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HOME AND SCHOOL

Unknown Heroes.

We see them and we know them not,
So plain in garb and mien are they;
So lowly is their thankless lot,
We hear not what they do or say.

And yet for weary months and years,
Without a murmur, plaint or cry,
Thousands who eat their bread in tears
To daily duty pass us by.

A sickly mother, wan and worn,
Bereft of cheerfulness and light,
From longed-for rest and joy is torn,
To work from early morn till night.

To steal one hour from dreary fate,
Or falter in the hardest tasks,
Would make some home disconsolate,
And so no peace or joy she asks.

A little child, faint with its fears—
A girl, untimely old and gray—
A man bent down by weight of years—
All bravely go their bitter way.

We see them and we know them not,
So plain in garb and mien are they;
So lowly is their thankless lot,
We hear not what they do or say.

Heroes unknown—through weary years
They make no sign or outward cry,
But eat their bread with bitter tears,
And we, in silence, pass them by.

The Woman at the Well.

ANCIENT Shechem, rendered famous in Old Testament history by a variety of deeply interesting circumstances, is in the 4th chapter of the Gospel by St. John known as Sychar. "This name seems to have been a nickname, perhaps from *sheker*, 'falsehood,' spoken of idols in Hab. ii. 18; or from *shikkar*, 'drunkard,' in allusion to Is. xxviii. 1-7—such as the Jews were fond of imposing upon places they disliked; and nothing could exceed the enmity which existed between them and the Samaritans who possessed Shechem. Stephen, however, in his historical retrospect, used the proper and ancient name—Acts vii. 16.

"Not long after the times of the New Testament, the place received the name of Neapolis, which it still retains in the Arabic form, Nablus being one of the very few names in Palestine which have survived to the present day. It had probably suffered much, if it was not completely destroyed, in the war with the Romans, and would seem to have been rebuilt by Vespasian, and then to have taken this new name; for the coins of the city (of which there are many) all bear the inscription, Flavia Neapolis, the former epithet, no doubt, derived from Flavius Vespasian.

"There had already been converts to the Christian faith, under our Saviour, and it is probable a church

had been gathered here by the Apostle. Justin Martyr was a native of Neapolis. The name of Germanus, Bishop of Neapolis, occurs in A.D. 314, and other bishops continue to be mentioned down to A.D. 535, when the bishop, John, signed his name at the Synod of Jerusalem."—KITTO.

the ancient Shechem. The town itself is long and narrow, extending along the N.E. base of Mount Gerizim, and partly resting on its declivity. The streets are narrow, the houses high, and, in general, well built, all of stone, with domes upon the roofs, as at Jerusalem. The population of the place is



THE WOMAN AT THE WELL.

The Moslems, the Crusaders, and the Saracens have each, in turn, been its masters. It was finally taken from the Christians in A.D. 1242, by Abu Ali, and has remained in Moslem hands ever since.

"There is no reason to question that the present town occupies the site of

estimated by Dr. Olin at 8,000 or 10,000, of whom 500 or 600 are Christians of the Greek communion, and the rest Moslems, with the exception of about 150 Samaritans, and one-third that number of Jews."

In the Gospel by John, we have one of the most interesting of the New

Testament narratives. "And He must needs go through Samaria. Then cometh He to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now, Jacob's Well was there. * * * There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith unto her, Give Me to drink." Now study our illustration, which is drawn by the great artist Doré. Having done so, let the mind dwell upon the conversation, and its consequences:

1st. To the woman herself. When self-condemned, she seeks to change the subject, and introduces a controversial topic; but our Lord, bent upon the recovery of this lost sheep, instructs her in the spirituality of the worship God requires. The place was of no importance, whether in this mountain (Gerizim) or at Jerusalem. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." The woman would feign dissatisfaction with this reply, and asserts her confidence that, although He would not settle the vexed question, when Messiah cometh, which is Christ, "He will tell us all things."

Our Lord replied, "I that speak unto thee am He." What a wonderful discovery.

2nd. Consequences to the citizens of Sychar, and

3rd. To the disciples themselves, and

4th. To the world at large.

Study, with much prayerfulness, John iv. 5-42.

A Touching Story.

A CHINESE leper girl was brought to Miss Houston by her friends, on foot, for nearly a hundred miles, that she might take her to Jesus, for Him to lay His hands upon her and cure her of her leprosy. She had heard a native catechist preach on the Scripture narrative, and thought that the missionary lady at Foochow could lead her to that powerful Healer. Miss Houston said that she should never forget the poor girl's look of bitter disappointment when she explained to her that the Lord Jesus was no longer upon earth; but she hastened to tell her of His power still to heal the worst leprosy—that of the soul—and set before her "the old, old story." The leper girl remained for a short time in Foochow before returning home, and Miss Houston had cause to rejoice over her having really found the Saviour, whom, with such a simple trust, although in ignorance, she had come to that city to seek.

What Hast Thou Done To-Day?

The night has fallen, the day is past—
Another summer day—
Think, mortal, ere sleep close thine eyes,
What hast thou done to-day?
Since the early morn when the first light
shone,
What hast thou done to-day?

When the sun peered in at thy window pane,
And sleep's potent charms dispelled,
That all night long in happy dreams,
A willing captive held;
When the sweet birds sang till the heavens
rang,
As their happy chorus swelled,

Didst join their songs of joyous praise,
To the God of their own bright skies,
Whose ear is open to all our prayers,
Who hears his children's cries,
Who gave the light when past the night,
The light to none denies?

Didst send thy prayer to thy Father's
throne—
"O God, keep me this day,
And help me to thyself to live,
And walk in thine own way;
O, take my hand, and at thy command
Let me walk, and watch, and pray?"

'Mid the cares and worries of life to-day,
Did thy thoughts ascend to God,
Didst thou bear the cross, whilst thou
bravely climbed
Up the thorny mountain road?
Didst thou walk to-day the same old way
That Christ thy Master trod?

In the battlefield, when the hosts of sin
Were marshalled in desperate strife,
Didst thou coward act, thy weapons drop,
And turn and flee for life?
Or didst thou stand in thy Captain's band,
And wage a hero's strife?

When sorrow came and the way grew dark,
And the clouds obscured the sun,
Didst thou bow thy head in sweet assent,
"O Lord, thy will be done:
Thy trials come, I will still press on,
Until the goal be won?"

Canst thou look back on the lifelong day,
And say "The day is o'er;
I have wrought the task that God assigned,
And I could do no more;
I am nearer home, sweet heaven, my home,
Than ever I was before?"

IRIS ERLE.

Prince Albert, Ont., Aug. 21st, 1883.

The Lonely Station Agent.

The train stopped at a lonely way-
side station; two young ladies were
helped out by the conductor, two
trunks were tossed upon the platform,
and the train moved on, leaving the
two girls stranded, as it were, upon an
inhospitable-looking shore. There was
but one tiny log-house in sight, and far
on toward the horizon stretched the
bleak, barren prairie. The travellers,
however, were familiar with the spot,
for they were teachers in a seminary
thirty miles distant, reached by a
branch road forming here a junction
with a great central route, and were
returning to their labours after the
winter holidays.

A man who had appeared as the train
stopped, first examined the trunks,
chalking some cabalistic sign upon
them, and then entered the solitary
room of the depot, and replenished the
fire.

"Oh, this terribly glum-looking
place!" said the elder of the two, as he
left the room. "It always puts me in
mind of Haworth Moor and the Bronte
sisters. That man looks surly and ill-
natured, and I don't wonder."

"Do you think so?" answered her
companion. "I thought he looked
troubled, and was just questioning
whether it would do to speak to him."

"Nonsense. Clara! The man is
cross, like enough, because he has to
keep sober in this out-of-the-way den;

and it isn't a very proper thing to be
making free with such sort of people,
with whom we have so little in
common."

"Only that Christ died for them as
well as for us. We are at least bound
together by the need of the same
salvation."

There was no reply to this, for just
then the man came in to hang up a
lantern; and as he stopped to brush up
some ashes about the fire, Clara heard a
low sigh, and she felt borne in upon
her mind the conviction that she ought
to speak to him.

"You must find it very lonely here,
sir," she said after a moment's hesita-
tion.

The man looked up surprised, as if
he thought, "And what does anybody
care if it is?" Then he answered,
"Yes, miss; awful lonesome, I call it
especially"—and his voice faltered—
"since my wife died."

"Your wife died—and here?"

"Yes, miss; and we had to bury her
there, just within the woods. Lucy—
she's my oldest—likes it because there's
a bitter-sweet climbing 'round that big
tree, and she said it would be cheerful-
like with its orange-seeds when every
thing else was withered. But it seemed
so bleak and hard"—and the man shud-
dered—"to think of her lying there."

"Was she a Christian?"

"Oh yes, miss."

"Then you must not think of her
there, but in a home more beautiful
than we can imagine. Don't you
believe in her Saviour?"

"Well, miss there it is; I don't know.
You see I had to come here; I couldn't
get better to do; and there's no one for
a body to speak to, and it isn't much I
can teach my two girls; and somehow
I feel out of the way, as if God didn't
care for me here; and sometimes I
think I'd be more in the way of being
a Christian somewhere else."

"Did you ever read in the Bible the
story of blind Bartimeus?"

"Yes, miss, the children like that."

"Have you never thought that all
that poor man could do was to beg,
and so begging became his duty; and
as he sat in the way of his duty, Jesus
passed by? If Christ is found in one
place more readily than another, it is
in the place in life to which God has
appointed us. But wherever we are, the
opportunity for repentance is always
ours, and by the gift of the blood of
Jesus, which cleanses all our sin, God
has written, *now* is the time for pardon
and salvation."

"Do you really think it means all
of us?"

"Yes, all. Give up everything but
belief in God's willingness and Christ's
power. He is waiting for you—yearn-
ing to receive you if you will only come."

"Bless your kind heart, miss," said
the man, with tearful eyes, as the ex-
pected train arrived; "with all the
coming and going, nobody has said a
word to me like that."

A month or two after, Clara received
a letter in an unknown hand, and one
evidently not used to correspondence.
It contained simply these words:

"God bless you again, miss. It is
not lonesome here now. I've found
Him—Jesus has passed by."

It is not enough that we swallow
truth; we must feed upon it, as insects
do on the leaf, till the whole heart is
colored by its qualities, and shows its
food in every fibre.

My Mother's Been Praying.

In February, 1861, a terrible gale
raged along the coast of England. In
one bay, Hartlepool, it wrecked eighty-
one vessels. While the storm was at
its height, the Rising Sun, a stout brig,
struck on Longear Rock, a reef extend-
ing a mile from one side of the bay.
She sunk, leaving only her two top-
masts above the foaming waves.

The lifeboats were away, rescuing
wrecked crews. The only means of
saving the men clinging to swaying
masts was the rocket apparatus. Be-
fore it could be adjusted, one mast fell.
Just as the rocket bearing the lifeline
went booming out of the mortar, the
other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw
in their line, when suddenly they felt
that something was attached to it, and
in a few minutes hauled on the beach
the apparently lifeless body of a sailor-
boy. Trained and tender hands worked,
and in a short time he became con-
scious.

With wild amazement he gazed
around on the crowd of kind and
sympathizing friends. They raised him
to his feet. He looked up into the
weather-beaten face of the old fisher-
man near him, and asked:

"Where am I?"

"Thou art safe, my lad."

"Where's the cap'n?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost, my lad; thou art
the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a
few moments; then he raised both his
hands, and cried in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for me!
My mother's been praying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees
on the wet sand, and hid his sobbing
face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute
to a mother's love, and to God's faith-
fulness in listening to a mother's
prayers.

The little fellow was taken to a house
near by, and in a few days he was sent
home to his mother's cottage in North-
umberland.

The Stranded Vessel.

A FEARFUL night off the coast of
W—, wind blew terrifically—howl-
ing down the chimneys, and rattling
the doors and casements, so that
sleepers were startled in their beds,
and breathed a prayer for the poor
mariners. The morning dawned, and
I hastened to the beach. The gale
continued with unabated fury, and the
sea lashed the bold cliffs with a grandeur
rarely seen. The white foam whirled
through the air, and the billows broke
high over the pier and lighthouse of the
port in sheets of spray.

The scene was intensely grand and
exciting. A vessel in distress was off
the coast—no other sail appeared on the
horizon. Many an eye was watching
her with doubt and anxiety, as she
struggled to keep off the rocks and
laboured hard to make the port. The
glass revealed her condition. All the
sails but one were in shreds—and only
a portion of that remained—her only
hope; her masts were splintered and
her spars dangled among the ropes.
For some time we watched her dubious
course, as she was beaten nearer and
nearer the shore. And now, on, on
she sped, driven by the wind and the

incoming tide! It was a moment of
exciting suspense! Will she—*can* she
make the port? Now she stands fair
—now—she enters! Backwards again!
Now! There! Oh oh! *Just missed!*
and in five minutes more she lay a
stranded hulk upon the beach!

Oh, to be *so near* the port, and *just*
to miss entering!—what could be more
melancholy and disappointing? But
this was only a ship—a lifeless thing of
timber. *What must a stranded soul be?*
Alas! there are souls—precious souls
—yea thousands, who are in a similar
case! See now they work and toil for
the port! No sail but is unfurled, and
no rope is left untouched! How they
strain, but 'tis no use. The pilot is
not aboard: *Jesus is not there.* They
will never enter; there is no alter-
native—they will be *stranded*.

Oh! man—woman—how is it with
your barque?—your soul—something
more valuable to you than the greatest
ship afloat, even were you the only
proprietor. Whither are you bound?
Is the Word of God your chart and
compass? Are you trusting only in
the precious blood of Christ? Ah,
when it is too late, "many will seek to
enter in, and shall not be able!"

**There are
TWO GATES.**

The one wide. | The other strait.

TWO COMPANIES.

The many.	The few.
Those who for- get God, love sin, please themselves, love the world.	Those who have confessed them- selves nothing but sinners, have ac- cepted God's gift
Liars, thieves, adulterers, mur- derers, drunkards, self righteous, un- saved church mem- bers.	—Jesus Christ— and are now living soberly, righteous- ly, and godly in this present world.

TWO LEADERS

Satan, the de- ceiver.	Jesus Christ, the truth.
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TWO WAYS.

Broad, dark, smooth.	Narrow, light, rough.
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TWO DEATHS.

In their sins.	In the Lord.
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TWO RESURRECTIONS.

To judgment.	To life.
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TWO ETERNITIES.

Damnation in hell.	Glory in hea- ven.
Weeping, wail- ing, gnashing of teeth, torment, sin, and sorrow, with the devil and his angels.	Reigning as kings, worshipping as priests, serving in holiness, joy, and love with the Lord.

THE commercial traveller of a Phila-
delphia house, while in Tennessee,
approached a stranger as the train was
about to start, and said: "Are you
going on this train?" "I am." "Have
you any baggage?" "No." "Well,
my friend, you can do me a favour, and
it won't cost you anything. You see I
have two rousing big trunks, and they
always make me pay extra for one of
them. You can get one checked on
your ticket, and we'll each have them.
See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't
any ticket." "But I thought you said
you were going on this train?" "So
I am. I'm the conductor." "Oh!"
He paid extra, as usual.

Light of the World.

"I am the light."

Light of the world, we hail Thee,
Flushing the eastern skies;
Nor shall darkness veil Thee
Again from human eyes.
Too long, alas, withholden,
Now spread from shore to shore,
The light, so glad and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.

Light of the world, Thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part;
Thou robest in Thy splendour
The simple ways of men,
And helpst them to render
Light back to Thee again.

Light of the world, before Thee
Our spirits prostrate fall;
We worship, we adore Thee,
Thou Light, the light of all
With Thee is no forgetting
Of all Thine hand hath made:
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.

Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of Thine,
Till everything that's human,
Be filled with what's divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from Love and Thee.

—Spiritual Songs.

Mr. Moody on Children at Church.

A GREAT Christian Convention was held in Chicago in September. One of the most interesting discussions grew out of Mr. Moody's saying, "I am going to bring a charge against the ministers. They don't want children in the church during the service."

Dr. R. M. Hatfield denied the charge. He invited the people to bring their children to the services. Dr. Humphrey knew a man who not only invites the children to his church, but gives them note-books and pencils, and offers prizes of Bibles to those who will take down and remember the text; and Dr. Goldman saw that man present thirty-nine Bibles to a class of boys, and observed that he had 450 children out of the 600 in the Sabbath-school in his church. Dr. Henson got tired of preaching to the old saints and sinners, and wanted young hearers. He also encouraged the children to come and hear him. Another invited children not only to the church service but to the prayer meeting.

J. H. Walker said he denied the charge, too. He urged his people to bring the children, and said to them that they had no business in the house of God without their children; and last Sunday morning he had the accompaniment of a crying baby all through his sermon, but it did not disturb him.

Dr. Johnson—Mr. Moody, you will have to withdraw that charge.

Mr. Moody—Well, I will take that back; but I will make another. They don't give the children anything when they do come.

Dr. Kendall—See here, Mr. Moody, I have always stood by you, but I won't do so any longer if you do not speak the truth.

Mr. Moody—Don't I speak it? Do you give them anything?

Dr. Kendall—I don't know. I believe I do. At least, I try to. I am reforming, or trying to. I have found I could give the parents some good hard hits when I was talking to the children.

Mr. Moody next told a bit of his own experience. He said that he was seventeen years of age before he had heard a solitary word addressed to

children. He recollected that for seventeen years he had thus heard nothing that was intended for him and his like, and that at that age he was waked up one day in church because he snored so loud. With such youthful memories he was glad that the ministers were devoting five minutes to children's talks. Some time ago, continued the ready evangelist, there was a man who was asked how it was that he had such fine sheep. He replied that it was because he looked after the lambs. So, said Mr. Moody, pastors should look after the children.

The closing discussion of the convention was with regard to the influence of music in religious meetings. Mr. Sankey and Mr. Granahan delivered forcible and interesting addresses, relating their experience. Mr. Sankey, to show the influence of religious songs on the minds of children, related the following touching incident:

When we were in Glasgow a poor mother came up to me and said, "I want to tell you about my little Mary. She was struck by the gospel hymns, and especially the one, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' The child loved the hymn and was always singing it. Six months ago little Mary sickened and died, but just before she died she said, 'Mother, raise me up, and get my hymn-book, and find No. 12.' That was her favorite, and she sang it through, and as I laid her back again she said, 'Mother, I am going now to be with Jesus. Please lay my little hymn-book in the coffin on my breast, open at that page.'" And so little Mary died singing "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and was laid away with the hymn in her grave.

The New Niagara Bridge.

THE Canada Southern Railway Bridge over Niagara River is to be built at a point about 300 feet above the present suspension bridge. The contractors have engaged, under a very heavy penalty, to complete the whole work by 1st December next, about eight months from the time of beginning operations. The time occupied in building the suspension bridge was three years. A comparison will give an idea of the vast progress made in recent years in the art of bridge-building. The new structure will embody a new principle never before illustrated by any large work actually finished. Two similar bridges, however, are being constructed—one the new Tay bridge over the Firth of Forth, Scotland, and the second for the Canadian Pacific Railway over the Fraser River, British Columbia. Bridges built after the new design are known as cantilever bridges. Each end is made up of a section extending from the shore nearly half-way over the chasm. Each section is supported about its centre by a strong tower. The outer arm having no support, and being subject like the other to the weight of trains, a counter advantage is given by the shore arm being anchored or weighted.

This style of bridge has been adopted so as to avoid the very great expense involved in the construction of a suspension bridge. The towers on either side will rise from the water's edge. Between them will be a clear span of 500 feet over the river, the longest double-track truss span in the world. The shore arm of each cantilever has been built and anchored, the other arm will be constructed in sections of

25 feet, the whole being made self-sustaining as each section is added. The ends of the cantilevers will reach only 375 feet beyond the towers, leaving a gap of 125 feet to be filled. The link will be supplied by an ordinary truss bridge, which will be swung into place and rested on the ends of the cantilevers. Here provision will be made for expansion and contraction by allowing play between the ends of the truss bridge and of the cantilevers. At the same time the bridge will be thoroughly braced, so as to prevent danger from the lateral pressure of the wind. The "wave" motion perceptible on a suspension bridge will not be felt on the new structure. The total length of the bridge will be 895 feet. It will have a double track, and will be strong enough to bear two of the heaviest freight trains extending the entire length of the structure, and under a side pressure of wind at 75 miles per hour; and even then it is to be strained to only one-fifth of its ultimate strength.

The towers will not rest on bed-rock, as the rush of the river would sweep away any caissons or other works intended to be used for excavations, but the foundations will be in the large bowlders that have dropped from the cliff during the past ages, the crevices being filled in with cement, making a solid foundation. The pressure will be so divided that upon the foundation rocks it will be only 25 pounds per square inch. The top of the stone structures will be 50 feet above the water level, and from these the steel towers supporting the cantilevers will rise 130 feet. From the tower foundations up the whole bridge will be of steel, every inch of which will be subject to the most rigid tests from the time it leaves the ore to the time it enters the structure.—*Toronto Globe.*

A Sceptic's Dying Child.

"O God! I cannot spare her yet. She must not die!" exclaimed the agonized father as he stood by the bed of his dying child. "Just! no, it is not just or merciful that I should be robbed of my only daughter! If she must die, then I will die with her, for how can I live without her?"

For a moment the sweet smile fled from the peaceful features of the expiring girl, and there was an expression of mingled sadness and pity. She beckoned him to her side, and as he bent over her to catch the whisper, for she was almost gone, she murmured low, "Father, meet me in heaven. When you think of me, remember God has taken me, that He may save you. O my father, hear His voice!"

The rebellious man was silenced. His head was bowed like the reed. He had been a sceptic. His daughter had been his God. But he was a sceptic no longer. The fountain of his soul was stirred by the grim features of death staring at him in the face.

Profound silence filled the room. Nothing save the flickering breath of the dying child could be heard. Sorrowing friends were standing round to see her die, and she gave each a last farewell look. Her eyes were lighted up with holy love as she whispered, "Jesus! heaven." A peaceful, happy smile, such as only the dying Christian wears, parted her lips. Again her eyes wandered to her father, when, slowly raising her hands, she pointed her finger toward heaven, and with her gaze fixed

upon him, the light of life glimmered feebly and more feebly, until it went out.

When they said, "She is gone!" Oh, how those last words, "God has taken me that He may save you," rang in the father's ear.

He sought his room and closed the door. He tried to pray, but in vain. It seemed to him that the billows of his soul were running mountains high, but could not escape their prison bounds. He took from the table the "Word of God," and sitting down, tried to read therefrom, but he could not. He rose and paced the room, murmuring in his heart against God. But he could not hush that voice. Louder and louder it rang, and at every step the echo came back, "God has taken me that He may save you." Suddenly he stops. With uplifted hands he exclaims, "Oh my God, I have sinned. I have worshipped my child, and have forgotten Thee. Now do I know that Thou art a jealous God, and wilt have no other God before Thee."

He returned to the death chamber. There she lay, his lovely idol, all pale in her snowy robe. He gazed upon her long and earnestly as she lay smiling in death's sleep. Then humbly he said, "My daughter, if you, so young and so loved, were willing to die for your father's sake, I will hear the voice."

For many days the father groaned beneath the burden of his sins. There seemed to be not one ray of light, so great was the darkness. But at last, when hope had wellnigh fled, just at the dawn of day, there was a glorious dawning in his weary soul. The light of God's countenance shone in upon him, and he was saved in Christ—everlastingly saved.

"How Long?"

"How long does it take to be converted?" said a young man to his father.

"How long," asked his father, "does it take the judge to discharge the prisoner when the jury have brought him in 'Not Guilty?'"

"Only a minute."

"When a sinner is convinced that he is a sinner, and is sorry for it; when he desires forgiveness and deliverance from sin, and believes that Christ is able and willing to save him, he can be converted as speedily as the prisoner can be discharged by the judge. It does not take God a long time to discharge a penitent soul from the condemnation and power of sin."

THE philosophical shrewdness of some children is remarkable. A Sunday-school teacher had been telling her class the story of "David and Goliath," and she added: "And all this happened over three thousand years ago." A little cherub opened his bright blue eyes with wonder as he remarked: "Oh! teacher! what a memory you've got."

GLADSTONE'S intense conviction of being always in the right gave him an assured superiority over young men who did not ponder very deeply over their opinions and were not prepared to defend them against vigorous onslaughts. "Gladstone seems to do all the thinking for us," Frederick Rogers once said; "the only trouble is that when he starts some new idea he expects you to see all its beauties as clearly as he does after studying them."

The Lord's Appointment.

I SAY it over and over, and yet again to-day,
It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday;
"It is the Lord's appointment;"—
Whatever my work may be,
I am sure in my heart of hearts,
He has offered it for me.

I must say it over and over, and again to-day,
For my work is somewhat different from yesterday;

"It is the Lord's appointment;"—
It quiets my restless will
Like voice of tender mother,
And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this, and every day,
Whatsoever the Master orders, come what may,

"It is the Lord's appointment;"—
For only his love can see
What is wisest, best and right,
What is truly good for me.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

The Sunday-School in Winter Quarters.

[We are glad to quote from the columns of the admirable paper of our Church in the Maritime Provinces—the Halifax *Wesleyan*—the following timely remarks of its accomplished Editor, the Rev. T. Watson Smith.—ED.]

HIBERNATION has been said to be "a curious habit of certain birds, beasts, and Sunday-schools. They go into winter quarters and stay during the cold weather." Certain of our readers are aware that this curious habit is prevalent in some sections of the Maritime Provinces. It is altogether probable that on Sunday next, one of the world's days of prayer for Sunday schools, scores of Provincial superintendents will announce a date on which all Sunday-school work in their church and neighbourhood will terminate until the return of summer warmth. Just as united prayer for schools is ascending heavenward, a number of them will be scattered. Does not this seem like knocking at the door and running away from the answer?

Can we not tempt some of our half-time workers to try a better way? This "hibernation" is more common in the country than in our towns and cities. Several reasons given for the

adoption of the system have, it is true, some force at first sight. But the disadvantages to the schools thus sent into winter quarters are so serious that their managers might well pause at any repetition of the former plan. The bear that will soon retire to his winter den will come forth flabby and lean. In similar condition will the Sunday-school manager be likely to collect his scattered flock. The children will have forgotten much that they have learned. The influences of the day-school and of the society of the holidays will have had upon them an effect of a positive character. No teacher can fail to see that his work, interrupted by summer visiting and stormy Sundays, and followed by a whole winter's in-ermission, can amount to little in the end. To render religious impressions permanent under such circumstances is next to impossible.

The Church's hope is in the children, and yet we give them a better chance of preparation for worldly service. They get five days per week for secular education and but one for sacred training. The teacher rarely loses a winter day at school; the children, rosy and bright in their winter wrappings, are seldom the worse for the keen frosts; and our public-school reports show a better average attendance during winter than in summer. The Sunday-school alone suffers through a low thermometer. Other work goes on, but its doors close, its songs cease, its library is unused, and yet its machinery and purpose is to "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way." The children will be doing something, learning something. Sin will not cease its charms nor will Satan close his haunts.

Brethren, try a whole-year Sunday-school! It is worth while to heat your church or school-room "just for a Sunday-school." If the trifling expense cannot be met in any other way, omit some excursion or treat. But any Christian farmer, who knows that care of the lambs ensures the finer quality of his sheep, will do his part. A writer in an exchange says, "I have known four resolute men covenant with each other to keep the school alive the whole year, and they did it. The children and young people expected to find these four men there every time. They knew there would be service of some kind." Courage, determination, love for the work, and interest in the children can keep your school alive this winter. Only try; then "winter quarters" hereafter will belong to the birds and beasts, but not to your Sunday-school!

S. S. Items.

In too many Sunday-schools the contributions of the scholars are wholly devoted to the purchase of supplies, such as lesson-helps, other periodicals, libraries, and so on. All these are worthy objects and should have liberal support. But using the children's offerings for these has but slight influence in preparing them to carry forward the broader benevolences of the Church. On the other hand, where the contributions are employed for missionary purposes, either home or foreign, for the support of mission schools, or for any other distinctively benevolent purpose, the reflex influence upon the givers becomes decided as an educating agency. In giving for the first-named objects they give for themselves, the supplies purchased coming

back to themselves, as do the clothing or food purchased by their own money. In the giving for the latter objects the benevolent spirit is stimulated since the contributions go directly to benefit others who are in need.

To prepare a Sunday-school lesson properly takes time. No teacher can do this by devoting an hour or two on Sunday morning. The work should begin early in the week. If possible give a little attention every day. The word is the seed of the lesson. It cannot be sown, germinate, spring up, and grow into a fully-developed lesson in so brief a time, more especially if mind and heart are pre-occupied with other thoughts and cares. To gather the best materials and so condense them as to present them in the best form in the brief half hour allotted for teaching, requires the very best endeavours of the teacher.

THE best efforts the teacher can make in the study of the Scripture-lessons are not bestowed in vain. While to his class it is profitable, it is to his own mind an invaluable enriching. The faithful teacher will gather far more than he imparts, more than it is possible to impart in the half hour with the class. And the mine of wealth from which he draws can never be exhausted.

It is often of advantage to have a school make its contributions not only to a general cause or work, but to a more definite object, as some particular mission school or church, either foreign or in the home field. For this purpose an obligation may be assumed to contribute so much annually for the support of the object chosen. The chances are the school will never fail to make up its contribution, unless discouraged or hindered by those in control. It is not difficult to awaken the enthusiasm of children, nor, when the object is a permanent one, is it difficult to sustain their enthusiasm, and contributions thus made and applied will tend strongly to educate the children into liberal givers.

Book Notices.

French Celebrities. By ERNEST DAUDET and others. Translated by Francis W. Potter. Published in Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library, No. 99. Price 15 cents. Rev. Wm. Briggs, Agent for Canada.

It would be difficult to name seven men more representative of French genius in different fields than Mac Mahon, Gambetta, Grévy, Louis Blanc, De Freycinet, Victor Hugo, and De Lesseps, whose careers are here delineated. The volume has the merits of the best modern French literature, being crisp, clear, and animated.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers for the weeks ending October 13th and 20th contain, among other articles, Politics in the Lebanon, *Fortnightly Review*; Colors and Cloths of the Middle Ages, *Contemporary Review*; Faculties of Birds, *Month*; A Wanderer in Skye, *Temple Bar*; Modern Dress, *Fortnightly*; The British Association, *Nature*; Ex-Marshal Bazaine's Apology, *Temple Bar*; Driving Tours, *Saturday Review*; The Relief of Vienna, *Times*; Westminster Abbey, *Chambers's Journal*; "Along the Silver Streak," and the usual amount of choice poetry. A new volume began

October 1st. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription (\$8) is low—with the *Methodist Magazine*, \$9. Address, Rev. Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Missionary Notes.

NATIVE Christians have themselves taken a leading part in the great revival movement in Japan, spontaneously obeying the powerful impulses of the Spirit. From a sister mission it is reported concerning some of the meetings at the sub-stations: "The meetings have been strictly prayer-meetings. Heretofore it has seemed as if our Japanese Christians knew not the worth of prayer-meeting. Every meeting was for the study of the Word, for exhortation or oratory." Yet, when fully awakened by the Spirit, the Japanese seem to possess a remarkable earnestness in pleading with God. So, it was reported concerning the prayer-meeting at the opening of the new era in 1872, that strong men, captains of foreign vessels, as they looked on, said: "The prayers of these Japanese take the heart out of us."

AN intimate personal friend of the present King of Corea, the leader of the Liberal or Reform party, a man about forty years of age, has been converted in Japan. He was offered any rank by the King for saving the Queen's life in the late rebellion, and, instead, he asked to be sent to Japan to study Christian civilization. He is an able Chinese scholar. He prepared the China-Corean text of State papers for his King. It is a very interesting case and a remarkable conversion.

CHILI, like some other South American countries, is astir with the contact with modern civilization. An editor of a liberal journal there for twenty years past, and a member of Congress, says: "This country is moving slowly but surely toward religious reform. . . In two years more, if I mistake not, you will see a great movement toward Protestantism here."

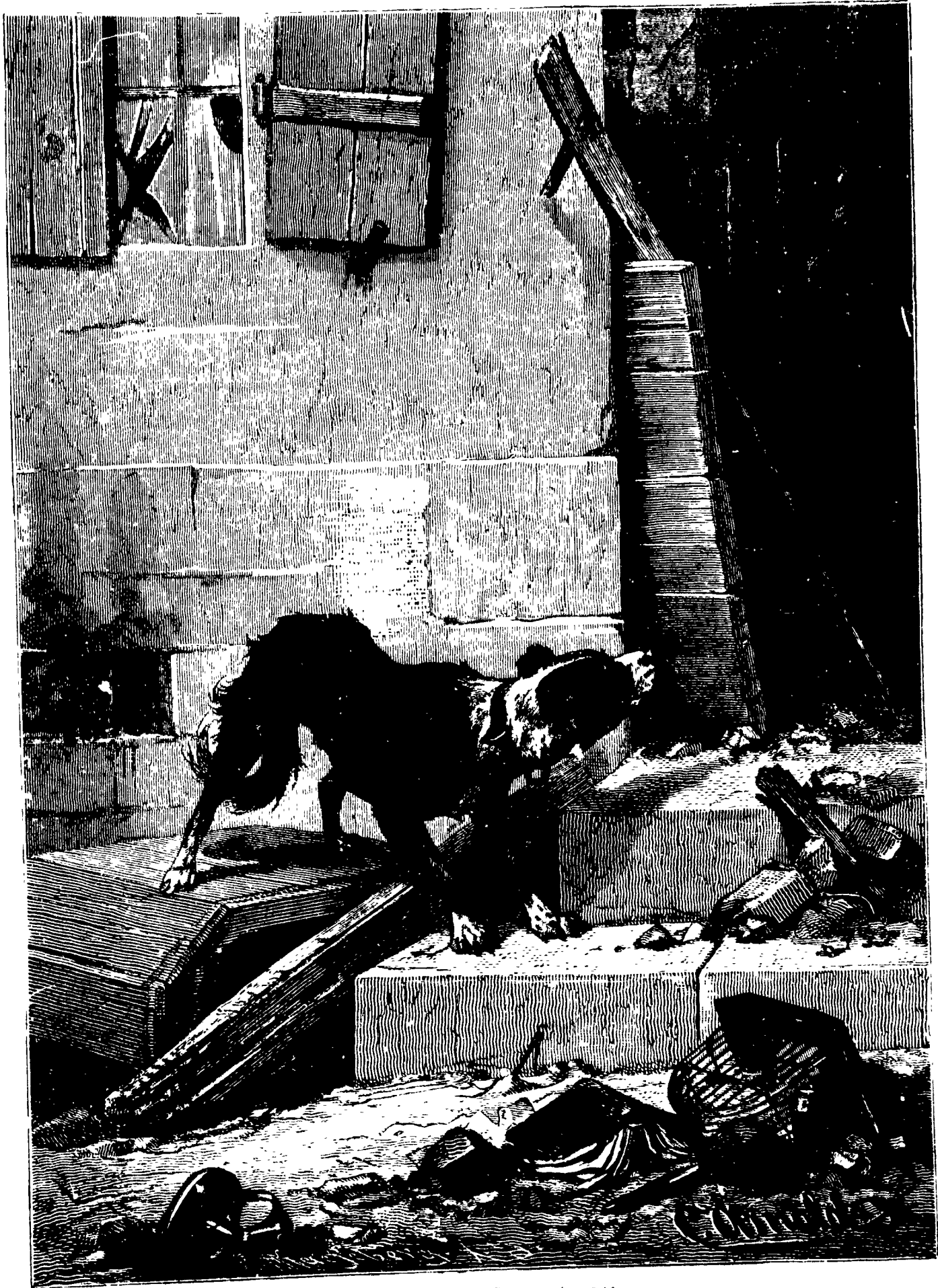
THE first missionary to South Africa was George Schmidt, who was sent out by the Moravians in 1737. He preached to the Hottentots, and at the close of five years had gathered a little church of forty-seven members.

AMONG the United Presbyterians of Scotland, the average of contribution for congregational purposes per member is \$6. They number 174,557, and gave for foreign missions last year \$183,470—more than \$1 apiece.

A BRAHMAN wrote to a missionary: "We are finding you out. You are not as good as your Book. If your people were only as good as your Book, you would conquer India for Christ in five years."

WITH a population of 250,000, Rome has 7,500 priests. They wear all colors of uniform, from brilliant scarlet gowns to dead black. A procession of fifty priests, going two and two along the street, with dazzling red robes sweeping the ground, is a novel sight to an American.

AN Indian prince, Sardan Herman Singh, heir to one of the richest provinces of northern Hindostan, has been "brought to the knowledge of salvation by the labours of Presbyterian missionaries," and, consequently, according to Hindoo usage, has lost his rights of succession.



IN WAR TIME - See next page.

Beyond.

BY HARRY BURTON.

NEVER a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

In War Time.

THIS picture shows the frightful ravages of war, or rather a single example, on a very small scale, of what those ravages are, multiplied by the thousand and on a gigantic scale. The Prussian armies have invaded France. The spiked helmets, by the hundred thousand, have swarmed over the Rhine, and by every highway and byway are streaming on to Paris. The battles of Worth and Gravelotte and Sedan have been fought—the capital itself is invested. A million of people have been shut up to endure hunger, cold, want of all things, and to be exposed to death and desolation from the Prussian shells. Amid such wholesale destruction as this, how trifling seems the pillage and plunder of one poor peasant's cottage! Scarce more than the destruction of a bird's nest or of the bird cage in the picture. Yet to the poor peasants and their little ones it means the loss of all, and, like the poor dog upon his upturned kennel, they doubtless moan their sorrow at the horrors of war. Thank God, we know nothing of them in Canada, and may the day be far distant when we shall.

Stories from History.

A LITTLE DUKE.

In the beautiful old Abbey of Westminster, London, among the tombs of illustrious men and women is a tablet inscribed to "William, Duke of Gloucester, the last surviving son of Queen Anne, together with seventeen of her other infant children."

This little boy was born in 1689, and great were the rejoicings thereat. His sponsors were King William and Queen Mary themselves; for having no children of their own, this royal couple looked upon this baby nephew as the future heir of all their greatness.

It is no slight thing, however, to be born a royal Prince, and this poor child, owing to ill health, had but a sorry time of it from the first. When he was five years old he was still supporting himself as he went up and down stairs by holding on to people's hands. This his father, burly Prince George of Denmark, declared was a shame and disgrace for any heir of England. Accordingly his mother, who had a tender heart, with a sigh, took her boy apart and tried to reason him out of what was thought to be only a stupid habit; but as this did no good, she put a birch

rod into her husband's hand, and he whipped his son till the little fellow from sheer pain was forced into running alone. After this he never asked any help when walking, but it seemed, if possible, as though he was oftener ill than ever.

So little was understood about disease in those early days that sometimes odd reasons were assigned for these attacks of the Prince. It had long been the custom of the English court to wear leeks on St. David's Day, out of compliment to the Welsh. One of silk and silver had been given Gloucester for his hat one year, but not satisfied, he insisted on seeing the real thing.

Now his tutor's name was Lewis Jenkins, and as he was a Welshman, Lewis was only too happy at the thought of showing off the famous plant of his country to his royal charge. A bunch of harmless leeks were at once procured, with which Gloucester amused himself for some time, tying them round the masts of a certain toy ship by which he and his boys were taught something of the great British fleet. But suddenly he threw himself down, and went to sleep.

When he awoke he was terribly ill, and it was many days before he could leave his bed. There was a great outcry in the palace, and you may think how poor Lewis Jenkins quaked in his shoes, for they said this illness was all the fault of the leeks!

Even while Gloucester was in bed, his father's system of education was being carried on, and the plays devised by his attendants were intended to be instructive as well as amusing.

Ever since he could walk the Duke had been the leader of a little company of boy soldiers. They were posted as sentinels at his door, tattoos were beat on the drum, while toy fortifications were built by his bed, and once there had nearly taken place a *bona-fide* fight over the little prostrate body, not laid down, I fancy, in Prince George's rule.

Mrs. Buss, the nurse, was the cause of the quarrel. Wishing to amuse the invalid, she sent by an unlucky Mr. Wetherby an automaton representing Prince Lewis of Baden fighting the Turks. "As the young Duke had given up toys since the preceding summer his attendants started the idea that the present was a great affront, and it was forthwith sentenced to be torn in pieces—an execution which was instantly performed by the Duke's small soldiers." Still not satisfied, however, they next declared that Mr. Wetherby himself ought to be punished for daring to bring such a thing as a doll to the heir of England.

Wetherby, getting an inkling of how matters stood, ran away, but only to be discovered, captured, and brought into the Duke's presence, who gravely pronounced his sentence. The unhappy man was then bound hand and foot, mounted on a wooden horse, and soused all over with water from enormous syringes and squirts. When nearly half drowned, he was again drawn on his horse into the royal bedroom, and I am sorry to find it on record that the young tyrant enjoyed the sight of the man's sorrowful condition immensely.

Still this little boy showed great kindness of heart. Like most mothers the Princess Anne was anxious that her son should use no vulgar expressions in conversation. She was much shocked one day to hear him say he was "confounded dry."

"Who taught you those words?" she asked.

"If I say Dick Drury, he will be sent down stairs," the child whispered to one of the court ladies standing by; then added aloud, "I invented them myself, mamma."

And so Dick Drury was saved from punishment for once in his life, it no more.

"Papa, I wish you and mamma unity, peace, and concord, not for a time, but forever," was Gloucester's grave address to his father and mother when celebrating one of the anniversaries of their wedding day.

"You made a fine compliment to their Royal Highnesses to-day, sir," said Lewis Jenkins, afterwards.

"Lewis," earnestly returned the boy, "it was no compliment—it was sincere."

After the death of Queen Mary, King William on one occasion paid a state visit to his little namesake, and was much gratified at being received by the child under arms, with all the military honours which a great field-marshal would pay to his sovereign.

"Have you any horses yet?" asked the King by way of opening conversation.

"Yes," was the answer, "I have one live one and two dead ones."

"But soldiers always bury their dead horses out of their sight," said His Majesty, laughing. That laugh could not be forgotten. The moment his visitor had gone, the boy insisted on burying his two dead horses (which, of course, were animals of wood) deep down in the ground. This was done amidst much pomp and ceremony, after which Gloucester wrote an epitaph upon his two poor lamented wooden beasts.

Young as he was, this little Duke seems to have known the value of loyalty and truth. Once when a plot was discovered against the King, and it was hard to tell who might not be a traitor at heart, Gloucester sent an address to his uncle which he made every member of his boy regiment and of his household also sign.

"We your Majesty's subjects will stand by you while we have a drop of blood," ran this royal address, upon which I doubt not King William ever after felt perfectly secure and at ease.

A great many stories are told of the battles, sieges, and adventures of the Duke and his boys, and the palace must have rung with their shouts. Still there was plenty of hard work as well as play.

When Gloucester was seven years old, his tutor, whom he loved, Lewis Jenkins, to the great grief of both was dismissed, and he was placed under the charge of a bishop. Four times a year, too, a strict examination was held by four learned lords of the realm to make sure Bishop Burnet was making his pupil as wise as they thought the future King of England ought to be. Poor child! his answers on jurisprudence, the Gothic laws, and the feudal system were marvels, we are assured; but for all his study, I am afraid he knew really very little about those abstruse subjects, while it is saddening to read how all his happy sprightliness faded away under this severe course.

While visiting one of the great college libraries in Oxford, I was much pleased to discover the quaint and most deliciously funny little composition given below. It had grown yellow with age, lying for so many years

stored away in its glass case, together with many other interesting bits of penmanship.

The writing, I am bound to confess, was beautifully clear and good. The composition was given both in Latin and English, while the corrections by Bishop Burnet could plainly be seen on the margin:

"COMPOSITION OF WILLIAM, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

A Tyrant is a savage, hideous beast. Imagine that you saw a certain monster armed on all sides with 500 horns on all sides dreadful fatened with humane intrails, drunken with humane blood, this is the fatal mischiefe whom they call a Tyrant. "WILLIAM. "June 13, 1700."

The pen of this little scholar was soon after laid aside forever. After a short illness of five days, he died, July 30, 1700.—*Harper's Young People.*

His Marriage Fee.

THERE is no end to the laughable stories that the clergy tell about the queer marriages that they solemnize, and the queer fees which they receive, or sometimes don't receive. One of the latest of these is told by the Rev. Dr. Samuel E. Appleton, of Philadelphia, and is to the following effect: A young couple called on him not long ago and asked him to marry them, which he did. The happy groom then walked reluctantly to him and asked, "Doctor, how much is your fee?" "I have no fixed price, but generally receive \$10," was the answer. The bright smile of the Jersey groom seemed to leave him then; but bracing himself, he said, "You see, doctor, I am a little short at the present, but would like very much to pay you. I am a bird fancier, and am importing a lot of educated parrots from London. Now, instead of paying you in cash, suppose I present you with one of these birds on their arrival?" "I should be glad to have a parrot," admitted the doctor. Well, it's agreed, then. I will send you one in a few days; but have you a cage to put the bird in?" "No, I have not. How much does a cage cost?" "O, you can get a good one for \$250," was the reply. Dr. Appleton handed the young man the amount required to buy the cage, and that was the last he ever saw of the groom, bride, parrot, cage or the \$250.

A TOUCHING story of a mother's devotion comes from Belgium. A few days ago the wife of a gateman on the line between Sottengem and Alost was attending to her husband's duty, when her little boy strayed in front of a fast train. Without a moment's hesitation the mother sprang across the rails, and seizing her child tossed it on to the bank the very second before she was caught by the locomotive and killed. It is well to know that this brave woman did not die in vain; the child escaped with a few bruises.

It would be difficult to spend a week or ten days at any Sunday school Assembly and not feel the thrill of a quickened interest in the Sunday-school work. That teacher must be hopelessly dull who will not be profited by the many-sided forms of instruction offered.

A HANDSOME floating church to traverse the Amazon river, propelled by steam, is now proposed by one of the Roman Catholic bishops.

"I Have Drunk My Last Glass."

No comrades, I thank you, not any for me!
My last chain is riven—henceforward I'm free;
I will go to my home and my children to-night,
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight,
With tears in my eyes I have begged my poor
wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her
life.

"I have never refused you before!" Let that
pass;
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys! in rags and
disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes and my red,
bloated face!
Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied
hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than
Cain's brand.
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and
knees,
Alike warmed by the sun, or chilled by the
breeze.
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at
me now,
That a mother's soft hand was once pressed
on my brow;
That she kissed me and blessed me, her
darling, her pride,
Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's
side.
Yes, with love in her eyes, she looked up to
the sky,
Bidding me meet her *there*; then she whis-
pered, "Good-by."
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I
let pass;
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not
very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords
won't wait
On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to
fill.
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I
endured!
And I begged for *one* glass—just *one* would
have cured—
But they kicked me out doors! I let that,
too, pass;
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

At home my pet Susie, so sweet and so fair,
I saw through the window, just kneeling in
prayer;
From her pale, bony hands her torn sleeves
were strung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shank beneath
her scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for *bread*, just a
poor crust of bread,
For *one* crust—on her knees my pet darling
pled!
And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering
with cold,
There on the bare floor, asked God to bless
me!
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He
will; for you see
I believe what I ask for!" Then sobered,
I crept
Away from the house; and that night when
I slept,
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You smile,
let it pass;
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and
her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above;
I will make her words true, or I'll die in the
race,
And sober I'll go to my last resting-place;
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping,
thank God
No *drunkard* lies under the daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall
e'er pass;
For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
I have drunk my last glass.

What One Moody Hour Did.

At a late hour one night, a poor old
man, weak with hunger, and stiff with
cold, entered a police station to ask for
lodgings. While he sat by the stove,
they heard him groan like one in dis-
tress, and the captain asked:

"Are you sick, or have you been
hurt?"

"It is here," answered the old man,
as he touched his breast. "It all came
back to me an hour ago, as I passed a
window and saw a bit of a boy in his
night gown."

"What is it?" asked the captain as
he sat down beside the man.

"It is heart-ache. It is remorse,"
the old man answered. "I have had
them gnawing away at my heart for
years. I have wanted to die—I have
prayed for death—but life still clings
to this poor old frame. I am old and
friendless, and worn out, and want
some wheel to crush me, it would be
an act of mercy."

He wiped his eyes on his ragged
sleeve, made a great effort to control
his feelings, and went on:

"Forty years ago I had plenty. A
wife sang in my home, and a young
boy rode on my knee, and filled the
house with his shouts and laughter. I
sought to be a good man and a kind
father, and people called me such.
One night I came home vexed. I
found my boy ailing, and that vexed
me still more. I don't know what
ailed me to act so that night, but it
seemed as if everything were wrong.
The child had a bed beside us, and
every night since he had been able to
speak, he had called to me before closing
his eyes in sleep, 'Good night, my pa!'
Oh, sir, I hear those words sounding
in my ears every day and every hour,
and they wring my old heart until I
am faint."

For a moment the poor man sobbed
like a child, then he found voice to
continue:

"God forgive me, but I was cross to
the boy that night. When he called
to me good night, I would not reply.
'Good night, my pa!' he kept calling,
and wretch that I was, I would make
no answer. He must have thought me
asleep, but finally cuddled down with
a sob in his throat. I wanted to get
up and kiss him, but kept waiting, and
waiting, and finally I fell asleep."

"Well!" queried the captain, as the
silence grew long.

"When I awoke it was day. It
was a shriek in my ears which broke
my slumbers, and, as I started up,
my poor wife called, 'Oh, Richard!
Richard! our Jamie is dead in his
bed!' It was so. He was dead and
cold. There were tears on his pale
face—the tears he had shed when he
had called, 'Good night, my pa!' and
I had refused to answer. I was dumb.
Then remorse came, and I was frantic.
I did not know when they buried him,
for I was under restraint as a lunatic.
For five long years life was a dark
midnight to me. When reason re-
turned, and I went forth into the world,
my wife slept beside Jamie. My
friends had forgotten me, and I had no
mission in life but to suffer remorse.
I cannot forget. It was almost a life-
time ago, but through the mist of
years, across the valley of the past,
from the little grave thousands of
miles away I hear the plaintive call as
I heard it that night: 'Good night,
my pa!' Send me to prison, to the
poor house, anywhere, that I may halt
long enough to die! I am an old

wreck, and I care not how soon death
drags me down."

He was tendered food but he could
not eat. He rocked his body to and
fro, and wept and sobbed; by-and-by,
when sleep came to him, they heard
him whisper:

"Good night, my boy; good night,
my Jamie."

Angry words are lightly spoken,
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken,
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts, inspired by warmest feelings
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving, for the coming morrow,
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! O let them never,
From the tongue, unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulses ever
Check them, ere they soil thy lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly,
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,
Brightest links of life are broken,
By a single angry word.

Moffat and the Savage Chief.

In a quiet street of London, "on the
south side of the Thames," resides a
venerable minister, still strong and
active at the age of eighty-seven, whose
life story grandly illustrates the sweet
text, "The angel of the Lord encamp-
eth round about them that fear Him."

This wonderful man, the father-in-
law of the equally famous Livingstone,
passed sixty years of his life among
cruel barbarians, and early showed
himself divinely qualified to do good,
and divinely protected in doing it.

When Dr. Moffat was only twenty-
one years old, he went to South Africa
to preach to the negroes.

Far in the interior, beyond the
Orange River, lived at that time a
savage chief, whose wars and depreda-
tions kept the whole country in dread.
The name of Cetewayo never inspired
half so much terror as did that of
Africaner, the Namaqua king.

Young Moffat was warned against
him, but he felt no fear. He had come
on purpose to tell the Hottentots about
Christ, and he knew his Master's
business, and loved it.

So among the Hottentots he went,
into the interior of Namaqua-land, and
to the hut of Africaner himself. The
boldness of the peaceful white man, and
his strange, pure words, soon disarmed
the fierce chief, and he not only allowed
him to stay among his people and
preach to them, but built him a hut
close to his own.

Mr. Moffat, by his rare tact and
wisdom, not only completely won
Africaner's friendship, but made him
his daily listener and pupil. The
haughty Hottentot came to regard him
as his family chaplain. His interest
in the good man's teachings increased,
and he gradually forgot his ferocity.

Before Moffat had been with him
two years, he renounced his heathenism
and became a humble disciple of Christ.
The brave faith of the preacher had
dared to look for this result, but when
it came it was almost too much to
realize. Time and trial, however,
proved the chief's sincerity, and by-
and-by, when it became necessary for
Mr. Moffat to visit Cape Town, he
told Africaner that he wished to take
him with him.

"How can I go in safety?" asked the
astonished chief. "I am known every-
where, and a reward of a thousand
pounds is offered for my head!"

"Yes," said Mr. Moffat, "but I
risked my life when I came into your
country, and none expected ever to see
me return. You protected me. It is
my turn now. I will protect you.
Only we must change places. I must
be king, and you must be my servant."
At last Africaner consented and
went.

No one recognized him in the guise
of a servant. At one house where the
two stopped for refreshments, the family
had known Mr. Moffat, and they were
all frightened, believing him to be "the
ghost of the man that Africaner killed."
But he soon reassured them, and before
he left them he completed their amaze-
ment by introducing Africaner himself.

The amazement was no less when he
arrived with the Christian chief at
Cape Town, and the people saw for
themselves what a change had been
wrought in the terrible savage.

The Lights of Home.

In many a village window burn
The evening lamps.
They shine amid the dew and damps,
Those lights of home.

Afar the wanderer sees them glow,
Now night is near;
They gild his path with radiance clear,
Sweet lights of home.

Ye lode-stars that forever draw
The weary heart,
In stranger lands or crowded mart;
O! lights of home.

When my brief day of life is o'er,
Then may I see;
Shine from the heavenly house for me
Dear lights of home.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

- 48.—O bad i ah. Kings ley.
49.—London, Rome, Douer, Bangor.
50.—'Tis first the true and then the
beautiful; not first the beautiful and
then the true.
51.—Crash, rash, ash. Wheat, heat,
eat, at.

NEW PUZZLES.

52.—CHARADES.

A kind of meat, a pool.
A Methodist Bishop.
Vegetables, an insect. A rustic.

53.—ENIGMAS.

My 8, 7, 9, a small animal; my 1,
2, 6, 4, a man's name; my 3, 7, 5, a
verb. An author of an English gram-
mar.

My 1, 10, 7, 6, 3, is used in build-
ing; my 2, 4, 12, 13, is high; my 3,
9, 5, is part of the body; my 8, 11, 6,
is a colour. A command.

54.—WORD SQUARES.

A building; a disease; slow oxida-
tion; fish catchers.
A water lizard; a pitcher; a part of
the verb to be; a plant.

55.—CHANGED HEADINGS.

Change the head of the organ of
intellect, and have the fruit of plants;
again, and have that which draws
along.

56.—CURTAILMENT.

Curtail a part of the body, and have
to listen.
Curtail a fraction, and have full
value; again, and have a relation;
again, a letter.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1063.] LESSON IX. [Dec. 2.

DAVID'S ENEMY, SAUL.

1 Sam. 18. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him.—1 Sam. 18. 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Envy and hatred lead to wretchedness and crime.

TIME.—B.C. 1063. Soon after last lesson. Jonathan 40, David 22 or 23 years old.

PLACE.—Gibeah of Saul, also called Gibeah of Benjamin. It was Saul's royal residence, and was about four miles north of Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—As soon as the Philistines saw that Goliath was dead, they fled, pursued by the Israelites, who overcame them with great slaughter. Saul made David his armour-bearer, and he went to the royal palace to live. Saul's favour toward David was soon turned into bitter hatred and persecution, however, as we shall see in the lesson for to-day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Made an end of speaking*—When David had finished answering Saul's questions. (ch. 17. 55-58). *Knit*—Bound, or chained to, denoting the firm union of souls in friendship. 2. *Took him*—Saul took David into his service at court. 3. *A covenant*—A solemn promise of friendship. 4. *Robe*—Upper coat or cloak. *Garments*—Military dress, which included the sword, bow, and girdle which were attached to it. Thus Jonathan solemnly confirms the covenant of friendship on his part. The gift of one's own garment, especially by a prince to a subject, in the East is the highest mark of honour. 5. *Wisely*—The word means both with *prudence* and *success*. *Over men of war*—Made him commander. 6. *Women came out*—To escort the victors home. *Dancing*—The usual expression of rejoicing upon occasions of national triumph. *Tabret*—Or timbrel, an instrument much like our tambourine. 9. *Eyed David*—Looked at him with bitterness and dislike. 10. *Evil spirit*—From God. Because God sent it as a punishment and to reform Saul. The results of sin are always from God, who makes sin bear such fruit. *Prophesied*—Raved as an insane man. *Javelin*—A short spear. It served as a sceptre, and was the symbol of royalty. 13. *Captain over a thousand*—On a distant expedition to get rid of his presence, and also, perhaps, hoping he might be killed in battle. 14. *The Lord was with him*—He who like David walks humbly and obediently in God's ways, sees himself everywhere led by the Lord's hands.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Jonathan.—The love of Jonathan and David.—David's character.—Cause of Saul's envy.—Envy and hatred.—David's behaviour under them.—Saul and David contrasted.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What great victory had David just gained? What did Saul inquire about David? Had he not seen him before? (ch. 16. 18-23). Why did he not recognize him now?

SUBJECT: HATING OUR BROTHER.

1. A CONTRAST TO HATRED (vs. 1-4).—Who was Jonathan? How would David's coming to the throne affect his life and prospects? What is said of his love to David? What was there in David to call out love? How did Jonathan show his love? Why does love desire to express itself in gifts?

2. A CAUSE OF HATRED (vs. 5-9).—How did Saul reward David for his great service? How did David behave in the midst of his prosperity? Why is prosperity a great test of character? How was David received by the people? In what way did they place him above King Saul? How could David be said to have slain his "ten thousands"? What feelings did this awaken in Saul? What did Saul fear? (1 Sam. 15. 23). Did Saul have as good an opportunity as David to hold the kingdom forever? How would Saul's consciousness of guilt cause him to hate David? What are the common causes of hatred now?

3. THE RESULTS OF HATRED (vs. 10-16).—What was the effect of his envy upon

Saul? How could an evil spirit be said to be from God? Meaning of "prophesied" here. What is the fate of those who hate their brethren? How is this hate manifested? How did David try and help his enemy? (See ch. 16. 23). To what crime would Saul's hatred lead? Show by this how "he that hateth his brother is a murderer." To what sins does hate lead? (1 John 3. 15). Where did his envy lead Saul to place David? Why was Saul afraid of David? How did David behave in all these trials? How should we treat those who hate us? (Matt. 5. 14). What will enable us to do so?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Love desires to give expression to its feelings by gifts to the loved.
2. Envy and hate make their possessors very wretched.
3. Hatred is the fruit of a selfish heart.
4. The results of sin are from the Lord, no matter by whose hand they come.
5. Hatred is the parent of sins and crimes.
6. Blessed are those who act lovingly and wisely amid many provocations.

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

1. How did the people receive David's heroic act? *ANS.* They met him on his return with singing and music and expressions of joy. 2. What did they say? *ANS.* Saul hath slain his thousands, and David has ten thousands. 3. What feelings did this awaken in Saul? *ANS.* It filled him with envy and hate. 4. How did this affect him? *ANS.* It made him very unhappy. 5. To what crime did it lead? *ANS.* It led him to attempt to murder David.

B.C. 1062.] LESSON X. [Dec. 9.

DAVID'S FRIEND, JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 20. 33-42. Commit to mem. vs. 41, 42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. 18. 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Blessed is true friendship with God and man.

TIME.—B.C. 1062. About a year after David killed Goliath.

PLACE.—Royal palace at Gibeah, 4 miles north of Jerusalem and the stone Ezel (departure), in a field near Gibeah.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—1 Sam. 18. 27; 20. 31.

INTRODUCTION.—David, now about 24 years of age, married Michal, Saul's daughter, but still Saul envied him and tried to kill him. At last Jonathan makes one more attempt to reconcile Saul to David. David lies concealed near the city, while a feast is in progress, and he and Jonathan agree on certain signals, which, unbeknown to any but themselves, will reveal to David the success or failure of Jonathan's efforts. The results are given in to-day's lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—32. *Wherefore be slain... what done*—Jonathan was in a very difficult place to decide between his father and his friend, but he was true to David and not unfaithful to Saul. 34. *Done him shame*—Insulted and wronged him. *Into the field*—Or country, where was the rock Ezel, where David was hid and Jonathan was to meet him. 36. *Run, and out the arrows*—This direction given aloud was the signal agreed on. (1 Sam. 20. 21). *Beyond him*—i.e., farther than the boy had run. This told David there was danger, and he must flee. (1 Sam. 20. 22). 38. *Makes speed, haste*—This was said to hurry the boy so he should not see David. 40. *Artillery*—Bow and arrow. 41. *David exceeded*—Wept violently, aloud.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Saul's hatred of David.—Jonathan's friendship for David.—The signals.—True friendship, its advantages.—False friendship, its dangers.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time intervenes between this lesson and the last? State some of the things which occurred in the interval. What were Saul's feelings toward David?

SUBJECT: THE FRIENDSHIP OF JONATHAN AND DAVID.

1. THE FOUNDATION OF THEIR FRIEND-

SHIP.—On what occasion was this friendship begun? (1 Sam. 18. 1). What was there in David to call out such strong love? (1 Sam. 16. 18; 18. 8, 10, 14). What was there in Jonathan for David to love? (1 Sam. 20. 4, 14-17. 2 Sam. 1. 23, 26, 27). Can there be the truest friendship without worth on both sides? In what does this love differ from the love we are required to feel toward all men?

2. THE QUALITIES OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP (vs. 32-42).—How did Jonathan try to reconcile Saul to David? What sign had been agreed upon? Where did David hide? What was the result of Jonathan's efforts? Describe the parting of Jonathan and David. What did Jonathan sacrifice for David? (1 Sam. 20. 31; 23, 17). Was this noble? What covenant did Jonathan and David make? (1 Sam. 20. 13-17). Did David keep this covenant? (2 Sam. 9. 1-13). How did Jonathan save David's life? Was this friendship lasting? What noble qualities are shown in it?

3. THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP.—Were David and Jonathan better for their friendship? How does true friendship make us better? Why do we grow like our friends? Is friendship full of happiness? How are many ruined by false friendship? What should we do with bad companions? Can one go familiarly with bad company and not be injured?

4. THE FRIENDSHIP OF JESUS.—Who will be our best friend? What must we do in order to have him for our friend? Is there any difference between Christ's love for his personal friends and his love for the world? How has he shown his friendship? How should we show our friendship to him? How will this friendship make us like him? Why is he the best of all friends?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The best friendship requires worth in both parties.
2. Friendship is tested by adversity.
3. We grow like those we love.
4. True friendship exalts, ennobles, and blesses.
5. False friends, bad companions, are the ruin of many.
6. Jesus Christ is our best friend, the noblest, the most self-sacrificing, the closest, the most enduring.
7. We should express our love to him by words, by sacrifices, by gifts, by doing all we can for him.

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

6. With whom did David form a great friendship? *ANS.* With Jonathan, the son of Saul. 7. What made this specially noble on Jonathan's part? *ANS.* He knew that David was to be king in his place, and only asked to be next to him. 8. What did he do for David? *ANS.* He saved his life several times? 9. What qualities are shown in this friendship? *ANS.* Goodness, self-sacrifice, constancy, devotion. 10. Who is our best friend? *ANS.* Jesus Christ our Saviour.

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