

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming.
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Généralique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	
	12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

HOME & SCHOOL



Vol. I.]

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1883.

[No. 15.]

Centennial Horticultural Building.

The beautiful building shown in the engraving is, with the adjacent art gallery, all that remain of the numerous and magnificent structures erected for the great World's Fair of 1876. Everything else has been swept away, and the great Fairmount Park spreads again its verdant loveliness over the

plants — palms, tree-ferns, bananas, orchids, and many other forms of beauty. The splashing fountains, the gleam of snowy statuary amid the foliage, and the many rare and lovely flowers were a vision of delight.

He who pretends to be everybody's particular friend is nobody's.

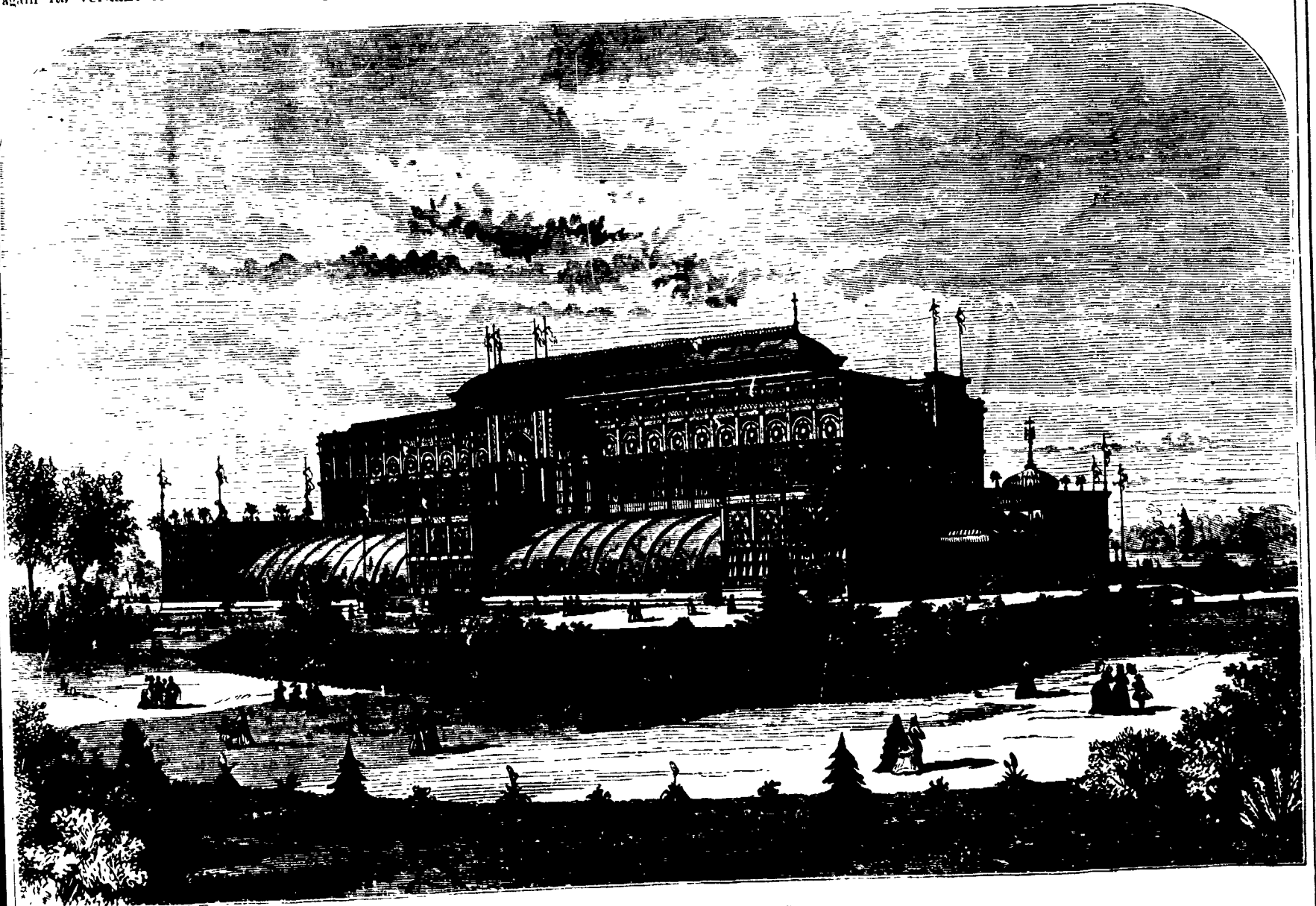
in hauling the boats to land, and then carry the baskets with their glittering freight to the carts which are waiting to receive them.

Dorothy was a brown-cheeked lass, with nothing to distinguish her from her companions.

One evening last summer every boat in Dorothy's hamlet had gone to

Great clouds of foam flew before the wind, dashed against the houses, and skimmed away into the distant fields. The sound of the wind was like the low rolling of fire-arms and the waves as they broke among the rocks seemed to shake the ground.

When the tempest was at its worst a little schooner was seen coming



THE CENTENNIAL HORTICULTURAL BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.

acres where hummed a swarming hive of industry, thronged by sometimes a quarter of a million of people in a single day. A few months ago we visited the spot. Almost like a dream of fairy-land was the beautiful Horticultural Hall, with its Moorish architecture, its brilliant colours, its immense variety of native and exotic

Dorothy the Fisher Girl.

FAR away on the northern coast of Scotland there is a little fishing village where the simple people spend very quiet lives. The girls are hardy and brave, and work as steadily as the boys. When the boats come in with their store of fish the women are on the beach to help them, and they help

sea. Not a man was left in the settlement except three very infirm and aged fishermen, long past work.

In the night there came a southerly gale with a southerly sea, and the boats could not return. They found a harbour in a village about eighteen miles to the north.

The sea grew blacker and blacker.

around the point, and unfortunately hugging the rocks. To the horror of the breathless watchers in the village she presently struck. Her crew were seen clinging to the rigging.

There was no chance of getting a boat to her, and the helpless villagers stood on the shore expecting to see her

go to pieces, and the men drown before their eyes.

"Will she last for an hour!" cried Dorothy. "If I thought she would hinge there, I'd be away for the life-boat."

"You can never cross the burn," said the old men.

Four miles south there was a village where a life-boat was kept. Half-way there was a stream usually shallow, which ran into the sea, and over which was a rude plank bridge.

"I'll away!" said Dorothy. Over the moor she ran for a mile in the teeth of the storm. The second mile was still harder, for she had to splash through the foam, and the great waves might have dragged her off her feet.

At the mouth of the burn, or stream, her brave heart failed for a moment. There was no guessing at its depth as it rushed along, swollen and angry. In she plunged, the water up to her waist, and once she tumbled in a hole and fell, but struggled to her feet again.

Then the water grew deeper. Stretching out her arms, Dorothy battled with the current, and, half-wading, half-swimming, she reached the hard ground.

Wet to the neck, and her hair dripping she fought her way on till she reached the house where the cockswain of the life-boat lived.

"The schooner! On the Letch! Norrad" she gasped.

"Here, wife, look after the lass," cried the man, as he ran for his boat. Poor, brave Dorothy! Her part of the work done, she had fainted. But the life-boat went northward round the point, reached the schooner in time, and saved all on board, except the Captain, who had been washed away.

—*Harper's Young People.*

My Mother's Book.

LILLIE E. BARR.

There is not a book more sweet and dear
Than the book that lies at my mother's hand;

There is not a book more wise and good,
Or one more easy to understand.
She turns its leaves with a tender care;
She whispers its words at morn and night;
And still as she reads, her dear, dear face
Gathers a new and beautiful light.

She says it has been her truest friend,
Her comfort, her hope, through fifty years;
I have seen her open its clasps with joy,
And wet its pages with bitter tears.
The other books she used to love—
Story, and thought, and poet's lay—
One by one she has laid them aside;
Her Bible grows dearer every day.

The world may doubt, and the world may sneer,
The world may alter, and change, and mend;
To her it is perfect, and sweet, and clear,
From the very first letter unto the end.
The critic and scholar she does not heed;
"I knew," she says, "what it means to me;
I go to it weak, it makes me strong;
I go to it blind, it makes me see."

The light of the Book was on her face;
The strength of the Book is in her heart;
It gives her home its highest grace;
It makes of her life the sweetest part;
And mother would scarce be mother, I think,
To her wayward boys, when back they look,
If they did not see her in memory
Peacefully reading the Blessed Book.

I'm a busy man, and full of care,
Eagerly toiling for fame and gold,
But often there comes to me unawares
Some solemn warning, some promise old;
And just for a moment I pause and think:
"Oh, where did I hear those words before?"
Then I remember the good old Book,
And mother reading them o'er and o'er.

Ah, wonderful Book! that with one word
Can thrill the heart in the dark midnight!
With just one word can alter the will,
And turn a purpose of wrong to right.
Many good things I have cast aside,
But I always ponder, and backward look,
If I hear in my heart a single verse,
In my mother's voice, from my mother's Book.

—*Lainburg News.*

A Precious Pillow.

DR. JUDSON, one of the earliest missionaries to Burmah, completed the translation of the New Testament in 1823. The manuscript, within a year, was destined to enter on a strange history. The Judsons went to Ava, the capital of the empire, very hopeful of doing effective missionary work there. War, however, broke out between England and Burmah, and all foreigners were soon regarded with great suspicion. On June 8, 1824, Dr. Judson was apprehended, and with cruel violence and gross indignity was cast into the death-prison. In a few days, through a money payment, he and other prisoners were removed from that awful place to an open shed within the prison bounds. There they lay with irons upon their limbs. When her husband was cast into prison, one of the first acts of Mrs. Judson was to bury the manuscript of the New Testament under the house in the soil, lest it should be found and destroyed by their persecutors. When Mr. Judson was permitted to receive a visit from his brave wife, and they could speak together a little naturally, one of his earliest inquiries related to the safety of the work which had cost him so much time and toil. The rains had set in, and the manuscript would be destroyed if it remained long in the ground. A plan for the preservation of this priceless treasure was soon devised. Mrs. Judson sewed it up in some cotton stuff, which she further encased in matting, thus making a pillow for her husband, so unsightly and so hard, that she supposed no one would care to take it from him.

After about seven months had passed the prisoners were suddenly thrust again into the inner prison and loaded with extra fetters. The few poor mattresses and pillows, which had scarcely seemed to ease their aching bones, were taken from them, and among these the rough bundle on which Dr. Judson was wont to lay his head. The first night of this new misery the prisoners expected speedy execution, and Dr. Judson's thoughts dwelt a good deal on the contents of the strange pillow he had lost. He thought of passages in that New Testament which might be more perfectly translated. He wondered what the future of the manuscript would be. Would Mrs. Judson ever see it again? Would it in some future year be found, and be a source of light and blessing to the benighted people of Burmah? The jailer, however, to whose share the pillow fell, found it so uncomfortable, and apparently so worthless that he flung it back into the prison. Tastes differed, and if the prisoner like that sort of thing to rest his head upon he might have it for all the jailer cared. Presently came a day when the prisoners were stripped of nearly all their clothes, "tied two-and-two," and driven bare-footed over sharp gravel and burning sand to a wretched prison some miles away. When, on that occasion, the fierce Burmans were seizing all the spoil they could, the mat was unfastened by one of them from Dr. Judson's pillow, and as the hard stuff within seemed to be of no value it was thrown away. A Christian convert picked it up as a relic he would keep in memory of the dear teacher he feared he would never see it again. Little did he imagine what the mean-looking cotton roll contained. Months afterward, when the trouble was over, and the Judsons were free again for their loved work, the New Testament was found no worse for the perils through which it had passed. In due time it was printed, and to-day the men and women of Burmah read in it "the wonderful works of God."

An Incident of Sunday-School Work in Manchester.

It is many years ago now that as I walked home from business one evening, I was accosted by a young woman who was in deep trouble. With tears in her eyes she told me that her little boy was "down with the fever," then prevalent in the neighbourhood, and had been crying out all day for "Teacher."

On reaching the humble cottage I at once recognized the sick child as one of our infant scholars. He was indeed very ill, and with all speed I sought my fellow-labourer, and returned with him to the bed-side of his dying scholar. On one side of the couch was the father, and on the other the mother, looking with anxious eyes upon the flushed face of their only child, a darling boy of six years. The little sufferer opened his eyes, recognized the voice, and greeted his teacher with a smile of loving recognition. With difficulty he said "happy land." The hint was understood, and his teacher sang in a low and gentle tone the well-known hymn, "There is a happy land," etc. There was an expression of satisfied joy on the face of the child while he did so.

At the close of the hymn he began to repeat the words of another favourite song when the death-struggle seized the little frame, and its spirit took its flight to fairer and happier scenes in the "happy land." The parent informed us that it was but two days since their little boy sickened. For some days previous he had been more than usually occupied with singing and repeating the songs taught in the infant class. When the doctor was called in, he shook his head, knowing it to be a bad case. The broken-hearted mother could not restrain her grief, and little Charlie seemed to comprehend the situation. When the doctor left the room, turning to his weeping mother, he said, "Don't cry, mammy, teacher says 'there is a better land, far, far away,' and if Charlie dies, Jesus will take him there."

"And does Charlie love Jesus?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he replied, his face beaming with pleasure, "'cause Jesus loves Charlie."

The death of the child was life to the mother. The seed of the kingdom sown by his hand was blessed by the Spirit of God to her salvation. She found peace and joy in believing, and was enabled to say, though often with tears, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." The gospel of love is adapted for all ages, and can touch with saving power the heart of a child. Sunday-school teachers, take courage!

The Curse of Ireland.

"If you ask me," continued General Conway, "what kind of an army is needed to liberate Ireland, I would say an army of faithful temperance workers—not an O'Donovan Rossa with dynamite, but an apostle like Father Matthew, to go again into that country with temperance pledges. The dynamite that Ireland needs is the dynamite that would blow up the whiskey barrel, not dynamite that blows up men and women and houses of Parliament." The speaker said that he was in London at the time of the explosion. The sensation it created he could compare only to that produced here by the firing on Fort Sumter. "Would to God," he said "that some commotion might awaken the slumbering consciences of the statesmen of England on the subject of drunkenness." On landing at Queenstown the first person that accosted him on Irish soil was a beggar. In less than twenty days in Ireland 500 beggars had asked alms of him. It was a peculiarity of Irish beggars that they always put the worst foot forward, when asking charity. "Please, for the price o' a pint o' drink, sor?" were the words most frequently used by Irish beggars in soliciting alms. But as a matter of fact, Irish beggars were not more addicted to drunkenness than the English beggar, whose favourite address was: "Please, for the price of a loaf of bread, sir?"—*New York World.*

Providence and the Wood-pile.

ONE snowy Saturday night, years ago, when the wood-pile of the Alcott household was very low, one of their neighbour's children came in to beg a little wood, as "the baby was very sick, and father off on a spree with his wages."

There was a baby, too, in the Alcott household; and the storm was wild, and the Sabbath was coming between that night and the chance of more wood. For once Mrs. Alcott hesitated; but the serene Sage of Concord looked out undismayed, into the wild and wintry storm.

"Give half our stock," said he resolutely, "and trust to Providence. Wood will come, or the weather will moderate."

His wife laughed, and answered cheerfully: "Well, at any rate, their need is greater than ours, and if our half gives out, we can go to bed and tell stories."

So a good half of the wood went to the poor neighbour. Later on in the evening the storm increased, and the family council decided to cover up the fire to keep it, and go to bed. Just then came a knock at the door, and lo! it was the farmer that usually supplied Mr. Alcott with wood.

He had started to go into Boston with his load, but the storm so drove in his path, that it had driven him back; and now if he might unload his load there, it would save him taking it home again, and he "s'posed" they'd be wanting some soon.

Of course his proposition was gladly accepted, and as the farmer went off to the wood shed, the triumphant Sage of Concord turned to his wife with a wise look which much impressed his children, and said—

"Didn't I tell you wood would come, if the weather did not moderate?"—*The Youth's Companion.*

Along the Shore.

BY HANNAH CODDINGTON.

The tide comes in and the tide goes out,
In a constant ebb and flow,
But the old town's wrapt in dreams, and lives
In the glories of long ago.

Is this the land of the lotus-bloom?
Or noon of an endless day?
Nay, wives are wedded, and babes are born,
To the fisher folk by the bay.

'Mid the stagnant calm of daily life,
The toil and strain of the oar,
The passion-beats of the human hearts,
Are the tides of this quiet shore.

Ah! the sea's heart is not so; 'tis still,
As the dead upon its breast,
And only the waves that leap and toss,
Feel the sorrow of wild unrest.

But the touch of benediction falls
Upon ocean, earth, and air—
And the fever slowly ebbs away
From the throbbing pulses of Care,

As over the land, across the sea,—
Day's kiss so tender and bold,—
Streams the wondrous light of the sunset hour,
In purple, and crimson, and gold.

A Girl's Work.

TRUE AND SUGGESTIVE.

THE beloved German teacher, Tholuck, who won such numbers of students to Christ, when asked the secret of his success, said simply, "By seeking and following."

In this unvarnished story our readers will see that success means work, in our day as in his.

Our modest friend may look troubled when her eye falls upon this outline of a noble work, but she must remember that the candle has no right to object to giving light. The light of life can come only from the Great Source. Let it go back to Him, humbly and gratefully.

Several years ago a young girl took a class of boys in a certain Sunday-school. She was very young, had never taught, and therefore shrunk from the work; but with that instinctive sagacity which boys often show, they chose her, and persisted in their choice, and so, very doubtfully, she began her work. There were ten boys in the class, and they lived in a village of four or five thousand inhabitants—a village which boasted of forty drinking saloons! They were not the good sort of boys—not at all! but they had a cordial liking for their teacher, and a strong class spirit was soon developed, of which our slender girl did not fail to take advantage. She encouraged them to stand together, and she stood among them! They learned to tell her everything, and she was the hearty, sympathetic adviser, and personal friend of each.

Wise little woman! She was laying the foundation deep and strong; for well she knew that by-and-by the floods would rise, and the winds would blow and beat upon these precious human houses intrusted to her care! And so she dug deep into the solid confidence and affection of her boys!

The trial days did not delay to come. The boys were growing tall and manly. They were learning to smoke and taste beer, and what more natural than that they should find themselves too large to go to Sunday-school!

"I had a dreadful time with those boys for four years," said the teacher, "but I could not and would not let them go!"

"But how could you retain them? Boys at that age are pretty strong."

"Well, I followed them. As soon as a boy absented himself from Sunday-school I went after him. I had their confidence, which, of course, was a great help. They were wide awake, active boys, and wanted to try about every new thing, and they did; but I tried to keep along with them. At one time they formed themselves into a club, rented a room, and grew old very fast. I used to tremble in those days; and I had reason to! But I did not give up."

"It must have taken a good deal of time to follow them up."

"Well, yes, it did. There have been weeks in succession when I was out every evening, looking after my boys. But I thought it would pay."

"And has it?" asked the curious listener.

"I think so. Six of the ten remain; and I have no more difficulty in keeping them in Sunday-school. The others have moved away; but I hear from them. All but two are Christians, and these two are steady, and seem to be well established in principle."

"But they are men now. Do you still teach them?"

"Yes; I cannot induce them to go into a Bible class, though I have often tried to do so. They seem to dislike the thought of a change."

"And little wonder!"

So it comes to pass that in a certain Sunday-school there may be seen a class of young men, respectful, attentive, absorbed, listening to the low-voiced teachings of a tender young woman, as if they thought her words carried weight!

And so they do, the weight of a life, which means earnest purpose and faith in the work which is given us to do!

"But she had time to give to her class," some one says.

Listen: during all those years she was a hard-working school-teacher, with but slender stock of health and strength to draw upon! Yes, she had time to give to her boys, but where do you think she found it? Possibly some of the adornments and enjoyments of girlhood had to be given up. Did it pay?
M. V. M.

Love's Work.

A CENTURY since, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illumined, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvellous face, which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon

that face, they said, "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!"

In the great cathedral of the ages—the Temple being builded for an habitation of God—we shall all learn some time that love's work is the grandest of all.—J. L. Russell.

Power of Consistency.

Life gives force to oratory. The sermon that is backed by a consistent man is the most effective. A writer in the *Christian Union* tells an anecdote of Dr. Lyman Beecher, which illustrates the power of the life that harmonizes with the preacher's sermons:

One Monday morning he took his market-basket on his arm and went to Faneuil Hall Market to get provisions for dinner. He was followed and watched, as he often was, by a young man who was the chorister of the Universalist Church.

The minister soon came to the fish-market. Here Dr. Beecher picked up a fine looking fish and asked the fisherman if it was fresh and sweet.

"Certainly," replied the man, "for I caught it myself yesterday," which was the Sabbath. Dr. Beecher at once dropped the fish, saying, "Then I don't want it," and went on without another word.

The young man who was watching him was instantly convinced of the minister's honesty and sincerity in practising the principles which he preached, became a regular attendant and a true convert, and for more than a quarter of a century was known as Deacon Thomas Hollis, the druggist.

He was a prominent official in the Orthodox church, and a valued director in the benevolent and charitable institutions of the city until his death.

Mission Notes.

THE London Missionary Society owns five mission ships.

There are nine Christian Churches in the capital of Madagascar.

The one-hundredth birthday of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America will be celebrated next year.

Pilgrim's Progress has been translated into nearly all the languages of India, and it is as popular with Asiatics as with Europeans.

While there were, last year, some seven converts to each of our preachers in the United States, there were some seventy converts to each of the missionaries in Asia.

There is now an evangelical Church of 1,400 souls at Ur of the Chaldees, the modern Urfa. An Armenian weaver was converted at Aintab, and returning to Urfa combined evangelical work with his daily toil with the above result.

Christianity has 440,000,000 nominal adherents in the world, while less than 30,000,000 evangelical Christians are enlisted in missionary enterprises, and they contribute less than twenty-five cents apiece per annum for foreign missions.

Miss Leigh, known as the "English-woman's good angel in Paris," ten years ago, established in that city a home for friendless young women. From this has grown an orphanage, a church and parsonage, a mission-hall, a Young Woman's Christian Association, a Young Men's Institute, a free registry, a kindergarten and infant school, and a sanitarium.

Rev. Dr. Morris, of Cincinnati, has, from the statistics of the Presbyterian Church for the past thirteen years, found that three churches are organized every week in the year, and every week dissolves one, while every four days a minister dies.

Voltaire's house is now used by the Geneva Bible Society as a repository for Bibles. The British Bible Society's house in Earl-street, Blackfriars, stands where, in 1378, the Council forbid Wycliffe circulating portions of the Holy Scriptures, and where he uttered the words, "The truth shall prevail," and the Religious Tract Society's premises are where Bibles were publicly burned.

A Waldensian Church is in course of erection in the City of Rome. Surely the lapse of time brings wondrous changes. Twenty years ago there was not a Protestant place of worship within the walls of Rome. Thirty years ago the Madial were imprisoned and condemned to the penitentiary in Tuscany for reading the Scriptures. Italy has made immense progress in material wealth, in well ordered government within the past quarter of a century. Her religious progress, however, is painfully slow.

Thirty-six thousand ministers furnish spiritual instruction and consolation for the people of England and Wales, about 24,000,000 of people. About 28,000 of these ministers belong to the Church of England. For every 500 of the population there is a place of worship of some kind or other. Yet there are only about 500 missionaries to about 400,000,000 of people in China.

The most conspicuous pupil in the Public Schools of Pittsburg and the pride of the Chinese colony of that city is a Celestial lad of fifteen years named Lum Yum, who arrived last November, and went directly to his uncle in Pittsburg. The uncle had already come under Christian influence, and was glad to have his nephew follow his example. It was feared that the Public School children would make life a burden to the young Oriental, but their sense of manliness and fair play was deftly touched by the teachers and they at once became his champions. He wears his queue coiled on the top of his head, but dresses like the other boys, plays like them, and, to say the least, cuts as many capers. He obeys the rules, tells the truth, and makes extraordinary progress in his studies.

Thomas Powell placed on the little island of Nanumaga a native evangelist. He found the island full of idols of stone and wood; altars in every house, and temples almost as many as dwellings. He was kept two hours on the beach while the priests with absurd rites sought to avert the wrath of their gods for allowing the stranger to land. The men and women, almost as nude as the children, made a virtue of nakedness. Eight years afterward one-third of the entire population were members of the Christian Church, and two-thirds of the children were in Christian schools, and those new church members contributed to the support of the Gospel and its extension \$1 60 each, average. Not an idol is now to be found, nor an idol temple, and the people all clothed decently sit with delight to listen to the Gospel.

Toil On.

"Forasmuch as we know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord"—1 Cor. 15: 58.

Go when the skies are brightest,
And smoothest is the road;
Go where the fields are whitest,
And gather sheaves for God.
To cheerful toil inviting,
O what a blest employ,
When all our powers exciting,
God's service is our joy!

Go when the day is dreary,
And fears the bosom thrill,
When hearts and steps grow weary,
God guides and guards thee still.
O dally not with seasons,
The weakness nor the pain;
Ask not the Saviour's reasons—
Ye cannot toil in vain!

What though the foes are strongest,
And cruel be their rage,
The day of conflict longest,
And none thy wounds assuage;
Though fainting now, and bleeding,
Doubt not thy strength and shield;
The Saviour still is leading,
And all thy foes shall yield.

O blest, divine assurance!
Our weary toil and tears
But sweeten faith's endurance,
A day of triumph nears:
When Christ, His trophies bringing,
Will call from pain and strife,
And we, victorious singing,
Receive the Crown of Life!

S. F. H.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Under 6 copies, 65c.; over 6 copies	0 08
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly	0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per hundred.	
Home & School, 8 pp. 4to, semi-monthly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 20
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month.	5 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.
C. W. COATES, 8 Bleury Street, Montreal.
S. F. HUESTIS, Methodist Book Room Halifax.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1883.

A New Envelope Wallet.

We quite concur in the following notice by Dr. Vincent, in the *S. S. Journal*:—The freshest and most convenient device which we have seen for the use of Sunday-school teachers is the new Side Pocket Wallet and Letter Case, invented and manufactured by the ingenious Alfred L. Sewell, No. 40 State St., Chicago, Ill. It is just the thing to hold lesson leaves, and to keep all things pertaining to the lessons—memoranda, notes on the lessons, and everything valuable found in studying the lessons. There are five pockets in each wallet, giving places for five lessons ahead a pocket for each lesson of the month, thus making a convenient receptacle for the pocket for all matters pertaining to the class. Mailed on receipt of five cents for single copy; fifty cents per dozen.

REV. THRO. MOGON.

None of self and all of Thee.

JAR. MCGRAHAN.

Oh, the bit-ter pain and sor-row That a time could ev-er be, When I proudly said to Je-sus "All of self, and none of Thee," All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee, When I proudly said to Je-sus "All of self and none of Thee."

2 Yet he found me; I beheld him, Bleeding on th' accursed tree; And my woful heart said faintly, "Some of self and some of Thee."

3 Day by day his tender mercy Healing, helping, full and free, Brought me lower, while I whispered "Less of self and more of thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens, Deeper than the deepest sea, Lord, thy love at last has conquered. "None of self and all of thee."

We beg to call attention to the fine piece of music from the *NEW DOMINION HYMNAL*—302 Hymns for Sunday-school and Social Worship. Two editions of the *Music* and three editions of the *Words Only* have been called for, in all 29,000 copies in a little over three months. No better evidence of popularity is needed. Sample copies mailed post-free on receipt of price. Price—*Music* edition, bound in board covers, per copy, 60 cents; per dozen, \$6. *Words only*—bound in paper, 7 cents per copy; 75 cents per dozen; \$6 per hundred. Bound in limp cloth, 10 cents per copy; \$1 per dozen; \$8 per hundred. Bound in cloth boards, 15 cents per copy; \$1.50 per dozen; \$12 per hundred. Parties ordering, will please be careful to state whether they want the *Words only* or *Music* edition of this book; also specify the kind of binding.

Successful Men of To-Day. By WILBUR F. CRAFTS. Published by Funk and Wagnalls, New York, in *Standard Library*. Price 25 cents.

The testimony, facts, and incidents in the lives and experiences of five hundred of the most prominent men of America, on the question of success in life, have been collected by the author of this book. The information obtained comes from Statesmen, Generals, Merchants, Educators, Doctors, Lawyers, Judges, Editors, Manufacturers, etc., and has been obtained with great care and diligence. It ought especially to be read by every young man. The book possesses all the charm of biography of distinguished men, and abounds in witty, humorous, and telling anecdotes and illustrations.

All Funk and Wagnalls books are for sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX MILLION PAGES OF GOOD READING.

At the fifty-eighth anniversary of the American Tract Society, recently held in New York, the annual report was made, showing the immense work done by that great organization with its vast machinery of colporteurs, sales-rooms in different cities, etc. During

the past year the Society has circulated *seventy-six millions* of pages of printed matter! These figures astonished and delighted the audience to whom they were read. The *New York Tribune* editorially called attention to their magnitude, and Dr. John Hall dwelt upon it in a public discourse. To print and circulate all this reading, the Society expended, *over and above the receipts from the sale of its publications*, the sum of \$116,975.73, made up in legacies and other gifts; and no doubt expended all this money wisely.

Now look at these figures about Funk and Wagnalls Standard Library. We shall average during the year an issue of thirty thousand copies of each of the twenty-six books, each book containing an average of two hundred pages. This will make an aggregate of *one hundred and fifty-six millions of pages* of printed matter—more than double the number of pages, including books of all kinds and tracts, printed by the American Tract Society last year! We commend and honour the work of this great Society. We would not print these figures if they could be construed to its disparagement; we print them to show how, *with the co-operation of the friends of good reading*, a stupendous work in circulating good literature can be carried forward and *made to pay its way*. Those who have aided us, without whose help our work could not be done, will see in these figures reasons for the highest satisfaction and encouragements to persevere in the great work of supplanting bad cheap reading by good cheap reading. They will see that *it can be done*.—From the *June Homiletic Monthly*.

The Boy Engineers: what they did and how they did it. A book for boys by the Rev. J. LUKIN, pp. 344. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.75.

What boy is not fond of machinery, and of watching its operations, and if possible of constructing it himself! It is to gratify and guide this taste of boys, that the Rev. Mr. Lukin tells the story of a couple of ingenious lads; the difficulties they met in the use of tools and machinery; the way in which they

overcame them, and constructed various apparatus—from a wooden clock to electrical and pneumatic machines. The scientific principles are duly explained, and illustrated by numerous engravings.

Little Mook and Other Tales. By W. HAUFF, translated from the German by F. E. Pinkerton. 8vo., pp. 303. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50.

The German Fatherland is the native home of goblin lore and fairy tales. The scene of these delightful stories is laid in the legend-haunted Hartz Mountains, the Black Forest, the poetic Swabian land, and in that home of Faery, the Bagdad of good Haroun al Raschid. The dainty cream-coloured binding and the numerous elegant or fantastic engravings will make it a favourite volume for the little folk who are fortunate enough to rejoice in its possession.

The History of My friends & Home Life with Animals. Translated from the French of Emile Achard. Crown 8vo., pp. 193. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book bears a considerable resemblance to the charming one on a similar subject by Theophile Gautier, recently noticed by us. The French have a quick and keen sympathy with nature and with animal life, as shown in the fascinating books of Michelet and LaFontaine. The "friends" in this volume were a very promiscuous lot, including dogs, cats, monkeys, mules, horses, an ostrich, a gazelle, a bear, and a lion cub—quite a menagerie in fact. Their exploits, adventures, and "tantrums," are duly recorded for the advantage of all little folk who are fond of dumb pets and four-footed friends. The book well illustrates the fine lines of Coleridge:

He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

WEAR your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.



WORK DONE INSIDE.—(See "Honest Saloon Advertisement.")

Sunday.

O DAY most calm, most bright !
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood ;
The couch of time ; care's bath, and bay ;
The week were dark but for thy light :
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow ;
The work-days are the back-part ;
The burden of the week lies there.
Making the whole to stoop and bow.
Till thy release appear.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands open ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

Thou art a day of mirth ;
And, where the week days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
Oh, let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven !

—George Herbert.

An Honest Saloon Advertisement.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS:—Grateful for the liberal encouragement received from you, and having supplied my tavern with a new and ample stock of choice wines, spirits, and lager beer, I thankfully inform you that I continue to make drunkards and beggars for the sober, industrious, and respectable community to support. My liquors may excite you to riot, robbery, and blood, and will certainly diminish your comforts, augment your expenses, and shorten your lives. I confidently recommend them as sure to multiply

fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and likely to render these incurable. They will deprive some of life, some of reason, many of character, and all of peace ; will make fathers fiends, wives widows, mothers cruel, children orphans, and all poor. I will train the young to ignorance, dissipation, infidelity, lewdness, and every vice ; corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the gospel, defile the church ; and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can. I will thus "accommodate the public," it may be, at the cost of my never-dying soul. I have a family to support—the trade pays, and the public encourage it. I have a license from the magistrate ; my traffic is lawful, even Christians countenance it ; and if I do not bring these evils upon you somebody else will. I know the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill," pronounces a "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink ;" and enjoins me not to "put a stumbling block in a brother's way." I also read that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," and I cannot expect the drunkard-maker without repentance, to share a better fate ; but I wish a lazy living, and have deliberately resolved to gather the wages of iniquity and fatten on the ruin of my species. I shall therefore carry on my trade with energy, and do my best to diminish the wealth of the nation, impair the health of the people, and endanger the safety of the state. Should you doubt my ability I refer to the pawn shop, the police office, the hospital, lunatic asylum, jails and the gallows, where so many of my customers have gone. The sight of them will satisfy you that I do what I promise.

JUDAS HEARTLESS.

N.B.—I teach old and young to drink, and charge only for the materials ; a very few lessons are enough.

THAT genius is the most available which is based on reasonably good sense, industry and perseverance.

S. S. Notes.

"THE Sunday-school at Cookshire, Province of Quebec, was among the smallest in our work. It is now very much larger than formerly. Fifty persons were present at the last meeting of the school, though the weather was unfavourable. The school uses the *Scholar's Quarterly*, and takes the *Pleasant Hours* and HOME AND SCHOOL, and values them very highly."—E. S. ORR, Supt.

It is not the question whether the children shall read, that we have to do with. It is the far graver question, what they shall read ! Literature in great abundance is thrust before them. It comes in cheap, often attractive, and generally exciting forms, and much the greater part is productive only of mischief. Here comes in the grave responsibility of parents and teachers. The fashion of casting away Sunday-school libraries, that has found favour in some localities, is only the giving of a clearer field for the disseminators of harmful books. By all means let the library remain. Let it be restored where it has been discarded. Let it be replenished with attractive and really valuable books. Good books are abundant. Let these be chosen, with careful exclusion of all that is unworthy ; let the library shelves be filled with them, and then let young and old be heartily encouraged to read.—*Bible Teacher*.

THERE is no human love like a mother's love. There is no human tenderness like a mother's tenderness. And there is no such time for a mother's first displaying her love and tenderness toward her child, as in the child's earliest years of life. That time neglected, and no future can make good the loss to either mother or child. That time well improved, and all the years which follow it can profit by its improvement. Even God himself

measures His fatherly love by a motherly standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," He says ; and what more than this could He say ! And many a strong man who was first comforted by his mother's loving and tender words and ways while he was a helpless child, has never lost his grateful, trusting dependence on that mother's ministry of affection and sympathy.

THE value of teachers' meetings is not realized by the slovenly and neglectful teacher. He thinks he knows enough now ; but the really studious and thoughtful teacher appreciates their value more and more as he studies his lesson. It has been well said that "the more a teacher has studied his lesson, the more likely he is to feel the need of the further help of the teachers' meeting. He wants to know what points in the lesson have perplexed others, and what points have seemed to them of practical value, in order to direct his own thoughts and energies most effectively for his class. It is only the poorly furnished teacher who thinks he can get on as well without the teachers' meeting as with it. The trouble with him is, that he doesn't know how much more he needs to know."—*Teacher's Mentor*.

HAGGAI, ZECHARIAH, and MALACHI, prophets of the Old Testament times, were buried in the city of Jerusalem. The ground in which their remains were laid belongs to the Turkish government, and negotiations are now on foot for its purchase by Christians in order that a Christian church may be erected on the spot. The Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem are much exercised about this, but the Turkish representatives say that their only way to prevent the ground from passing into the hands of the Christians is to buy it themselves and pay down the cash.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—It is a great mistake for Sunday-school superintendents and teachers to neglect the public services of the church with which their school is identified. A Sunday-school in a church that does not tend to build up that church, and that is not subordinate to its officers, has no reason for existence in that particular locality. One of the great objects of the Sunday-school is the training of children to love to attend the church. It is this far a substitute for homes that have neglected their duty. When a Sunday-school pupil finds his teacher and superintendent indifferent to the church, the pastor, the public service, or to any of the interests of that church, he will be likely to become as apathetic as are his leaders. We think, therefore, that our conclusion is legitimate—that Sunday-school superintendents and teachers who do not feel a deep and unwavering interest in the church itself would render better service to the public and to the church by an early resignation. Where the session is held immediately after the public services, the coming in of such officers at a late hour has a most demoralizing effect.—*S. S. Journal*.

The Wise and the Foolish Virgins.

MIDNIGHT comes, and slumber falling
On their eyelids, seals them fast :—
Hark ! the sound of voices calling,
Lo, the Bridegroom comes at last !
All arise their lamps to trim,
For their light is burning dim.

Five were wise—their light now failing,
From the cruse with oil they feed ;
Five were foolish—sadly wailing,
“Oil has failed us in our need.”
Weeping at the gate they stand,
Lamps extinguished in their hand.

As they hasten in their sadness
Back into the darkened street,
They can hear the shout of gladness
Sounding welcome clear and sweet.
He has entered—closed the gate—
Now they come, but come too late !

Vainly knocking, long entreating,
There they stand in darkest night.—
At the feast, the King is greeting
All His servants robed in white—
Those who walked as friends before,
Parted now for evermore.

Faith, to Jesus simply clinging,
In His footsteps following still,
Love within the heart up-springing,
True obedience to His will—
These sweet graces must be mine,
Ere my lamp can brightly shine.

'Tis the Spirit that first gives it—
Prayer the lamp must daily trim ;
It is He whose breath revives it,
When its light is growing dim.
Jesus, let my life then be
Like a lamp kept bright by Thee.
—Rev. J. D. Burns.

The Boy Astronomer.

THE first transit of Venus ever seen by a human eye was predicted by a boy, and was observed by that boy just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. We have a somewhat wonderful story to tell about this boy.

He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool, England. He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day. He studied the problem of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the table of Kepler indicated the near approach of the period of the transit of Venus across the sun's centre. This was about the year 1635.

Often, on the midsummer nights, the boy Horrox might have been seen in the fields watching the planet Venus. The desire sprung up within him to see the transit of the beautiful planet across the disk of the sun, for it was a sight that no eye had ever seen, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems ever presented to the mind of an astronomer. So the boy began to examine the astronomical tables of Kepler, and by their aid endeavoured to demonstrate at what time the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and then he, being the first of all astronomers to make the precise calculation, discovered the exact date when the next transit would take place. He told his secret to one intimate friend, who like himself, loved science. The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted, for a number of years, never seeing the loved planet in the shaded evening sky without dreaming of the day when the transit should fulfil the beautiful vision he carried continually in his mind.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, the boy astronomer, now just past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet

of paper in a private room, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's disk on the paper, he expected moment by moment to see the planet pass like a moving spot or a shadow.

Suddenly, the church bells rung. The paper still was spotless. No shadows broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the church bells rung. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return, and the expected disclosure be lost for a century.

But Horrox said to himself, “I must not neglect the worship of the Creator to see the wonderful things the Creator has made.”

So he left the reflected image of the sun on paper, and went to the sanctuary.

When he returned from the service, he hurried to the room. The sun was still shining; and there, like a shadow on the bright circle on the paper, was the image of the bright planet Venus. It crept slowly along the bright centre, like the finger of the Invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the great problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his pure heart with religious joy.

Horrox died at the age of twenty-two. Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterward, Venus was again seen crossing the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and expeditions were fitted out by the principal European governments. It was observed in this country by David Rittenhouse, who fainted when he saw the vision.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Salvation Army.

Look at those fellows with their brass instruments on the platform at the Oxford circus, and those women with their tambourines, “timbrels” they are called in the Bible. How those chaps blow! How those girls make the parchment vibrate and the bells jingle, and how the music goes through you! But now suppose you go and hire some men to play on drums and trumpets, and invite some women to beat tambourines, and get up a regular Salvation army band, you will find that there is no spiritual power and possibly very little good music in it. What is the matter? I will tell you. That lad up there in the band at the Oxford circus “barracks” used to blow the cornet in her majesty's service, till he sunk so low by his vices that her majesty's army sloughed him off. Broken-hearted and ready to perish, he went down, down, till, just on the point of throwing himself into the Thames, he saw a squad of the Salvation army marching by. With the instinct of an old soldier he joined the ranks, and presently found himself at the Salvation army's barracks. They did not attempt to slough him off, he was just the sort of a recruit for them; so they showed him the way to the “fountain,” taught him the “knee drill.” God's Spirit put salvation into him, and it was not long before he could join the “hallelujah chorus,” and sometimes he felt like relieving his overcharged soul by a “salvation breakdown.” Then he began to look for work, and found it; then he began to look for usefulness, and found it in the cornet he used to play; and now he drives a van by day and blows that horn by night, for the praise and glory of God his Saviour. See how his cheeks stick out! See how his eyes shine! The man is saved. He knows

it, feels it, quivers all over with delight at the thought of it; and he blows on that brass horn accordingly. No hired musician ever played the cornet that way.

That clean, tidy girl used to play the tambourine at doors of ale-houses, singing meanwhile with a beery voice and a broken heart; but some of the “army” sisters picked her up; Christ, who is not so particular as some of his professed disciples, saved her, and now she sings with a new voice and sounds the salvation timbrel, and thus praises the Lord with all her soul and body. This is the material of which the Salvation army is largely recruited; these are the wasted and worse than wasted talents that are put to the Master's service. It is amazing what an amount and variety of ability, and even of genius, has thus been rescued and massed for the saving of lost men and women; but their music cannot be imitated by mere musicians, nor can the tactics of the “army” at large be put to proper use by common Christians. Out of the depths of sin have these souls cried unto God, and out of the depths of joy and gratitude they march and dance and sing and pray, bringing, as I verily believe, more people to a sound biblical experience of saving grace than any other body of believers in England.

ERE you left your room this morning
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favour
As a shield to-day?

When you met with great temptations
Did you think to pray?
By His dying love and merit
Did you claim his Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay.

When your heart was filled with anger
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

When sore trials come upon you
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed with sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

—The Presbyterian.

Fiji Missions.

FIJI is a bright star in the constellation of Wesleyan missionary triumphs. The Wesleyans sent two labourers there so early as 1834, and in 1836 they had acquired sufficient influence to prevent the massacre and eating of the crew of the ship “Active,” shipwrecked near Lakemba, and in 1857 there were 54,281 attendants upon the Methodist religious services. I well remember, in 1854-5, of reading in the English *Missionary Juvenile Offering*, the letter of James Calvert, the leading missionary, asking the prayers of English children for the blood-thirsty cannibal King Thakambau, and equally well do I remember the glad news reaching us of Thakambau's conversion, and Calvert's description of his overjoyed feelings, as one Sabbath morning the king and family presented themselves for baptism.

Thakambau is now a local preacher, and his sons and daughters are class-leaders and Sunday-school teachers. The Fiji Islands, as well as the Friendly Islands, have been completely Christianized in one generation. A year or two ago the Friendly Islanders had a Thanksgiving fund, from which they

purchased, first, an annuity for the old missionary, William Thomas, who first brought them the gospel, and then these dusky islanders set apart and sent over £100, or \$500, for the conversion of London. All this, besides sustaining their own churches and maintaining missions in adjoining islands, when within living memory they were cannibals and savages. And yet people ask the question whether “missions pay!”

John Hunt was a noble martyr in that Fijian work. He was a Lincolnshire lad, red-haired and shock-headed, fresh from the farm, when he knocked at the English Conference doors. They accepted him on trial for the mission work, and sent him to Richmond College. On his arrival there with a small trunk and a bundle tied up in a red kerchief, the servants and the more fashionable students were inclined to laugh and mock at him. At night, however, they asked him to pray, and then they soon altered their opinion. In Fiji his labours were most abundant, and he died a martyr to the good cause. Said Dr. Cocker once: “By the grave of that sainted missionary, John Hunt, I vowed that while ever I had a crust of bread to eat, or a roof to cover me, I would share it, if the occasion presented itself, with a missionary or a minister of Christ.”

Small Change.

A METHODIST, in class-meeting, said that he “had been a Christian off and on for thirty years.” All denominations, alas, have many such adherents.

“WHY did you hide, Johnny?” said one boy to another. “I hide to save my hide,” replied the other, as he hied away to a secure spot.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER finely and forcibly says: “Falsehood is in a hurry; it may be at any moment detected and punished; truth is calm, serene; its judgment is on high: its King cometh out of the chambers of eternity.”

A MAINE physician, after “years of careful study,” has come to the conclusion that a cold is not a cold, but a fever directly caused by indigestion or impure air. “Fasting, fresh air, and exercise,” he says, “are nature's triple panacea” for the disorder.

DR. MARK HOPKINS, in a recent lecture to the theological students of Princeton Seminary, is reported to have expressed his views in regard to evolution very forcibly, saying that the theory was not only “atheistic,” but entirely insufficient to explain in any way the origin of the human species.

THE ancient furnace still in use at the custom-house docks in England, is known as the “Queen's tobacco pipe.” In this gloves, lace, bandanna handkerchiefs, coffee, tea, cigars, spirits, which were smuggled, were burned formerly. Thirteen thousand pairs of French gloves were at one time cast into this furnace.

EVERY one can't be beautiful, but they can be sweet tempered; and a sweet temper gives a loveliness to the face more attractive in the long run than even beauty. Have a smile and a kind word for all, and you will be more admired—nay, loved, than any mere beauty. A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to the trees and flowers.

Dedication.

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalations of the land and sea.
Men build their houses from the masonry
Of ruined tombs, the passion and the pain
Of hearts that long have ceased to beat re-
main
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.

So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust
Names that once filled the world with
trumpet tones,
I build this verse, and flowers of song have
thrust
Their roots among the loose disjointed
stones,
Which to this end I fashion as I must,
Quickened as they that touch the Pro-
phet's bones.

Results of Prohibition.

THE beneficent results that have accrued from even partial and transient restrictions of the liquor traffic give a hopeful augury of the very great benefit which would result from its entire suppression.

Dr. Lees, in his argument for prohibition, enumerates many of these examples. During a temporary stoppage of distillation in 1812-13, crime decreased one-sixth. In consequence of Father Mathew's success in Ireland, crime was reduced to the extent of one-third, as compared with preceding years, and one-half as compared with succeeding years. In the city of Dublin, the number of prisoners, was reduced from 136 to 23, or five-sixths. Over one hundred cells were empty, and one prison was shut up.

The Forbes-McKenzie Act in Scotland, as the late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Dundas McLaren, has shown, reduced Sunday offences in Edinburgh 75 per cent; emptied the cells of the prison; and postponed the necessity of a new gaol, thereby saving the city £12,000; and in Scotland at large reduced the consumption of spirits 957,830 gallons, or one-seventh of the whole, while crime decreased in the same proportion. In the city the proportion is higher still; in Edinburgh, the prisoners in the gaol decreased in two years from 650 to 318; less than one-half, while the Sunday commitments decreased from 278 to 43, or less than one-sixth. In Greenock, the arrests were reduced in one year, after the passage of the Act, from 3,062 to 751; less than one-fourth.

It is, however, in the United States of America, that legal prohibition of the liquor traffic has been carried out on the largest scale, and with the most satisfactory results. An immense body of testimony demonstrates its efficiency beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Governor Dutton writes, some months after its inauguration: "It has completely swept the pernicious traffic, as a business, from the State. An open groggery cannot be found; I have not seen a drunken person here since the first of August." Governor Morrill says: "In ten days every tavern in the town where I reside was closed. In two years all the liquor required for medicinal and mechanical purposes cost only \$198. For twenty years before, the annual expenditure was not less than \$8,000 or \$10,000."

The following are extracts from an interesting letter from Hon. Neal Dow to the Chairman of a Parliamentary Commission of the Canadian Legislature appointed to inquire into the working of the prohibitory law in Maine. He says: "Under the operation of the law,

pauperism and crime diminished wonderfully. In some of our towns pauperism ceased entirely. In others the gaols were literally tenanted, and in all of them the number of prisoners greatly diminished. The wholesale liquor trade was utterly destroyed without a single prosecution.

In 1856, another party came into power, and the Maine Law was repealed. In five months, that party was swept out of power, amid the scorn and execrations of the people. Only one person of the entire legislature who voted for the repeal of the Maine Law was re-elected!" Of that repeal of the law, Lord Brougham says: "Pauperism and crime, which under the prohibitory law had been reduced to an incredibly small amount, soon renewed their devastations; the public voice was raised loudly against the license plan, and the repealing Act was, without opposition, itself repealed."

The present writer, from personal experience, and from the testimony of liquor dealers themselves, can bear witness to the almost total suppression of the liquor traffic in Maine. One droughty soul in Portland confessed "that he had travelled five miles in search of liquor, and could not find a single drop."

The Mayor of Providence asserts, "that in three months the prohibition of liquor law reduced the monthly commitments to prison, nearly 60 per cent." Rev. Mr. Hadley says: "One hundred dollars will now accomplish more for the moral improvement of the people, than one thousand would under the reign of alcohol." The Rev. Dr. Idea writes: "One Sunday I was passing the head of a pier where about three hundred fishermen were seated. Everything was perfectly quiet. Some had out their Bibles and were reading. 'If you had been here,' said the landlord of the hotel, 'before the Maine Law passed, you would on such a day have seen these rocks all along covered with blood. No female dared venture out of the house at such a time. I opposed the law with all my might, because I thought it would injure my trade; but now I make more money when these men are ashore than I did by supplying them with liquor. When they go away they take with them whole canoe loads of eggs, hams, and other necessaries.'"

We thus see that every restriction of the liquor traffic has been attended with corresponding moral, social, and financial benefit, and in all cases proportionate to the extent of the restriction. The people of Canada have the sacred right to be delivered from that awful scourge which is desolating the entire community and preying upon the very vitals of the nation. Let them arise in the majesty of their might and demand, in tones which those that make the laws shall understand, the repeal of those statutes which grant for filthy lucre the privilege of making men beggars, ruffians, and rogues; which send them to perdition according to law, and ruins body, soul, and estate under the authority of an Act of Parliament. Such a *vox populi* will be indeed the *vox Dei*, and like His resistless Word, shall not be unfulfilled. As the glorious sun-god, Apollo, of old smote with his arrows of light, the abominable mud-born pythons of the abyss, so let righteous Law, "which hath her birthplace in the very bosom of God Himself," rise in her sacred majesty and hurl her bolts of wrath at this

hydra headed beast Intemperance, till it is banished from the face of the earth forever!—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

The Mask.

'Tis only the mask of your friend you see,
Weather-stained, sorrow-stained, scared and
gray;
Pitiful, fading, and changing fast,
Soon to be covered and laid away.

Be not repelled by the sorry mask,
Beauty immortal and fresh as dew,
Love which is all that your soul can ask,
Wait in its shadow, my friend, for you.

The spirit is ever unseen, unknown,
Struggle to shine through the flesh as it
may;
In the arms of its chosen it still is alone;
They all blend into one when released from
the clay.

—Augusta Moore.

Boys' and Girls' Temperance Lesson.

LESSON XII.

Alcohol and its Relations to Personal Estate.

QUESTION. To what sum will the expenditure of five and one-quarter cents a day amount in round numbers in one year?

ANSWER. Twenty dollars.

Q. In ten years, with compound interest?

A. Two hundred and sixty dollars.

Q. In fifty years?

A. Five thousand eight hundred dollars.

Q. To what sum will the expenditure of eleven cents a day amount in one year?

A. Forty dollars.

Q. In ten years?

A. Five hundred and twenty dollars.

Q. In fifty years?

A. Eleven thousand six-hundred dollars.

Q. To what sum will the expenditure of twenty-seven cents a day amount in one year?

A. One hundred dollars.

Q. In ten years?

A. One thousand three hundred dollars.

Q. In fifty years?

A. Twenty-nine thousand dollars.

Q. To what sum will the expenditure of fifty-five cents a day amount in one year?

A. Two hundred dollars.

Q. In ten years?

A. Two thousand six hundred dollars.

Q. In fifty years?

A. Fifty-eight thousand dollars.

Q. Is it usual for persons in ordinary circumstances to expend either of these sums daily, for alcoholic drinks and at the same time accumulate property?

A. It is not usual. The cases where personal estate is increased under these circumstances are exceedingly rare.

GERMANY is buying its telegraph wires, and has already completed an elaborate system of subterranean cables from Konigsburg to Strasburg, and from Linden to Breslau, connecting 250 German towns. The system cost \$10,000,000, and is working admirably.

BURDETTE, of the *Burlington Hawk-eye*, says: "My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding all the while because, as he says, Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will observe that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$500 or \$1,000 a night for preaching atheism."

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

47.—

M
W A N
M A B E L
N E D
L

48.—

A L E
L E T
E T T

49.—Whale, hale, ale.

50.—Toss-pot. Apple-ton.

NEW PUZZLES.

51.—CURTAILMENT.

Curtail a flat canopy, and have the last clause of a writ; again, and have experiment.

52.—DECAPITATION.

Behead a delicate fish, and have to defeat; again, and have not at home.

53.—LETTER RUBUS.

M
E Y

54.—ENIGMA.

1, 2, 3, 4, affectionate; 5, 6, 7, a pronoun; 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, one who lives near; 16, 17, a conjunction; 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, a pronoun.

It takes a lifetime to build a character; it only takes one moment to destroy one. How sensitive is righteousness, how resentful is the spirit of purity and nobleness!—*Joseph Parker.*

NAPLES has about as many people as Chicago, and Milan rather more than Baltimore; Turin and Palermo would rank with Cincinnati, and the Eternal City has a population of 300,476. Population in Italy increases a little less than 1 per cent. per annum.

THE true mission of the Sunday-school teacher is not so much to interest or please his scholars, as to lead them to the Lord Jesus. How can you do that unless you have yourself learned the way, and know what consecration means?

SUPERINTENDENT WARNER of the Allegheny, Pa., workhouse says:—"Prison labour is not worth over 40 cents a day. When a skilled workman can be had for \$2 a day I should prefer the latter. Men who go to prison are usually those who have cultivated all their life a natural distaste for work."

In a recent lecture Prof. Huxley said: "If a man cannot get literary culture of the highest kind out of his Bible, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Hobbs, and Bishop Berkeley, to mention only a few of our illustrious writers—I say if he cannot get it out of those writers, he cannot get it out of anything; and I would assuredly devote a very large portion of the time of every English child to the careful study of the models of English writing of such varied and wonderful kind as we possess, and what is still more important and still more neglected, the habit of using that language with precision and with force and with art. I fancy we are almost the only nation in the world who seem to think that composition comes by nature. The French attend to their own language, the Germans study theirs; but Englishmen do not seem to think it worth their while."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1451.] LESSON V. [July 29.

THE READING OF THE LAW.

Josh. 8. 30-35. Commit to memory vs. 33-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing.—Deut. 30. 19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Obedience is the way to life.
Disobedience is the way to death.

TIME.—B.C. 1451. Spring or early Summer. Immediately after the capture of Ai.

PLACE.—Shechem, in the valley between Mts. Ebal and Gerizim, 30 miles northwest of Jericho, 7 miles south of Samaria.

THE PROMISE TO ABRAHAM.—Shechem was the first settlement of Abraham in the Promised Land, and here God renewed his promise to him. (Gen. 12. 6, 7.) Here Abraham built the first altar in Canaan. Here Jacob settled and dug "Jacob's well." Here he bought a field for burial, and the bones of Joseph were afterwards placed here.

THE COMMAND OF MOSES.—Before he died Moses commanded that this ceremony should be performed as soon as the people entered Canaan. (Deut. 11. 29; 27. 1-10.)

THE REASONS.—(1) To make a deep impression of the necessity of obeying God. (2) It was a formal consecration of themselves to God. (3) It was a taking possession of the land in the name of God. (4) It was a coronation of God as king of this land. (5) It was a taking an oath of allegiance to him as King.

EBAL AND GERIZIM.—Ebal is 3076 feet high above the sea, and 1200 above Shechem. Gerizim is 2849 feet high. The valley between is perhaps the most beautiful in Palestine. The spot was specially fitted for this ceremony. The two mountains form a natural amphitheatre. The voice can easily be heard by all the multitudes as has been repeatedly proved by experiment.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—30. An altar.—They begin with religion. 31. Of whole stones.—(1) To turn the chief attention to the sacrifice itself; (2) as a symbol of the natural heart needing atonement. Burnt offerings.—For atonement for sin. Without forgiveness no one could approach God. Peace offerings.—Offerings of communion with God, and of thanksgiving, part being burned, part given to the priests, and part eaten by the offerer and his friends. 32. Wrote upon the stones.—Large stones were set up and covered with plaster (Deut. 27. 4) on which was written the law, either in the soft plaster, or with red paint. Such writings in that dry climate have lasted 2000 years. The law.—The precepts of the law, not the whole history. 33. All Israel.—The tribes to be on each mountain are named in Deut. 27. 12, 13. 34. Read all the words.—By the Levites, and the people said Amen. Blessings and cursings.—Deut. 27 and 28.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Ebal and Gerizim.—The altar.—The law written on the rocks.—The people arranged on the two mountains.—The blessings.—The curses.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where were the Israelites now encamped? What two cities had they already captured? What was the season of the year?

SUBJECT: THE TWO WAYS.—OF BLESSING OR OF CURSING.

1. THE COMMAND.—What did Moses command the people to do as soon as they entered the Promised Land? (Deut. 27. 1-14.) At what place was this ceremony to be held? What had taken place before this on the same spot? (Gen. 12. 6, 7; 33. 18-20.) How far was this from the place where Israel was encamped? Could they go safely so far through an enemy's country? What was the object of the ceremony? Why should it take place on their first entrance into Canaan? Describe Ebal and Gerizim. Show the fitness of the place for this purpose.

2. THE PREPARATIONS (vs. 30, 31).—Of what three parts was this celebration to consist? (vs. 30, 32, 34.) Where was the altar to be built? Why upon Ebal, the mount of cursing? How was the altar to be made?

(Ex. 20. 25.) Why of unhewn stones? What two kinds of offerings were made? What was the meaning of burnt offerings? of peace offerings? Why did they begin this great ceremony on the twin mountains with religious services?

3. THE TWO WAYS (vs. 32-35).—What was the next thing Moses did? On what was the law written? (Deut. 27. 2, 3.) Would this be durable? Could the words be read by the people? How much of the law was written on the rocks? What was the reason for this writing? Where was the ark now placed? Who surrounded it? How were the people arranged? Which tribes were on Ebal? (Deut. 27. 13.) Which on Gerizim? (Deut. 27. 12.) What was read to the people? How many people were there? (Num. 1. 46.) Could they all hear? Why were the children to be present? For what would they receive "cursings"? (Deut. 27. 14-26.) What were the people to say? (Deut. 17. 26.) What were the curses that would fall on disobedience? (Deut. 28. 15-58.) Was it possible to escape them if they were disobedient? (Deut. 28. 15, 45, 58.) What were the blessings? (Deut. 28. 3-13.) How could they obtain these blessings? (Deut. 28. 1, 13, 14.) Was there any other way to obtain them? Did these things come true in the history of the Israelites? Will they be true for us? (Matt. 25. 31-46.) Will they be true for our country?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Two ways are placed before every person in their youth.
2. Disobedience is the certain road to cursing.
3. Obedience the only way to blessing.
4. Every one must make his choice of one way or the other.
5. That choice is usually made early in life.
6. People do not directly choose death, but the disobedience that leads to death.
7. Our consciences say Amen to the blessings God awards.

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

1. What did the Israelites do soon after entering Canaan? *Ans.* They all went to the valley between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. 2. What took place there? *Ans.* The law was written on the rocks in the presence of the people. 3. Then how were the people arranged? *Ans.* Half were placed upon Mt. Ebal, and the other half facing them on Mt. Gerizim. 4. What was then done? *Ans.* The law of Moses was read to them, with the blessings upon obedience, and the cursings upon disobedience. 5. What did the people say? *Ans.* And all the people said Amen.

B.C. 1444.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 5.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

Joshua 20. 1-9. Commit to memory vs. 1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.—Heb. 6. 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ is our refuge from sin and its punishment.

TIME.—B. C. 1444. Six years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Shiloh (place of rest), 17 miles north of Jerusalem, half way between Bethel and Shechem; 9 or 10 miles from each. Here was the tabernacle and ark. Here was the religious centre of the nation during 300 years, the whole period of the Judges.

JOSHUA, between 78 and 85 years old, living at Shiloh.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The Gibeonites stratagem (ch. 9). A great combination of kings overthrown (ch. 10). Sun and moon stand still (ch. 10. 13). An immense army with horses and chariots defeated (ch. 11). A list of 31 kings conquered in the seven years' war (ch. 12). The land divided among the tribes (chs. 12-19).

INTRODUCTION.—After the impressive ceremonies upon Ebal and Gerizim, the Israelites continued the war till after six or seven years (Josh. 14. 7, 10) the country was so far subjugated that it was divided among the tribes, and the people settled down in their homes. It was therefore time for Joshua to proceed with some civil institutions as in to-day's lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—2. Cities of refuge.—(1) Their need. In the early ages any one who had committed murder must be slain by the nearest relative of the murdered person. This relative was called the Avenger of blood. (2) Their object. For the safety of accidental murderers. Wilful murderers were always to be executed. Those who killed another by accident fled to the city of refuge where they were tried. (3) Their number was six. (4) Their situation, three on each side of the Jordan, one in the north, one in the centre, and one in the south of each section. (5) Roads were built, bridges kept in repair, guide-boards put up, to aid the escape of those who had a right to the refuge. (6) Here the murderer was tried. If guilty, he was delivered up to execution; if innocent, he was safe in the city. (7) He was safe only within the limits of the city. (8) He must remain till the death of the high priest. (9) This hardship of absence from home and business, was to guard against carelessness. (10) The avenger is a type of the conscience, and the penalty of sin. (11) The cities of refuge were a type of Christ.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Intervening history.—The avenger of blood.—The cities of refuge.—The punishment of wilful murder.—The treatment of accidental murder.—Conscience as an avenger.—Christ as a refuge.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long a time between this lesson and the last? (Josh. 14. 7, 10.) What events took place in the interval? How many kings were overcome? What was the general condition of the nation at this time? Where were the tabernacle and the ark placed? How long did they remain?

SUBJECT: THE CITIES OF REFUGE.—A TYPE OF CHRIST.

1. THE AVENGER (vs. 3-5).—What is meant by "the avenger of blood"? What was the ancient custom as to murderers? What was the reason for it? What evil effects might follow? What two kinds of murderers are described? What was done according to Jewish law with wilful murderers? (Num. 35. 30-33.) Why is this the proper punishment? How were those charged with murder guarded against injustice? (v. 8. Num. 35. 24, 25, 30, 31.)

2. THE CITIES OF REFUGE (vs. 1-9).—What was the object of the cities of refuge? How many of them were there? Point them out on the map. Why were they thus situated? What was done to aid refugees in reaching them? Who only had the right of refuge there? How were their cases tried? What if they were found guilty of wilful murder? (Deut. 19. 12.) What was done if he were innocent of wilful murder? How long must he remain in the city of refuge? Why was this exile and hardship inflicted upon him? What would happen if he left the city before the time expired? (Num. 35. 26-28.)

3. CHRIST OUR REFUGE.—Is there an avenger pursuing every sinner? What is this avenger? Can one who has sinned save himself? Who is our refuge? In what respects is Christ like the cities of refuge? Could any Saviour be easier of access than an ever-present Jesus? What has God done to help us to come to Jesus? Can we be safe any where else? What is it to go to Christ for refuge? When should we go to Jesus? Give reasons why we should not delay. Repeat texts about God and Christ as a refuge.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Every sin has its avenger: (1) in conscience; (2) in the laws of nature; (3) in the justice of God.
2. Christ is our only refuge from sin and its penalties.
3. God has done all he can to aid the escape of the sinner to the refuge: (1) the salvation is easily understood; (2) Christ is ever present; (3) God continually invites us; (4) Bibles and Sabbaths invite and prepare us; (5) His Holy Spirit aids us.
4. We are safe only while we abide in Christ.
5. We should haste to the refuge.

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

6. How long were the Israelites in conquering Canaan? *Ans.* About seven years. 7. What was then done? *Ans.* The land was divided among the tribes by lot. 8. What was one of the first acts of Joshua after this? *Ans.* The appointment of cities of refuge. 9. What were they for? *Ans.* For the safety of any who had accidentally killed another. 10. Who is our refuge? *Ans.* Jesus Christ.

STANDARD LIBRARY

PREVIOUS numbers of this Library were known by the name STANDARD SERIES. A list of these 79 books can be had on application. It is proposed to issue

26 BOOKS IN THE YEAR,

or one every fortnight. The regular selling price of the 26 books in this country would aggregate from \$50 to \$100. Our prices will be from 15 cents to 25 cents each, the average will be about 20 cents; in all about \$5.20. Any book in the list mailed post free on receipt of price.

12. Nature Studies. By R. A. PROCTOR. Price 25 cents.

11. Successful Men of To-Day, and What they Say of Success. Based on facts and opinions gathered by letters and personal interviews from 500 prominent men, and on many published sketches. By WILLIAM F. CRAFTS, A.M. Price 25 cents.

10. Sam Hobart. By JUSTIN D. FULTON. Price 25 cents. A biography of a Locomotive Engineer as fascinating as a romance.

9. An Hour with Charlotte Bronte; or, Flowers from a Yorkshire Moor. By LAURA C. HOLLOWAY. Price 15 cents.

8. The Essays of George Eliot. Complete. Collected by NATHAN SHEPPARD. Price 25 cents. These essays are now collected for the first time, they never having been published in book form in either England or America.

7. Colin Clout's Calendar. The Record of a Summer. By GRANT ALLEN. Price 25 cents. The Leeds Mercury declares them to be "the best specimens of popular scientific expositions that we have ever had the good fortune to fall in with."

6. The Highways of Literature; or, What to Read, and How to Read. By DAVID PRYDE, M.A., LL.D. Price 15 cents. The London and Scotch press speak most flatteringly of his writings, and describe his style as "clear, elegant, and terse." We remember a time when the work would have been a boon to us of unspendable value, as we doubt not it will prove to be to thousands of younger students and readers now.

5. Flotsam and Jetsam. By THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES. Price 25 cents.

4. Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers. By WM. EDWARD WINKS. Price 25 cents.

3. American Humourists. By H. R. HAWES. Price 15 cents.

2. Science in Short Chapters. By W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, F.R.S., F.C.S. Price 25 cents.

1. Oliver Cromwell. His Life, Times, Battle-Fields, and Contemporaries. By PAXTON HOOD. 12mo size—266 pages, bound in heavy paper, and lettered on back. Price 25 cents.

We cannot give Lists of forthcoming issues.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.

S. F. HURSTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.