

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.

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 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:

- 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/
Générique (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	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			✓								

HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. III.]

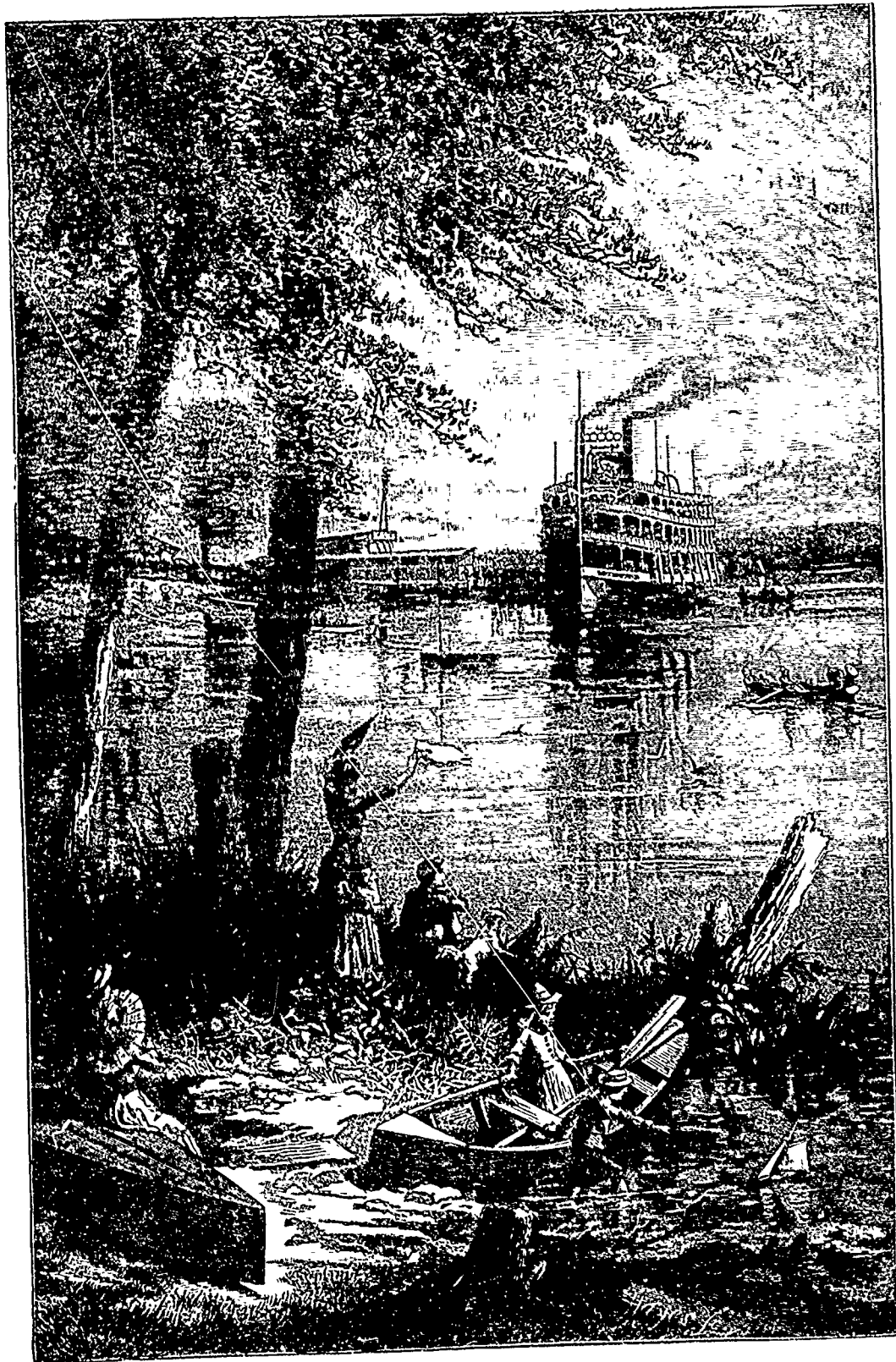
TORONTO, DECEMBER 5, 1885.

[No. 25.]

Chautauqua.

THE beautiful picture on this page gives a view of the busy scene at the steam-boat landing at Chautauqua, the seat of the famous Sunday-school Assembly. The steamer is one of the very few four-decked passenger boats in the world. It can carry two thousand passengers. How well everything is shown, even to the light and shadow on the standing figure in the foreground, and on the Japanese parasol of the lady sitting on the boat. This is a specimen of some eight or ten pictures of Chautauqua which will appear in an early number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, in the handsomest illustrated article which has ever appeared on this subject in any magazine in any country. We are indebted to Dr. Vincent and to John N. Abbott, Esq., of the Erie Railway, for the use of these elegant cuts. From all points east and west this great summer assembly can be easily reached by the Erie and its connections. Our friend Lewis O Peake, Secretary of the Canadian Branch of the O. L. S. C., has written the following sketch of the scope of this great assembly:

"The Sunday-school is the centre around which Chautauqua revolves, and toward which everything connected with it converges. The Alumni of the Normal department now number upwards of two thousand; the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle numbers nearly a hundred thousand members, of whom over five thousand have given evidence of having completed the four years' course of study, and are enrolled as members of the 'Society of the Hall in the Grove.' Where is there another place upon this planet, where for three weeks together, audiences of from three to six thousand can be brought out three times a day to listen



FAIRPOINT LANDING, CHAUTAUQUA.
(On the Line of the Erie Railway.)

to lectures of the very highest order? and how is it that it can be seen here? It must be that the thousands who throng the avenues of this city in the woods are drawn here by something stronger than the desire for rest or amusement. One common bond unites them, they are mostly Christians and Sunday-school teachers; one common motive animates them, a desire to do more and better work for the Master; they realize that to be a successful Sunday-school teacher it is not necessary to be ignorant or unlearned; they believe that a little knowledge of history, art, science, with a great deal of Bible knowledge, does not lessen their zeal for souls, but on the contrary gives them an immense advantage in their personal hand to hand contact with the members of their classes. The development of this spirit is the 'What' of Chautauqua.

"When Lewis Miller and Dr. Vincent laid the foundation of the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly in 1874, they built better than they knew. But with such a wise counsellor and generous patron as the former, and such a consummate architect and builder as the latter, both thoroughly consecrated to God in heart, head, and pocket, nothing is too wonderful to expect in the future. Take the outlook from the present standpoint:

"What of the two thousand Alumni of the Normal department? Does it not mean that two thousand teachers have been sent to their classes better qualified than before for their work? Nor is this all. Think of the vast army of teachers who have been benefitted through the same course of instruction at home, by those who were thus sent back as missionaries; and this process is going on, and will, repeat itself *ad infinitum*.

"Then take the O. L. S. C. phase of the prospect of one hundred thousand persons, on subjects which cannot fail to develop their better faculties. What does it mean for the future? I cannot tell! it is beyond my comprehension. I look upon the O. L. S. C. as one of the most far-reaching, in its possibilities, of any instrumentality which has yet been devised for the intellectual elevation of our race. That the interest in the course is not a transient one is evident from the fact that nearly, if not quite, all of the graduates of the present year have expressed their intention to continue the work in the special courses provided. This is a result which Dr. Vincent has confidently expected from the outset; it is a life-long course of study.

"And so I say, Chautauqua for ever! and may God bless and preserve Dr. J. H. Vincent, the beloved king of Chautauqua."

Naaman the Leper.

BY ROBERT AWDE, ESQ.

[We have pleasure in presenting this admirable poem, which so well illustrates a recent Sunday-school lesson.—Ed.]

Come with me, reader, over sea and land,
Lend ear and heart, and all you can command,
And we, perchance, may then with keener zest
Resume the studies that we love the best.

A Syrian home, palatial in extent,
With ample grounds—where art and culture lent
A thousand charms of form, of taste and hue,
To make both it and landscape fair to view.
Long galleries lined with scenes of battle fame,
Where Syrian arms have stamped the victor's name;
Here trophies hang—spoils of successful war
In Palestine and in Egypt far.
Here costly gems and ornaments of gold,
A precious store, too numerous to be told;
While skins, rugs, carpets, spread the ample space
Where female charms lend their peculiar grace.
The grounds were kept with more than usual care;
Adorned with trees and flowers surpassing fair:
Some, with their fruitage, pleased the pampered taste;
Some rich in foliage, others stately graced
The far extending walks, or stood alone
To charm the eye with beauty all their own.
Here fountains sparkle, rainbow-hued they play;
There murmuring streams o'er cascades leap
In spray,
To lose themselves in windings through the dell,
The cool retreats where dryads love to dwell.
Here nymph-like forms, embowered in sylvan shade,
Invite the wanderer to a peaceful glade
Where, undisturbed in meditation sweet,
The midday hours may pass unknown to heat.

Here comes the owner. See his favourite bower,
His loved retreat near by the watchman's tower,
From which the view, extending far and wide,
Commands the plain for miles on either side;
While near at hand, in bright, translucent sheen,
Rolls on the Pharpar, set in fadeless green,
Here voicing anthems o'er its rocky bed,
There in the plain a belt of silver spread—
Behold the man we've come so far to see:
Naaman, lord. A warrior brave is he.
A general bold. A man of high renown.
A royal favourite. King without a crown.
A mighty man in battle. See his shield,
Dented and hacked on many a hard-fought field
Where Israel's foemen met him in the fight,
And Israel's king had learned to fear his might.
For had he not victorious borne away
A host of captives taken in the fray,

Both male and female swelled the victor's train—
And Israel wept, her captives worse than slain
These were at rest; those, victims of a fate
All might conjecture, none might mitigate.

Yet special grace was not unfrequently shown,
And some were treated even as their own.
Hence do we find the Daniel and his friends,
Tho' captive held, the Court made such amends
As royal favour linked to merit won,
Tho' jealous princes grieved the justice done.
So in Naaman's household we shall find
A Jewish maiden serving the refined
And noble Thesma—proud Naaman's wife—
Whose favour won is worth far more than life
She reigns an Empress in her own domain,
Her word appoints and rules the courtly train
Of meek attendants waiting her command;
While one alone is privileged to stand
Near by her mistress. She is small and young,
And she alone can speak the Hebrew tongue
Which Thesma likes, and oft it suits her best
To speak a language foreign to the rest.
Besides the child is of such grace and mind,
Of knowledge rare, of manners so refined,
Her mistress loves her, and 'tis plain to see
Restraint has fled, the maid, tho' slave, is free.
Her young heart bounds responsive to the touch
Of kindly feeling, loves her mistress much;
And in her converse freely speaks and tells
Of all the thoughts that in her bosom dwells.

This wondrous freedom, born of innocence
And guileless love that knows of no pretence,
Made childless Thesma more acutely feel
The hidden grief which time could never heal.
One day, when sitting at fair Thesma's feet,
Telling of childhood's days and memories sweet—
Of that dear land the Hebrew loves so well,
She spake of plagues and judgments that befell
Their kings and people when their God they grieved
By breaking laws which they from heaven received.
She told of prophets—men who feared not kings—
Who, quite indifferent to all earthly things,
Cried God alone, who made the earth, sea, sky,
The sun and moon, and all the stars on high.

"These men have power with God," the maiden said;
With His permission they can raise the dead.
She told of him who prayed unto the Lord,
And at his cry the dead son was restored;
How that Elijah prayed it might not rain
For three years and six months; and then again
How at Mount Carmel, on that wondrous day
When Israel's God heard this same prophet pray,
First that the fire from heaven might come and burn
The sacrifice; and that the Lord would turn
His people's heart from idols. How God heard
And answered him. Then when he prayed again
And asked the Lord, He sent abundant rain.
More than the little maid rehearsed the tale,
And as the romantic, Thesma listened, pale
And all absorbed, drinking her every word.
The maiden, Elisha, said, "O that my lord
Were with Elisha, said, 'O that it be
He would restore him of his leprosy.'"

This word of faith fell on the listening ears
Of Thesma, and her eyes were filled with tears.
The maiden seeing, with much feeling said,
"The God, who at the brook Elijah fed;
Who raised the widow's son; who sent the fire;
Can cure Naaman if he so desire.
O that my lord would seek the prophet's face!
The God of Israel is the God of grace."
A great hope entered Thesma's heart. She spake
Unto a courtier, asking him to break
In gentle words the matter to the King
Benhadad. Who said, "Go to, go and bring
Naaman, for him surely will I send
Beaming a letter to the king, my friend;
And with a goodly present in his hand
Bespeak the boon I cannot well command."

So journeyed Naaman, with courtly train,
A royal chariot, and a guard of men
All armour-clad, mounted on sprightly steeds,
And full provisioned for prospective needs.
They reach Samaria, the royal home
Of Joram, and announce that they have come
From King Benhadad on imperial quest,
Bearing a letter with his seal impressed.
King Joram reads: "Behold, I sent to thee
Naaman, to be healed of leprosy."
With consternation in his kingly face
Jehoram said, "I am in wretched case,
See how this King Benhadad seeks to make
A quarrel with me. Wherefore should he take
This strange device? My fears again revive.
Am I a God, to kill and make alive,
That he should send his servant unto me
That I may heal him of his leprosy?"
Alas! he cried, and rent his clothes in grief,
And Naaman turned and went without relief

Elisha heard what Israel's king had done,
And sent a message, "Send this seeking one
To me, and he shall know there is a God
In Israel." Then, leaning on his rod
Or staff, Elisha prayed, "O Lord God, hear
And answer give while yet he draweth near."

So when Naaman came along that way
Elisha sent his servant out to say,
"Go wash in Jordan seven times, and then
Thy flesh, o'er as a child's, shall come again."

Which, when Naaman heard, he fumed in rage,
"I surely thought he'd come forth and assuage
By word or contact this my foul complaint;
But he insults me. And as if constraint
Of pride or loathing kept him from my side,
Sends me a message, 'Wash in Jordan's
tide!'"

Must I, in presence of his countrymen,
Thus stoop to him to wash, and wash again
Even seven times, as tho' I were impure?
I would prefer some less degrading cure.
Arbana, Pharpar, our Damascus streams,
Are better far than Jordan, tho' it gleams
Through yonder trees with beams of heavenly light.

Turn, horsemen, turn! Lead on! I hate the sight,
His servants loved him, and in tears drew nigh,
One spake, "My father, would'st thou not comply
If he some hard thing had required of thee?
Much more, then, this. We near the river, see!
Behold a pathway leading down, I pray
Thee be entreated, turn not thou away."

Naaman's pride was humbled, for he saw
That true obedience is the test of law;
And so he gat him down in humble mien
And dipped, and dipped seven times, and
he was clean!

With strange delight he looked upon his skin,
Pure, pinky, soft, a new life coursed within;
His quickened heart, the rosy colour threw
Into his face; he felt that all was new.
Quick he returned with grateful heart to see
The man of God; and was surprised when he
Refused to take a gift, but gladly heard
Him give the glory to Jehovah, Lord
Of heaven and earth, whose power all worlds control,
Who answered prayer, and made the leper whole.

* * * * *

Indulgent reader, in this picture see
The leprous spot a type of sin in thee;
Thou canst not cure, nor yet thy doom elude.
Then listen to the sweet beatitude:
"Blest is the man of lowly, contrite heart."
Christ never says to such an one depart.
If thou but ask humbly of Him for aid,
Tho' He come not, nor on thy heart be laid
His hand, yet if in faith thou but obey
His mild command, thy sins shall pass away,
And, like Naaman, thou shalt quickly feel
With rapturous joy, He does forgive and heal.
Faith and obedience must precede the cure;
But, blessed truth, He makes the tainted pure.
Gives joy and peace, such as naught else affords—
Ours is the bliss; the glory is the Lord's.

Toronto, Sept. 30, 1885.

Sun-Storms.

ALL things in the universe are comparative. Could one fancy the microscopic beings which inhabit a drop of turbid water endowed with intelligence, they might be supposed to study what they can discover of the sort of world with much the same of great wonder that men have in reaching after the truths of astronomy. To their brief existence the usual term of human life would be countless ages. Not to continue a very fruitless speculation, it may be said that wonderful as is the following account of the prodigious activity of the great forces at work in the sun, these storms are not more furious in comparison with our own than are our animalcule experiences in his world.

How can we, who are bewildered and appalled by the fury of our planet's cyclones and volcanic eruptions, form a conception of the terrible energy of natural operations on the sun?

Professor Nowcomb suggests that if we call the solar chromosphere an ocean of fire, we must remember that it is an ocean hotter than the fiercest furnace, and as deep as the Atlantic is broad.

If we call its movements hurricanes, we must remember that our hurricanes blow only about a hundred miles an hour, while those of the chromosphere blow as far in a single second.

There are such hurricanes as, coming down upon us from the north, would, in thirty seconds after they had crossed the St. Lawrence, be in the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with them the whole surface of the continent in a mass, not simply as ruin but of glowing vapour, in which the vapours arising from the dissolution of the materials composing the cities of Boston, New York, and Chicago, would be mixed in a single indistinguishable cloud.

When we speak of eruptions, we call to mind Vesuvius bursting the surrounding cities in lava. But the solar eruptions, thrown fifty thousand miles high, would engulf the whole earth and dissolve every organized being on its surface in a moment.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Mistress of the White House to Girls.

THE following is an extract from an article by Miss Elizabeth Cleveland: "I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you just now, who you read, girls, to flash before you, as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or to hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls in this matter; to shudder at its weight, and to never cease trying to fulfil it. Doubtless you have heard a great deal about the value of your frowns! What a man must do by a blow a woman can do by a frown. When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your society and the saloons; who jokes about temperance in your presence, and takes a glass, socially, now and then, is made to feel that these things cannot be if you are to be his companion at party, ride, or church; that good society cannot tolerate these things in its members; in short, that this kind of man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on its throne, and the liquor-traffic will hide its cancerous face."—*Portland Herald.*

Two Boys.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Two boys came into the world one day;
And each gave joy to a mother's heart.
The one was sad, the other gay,
And both were fitted to play their part,
One was sober, quiet, and sad;
But quick and bright was the other lad.

One went out with his flag unfurled
To meet the breeze; and was swiftly borne
To the Friendly Isles, and there gaily whirled
Over the breakers from night till morn;
Young and careless and full of joy,
All hearts made room for the lovely boy.

His handsome face and his merry glance,
His ready wit and good-natured wiles,
Made even the distant ones advance
To bask in the light of his sunny smiles,
Ah, he was flattered and much caressed,
And many a glass to his lips was pressed.

Many a glass of a poisoned sweet,
Fearing thought, did he drain, in truth,
That in slippery places draw the feet
Of the friendly and unsuspecting youth;
And down and down he began to go;
Caught in the treacherous undertow.

The other boy, of a quiet turn,
Of awkward manners and solemn looks
And surly speech, cared little to learn
The lessons of life not found in books;
Cross, ill-natured, severe and grim,
Little of joy could be had with him.

His friends were few; but 'twas all the same,
What did he care for a smile or a frown?
He'd his way to make—a decided aim;
And no one living could put him down;
Lord of himself, stubborn and proud,
He kept his place 'mid the jostling crowd.

No heed to those who would lead astray,
No heed to the siren spell he gave;
But went right on in an earnest way
Till he rode at ease on the topmost wave;
And those who thought him a churl began
To respect and honour the self-made man.

'Tis thus that the children play their part
And the boys we love for their liveliness
Who hold our hearts from the very start,
Seldom if ever attain success,
Easily tempted they are, and so
Caught in life's treacherous undertow.

—Independent.

Whatsoever Things are Pure.

BY REV. JAMES HASTIE, CORNWALL.

"Whatsoever things are pure . . .
think on these things."—Phil. iv. 8.

THE Band of Hope recently formed
in town has a pledge which binds its
members to keep free from three things
—from intoxicants, from tobacco, and
from profanity.

At the first meeting hold a few
weeks ago, several of the boys present
hesitated to join, and some refused
pout-blank. And when asked why,
they said because tobacco was forbidden.
And when asked if any of them used
it some said they did, and among them
were boys as young as ten and twelve.
And when asked if they would give
it up at once, some shook their heads
and said they would not promise.

The meeting brought out the start-
ling fact that attending day school and
Sabbath-school are a good many little
fellows who now use tobacco and love
it too well to give it up.

Now, I have chosen this beautiful
text this morning because if you obey
it fully not a quid or a cigar shall
enter your mouth.

"Whatsoever things are pure, think
on these things."

1. The first point I make is this:—
Tobacco used in any form, in snuffing,
chewing, or smoking is not a pure
thing.

I know that some very good men use
tobacco, some of the best and greatest
in the world do; some teachers and
professors and Sabbath-school superin-
tendents, some judges and members of
Parliament and kings, some elders and

deacons, and even ministers of the
Gospel do, but they would be far
better without it. Many of them
wish they had never begun, and almost
all would give the advice: "Boys, do
not do as I do in this matter."

No, tobacco is not one of the pure
things for us to use

Tobacco-breath, is that a pure and
sweet smell? Tobacco-juice, as it trickles
down the mouth and stains lips and
teeth, is that a pure and lovely colour?

As it is cast upon floor or carpet or
handkerchief, is it a sight for angels to
delight in, for Christ to admire?

King James I. of England thought
not. At the beginning of the seven-
teenth century it was all the fashion to
smoke. The king asked the clergy to
preach against it, but no one would
venture to speak out against the pre-
vailing custom. So royalty took up
the pen himself and wrote a book
which he called "A Counterblast to
Tobacco." And how strongly he felt
you can judge from this sentence:

"It is a custom loathsome to the eye,
hateful to the nose, harmful to the
brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in
the black fumes thereof nearest resem-
bling the horrible Stygian smoke of
the pit that is bottomless."

Pretty strong language is it not?
Some may think it too strong, but one
thing is certain, if no one would taste
tobacco but those who like it naturally,
few, very few, would ever use it, for
most people only like it after they have
sickened themselves into it. And if
no one would smoke or chew but those
who need it as a medicine (which some
do) not one pound would be used for a
hundred that now are.

But more important than King
James' opinion or that of any other
mere man is the mind and will of
King Jesus. Now, what would He
have you do with tobacco? Were He
now on earth growing up a lad, say
here in our town, would He use
tobacco, think you? Would it be like
Christ, the holy, perfect Jesus so to do?

To find out you open your Bible
and read His life in the Gospels from
first to last, but not a word about
tobacco; nor can you find the word
anywhere in His Book.

What, then, is your conclusion?
Are you in doubt on what side to
count Christ? If you are, you have
simply to ask whether tobacco injures
boys in their health, in their intellect,
in their religious tendency? Whether
it creates a taste for strong drink?
Whether it does in any way whatever
mar your body, which God has made
and given you as the sacred home of
your soul?

2. Now, this suggests the second
point I make viz.:—That tobacco is
very hurtful to the body of young
people and also to their intellect.

You know that what would scarcely
affect the health of an adult may ruin
the health of a child. Work, for
example, which a man would enjoy
and which would do him good, would
break down a boy of eight or ten.

A quantity, which would scarcely
affect a man of twenty-one, would play
havoc with a soft boy of ten or twelve.
It will check his growth and change
his complexion and tend to liver com-
plaint and heart disease, and create a
craving for strong drink.

If one is determined to use tobacco
let him not begin before he is of age
to marry, and by that time few will
begin at all, as ere that they will have
too much good sense to begin then.

Then the effect on the intellect is
alarming in the case of young lads.

It weakens mind and memory, blunts
perception, and impairs all the mental
faculties.

This has been thoroughly tested by
careful examination, and there is no
doubt about it.

In a celebrated college in Paris,
France, the students, when they en-
tered, and all through their course,
were divided into two classes, smokers
and non-smokers, and a correct record
of all their examinations kept, and it
was found that those who did not use
tobacco took the lead all through, while
they came out with a far higher aver-
age of health. The same thing has
been tested in Germany and with the
same result.

If parents, then, want their children
to do their very best at school, let
them keep them from tobacco. If
teachers want their pupils to excel let
them war against tobacco.

3. The third point I make is this:—
Tobacco is enormously costly, and
should be on that account shunned,
too.

In Christian lands to-day ten times
as much is spent in tobacco as is given
for all missionary purposes and for all
Bible Societies put together, and what
good comes out of it?

I saw a young man with a cigar and
asked him if he smoked much, and he
said: "Not now, that he had cut
down one-half." "And how much do
you use now?" I asked. "Only three
cigars a day. I keep to that now."
"What did you average before you
cut down?" "Well, about six a day."
"And what do they cost you, about
five cents a piece, I suppose?" "Yes,
the cheapest five cents, better ones ten
cents." "Well, say the cheapest, five
cents a piece, that is fifteen cents a day
now," I said. "Yes." "But you
sometimes go beyond that, don't you?"
I asked. "Oh, yes, when in company."
"And you give some away, don't you?"
"Yes, of course," he said. "Now,
what would that amount to? Fifteen
cents a day at the very lowest price,
and if you never gave one away that
is about \$55 a year. But you do use
some ten cent cigars you say, and you
do go beyond three a day sometimes,
and you treat a friend to one occasion-
ally, so you probably run up to \$75 or
\$80 a year?" "Well, I guess I do."

Now, just think of it, a young man
on a small income spends from \$50 to
\$80 a year on tobacco. But ask him
to give the half of it for his pew in
church or to the missions and he would
be shocked. "Can't afford it, nor the
half of it." But he is actually spend-
ing that large amount for a thing
which neither does himself nor anyone
else a particle of good.

Here's my proposal, viz., that every
lad and young man in this congregation,
who uses tobacco, shall give it up this
week, and hand over the amount he
has thus been spending to pay for our
new church, and I tell you you'll never
have reason to regret the change.

Your intellect belongs to God, to-
bacco hurts your intellect, therefore
God would have you give it up.

Your body belongs to God, and
tobacco is injurious to your body,
therefore God would have you give it
up.

God would have you all be like
Christ Himself in heart and life.
Christ would not use tobacco, surely,
were He now on earth, therefore God
would have you give it up.

The *Times* of the *Sunday School*
Times, in a late issue, in answer
to a certain question: "Tobacco is
one-fourth poison and three-fourths
filth," and does not the text say:
"Whatsoever things are pure, think
on these things?" And therefore God
would have you keep clear of tobacco.

Three Words of Strength.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn.
Put off the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one;
But man, as man thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt
find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—Schiller.

Self-Sacrifice.

THE tower door of St. Leonard's
Church, Bridgenorth, England, was left
open, and two young boys, wandering
in, were tempted to mount up into the
upper part and scramble from beam to
beam.

All at once a joist gave way. The
beam on which they were standing be-
came displaced. The older had just
time to grasp it when falling, while the
younger, slipping over his body, caught
hold of his comrade's legs.

In this fearful position the poor lads
hung, crying vainly for help, for no
one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the
beam became exhausted. He could no
longer support the double weight. He
called out to the lad below that they
were both done for.

"Could you save yourself if I were
to loose you?" replied the little lad.
"I think I could," returned the
older.

"Then, good-bye, and God bless
you!" cried the little fellow, loosing
his hold.

Another second, and he was dashed
to pieces on the stone floor below, his
companion clambering to a place of
safety.

This is a true story. The record of
it is preserved in the Bodleian Library
at Oxford. Some tales of heroism ex-
cite one to pour forth one's admiration,
one's approbation, in many words;
but this one strikes us dumb. This
little fellow unwittingly had followed
so closely in the steps of his most
beloved Master.

Listen to the words of our Lord,
spoken while the disciple whom He
loved was leaning on His breast:
"This is my commandment, That ye
love one another as I have loved you.
Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his
friends."

Surely, this little boy, in this one
brief, awful act of self-sacrifice, had
found his way to keep his Lord's com-
mandment.—*Ex.*

"WHAT is philosophy?" It is
something which enables a rich man to
say there is no disgrace in being poor.

God Save Our Land.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

God save our glorious land—
Stretching from strand to strand!
God save our land!
Long may her banner wave
O'er freemen true and brave!
And shade each patriot's grave!
God save our land!

God make our Union strong—
Untouched by hate and wrong!
God make it strong!
From foes our land release!
Grant us Thy perfect peace!
Thy blessings still increase!
God save our land!

God make our Nation pure!
Through time may she endure!
God make her pure!
Tried by refiners fire—
Blood bought by son and sire—
Let not her fame expire!
God save our land!

God bless our noble land!
With unction from Thy hand,
God bless our land!
Make her in might to grow!
On her rich gifts bestow!
Guard her from every woe!
God bless our land!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upward	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upward	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
3 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 5, 1885.

The Indian Question.

THE articles in the *Methodist Magazine* on this important subject by the Rev. E. R. Young and the Rev. John McLean, both of whom, as missionaries of the North-west, became personally cognizant of the needs of the Indians, have attracted much attention. Brother Young's article was read in the Dominion Senate and became the subject of much conversation, both inside and outside of the House. It was copied by a leading London (Eng.) paper, as admirably setting forth the condition and needs of the Indians. Brother McLean's article has been still more generally quoted and commented upon by the Canadian press. We shall be glad to hear further from these brethren. What the country wants is not the one-sided statements of political partizans, but an honest and unbiassed setting forth of facts as they are. The Indians have undoubtedly suffered many wrongs from unprincipled white men. The white man's vices have entailed much misery upon their red-skinned victims. As a result of the military movements in the suppression

of the late rebellion many of the Indian tribes are in a state of abject poverty, if not of starvation. The Government should generously supply their wants and thus turn them from enemies into friends. It will be cheaper to feed them than to fight them. A starving Indian is a desperate Indian. He cannot be much worse off than he is, no matter what offence he commits; and the cravings of a hungry man are a strong temptation to raid a farm-yard, pillage a store, or stampede a herd of cattle.

Sweeter Far in Heaven.

It was evening. We were seated alone at the piano, breathing a song of beauty and joy; and as our fingers glided gently up the silver-keyed octaves, and the music, "soul of beauty," gushed forth responsive to our touch, it seemed that nowhere in this glad earth could there be a heart beating heavily—so light was our own. The sound had died away in the distance, and turning from the instrument, our eyes rested upon the silvered locks and bending form of one whose countenance bespoke a pure and noble heart. We had never before met, but he whispered softly, while a smile of beauty wreathed his colourless lips: "Young maidens, 'twill be sweeter far in Heaven."

Oh, how these few simple words changed the current of our thoughts; and when, in words of most winning eloquence, he spoke of the comforts of our holy religion, and urged us to consecrate our talents, our all, to the service of our Maker, we thought no sacrifice too great, if, like him, we, too, might see unfolding before our spirits' vision the glories of the Celestial City.

Weeks fled, and that old man, wearied of earth, folded his arms and went to sleep. They laid him to rest away in the church-yard, but we know that there was but the casket; that the spirit, no longer fettered, was basking in the sunlight of the Saviour's smile; and that his voice, no longer tremulous, mingled in the anthems of the "just made perfect." And when, at twilight hour, we breathe a song of "olden times," beautiful indeed, through the vista of the past, comes the remembrance of those joy-inspiring words—" 'Twill be sweeter far in Heaven! "

The Golden Rule and Bible Reflector.

This is the title of a new, semi-monthly, 8-page paper, published in the interests of temperance, systematic beneficence, sound doctrine, and consistent practice in religion; and in opposition to pious frauds, shams and impostures of every kind. \$1.00 per annum. Rev. T. L. Wilkinson, Editor, Parkdale, Ont.

For \$1.00 the paper will be sent for six months, together with the thrilling narrative of the capture of Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney in the camp of Big Bear in the North-west; or the book alone will be sent for 75 cents.

We cordially commend this paper to our readers. It contains much interesting and instructive family reading. We are sorry to learn that the worthy editor and his household have been the subjects of severe affliction. Both he and his wife have been very seriously ill, and six of their children were all prostrate with that fatal disease, diphtheria, at once, and three of them died. Our brother and his family have indeed



SCENE OF THOMAS A'BECKET'S MURDER, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

been in the crucible. We pray that the consolations of God may abound more and more to them according to their need.

Thomas a'Becket.

THE venerable Cathedral of Canterbury is the oldest in England, and the celebrated Thomas a'Becket was the first native Englishman who was appointed archbishop and primate of all England, 1162—over 700 years ago. He had previously been Lord Chancellor of England, but he incurred the displeasure of King Henry II. on being made primate, by his devotion to the Church and championship of the rights of the people against the crown and nobility. For this he was bitterly persecuted and for a time driven into banishment. The people of England gave him an enthusiastic welcome on his return, which so provoked the jealousy of the king that he taunted certain of his nobles for not revenging him on the over-bearing prelate. Four barons therefore on December 29th, 1170, attacked the archbishop while celebrating evening service in the Cathedral. He declined to protect himself by "turning the church into a castle," and while kneeling at the altar was cruelly slain. For nearly 400 years his tomb was a shrine to which pilgrimages were made from many lands. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, gives an account of these in his "Canterbury Pilgrims," and Tennyson has made the fate of Becket the subject of a magnificent dramatic poem. The picture above is a specimen of some forty, illustrating famous places in Great Britain, which will appear in the *Methodist Magazine* during 1886.

"MISFORTUNES never come singly." They could not. It would be singular if they could. One misfortune might, but Lindley Murray forbids the plural number from acting that way.

Remember This.

If you cannot save the thousand,
Yearly ruined by strong drink,
You can reach by friendly warning
Some one standing on the brink.

You can give your own example
To the safe, abstaining side,
Shielding thus from fierce temptation
Precious souls for whom Christ died.

As a Hen Gathereth her Chickens.

WHAT a picture of maternal anxiety is shown in our large engraving! The mother hen feels, rather than sees, the shadow of the fierce hawk about to swoop down upon her callow brood. With what an anxious "Cluck! cluck!" she calls them to the protection of her wings! How eagerly the fluffy little creatures run to her for shelter! And how tenderly she broods over them. And sooner will that mother hen allow herself to be torn to pieces by the cruel beak and talons of the fierce hawk than yield one of her chickens to his clutch. And this is the beautiful figure used by our blessed Lord to illustrate His brooding, yearning tenderness for the creatures of His love and care. As from the Mount of Olives He looked down upon the guilty city that was about to put Him to death, He exclaimed, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Let us not be guilty of rejecting this yearning love of the Saviour of our souls. Let us rather say with the Psalmist, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

It is the same with a book as with a man. With a good title the demand for the book or the man will be measurably increased.



"AS A HEN GATHERETH HER CHICKENS."—SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.

d.
ms.
society
The
the
to
ood.
ck l
tion
uffy
er l
vor
her
eces
the
her
s is
sod
arn-
His
t of
ilty
to
em,
pro-
ent
ave
as
der
Let
arn-
ula.
ist,
acco
the
hall
dor

with
and
be

Farmer John.

"If I'd nothing to do," said Farmer John,
"To fret and bother me—
Were I but rid of this mountain of work,
What a good man I could be!

"The pigs got out, and the cows got in
Where they have no right to be;
And the weeds in the garden and the corn—
Why, they fairly frighten me.

"It worries me out of my temper quite,
And well-nigh out of my head;
What a curse it is that a man must toil
Like this for his daily bread!"

But Farmer John he broke his leg,
And was kept for many a week
A helpless and an idle man.
Was he therefore mild and meek?

Nay, what with the pain and what with the
fret
Of sitting with nothing to do,
And the farm-work botched by a shiftless
hand—
He got very cross and blue.

He scolded the children and cuffed the dog
That fawned about his knee;
And snarled at his wife, though she was kind
And patient as wife could be.

He grumbled, and whined, and fretted, and
fumed,
The whole of the long day through.
"Twill ruin me quite," cried Farmer John,
"To sit here with nothing to do!"

His hurt got well, and he went to work,
And busier man than he,
A happier man or a pleasanter man,
You never would wish to see.

The pigs got out, and he drove them back,
Whistling right merrily;
He mended the fence and kept the cows
Just where they ought to be.

Weeding the garden was first-rate fun,
And ditto hoeing the corn.
"I'm happier far," said Farmer John,
"Than I've been since I was born."

He learned a lesson that lasts him well—
"Twill last him his whole life through."
He frets but seldom, and never because
He has plenty of work to do.

"I tell you what," said Farmer John,
"They are either knaves or fools
Who long to be idle, for idle hands
Are the devils chosen tools."

"Wide Awake" for 1886.

MANY of our readers have taken advantage of our liberal offer to club this charming Young Folk's Magazine, at a greatly reduced rate, with the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*. The full price of *Wide Awake* is \$3.00; but to those who take our own *Methodist Magazine* we will send it for \$2.25. We regret that we have not space for its very attractive announcement for 1886. A mother, whose five children have read *Wide Awake* from its first number to its latest, writes: "I like the magazine because it is full of impulses. Another thing—when I lay it down, I feel as if I had been walking on breezy hill-tops." It will be sumptuously illustrated, and among many other features we note the following: "Royal Girls and Royal Courts," by Mrs. John Sherwood. This series, especially brilliant and instructive, will begin in the Christmas number and run through the year. "Youth in Twelve Centuries." A beautiful art feature. Twenty-four superb studies of race-types and national costumes, by F. Childe Hassam, with text by M. E. B. "Fire-Place Stories," the rich illustrations include glimpses of Holland, Assyria, Persia, Moorish Spain and New England. "The Princess Pocahontas in England," by Mrs. Raymond Blathwayte. "A Sixteenth Century School Boy," by Appleton Morgan. The life of a lad in Shakespeare's time. "Through the Heart of Paris," by Frank T. Merrill. A

pen and pencil record of a trip down the Seine. Twelve Ballads by twelve of the foremost women poets of America. Each ballad will fill five to seven pictorial pages. The Chautauqua Young Folk's Readings meet the growing demand for the helpful in literature, history, science, and practical doing. D. Lothrop & Co. also publish *The Pansy*, equally charming and suitable for week-day and Sunday reading, \$1.00 a year. *Our Little Men and Women*, most admirable for the youngest readers, \$1.00 a year. *Babyland* never fails to carry delight to the babies and rest to the mammas, 50 cents a year.

A Good Book for Boys.

Wonders and Curiosities of the Railway; or, Stories of the Locomotive in Every Land. By William Sloane Kennedy. Pp. 254. Chicago: S. O. Griggs; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Illustrated. Price \$1.25.

This is one of the best books we have read for many a day. It tells a story stranger than romance. It describes one of the greatest movements of the age. Next to the printing press, we regard the railway as the greatest material agent of civilization. We would like to see a copy of this book in every village library. Few greater treats could be given an intelligent boy than a copy of this book. The following gives a hint of some of the interesting information this book contains:

The story of the railway is one of the most curious and interesting in the history of civilization. Under the magic spell of this agency men now living have seen almost the whole face of nature changed, almost the whole economy of life revolutionized. It is only fifty years ago that Peter Cooper built the first locomotive constructed in America. Now the 20,000 locomotives of the United States do the work of 40,000,000 horses. In England 30,000 horses were killed yearly in the attempt to convey the mails at the rate of ten miles an hour. Mr. Kennedy tells the marvellous story of the railways with full mastery of the facts and full appreciation of their significance.

The prejudice against railways at the outset; the scorn, contempt and ridicule they met with are among the most amusing things in their history. At first the cars were literal coaches set on trucks. The locomotive was a nondescript engine fed with pine knots, and with water from a barrel. The evolution of the Pullman-sleeper and the sixty-ton locomotive, sixty feet long, is one of the marvels of science. Our author traces this remarkable evolution with copious illustration of the strange intermediate, experimental stages. He describes the romance of the first railway, the achievements of banding the continents, piercing the mountains, bridging the abysses, penetrating deserts—achievements ten-fold greater than the building of the pyramids. The railway is revolutionizing the West. In India, Japan, Egypt, everywhere in the East, the snort of the iron horse is waking immemorial echoes, banishing caste, and linking the nations with bonds of brotherhood. Railway curiosities, mountain railways, electric railways, vertical railways, tramways, all receive full treatment. Electricity, it is shown, is destined to be the great motor of the future. The most luxurious cars in the world are in

Russia; the fastest running has been done on the Michigan Central in Canada. The luxuries of travel, the locomotive and its master, railway management, train despatching, postal and press system, etc., are in turn described. No mode of travel is so safe as by rail. Statistics prove that the average man is more likely to be struck with lightning or to be hanged than to be killed on the railway.

Holding the Light.

A DEAR little boy of five years, who had an old-fashioned Spartan mother, was brave enough ordinarily, but was afraid to be left alone in the dark. To cure him of this fear, his mother decided to send him to bed alone, and to have the light taken away, which had usually been left until the little fellow was asleep.

This was a sore trial to the boy and possibly to the mother, but, most of all to the boy's sister, a girl of ten years of age. She could not forget her own times of trembling and of terror; of looking under the bed and hiding her head under the blanket. Her heart ached for the little fellow undergoing such heroic treatment, and she used to steal softly up stairs with her bedroom candle, and stand just outside his door.

"Are you there, sister?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Can I have the light?"

"No, Willie; mother says no."

"Do bring it?"

"No; but I'll let it stay right here."

"Will it shine right in?"

"Yes, all across the floor; don't you see? You must go to sleep, or mother will take it away."

Then a pause, and soon the sleepy voice asked:

"Are you there?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Will you surely stay?"

"Surely."

"Till I'm all—every bit asleep? You won't let the light go out till I am gone?"

"No, Willie."

"Nor leave me alone?"

"No, never."

And all this in the briefest whisper possible, and if the mother heard she did not heed, for the children were not forbidden to comfort each other in their fashion, and by-and-by the boy outgrew his fear.

Years passed, and the lovely boyhood and brilliant youth were left behind. Willie had outgrown his sister in size, strength, and knowledge, but not in goodness or faith. Life parted them early, and their lives went separate ways. Her love and her letters and her prayers followed him, but evil temptations crept closer to him than these, and little by little he became the victim of drink. It did not conquer all the good in him at once, but at intervals he yielded, and slowly and surely went down. Then it was that she failed him. She had been so proud of his talents, of his power to win all the world could offer, and now he had made her so pitifully ashamed. When he repented, she found it hard to relent. She hated the sin so bitterly that she almost included the sinner. She hardened under the shame of it, and lost faith in his efforts and promises; and while she did not give him up, she made him feel ashamed to come with his bemoanings to her, when she knew that before the next temptation his

resolves would go down like dead leaves in the wind. And so the distance widened, and she suffered much, and he went down and down. At last his health broke, and life drew near its close. Then she found him, and drew near to him, nearer and nearer, till the day that he died. Lying with his hands in hers, he looked up at her as a child might to his mother, and said faintly:

"Do you remember, sister?"

"Remember what, Willie?"

"The light, the light; how I was afraid, and you used to stand by the door and hold the light?"

"Yes, yes, I remember; it was so long ago;" and she turned her face away to hide the tears.

"Never mind, sister; it's all right now. I feel like a little child again, and I'm not afraid."

"Not afraid of the dark. No, you know who goes with us, Willie, when we come to the dark—" she could not go on.

"The dark valley," he finished for her. "Yes, I know. I see Him, sister, and you hold the light, but—"

"But what, brother?"

"But you didn't keep on holding it always; you left me so many times in the dark. I would have been good, sister, if you had—hold it—every time—but—" suddenly seeming to realize that he was troubling her, he drew her face down as she bent over him, and whispered: "But now I'll be still. I'm tired—you will stay till I go to sleep?"

"Yes, Willie, yes; I will never leave you again."

"And—and—you will hold the light—for—"

"As long as you need it, dear."

"No, no, not for me, not for me—for all the other—" and the old smile lit up his face, "the other little boys in the dark—"

There was no answer to the words. He would not have heard it if there had been, for with his pleading for the boys in the dark his life went out, and he was asleep.

Such lessons need not be repeated to any heart on which such bitter scourging has fallen once. But the boys in the dark are many, and many are the sisters and mothers and wives who ought to be holding the light.—*American Reformer*.

LADY DUFFERIN is becoming as eminent in philanthropic and Christian effort as is her husband in diplomatic circles. British India affords a grand field for both, and the wife of the Viceroy is throwing herself heartily into missionary effort to elevate the women of India. One who is thrown with her almost daily, in a personal note says: "Lady Dufferin is diligently and with success studying the Hindustani language, so as to be able to converse with the people of India in their leading vernacular, and thus gain a closer access to them than would be possible through the medium of a foreign tongue. This is a thing, I suppose, no Viceroy's wife has ever done before. She intends to make medical work a specialty, and to raise a fund for training nurses and opening dispensaries and hospitals."—*Westeyan*.

WHEN you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last longest.

The Seasoning.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arms a kettle,
And tilted its shining lid,
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor,
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions,
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay,
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
It always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

Germany and Spain.

IN that part of the Western Pacific, thickly dotted with tropical islands, which is called on the maps "Polynesia," there is a group called the "Carolines." It consists for the most part of small but very fruitful isles, which lie east of the more famous Philippines, and north of the equator and of the large island of New Guinea.

The Carolines were taken possession of by Spanish sailors somewhat more than two centuries ago, and were named after Charles, the then reigning King of Spain, as the Philippines were named after King Philip. The Spanish claim is supposed to derive some additional strength from the fact that the Carolines were granted to Spain by one of the Popes.

But as a matter of fact, the Carolines have never been actually occupied by Spain, nor has Spain ever established settlements or posts upon them. She has claimed them as Spanish possessions, but eleven years ago Germany and England both notified Spain that they did not recognize her claim to the Carolines.

A few weeks ago Germany suddenly announced her intention to annex the island group. Spain thereupon sent one or two vessels thither, with the intention of forestalling Germany, and occupying the Carolines herself. But the Spanish captain delayed landing; meanwhile a German gun-boat arrived, and a German force was landed upon the shores of Yap, or Uap, the most important of the islands.

The news of this event caused intense excitement in Madrid and in other parts of Spain. The old, proud Spanish blood was roused and vented itself in acts of actual violence. A mob in Madrid tore down the coat-of-arms which was fixed on the German embassy, and carrying it to the residence of the Minister of the Interior, burned it in the street in front of the Minister's house.

King Alfonso hastened to his capital, Cabinet-meetings were hurriedly held, and it seemed for a while as if Spain were about to be rash enough to declare war against the mighty German empire. The Spanish revolutionists, moreover, seized the moment of excitement to try to overthrow the monarchy. It looked as if Alfonso must either go to war with the most powerful of European States, or lose his throne.

But soon wiser counsels prevailed, and the whole affair of the Carolines, and the insult to the German coat-of-arms, was transferred to the calmer regions of negotiation and diplomacy.

At the time that this is written, it does not seem likely that war will result from the attempt upon the Carolines.

A quarrel between Germany and Spain recalls the fact, that these two nations have been united in the past by many close ties. At one time, the same sovereign wore the Imperial crown of Germany and the crown of Spain. The countries were often allies in the wars which grew out of the Reformation and the struggle for religious supremacy in Europe; and later were combined against the ambition of Louis the Fourteenth of France.

Still later, it was an attempt of Prussia to place a prince of the Prussian house of Hohenzollern on the throne of Spain in 1870, which afforded the pretext of the great Franco-German war of that year.

Germany is now engaged in a manifest effort to take possession of remote regions of the earth, and to imitate England in planting colonies and establishing naval stations far and wide. In such a career, she has already aroused the jealousy and opposition of England by her attempted settlements on the west coast of Africa, in Zanzibar and in New Guinea, and now she has crossed the path of Spain in the Carolines.

The future of the German ambition in this direction will be watched with keen interest; but it is to be hoped that it will not result, as it has come near doing in the case of the Carolines, in the kindling of a European war. — *Youth's Companion*.

Talmage on Tobacco.

AN eminent physician, for a long while superintendent of the insane asylum at Northampton, Mass., says: "Fully half of the patients who have come to our asylum for treatment are the victims of tobacco." It is a sad thing, my brother, to damage the mind, and any man of common sense knows that the nervous system immediately acts upon the brain. More than that, nearly all reformers will tell you that it tends to drunkenness, that it creates unnatural thirst. There are those who use this narcotic who do not drink, but nearly all who drink use the narcotic. It was long ago demonstrated that a man cannot permanently reform from strong drink unless he gives up tobacco. In nearly all the cases where men having been reformed have fallen back, it has been shown they first touched tobacco and then surrendered to intoxicants. The broad avenue leading down to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell is strewn thick with tobacco leaves. What did Benjamin Franklin say? "I never saw a well man in the exercise of common sense, who would say that tobacco did him any good." What did Thomas Jefferson say when arguing against the culture of tobacco? He said: "It is a culture productive of infinite wretchedness." Horace Greeley said of it: "If those men must smoke, let them take the horse-shed." There are ministers of religion to-day indulging in narcotics,

DYING BY INCHES,

and they do not know what is the matter with them. I might in a word give my own experience. It took ten cigars to make a sermon. I got very nervous. One day I awakened to the outrage I was inflicting upon myself. I was about to change settlements, and a generous wholesale tobacconist in

Philadelphia said if I would only come to Philadelphia he would, all the rest of my life, provide me with cigars free of charge. I said to myself: If in these war times when cigars are so costly and my salary is small, I smoke more than I ought to, what would I do if I had gratuitous and illimitable supply? And then and there, twenty-four years ago, I quit once and forever. It made a new man of me, and though I have since then done as much hard work as anyone, I have had the best health God ever blessed a man with. A minister of religion cannot afford to smoke. Put into my hands the moneys wasted in tobacco in the United States of America and I will clothe, feed and shelter all the suffering poor on this continent. The American churches give \$1,000,000 a year for the evangelization of the heathen, and American Christians expend \$5,000,000 in tobacco.

Now, I stand this morning not only in the presence of my God, to whom I must give an account for what I say to-day, but I stand in the presence of a great multitude of

YOUNG MEN

who are forming their habits. Between 17 and 23 there are tens of thousands of young men damaging their lives irretrievably by tobacco. You either use very good tobacco or cheap tobacco. If you use cheap tobacco I will tell you why it is cheap. It is a mixture of burdock, lamp-black, sawdust, colts-foot, plaitain, leaves, fuller's earth, lime, salt, alum, and a little tobacco. You cannot afford, my young brother, to take such a mess as that between your lips. If on the other hand, you use costly tobacco, let me say I do not think you can afford it. You take that which you expend and will expend, if you keep the habit all your life, and put it aside and it will buy you a farm to make you comfortable in the afternoon of life. A merchant of New York gave this testimony:—"In early life I smoked six cigars a day, at 6½ cents each—they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest." And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from

THE FILTHY HABIT,

and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from the annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields, and I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. Now, boys, you take your choice—smoking without a home or a home without smoking."

"EVERY day," says Bishop Hall, "is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated; whence it is that old Jacob numbered his life by days, and Moses desired to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; and those that dare mispend it, desperat."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KINGS AND PROPHETS.

B.C. 713.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 13.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

Isa. 53. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. 53. 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ by his life, sufferings, and death has made atonement for the sins of the world.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Isa. 52. 1-15. Th. Matt. 8. 5-17.
Tu. Isa. 53. 1-12. F. Mark 15. 1-25.
W. John 12. 23-41. Sa. Mark 15. 28-47.
Su. Rev. 5. 1-14.

TIME.—Written probably in the last half of the reign of Hezekiah, B.C. 713-698, more than seven centuries before it was fulfilled.

INTRODUCTION.—This chapter is a wonderful prophecy of Christ, and was fulfilled in him, and only in him. In the last lesson we studied about the sinfulness of man; in this we consider God's great remedy for sin.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. The prophet looks at the distant future when Christ should appear, and speaks of it as if present before him. *Who hath believed?*—That is, few at first. *Our report*—That the son of God, the Messiah had come, to save the world. *The arm*—The symbol of power. 2. *Grow as a tender plant*—That is small and easily destroyed. *Root, etc.*—A shoot from the root of a decayed tree. The house of David, from which Christ sprang, was then in a very lowly condition. *No form*—No beautiful appearance. Not referring to Christ's bodily appearance, but to his state, so different from the outward circumstances of glory which the Jews expected to surround their Messiah. 4. *He hath borne our griefs*—Christ did this by his healings (Matt. 8. 17), his sympathy, and all the ways in which Christianity lessens the sorrows of men. 5. *He was wounded for our transgressions*—All his sufferings were for our sake, to make atonement for our sin. 6. *All we like sheep*—We have wandered into forbidden and dangerous paths of sin, like sheep without a shepherd. 8. *Taken from prison and from judgment*—Or justice; rather, he was taken away by oppression, and the forms of justice. *Who shall declare his generation*—His family line. He was cut off without children, and with but few spiritual children. His life seemed extinct, but it was not (see v. 10). 9. *He made his grave, etc.*—He was crucified as a criminal, and appointed to a criminal's grave, but his body was delivered over to the rich man, Joseph of Arimathea (Matt. 27. 57-60). 10. *It pleased the Lord*—This was not merely the work of wicked men, but was a part of God's plan for the salvation of men. *He shall see his seed*—His spiritual children, to whom he gives spiritual life. *Prolong his days*—He was raised from the dead, and ever liveth. 11. *Trawl*—Toil with pain. *And be satisfied*—Because so many will be saved by him. *Justify*—Forgive and make holy. *Many*—Countless numbers will be saved. 12. *A portion with the great*—He shall be among conquerors, the greatest of all.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The prophecy as a whole—when written.—Its fulfilment in Christ.—Christ as despised and rejected—why?—How Christ bears our griefs.—How he bore our sins.—The necessity of the atonement.—How the atonement saves us from sin.—The fulfilment of the prophecy in vs. 7-9.—Christ's seed.—The success of the work of Christ in the world.—Many saved.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When was this chapter written? How many years down the future is the prophet looking in this vision? Where in the book of Isaiah does this prophecy really begin? (Isa. 52. 13.)

SUBJECT: SALVATION THROUGH A SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

I. THE SAVIOUR AS HE FIRST APPEARED TO MEN (vs. 1-3).—How was the Saviour received at first? What "report" is referred to? Who asks this question? What is the answer? What is meant by "the arm of the Lord?" Like what did Christ first seem to men? How did the Jews expect the Messiah would come? What were his

early circumstances? Why did men hide their faces from him and esteem him not? Is Christ sometimes treated in this way in our day?

II. THE SAVIOUR BEARING OUR GRIEFS (v. 4).—How does Christ treat our griefs? In what two ways did he do this when on earth? (1) Matt. 8, 16, 17. (2) Luke 19, 41, 42; John 11, 33-36. In what ways does he still bear our griefs? (1) Rom. 8, 28; Heb. 12, 10. (2) 2 Cor. 4, 17, 18. (3) Heb. 4, 15, 16. (4) Rev. 21, 3, 4.

III. THE SAVIOUR BEARING OUR SINS (vs. 5-9).—What is said of the condition of men in v. 6? What has the Saviour done to save us? In what way did Christ bear our sins? How can the sufferings of an innocent person take away the penalty of our sins? How can they take away the sins themselves? Repeat passages of Scripture which teach us about the atonement. How was v. 7 fulfilled in Christ's life? How v. 8? v. 9?

IV. THE TRIUMPH OF THE SAVIOUR (vs. 10-12).—What will be the final result of Christ's mission on earth? Meaning of "he shall see his seed?" How has he prolonged his days? (Matt. 28, 7; Heb. 7, 25; Dan. 7, 14.) With what shall he be satisfied? Will his kingdom triumph over all the world? Why in each of these three verses is the atonement referred to?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The Saviour foretold in the Old Testament is revealed in the New.
2. The centre of the Gospel is the atonement of Christ.
3. Christ is still ready to bear our griefs.
4. If Christ bore our sins on the cross, we should forsake our sins and love him.
5. The suffering Saviour is sure to triumph over the world.
6. The power and means of the triumph is in atoning love.

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

10. What great event was foretold by the prophet Isaiah? **ANS.** The coming of the Saviour, Jesus Christ. 11. How would he be treated at first? **ANS.** He would be despised and rejected of men. 12. What did he do for men? **ANS.** He bore our sorrows and carried our grief. 13. What more did he do? (Repeat v. 5.) 14. What would be the fruit of this suffering? **ANS.** Great numbers saved from sin, and the kingdom of God come on the earth.

B.C. 713.] LESSON XII. [Dec. 20.

THE GRACIOUS INVITATION.

Isa. 55, 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.—Isa. 55, 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God invites all men to come to him and be saved.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Isa. 54, 1-17. Th. John 6, 31-58.
Tu. Isa. 55, 1-13. F. Rev. 21, 1-8; 22, 12-17.
W. John 4, 1-15. Sa. Isa. 60, 1-22.
Su. Ps. 103, 1-22.

TIME.—Written soon after the last lesson, in the latter half of Hezekiah's reign, B.C. 713-698.

PLACE.—Written in Jerusalem, in the kingdom of Judah.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Ho*—An exclamation for calling the attention. *Every one that thirsteth*—That has longings and desires unsatisfied, especially for forgiveness, and goodness, and God, and heaven. *To the waters*—Which quench thirst. Jesus Christ satisfies all the desires and longings of the soul. *Wine and milk*—The juice of the grape, and milk, were regarded as of the best and most delicious of foods. Christ feeds the soul not only with that which is necessary to its life, but which is delightful. *Without money*—The poor here are on an equality with the rich. The best things of God cannot be bought with money,—wisdom, love, knowledge, goodness, communion with God, salvation, heaven, 3. *Everlasting covenant*—God's promises of salvation to the believing and obedient. It never ends; it never fails. *Sure mercies of David*—The promises made to David as king of the people and ancestor of the Messiah (2 Sam. 7, 12-29; Luke 20, 41-44). 4. *I have given him*—The Messiah, included in "the sure mercies of David" just mentioned. *A witness*—To testify from God about eternal things. 5.

Call a nation—The Christian Church; a redeemed nation. *Thou knowest not*—Because not then in existence. *Nations*—Gentile nations who would be converted. 10. *And the snow from heaven*—Not only rain, but snow also, is of great importance to the fruitfulness of the earth. It treasures up the waters of winter, and they slowly melt, and bring the moisture gradually to the fields of spring. The snow also protects vegetation from the too severe cold of winter. 11. *So shall my word be*—(1) It will be fruitful in holiness; (2) it will not fall of its purpose. God's word is his truth, his promises, his commands, his Gospel.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The connection of this lesson with the last.—The thirst of the soul.—How Christ satisfies them.—God's best gifts without price.—How men "spend money for that which is not bread."—The sure mercies of David.—Christ a witness and as a leader.—When is God near?—God's thoughts higher than ours.—Snow from heaven.—"So shall my word be."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the main thought of our last lesson? What is that of ch. 54? How does this lesson naturally follow?

SUBJECT: GOD'S INVITATION TO MAN.

I. THE PERSONS INVITED (vs. 1, 2).—To whom is this invitation given? What is the kind of thirst here spoken of? (See Matt. 5, 6.) Are any excluded? How free is the invitation? What best things in nature are free to all? Why is no price asked for God's spiritual blessings? What must we do in order to receive them?

II. THAT TO WHICH THEY ARE INVITED (vs. 1-3).—To what are they invited to come? What are the waters here referred to? (John 4, 13, 14.) What is symbolized by wine and milk? What further shows the excellence and delight of religion? How does Christ satisfy our hunger and thirst? Name some of the thirsts he satisfies. What is referred to by the phrase, "Let your soul delight itself in fatness?" What is meant by "living" in v. 3? What is the "everlasting covenant?" What are "the sure mercies of David?" (2 Sam. 7, 19-24; 1 Chron. 17, 7-27; Luke 20, 41-44.) How do some treat these invitations? (Luke 14, 16-21.) What reasons can you give why we should accept him?

III. THE ONE WHO GIVES THE INVITATION (vs. 4, 5).—Who is referred to in these verses? Of what is Jesus the witness? (John 3, 11-13.) Why do we need such a witness? What more is Jesus to us? What was the promise to him in v. 5? What was the "nation thou knowest not?" Why should other nations haste to him? Has this promise been fulfilled?

IV. ACCEPTING THE INVITATION (vs. 6, 7).—What is our part in regard to this invitation? When should we seek the Lord? (Prov. 8, 17.) What is it for God to be near? Is God nearer us at some times than at others? What must the wicked forsake? Why? How will the Lord receive him? How did Jesus illustrate this? (Luke 15, 1-32.)

V. REASONS FOR ACCEPTING THE INVITATION (vs. 8-11).—What is the first reason? (vs. 8, 9.) How do men usually treat those who have wronged them? What is the second reason? (vs. 10, 11.) What do rain and snow do for the earth? Do they accomplish God's will? What is meant by "my word?" What does God's word accomplish? How does the reliability of nature's forces teach us that God's spiritual word will be accomplished?

THE GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

1. Whoever has any need is invited to God.
2. The best things of God are the freest.
3. But we must receive them, or they will do us no good.
4. Jesus Christ is able to satisfy every desire and longing of the soul.
5. There are times when God is specially near us.
6. Those that come to the Lord must leave their own ways, and walk in his.
7. The certainty of nature's forces, as the seasons, the rising and setting of the sun, are a proof to us that God's word will be certainly fulfilled.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole school in concert.)

15. What invitation does God give to us all? (Repeat v. 1.) 16. What are we to do? (Repeat v. 6.) 17. What is necessary to doing this? (Repeat v. 7, first clause.) 18. What promise does God make to such? (Repeat the rest of v. 7.)

METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR 1886.

Volumes XXIII and XXIV; 1,162 Pages, with nearly 250 Fine Engravings.

\$2.00 a Year; \$1.00 for Six Months.

"Guardian" or "Wesleyan" & "Magazine" together, \$3.50.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.O., - EDITOR.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

"THE GREAT NORTH-WEST," its History and Resources—Indian Races—the Fur Trade and Fur Companies—Trapping and Hunting—Farming and Ranching—Missions and Missionaries—and the Two Rebellions in the North-West. This will run through most of the year.

"WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE AND THE PACIFIC COAST," with over 40 superb engravings, by J. T. Moore, Esq.

"TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," by H. E. Clark, M.P.P.

"PICTURESQUE CANADA," with new and beautiful cuts of Toronto and Montreal, etc.

"WITH STANLEY ON THE CONGO."

"FOOTPRINTS OF ST. PAUL."

"THE SEVEN CHURCHES IN ASIA."

"PICTURESQUE SCOTLAND."

"SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND,"—II.

"AMONG THE ZUNI."

"OUR INDIAN EMPIRE: ITS CITIES, ITS PALACES, ITS PEOPLE."

"WANDERINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA."

"AMONG THE ESKIMO," by the Rev. W. S. Blackstock.

"CHAUTAQUA WITH PEN AND PENCIL."

"THROUGH THE BOSPHORUS."

"NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE."

"A VISIT TO ST. HELENA."

"IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND."

"SWISS PICTURES."

"CHINA AND ITS MISSIONS."

"IN THE CAROLINAS," by Dr. Eggleston.

"AMONG THE CATSKILLS."

"ON A GRAVITY RAILWAY."

"IN THE ADIRONDACKS."

"THE PICTURESQUE ST. LAWRENCE."

"IN BIBLE LANDS,"—Third Series.

"ON THE COLORADO."

"JAMAICA AND ITS PEOPLE."

"FATHER MATTHEW AND HIS WORK," by the Rev. William McDonagh.

"JOHN MILTON," by the Rev. F. H. Wallace, B.D.

"THE MODERN SAINT ELIZABETH," by the Rev. S. P. Rose.

"HAVELOCK AND HIS HEROES."

"A MISSIONARY BISHOP."

OTHER ARTICLES.

Among the numerous other articles will be the following:

"LESS KNOWN POETS OF METHODISM," by Dr. John A. Williams.

"THE FINAL OUTCOME OF SIN," by Dr. Sutherland.

"THE LOST EMPIRE OF THE HITTITES," by Thos. Nichol, M.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

"PROGRESS IN THEOLOGY," by Principal Sheraton, Wycliffe College, Toronto.

"HALF HOURS IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM," by Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of Asylum for Insane, Toronto.

"SISTER AND SAINT," Rev. W. Hall, M.A.

"MEMORIALS OF DR. RICE AND DR. CARROLL."

"LORD CAIRNS," by W. Galbraith, D.C.L.

"THE RELATIONS OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN CANADA," by Rev. L. N. Beaudry.

"WILLIAM WILBERFORCE," by Rev. F. H. Bland.

"THE SCOTT ACT," by Rev. D. L. Brethour.

"LOVE AND SACRIFICE," by Rev. W. W. Carson.

"BRICKS AND THE BIBLE," Dr. Burwash.

Contributions may also be expected from Revs. Dr. Carman, President Nelles, Dr. Stewart, J. C. Antliff, T. W. Jolliffe, J. C. Seymour, E. A. Stafford, Dr. Burwash, Prof. Shaw, J. S. Ross, M.A., Dr. Burns, Principal Austin, Geo. Webber, Hugh Johnston, B.D., Dr. Laing, James Awde, B.A., A. C. Courtice, S. B. Dunn, and many others.

LAY CONTRIBUTORS:

John Macdonald, Esq., the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Prof. Haanel, F.R.S.C., Prof. Coleman, Ph.D., His Honor Judge Dean, Prof. Robins, LL.D., J. J. McLaren, Q.C., D. Allison, Esq., LL.D., John Cameron, Esq., of the Toronto Globe; John Reade, Esq., F.R.S.C., of the Montreal Gazette; and numerous other writers.

OUR SERIAL STORY,

"JAN VEDDER'S WIFE," will be one of our passing interest. Of this book Mrs. R. Stowe says: "I have read and re-read with deep interest the story. I rejoice in a book whose moral is so noble and so nobly and strongly expressed."

REPRINT ARTICLES.

"The Four Gospels," by Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Four Papers.

"The English Princes at the Antipodes," from the Journals of Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales.

"Chivalry," by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland—Sister of the President of the United States.

"The Origin of the Universe," by the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, LL.D., F.R.S.

"The Mediterranean of Canada," by J. Macdonald Oxley.

"Famous Men and Women Series," being brief studies of the most eminent persons of recent or remote times.

Papers on Science, by Prof. Drummond, Sir John Lubbock, Grant Allan, and others.

"Higher Life."

"City Mission Sketches," etc.

Our Premium for 1886

Is the best ever offered. It is Dr. Norman McLeod's famous Story, "THE OLD LIQUOR-TENANT AND HIS SON," a book of 401 pages, illustrated. A tale of fascinating interest, which will be read with avidity by both old and young. Only 35 cents. Less than one-fourth the regular price.

Some schools have taken ten copies to circulate instead of libraries, as being fresher and more attractive. Send for special terms.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto; or, C. W. COATES, Montreal; S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARD BOOKS

Neatly Bound in Cloth and Illustrated.

At 90c.

Hand-Books.

- Convict Service. By John Campbell, M.D.
- Cookery. By Matilda Lees Dods.
- Dr. Begbie's Medical Advice.
- Souvenir of the Highlands.

At 70c.

A. L. O. E. Series.

- Fairy Frisket.
- Fairy Know-a-Bit.
- Holiday Chaplet.
- My Neighbour's Shoes. Gilt edges.
- Old Friends with New Faces. Gilt edges.
- Parliament in the Play-room.
- Sunday Chaplet.
- Whispering Uneven.
- A. L. O. E.'s Picture Books. Quarto. Five Sorts.

Biography and its Lessons.

- Dr. Kane, the Arctic Hero.
- Humboldt's Life and Travels.
- Self-Taught Men.
- Story of Edward the Black Prince. By M. Jones

Giacomelli Illustrated Series.

- Good Out of Evil. By Mrs. Surr. Gilt edges.
- History of the Robins. By Mrs. Trimmer.
- In the Woods.
- Jonny and the Insects.
- Sea-Birds and the Lessons of their Lives. Gilt edges.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.