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HOME & SCHOOL

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

[No. 23.]

Go Back to Golgotha.

So I, go back to Golgotha,
 Neath the cross of Jesus seat thee;
 Lay to heart his anguish there,
 As, thorn-crowned, he hangs to
 greet thee;
 If thou mock him, or disown,
 Surely thou art more than stone.

See thou here, the pallid form,
 'Tis the earth and sky uplifted;
 While the life-blood trickles warm
 From the flesh the spear has rifted.
 Ah! I understand that start,
 For he dies of broken heart.

Lamb of God! O spotless One,
 I deserve what thou'rt enduring:
 Pain and anguish; all thou'st done
 Me, from sin and death securing.
 I deserve the fiery flood
 Thou hast quenched for me with
 blood.

Ah! such love, my gracious Lord,
 I could never back repay thee,
 On thine altar, at my word,
 All earth's kingdoms could I lay
 thee;
 What I have is henceforth thine;
 Ah, how full this heart of mine!

'Tis thy travail, now I know,
 That to thee this heart be given;
 Thou hast bought it here below:
 Bought it for thyself and heaven.
 Thou art mine—I will be thine!
 Life or death, thy cross the sign.

Crucify my flesh and blood!
 Be the world by me forsaken;
 Let me find in thee all good,
 With a faith and trust unshaken;
 On the cross though fixed I be,
 'Twill be happiness to me.

All my wants in thee supplied,
 Happy living, happy dying!
 Nowhere else have I to bide:
 To thy wounds for refuge flying.
 He who thus shall come to die,
 "It is finished!" loud may cry.
 —B. Schmolke.

Mountaineering in Switzerland.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was by a pass like that here shown that I first entered Switzerland. The road from Italy followed the winding valley of the Ticino. The scenery was a blending of Alpine grandeur, with soft Italian beauty. Villas, churches, and ancient castles crowned the neighbouring heights. Snowy cascades gleamed through the dense foliage and leaped headlong from the cliffs. Huge fallen rocks bestrewed the valley, as though the Titans had here piled Pelion on Ossa, striving to storm the skies.



A MOUNTAIN PASS IN SWITZERLAND.

From the dining-table of the hotel at Biasca, I looked up and up to a cliff towering hundreds of feet above my head, making at night a deeper blackness in the air, from which leaped with a single bound a snowy waterfall. Before sunset I set out for my first Alpine climb. A steep winding path ascended the hill to a pilgrimage chapel. Along the wayside were a number of shrines adorned

with glaring frescoes, and rudely carved pathetic dead Christs, with an offering of withered flowers before them. I gathered some beautiful anemones, which swung their censers in the mountain air, and drank deep delight from the sublimity of the prospect which lay before me. Coming down I lost the path, when a peasant woman, mowing in the fields, dropped her scythe and tripped down

the steep slope to point out the narrow, winding way. It led me down to a little group of houses, rudely built of stone, and covered with heavy stone slabs instead of shingles. Indeed, stone seems more plentiful than wood; it is used for fences, bridges, supports for vine trellis, etc. One of the peasants, at my request, showed me his house. It was very comfortable, with bare floors and rude home-made furniture. He showed me also his stock of wooden shoes and his silkworms' eggs, for he eked out a living by winding silk. A very old Romanesque church crowned a neighbouring height, with a giant St. Christopher frescoed on the wall; beside it was the quiet God's acre, in which for long centuries—

"The peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep."

Early the next morning I climbed to my seat on the top of the lumbering *diligence*, in which I was to cross the Alps. The *diligence* is a huge vehicle with broad tired wheels, set about six feet apart to prevent upsetting, and formidable with brakes, and drags, and chains, suggestive of mountain perils. It is like a stage coach, with another coach out in two and placed part in front and part aloft behind. The luggage is stored on a strong deck on top. We rattled through the squalid, stone paved, ill-smelling town, and through many like it, climbing ever higher and higher. The Ticino, whose banks the road follows, tears its way down in foaming cataracts of the wildest character through a mountain cleft. There is not even room for the road, which is carried through tunnels, or on arches over the boiling flood. On either side the milky torrents stream down the mountain side, "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face." I noticed far up a distant slope a huge cross, like a sign of consecration, formed of snow-drifts.

At Airolo, where we stopped for lunch, a peasant fair was in progress, and the costumes of both men and women were very picturesque. Here

is the southern end of the St. Gotthard Tunnel, some nine miles long which pierces the mountain, and has this year been opened. From this point we climb to the summit of the pass by some thirty zigzags, dragged up by seven stout horses, which can advance no faster than a slow walk. Ever wider horizons open on every side. The vines and chestnuts, the mulberries and olives are left far below. The trees of my native land, the pines and spruces, assert their reign. They climb in serried ranks; and on lone inaccessible heights stand majestic and sublime, grappling firm foothold on the everlasting rocks, and bidding defiance to the winds of heaven. These in turn become dwarfed and disappear, and only the beautiful Alpine rose clothes the rocks, like humble virtue breathing its beauty amid a cold and unfriendly environment. Vast upland meadows and mountain pastures are covered with these beautiful flowers. At last even these give way to the icy desolation of eternal winter. We passed through snow-drifts over thirty feet deep, and from the top of the *diligence* I could gather snowballs; and once the road led through a tunnel in the snow. Only the chamois and the mountain eagle dwell amid these lone solitudes.

The change from the burning plains of Lombardy to these Alpine solitudes—from lands of sun to lands of snow—was very striking. I thank God for the revelation of His might and majesty in those everlasting mountains. They give a new sense of vastness, of power, of sublimity to the soul. After busy months spent in crowded cities—the work of men—it is a moral tonic to be brought face to face with the grandest works of God. Yet even to this sanctuary of nature the warring passions of man have found their way. In 1799, the Russian General, Suwarrow, led an army through these bleak defiles, and on a huge rock near the summit is engraven the legend, SUWARROW VICTOR. Several stone defences against avalanches, and refuges for storm-stayed travellers, also occur.

At the summit of the pass, 7,000 feet above the sea, is a large and gloomy Italian inn, and near it a *hospice*, erected by the Canton, containing fifteen beds for poor travellers, who are received gratuitously. I made my way up the dark stairway, in an exploring mood, and came to the conclusion that they must be very poor travellers who take refuge in these dismal cells. In a large room I found a telegraph office and signal station, and was told that in that bleak outpost the sentinels of civilization kept their lonely watch the long winter through. At this great height are several small lakes, fed from the snow-clad mountains which tower all around. Passing the summit, our huge vehicle rattles down a desolate valley in a very alarming manner, threatening, as it turns the sharp angles, to topple over the low wall into the abyss below. But strong arms are at the brakes, and after ten miles' descent we dash into the little Alpine village of Andermatt.

I wished to see before dark the celebrated "Devil's Bridge" across the Reuss, so I hurried on without waiting for dinner. The bridge is a single stone arch, which leaps across a brawling torrent at a giddy height above the water. The scenery is of the wildest and grandest character. On either side rise in tremendous cliffs the everlasting battlements of rock. Against these

walls of adamant the tortured river hurls itself, and plunges into an abyss a hundred feet deep. A scene of more appalling desolation it is scarce possible to conceive. Yet a sterner aspect has been given by the wrath of man. Here, amid these sublimities of nature, was fought a terrible battle between the French and Russians in 1799. The river ran red with blood, and hundreds of soldiers were hurled into the abyss and drowned, or dashed to pieces. As I stood and watched the raging torrent in the twilight, made the darker by the shadows of the steep mountain cliffs, I seemed to see the poor fellows struggling with their fate in the dreadful gorge.

The legend of the building of the *Teufelsbrücke* is thus recorded in Longfellow's "Golden Legend":—

This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge. With a single arch from ridge to ridge It leaps across the terrible chasm Yawning beneath it black and deep, As if in some convulsive spasm The summits of the hills had cracked, And made a road for the cataract That raves and rages down the steep. Never any bridge but this Could stand across the wild abyss; All the rest of wood or stone, By the Devil's hand were overthrown. He toppled crags from the precipice; And whatsoever was built by day, In the night was swept away; None could stand but this alone. Abbot Giraldu, of Einsiedel, For pilgrims on their way to Rome, Built this at last, with a single arch, Under which, in its endless march, Runs the river white with foam, Like a thread through the eye of a needle And the Devil promised to let it stand, Under compact and condition That the first living thing which crossed Should be surrendered into his hand And be beyond redemption lost. At length the bridge being all completed, The Abbot, standing at its head, Threw across it a loaf of bread, Which a hungry dog sprang after; And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter To see the Devil thus defeated.

John B. Gough on Tobacco.

I SAID to a young man: "Why won't you sign the pledge?" He said: "I won't sign the pledge because I won't sign away my liberty." "What liberty?" "Liberty to do as I please." "Young man, is that liberty? Any man that does as he pleases, independent of physical, moral and divine law is a mean, miserable slave. There is not so pitiful a slave that crawls the face of this earth as a man that is a slave of evil habits and evil passions. Therefore, what is it to be free? To be capable of self government is to be free. To abandon every habit that you consider to be wrong is to be free. To fight against that which holds you in bondage is to be free. I tell you a man that overcomes an evil habit is a hero. I knew a man who said he would give up the use of tobacco. He choosed to chew. I don't suppose anybody chews here. He took his plug of tobacco out of his pocket and threw it away and said: "That is the end of my job." But it was the beginning. How he did want it! He chewed gentian and chewed chamomile flowers and chewed anything to keep his jaws going. Nothing satisfied him. He said the very tip of his tongue clamoured for the stimulant. He said: "I will go and get another. I will buy another plug and when I want it awfully, then I will take a little." And he did want it awfully, and took his knife and his piece of tobacco, and then he said he thought it was God's spirit striving

with him. He held it in his hand, and said: "I love you, and I want you. Are you my master, or am I yours? That is a question I am going to settle. You are a weed and I am a man. You are a fiend and I am a man. You black Devil, I will master you if I die for it. It never shall be said of me again: There is a man mastered by a thing. I want you, but I will just take care of you. I will fight you right through." He said it was over six months before he could get over the desire for that tobacco; but he fought it right through. That man is a hero. A hero has to battle against an enemy. Cocks can fight and dogs can fight; but a man to battle against himself, to conquer every evil desire and wicked passion in the sacred name of duty, that is to be noble and that is to be brave.

The Father's Pity.

BY MARGARET E. BANGSTER.

THROUGH woof of gloom and sorrow,
Through warp of pain and tears,
There flashes bright a silver thread
Amid the flying years.
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So, with compassion failing not,
God watches from above.

And sees our need and weakness,
And not in vengeful wrath
Sends down the dark calamity,
That blocks the tangled path.
But ever wise to guide us,
And always full of love,
A Father's tender pity seeks
To draw our thoughts above.

Sweet, when our hearts are heavy;
Clear, though our eyes are dim,—
The old, old word of blessed trust
Which lifts us up to Him.
O dear, when flesh is failing,
That breath of heavenly Dove,
Which whispers in the silent hour
Of God's paternal love.

Life hath its desert shadow,
Its interspace of tears;
And yet a sunburst often breaks,
And scatters swift our fears.
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So God, our Father, watcheth us
With pity from above.

Our feeble frame He knoweth,
Remembereth we are dust,
And evermore his face is kind,
His ways are ever just.
In evil and in blindness
Through darkened maze we rove,
But still our Father leads us home,
By strength of mighty love.

Advantages of a Book.

OF all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book,—supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have a book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him to a livelier and gayer and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family, and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if the book he has been reading be

anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical tedium of his every-day occupation,—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to. But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class, what a source of domestic joy is laid open! What a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it, all contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more,—it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect, that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

"Enter the sacred temple of his breast,
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest,—
Wander through all the glories of the mind,
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find."

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate source of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.—*Herschel.*

A Plea for Girls.

AT an early age we present our pale girl with a needle. When we consider the position necessary to sewing, can we wonder that she grows paler? Let us base our social customs on the truth that for many years our children are mere animals. Do not saddle and bridle your colt too young, or you will ruin your horse. Then, too, our girls make their debut in society too early, often at the age of 16 entering upon a round of social gaieties. When we think what this young life must sustain, the delicacy of American women should cause no surprise. First, the girl must rally under a great physical change; second, she must stand well in school; third, she must assume some care of her own wardrobe; fourth, she must obey the behests of society. Compare this with the school-days of boys—study and play, nothing more. Even in the labouring classes, where some work devolves on boys, it is always of a healthful nature, chopping wood, making garden, or running of errands. So unequal are the requisitions made on the sexes outside of the school-room, that one or two conclusions is inevitable—either boys are shamefully lazy or girls are cruelly overworked. From 14 to 25 is the allotted age for study. You can swallow whole and digest a Greek verb at 15, but, even after the most complete mastication, it gives you a mental dyspepsia at 40. Hence the importance of concentrating into the years of impressible memory of all intellectual development that is compatible with the highest physical health. I plead for the heroic in study and play, and for the freedom of youth as long as possible. To the declaimers against ill-health our American girls would do well to say: We will take care of our higher education if you will let the needle and cook-stove take care of themselves.—*Elizabeth Cady Stanton.*

The Model Church.

WELL, wife, I've found a model church! I worshipped there to-day; It made me think of good old times before my hairs were gray; The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago, But then I felt, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The usher didn't seat me 'way back to the door; He knew that I was old and deaf as well as old and poor, He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through The long aisles of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew.

I wished you'd heard the singin'—it had the old-time ring; The preacher sang with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing;" The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled, 'Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire, I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir, And sang, as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more; I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore; I almost want to lay aside this weather-beaten form, And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'! Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said; I know it wasn't written, I know it wasn't read; He hadn't time to read it, for the lightning of his eye Was passin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple Gospel truth, It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth; 'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed; 'Twas full of invitations to Christ and not to Creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews; He shot the golden sentences down on the finest pews; And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear, That told me hell was some way off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments flew within that holy place! How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face! Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend; When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end.

I hope to meet the minister—the congregation too— In the dear home beyond the skies that shine from heaven's blue. I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray, The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be won; The shinin' goal is just ahead, the race is nearly run; O'er the river we are nearin' they are throngin' to the shore, To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

THE *Christian Leader* tells this little anecdote of Peter Cooper: A few weeks ago, after he had passed his ninety-second birthday, he remarked to a friend that he seemed to be hearing his mother calling him as when he was a boy: "Peter, Peter, it is about bed time."

Flowers—No Fruit.

BY MRS. EMMA NELSON HOOD.

THE Professor was at his table near the broad window which opened on the flower-garden. The class in botany was to have a public review later in the day, and he had set himself to arrange the work for them here, before breakfast, while the sweet spring air glorified the task.

Out in the garden beyond, young girls, his pupils, were promenading, enjoying fresh nature, and the flowers, and their own glad youth. Their merry voices pleased him, for his heart was kind and young, albeit he had a stern, strong face.

"Good-morning, Professor!" asked Marian Ray, approaching the window. She was the prettiest girl in the seminary, bright and amiable withal. The teacher stopped his work to note the fair pictures the girls made, standing, a rosy group, flower-burdened, with arms entwined, the rose-vine blooming overhead, and a background of shrubbery, while the morning sun rays sifted through the leaves on their heads. He loved everything beautiful that God has made, and his eyes kindled with pleasure. "If I could copy colour I would photograph you, now," he said, with uncertain movement toward the camera.

"What did you say, sir? I asked what you were doing with the flowers?" repeated Marian.

"Ah! I am preparing the work for your botany lesson to-day."

"Oh, Professor, let each of us choose a flower to analyze to-day before our friends, each take the one we like best."

The speaker was Myrtle Spencer. She was older than Marian, and had a plain face, though pleasant, with pale cheeks, grey eyes, and grave smile.

"I am afraid your lesson would be too long if you should have a flower each, my dear. But you may all choose, and I will select from the results such subjects as may suit."

The girls pressed forward with their selections, which they laid on the window-sill, each clamouring to be chosen.

"He'll be sure to take Marian's," said one jealous Miss, seeing the curiously touched expression of the teacher's face, as Marian presented her choice—a bunch of glorious, double geraniums. "Oh, no, he cannot; it is double, and good for nothing," said another.

"No, that flower will not do, dear; it is handsome, but useless, save to illustrate abnormal development. It wants the essential organs."

"Yes," said Myrtle, "the stamens and pistils have all turned to petals—it is imperfect."

"'Imperfect' seems a misnomer when applied to this lovely thing," said Marian, laying the blossom against her lips which matched it with redness.

"Nevertheless it is true," said the teacher, "'perfect,' as applied to a vital organ, means having all parts necessary to the fulfilment of its functions. This geranium has sacrificed its organs of usefulness to self-adornment; it is beautiful but useless, except to please the senses. It lives for itself and the span of its life is measured in hours."

He spoke earnestly, turning his beaming eyes from one to another of the now serious girls.

"And the cause, sir? Tell us what made the change!" asked Myrtle,

softly. She understood already, but she wanted to have the teacher's strong words unfold the grand thought.

"The cause? Ah! too easy a life. Light, air, nourishment, too much luxury, without self-effort—sheltered from every rude wind, pampered by affluence, ruined by prosperity!"

"Why, Professor, you speak as if the flower were a human being—a girl, for instance!" exclaimed Marian, laughing.

"I had forgotten it was not a girl of whom we were speaking. I have seen lovely women ruined in the same sad fatal way."

"How does it come, Professor?"

"Shall I draw out the analogy?"

Well—the abundant light and nourishment produce a too free flow of sap. This is propelled to the flower, and the hurried development forces the essential organs to abnormal growth, and they spread themselves into petals which are showy and high-coloured, fitted to attract the eye, but incapable of any useful results. With girls, the case is similar. Freedom from care, much time and wealth, given as opportunity for improvement, are perverted to idleness, vanity and selfishness until the maiden cares for naught but admiration and pleasure. Had she been compelled to struggle for these blessings they would have been less recklessly squandered and might have matured results."

"Whose fault is it, sir? Not the flower's?"

"What strange questions you do ask, Myrtle!" said a companion.

"Whose fault?" repeated the old man, with a pained look. "No, not the flower's; for it is unthinking, inanimate, irresponsible. It is the gardener's mistake. He loves it too well, and forces it too rapidly; he desires to make it grander, more beautiful than nature designed, and he ruins God's handiwork."

"But if it were a human creature, whose fault?" queried Myrtle.

"The human creature has a mind, a will. It is in a measure responsible and ought to struggle against the silken fetters of indolence—should rise on the propitious circumstances to greater heights of usefulness"—he stopped suddenly as though checked by a thought.

"But if it be a weak nature?" persisted Myrtle.

"God pity it, then—I am afraid the gardener would not be held blameless."

The words were full of contrite bitterness. Myrtle was sorry she had permitted the metaphysical turn of her mind to press the conversation on, for now she knew the old teacher was thinking of his own beautiful, wilful daughter, whom he had reared in luxury, only to see her turn into a butterfly of society. She had died a year ago, a victim to the dissipations of pleasure.

"Oh, you all are so serious! You have forgotten about choosing a flower," complained Marian.

"We had almost forgotten our work," said the teacher, sighing, "Myrtle is a good questioner. What other flowers have you, girls?"

"Here is a sweet pink. We analyzed it once—the *Dianthus Caryophyllus*. I think it will be more fortunate than Marian's geranium, for it is both perfect and complete. See how beautifully developed are the stamens and pistils."

"And in the eyes of the scientist far more charming in its simple fitness for usefulness, than its brilliant companion."

"Excuse just one more question, sir," said Myrtle; "does the analogy hold in the human application? Are there any so scientific as to prefer ugly usefulness to beauty?"

The teacher read the thought in the grey eyes uplifted to his—the craving of the womanly nature for comfort because of that lack of beauty that had been a hardship in her life. He smiled as he answered:

"With fitness there is no ugliness. A thing that is perfectly suited to its functions in life cannot be otherwise than beautiful to the thinking mind. This is less true in material nature than in human. I will unfold the thought. Let us suppose—but I need say no more since Mr. Symmes gives you a practical illustration more forcible than argument."

Mr. Symmes was their teacher in geology. He had just joined the group at the window, and had in his hand a curious petrification, the spoils of a morning walk. Passing, unnoticed, the several pretty girls, he laid it in the brown hands of Myrtle Spencer and had for reward her swift blush which he judged to be of simple pleasure, not knowing of the conversation, to which his evident preference for the only homely girl of the lot had given pertinent illustration. He was young and talented, and more than one young lady of the school and village had sought to magnify her charms to the pleasing of his eyes. But the beauties of Myrtle's mind had outstripped their roses and dimples. When her grey eyes kindled with thought he forgot they were not dark; when her cheeks flushed with feeling he did not know they were sallow; her lips speaking sensible words of truth and beauty were better than rosy—"Myrtle" was to him the name of the sweetest flower in the world. The old teacher had seen these things but wisely said nothing until just now, when the temptation to give an "object lesson" to his favourite pupil had overpowered his discretion. He added, smiling, "The analogy holds as well in the human application. Fruit is better than flowers."

"Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another, And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother; Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew; Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two."

"For the heart grows rich in giving: all its wealth is living grain; Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain. Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily? Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee."

In common with the rest of the world, Dr. M., an eminent Church of Scotland divine, visited the International Exhibition, Paris. Shortly after his arrival in the gay metropolis, an Irishman came running to him in the street, crying, "Och, blessin's on ye, Docther M.—! How are ye?" "I'm very well," replied the Doctor, rather dryly. "And when did ye come to Paris?" "Last week; but how do you come to know me?" "Give me a franc, and I'll tell ye!" The Doctor, curious to know how the fellow had found out his name, gave him the franc, and was answered by the Irishman, "Sure, then, I saw your name on your umbrella."

Java.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"And darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the waters."

[It will be remembered that in the month of September the most destructive earthquake ever known devastated the Island of Java, causing the death of over 1,000,000 persons.—Ed.]

THE oceans roar; the mountains reel,
The world stands still with bated breath.
Then burst of flame! and woe and weal
Lies drowned in darkness and in death.
Wild beasts in herds, strange, beautiful birds,
God's rainbow birds—gone in a breath!

O God, is earth then incomplete?
The six days' labour still undone
That she must melt beneath Thy feet
And her fair face forget the sun?
Must isles go down and cities drown
And good and evil be as one?

The great warm heart of Mother Earth
Is broken o'er her Javan Isles.
Lo! ashes strew her ruined hearth
Along a thousand watery miles
I hear her groan, I hear her moan
All day above her drowning isles.

Tall ships are sailing silently
Above her buried isles to-day.
In marble halls beneath the sea
The sea-god's children shout and play;
They mock and shout in merry rout
Where mortals dwelt but yesterday.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

Metropolitan Sunday-School Anniversary.

THE sixty-fifth anniversary of this school—the oldest in Toronto—was celebrated on October 7th and 8th. The report of the school for the year was very encouraging—indicating great prosperity under the energetic superintendency of J. B. Boustard, Esq. The Monday evening meeting was quite a union affair. It was addressed by the Rev. C. O. Johnston, Primitive Methodist; Rev. Dr. Thomas, Baptist; R. v. J. McEwen, Presbyterian, and the Rev. Dr. Stone, Methodist Episcopal. The singing of the school, under the leadership of Mr. Torrington, was magnificent. The pastor, Rev. Hugh Johnston, preached the anniversary sermon of the Sunday-school. He took his text from Deuteronomy xxxi. 12: "Gather the people together, men and women and children, and the stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn to fear the

Lord your God, and observe and do all the words of this law." He said the work of teaching the Christian religion should employ every Christian hand. Education was one of the great questions of the day before the statesmen and philanthropists. What was education if it was not based upon the Christian religion? The great purpose of the Church was to teach the truth, and the Bible was the only source of spiritual truth. To-day the Bible stood without a peer among the religious annals of the world. It was now translated into 300 tongues, and it emanated from a little spot of land one-fourth the size of Ontario. The ancient command was that they should teach the Word to all. Fathers and mothers exercised a most powerful influence over their children; would they fashion them for honour or for shame? He believed that the Sunday-schools were mighty agencies for the increase of home Christian influence. With home piety, when family prayer was held, they had the source of national stability. Next to the home was the sanctuary, through which agency tens of thousands of families were made more intelligent by the teachings of the Word therein. They could not but think that the Sunday-school was the great instrumentality God had given to the Church for teaching the children. More could be accomplished in a Sunday-school than in a public school. The Sunday-school and home were the places where the Christian character was formed. In closing he beseeched his hearers to look after the formation and moulding of the characters of their children, and asked them to be true Christians so that their children would follow their example.

THE Secretary of the General Conference Sunday-school Fund calls attention to the fact that the treasury is approaching near to exhaustion. The fund, though it has never been large, has been one of the most useful that the Church has ever provided for any of its departments of work. It has aided in the organization of mission schools, in nourishing feeble schools into strength, and thus in the forming of churches where none existed before. The resources now available are low. The only way to reach increased funds is through the regular annual collections by the schools. We invite to this matter the attention of the ministers and Sunday-school people of the Church.

Reviews of Books for Winnowed List.

The Voice of Home. The design of this volume is to show the evil results of the moderate use of stimulants in the home, how it counteracts other good influences, moulds the habits of life, leads to intemperance and consequent evils. It is unquestionably one of the best books of its class.

JOHN LATHERN.

The book entitled *Arthur's Home Stories* contains a series of interesting life-pictures, such as are found portrayed almost every day within the precincts of our homes and communities. The lessons are of great value, and the morals drawn are of a practical and constant importance. The careful perusal of the book will do both old and young good—bring the old to see the mistakes of the past and, if heeded,

will prevent the young from making similar ones. J. E. HOWELL.

The Prince of Goodfellows. It is biographical in form, but is probably a temperance tale founded in fact. The above book reveals the wretchedness, misery, and suffering brought on a helpless family through the influence of strong drink. It also reveals the important truth that God supports the weak, and helps those who manifest principle and do right. I think it might be of use to growing boys and girls. ALEX. CAMPBELL.

Elsie's Santa Claus. By J. H. MATTHEWS. The tone and spirit of this book is good. The lessons inculcated are those of kindness, charity, and helpfulness to others. There is nothing in it to do any harm, and considerable of what is good. The trouble is we give our young people such an over-abundance of this kind of reading—fiction-stories, with a fair share of moral teaching thrown in. This book will rank somewhat high, however, among these goody-goody little tales. I heartily wish for our young people something more manly, pithy, religiously attractive, and spiritually impressive, than I consider the great mass of our S. S. library books are. JAMES C. SEYMOUR.

Lilies or Thistle-down. Well written and deeply interesting. Conveys wise lessons as to training of children.

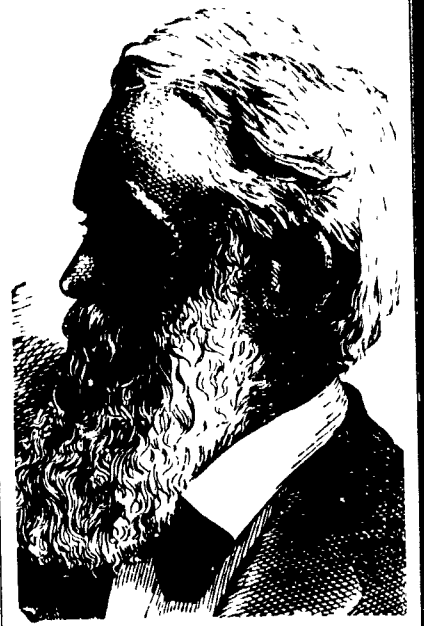
D. G. SUTHERLAND.

C. L. S. C. Items.

THE Editor has received the following from a young man in a far-off part of Manitoba:—

"You will probably remember that I wrote you in regard to some systematic course of reading just about three years ago, and that you sent me circulars of the C. L. S. C., and also said you would be happy to hear of my success in prosecuting the 'course,' etc. Well, owing to a change of circumstances and other unforeseen events, I have been unable to take the 'course,' though I procured some of the books, and have been a constant subscriber to the *Chautauquan*; and I must thank you for sending me those circulars. The little I have read in the 'course' has been a very great benefit to me, indeed. It has improved my mind, and given me a greater desire for more knowledge; but, perhaps, better still is this: This year myself and a younger brother—I am twenty-two years old—have joined the 'circle,' and we are at present talking about getting up a 'local circle,' and, indeed, have things about arranged for it. I was so pleased with all this that I could not refrain from writing and telling you, as you were the one who first sent me the circulars."

BLOCKED IN.—The train had run into a snow-drift, and the engine was butting its head in vain against a six-foot bank. "For once the iron horse appears to be beaten," remarked a fat woman in a second-class carriage. "You shouldn't call it an iron horse," mildly reproved a solemn-faced man. "Why not?" asked the fat woman, in some surprise. "Because it's block tin," softly murmured the solemn-faced man, as he gazed out of the window across the wintry waste, with a far-away look in his eye.



Dio Lewis.

DIO LEWIS may be called the Apostle of Physical Culture. He has made this his hobby for years.

In 1860 he established his Normal School for Physical Training at Boston, Mass. Within seven years more than four hundred persons were graduated, and went out into all the land, teaching the new school of physical training.

Another interesting phase of Dr. Lewis' work is found in the great seminary which he established at Lexington, Mass. His object was to illustrate the possibilities in the physical development of girls during their school life. His buildings, accommodating 200 persons, were placed upon the first battlefield of the Revolutionary war. The school soon grew to one hundred and fifty young women, gathered from all parts of the country, including the Pacific Coast, Central America, and the West Indies. They came to see what could be done by the new methods for their nervous, enfeebled bodies. The marvellous triumphs of this institution during the years which Dr. Lewis devoted to its management, he gives in the *North American Review* for December, 1882. As he says in that paper, hundreds of grateful parents are familiar with the facts. Girls who came unable to ascend a single flight of stairs without suffering, in a few months were able to walk five to ten miles without inconvenience.

Dr. Lewis has published several volumes on health, some of which, like "Our Girls" and "Weak Lungs," have had enormous sales.

He has now removed to the city of New York, to establish a large monthly magazine, to be called "Dio Lewis' Monthly," and to be devoted to Sanitary and Social Science.

The first number is to hand. It promises to be of great value in promoting physical culture—the important desideratum of the Roman poet—*mens sana in corpore sano*.

AN old gentleman who had provoked the hostility of a fashionable lady whom he had known in boyhood, was asked by his wife what he had done to incur the lady's displeasure. "Nothing at all," replied the innocent old man. "On the contrary, I was very cordial to her, and spoke of the time when I used to carry her to school nearly half a century ago!" His wife threw up her hands in amazement, and murmured, "How stupid men are!"



THE THIEF.

The Thief.

TOM TRAVIS is robbing his employer. He is worse than a burglar who would break into the store and steal. He is hired to take care of the goods, to sell them if he can, and to see that none are stolen. For this he is paid, and yet, while his employer is away for a little while, Tom steals the goods he is paid to take care of. Is he not worse than any common thief?

He thinks no one sees him; but he is mistaken. His employer does not see him; his father does not see him; nor does his mother; nor do his brothers and sisters; nor does the police officer. He has taken good care that none of these shall see him; but he forgets that there is one Eye to the sight of which everything is clear. God sees poor Tom, and He knows all about his wicked deeds; and God will trouble him for it. Yes, there is something within Tom's heart that makes him very uneasy now while he is stealing, and that will make him very unhappy when he gets through. God has put that something there. We call it conscience; but call it what you will, it is God's voice.

Conscience—Eternity.

I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The questions it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face.
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And so I have learned a lesson,
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase;
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

Kimokit.

BY REV. J. McLEAN, B.A.

AN old man, blind and decrepit, lay upon his dying couch in an almost naked condition. Poverty and filth reigned supreme in his humble dwelling, and paganism cast her gloomy shade over his mind and heart. As I stood beside his bed and spake of the Atoning Lamb, and the great future whither we were all hastening, he listened patiently, and as I prayed for him to the Great Spirit, he cried, "Kimokit, kimokit" — "Take pity upon me, take pity upon me." Bending close to him, I asked, "When you die, my friend, where will you go?" "I don't understand you," he replied. "When all the white men and the Indians die, where will their souls go?" "Missionary, I don't understand you." With sorrow in my heart, I related to him many of the truths of the Bible, and

then, as he comprehended these truths in their simplicity, he cried aloud, "Missionary, kimokit, kimokit. I am poor, I am dying; give me something to eat, and pray for me!"

I stood by the grave of a boy, and saw the friends deposit therein many useful articles, and I learned of the Indian's hope of immortality. Visiting a lodge wherein lay a dead warrior, I there beheld some pieces of bread, a cup, bow and arrows, pipe and tobacco, etc.; and again I witnessed the expression of that same hope dwelling in the heart.

A short time ago, an Indian chief was very sick and expected to die. He gave away all his earthly possessions to the medicine man and his own relations, and there I saw the influence exercised by these conjurers over the minds of the Indians respecting the future world.

A few days ago, as I sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," in the Blackfoot language, in one of the lodges, and then explained some of the truths of the Scriptures, I asked my friends where the Indian would go when he died. "To the Sand Hills," they all answered. "Where is that?" I asked. Looking out of the lodge, they pointed toward the east, and said, "It is away yonder." I entered other lodges, and whilst engaging in religious exercises put the same question and received the same answers. How sad, I thought, O for light to shine into their hearts! Then I learned more deeply than ever the hopelessness and helplessness of heathenism. When the friends tell me that some Indian has died, they say, "He has gone to the Sand Hills;" or, if he is lying in the valley of the shadow of death, they say, "He is going to the Sand Hills." How gloomy, then, is death to my poor Blood Indians! and how trying to hear the bitter wails of the friends who are bereaved! We read and explain the Bible to them, knowing that there is power in God's truth to bless their souls. We pray with and for them, feeling that God hears prayer; and we seek to live consistently, that our Indians may be impressed by noble examples to seek the Christians' God,

give their hearts to Christ, and rejoice in the forgiveness of sins. "Kimokit, kimokit." Pray for us and our Indians, that the faint streaks of light may expand, until the Sun of Righteousness shall burst upon us in all His splendour and glory, and the hearts of our Bloods shall rejoice in Him who has loved and suffered and risen for them.

RYERSONIA MISSION,
Fort MacLeod, Sept. 17, 1885.

Book Notices.

English edition of *The Martyr of the Catacombs*. It is very flattering to find a Canadian book receive such a kind reception in England as has greeted Withrow's "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs: a Story of Early Christian Life in Rome." The Wesleyan Conference Office, London, has brought it out in a handsome illustrated edition, which has been very well received by the press. The *London Recorder* thus reviews it:—

"An inscription in the Catacombs. 'Valeria sleeps in peace,' has afforded Dr. Witarow a peg on which to hang this vivid picture of early Christianity in Rome. The Catacombs have been the author's lifelong and beloved study, one result of which, as some of our readers are doubtless aware, is his learned and invaluable book, entitled 'The Catacombs of Rome; and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity.' The materials employed in that work are here thrown into a narrative form. In doing this Dr. Withrow has been especially careful to maintain historical accuracy in all his statements of fact, and in the filling up of details he has endeavoured to preserve the historical 'keeping' of the picture. The book is sparingly but well illustrated, and its get-up is all that could be desired. It should be on every drawing-room table and in every Sunday-school library."

The *London Watchman*, and other leading journals, have reviewed it very favourably. The book is for sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price 75 cents.

Our Christmas in a Palace. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey Street, New York. 12mo., about 300 pages. Price, cloth, \$4.00. Rev. William Briggs, Toronto, Agent for Canada.

This is a new Christmas story now in press. In it Mr. Hale will tell us of a party of passengers travelling in the far West. While en route they become snowbound in the Rocky Mountains and have to spend their Christmas in a palace car. Making the best of their situation, each contributes to the enjoyment of the occasion, bringing from their trunks such entertainment as they have, while the strangeness of the situation and the hilarity of the party dispel every thought of loneliness. We bespeak for the readers of this book an enjoyable feast.

A Popular Life of Martin Luther. Based upon Kostlin's Life of Luther (Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library, No. 101. Price 25 cents in paper; Cloth, \$1.00. Ready Nov. 2. Rev. William Briggs, Agent for Canada).

As prepared by Prof. W. Rein, Seminary Director at Eisenach, in Germany, translated and edited by the Rev. G. F. Behringer, Brooklyn, N.Y.

The memorial celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth is exciting a world-wide interest. To present an attractive and popular record of the man, which shall at the same time be scholarly and reliable, is the aim of this volume. We greatly err: if it will not prove THE BEST POPULAR LIFE OF THE GREAT REFORMER ever printed in the English language.

Dio Lewis' Monthly for October is received, and we consider this number — which is No. III — even better and more full of good things than were the previous numbers. This is an excellent magazine, and should especially be in the hands of the young; as from it they will receive hints as to right living and right morals that will never be forgotten. It is published monthly at \$2.50 a year, by Messrs. Clarke Brothers, New York.

The C. L. S. C. in the Future.

COMPARING the indications now with the situation at corresponding points in other years, those in the organization soberly predict a membership of *twenty thousand* for the class of 1887, now forming. Does any one take in the import of these figures? Do you comprehend what a "boom" that signifies? We read of the thousands who thronged the universities of Europe on the revival of learning, but those were almost the only institutions of learning then in existence, and their membership included about all who were studying anything. C. L. S. C. is complementary and supplementary to all the other extensive and expensive schools of the day—an added education after the rest have finished. As such, the idea of a class of twenty thousand is staggering. Who can comprehend the full extent of the work that this signifies, or anticipate the propulsion that this added host will impart to the tremendous momentum already acquired? With the ramifications of this organization and the notoriety it is daily acquiring in new and more influential quarters, its progression must be geometrical.

The classes of the past numbered a total of 34,800. If 20,000 are added this year we shall have a school of 55,000. Last year's class numbered 14,000, an increase of sixty per cent. The same ratio will give us in another year a membership of 78,000, and in another year of over one hundred thousand. Think of a school of *one hundred thousand pupils!*

Where will it stop?

A PROFESSOR at Cornell, lecturing on the effect of wind in some of the western parts, remarked, "In travelling along the road, I even sometimes found the logs bound and twisted together to such an extent that a mule couldn't climb over them, so I went around."

A SPLENDIDLY gilt dining-room, with almost nothing on the table to eat, was the peculiarity of a Boston miser. A wag was invited to dinner on a certain occasion, and the host asked him if he didn't think the room elegant? "Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite according to my taste." "And pray what change would you make?" asked the host. "Well," he answered, "if this were my house, you know, I would have," looking at the ceiling, "less gilding," and here he glanced furtively at the dining-table, "and more carving."

In the Morning.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"But when the morning was now come,
Jesus stood on the shore."—John xxi. 4.

THEY had toiled all night and caught nothing,
But Jesus stood on the shore
In the gray glad light of the morning,
And His face was kind as of yore;
So all their trouble was over
And ended the weary pain
Of the work that was unrewarded,
And their hearts had joy again.

He looked at them all with pity;
So hungry and tired they were,
And sad with the disappointment
That followed their toil and care;
But the Master gave them a morning
Sunny, and glad, and sweet,
With a harvest caught from the water,
And a feast spread for them to eat.

We, too, have our nights of darkness;
But whenever the morning breaks,
And shows us the Saviour near us,
Our life a new gladness takes;
His coming is always sunshine,
And happiness, rest, and peace,
The burden of care is lifted,
And sorrow and sighing cease.

O Jesus, where'er we journey,
Grant that the way may end
With Thee on the shore beside us,
A pitiful, mighty Friend!
And then, as we fight with the waters,
Our hearts shall with hope grow strong,
The morning shall bring us a respite,
With leisure for praiseful song.

We know there is yet before us
A more mysterious night,
But we safely shall pass through its shadows
To the shores of the Land of Light.
And we cannot picture the glory
And the joy that there shall be;
But this is the best of heaven,
That there we shall dwell with Thee.

How Old Battles Fought to Escape
a Drunkard's Grave, and
Conquered.

"THEY call you Old Battles, don't they?" The surgeon addressed a large, brawny man, lying in the hospital.

"Yes."

"And they call you the bravest man in the regiment, too?"

"I believe so," was answered with the utmost indifference.

Old Battles was one of the boldest, most fearless, most terrible men in our ranks. He received his name from having been in so many battles. In the smoke and flash and fire, mid balls and shells and cannon, when the roar and strife and carnage were most fearful, he was in his element. The balls might fall like hail—might riddle him—he fought on while he could stand and load. He was a kind of army chronicle in person. Scarce a limb but had been wounded, and to each he had given the name of the battle in which it had been honoured. He always called his right shoulder "South Mountain;" one of his arms was "Gainsville;" a leg "Bull Run;" his breast "Antietam;" and one of his hips was "Fredericksburg."

Fierce and terrible in battle, he was still and meek in the hospital. The surgeon came again; tried to rally him; spoke to him of his bravery.

"I don't feel so very brave now."

"Why not? You'll be better soon. You'll soon shoulder your gun again."

"That may be, but I wa'n't thinkin' o' that. Surgeon, stop a minute."

The surgeon waited. "Sit down on the edge of my cot."

The surgeon sat down. "They call me 'Old Battles,' you know, but there's mor'n one kind o' fighting; and when I lie here I never feel brave, for I think o' the battles that I am always beat in—the battle with strong drink. Teach me to pray, surgeon."

"Pity me, O God! help me!" Let that be your first prayer.

"Oh yes. 'Pity me, O God! help me!' prayed the man of battles. "'Pity me, O God!'" and he wept like a child.

The surgeon visited other wounded men; still "Old Battles" prayed, "Pity me, O God! Pity me, O God! Help me! Pity me, O God." And God heard and pitied, and sent help. When the well-loved cup was offered him, he turned away with this upon his lips; he asked strength of God, and obtained it—strength to give a firm refusal. His comrades looked upon him with admiration, and thought him even braver in his resolution than he had shown himself before the foe. One more battle—the last—and again he lay in the hospital. His old friend, the surgeon, came.

"How now, Battles? You've another glorious scar."

"No, surgeon, this last wound will never heal into a scar."

"Don't say that! Keep up your heart! I expect to hear your name changed from 'Old Battles' to 'Old Victory.'"

"Now, surgeon, let me tell you, the best battle I ever fought was without sword or gun—I fought with that little prayer; that conquered in the fightings within, harder than any I ever had with the enemy without. That little prayer has made me conqueror over the worst of appetites—that for strong drink. I have conquered! I have conquered! God be praised, and that is enough."—*Anvil.*

The Engineer's Story.

"LET me put my name down first—I can't stay long!"

It was a blue ribbon meeting, and the man was a locomotive engineer, bronzed and strong, and having eyes full of deep determination. He signed his name in a bold, plain hand, tied a blue ribbon in his button hole, and as he left the hall he said:

"As the Lord looks down upon me, I'll never touch liquor again."

"Have you been a hard drinker?" queried a man who walked beside the engineer.

"No. I have never been drunk in my life. I've swallowed considerable whisky, but I never went far enough to get drunk. I shouldn't miss it or be the worse off for an hour, if all the intoxicating drink in the world was drained into the ocean."

"But you seemed eager to sign the pledge."

"So I was, and I'll keep it through thick and thin, and talk temperance to every man on the road."

"You must have strong reasons?"

"Well, if you walk down to the depot, I'll tell you a story on the way. It hasn't been in the papers, and only a few of us know the facts. You know I run the night express on the B— road. We always have at least two sleepers and a coach, and sometimes we had as many as two hundred passengers. It's a good road, level as a floor, and pretty straight, though there is a bad spot or two. The night express has the right o' way, and we make fast time. It is no rare thing to skim along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, for thirty or forty miles, and we rarely go below thirty. One night I pulled out of Detroit with two sleepers, two coaches and the baggage and mail cars. Nearly all the berths in both sleepers were full,

and most of the seats of the coaches were occupied. It was a cold night, threatening all the time to rain, and a lonesome wind whistled around the cab as we left the city behind. We were seventeen minutes late, and that meant fast time all the way through.

"Everything ran along all right up to midnight. The main track was kept clear for us, the engine was in good spirits, and ran into D— as smooth as you please. The train coming east was to meet us fifteen miles west of D—, but the operator at the station had failed to receive his usual report below. That was strange, and yet it was not, and after a little consultation the conductor sent me ahead. We were to keep the main track, while the other trains would run in on the side track. Night after night our time had been so close that we did not keep them waiting over two minutes, and were generally in sight when they switched in.

"When we left D— we went ahead at a rattling speed, tully believing that the other train would be on time. Nine miles from D— is the little village of Porto. There was a telegraph office there, but the operator had no night work. He closed his office and went home at nine o'clock, and any messages on the wires were held above or below until next morning. When I sighted the station I saw a red lantern swinging between the rails. Greatly astonished I pulled up the heavy train and got a bit of news that almost lifted me out of my boots. It was God's mercy as plain as a big depot. It was the operator who was swinging the lantern. He had been aroused from his sleep by the whistle of a locomotive when there wasn't one within ten miles of him. He heard the toot! toot! toot! while he was dressing, and all the way as he ran to the station, thinking he had been signalled. Lo! there was no train. Everything was as quiet as the grave. The man heard his instrument clic'ing away, and leaning his ear against the window, he caught the words as they passed through to D—: 'Switch the eastern express off quick! Engineer of the western express crazy drunk, and running a mile a minute.'

"The operator signalled us at once. We had left D— nine miles away, and the message couldn't have caught us anywhere except at Porto. Six miles further down was the long switch. It was time we were there, lacking one minute. We lost two or three minutes in understanding our situation and consulting, and had just got ready to switch in where we were when the head-light of the other train came in view. Great heavens! how that train was flyin'! The bell was ringing, sparks flying and the whistle screaming, and not a man could raise his hand. We stood there on the main track, spell-bound, as it were. There wouldn't have been time anyhow, either to have switched or got the passengers out. It wasn't over sixty seconds before the train was upon us. I prayed to God for a breath or two, and then shut my eyes and waited, for I hadn't strength to get out of the cab.

"Well, sir, God's mercy was revealed again. Forty rods above us the locomotive jumped the track, and was piled into the ditch in an awful mass. Some of the coaches were considerably smashed, and some of the people bruised, but no one was killed, and our train escaped entirely. The Almighty

must have cared for Big Tom, the drunken engineer. He didn't get a bruise, but was up and across the fields like a deer, screaming and shrieking like a mad tiger. It took five men to hold him after he was run down, and to-day he is the worst lunatic in the State.

"Tom was a good fellow," continued the engineer after a pause, "and he used to take his glass pretty regularly. I never saw him drunk, but liquor kept working away at his nerves, till at last the tremens caught him when he had a hundred and fifty lives behind his engine. He broke out all of a sudden, the fireman was thrown out of the engine, all steam turned on, and then Tom danced and screamed, and carried on like a fiend. He'd have made awful work, sir, but for God's mercy. I'm trembling yet over the way he came down for us, and I never think of it without my heart jumping for my throat. Nobody asked me to sign the pledge, but I wanted my name there. One such night on the road has turned me against intoxicating drinks, and now I've got this blue ribbon on, I can talk to the boys with a better face. Tom is raving, as I told you, and the doctors say he'll never get his reason again. Good night, sir—my train goes in ten minutes."—*Occident.*

A MAN told his friend the other day that he had joined the army. "What regiment?" his friend asked. "Oh, I don't mean that. I mean the army of the Lord." "Ah! what church then?" "The Baptist." "Why," was the reply, "that's not the army, it's the navy."

A WELL-KNOWN barrister at the criminal bar, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. "You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir—cause why, she confessed it." "And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?" "I do, sir." "Then"—giving a sagacious look at the Court—"we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after theirascalities are known?" "Of course! How else could I get assistance from a lawyer?" "Stand down!" cried the barrister.

PRINCIPAL ANGUS, of Regent's Park Baptist College, in a recent speech, said: "No work, no money, is more productive than work done, than money spent, for God. Some years ago I visited Jamaica, and had occasion to examine the work done there during the preceding thirty years. Fifty missionaries had been sent out in that time, of whom thirty then remained. In these thirty years our Society had spent, in sending out and supporting missionaries, £100,000—with what results? We found at ninety stations property in chapels, schools, and ministers' houses, which had cost £140,000, £40,000 more than all the money we had spent there from the beginning of our mission. The money value of what we found was nearly one-half more than all we had given! We found, moreover, a population, not of slaves, but of freedmen, of whom 30,000 were members in our Churches, while 20,000 more had already gone home to God. The material results, therefore, more than repaid all we had spent, and God gave us the souls besides!"

In Memory of Luther.

THE people keep a festival,
And rich and poor have met,
And strangers from all countries
Breathe a name that none forget,
And wealth and beauty gather there
To think upon the brave;
And a prince has brought a laurel wreath
And placed it on a grave.

And once again the story
Is told to children's ears,
Of a boy's voice ringing through the street
(We hear it down the years)
In the little town of Eisenach,
And a face with hunger white,
And a soul that looked away to God
In a wistful prayer for light.

To-day they tell in Erfurt
Of a young monk in his cell,
With a care "too heavy to be borne,"
And the Word he loved so well
Of studious thoughts and praying lips;
And eyes that flashed to see
"Jesus has power to pardon sins,
Will He not pardon me!"

Oh, weary conflict of the soul
That had at last an end!
He knew the strange glad peace that seemed
From Heaven to descend!
The man with reverent, grateful heart
Took what his Saviour gave;
And now he sang a triumph-psalm,
"Jesus alone can save."

They talk of him in Wittenberg:
Oh to have heard him preach!
His tongue could not be silent,
God taught him; he must teach:
Had not he halted in the dark
Where the people wandered yet!
Out of his heart he spoke the words
The world can ne'er forget.

That which he knew he uttered,
Conviction made him strong;
And with undaunted courage
He faced and fought the wrong.
No power on earth could silence him
Whom love and faith made brave;
And though four hundred years have gone
Men strew with flowers his grave.

A frail child, born to poverty,
A German miner's son;
A poor monk searching in his cell,
What honours has he won!
The nations crown him Faithful,
A man whom Truth made free:
God give us for these easier times
More men as real as he!

—Marianne Farningham.

Quater-Centenary of Luther.

THE quater-centenary of Martin Luther was celebrated at Wittenberg on last Thursday and Friday. Representatives were present from many lands. On the 13th the doorway of the Augustine Monastery was flanked by Venetian masts. Colossal busts of Luther and Melancthon had been placed on the balcony of the Town Hall, and on stands throughout the city. The Emperor's bust in front of the Town Hall was decorated with flowers. Portraits of Luther, and mottoes from his sayings and writings, were displayed in many windows. The number of visitors is estimated at fifty thousand. They came principally from Thuringia, Saxony, and Brandenburg. On arriving at Wittenberg, the Crown Prince Frederick William, with Prince Albert and Herr von Goessler, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, drove direct to the Stadt Kirche, and attended divine service. Over one thousand clergymen filled the church. After the reading of the liturgy, Superintendent-General Shult delivered a sermon, taking his text from Matt. xxi. 42, 43. The royal party then proceeded to the Schloss Kirche, where the Crown Prince placed a splendid laurel wreath upon Luther's grave. The party afterwards inspected the archives in the Town Hall relating to the Reformation. Meanwhile the long procession marched

to Luther's house, where the Crown Prince subsequently, in the large hall which served formerly as a lecture-room, declared Luther Hall open. In his address the Crown Prince said:

"May this festival serve as a holy exhortation to uphold the great benefits of the Reformation, and to strengthen our resolution to be ready always to defend the evangelical creed, liberty of conscience and religious toleration. May Luther's anniversary help to strengthen the Protestant feeling, preserve the German Evangelical Church from disunion, and lay the foundation of everlasting peace."

Lectures on the life and worth of Luther were delivered in the forenoon, while the evening was devoted to banquets and festive gatherings.

On the evening of the 14th there was a general illumination of Wittenberg. Dense crowds thronged the streets, singing national and religious songs, especially Luther's hymn, "Eine Feste Burg." The cabinet order of the Emperor's and speech of the Crown Prince create a profound impression throughout Protestant Germany. Their emphatic avowal of staunch Protestant conviction and earnest faith in the lasting benefits of the Reformation have been received with sincere sympathy by the entire Protestant world.

The Luther Celebration.

As the Germans of the old country think in these days of their grand Luther, and gather about the hearthstones of the Reformation, and rejoice over the incoming of the Protestant era, American Christians have ample ground to rejoice with them, and be thankful, too, for what it has done for us. The central battlefield was Germany, and the victory everywhere depended on the victory there. Luther was too large for one continent, or for one century. Very beautiful was the way the multitude made their filial offerings to his memory in dear old Wittenberg a fortnight since. Two thousand Protestant ministers, gathered from every land, were there. The very houses were covered with reverent visitors, who spoke many tongues. The streets and alleys and market-places were crowded with guests. The aged Emperor Wilhelm deputed by his son, the Crown Prince "Fritz," to represent the imperial family, and so that son took with him from Berlin an immense laurel wreath, and, proceeding to the church in whose floor lies Luther's dust, laid the wreath upon the slab. The organ pealed out the great warrior's battle-hymn, "A strong tower is our God." The vast audience took it up, the multitude in the streets caught the notes, and the singing echoed far out beyond the walls into the surrounding country. It was a fitting tribute of the royalty of birth to the higher royalty of goodness and worth. It is only a part of the old story—Do the right, in the noonday or the midnight, and the world will honour the deed, and not forget the birthday of the doer.

The Young Chaplain.

One night in 1825, a clergyman was taking tea with John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War. Suddenly, Mr. Calhoun said to his guest,—
"Will you accept the place of Chaplain and Professor of Ethics at West Point? If you will, I will appoint you at once."

The clergyman was Charles P. McIlvaine, then but twenty-five years of age, and subsequently known as the Bishop of Ohio. He accepted the appointment, because West Point then had an unsavoury reputation. There was not a Christian among officers and cadets. Many of them were skeptics, and the others, were coolly indifferent to religion.

He was received as gentlemen receive a gentleman. But no one showed the least sympathy with him as a clergyman. For months his preaching seemed as words spoken in the air. His first encouragement was an offensive expression.

He was walking home from church one Sunday, a few feet in advance of several junior officers. "The chaplain's preaching is getting hotter and hotter," he heard one of them say.

In a few days, he received another bit of encouragement. He was dining with a company at the house of an officer. A lieutenant, a scoffer, hurled a bitter sneer at clergymen. The chaplain left the table.

The officers threatened to send the lieutenant to "Coventry," if he did not apologize. He called and asked the chaplain's pardon.

Another officer took offence at one of the chaplain's sermons, and wrote him a bold avowal of skeptical opinions.

The chaplain, seeing in these evidence that the chronic indifference was giving way to opposition, persevered. But opposition was all the encouragement he received during the year.

Then came the Master's promise, "In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

Not a cadet had visited him or even sought his acquaintance. But one Saturday, the only day on which the cadets were allowed to visit an officer, without special permission, one of the most popular of the cadets knocked at the chaplain's door. He wished to begin a Christian life, then and there, and asked for counsel.

In a day or two, another cadet called on a similar errand; then another, and another. Then several officers came. A meeting for prayer was appointed, twice a week. It was the first public prayer-meeting held at West Point.

Officers and cadets crowded it, though all who came professed thereby to begin a religious life. At first, it required as much courage to enter that room as to lead a forlorn hope.

One of the cadets was Leonidas Polk, afterwards Bishop of Tennessee. Intelligent, high-toned, and commanding in person, he was the conspicuous cadet. Seeing that it was his duty to make a public profession of his faith in Christ, he asked for baptism.

After baptizing him, the chaplain made a brief address, closing with a charge to be faithful. "Amen!" responded Polk, in a voice that rang through the chapel. The "Amen" was from the heart. Immediately the baptized cadet became a missionary to his comrades.

A solemnity pervaded the Academy during the two remaining years that the devoted clergyman served as chaplain. Half the corps became Christian men. Several of them, leaving the army, were promoted to the ministry. Many of those who entered the army rose to eminence. They adorned their profession and the Christian religion.

This era in West Point was created, through the divine aid, by a young man who simply did his duty, patiently, and left the result with God.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

45.—Coward ice. Wag ner.

46.—
A
A R M
A R R O W
M O P
W

M
M A N
M A N O R
M A N S I O N
N O I S E
R O E
N

47.— R O C K Y

T H E
I
A L E
P R I N T

NEW PUZZLES.

48.—CHARADES.

An exclamation; wicked; a pronoun; an interjection. A prophet. Two books of the Old Testament; a meadow. A Methodist Bishop.

49.—HIDDEN CITIES.

All on Donald!
Waiter, omelettes for two.
He walked over the bridge.
You always bang or slam the door.
Who owns the cymbals? Tim or Ed?

50.—PRINTER'S PI.

Sit risft het rute, adn hetn teh caubftul.
Otn irtfs eht tuasbfiful nad tneh het teur.

51.—DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a noun, and leave hasty; again, and leave a tree.
Behead a grain, and leave warmth; again, and leave to take food; again, a preposition.

Varieties.

WHO says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken, and see how tough he is.

THE best description we have ever heard of a slow man was that he was too slow to get out of his own way.—*Lowell Courier.*

A MEDICAL student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it is not the jaw-bone.

A NEW DEFINITION.—"What did you say your friend is, Tommy?" "A taxidermist." "What's that?" "Why, he is a sort of animal upholsterer."

NAUTICAL.—Husband (jokingly): "O, I'm the mainstay of the family." Wife: "Yes, and the jibboom—and the—and the—" Small boy (from experience): "And the spanker, too, mamma."

GETTING HIS ANSWER.—Young Tompkins, thinking to take a rise out of Pat, "Why, you've got that paper upside down, Paddy!" Pat: "Bedad! any fule cud rade it the other way oop!" Calmly goes on with his reading.

WHEN a man's wife comes in and sees him, razor in hand, and with his face all lather, and asks him: "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing for him to answer: "No, I'm blacking the stove," but it is in human nature to so reply.

"Nobody Knows but Jesus."

Nobody knows but Jesus!
'Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave song,
But it comes again and again.

I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

Nobody knows but Jesus!
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know!

When the sorrow is a secret
Between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
Of this quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy
That dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden
They could not come and share.

Whether it seems so tiny
That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble
And seem so real to me.

Either or both I lay them
Down at my Master's feet,
And find them, alone with Jesus,
Mysteriously sweet.

Sweet, for they bring me closer
To the dearest, truest friend;
Sweet, for he comes the nearer,
As neth the cross I bend.

Sweet, for they are the channels
Through which His teachings flow;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets
His heart of love I know.

Nobody knows but Jesus!
My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gifts of sorrow
That no one knows but Thou.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1064.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 18.]

DAVID ANOINTED.

1 Sam. 16. 1-13. Commit to memory vs. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him.—Psalms 89: 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God chooses and endows men after his own heart.

TIME.—About B.C. 1064, 5.

PLACE.—Ramah, Samuel's home. Bethlehem, the home of Jesse, five miles south of Jerusalem.

SAMUEL.—Now very old, called to perform the last official act of which we have record.

DAVID.—The "Darling" or "Beloved," youngest of eight sons and three daughters, now about 20 years old. He was short of stature, compared with Eliab and Saul, yet strong, swift, and beautiful, with red hair, and bright, "quick" eyes. The menial occupation of shepherd boy fell to his lot.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *How long*—A considerable time must have elapsed, but no data are given to determine how much. *Means*—Samuel had not yet been able to reconcile himself to the hidden ways of the Lord. *I have provided*—The choice is God's. *2. If Saul hear it*—Saul's "evil spirit" may have already appeared. Samuel was not rebuked for his fear. *Take a kisher*—Secrecy and concealment are not the same as duplicity and falsehood. *4. Trembled*—Samuel's visits may often have been made with a view of rebuking sin and correcting abuses. *5. Some-thing*—By washing the body and clothes, the outward symbols of inward purification. *6. Were come*—A. C. to the feast after the sacrifice. *Smell*—To himself, thought. *Eliab*—"My father's God." *10. Born*—Including the three before mentioned. *12. Ruddy*—Red hair, and a fair skin. *13. After of his brethren*—In their presence. Yet the significance of the act was not understood.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The tribe of Judah.—The family of Jesse.—Bethlehem.—David's shepherd life.—The anointing with oil.—Samuel's spirit, as shown in this lesson.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How did Samuel's interview with Saul, as recorded in the last lesson, close? How did Samuel feel? Did the two meet again?

SUBJECT: THE CHOSEN OF GOD.

1. **THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE DIVINE CHOICE** (vs. 1-5).—What agent did God use? Mention some of his qualifications for this work. Mention any disqualifications as they appear in verses 1, 2. How were these disqualifications removed? What excuse appears for them? From what place was the choice to be made? What associations are connected with this place before and after this day? From what tribe was the choice to be made? From what family was the choice to be made? What is known of the previous history of this family? What foreign blood was in it? In what way was the choice to be made? (vs. 2, 3.) Show that this method of procedure was justifiable. Why would Samuel's visit occasion alarm? What was the custom of offering sacrifices in those days? What is the meaning of "sanctify"?

2. **THE OBJECT OF THE DIVINE CHOICE** (vs. 6-12).—What is the meaning of "were come?" (v. 6.) Who passed in review before Samuel? What did Samuel think? What did the Lord tell him? Was his ignorance or forgetfulness of this great truth on Samuel's part? What do we here learn are the characteristics not essential in one chosen of God? How was the eighth son summoned? What was his appearance? On what ground was he chosen? What are the characteristics essential to one chosen of God?

3. **THE ENDOWMENT OF THE ONE CHOSEN OF GOD** (v. 13).—What formal act of consecration did Samuel perform? What ceremony at the present day marks our consecration as the chosen of God? When did this act take place? How fully was its significance understood? What endowment accompanied this act? How was this different from the experience of Saul? What made the results different in each case?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Let not sorrow for those who reject God prevent us from seeking the salvation of others.
2. If one person refuses to do God's work, God will raise up another in his place.
3. Men judge by outward appearances; they can see character only so far as it is manifested.
4. God judges by the heart, out of which are the issues of life, and He sees in the heart all that will issue from it.
5. The humblest occupations will prove, to those who are faithful in them, a school of training for larger fields of usefulness in the service of God.

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

9. Who was sent to anoint Saul's successor? Ans. Samuel. 10. Where was he sent? Ans. To Jesse, the Bethlehemite. 11. Who was chosen of God? Ans. David, the shepherd lad. 12. On what principle was David chosen? Ans. Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

B.C. 1063.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 25.]

DAVID AND GOLIATH

1 Sam. 17. 38-51. Commit to mem. vs. 45, 46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The battle is the Lord's.—1 Sam. 17: 47.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God will give the victory to his people.

TIME.—About B.C. 1063. Two or three years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Ephes-Dammim, "Bounds of blood." This place was on the mountain forming the south side of the valley of Elah. It was 14 miles south-west of Jerusalem, on the way to Gaza.

GOLIATH (*Splendor*)—One of the sons of the giant Anakim race. He was 9 to 10½ feet high. Covered with a coat of mail, and defended by a great shield carried by an attendant. His coat of mail weighed 5000 shekels or 160 pounds, and the head of his spear 17 pounds.

DAVID.—Now about 22 or 23 years of age. Soon after his anointing he was sent for by Saul to drive away an evil spirit in him by his music. He returned to his sheep, and fed them for two years or more, thus preparing for his future deeds. He gained great skill

with the sling. He gained courage and faith by slaying a lion and a bear that attacked his sheep.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Israel's old enemy, the Philistine, made an incursion into Judah, and marched almost to the capital at Gibeah, and encamped on one side of the valley of Elah. On the other slope Saul marshalled his army. Their Goliath came out and defied Israel to send forth a champion, and to let them decide the battle by single combat. This was done several days. The Israelites were in mortal fear. At this juncture David arrived from Bethlehem, with a little home remembrance for his three brothers in Saul's army, and he offered to meet Goliath.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—41. *The Philistine*—Goliath. *Came on*—From the Philistine army toward the ravine which separated the two armies. 42. *Disdained him*—Goliath was so tall and heavily armed, and David an unarmed youth. 45. *The Lord of hosts*—All hosts of men, angels, forces of nature. David was strong because on God's side. 47. *The battle is the Lord's*—David took no glory to himself. 51. *They fled*—The rout of the Philistines was complete.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Intervening history.—Goliath.—David.—His preparation for his work.—Saul's armor.—The giants we have to fight.—The weapons of our warfare.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What trouble came upon Saul soon after David's anointing? (Ch 16: 14, 15.) Where was Saul's capital? Where did David live? What brought David to Saul? What did David do after this? (1 Sam. 17: 15.) How long did he remain?

SUBJECT: THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

1. **THE CONTESTANTS** (vs. 28-47).—(1) *The Philistines*—Goliath. Who were the Philistines? Where were they now encamped? How far from Saul's capital? Who was their great champion? How tall was Goliath? Describe his armor! What did he do to the Israelites? In what respects is he a type of the world as against Christ? What giants have you to fight? Show why they might rightly be called giants? (Eph 6: 10-12.) What will they do to you if you do not overcome them? (2) *The Israelites*—David. Where was the army of Israel encamped? How did they feel in the presence of Goliath? (17: 11.) How did David come to be with the army? What offer did he make? What kind of a young man was David? (16: 18; 17: 42.) How was David while tending sheep prepared for this combat? Is faithfulness in present and humble duties the only way to become fitted for greater deeds? Who objected to David? How did he prove that he was able to meet Goliath? (17: 34-37.) How would Saul have armed him? Would this have been a success? What lesson do we learn from this? What was David's weapon? Why was it the best for him? What are the weapons of our warfare? (Eph. 6: 14-18.) In what respects are they like David's? What did Goliath say as he met David? What did David reply? What was the difference in their spirit?

2. **THE BATTLE AND THE VICTORY** (vs. 48-51).—Describe the battle. Was it gained by David's skill, or the Lord's guidance? What became of the Philistines? Will the Lord always give us the victory over our spiritual enemies? Can you name some victories he has already given the church with seemingly feeble instrumentalities?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Those things which are helps to some are hindrances to others.
2. We must not condemn others for working in a different way from ours.
3. There are many giants for us to fight—worldliness, intemperance, bad temper, selfishness, etc.
4. The weapons of our warfare are as simple as David's sling; faith, the unseen spirit of God, courage, love.
5. In doing our daily duties well, we are prepared for greater deeds.

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

13. What did David do soon after he was anointed by Samuel? Ans. He was called to aid Saul with his music. 14. Where did he then go? Ans. He returned to Bethlehem to tend his father's sheep for two years. 15. What was he gaining during this time? Ans. Skill, and courage, and faith in God. 16. What great danger now threatened Israel? Ans. They were attacked by the Philistines, with a giant, Goliath of Gath, for their champion. 17. How did David save them? Ans. He slew the giant by means of his shepherd's sling.

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