to the *seen*. Was he wise?

Boys and girls are choosing every day between the seen and the unseen.

Be careful that you do not waste upon seen pleasures what might one day prove valuable capital, if you would save it for a good now unseen.

The Little Bootblack.

A HUNDRED years ago there lived a little boy in Oxford whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous university there. He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favour with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, and his industrious habits and faithful deeds, won their admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man, and they proposed to teach him a little every day.

Eager to learn, George accepted their proposal, and he soon surprised his teachers by his rapid progress.

"A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said a student.

"Keen as a briar," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on step, by step, just as the song goes—

"One step and then another,"

until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man—who preached the Gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitefield.—*Sabbath Reading.*

The Unfailing One.

He who hath led, will lead
 All through the wilderness;
 He who hath fed will feed;
 He who hath blessed will bless;
 He who hath heard thy cry
 Will never close His ear;
 He who hath marked thy faintest sigh
 Will not forget thy tear.
 He loveth always, faileth never;
 So rest on him to-day, forever!

He who hath made thee whole
 Will heal thee day by day;
 He who hath spoken to thy soul,
 Hath many things to say;
 He who hath gently taught
 Yet more will make thee know;
 He who so wondrously hath wrought,
 Yet greater things will show.
 He loveth always, faileth never;
 So rest on him to-day, forever!

—From Geo. A. Munro's, Cowansville, Que.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

The Last Man Saved.

A FEW years ago a homeward bound vessel was wrecked on the south-west coast of England. The life-boat was launched, and away the men went, and were a long while at sea. Darkness set in, but the people on the coast lighted great fires so that the life-boat might be guided on its return to shore. After a while they saw it returning, and a great strong man, of the name of John Holden, who was on the shore cried aloud to the captain of the life-boat, "Hi! Hi! have you saved the men?" The captain answered, "Aye, aye, I have saved the men," and all hearts were filled with gladness. But when they reached the shore it was found that one man was left clinging to the mast.

"Why did you not save him?" said Holden; "why did you not save him?"

"Because we were exhausted," said the captain; "and we should all have perished if we had remained another five minutes attempting to save one man."

"But you will go back—you will go back to the rescue?" They said they had not the strength, the storm was so fierce.

Holden threw himself on the shingle and lifted up a prayer to God, louder than the storm, that God would put it into the hearts of some of those people to go to the rescue of this one man, just as Jesus Christ came to rescue one lost world. When he had ceased praying six men volunteered to accom-

pany him; and John Holden, with six men, was prepared to go and rescue that one man. They were preparing to start, when the good old mother of John Holden threw her arms around his neck and said, "John you must not go. What can I do if you perish? You know your father was drowned at sea, and it is just two years since your brother William left; we have never heard a word of him since. No doubt he, too, has perished. John, what shall I do if you perish?"

John said, "Mother, God has put it into my heart to go, and if I perish he will take care of you."

And away he went; and after awhile the life-boat returned, and when it neared the shore a loud voice was raised, "Hi! Hi! John, have you saved the man?"

John answered, in a trumpet voice, "Yes, we saved the man; and tell my mother it is my brother William we have saved."

A Remarkable Dream.

A SHORT time ago I went with a friend to see a woman whom we heard was very ill, and not expected to live many days. We did not know whether the poor woman was saved or not, and went with the intention, by the help of God, to point her to Jesus as the sinner's friend, if she should be unsaved. We found, however, that she was resting upon the finished work of Christ for the salvation of her soul, and was just waiting for him to call her from this world of pain and trouble to be with himself forever. She told us that several months before she had a very remarkable dream, which she related, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:

"I was walking along a certain road, which I know well, when suddenly I saw a ball of fire fall from the sky into a field, and run along the ground for some distance, and then disappear. Immediately afterwards, I saw the heavens opened, and the throne of judgment set up, with the Judge seated thereon. I saw one and another summoned to appear before this awful bar, and trembled for fear lest I should be called next.

"After a time my name was called, and I tremblingly approached the throne, and, falling upon my knees, I cried for mercy. I saw Jesus, and cried in agony, 'Lord, help me!' But he looked upon me sadly, and said: 'I cannot help you now; I would have helped you many times, but you would not have my help, and now it is too late.' (Prov. i. 28.) In my agony I awoke, and found that I was bathed in perspiration. For many days after this I was very wretched, and thought that I was indeed too late for mercy, and the devil did his best to make me believe that such was the case; but, bless the Lord, he had not cast me off, but revealed Jesus to me as my Saviour. I was led to trust in Christ alone for my salvation; and now I am waiting for him to call me to himself."

Such was the substance of this singular dream. The woman is now in glory; but can we not draw some lesson from her recital? I think so. In the first place, there will come a time with many when it will be too late to cry for mercy. "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded. . . . I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." (Pro. i. 24-26.) "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." (Luke xiii. 24.)

My dear reader, will you be among the many who will one day cry for mercy too late? I pray not. Be wise in time; for remember, there will be no mercy at the judgment-seat. Justice will reign there; grace reigns now. Make sure by seeking the Lord Jesus now. This is the only certainty.

The Winning Side.

The following is from a brilliant address lately delivered at Evansville, Indiana, by S. W. Small, the famous Prohibition orator:—

"But the day of deliverance from this national curse is sure to come. There can be no cessation of this controversy with it until it shall be prohibited by national law from ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf. The discussion of it has penetrated every arena of our life. It is a theme in every loyal pulpit of our Lord; it sits like Banquo's unbidden ghost at the board of every political convention; it is thundered from a thousand platforms every week; it has interwoven itself with the machinery of the press—the mightiest of the means on which the arm of progress leans. These good women—our faithful mothers, our loving wives, our pure daughters—have taken this burden of their hearts into their closets, and, upon their knees, in holy converse with God, have sent their prayers—like white-winged, wounded doves—to sprinkle the mercy-seat of the eternal throne with the blood and tears of their sufferings and sacrifices. And God has heard! Else whence comes this mighty zeal, this unswerving purpose of brave, cultured Christian men, to cast down this Moloch of our age? Silently, surely, a grand army is gathered to the standard of this principle of prohibition. Some day, suddenly as the earthquake's awakening, they will come to the front. From the rock-bound shores of Maine to where the placid Pacific rolls up its Pactolean floods at the Golden Gate—from the icy fringes of these Northern lakes, where the auroral day rises up and leans across the zenith to kiss the crest of the uplifting southern cross, this host will march to the ballot-box, the place of judgment for every great American issue, and in those

. . . . 'Ballots that fall as still
 As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,
 And execute the freeman's will,
 As lightnings do the will of God,'

will write it in the constitution of the land, that the liquor-traffic must go from the soil of this Union forever!"

New Converts.

UNDER the fervent preaching of the Gospel, and through the prayers and faith of the Lord's people; conviction for sin has seized many hearts, and very many have been led to the feet of Jesus. To the Church there is no higher occasion for joy than when sinners turn penitently to Christ. But this joy is not confined to the Church on earth. The Saviour said, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." God's people on earth, and his people and the angels in heaven, alike rejoice when men forsake their sins and lay hold on eternal life.

But now these tender sheep and lambs of the fold need the care of those who have been longer in Christ. Friendly and wise counsel, earnest encouragement, and tender forbearance should be freely extended to all new converts. But the converts have need also to help themselves. They must be watchful, diligent, obedient. They must engage much in earnest and sincere prayer, attend faithfully the means of grace, frequent the house of God, be present at and participate in the social meetings, partake of the holy communion; and if any have not been baptized they must not neglect that ordinance, so strictly enjoined by the Saviour. The garden of the Lord is made fruitful only by proper culture. But with due attention it shall blossom and produce to the glory of God and our precious salvation. — *Children's Friend.*



LESSON PICTURE.

SEPT. 14.—THE PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.—*Luke* xix. 11-27.**The Inquisitive Fisherman.**

ONCE there was a fisherman
Who went to catch some fish;
He took with him a basket
And a little china dish.
"I use one for the fishes,
The other when I sup;
For, if they meet my wishes,
I'll cook and eat them up!"

He fished and fished the whole day long,
From morn till late at night;
He baited hooks and watched his bob,
But could not get a bite.
He then threw down his rod and line,
And vowed he'd go below
To find out what the reason was
The fish had used him so.

The fish all gathered round him,
Each wagging his own tail,
From the little polly-woggy
To the great gigantic whale.
Some fish were looking scaly,
And some exceeding thin,
But all were glad to see the man,
And offered him a fin.

They said, "We have no china dish,
No basket snug and tight;
But we are very prudent fish,
Who think before we bite.
We do not need to cook our prize
Ere we sit down and sup."
And so, before his very eyes,
They eat that fisher up!

The International Sunday-School Convention.

THIS great gathering has been in every respect a remarkable success. The attendance of delegates was very large, and the public audiences immense. The Canadian delegation numbered about sixty, most of whom went by special train, arranged for by Mr. L. C. Peake, one of the indefatigable Ontario members of the Executive Committee.

Among those present were: Rev. Dr. Burns, Halifax; Rev. A. Lucas, New Brunswick; Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., Rev. T. Cullen, Rev. W. Shepherd, Rev. Dr. Withrow, Rev. Dr. Griffith, Mr. D. Maclean, Mr. John M. Faircloth, Mr. Hosack, and many others from Ontario.

The hospitality of the good people of Pittsburg was unbounded. Their elegant homes were thrown open for the reception of over 1 000 delegates, and twice a day—in a large dining-hall—an excellent meal was generously provided by the several

Churches. During the four days of the Convention, over one thousand of the elect ladies of Pittsburg and Allegheny took part in ministering to the needs of the delegates.

The addresses of Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, of Dr. Burns, of Bishop Vincent, of Miss Willard, and of many others, will be long remembered by those who heard them.

Our own Dr. Potts was an admirable representative of Canada, and his remarks were received with enthusiasm. The following is a brief outline of his address on the international lesson system:

"The Dominion of Canada is part of this International Sunday-school Convention, and is represented on the International Lesson Committee by two members.

It may be well for the Convention to know Canada's estimate of the international lesson scheme. Canada thoroughly endorses that scheme, and strongly deprecates any attempt to depart from its broad catholicity. The most important part of the work of this Convention is the Bible-teaching that it does through its Lesson Committee. The Bible is the text-book of the Sunday-school, and never more so than to-day. There the Word is supreme. Everything else is subordinate, and should be. The Bible is more revered, loved, and recognized than ever before in the Sunday-school. When we touch Bible-teaching, we touch the heart of this institution. There is little teaching of the Word outside of the Sunday-school. Perhaps I should state that more carefully, and say there is little teaching of the Word for many outside of the Sunday-school. How much definite, intelligent, and consecutive biblical instruction is imparted by parents? How much by pulpits? There is expository preaching, and that is one of the hopeful signs of the times; but the pulpit cannot go into the detail which is proper and essential in Sunday-school work. The comprehensiveness of the international lesson system is highly valued in Canada. The intelligent teaching of a seven years' series requires a knowledge not only of the specific lessons, but of the Scriptures outside of and between those lessons. Our estimate of the lesson scheme is great in the light of its wealth of scholarly illustration. The ripest biblical scholarship of the nineteenth century is placed upon the altar of our Sunday-school work, and is brought within the reach of all grades of Sunday-school teachers. It has done much to make this the Bible-loving age of the Church. The lesson scheme is recognized by the Church and the family. How the pastor is assisted by the exposition of the lessons! In its spiritual influence by reason of concentration and association, it is of infinite value. Is it a small thing that the Sunday-school world is studying the same passage, praying over the same portion, and praying for all so engaged? Sunday comes, and what! Why, there is a bond of loving, spiritual sympathy that is simply incalculable in its influence for good. The international lesson scheme has made the Bible a familiar book to millions to whom it would be otherwise comparatively unknown. No other plan could shed such light upon the sacred text. Canada

highly esteems the international lesson system from an interdenominational point of view. It is the centre of a great evangelical alliance, and of much practical interdenominational work. It demonstrates unity without impairing denominational attachment. It is drawing the Churches nearer in the spirit of fraternity. Whatever does that, is doing Christlike work. In the work of the Lesson Committee, no denomination is known or recognized; while in the exposition, by the several denominational authorities, the lesson is expounded from the standpoint of the Churches. Canada has various opinions of Sunday-school work. But, in view of the many advantages of the lesson scheme, is loyal to the scheme as it is. The quarterly option plan should please all parties in the United States, as I think it does fairly well in the Dominion. We have a review party in Canada. We have a missionary party in Canada. We have a temperance party in Canada. The lesson scheme adjusts itself to each and all, and all should be satisfied therewith. The lesson scheme is a vital part of this Convention. The Convention could not be maintained but for it. Mutilate it, and you destroy it; destroy it, and "Ichabod" may be written upon the International Sunday-school Convention. The Word of God is the centre around which this Convention revolves. The Word of God is the bond—the vital, living, spiritual bond—uniting all Sunday-school teachers, all Christian workers, and all denominations. The Word of God is the inspiration of this Convention. Who shall tell the value of this Convention—nationally and internationally, as well as religiously? We live under two flags. They are two great flags. You are justly proud of your flag of stars and stripes. We of the Dominion of Canada are just as proud of our grand old flag. While the world lasts may they be symbols of freedom, and of the highest type of civilization and ever be in friendly relations to each other! The Sunday-school outlook never was brighter than to-day. What mighty possibilities are wrapped up in the great work! Let the Church give to it youth and manhood, maidenhood and womanhood, brain power and heart power, power of culture and character. Let us study and teach and work under the guidance and grace of the Holy Spirit, and this world shall be won for Christ."

Never Get Into Debt.

The Duchess of Kent, the mother of Queen Victoria, was most careful to train her little daughter in habits of regularity and economy as regards money matters. The following story will show how scrupulous was her training:

It became known at Tunbridge Wells, where the royal child was residing for a time, that the princess had been unable to buy a box at the bazaar because she had spent all her money.

At this bazaar she had bought presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box marked half a crown which would just suit him. The shop-people, hearing the little girl's eagerly expressed wish for it, placed the box with the other purchases; but the governess said: "No, you see the princess has not got the money; therefore, of course, she cannot buy the box."

This being made clear, the next offer was to put the box aside till it *could* be purchased; and the answer came, "Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that." On quarter-day, before seven in the morning, the princess appeared on her donkey, her earnest little face all smiles, the desired money in her hand, to claim her treasure.

The Favourite Verse.

BY H. F. AUSTIN.

[The Rev. Robert Bruce, of Scotland, on the morning of the day on which he died said to his daughter: "I hear the voice of Jesus calling me. Bring me the Bible." The Bible was brought, and after searching in vain for his favourite verse, for his sight was failing him, he said: "Turn quickly to the eighth of Romans, and thirty-eighth verse, and put my finger on the words, 'I am persuaded.'" It was done, and he repeated again and again the passage, his countenance denoting unspeakable joy, and so expired.]

"Come, daughter, haste, and take my hand:
I hear the voice of Jesus calling:
The light grows dim o'er sea and land,
The shades of death are swiftly falling.

"Go bring the book, that blessed book,
Whose glowing pages oft have cheered me,
And on that saying let me look
Which brings the living Christ so near me."

The book was brought and o'er and o'er
He turned the oft-consulted pages;
But all in vain—his eyes no more
Could trace the wisdom of the ages.

"Here take the book and find the place
Where Paul describes Christ's love eternal,
And that abounding saving grace
Which lifts the soul to joys supernal.

"Find me that verse in which the word
Nor life, nor death, shall me o'er sever
From love divine in Christ, my Lord;
The love of Christ abides forever."

His favourite verse was found and read;
His fingers pressed the oft-read story;
Then joy suffused his face, and shed
Around his couch a heavenly glory.

O ye that mock at Christian faith,
And scorn to trust the inspired pages,
What passage would you choose in death
Of all the wisdom of your sages?

Such simple faith unquestioning
As trusts the chart on storm-tossed billow,
Oft finds a joy in pain, and sings
Its triumph on a dying pillow.



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

Systematic Visiting.

BY REV. L. N. MOON.

A VERY important department of League work is house-to-house visiting. Each chapter should engage in it. In the first place, district the territory. Make the districts of such a size that every family in each district can be visited in two or three days. Let the visiting committee be made up of the most pious, intelligent, sunshiny, unassuming, persistent members of the chapter. Have at least twice as many visitors as there are districts. Send the visitors out two by two. Let them visit every family in the district, except those that are known to be under the pastoral care of other churches, or those who are known to be unwilling to receive the visitors. What shall you say when admitted? Well, very often that question will solve itself. The relation of friendship existing between the visitors and the family, some circumstance occurring or condition existing at the time, will suggest what to say. But in all cases, have some definite plan in mind, and work in accordance with that plan. Extend an invitation to the church services, Sunday-school, League prayer-meeting or social. Speak of the last literary entertainment, the next lecture, the excellence of the last sermon. But—

don't gossip. Talk about *something*, not much about *somebody*. Be careful to say nothing that might injure the character of some absent person. Consider your brother's character as sacred as your own. If you have a local church paper, let the committee make free use of it in its work. Leave a card with announcements of the church services. Get some good tracts and distribute them like good seed as you pass from home to home. If there is a sick or aged person in the house, take some delicacy to tempt the appetite, or a bunch of flowers to cheer the spirits. Carry sunshine with you; have tact. Sometimes a tired mother or an overburdened and anxious widow would gratefully accept a little assistance in her home duties. Such assistance should be rendered immediately. Usually such cases should be reported to the pastor, or to the proper church committee. When distress is discovered, show sympathy—genuine Christian sympathy. In some cases direct conversation concerning the Christian life can be carried on. In nearly all instances where persons are not Christians, it would be proper to express the hope that they will soon become followers of Christ. Be cautious here; be kind, be gentle. Put soul and heart into this. Formal, perfunctory work will be of little use. If the opportunity offers, pray with those whom you visit. That prayer feebly, timidly uttered may bring light and peace to some soul sitting in darkness and burdened with sorrow. A good song may be sung, and how singing helps the soul, and draws hearts together!

Such visits will often be benedictions from heaven, and could be no sweeter, no more gratefully received if borne by angel messengers. Let the visits be made once in three months, all the districts being worked simultaneously. Reports should be made to the pastor and to the League immediately. Go into the highways and hedges and seek the lost; remembering the words of the Master: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Epworth League Notes.

(From the Epworth Herald.)

—The young pastor who studies books in the morning and house-numbers in the afternoon is on the right track.

—The grasshopper Christians have gone into retirement again—those who are on the jump in revival times and hide away the rest of the year.

—Here is a chance for the Epworthers. Let the young men fix up the Church grounds. Mend the broken fence. Nail the boards on that dilapidated horse-shed. Put a new plank in the walk. File up the scattered chunks of wood. Rake up the stubble and the sticks. Plant trees and shrubs. Fringe the walks with flowers. Give the people of your community to feel that you love that church and its surroundings. Make it attractive—beautiful. And while the "boys'" committee is busy outside, it might be well enough to have also a ladies' renovating committee busy within. Attend to this duty. It will be labour well spent. The change will be wonderfully satisfactory to yourself, if you have the slightest conception of the fitness of things. And all appreciative worshippers will rise up and call you blessed.

—You wonder why it is that old woman yonder is so terribly earnest in the temperance cause, do you? Well, we'll tell you how it happened. More than twenty years ago she followed to the grave the body of her dead husband, and she stood there almost alone while the sexton shoveled in the earth upon his bloated form. Dragged by drink from a position of respectability and honour, and

changed from a gentle, indulgent husband to a wild-eyed, coarse-voiced blaspheming, be-attened wretch, his going away was not regretted save by the sad-faced woman who retained blessed memories of his former self. And now while she speaks with such feeling and passion, her boy is sleeping over the beer-table of a respectable saloon amid the cursings of a besotted crowd. That's why she hates the whiskey monster with a hatred known to few. That is why she has consecrated all her time and talent and energy to the work of destroying the enemy of her home and her peace. Do you wonder that she is in earnest? Has she not a right to speak?

Making Postage Stamps.

Do you ever wonder how these convenient little public servants are made? Some one has taken the pains to find out, and tell us about the interesting process. After reading about them we shall feel like treating them with great respect.

In printing, steel-plates are used, on which two hundred stamps are engraved. Two men are kept at work covering them with the coloured inks, and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy at printing them with large, rolling hand-presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put into use in case of necessity.

After the small sheet of paper on which the two hundred stamps are engraved is dry enough, they are sent into another room, and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition made of the powder of potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water, which is better than any other material—gum-arabic, for instance, which cracks the paper badly.

This paper is also of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that of bank-notes. After having again been dried—this time on little racks that are fanned by steam power for about an hour—they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons.

The next thing is to cut the sheet in halves—each sheet, of course, when cut, contains one hundred stamps. They are then passed to two other squads, who, in as many operations, perforate the sheets between the stamps. Next, they are pressed once more, and then packed and labelled and stored away in another room, preparatory to being put into mail-bags for despatching to fill orders.

If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred is burned. Five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the process of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.

Learn to Do Something Well.

FIND out for what work you have a preference, and then learn to do that work perfectly. Put your whole heart into it, without reserve, and do not forget that work means work, not dawdling, nor play. And do not receive the stupid impression that, *per se*, one kind of work is more dignified than another. Katie, who is making bread in her mother's kitchen, or doing housework in the home of a kind employer, if she do the work well, is as honorably engaged as Mary is, who sits in a studio transferring colors to canvas, and seeing pictures grow beneath her brush. All good work, by which I mean honest work, well done, is praiseworthy. It is sketchy, unfinished, ~~seamy or half-hearted work which is a disgrace,~~

My Refuge.

BY ELLEN L. COREH, A CONVERTED BRAHMIN.

In the secret of his presence, how my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!

Farthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the "secret place" I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of his wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;

And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet;

If I tried I could not utter what he says when thus we meet.

Only this I know; I tell him all my doubts and griefs and fears;

Oh, how patiently he listens, and my drooping soul he cheers.

Do you think he ne'er reproves me? What a false friend he would be,

If he never, never told me of the sins which he must see.

Do you think that I could love him half so well, or as I ought,

If he did not tell plainly me of each sinful word and thought?

No! He is very faithful and that makes me trust him more;

For I know that he does love me, tho' he wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?

Go and hide beneath his shadow; this shall then be your reward;

And whenever you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,

You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your joy,

If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy,

You may always be abiding if you will, at Jesus' side;

In the secret of his presence you may every moment hide.

Amiability.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

WHAT a beautiful word it is! So suggestive of sweet smiles, soft tones, and pleasing phrases. Yet these are little akin to true amiability, for, in all communities, and in all circles, have we not:

"Courteous words for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best?"

The very statement carries its own condemnation. Its pathos cannot but appeal to the heart of the most churlish. Yet dare we all deny it? Or, denying, offer the vindication of our lives? Not that we would wilfully and wantonly adopt "the bitter tone" for the benefit of our nearest and dearest,—common-sense forbid! But rather, presuming upon the knowledge that true love beareth all things, we throw aside the mask imposed by the calm, impartial criticism of the stranger, and reveal our true selves, in all their petty intolerance of the slightest opposition, their weak yielding to every impulse of annoyance, unmindful of the pain such fault-finding occasions to all around.

True, our reproofs are supposed to be instigated by a desire for the improvement of those about us, who ought to be taught better than to do "Thus and So." But is the motive pure? If no impulse of personal spite, no desire to give vent to the little ugly tempers that rise within ourselves, mingle with our truly philanthropic effort for the improvement of our friends, (even at the expense of making ourselves insufferable), will not our method be studied,

if not always judicious, and our manner always kind? For know we not that kindness wins a widening way where cold censoriousness finds no entrance, but excites only contempt.

But our annoyance at the imperfections of our friends might be modified by directing a little of our attention to our own foibles. We all have them. Little points and angles, small and insignificant in themselves, yet acting upon other lives like so many tiny thorns, piercing the more keenly the more patiently and uncomplainingly they are borne.

In what does the happiness of a domestic circle lie? Not in costly furniture and luxurious fare; but rather in the sweet, kind face of wife, or mother, or sister; who, in tasteful toilet, at a dainty table, manifests to the home circle a loving courtesy and forbearance not to be won by any chance acquaintance. And to those whom we call the gentler sex, yet whom we sometimes treat with a roughness never offered to men whose regard we would retain—in what lies their joy? In the sympathetic tenderness of manly strength, in the kindly forbearance which they too need, being human and faulty. Sad the heart of a woman, and great the loss of a man, when her idol falls, shattered by some small, ungenerous word or deed. Will she look up to him again? Possibly, should he, by not repeating the offence, allow her to forget it.

"Till seventy times seven," said the Master, must we forgive and forbear. "He that hath not the spirit of Christ is none of His." Actuated by his spirit, and without the memory of past unkindness to shame us by its hint of inconsistency, how much easier would we find love's expression! Because of the hardness of our hearts, the inconsiderateness of our lives, we moan:

"We love them and they know it; if we falter
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

"Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence
Its fate fulfils,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the hills.
The only difference of the love in heaven
From love on earth below
Is: here we love and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know."

Keep Up with Your Children.

BY MARY E. BURT.

It is a sweet remembrance, that of a quiet, old farm-house, where a tired mother—after a hard day's work—gathered her seven children about her, her knitting-needles keeping time to the measures of the verses read by one of the group from a great poet. The poetry which she knit into the lives of her boys has outlasted all the stockings, and crowned her memory with a halo of poetic recollections.

The boy whose mother "would not go to bed until she had finished reading 'Pepacton'" with him, is more to be envied with his poor jacket than the elegant lad whose mother, with no time to read, takes time to consult the latest fashion-plates that he may be handsomely attired.

There seems to be a settled conviction in the minds of many, that children must make intellectual progress beyond their parents, who are fated to lose out of their own lives any interest in books; and we often see stories of toil-worn parents who—having educated their children through many sacrifices—are pushed aside, and kept behind the scenes because they are not up

with the times. Investigations will doubtless show that such parties have had time to gossip abundantly while locating their children, and have shut themselves away from their children's mental life through wilful preference.

It is not probable that many parents who are "behind the times," or do not keep up with their children, deserve any sympathy. Children crave intellectual comradeship, and the parent who enters into intellectual companionship with his child will not get "behind the times."

An uneducated workman, deploring his lack of early advantages, was in the habit of taking his little son on his lap at night to hear his lessons. He followed the boy through all of his high-school work, and is to-day an educated man through giving the child continued sympathy in his studies.

Bits of Fun.

—Small boy—"Papa, has plums got legs?"

Papa—"No, you silly boy. Why?"

Small boy—"Then I have swallowed a beetle."

—Loafer—"How are you? Just thought I'd drop in a while to kill time."

Busy man—"Well, we don't want any of our time killed."

—Nothing so helps a newspaper as the imparting of useful information. "How shall I keep ants out of the sugar-bowl?" asks a correspondent. "Fill the sugar-bowl with salt."

—The publisher—"Don't you think these patent medicines kill many people?"

The dealer—"Perhaps they do, but look at all the newspapers they keep alive."

—Please, ma'am, can you help a poor man who is out of work?"

"I dare say I can find something for you to do"

"Thanks. If you could give me some washing to do I'll take it home to my wife."

—Office-boy (to Boston editor)—"There's a gent outside, sir, with fringe on his pants, what says he wants to see the editor."

Boston Editor—"Never say 'gent' or 'pants,' James; and tell the gentleman we don't want any poetry."

—Miss Upper crust (who has been waiting outside in the coupe)—"What keeps you so long, mamma? Couldn't you watch the braid?"

Mrs. Upper crust—"O, yes. But I inadvertently put my purse into my pocket, and it took me nearly half an hour to find it again."

—Major Jones—"See here, Rosy, you've brought me up one button-boot and one lace-boot. How is that?"

Rosa (a fresh importation)—"Faith an' they's a mistake somewhere, sur, but not a bit do Oi know where it is. Shure an' the other pair down slitan's is in the same fix."

—A London bishop had gone down into the country to visit a charitable institution into which poor lads had been drafted from the east end of London, and, in addressing them, he congratulated them on the delights of their new residence. The boys looked unaccountably gloomy and downcast, and the bishop kindly asked,

"Are you not comfortable? Have you any complaints to make?"

At last the leader raised his hand.

"The milk, my lord."

"Why, what on earth do you mean? The milk here is tenfold better than you ever had in London."

"No, indeed, it ain't!" cried the boy. "In London they always buys our milk out of a nice clean shop, and here—why, here they squeezes it out of a beastly cow."

"The World for Christ."

HAIL thou Prince of our salvation—
Hail thou Mighty Lord of all,
To thine altars bring creation,
All the ransomed from the Fall!
Sin hath reigned by one transgression;
And the curse of death by sin,
Now take back thy lost possession—
Gather every nation in.

Wisdom, power, and inclination,
To thine aid beside in thee;
Tokens of Divine compassion
In thy hands and side we see—
But thy soul, the seat of anguish,
Lies concealed from mortal eyes
And we see the heavens languish,
While the Man of Sorrow dies!

In thy sufferings men forsook thee,
Or approached but to revile;
And, while seeming to rebuke thee,
God turned round his mantle to smile;
Here behold the loving Father,
And the manner of his love,
And his suffering Son, to gather
Nations back to homes above.

Everywhere the guilt extended,
There the gift has freely gone,
Showing plainly God intended
Full release to every one:
Yea, Amen, the gift has entered,
And my heart abounds in love;
Now my all in Christ is centered,
Who in glory reigns above.

To the Lord be endless glory;
Praise his name for evermore;
Tell his acts in song and story,
As they ne'er were told before;
Hallelujah! tell the story,
Hearts respond, "so let it be!"
Now he reigns enthroned in glory,
Who was slain on Calvary.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.
STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 30] LESSON XI. [Sept. 14.

PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.

Luke 19. 11-27. Memory verses, 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Unto every one which hath shall be given.
—Luke 19. 26.

TIME.—A.D. 30. Following soon after the last lesson.

PLACE.—The neighbourhood of Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Jesus journeyed directly from Jericho to Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.

Because—Jesus told this parable to correct his followers, who believed that he would somehow carve his way to the throne when he reached Jerusalem. *His ten servants*—Ten of his servants. *Pounds*—About seventeen dollars apiece. *Occupy*—Trade with this. A peddler used to be called an "occupier." *Cities*—A magnificent reward. *Napkin*—A kind of kerchief. *Thou knewest*—To be read interrogatively: Did you know that, indeed. *Austere*—Hard. *Bank*—The table of the money-changer. *Usury*—The produce of the money. *Them that stood by*—The guard.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Nobleman*, ver. 11-15.
For what two reasons did Jesus speak this parable?
About what journey does the parable tell?
What charge did the nobleman give to his servants?
How did the people regard him?
What message did they send after him?
How was Jesus regarded by his own people? John 1. 11.
On the man's return, what command did he give?
What did he wish to know?
2. *The Good Servants*, vers. 16-19.
What report did the first servant make?
How did the master commend him?

What did the second servant report?
What reward was given to him?
Why were these servants trusted with more? Chap. 10. 10.

3. *The Unprofitable Servant*, vers. 20-27.
What use had another servant made of his pound?

Why had he kept it hidden?
By whose words was he judged?
What question was asked him about the money?
To what loss was he subjected?
What did the by-standers say?
By what law was the act justified? (Golden Text.)

Who would lose all that he had?
What judgment was passed on the master's enemies?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the nobleman give to each of his ten servants? "A pound." 2. What did the first two gain by trading? "Ten and five pounds." 3. What did the nobleman give them in reward? "Authority over ten and five cities." 4. What did the third servant do? "Kept the pound wrapped in a napkin." 5. What did the nobleman say? "Take it from him and give it to him that hath ten pounds."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The judgment to come.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. What follows from our regeneration, or being born again?

Our new life being begun, we receive power to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, and to live in the exercise of inward and outward holiness.

A.D. 30] LESSON XII. [Sept. 21

JESUS ENTERING JERUSALEM.

Luke 19. 37-48. Memory verses, 37-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Luke 19. 28.

TIME.—Sunday of passion week. April 2, A.D. 30.

PLACES.—The Mount of Olives and the temple at Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Jesus journeyed directly from Jericho to Jerusalem. He spent these first days of passion week in Jerusalem, but passed his nights with friends in Bethany.

EXPLANATIONS.

The descent—At the point where the earliest view of the splendid capital city was visible. *Blessed be the King*—They were singing venerable and sacred hymns, but so national in character that the secular authorities could hardly avoid regarding this movement as a serious political threat, if not the first step in revolt. *Some of the Pharisees*—These men were in nearly the same attitude with those nominal Christians who to-day deny the divinity of Jesus. *The stones*—A Jewish proverbial phrase. *He beheld the city*—The road turns from that point at which the multitude burst into song as they caught the first glimpse of Jerusalem, and now a second turn brings the procession directly in front of its temple and palaces. The sight affected Jesus to tears. *Cast a trench*—The Pagan general, Titus, literally fulfilled this prophecy. *Cast out them that sold*—He had done this three years before. *A den of threes*—This was as true figuratively of the entire Jewish priestly system as it was literally true of the temple courts. *Sought to destroy him*—It was definitely agreed that he should be killed. The only question was how. *Were very attentive*—They listened in a kind of awed suspense, for almost every one expected some kind of *coup d'état* on his part.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Prince*, vers. 37-40.
What prince is here meant?
Near what city was he?
Who greeted him with rejoicing?
What did they say? (Golden Text.)
Who found fault with this joy?
What was Christ's answer to the Pharisees?
What does Isaiah say about this Prince? Isa. 9. 6.
2. *The Prophet*, vers. 41-44.
How was Jesus affected as he drew near the city?
On what other occasions did he weep? John 11. 35.
What ignorance did he lament?

What days of evil did he predict?
What desolation would the enemy cause?
What shows that the destruction would be complete?

Why would this sorrow come?
What did Moses say about this prophet? Deut. 18. 15.

3. *The Purifier*, vers. 45-48.

Where in the city did Jesus go?
What work of cleansing did he do?
What did he say about God's house?
In what was he daily engaged?
Who plotted to do him harm?
Why did they fall of their piety?
What did Malachi say about this Purifier? Mal. 3. 1-3.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the disciples and the multitude sing when they first caught a glimpse of Jerusalem? Golden Text: "Blessed be the king," etc. 2. What did Jesus say would happen if the multitude held their peace? "The stones would immediately cry out." 3. What did Jesus prophesy? "The downfall of Jerusalem." 4. What did Jesus say the priests had made out of the house of prayer? "A den of thieves." 5. Who had determined to kill him? "The chief priests and scribes." 6. What was the attitude of the people? "They were attentive to him."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The foreknowledge of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

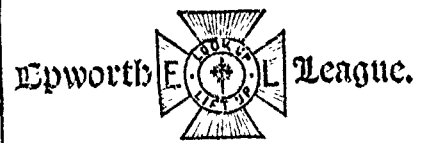
12. What is sanctification?
It is the work of grace which purifies the soul from the defilement of sin, and consecrates it to God.

When does sanctification begin?
When our sins are pardoned, and we are born again, we are at the same time sanctified.

The Honest Newspaper Boy.

On a recent Saturday night, about eighty newspaper street boys of Warrington had a fine, hot supper of potato pie and mince pies, provided for them by Alderman John Crosfield, who, after the boys had eaten all they wanted—and how they did eat, to be sure!—gave an address. He said that about a month ago he was walking down Sankey Street, Warrington, and, as usual, he gave the lad a penny, as he thought, for a paper, and then walked on. After going about fifty yards, the lad ran after him, and said: "Please, sir, you have given me a two-dollar-and-a-half piece in mistake for a penny." As he, Mr. Crosfield, was struck by the boy's honesty, he asked him his name and address, and complimented him upon his straightforwardness. The boy's name was Thomas Longshaw, and as he was there that night, he (Mr. Crosfield) had pleasure in handing the gold piece back to the youth. It was the honesty of the boy that prompted him to provide the treat on that occasion, and he hoped the conduct of the little newsboy would teach them all that "Honesty was the best policy." He wished them to conduct themselves in future as well as they possibly could, to be industrious at their work, and obedient to their parents and masters. They did not know to what position they might rise, but they might take his word for it that they would never succeed unless they were honest and industrious.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.



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