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WELCOME AND VISITORS

Do unto others
As ye would
That they
Should
Do unto
You.

ROLPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

[No. 19.]

Grace Darling.

SHE was the daughter of William Darling, keeper of a lighthouse on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands.

On the morning of Sept. 7, 1838, the ship *Porpoise* was wrecked among the Farne Islands with sixty-three persons on board. The vessel was seen by her father in the morning lying broken among the rocks. At her earnest solicitation he put off to the rescue of the survivors in a small boat, his only companion the noble girl who had prompted the act. By strength and skill they brought the boat to where the nine survivors every moment awaited a watery grave. They were all rescued and taken to the lighthouse tower. At once the country became filled with the fame of the noble deed. People flocked to visit the tower, heaping many presents and testimonials upon the brave heroine. But she did not long enjoy her won laurels. She died of consumption October 20, 1842.

To Which Do You Belong?

MANY years ago, a king of Prussia was passing through a pretty country village, and, as was often the case, was met by a number of school children, who sang a simple song of welcome.

When the king had thanked them, he began to question several of the children. Plucking an apple from a tree hard by, he said:

"Let me see if you can tell me to what kingdom this belongs?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, sire," answered a blue-eyed German child.

"And this?" questioned the king, taking his watch from his pocket, and holding it up before all.

"To the mineral," answered several little voices.

"Right," said the king. "And now, little maiden," turning to the first child, "to what kingdom do I belong?"

The blue eyes fell, and the child's cheeks coloured deeply. She was afraid to say "the animal kingdom," for she thought his Majesty might be offended at being called an animal! Just then it flashed across her mind that "God made man in his own image," and, looking up full of joy, she said, "You belong to God's kingdom, sire!"

The king was deeply moved. A tear

stood in his eye. The child was frightened at the effect of her words; but the king kindly placed his hand on her head, and said earnestly:

"God grant that I may truly belong to his kingdom!"

Two bright thoughts come out of that story for you, children:—

First. A child's words can reach even kings' hearts, if God guide them. Every word we speak does harm or good. How careful, then, we ought to be in what we say! Words are sometimes like swords, and make deep wounds in the hearts of those we

dead with fear, only was observed to be very cheerful, as if he had been but little concerned in that danger. One of them demanding the reason of his cheerfulness: "Oh," said he, "it is because the pilot of the ship is *my father*."

Consider Christ, first, as the King and supreme Lord over the providential kingdom; and then as your head, husband, and friend, and thou wilt quickly say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul!" This truth will make you cease trembling, and cause you to sing in the midst of dangers.



GRACE DARLING.

speak to. A pert or passionate word may cut your dear mother's heart, or a sneering remark pain a good sister. Try to let your words be like honey—soothing all the sores and sweetening all the bitters that are around you.

The next thought, or rather question, is: "To what kingdom do you belong?" You would like to belong to the kingdom of heaven, you say! How are you to belong to it? Jesus tells you how when he says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The "kingdom of heaven" is made up of those who have come to the Lord Jesus in a child-like spirit, trusting that he will pardon them, and be always true to his promises, and who also give themselves to be his obedient and loyal subjects. You may enter his kingdom to-day, if you have never done so before, and serve him for the future with the loving, happy obedience of one who knows him to be God and King.

The Sure Pilot.

A RELIGIOUS young man, who, being at sea, with many other passengers, in a great storm, and they being half

The Safest Place in Battle.

Not in the rear

To stand and cover with servile fear
But forward, where the guns are mounted,
And cost of life is never counted;
When duty prompts to splendid valor,
And danger brings the check no pallor;
There safest, why?
Ah, safety lies in victory.

Keep near the flag!

Halt not, not in the vanguard lag;
An enemy, become thy master,
Will give pursuit and bring disaster;
The captive's doom is one of sorrow,
With gloomy prospect of the morrow;
The foe in sight,
There stand and push the gallant fight.

Tis hand to hand

That brings the triumph proud and grand;
Skulk not beyond the rifle's distance,
Stand in the ranks with strong resistance;
Stand where the drum-beat is the hardest;
If only duty thou regardlest
Thy chance is best,
And loyal stars shall crown thy breast.

Earth's coward wrongs

Are overcome with "forward" songs;
Go nearest to the cross and wait thee,
Though evil men should scorn and hate thee,
For he who hangs there, world-derided,
Shall Satan's kingdom see divided;
And thou shalt hear
His welcome, "Faithful one, come near!"

Stand near thy chief,

For he is king beyond his grief;
Come up, O timid soul, nor falter,
Come boldly up where smokes the altar;
Thy fullest sacrifice be yielded,
And find thyself forever shielded
Beneath his wing,
For whom was made thy offering.
—Exchange.

Home, Sweet Home!

BY THE REV. DR. POTTS, SECRETARY
OF EDUCATION.

THERE is no spot of earth's surface where home has more significance than within the bounds of this Dominion of Canada. As an institution, the family stands first in the front rank, and is vital to the church and the state; indifferent home-life is seen in indifferent church and national life.

There is something very interesting in the founding of a new home. It is a matter of interest far beyond the two young hearts that have become one in purpose, one in love, and one in their plans of life. It is a matter affecting citizenship, morality, and religion. Therefore, patriots and Christians are interested in the home-life of their country.

I want to have a chat with the readers of *Home and School* upon home-life in Canada. We should all resolve to make our homes the brightest places in all the world. There should be something in home that could and would induce all of us to sing, when we turned our feet in its direction—whether from school, or from business, or from social visiting—"Home, Sweet Home."

But what is home? It may be a castle, or it may be a cottage. The cottage, upon the whole, is the more likely place to find a model home. Home does not depend upon wealthy

and high position, nor is it necessarily connected with moderate circumstances. It may be the precious heritage of all classes of society. The mechanic may have as much as the millionaire. Home is not conditioned upon rich carpeting, magnificent paintings, luxurious living, and a well-established place in what is known as "Society." There may be all these, and no home. There are great houses, and you might as well look for the warm atmosphere of home in an ice-palace as in such houses.

There are certain conditions absolutely requisite to constitute home, and these are within the reach of all. It will be worth our while to examine them, and then look at our home-life, and see if it be all that it ought to be; and, if not, resolve to go on unto perfection. Model home-life must be founded and conducted in respectful love and mutual esteem. If these be wanting, whatever else may be, there can be no true foundation for a delightful home. Where these exist, home-life is sure to flourish, bearing flowers and fruit unto happiness.

Another essential of a true home is *politeness*. Why should politeness be confined—as it often is—to the circles of society? How is it that some men are noted for their polite attention to all classes outside their homes, while within them they are noted for harshness and severity, not only to their servants, but to their wives and children? Society men in society, but tyrants at home.

Why is it that a young man is regarded as a model for young men among his lady friends, who is absolutely unobliging to his mother and sisters? Politeness shines nowhere with such radiant lustre as in the daily intercourse between husband and wife, parents and children, and employers and servants.

How essential is home sympathy, and how beautiful it is! The world is cold and heartless. Selfishness seems to be almost universal. It is seen in all classes of business, in all the walks of professional life; and its chilling presence penetrates even the Church of God. Every human being needs sympathy. Its look, its touch, its words—soothes, comforts, and nerves for renewed action in life's toil and warfare. Home without sympathy! How repelling, how desolate! And how often it has sent men to clubs and saloons, to drown their worry, and, at least for a time, forget their perplexing circumstances!

But there is another aspect to the picture. The wife and mother may be in as great need of sympathy as the husband and father. That delicate woman with her sick child, or her wayward child, or her incompetent servant, may be as much exhausted as the man of the house. Let the sympathy be mutual.

The husband says to himself, in the midst of his disappointments, "Well, I shall have rest and sweet sympathy

at home." He involuntarily says: "Thank God for home!" During the day, while husband is away toiling for the support of his family, the busy housewife looks forward to the evening hour, not because the day's work is done, but because her other self, who is in such accord with her, shall come to the dear spot where he delights to be, and where she longs to have him be.

I plead for a cheerful, happy home. Let it be so to the children, and let it be so to all who come under its roof. Let the meal hours be free from all fault-finding; let pleasant topics be discussed, and try each to please the other. Let the evening hour be made charming with reading, music, and general conversation. Make sons and daughters feel there is no place like home.

I must conclude, but not before I write that the crowning glory of home is piety. "Show piety at home." How delightful is the home-music of family praise! How fragrant is the sweet incense of domestic worship! How comforting is the unobtrusive but all-pervading spirit of true and beautiful Christian discipleship! It is the bond of perfectness in family life. Every home represented by the readers of *Home and School* may be such as I have described in this article.

"He always Keeps His Word."

"GOOD-EVENING, Mrs. Ellis. What are you doing out here in the cold?"

"Why, good-evening, Mrs. Allen. Come in. I was looking for Eddie. He was sent to the lower end of town on an errand more than an hour ago, and he has not returned yet. I feel a little worried; for he is always back so quick when sent on an errand."

"Perhaps the boys have coaxed him over on the ice. Our James is gone. There was no peace at home until we let him go. But he promised to be back before this," sighed Mrs. Allen.

"Oh, no; Eddie is not on the ice; for I have told him not to go unless he first obtained our consent. He never goes anywhere without leave from us first."

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Ellis, that yours is a very obedient child. But you know the boys may have persuaded him to go. And boys are so thoughtless; they forget their promises when any pleasure is in view."

"Ah!" answered Mrs. Ellis, "but Eddie never forgets. He always keeps his word."

Mrs. Allen looked sad as she said, "I wish I could say as much about James. Here comes Eddie now," she added, as a manly little fellow of ten years bounded up the steps.

"Mother, dear, were you worried? I really could not get here sooner, for I met papa, who had to leave the store to overtake a waggon which had gone away without some things; and papa was so tired he said I could run fast and overtake it better than he could,

as it was to stop at the mill. I barely reached the mill in time, for it was just about leaving. I hurried back as fast as I could, only stopping to tell papa it was all right. He says he can not leave the store yet, and you should not wait supper." So saying, Eddie took the basket to bring in chips for morning.

Mrs. Allen sighed again, saying, "Oh, I do wish I could depend on James as you can on Eddie! What a blessing it is to have such a boy!"

How true were Mrs. Allen's words! It is a great blessing for parents to have such children. They are sure to make noble men. A boy of his word will become a man of his word, respected and loved by every one; and he will be an honour to the community in which he lives.

Boys, let me ask, Are you kind and obedient to your parents? Can they say of you, "He always keeps his word?"

Two Girls.

THERE is a girl, and I love to think of her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend on and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother.

In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers that falter at their work. Her strong, young figure is a staff upon which the gray-haired, white-faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend over the old worn-out body of mother lying unheeded in her coffin, rough hands folded, her long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works—God bless her!—is another girl whom I know. She is brave and she is active; and is not too proud to earn her own living, or ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking and patient. She smiles at you from behind counter or desk. There is a memory of her sewn into each silken gown. She is like a beautiful mountaineer already far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honour to know the girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained with factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and helping hand. It stays misfortunes from many homes. It is the one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the almshouse and asylum.

My Blue Ribbon.

You see I wear the ribbon,
This little bit of blue,
The reason why, I hope's the same
As does prevail with you;
For duty bids me wear it;
It tells all, "I abstain!"
Oh, may my ribbon converts make,
That they may also gain!

God speed I then to your ribbons,
Each little bit of blue;
For ev'ry one that wears it,
There's always work to do;
To lift the poor and fallen,
Turn others from their track,
That men may walk uprightly;
Go forward; not go back.

'Tis but a bit of ribbon,
This little bit of blue;
But good results, and great things,
Ofttimes from small things grow;
We see, too, what at first sight,
Is said will do no harm,
Until the evil, grown apace,
Spreads ruin and alarm.

Then let this bit of ribbon,
This little bit of blue,
Be each day our reminder,
That we our duty do.
Let's always be in service;
Our Temp'rance bear the test;
By precept and example,
Show others 'tis the best.

This bonny bit of ribbon,
My little bit of blue,
I really am in love with;
And so, wish to be true.
How quietly its part it plays,
Though silent, speaking too;
Please God we'll go together,
God's way, life's journey through.

Habits of Flowers.

FLOWERS have habits, or ways of acting, just as people have. I will tell you about them. There are some flowers that shut themselves at night so as to go to sleep, and open again in the morning. Tulips do this. I was once admiring in the morning some flowers that were sent to me the evening before by a lady. Among them were some tulips, and out of these, as they opened, flew a bumble-bee. A lazy, droning bee he must have been to be caught in this way, as the flower was closing itself for the night, or, perhaps, had done a hard day's work in gathering honey, and just at night was so sleepy that he stayed too long in the tulip, and so was shut in. A very elegant bed the bee had that night. I wonder if he slept any better than he would have done if he had been in his homely nest?

The pond-lily closes its pure white leaves at night as it lies upon its watery bed, but it unfolds them again in the morning. How beautiful it looks as it is spread out upon the water in the sunlight!

The little mountain daisy is among the flowers that close at night, but is as bright as ever on its "slender stem" when it wakes in the morning. When it shuts itself up it is a little green ball, and looks something like a pea. But look the next morning, and the ball is opened, and shows a "golden tuft within a silver crown."

The golden flowers of the dandelion are shut up every night. They are

folded up so closely in their green coverings, that they look like buds that had never yet been opened.

There is one curious habit which the dandelion has. When the sun is very hot it closes itself up to keep from wilting. It is in this way sheltered in its green covering from the sun. It sometimes, when the weather is very hot, shuts itself up as early as nine o'clock in the morning.

Some flowers hang down their heads at night, as if they were nodding in sleep; but in the morning they lift them up again to welcome the light.

Some flowers have a particular time to open. The evening primrose does not open till evening, and hence comes its name. The flower named "four o'clock" opens at that hour in the afternoon. There is a flower commonly called "go-to-bed-at-noon," that always opens in the morning and shuts up at noon.—*Central Methodist.*

Switch Off!

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

TOM EASY was on the wrong track. He knew it just as well as everybody else knew it, who felt any interest in the boy. He knew it wasn't right for him to associate with corner-loafers, and to spend his money in the way he did, and frequent were the collisions that he had with other people's notions—for his mother and sisters were perpetually at war with him—to say nothing of the impediments put in his way by a reproving conscience.

It was easy enough to get on this track, but not so easy to get off. Nobody knew that better than Tom Easy himself. Every day, and a dozen times a day, he had said, "I am smoking too many cigarettes; I know I am, I ought to switch off." But he didn't. Switches were not very frequent on the track he favoured. It might have been different had the other kind of switches been used more industriously when he was a smaller boy.

At times he would be disgusted with the effects of liquor upon his companions, and would "swear off" for a while. But swearing off and switching off are two different things, and as long as Tom kept on the old track he was exposed to the old temptations. He thought he would wait until he reached the next station; but delays are dangerous to one of Tom Easy's disposition, and the next station—marked sobriety—is passed, and the next, and the next, and he is finally switched off into the gutter.

It is pitiful to think how many noble souls go to ruin for want of moral courage to switch off the wrong track. Boys and girls do not realize the risks they run in starting out on some wild career. They think they can break away at any time from their evil companions, but the force of habit is too strong for them, and, daily growing weaker and weaker in principle, they disregard the switch altogether, and rush madly on to destruc-

tion. When conscience sounds a warning, switch off at once! If you wait, you'll be sorry.

God's mandate is, "Turn ye from your evil ways, and keep my commandments and my statutes."

Little Edith's Ministration.

A TOUCHING little incident comes to us of a young mother who was hopelessly ill, but quite unconscious of her condition. One afternoon her physicians held a consultation, and afterward announced the sad fact that she had but a short time to live, to the husband and sister of the patient. The four exchanged opinions as to the wisdom of telling her, and were quite unmindful of little Edith, the only child of the dying woman, five years old, who was busily playing with her dolls, apparently unconscious of what was going on about her.

But in a few minutes little Edith left her toys, walked slowly upstairs, and went directly to her mother's room. With the aid of a chair she placed herself on the bed at her mother's side, when she kissed the wan cheek, and asked in low, tender tones, "Mamma, are you 'fraid to die?"

The mother was startled by the question, and hesitatingly asked, "Who told you?—do they think—?"

"No matter, dear mamma, you needn't be 'fraid at all; hold my hand light like this; shut your eyes close, and I will stay by you, and when you wake up again you will be where 'tis all light."

The eyes were closed as directed, the two hands tightly clasped for a few minutes, and when the members of the family re-entered the room the child looked up and said, "I helped dear mamma to die, and she was not 'fraid at all."—*Boston Courier.*

Lutie's Flowers.

BY ALICE M. DOUGLASS.

LUTIE was to spend the summer at the sea-shore with her parents. The city home was to be closed, and Aunt Mattie had taken Lutie's bird as a boarder, while grandma was to entertain her kittie. But what was to become of the flower-beds?

Lutie loved her flowers very much, and would miss them more than she would birdie or pussy; but auntie said she could not fuss with them, and grandma lived too far down the street to keep them watered.

The day on which Lutie was to leave home she began to talk with her flowers just as she would to people.

"You dear little posies," she said, "how I hate to leave you, for there will only be wild flowers where I am going. But I'll take some of you with me." Here she picked a large bouquet; then added, "I really don't see who will look after you. Papa says the neighbours musn't be troubled—but there's God; I think I'll leave you in his care, as long as he made you."

Then she knelt on the lawn, and prayed, "Dear God, please take care of my flowers while I am gone, and give them rain enough, and not too much sun, and I will always be a good girl. Amen." Then she rose and said, "Now I shall not worry a bit about you, for the clouds will come with water for you just when you need it."

When Lutie returned home in the autumn she had no sooner stepped from the coach than she was in her garden.

"Why, you pretty flowers!" she cried, "you're looking better than when I left you. But I suppose you would have all dried up if I hadn't have prayed for you."

The Bottle of Oil.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants, and everything that he wanted, yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbour with the story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbour, "it would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself!"

"Yes; and I will explain. Some time ago, one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody since."

"Then you think I am like your creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbour. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly word was heard in his house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

The Two Bags.

THERE is an old story of a man who carried two bags slung across his shoulder; in the one that hung behind him he put all his own faults, and in the one in front those of other people.

It is apt to be true of all of us that we notice the faults of others and forget about and easily excuse our own. Shall we not all see whether we are carrying bags in this way, and if we find that we are, shall we not try to turn them around, so that other people's faults may be behind our backs, but our own before us, where we can see them plainly and try to get rid of them.

The Bell of Justice.

ONCE upon a time an upright king
Hung in the market place a bell
Which all who were oppressed might ring,
And thus their wrongs and sorrows tell;
Receive the justice which they needed,
And all the rights the law conceded.

Now then, with constant call and time,
The rope had nearly worn away,
They tied the tendrils of a vine
To stop the progress of decay,
And give to all who might require
That justice which should ne'er expire.

One day a poor old wretched hor.,
Deserted in declining age,
Had munched and pulled the hanging vine
Attempting hunger to assuage;
And ringing thus the justice bell,
Proclaimed the wrongs he could not tell.

Before the king the courtiers brought
The hungry and neglected steed,
He ruled his owner should be sought
And forced to keep him in his need;—
Thus justice should protect the least,
And reign alike o'er man and beast.

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

SOME time ago a London minister was spending his holidays in the country, and visited a shepherd lad who was ill. He found him very ignorant of religious matters. Speaking of the lad's occupation, he remarked, "Do you know that I've got a Shepherd?"—"You?" said the boy,—"Yes, I have a shepherd watching over me, and attending to all my wants. The lad shook his head, and evidently did not understand the statement, so the good man carefully and patiently explained to him how Jesus was not only the shepherd, but the Good Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep.

"So, Johnnie, you see, 'The Lord is my shepherd.'" The minister continued, "Which of all these words is the most important? There are just five, you see; but, if one were left out, the others would be valueless to me, whatever they might be to other people." Johnnie did not know. "Well, see,"

said the minister, holding up his left hand, and touching each knuckle successively, beginning with the thumb, with the fore-finger of his right. "The —Lord—is—my (that's the one, Johnnie) shepherd. Now, I want you to be able to say, 'The Lord is my shepherd.'" The minister got him to place his finger on the knuckle of his fourth finger, and then said: "Johnnie, if I were you, I would not take your finger off that knuckle until God enables you to say honestly, 'my shepherd.'"

Promising to return in a day or two, the minister left the house. Various matters, however, prevented him from calling again until about a week had fled. Hastening to the house, he saw the mother standing at the door, and eagerly asked, "How's Johnnie?" The reply was, "He's well, sir," but given in such a tone as no feeling heart could mistake. "Is he dead?" "Yes, sir; would you like to see him?—he spoke so much about you." She led the minister through the kitchen into the little bed-room, where the outlines of the dead form could be seen beneath the white sheet which covered the bed. Softly and tenderly the mother turned down the sheet, so displaying the placid face of the dear boy, and then said: "Isn't he bonnie?" "Aye, he is bonnie," answered the minister. "But, look," she continued, as she turned the sheet still further down, "from the moment you left him, he kept praying to Jesus to be his shepherd, keeping his finger fixed on that knuckle, until, with a cry of joy, he called me to him, to tell me that the Lord was his shepherd. From then till his death, he never removed his finger, and when he died we could not think to alter it; so we mean to bury him just as he is; for oh, he was so happy after he could say, "'The Lord is my shepherd.'"

A Good Creature of God.

I HAVE heard a man, with a bottle of whiskey before him, have the impudence to say, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." And he would persuade me that what was made in the still-pot was a creature of God. In one sense it is so; but in the same sense so is arsenic, so is oil of vitriol, so is prussic acid. Think of a fellow tossing off a glass of vitriol, and excusing himself by saying that it is a creature of God! He would not use such creatures, that's all I say.

Whiskey is good in its own place. There's nothing like whiskey in this world for preserving a man when he is dead; but it is one of the very worst things for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put the whiskey into him. It was a capital thing for preserving the dead admiral when they put him in a rum-punchon; but it was a bad thing for

the sailors when they tapped the cask and drank the liquor, and left the admiral as he never left his ship—high and dry.

Poor company may be a little better than none. Bad company is certainly a great deal worse. One scabby sheep spoils the flock. One rotten apple will often ruin a dozen which may lie around it; while all the sound ones in the world will not restore one that is decayed. Just so a man who is corrupt will infect many others.—*Theodore Cuyler.*

The Sorcery of Drink.

THE following, from the pen of Archdeacon Farrar, strikingly illustrates the inevitable result of that most foolish and sinful of all habits—the use of intoxicating drink:—

"At the entrance of one of our college-chapels lies a nameless grave. That grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows—ruined through drink. I received, not very long ago, a letter from an old school-fellow, a clergyman, who, after long and arduous labour, was in want of clothes, and almost of food. I inquired the cause; it was drink.

"A few weeks ago, a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? Drink.

"When I was at Cambridge, one of the most promising scholars was a youth, who, years ago, died in a London hospital—penniless—of *delirium tremens*, through drink.

"When I was at King's College I used to sit next to a handsome youth, who grew up to be a brilliant writer. He died in the prime of life, a victim of drink.

"I once knew an eloquent philanthropist, who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew that it was drink.

"And why is it that these tragedies are daily happening? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which scripture so often warns. It is because drink is one of the surest of 'the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil.'"

The Man the Master.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH said, "I know a man in America who undertook to give up the habit of chewing tobacco. He put his hand into his pocket, took out his plug of tobacco, and threw it away, saying, as he did so, 'That is the end of it.'"

"But that was the beginning of it. Oh, how he did want it! He would lick his lips, he would chew camomile, he would chew toothpicks, quills—anything to keep the jaws going. No use; he suffered intensely. After enduring the craving for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, he made up his

mind: 'Now, it's no use suffering for a bit of tobacco; I'll go and get some.' So he went and bought another plug, and put it in his pocket.

"Now," he said, "when I want it awfully, I'll take some." Well, he did want it awfully, and he said he believed it was God's good Spirit who was striving with him as he held the tobacco in his hand. Looking at it, he said, 'I love you, but are you my master or am I yours? You are a weed, and I am a man. I'll master you, if I die for it.'

"Every time he wanted it he would take it out, and talk to it. It was six or eight weeks before he could throw it away and feel easy; but he said the glory of the victory paid him for his trouble."—*Selected.*

Nobly Done.

ONE of the effects of the low code of morals which rules in many schools is the nurturing of moral cowardice. It not only sanctions the commission of offences, but it trains a boy to see another punished for a crime which he has himself committed. But all boys, even those who have taken advantage of the immoral code, will applaud the manliness of one who has the courage to confess the wrong for which another is about to suffer.

In one of our large cities a boy was summoned before a police court for throwing a stone which injured a girl's eye. As her family was a prominent one, and greatly excited by the accident, and he had been seen throwing stones by many witnesses, it seemed likely to go hard with him.

He was bound over for trial, and a lawyer engaged to defend him. Soon after a fine looking boy, about twelve years of age, called on the lawyer.

"Are you engaged to defend Alexander Dunning?" he asked.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Because I threw the stone, and I can't allow another boy to be punished for my fault."

"Well done, sir! What is your name?"

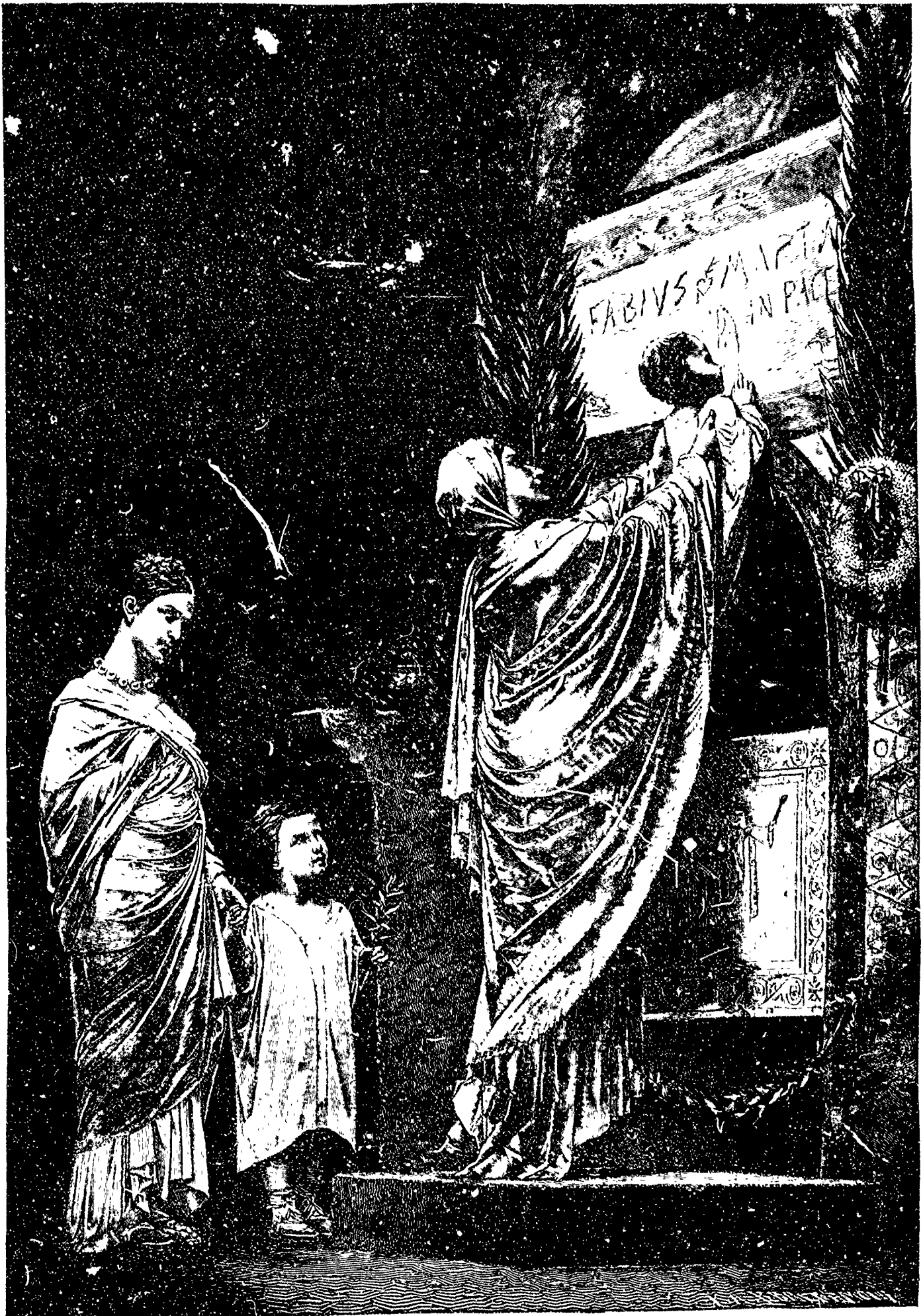
The name was promptly given.

"Will you tell the county attorney that you are the guilty party?"

"Certainly, sir. That is what I came to do."

He did it, and it is pleasant to add that the girl and her parents were so touched by his frankness that they carried the case no farther.

ALL history proves that it is safe to trust great questions to the verdict of the people, if they understand and believe the facts in the case. If we can imbue in the intelligence of the children of this generation, before they are contaminated by it, the scientific facts about alcohol, they will banish it and its vendors from the pale of human society when they come to be voters. The star of Bethlehem of the temperance reform stands over the school house.—*Mary H. Hunt.*



THE MARTYRS IN THE CATACOMBS.—(& NEXT PAGE.)

The Martyrs in the Catacombs.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THEY lie all around me, countless in their number,

Each martyr with his palm.
No torture now can rack them: safe they slumber,
Hushed in eternal calm!

I read the rude inscriptions, written weeping,
At night, with hurried tears.
Yet what a tale they tell! their secret keeping
Through all these thousand years.

"*In Pace.*" Yes, at peace. By sword, or fire,
Or cross, or licitor's rod—
Virgin, or matron; youth, or gray-haired sire;
For all, the peace of God.

"*In Christo.*" Died in Christ. Oh, tragic story!
Yet, over shouts and cries,
And lion's roar, they heard the saluts in glory
Singing from Paradise.

"*Ad Deum.*" Went to God. Wide swung the portal;
Dim sunk the sands away;
And, chanting "*Alléluia,*" the immortal
Passed to Eternal Day.

Agnes, Cecilia! Names undying ever.
What's Caesar's gain to this?
He lived for self; they for their high endeavour.
His, fame; theirs, endless bliss.

And Pagan Rome herself? Her wisest teacher
Could but teach how to die!
Sad, hopeless emp'ror, echoing the Preacher,
"All, all is vanity."

He slew the martyrs. Yet, through ages crying,
This nobler truth they give:
"Life is but birth-throes. Death itself, not dying.
We pass to God—to live."

O blessed hope! O faith that conquers sorrow!
Pain, heart-break, all shall cease.
They are but gateways to a glad to-morrow.
"*In Pace.*" God is peace.

Susanna Wesley.

BY MRS. MAY TWEEDIE.

THE eminent lady who forms the subject of this sketch, was no authoress of world-wide fame; no singer, whose voice carolled its owner into popularity; no modern controversialist, clamouring for woman's rights. But, greater than all these celebrities, Susanna Wesley comes before us as one of the most honoured of mothers.

Dr. Samuel Annesly, father of Mrs. Wesley, was the descendant of a family who could boast of respectable and, possibly, patrician ancestry. After a college course at Oxford, which was marked by industry rather than distinguished success, Dr. Annesly was ordained for the ministry. He occupied a prominent position in the church of his espousal; and, in 1652, married the daughter of Lawyer John White, a woman of intelligence and piety. They were blessed with a numerous offspring—some say twenty-four children—many of whom died in infancy.

Susanna, the youngest, was pos-

essed of mental qualities of a high order. Well educated for her time, she was not only skilled in French, but had a thorough knowledge and command of the English language. Her writings—though not prepared for the public—are said to "compare favourably with the most classic English of her times."

The efficiency which characterized her subsequent career in the management of her own household, proved her early familiarity with domestic affairs. Her strong and penetrating mind led her to plunge fearlessly into the theological controversy of the times. She was rescued from the heretical principles in doctrine, which were gaining the mastery over her, by Samuel Wesley—probably at that time her affianced husband.

Mrs. Wesley was considered beautiful in her youth. Her features were classical in their regularity; her figure slender and graceful; her dress and *coiffure* charming for their simplicity. But it is probable that the virtues of benevolence and goodness rivalled her personal charms.

The acquaintance of Wesley and Susanna Annesly, formed when both were young, gradually ripened into the mutual passion of love. It was probably sometime in 1689 that they were married, with the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. We need make no reference to the history of Samuel Wesley, as many writers have familiarized the public with the details of his ancestry and descendants. He was then a curate, on only thirty pounds a year. Insufficient means, a rapidly increasing family, and the almost uninhabitable condition of the Ormsby Rectory, were some of the many difficulties which reduced the family to poverty, and caused the rector to labour energetically with his pen. His "*Life of Christ*" was published here.

The next move of the Wesley family was to Epworth, in 1697. The rectorship of this parish was conferred on him in accordance with the wish of Queen Mary, to whom he dedicated a book. Their surroundings at Epworth were very uncongenial. Some severe losses increased the unpleasantness of the situation. The barn—a very unsubstantial building—fell down; and the house took fire, nearly one-third of it being burnt to the ground, which event left the family homeless, though not repining, when they remembered, as a cause of thankfulness, the miraculous rescue of John Wesley—afterward the founder of Methodism—from the flames. The rector, referring to the calamitous event, said, "We have very little more than Adam and Eve when they commenced housekeeping."

The Wesley family had received several intimations from the Epworth people that they were not popular—particularly Mr. Wesley, who was too rigid a disciplinarian to merit the regard of parishioners who cared so

little for law and order. The burning of the parsonage was supposed to be the work of an incendiary. The concluding act of a long series of assaults was the seizure of Mr. Wesley for debt. Unable to meet the demands of his creditors for a large sum of money, he was placed in a debtor's cell. Archbishop Sharpe, and some other clergy, liquidated the debt and released him, to the great satisfaction of Mrs. Wesley, who felt the situation keenly.

After a few more outbreaks, a truce ensued; a new parsonage was built, and a better state of things prevailed. A supernatural visitation was an event of importance which occurred in the new house. The maid was the first to hear a series of dismal groans, which announced the presence of a ghostly visitant. A repetition of the same, and several additional noises, was the unceremonious way in which a person, whom the children called "Old Jeff," introduced himself to the Wesley household. Rumbings were heard in the garret, rapid footsteps on the stairs, clattering of pans, rattling of casements, banging of doors, and other inexplicable noises, which kept the family in a constant uproar. When they discovered that the noises portended no harm, they were treated as a matter of jest, particularly by the children. Various theories have been advanced to account for this great sensation; but none have offered a satisfactory solution of the mystery. Probably, if they had employed some of our modern means of detectives, some vicious Parisian might have proved to be the ghost.

The family of Mrs. Wesley forms one of the most remarkable groups in the history of English households. Even the infant life of her children was regulated by method; and to this important factor in her domestic training may be attributed much of the success which crowned her undeviating punctuality in enforcing every established rule of the household. The simple festivities of the fifth birthday of her children was no sooner over, than their education began in earnest. Six hours sufficed for each one to gain a perfect mastery of the alphabet, when the pupil at once proceeded to the sublime announcement, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," which he practiced until he could read it without hesitancy.

In order that their religious education should not be neglected, Mrs. Wesley prepared a simple manual of doctrine. This, however, was only an introduction to the great truths of the Bible. In order to develop and maintain in each child a personal interest in spiritual matters, she arranged a private conference with each once every week.

When we consider that Mrs. Wesley was the mother of nineteen children, ten of whom survived to occupy her time and strength at once, we can

easily understand the reputation which she had won through her excellent system of home training.

Various unmistakable indications of failing health warned Mr. Wesley that he was nearing his end. During eight weary months the cords of life gradually loosened, and in the spring of 1735 he peacefully passed away. Mrs. Wesley was left wholly dependent on her children, as the rector, no doubt, died intestate.

The sad memories in connection with her long residence at Epworth, and the vacancy caused by the death of the rector, induced her to leave the dear old parsonage and go to Gainsborough, with her daughter Enalida, who had charge of a school there. In 1739, she returned to London, the city of her nativity, to spend the remainder of her life.

In 1740, John Wesley fitted up the old foundry, in Moorfields, as a place of worship. In connection with it there was a dwelling-house, and in a room at the very top of this building Mrs. Wesley spent the remaining months of her life. Her extreme care in the education of her children; her untiring attention to the management of the affairs of her house; her extensive reading and frequent writing, suggest a woman of robust constitution. The reverse, however, was the case. Her frame was weak, and her health precarious. General debility and repeated sickness, her daughter declares, were "often occasioned by want of clothes or convenient meat."

Mrs. Wesley lived to a good old age. In 1742, tidings of her approaching end reached her son John; and on his arrival in London, he wrote the touching sentence, "I found my mother on the borders of eternity." On the 24th of July, after severe suffering, as her family stood around the bedside, her soul winged its way to the realms of eternal bliss.

Just before she lost her speech, she said, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God," an utterance which Charles Wesley afterwards enshrined in a noble funeral hymn:

"Lo, the prisoner is released,
Lightened of her fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
She is gathered into God."

Mrs. Wesley's remains were laid to rest in the City Road Chapel, London. An impressive and eloquent address was delivered at the grave by her son, John Wesley. Constant prayerfulness, impartial self-examination, and religious meditation, as some of the characteristics of Mrs. Wesley's religious life, are worthy of imitation, which endear her memory to thousands of Christian women, whose privilege it is to emulate her example, and rank among those who "wear the white flower of a blameless life."

WALLACE, N.S.

"HAVE a cigar," generally suggests "have a drink."

The Last Knock.

The certainest, surest thing I know,
Whatever else may yet befall
Of blessings or bane, of weal or woe,
The truth that is fatestall far of all,
That the Master will knock at my door some
night,
And there, in the silence hushed and dim,
Will wait for my coming with lamp alight,
To open immediately to him.

I wonder if I at his tap shall spring
In eagerness up, and cross the floor
With capturous step, and freely fling,
In the murk of the midnight, wide the
door?
Or will there be work to be put away?
On the taper, that burns too low, to trim?
Or something that craves too much delay
To open immediately to him?

Or shall I with whitened fear grow dumb
The moment I hear the sudden knock,
And, startled to think he hath surely come,
Shall falter and fail to find the lock,
And keep him so waiting, as I stand,
Irresolute, while my senses swim,
Instead of the bound with outstretched
hand,
To open immediately to him?

If this is the only thing foretold
Of all my future—then, I pray,
That, quietly watchful, I may hold
The key of a golden faith each day
Fast shut in my grasp, that when I hear
His step, be it dawn or midnight dim,
Straightway I may rise without a fear,
And open immediately to him!

—Margaret J. Preston.

A Distilling Insect.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

How true it is that in this nineteenth century knowledge is on the increase, modes of travel more rapid, and opportunities for making new discoveries greater than ever before. Animals, birds and insects are watched with interest, and their peculiar forms and habits noted down and given to the world by men of science.

Livingstone, the great explorer, spent many a delightful hour in watching the things of nature which surrounded him in a far-away, new country. Among the wonderful things met with, he tells us of a distilling insect, found in Africa, on fig-trees. He says: "Seven or eight of these insects cluster round a spot on one of the smaller branches, and these keep up a constant distillation of a clear, fluid-like water, which, dropping to the ground, forms a little puddle. If a vessel is placed under them in the evening, it contains two or three pints of fluid in the morning." When the natives are asked whence this fluid is derived, they reply that the insects suck it out of the trees, and naturalists give the same answer. But Livingstone, after watching closely, could never find any wounds on the bark, or any proof whatever that the insect pierced it.

The common English frog-hopper, which, before it gets its wings, is called "cuckoo-spit," and lives on many plants, in a frothy, spittle-like fluid, is said to be like the African insect, but is much smaller.

Livingstone is of the opinion that the distilling insects derive much of

their fluid by absorbing it from the air. He found some of the insects on a castor-plant, and he cut away about twenty inches of the bark between the insects and the tree, and destroyed all the vegetable tissue which carried the sap from the tree to the place where the insects were distilling.

The distilling was then going on at the rate of one drop in every sixty-seven seconds, or about five and a half tablespoonfuls every twenty-four hours. The next morning, although the supplies of sap were stopped, supposing them to come up from the ground, the fluid was increased to one drop every five seconds, or one pint in every twenty-four hours. He then cut the branch so much it broke, but they still went on, at the rate of a drop every five seconds; while another colony of the insects, on a branch of the same tree, gave a drop every seventeen seconds.

We should be tempted to call this a singular freak of nature, were it not for the assurance that a divine hand has formed every living creature, great and small, and placed them on this earth for some wise purpose, each one to carry out the peculiarities of its own nature, and so balance and counter-balance one another by feeding upon those best adapted to them, and so keep up sufficient active life among themselves to carry out the Creator's design.

A Terrible Thief.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

CHILDREN, you all know what a thief is. One who takes something which does not belong to him. There is a law against stealing; and when a thief is found and convicted, they put him in prison and punish him.

But I know of a terrible thief who has never yet been caught and punished as he ought to be. Yet the things he steals from us are of the greatest value—are our choicest treasures.

He comes to a happy home, slips in, and robs it of its husband and father, takes the food from the table, the clothes from wife and children, the fuel from the fire-place, and the furniture from the house. And yet he goes unpunished!

He meets the young, and steals from them good name, honour, morality, health, beauty—all which makes youth bright and happy. And yet he goes free. He overtakes the aged, and snatches from their trembling grasp uprightness, truth, faith, hope—everything which makes life endurable—and plunges them into a dishonoured grave. Still no one punishes him.

He fills the jails, the lunatic asylums, the penitentiaries, the gutters, and the rivers, with his victims. He breaks hearts and scatters homes; he makes idiots, paupers, rags, and criminals, and destroys men by thousands every month in the year. And yet he is not bound and conquered.

Do you know who he is, children?

This terrible thief is the Rum-thief, the Whiskey-robber, the Alcohol-fiend, the Brandy-murderer! Shall he always carry on his work? No, boys—not always. The day will come when he will be banished forever from the land. Help with all your might to hasten it.

"I's Put a Pebble in dat Bottle."

A HOME mission teacher of freedmen relates the following:—

An old coloured brother, who had toiled away his energies, and was left with a stiffened, trembling frame, crowned with snow-white hair, was asked how old he was. Brightening up at being noticed and questioned by a white "geman," he replied:

"Well, sah, I doesn't know how old I is. Dat is, I can't tell ye how many years I have lived as a child. But, bless de Lord, I kin tell ye how old I is as de Lord's chile."

Hurrying away into his cabin, he soon came out with a bottle, joyfully rattling something in it, and resumed his happy tone:

"Now, sah, if ye'll jest take and count dem pebbles ye'll see how old I is as de Lord's chile. I was born again jest afore Christmas a long time ago. When de next Christmas come around I jest tho't I would keep account of de years I was agwine to spend in de service of de Lord. I couldn't write none, so I tho't I'd put a pebble in a bottle and put it away, and I tole 'em all in my cabin what dat bottle for, and nobody never tech him! So every Christmas since I was born agin I's put a pebble in dat bottle. And if ye'll jest count 'em, ye'll see how old I is as a Christian. I can't count none, and *disremember* how many there is!"

The pebbles were counted, and *fifty one* of them told of his long life as "de Lord's chile."

Luminous Insects.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER says there is a great variety of luminous insects in Ceylon. The following paragraphs are an extract from what he has written about them:—

"A night after a heavy shower of rain is a brilliant sight, when the whole atmosphere is teeming with moving lights bright as the stars themselves, waving around the tree-tops in fiery circles, now threading like distant lamps through the intricate branches and lighting up the dark recesses of the foliage, then rushing like a shower of sparks around the glittering boughs. Myriads of bright fire-flies in these wild dances meet their destiny, being entangled in opposing spiders' webs, where they hang like fiery lamps, their own light directing the path of the destroyer, and assisting in their destruction.

"That which affords the greatest volume of light is a large white grub, about two inches in length. It is a

fat, sluggish animal, whose light is far more brilliant than could be supposed to emanate from such a form. The glow from this grub will render the smallest print so legible that a page may be read with ease. I once tried the experiment of killing the grub, but the light was not extinguished with life; and by opening the tail, I squeezed out a quantity of glutinous fluid, which was so highly phosphorescent that it brilliantly illumed the page of a book which I had been reading by its light for a trial."—*Youth's Instructor*.

Only Now and Then.

THINK it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.
Better to be careful
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable and strong!

Many a wretched sot, boys,
That one daily meets
Drinking from the beer-kegs
Living in the streets,
Or at best in quarters
Worse than any pen,
Once was dressed in broadcloth,
Drinking now and then!

When you have a habit
That is wrong, you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then!

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

A Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game that doesn't require running. If there is a dull one, help him to learn his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.

The Wish of the Heart.

A DEAF and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on the slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and we are reminded by the above anecdote of the sentiment of Archbishop Leighton that the man who desires to be righteous is righteous.

How It Comes.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a headache
At the setting of the sun
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
A big of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter headache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

LESSON NOTES.

B.C. 1451] [SEPT. 30

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Deut. 21. 18-21. Memory verses, 18, 21

GOLDEN TEXT.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die. Ezek. 18. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. Disobedience.
2. Punishment.

TIME.—1451 B.C. The eleventh month.

PLACE.—The plains of Moab.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The elders of his city*—These were the acting magistrates. *The gate of his place*—Or the gate of his town, where he would be tried. The gate in all Oriental cities in antiquity was the court-house, or place of justice for the people. *Stone him.* The custom adopted by the Mosiac law as the method of capital punishment. It was in vogue in our Lord's time.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Disobedience.*
In what light was disobedience to parents regarded?
How was obedience regarded among the Hebrews?
What is the meaning of the fifth commandment?
What duty was laid on the parents of a rebellious son?
Would obedience to ver. 19 show that parents had ceased to love their son?
What law higher than that of family love is suggested in ver. 21?
Is there analogy between this delivery of a disobedient son to the judgment and God's treatment of a sinner?
What seems to have been the sin for which this public deliverance of the offender was to be made?
2. *Punishment.*
What was the punishment for confirmed intemperance?
Who pays the penalty nowadays for intemperance?
What is the attitude of courts of justice toward men who become drunkards?
Was it necessary that the rebellious and drunken son of a Hebrew should commit crime in order to be punished?
What was the greatest crime that a Hebrew could commit, next to blasphemy?
Who were made responsible for the habits of children?
When parental duty had been fully done, if the child still refused obedience, what was the final resort?

What is the one undeterable law for the soul that sins?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Modern society says, Pity the poor drunkard.

God's law says, Punish him with death.

Custom nowadays says, Pity the slave of appetite.

God's law says, "He will not hearken, let him be delivered to the judges."

Fine moralists nowadays say, Build inebriate asylums, and put a premium on self-indulgence.

God's law says, "Put the evil away from among you," "Stone him with stones."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. There are only four of these verses. Commit them to memory.
2. Notice the steps in this young man's downfall. There are six things said of him.
3. Notice that drunkenness had no place in the Jewish law. Find an argument here in favour of any of the present positions of temperance people as to the thing needful to be done now.
4. Search out all the allusions to the drunkard contained in Scripture.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is the picture given in our lesson? That of a disobedient child.
2. How is this disobedience shown? In refusing to hear reproof.
3. To whose reproof does he turn a deaf ear? That of father and mother.
4. When he had thus turned from them what was their duty? To deliver him to the court.
5. What sentence was the court to pass upon him? That he be stoned to death.
6. What does our GOLDEN TEXT say is the doom that awaits the sinner? "The soul that sinneth," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The doom of the sinner.

B.C. 1451.] LESSON I. [Oct. 7

FOURTH QUARTER.

THE COMMISSION OF JOSHUA.

Josh. 1. 1-9. Memory verses, 8, 9

GOLDEN TEXT.

Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness. Eph. 6. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Leader.
2. The Commission.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—The plains of Moab.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This lesson takes up the story at the exact point at which we left it in the last quarter, and proceeds to give the commission under which the new leader was to act.

EXPLANATIONS.—*All this people*—The whole body of Israelites. *The wilderness*—That is, the peninsula at the south of Canaan, in which they had wandered for thirty-eight years. *The great sea*—The Mediterranean. *Not depart out of thy mouth*—This means he should know the law so thoroughly as to have it always, as we say, "at tongue's end"—able always to quote it, and always obeying it.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Leader.*
On what occasion is mention first made of Joshua. Exod. 17. 9.
What may have been his position in Egypt?
What opportunities had been afforded him to show his ability before this first mention?
How old was Joshua when he succeeded to the leadership of Israel?
What were his characteristics as a man?
What custom and belief are alluded to in Deut 34. 9.
What was the one quality which he was bid to cultivate?
What work had he already accomplished for his people?
What work was he destined to accomplish? From what source alone was he to seek strength?
2. *The Commission.*
Was the new leader equal to the old one?
What was the commission given to the old leader? Exod. 3. 10, 12.
What was the commission given to the new leader?
What differences of treating the commission can you discover between Moses and Joshua?
Whose work was the easier? Why?

What did Joshua have as a constant means of help and inspiration that Moses did not have?

What GOLDEN TEXT of last year's lessons reads very much like ver. 9 of this lesson?—Lev. 14. 2.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

One goes, another comes. God's work never lacks for a leader; and no matter how able we are our place will be filled.

The loss of loved ones is no ground for inaction and despondence and seclusion.

Hear God's word. "Moses is dead, therefore arise, go over Jordan."

There is only one condition named for success here, "Observe to do the law."

The rule for making such observance sure is also given, "Meditate day and night."

Here is a beautiful triad: Work, obey, think; and the completed chord is found in the promise, "I am with thee."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. From a Bible text-book find and search out all the references to Joshua. Here are a few: Exod. 17. 9; 24. 13; 32. 17; 33. 11; Num. 13. 16; 27. 18, etc.
2. Write a story of Joshua's life, and take it with you to Sunday-school.
3. Find when and how the promise of ver. 4. was fulfilled. See in Kings for David's and Solomon's dominions.
4. How much of our Bible was referred to by ver. 8? Study this carefully.
5. Locate by a map, as accurately as you can, the exact position of the army at this time.
6. Study out all the difficulties which occur to you in understanding this story?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. After Moses' death, who became leader of the people? Joshua, the son of Nun.
 2. What sort of man had he shown himself to be? Full of the spirit of wisdom.
 3. Under what promise of God did he undertake the new work? "I will not fail thee."
 4. What one thing did God require of him? To observe to do all the law.
 5. What command as to his action in his new position did God give him? "Be strong and of a good courage."
 6. What command of Paul to the Christian soldier resembles this? "Stand, therefore, having your loins," etc.
- DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian courage.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

1. Man was made to know, love and serve God: have all men done so?
No: "for all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God." (Romans iii. 23.)

A Knock-Down Argument.

A NOTED infidel having concluded a lecture in a town in Yorkshire, representing his doctrines to the people, called upon any person present to reply to his argument, if they could. A collier arose in the assembly, and spoke somewhat as follows:

"Maister, me and my mate Jem were both Christian folk till one of these infidel chaps came this way. Jem turned infidel, and used to budger me bout attending prayer-meetings; but one day, in the pit, a large cob of coal came down upon Jem's head. Jem thought he was killed; and, ah! mon! but he did holler and cry to God!" Then turning to the lecturer, with a knowing look, he said:

"Young man, there is now't like cobs of coal for knocking infidelity out of a man."

The collier carried the audience with him, for they well knew that a knock on the head by a big chunk of coal would upset the courage and with it the skepticism of stronger infidels than "my mate Jem." Many an infidel has discarded his infidelity and cried to God for mercy in sickness or in danger, both on land and sea; but who ever heard of a Christian turning from his faith in the hour of peril, and forsaking God when death was at the door!—*Sabbath Reading.*

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