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HOME & SCHOOL

VOL. II.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.

[No. 20.]

Heidelberg and Scenes in Germany.

BY THE EDITOR.

The picture on this page gives in the centre a view of the famous Castle of Heidelberg, and characteristic views of German students with their long pipes, German peasants in their picturesque costumes, a dog team, and winter scene.

The great attraction of Heidelberg is the castle, once the finest in Europe, and now, next to the Alhambra, says Longfellow, the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages. Its older portions date from 1249, but it was frequently enlarged till it became of vast extent and extraordinary magnificence. It is a charming walk through the quaint old town and up the castle hill, now terraced into a stately pleasure-ground. The deep, wide moat, the massy walls and ivy-mantled towers — at once a fortress and a palace — have an air of stern feudal grandeur that I have seen nowhere else. After being the abode of kings and electors for four hundred years, it was captured by the French, consumed by fire, blown up by powder, and left the magnificent ruin we now behold. Beneath a grim portcullis, with its grate drawn up, we enter the great courtyard shown in the initial cut of this paper, once gay with tilt and tourney, with martial array or bridal train. All around are stately façades of various ages and of splendid architecture adorned with exquisite arabesques, garlands of fruit and flowers, mouldings and fluting and lacework admirably carved in stone. In niches on the wall stand rows of knights in armour, and on the front of the Rittersaal the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable; but all, alas! marred and dismembered by the iron mace of war. We are led through vaulted corridors; through roofless ban-



HEIDELBERG AND SCENES IN GERMANY.

quet halls, where kings once feasted; through a ruined chapel and up stone winding-stairs to the bower-chambers of fair queens and princesses—now open to the owls and bats. In the great kitchen is a huge fire-place, big enough to roast an ox, an evidence of the royal hospitality of ancient days. The *Gesprenge Thurm*, or "shattered tower," was, as its name signifies, blown up by the French. One-half of its cliff-like wall, twenty-one feet in diameter, fell into the moat, and, after two hundred years, still lies an unbroken mass. On the ruined "Elizabeth Tower," built for the daughter of James I. of England, grows a tall linden, and in her bridal chamber the swallows make their nests. An air of desolation mantles over all.

In an old gallery is preserved a collection of historic portraits, relics, and antique furniture, china, embroidery, ornaments and weapons of former inmates of the castle. I was specially interested in the portraits of the fair English princess, Elizabeth, the hapless mistress of these stately halls; of Maria Theresa, of Luther and his wife, and in the wedding-ring with which he espoused the gentle nun.

From the castle terrace overhanging the valley, I enjoyed a glorious sunset view of the lovely Neckar, winding among the vine-clad slopes of the forest-billowed Odinald — the ancient haunt of the "Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein" — and the more remote "Blue Alsatian Mountains." Of course nobody leaves without seeing in the castle vaults the "great tun," which will hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine. It lies on its side, is as high as a two-storey house, and one goes up a ladder to a platform, twelve by eighteen feet on the top, on which many a dancing party has been held. The hogshead shown in front of the tun, gives

some idea of their relative sizes. In the foreground to the left is seen the guardian of this treasure, a gnome carved in wood, modelled after the old-time court fool of the castle. The tourist is invited to pull a cord by his side, when a hideous figure springs out of a box.

It was a students' fête day, the schloss garden was full of merry-makers, and at night the old castle was illuminated with coloured Bengal lights. Every window, which in daytime looks like the eyeless socket of a skull, and every loop-hole and cranny was ablaze, as if with the old-time revelry of the vanished centuries, or with the awful conflagration by which it was destroyed. A thunderstorm swept down the valley, and the firing of the old cannon on the castle ramparts blended with volleys of "heaven's loud artillery."

The famous university, with seven hundred students, dating from 1386, occupies a large plain building. The students wear a jaunty scarlet cap with a broad gold band. I saw on the cheek of one a great scar of a sabre slash, received in a student's duel, to which these golden youth are much addicted. The Church of the Holy Ghost is unique, I think, in this respect, that it is occupied in common by Catholics and Protestants. In 1705 a wall was built between the choir and nave, and the two Churches have ever since conducted their service under the same roof.

Pluck and Prayer.

THERE wa'n't any use o' fretting,
And I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd jest got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be wuth our while
To make such a dreille fuss.

To be sure, the barn was 'most empty,
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water—an' apple-sass.
But then—as I told Obadiah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh and blood couldn't stan' it; and he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws! ef you'd only heerd him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out in that closet there,
'T would have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seemed as ef the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrary
That ef things don't go jest right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gettin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I a'n't goin' to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I druv the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where His gifts descends;
An' 't isn't always that faith gets down
As far as the finger ends."
An' I would not have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk;
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
And others the gift to work.

An Heroic Deed

"GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This is what Chief-Engineer Bain, of the steamer State of Florida, did. The only woman saved from the wreck of that vessel was stewardess Jane MacFarland, of Glasgow, and she owed her life to the self-sacrifice of the chief engineer. He was in one of the boats when he saw that this woman was left on the sinking steamer. He gave her his place, returned to the Florida and went down with her. Such a deed recalls that thrilling scene on the sinking Birkenhead many years ago. There was only room in the boats for the women and children, and there were many British troops on board. At the command of their officers those brave men put all the women and little ones in the boats; then drew up with parade steadiness on the deck, and as the vessel sank they fired a volley and went down with her, their ranks unbroken to the last. That was collective heroism, but it was no nobler than the perfect self-devotion and manliness which the Scotch engineer displayed when he deliberately gave up his own life that a helpless woman might be saved.

It is such deeds as this that prove the survival of exalted conceptions of duty in an age which is sometimes accused of being sordid and degenerate. For "greater love hath no man than this," and the human intelligence can conceive of no more complete demonstration, of no more utter self-sacrifice. Nor does it appear that in this case there was any more utter self-sacrifice. Nor does it appear that in this case there was any specially close relation between the parties. The engineer probably knew little of the stewardess. All he recognized in that supreme moment—that moment in which, as has been finely observed, all disguises are thrown aside, and the real nature stands forward for what it is—was that she was a woman, and in deadly peril. That sight brought his nature into full view, and it proved to be a noble one. There was no time for thought or consideration, nor did he need time. He instantly, calmly, resigned his one chance of life in favour of the woman. Such deeds deserve record and remembrance, for there is no man, whatever his achievements, whatever his capacities, whatever his material triumphs, who must not feel and acknowledge that the heroism shown forth in a sacrifice like this brings us all for the moment in contact with a higher and purer sphere of action and thought than is encountered in the most engrossing ambitions of the workaday world.—*New York Tribune.*

A Precious Pillow.

DR. JUDSON, one of the earliest missionaries to Burmah, completed the translation of the New Testament in 1853. The manuscript was destined within a year to enter on a strange history. The Judsons went to Ava, the capital of the empire, hopeful of doing effective missionary work. War, however, broke out between England and Burmah, and all foreigners were soon regarded with great suspicion. 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 the other prisoners were removed from that awful place to an open shed

within the prison pounds. There they lay with irons upon their limbs. When her husband was thrown into prison, one of the first acts of his wife, Emily C. Judson, was to bury the manuscript of the New Testament in the earth under the house, lest it should be found and destroyed by their persecutors. When Dr. Judson was permitted to receive a visit from his brave wife, and they could speak together a little, naturally one of the 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. The wife sewed 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 it in some future year be found, and be a source of light and blessing to the benighted heathen 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 liked 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, barefooted, 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 whom he feared he would never see again. Little did he imagine what the mean-looking cotton roll contained. Months afterward, when the troubles were 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 all printed, and to-day the men and women of Burmah read in it "the wonderful works of God."

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER, the African explorer, states that the camel will cross the deserts with a load of 400 pounds at the rate of thirty miles a day in the burning heat of summer and requires water only every third or fourth day. In the cooler months the animal will work for seven or eight days without water, and if grazing on green foliage without labour will drink only once a fortnight.

For the Boys.

THE *Wide Awake* gives the following story, which is all the better for being true; Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well he spent an hour each day during most of the year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure moments may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse if one harvests wheat instead of chaff.

Manner.

ONE of the most prominent public men of our time said lately:

"I have lived 63 years in the world, and have come in contact with all ranks and quality of men; but I have never met one who, when I spoke to him with sincerity and courtesy, would not reply to me in a like manner."

This testimony is the more valuable as it comes from a man who probably possessed more personal popularity than any living American, and who owes it to the magnetic charm of his sincerity and courtesy of manner.

Dorothy Dix, who visited almost every prison in the United States, says that she had never received a rude answer from a convict, no matter how disgraced he might have been.

"I showed them that I trusted them by my manner," was her secret.

There is no personal quality which young people are so apt to neglect as this, for an attractive, magnetic manner, which is so much more potent and enduring a charm than the beauty of face and figure which they prize so highly.—*Ex.*

How to interest boys of fourteen or fifteen years in personal religion is one of the most difficult of Sunday-school problems. A lady teacher found help in its solution by inviting her class of laas to spend an evening at her house—that they might be bored with pious talk? By no means; some of the boys had that idea, and stayed away. Those who came had music, simple games, which were instructive and amusing, and plenty of cake, lemonade, and fruit. There was a sacred song, and a brief prayer, which made every one feel that his heavenly Father was glad to see him happy. The stayaways had not the expected laugh at those who accepted the invitation, and all concluded that their teacher really cared for them. When she appealed to each separately, they listened, and some accepted Christ. That boys' party cost something, but it warmed those young hearts toward the teacher and toward her Saviour. Didn't it pay!

The Present Crisis.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[This poem was originally written for the Anti-Slavery conflict. It applies no less to the Temperance conflict of to-day.]

When a deed is done for freedom, through
The broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on
From East to West.
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the
Soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood as the
Energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the
Thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace, shoots
The instantaneous throe
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's
Systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recog-
nizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with
Mute lips apart,
Ank glad Truth's yet mightier man-child
Leaps beneath the Future's heart.

Once to every man and nation comes the
Moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the
Good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offer-
ing each the bloom of blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the
Sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that
Darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose
Party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals, shakes
The dust against the land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis
Truth alone is strong,
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see
Around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield
Her from all wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's
Pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt
Old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever
On the throne.
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and,
Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
Watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small
And what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn
The iron helm of fate;
But the soul is still oracular; amid the
Market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the
Delphic cave within—
"They enslave their children's children who
Make compromise with sin."

Then to stand with Truth is noble when we
Share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and
'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the
Coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is
Crucified,
And the multitude make the virtue of the
Faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—They
Were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the
Tumultuous stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the
Golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by
Their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and
To God's supreme design.

By the light of heretics, Christ's bleeding
Feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross
That turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how
Each generation learned
One new word from that grand Credo which
In prophet hearts had burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered
With his face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-
day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the
Silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the
Crackling fagots burn,

While the hooting mob of yesterday in
Silent awe return,
To glean up the scattered ashes into His-
tory's golden urn.

They have rights who dare maintain them;
We are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's
Now-lit altar fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer; shall
We in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal
The funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the
Prophets of to-day?

Now occasions teach new duties; Time
Makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who
Would keep abreast of truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp fires! We
Ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the
Past's blood-rusted key.

How Frank and Will Escaped.

"HERE, Frank, I say! Frank Leslie,
Come here a minute!" shouted Jim Ha-
ley rather imperatively, as little Frank
Leslie and his cousin, Will Carter, were
running past the engine-house, Jim's
usual lounging-place, on their way home
from school. "That's Jim Haley call-
ing you! Are you going to speak to
him? Your father will scold you if
you do—but Jim'll hit you if you
don't," was Will's whispered remark
to Frank. "Well, what's wanted?"
answered Frank, halting, but not ex-
actly standing still. He was afraid of
his father's reprimand, and equally
afraid not to answer Jim. This Jim
Haley and his half-a-dozen intimate
friends were the worst boys in the whole
town; they were always avoided by any-
one who respected himself. "Why, Pat
O'Connor, here, says that that big dog of
Tom Kelley's used to belong to your
father. Is that the truth?" asked
Jim, quite peaceably. "Mr. Kelley's
dog Carlo, do you mean? Yes, indeed,
my father raised him from a pup; he
had hardly got his eyes open when
father brought him home." And in
their eagerness to "talk dog," a topic
beloved by every boy, they quite unin-
tentionally drew a little nearer to the
forbidden group. "How many times
did he bite any of you?" "Not once!"
exclaimed Frank, with enthusiasm.
"He's a tiptop watch-dog, but he never
harms anyone he knows. Mr. Kelley
says he's never had a chicken or an
apple stolen since he had Carlo."
"That's what I told Pat, and he bet
me a dollar against a dime that he
was as cross to you two fellows as he
is to us." "It's no such thing!"
"Of course, I can take your word for
it, but that will not settle our bet.
Look here, let's settle it now. We
fellows will go along as far as old
Kelley's front gate, and then you call
Carlo, and prove to Pat that he isn't
cross to you."

In cooler moments Frank would have
declined the proposal; he knew that
dinner would be ready in five minutes,
and as punctuality to meals was rigidly
enforced by Mr. Leslie, he could truth-
fully have excused himself from thus
delaying on the way. In a few mo-
ments, Frank, Will, and the group of
half-grown loafers, stood in front of
Mr. Kelley's gate; a whistle from Will
was enough to bring Carlo bounding to
the side of his old master; he was un-
feignedly glad to see them, and not only
offered no resistance to their caresses,
but had plenty of his own to bestow.
"Didn't I tell you so?" shouted Frank,
with glee. "It's all very well, out

here in the street, but you know he
would act very differently if he was in
the garden," grumbled Pat. "Indeed
he wouldn't! Just come in the garden
and see." So, into the garden they
trooped. Will and Frank were so busy
fondling Carlo that they did not notice
four of the other boys slip away, one
after another. The first thing that
disturbed them was a yell and a scuff-
ing of feet, as three or four of them
took to their heels, and a sudden grip
on their collars, which was not at all
comfortable. Three stalwart policemen
surrounded what was left of the party,
including Jim Haley, Pat O'Connor,
and one of the worst of their congenial
spirits, as well as Frank and Will.
"Caught in the act this time!" one of
the policemen exclaimed. "I heard
that you were planning a robbery here,
and we've had our eyes on you all day.
I think Judge Anderson will have a
word for you, you young thieves!"

Frightened as they were, Frank and
Will now saw that the other three boys
had their hands and pockets full of Mr.
Kelley's rarest plants, some torn up by
the roots, others only broken and
crushed. "Please, Mr. Policeman, let
Will and me go! We didn't touch the
flowers, we are not thieves! We were
only playing with dear old Carlo—
wasn't that all, Jim?" cried Frank.
There is not always "honour among
thieves;" neither Jim nor Pat uttered
a word of denial when the policeman
said: "Oh! only playing with the dog,
eh? Only keeping the dog quiet while
your accomplices robbed the garden?
To Judge Anderson you'll go this
minute, and if I don't miss my guess
you'll have a nice ride in the black
Maria before long!" No tears or per-
suasions availed the least, and in a few
moments the boys were before the
judge. It happened to be a very dull
day in the police court, so Judge
Anderson listened at once to the police-
man's story. "Caught in the act, were
they?" the judge said. "I am not
sorry to have a short interview with
these young scamps, they've been the
terror of the neighbourhood long
enough. As for you Jim Haley and
Pat O'Connor, I have little mercy for
you, you have been up before me too
often, and I promise you a few weeks
where you can't study any more poison-
ous dime novels. And you—why, bless
my soul! policeman, you've surely made
a mistake! Little Will Carter is in my
daughter's Sunday-school class; and it
is not a month since I myself saw our
minister present Frank Leslie with a
prize for being the best-behaved boy in
our Sunday-school! What are they
here for?" "Sure, sir, there's no
mistake; birds of a feather flock to-
gether, and I caught them all together,"
was the reply.

A few questions from the judge
elicited the whole story, even a confes-
sion from Jim that the two little boys
were used by him as an innocent trap
for Carlo, to keep the dog still while
the others stole the plants. "Know-
ing your previous reputation as well
as I do, Frank and Will, I dismiss
your case at once. But bear this in
mind: you cannot touch pitch without
being defiled, and a man (or boy) is
apt to be judged by the company he
keeps. I must say I am surprised that
your fathers have not warned you to
have nothing to do with such boys as
Jim Haley—" "Please, judge, he
has! He has told us never to be seen
with them," Frank cried; and Will
added: "My father told me never to

even speak to them; but we forgot.
And then all of us little fellows are
afraid of those big boys; they lick us
if we are not civil to them." "Next
time one of them troubles you, just let
me know! But, after all, which is the
worst, to disobey your father or to run
the risk of a 'licking?' The latter
hurts worst just now; but, boys, each
disobedience, small as it may be, makes
the next one come easier and easier,
and no one knows where it may lead
to. My colleague, Judge Brown, is a
stranger to you; suppose he had been
acting in my place to-day! Your story
might not have been believed by him,
and think what a disgraceful punish-
ment your disobedience would have
brought to you if you had been sent
down with those rogues! Go home
now, and hereafter choose your com-
pany a little more carefully; your good
character clears you now; see that it
remains with you through life."—
Sunday School Times.

Hints to Visitors.

TRY, without being too familiar, to
make yourself so much like one of the
family that no one shall feel you to be
in their way, and at the same time be
observant of those small courtesies and
kindnesses which altogether make up
what the world agrees to call good
manners. Regulate your hours for
rising and retiring by the customs of
the house. Do not keep your friends
sitting up later than usual, and do not
be roaming about the house an hour or
two before breakfast time, unless you
are very sure that your presence in the
parlor then will be unwelcome. Write
in large letters in a prominent place in
your mind, "Be punctual." A visitor
has no excuse for keeping a whole
family waiting, and it is an unpar-
donable negligence not to be prompt
at the table. Here is a place to test
good manners, and manifestation of ill-
breeding here will be noticed and re-
membered. Do not be too ready to ex-
press your likes and dislikes for the
various dishes before you. It is well
to remember that some things which
seem of very little importance to you
may make an unfavourable impression
upon others, a consequence of a differ-
ence in training. The other day two
young ladies were heard discussing a
gentleman who had many pleasant
qualities. "Yes, said one, "he is very
handsome, but he does eat pie with his
knife." Take care no trifle of that kind
is recalled when people are speaking of
you. If your friends invite you to
join them in an excursion, express your
pleasure and readiness to go, and do
not act as though you were conferring
a favour instead of receiving one. No
visitors are so wearisome as those who
do not meet half way proposals that
are made for their pleasure. If games
are proposed, do not say that you will
not play, or "would rather look on,"
but join with the rest, and do the best
you can. Never let a foolish feeling
of pride lest you should not make as
good an appearance as the others,
prevent your trying.—*St. Nicholas.*

Mrs. HUNTER (glancing along the
row of clerks behind the shop counters):
"I do not think I see the gentleman
here who waited upon me yesterday."
Enfant Terrible: "Why, Mamma,
you are talking to the very one. Don't
you remember you said you'd know
him anywhere by those ears!"

The Bottom Drawer.

In the best chamber of the house,
Shut up in dim uncertain light,
There stood an antique chest of drawers,
Of foreign wood, with brasses bright,
One morn a woman, frail and gray,
Stepped tottering across the floor;
"Let in," she said, "the light of day;
Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer."

The girl, in all youth's loveliness,
Kneelt down with eager, curious face;
Perchance she dreamt of Indian silks,
Of jewels, and of rare old lace;
But when the summer's sunshine fell,
Upon the treasures hoarded there,
The tears rushed to her tender eyes,—
Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

"Dear grandmamma!" she softly sighed,
Lifting a withered rose and palm;
But on the elder face was naught
But sweet content and peaceful calm.
Leaning upon her staff, she gazed
Upon a baby's half-worn shoe,
A little frock of finest lawn,
A hat with tiny bows of blue.

A ball made fifty years ago,
A little glove, a tasselled cap,
A half-done long-division sum,
Some school books fastened with a strap,
She touched them all with trembling lips;
"How much," she said, "the heart can
bear!"

Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die
The day that first I laid them there.

"But now it seems so good to know
That throughout all these weary years
Their hearts have been untouched by grief,
Their eyes have been unstained by tears!
Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight
When earthly love is almost o'er;
Those children wait me in the skies
For whom I locked that sacred drawer."

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Home & School:

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.
Sunday-School Aid and Extension Fund Collection.

By order of the Sunday-school Board, the Editor, who is also Sunday-school Secretary, is instructed to call the attention of all superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools to article 354 on page 159 of the Methodist Discipline, which reads as follows: "An annual collection in aid of Sabbath-school work shall be taken up in all our schools, to be called the Sabbath-school Aid and Extension Fund collection. It is recommended that this collection be taken up at the open session of the school on the Quarterly Review Sunday in September [September 28th], or at such other time as may be found most convenient. It shall be the duty of superintendents of circuits and districts to see that such collections are taken up."

How and Where.

How and where do you intend to educate your children? is one of the great questions of the age. Ignorance is rarely bliss in these days of intelligence and knowledge. Once wealth covered a multitude of intellectual defects, but at the present day men are wont to peep behind the golden veil, and ask the mental value of the man. He, therefore, who bequeaths to his children wealth while he condemns them, by neglecting their education, to a back seat in all society worthy of the name, is doing them a wrong which only filial regard or self-respect will prevent them at some time from asserting with sorrow.

The question How and Where, in relation to education, has a broader application than it once had. A few years ago some of our readers might have looked at their boys alone before giving a reply: to-day they include in their answer their daughters as well. No fact promises more for the future than this. Woman's progress in education will be the measure of the general progress in intelligence. Her participation in the intellectual advantages of to-day has been marked by a steady advance into the occupation of those posts of service which have hitherto been regarded as beyond her province. No parent, as he looks around his family circle, whatever its comforts, can tell when some whirlwind may tear up the tent pins and scatter the group. To keep them ignorant is to make them for ever dependent, to educate them is to prepare them for independence through personal effort, whenever such effort may be necessary.

—*Halifax Wesleyan.*
To the above judicious remarks of Bro. Smith, we would merely add that Methodist parents need not go beyond Methodist schools, which will give a guarantee of sound religious instruction for their children. By writing to the manager of the Academy or University at Sackville, N.B., of the College at Stanstead, P.Q., of the College at Belleville, of the University or High School at Cobourg, or to the ladies' colleges at Sackville, Belleville, Whitby, Hamilton, St. Thomas, or to the Rev. Thos. Ferguson, Toronto, full information will be obtained.

Book Notices.

A Golden Inheritance. By Reese Rockwell. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. Price \$1.25.

The names of the publishers of this volume are a guarantee to the public that "A Golden Inheritance" will be something better than all that the world calls good and great. True, the book is written very much in the style of those books which are usually designated "novels," but however some sedate Christians might hesitate about perusing such books, we beg to assure them that there is nothing in the volume now under review but what is pure and good. Religion appears in all its loveliness in the character of one who, though an invalid and a cripple, finds joy and peace by her implicit faith and trust in the Saviour. Its practical character is displayed in the life-work of some others who instruct the veriest outcasts of society and seek to reclaim the waifs of the city from the scenes of destitution which constantly surround them. The book is well suited to young persons of both



TUN OF HEIDELBERG.

sexes who will read works of this description, and we do not see how it can be read without good resulting from the perusal.

Light Ahead. By Colia A. Gardiner. New York: Phillips & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. Price \$1.25.

This is a 12mo. volume of 444 pages, clear, bold type and good paper, which makes it very easy to read. It consists of twenty-three chapters, every page of which bristles with life. The style is terse and captivates the reader, so that chapter after chapter is read with increasing interest. The design of the writer is to describe the beauties of religion, and the utter worthlessness of a mere worldly display. The power of religion to support those who have become reduced in their social position, and to sustain others as they crossed the valley of the shadow of death, is clearly seen, so that the reader cannot fail to see the advantage of its possession. We have read the volume with no ordinary interest, and have no hesitancy in recommending its perusal to all classes of readers.

Mrs. Hurd's Niece. By Ella Farman. The Young Folks' Library. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 25 cents. This fascinating story, one of the best from the author's practised pen, will find a multitude of earnest and appreciative readers. It draws a sharp contrast between genuine, practical religion and its fashionable substitute, and shows the hollowness of a life not based upon sound principle. There is hardly a page without its suggestive passage, and we know of few books which contain so much that is really helpful to young girls placed in positions where self-control, moral courage and self-sacrifice are required.

Oh! little woodland flower,
All hidden from our loving sight.
Petite fleur lis des bois,
Toujours caché-e.

These words are from a nice little song, which may be sung in French or

English. Learners of French will remember that, in singing, it is quite common to make a three-syllable word out of one or two syllables, as one sees in *caché-e*.

Ditson & Co. send us with this, eight other songs and pieces, all good ones:

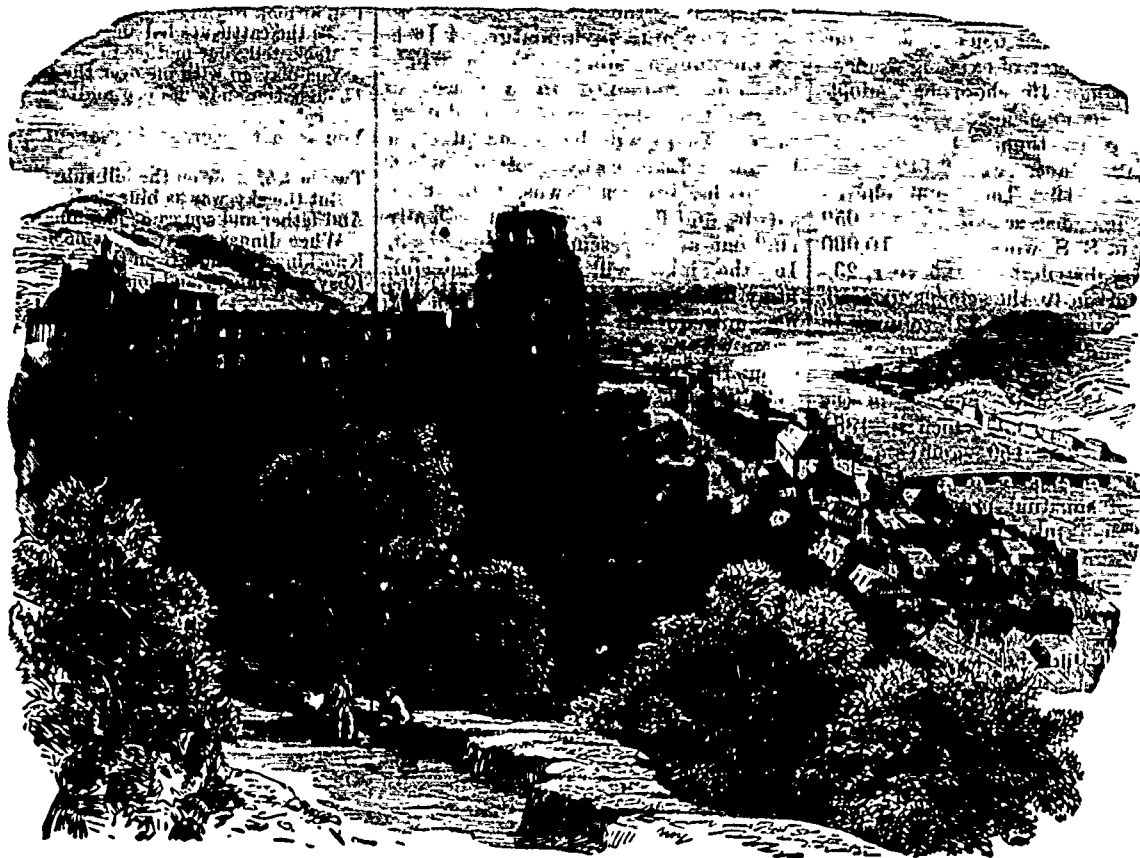
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What a Boy Accomplished

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools went out in the country the past summer to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer. The boy having stood it as long as he could, said to the man, "Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow." The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said, "I thought you were going to stay all summer." "I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go, so I will leave."

The man felt the rebuke, and said, "If you will stay I won't swear;" and he kept his word. Boys! take a bold stand for the right; throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and that which is to come.—*S. S. Visitor.*

It is a common sneer among those who are opposed to Christian work among peoples not Christian, that only low-class Hindoos or Chinese or Japanese embrace Christianity. It is one of the many hostile facts which people of this belief are always meeting, that Mr. Ayskeh Kabayama, the student of Wilbraham Academy who was baptized and received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday, February 10, is a son of the commander-in-chief of the Japanese Army.



HEIDELBERG CASTLE AND TOWER.

The Watered Lilies.

2 COR. IV. 7.

THE Master stood in His garden, among the lilies fair
Which His own right hand had planted,
and trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms, and
marked with observant eye,
That His flowers were sadly drooping, for
the leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered," the heavenly
Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them, and
raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway, empty and
frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying, which seemed
of no use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it from the
dust in which it lay,
And smiled, as He gently whispered, "This
shall do my work to-day.

"It is but an earthen vessel, but it lay so
close to me;
It is small, but it is empty—that is all it
needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it, and filled it
full to the brim.
How glad was that earthen vessel to be of
some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water over His
lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty; and again He
filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies until they
revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure that His
labour had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water which
refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But He used the earthen vessel to convey
the living showers.

And to itself it whispered, as He laid it
aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway, just where
I did before.

"Close would I keep to the Master, empty
would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me to
water His flowers again." E. R. V.

A BUTTON is one of those events that
are always coming off.

The Child.

THE following is a part of a chapter
from "Home and Social Life," by the
Rev. Dr. H. W. Bolton, of Boston, an
interesting book soon to be given to
the public:

So many and constant are the demands upon our time and thought in supplying the wants of our physical nature, that we very naturally become commercial in our treatment of all interests, and too often measure value by the law of ready exchange. Matters of great interest are often treated slightly, and persons of great dignity pass by unnoticed. National wealth and historic greatness sacrificed in view of minor interests. This often closes the door upon those whose presence would bless and enrich us if suffered to abide. Children are too often treated as troublesome comforts, if comforts they are—a tax upon time and usefulness, in the way of those pursuits that bring pleasure and accomplishment.

In this we have gone little beyond the Spartans, who looked upon the interests of the state as infinite, while its subjects were simply worth their market price, and when by any accident they were rendered unsalable, some law must remove them, society must not be burdened with them. But this is not the highest law of estimate. The Giver of all life took the babe and put him in the midst of His cabinet, that He might call their attention to His estimate of childhood innocence. He took a child's nature to show the world the nature of His kingdom; *yes, more, He took on Himself the form of a child, that the world might see God and live.*

This truly gives the child a value not often recognized. A child, a rosy-cheeked Jewish lad, was placed in the midst of a company of church politicians by Jesus with these words, "Whosoever humbly himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—a strange lesson for a company of lords in ambition and expectation. What a lesson for men holding the keys to treasuries and king-

doms, called upon to humble themselves and become like little children, for we have no reason to suppose this was an elect child, though tradition claims for it the name of Ignatius, whose body was thrown to the beasts at Rome, a martyr to the Christian religion; but, if this be historic, it may have been the result of training.

The child is to every home an inspiration we cannot afford to lose. Look not on the mother who cares for her child weeks, months, and years, with pity, as though your hours of leisure, reading, and concerting, were much to be preferred. Few mistakes so fatal. Has music charm and power? Love has more. Will it live? Love will live longest and accomplish most when the fingers now busy with piano and curls are stiff in death. Love will guide steps and accomplish deeds of undying worth to the faithful mother.

Cherish the children if you have them; if not, covet them as God's best gift. Their presence is the presence of innocence, that will constantly call you back to the hours of your own childhood, and enable you to live again the life of confidence now sadly disturbed by the experiences through which you have passed.

"Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more!
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children,
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing,
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That were ever sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."
—Longfellow.

Let not the presence of children prove a burden, though they demand time and attention. That music floating in from that childless home may be perfect, but it is passing away; your noisy little ones are touching notes the masters never knew, and they may be yours forever.

"Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly at all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;
Yet I would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home, with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise,
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys."

An Incident.

An incident worth recording, nor for the honour that it reflects upon the young lady only, but as an encouragement to other young persons in indigent circumstances, also, who desire a classical culture, excited no little interest at the recent commencement of Simpson Centenary college. A few years since a miss of fourteen, the daughter of poor parents, walked with bare feet to Indianola, a distance of several miles, to seek employment as a servant, that she might procure a few books with which to begin a course of study. From that day to the present she has steadily pursued her purpose, working as a servant until able to teach, for the means necessary to pay her expenses for board, clothing, books, and tuition; and thus has realized the end of her praiseworthy ambition, without the assistance of a dollar from other sources. Four years since she entered college, and though having to earn the means for doing so, has kept up with her class throughout the course, with a grade in recitations equal to any, and was graduated an A.B. at the recent commencement, her oration being regarded as among the very best delivered. The name of this young lady is Sarah Amanda Leeper, a name that deserves to be inscribed high upon the roll of moral heroines. I should have added to her achievements that in addition to the college curriculum she has mastered five other studies.—W. A. C.

"If I were in California," said a young fop, in company the other evening, "I would waylay some miner with a bag of gold, knock out his brains, gather up the gold and run." "I think you would do better to gather up the brains," quietly responded a young lady.

Moth-Eaton.

I HAD a beautiful garment,
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close with lavender leaves,
In a napkin fine and fair,
"It's far too costly a robe
For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on;
It lay by itself under clasp and key
In the perfumed dusk alone,
Its wonderful broi'dery hidden
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And, clad in soberest raiment,
I bore them company;
I knew I owned the beautiful robe,
Though its splendour none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care;
I gave them tenderest pity,
But I had nothing besides to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast-day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself the lustre
Of its shifting colours fine;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out of the dust I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of day.
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that seals
To the grace of a constant blessing
The beauty that use reveals;
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

S. S. Convention, Carleton Co., N.B.

THE Rev. J. C. Berrie kindly sends us report of Missionary Convention. From the Secretary's report we take the following. We hope that similar action will result in similar improvement in every County.

From the formation of our Convention until the present time, there have been three objects before us, which we have sought earnestly to accomplish, and the reports year by year have shown more clearly their importance and necessity:—

First—To increase the number of Sunday-schools in the County. We found deplorable destitution in the way of privileges. Whole settlements, many school districts, and even villages with no school; while scores of church buildings and school houses where Sunday schools ought to be held were empty, and a host of professed Christians idly waiting for some one to make a move in this work. This state of things has largely been changed. The Convention workers, aided by local helpers, by visits, by public meetings, and in various ways have aided in the opening of many new schools, until, at the present, we have over 90 Sunday-schools in our County.

In 1881 we had 53 schools; to-day we have 90; gain, 37. The total membership then was 3,064; the total is now 4,685; gain, 1,621. For the increase in the number of Sunday-schools we are thankful.

Second—To largely increase the number of months the schools should be kept open. Years ago we found it the common practice to close nearly all of the schools for six months or more each year. By holding public meetings in the fall, when the subject could be discussed; by letters of appeal to the schools; by personal visits; by arguments, appeal and entreaty, and more

by the blessing of God, a great change in this respect has taken place.

Third—Our third object was to improve the character of existing schools. Three years ago, 45 schools had adopted the International lessons; now there are 77 who use them. In 1881 the average attendance was 2,142; this year it is 3,119. Then 506 church members attended school; now 1,059 take part in S. S. work. Then 10,000 papers were distributed; this year, 23,512 were given to the schools to read. I notice a falling off of 321 volumes in libraries, and presume the great increase of papers used is the cause. But the most gratifying increase is the number of conversions, which in 1881 were 58; in 1883, 150; and this year 158. For this increase of interest and evidence of spiritual progress we are devoutly thankful. Can we not best show our gratitude to our heavenly Father by our increased diligence and zeal in the Sunday-school work?

One thing more before I close. I must express my hearty appreciation of the uniform kindness and brotherly co-operation of every minister of the Gospel with whom I have come in contact, and I cannot but admire their unselfish and kindly efforts to assist me in every way. Many of them I have learned to love as dear friends, and shall never forget their loving, brotherly actions. What I have said of the ministers is also true of the S. S. officers. They have never failed to give me a most cordial welcome to their schools, and also to their hospitable homes, and many of the acquaintances I have made on these visits will ever be among the pleasantest of my life.

Fellow-workers, be encouraged; be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Do faithfully what the Master has committed to our charge, that when He returns we may hail His coming with joy and enter into the rest prepared for His people.

Bro. Berrie adds: Some friends from the United States said our S. S. papers were the best and cheapest they had seen, and will order them for their Sunday-schools.

Pigmy Trees and Miniature Landscapes.

In some ways Chinese and Japanese gardeners are the most successful of any in the world. They can control and direct the growth of plants to a degree that seems really marvellous until the principle upon which it is done is known, when, as in many other matters, it becomes quite simple.

The Chinese have such a strong liking for the grotesque and unnatural, that the handiwork of their gardeners is not as pleasing as that of the Japanese gardeners. The Chinese understand the dwarfing of trees; but their best work is in so directing the growth of a tree or plant that it will resemble some hideous animal which is only fit to exist in nightmare.

The Japanese, on the contrary, are remarkable for their love of what is beautiful and graceful, and, consequently, ugly forms find no favour with them. Every Japanese has a garden if it be possible; but, as space is valuable in Japan, only the very rich can have large grounds, and the family in moderate circumstances must be content with a garden often smaller in area than the floor of one of our hall bedrooms in a narrow, city house.

Nevertheless, that small garden must contain as many objects as a large

garden, and, of course, the only way of accomplishing the desired result is to have everything in miniature. It is no uncommon thing to see a whole landscape contained in a space no greater than the top of your dining-table. There will be a mountain, a stream, a lake, rocky grottoes, winding paths, bridges, lawns, fruit trees, shrubs, and flowers; all so artistically laid out as to resemble nature itself. In the lake will swim wonderful, filmy-finned gold and silver fish, and not unfrequently the tall form of a crane will be seen moving majestically about the tiny landscape.

This seems wonderful enough; but what will you think when I say that almost the same landscape is reproduced on so small a scale that the two pages of *St. Nicholas*, as it lies open before you, can cover it! In this case a tiny house is added; delicate green moss takes the place of grass, and glass covers the lake where the water should be. Counterfeit fish swim in the glass lake, and a false crane overlooks the whole scene, just as the real crane does the larger landscape. The mountain, winding walks, bridges, and rocky grottoes are in the little landscape; and real trees, bearing fruit, or covered with dainty blossoms, are in their proper places.

These trees are of the right proportions to fit the landscape, and they are, consequently, so tiny that one is tempted to doubt their reality; and more than one stranger has slyly taken the leaves or fruit between the fingers, in order to make sure that the dwarfs do truly live, and are not like the fish and crane, mere counterfeits. These miniature landscapes have been successfully brought to this country; and on one occasion a lady of San Francisco used one of them as a centre-piece on the table at a dinner party, greatly to the wonder and admiration of her guests, who could scarcely be convinced that the almost microscopic apples on the trees were genuine fruit.

And now comes the question—how is the dwarfing done? The principle is simple. The gardener merely thwarts nature. He knows that, to grow properly, a tree requires sunlight, heat, and nourishment from the soil. He takes measures to let the tree have only just enough of these to enable it to keep alive.

To begin, he takes a little seedling or cutting, about two inches high, and cuts off its main root. He then puts the plant in a shallow dish, with the cut end of the root resting against a stone, to retard its growth by preventing nourishment entering that way. Bits of clay the size of a bean are put in the dish, and are so regulated in kind and quantity as to afford the least possible food for the little rootlets which have been left on the poor little tree. Water, heat, and light are furnished the struggling plant in just sufficient quantities to hold life in it without giving it enough to thrive on. In addition, any ambitious attempt to thrive, in spite of these drawbacks, is checked by clipping with a sharp knife or searing with a red-hot iron.

After from five to fifteen years of such treatment, the only wonder is that the abused tree will consent even to live, to say nothing of bearing fruit. —*John R. Coryell, in St. Nicholas.*

NEARLY a million lottery tickets were sold last year in Italy. No wonder such a people remain in poverty.

Fathers and Sons.

I MUST look to the sheep in the fold,
See the cattle are fed and warm;
So Jack, tell your mother to wrap you well,
You may go with me over the farm,
Though the snow is deep and the weather cold,
You are not a baby at six years old.

Two feet of snow on the hill-side lay,
But the sky was as blue as June;
And father and son came laughing home
When dinner was ready at noon—
Knocking the snow from their weary feet,
Rosy and hungry and longing to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said,
"That I feared I should scarce get through."
The mother turned with a pleasant smile:
"Then what could a little lad do?"
"I trod in my father's steps," said Jack;
"Wherever he went, I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face,
And a solemn thought was there;
The words had gone like a lightning flash
To the seat of a nobler care:
"If he 'tread in my steps,' then day by day
How carefully I must choose my way!

"For the child will do as the father does,
And the track that I leave behind,
If it be firm, and clear and straight,
The feet of my son will find.
He will tread in his father's steps, and say:
'I am right, for this was my father's way.'"

Oh! fathers leading in Life's hard road,
Be sure of the steps you take;
Then the sons you love, when gray-haired men,
Will tread in them still for your sake.
When gray-haired men to their sons will say:
"We tread in our father's steps to-day."

—LILLIE E. BARR, in *N. Y. Ledger.*

I Wish I Had Known It Before.

A BEAUTIFUL woman lay on a bed of sickness in an elegant residence on one of the finest and most fashionable of Boston's broad avenues. She was surrounded by every luxury, and attended by kind friends anxious to anticipate every wish, and to relieve the monotony of her weary, painful days in every possible manner. One afternoon she opened her eyes and said, in a low, weak voice:

"Read to me, please. Oh dear, how I wish there was something new in matter and manner in the literary world! I am so tired of everything!"

Her sister went to the next room for a book of poems, and while she was gone, the professional nurse, who sat beside her bed, took from the pocket of her plain drab wrapper a small Bible, opened it, and began to read in a subdued voice:

"And seeing the multitude, He went up into the mountain; and when He was set, His disciples came unto Him, and He opened His mouth and taught them, saying."

The sick woman listened attentively until the nurse paused with the words, "And the people were astonished at His doctrine, for He taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

"That is beautiful," she said; "that will create a sensation! Who wrote it? Where did you get it?"

"Why," said the nurse, in astonishment, looking with surprise at her patient, and thinking at first she was wandering in her mind; "it's the Bible! Christ's Sermon on the Mount, you know."

"That in the Bible! Anything so beautiful and so good as that in the Bible?"

"What did you suppose was in the Bible, if not something good?" asked the nurse, seriously, yet smiling, in spite of herself, at her patient's tone of surprise and incredulity.

"Oh, I don't know, I never thought much about it. I never opened a Bible in my life. It was a matter of pride with my father to never have a Bible in the house. How did this one come here? Oh! it is yours—your pocket-Bible. It is strange you should have surprised me into listening to a chapter, and that I should have been so charmed, and not know to what I was listening."

"You have certainly heard the Bible read in church?" asked the nurse in surprise.

"Not I; I have never been to church. We have always made Sunday a holiday. Papa got into that way in Paris. We have been to all popular places of amusement, of course but not to church. I have never thought about the Bible. I did not suppose it had literary merit. I had no idea it was written in the simple, beautiful style of the portion you have just read. I wish I had known it before."

A few hours later her disease took a fatal turn. The physician came and told her that her time on earth was very short. She would never see another sunrise.

"It cannot be possible," she said; "I never supposed it possible for death to come to me. What was the prayer you read, nurse? "Our Father who art in heaven. Say it with me, husband," and he did so.

"I wish I had known it before," she said, over and over, until she fell into a sleep from which she never woke, and the wail of regret was the last word upon her dying lips.

The nurse said it was the saddest experience of her career, to see that beautiful, gifted young woman, with kind friends, a loving husband and a beautiful home, who had all her life taken pride in ignoring the Bible and the Christian Sabbath, turn, when death came, from everything she had prized to the little despised book, and die with the cry upon her lips, "I wish I had known it before."—*Christian Observer.*

The Unprofitable Servant.

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use,
Mine to keep or mine to lose,
May I not do what I chose?

And the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame
When I hear my humble name,
And can not repay His claim!

One poor talent—nothing more!
All the years that have gone o'er
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,
Others add to it ten-fold
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!
All my sloth I now condemn;
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, O teach me what to do,
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew!

Help me, ere too late it be,
Something yet to do for Thee—
Thou who hast done all for me.

—*Kate B. W. Barnes.*

The Time to be Pleasant.

"MOTHER'S cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal in the night with the baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just so gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she sprang up from the grass, where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution towards the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething young baby.

Maggie brought the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother; it's such a nice morning?" she asked.

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The little hat and cloak were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking very tired!"

The kind words and the kiss which accompanied them were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she answered: "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour, and the air will do him good too. My head aches badly this morning."

How happy Maggie was as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk! She had done real good.

She had given back a little of the help and patience that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.

Maggie resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words: "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."

CHILDREN commence life, not indeed as sheets of blank paper on which we may write at will, but with every variety of temper and inclination for good and for evil bequeathed to them by those who gave them birth. The education which fails to recognize this is radically defective. The external forces employed to train a child are successful only as they are adapted to draw out, to guide or to restrain the internal impulses. Unless we discover what these impulses are, and are likely to become, unless we take pains to acquaint ourselves with their origin, their nature and their probable results, we are not fit to take part in the guidance of a youthful mind. Most of the failures of parents and educators proceed from ignorance of these facts.

Dorcas.

If I might guess, then guess I would:
Amid the gathering folk,
This gentle Dorcas one day stood,
And heard what Jesus spoke.

She saw the woven, seamless coat,
How envious for His sake;
"O happy hands," she said, "that wrought
That honoured thing to make!"

Her eyes with longing tears grew dim,
She never can come nigh
To work one service poor for Him
For whom she glad would die!

But hark! He speaks a mighty word:
She hearkens now indeed!
"When did we see Thee naked, Lord,
And clothed Thee in Thy need?"

"The King shall answer, inasmuch
As to my brothers ye
Did it, even to the least of such,
Ye did it unto Me."

Home, home, she went, and plied the loom
And Jesus' poor arrayed.
She died: they wept about the room,
And showed the coats she made.

—*George McDonald.*

Helping the Wicked One.

WALKING by the way-side home from church, along the smooth, broad pavement of the city, the whole family moves along together, the mother feeling very complacent in her handsome silk and new bonnet, and the father stepping quite proudly beside his pretty wife.

The young people have all been dutifully drilled to go to church with their parents, unless they have some good excuse for staying at home. So they are all here except the eldest daughter, whose new dress was not quite finished, though the sewing girl worked hard on it until late Saturday evening. Little five-year-old Emma holds her father's hand; George, next older, walks beside his mother; while two bright intelligent misses of ten and twelve follow in their parents' footsteps. Lily, the elder, looks serious and quiet. Some good seed, perchance, has found a tender, moist spot in her young heart, and may take root and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

Alas! the mother's voice breaks heedlessly in upon the sober thoughts of the child:

"Don't you think Mr.—is failing very much? He does not preach near so well as he did at first—do you think he does? There was not a thing in the sermon to-day. I could not keep myself awake all I could do, and you did not try; you were fast asleep before he was half through."

Both laughed as if it was a very amusing thing to throw contempt on a man's faithful, earnest labour.

"It certainly was a poor sermon; but he may not have been feeling very well, I believe he was sick the other day," remarked the father.

"But I don't think a minister has any business to preach unless he can do it well, so that his congregation will enjoy hearing him. Don't you agree with me, Mrs. —?" she added, as an acquaintance stepped up beside her.

"Indeed I do," replied her friend; "I wish we could find some one who would give us good sermons all the time."

"And yet," mused Lily, "he said he had a message from the King of kings, and I thought it was meant for me."

"But I believe, after all," continued the mother, "I would rather listen to our own minister than to that little fellow he had preaching for him last Sunday; his gestures were as awkward

as a school-boy's, and his whining voice made me so nervous I couldn't sit still."

"And he," thought Lily, "told us he was an ambassador for Christ."

"I couldn't sit still either," said little Emma.

"No, you never do," replied the mother, carelessly.

"I liked the young preacher best," spoke up Master George, "because, he did not preach so long."

"Well," questioned Lily in her heart, "if father and mother, who are Christians, see no good in the sermons, why need I disturb myself? Surely, if they believed what the preacher said, they would talk to me about it sometimes. I reckon it will be time enough for me to think about being a Christian when I am grown."

Ah! whither had the good seed gone? Had not the parents, her own father and mother, played the part of the evil one in taking away the word out of her heart, lest she should believe and be saved? And who can calculate the number of souls that have been lost, turned out of the way, by just such thoughtless criticisms on the way home from church, or even at any time? —*S. S. Times.*

"Smiles."

"I SAY, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out that room?" "No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping the dirt and leaving the room."

AN Irish magistrate asked a prisoner if he was married. "No," replied the man. "Then," replied his worship amid peals of laughter, "it is a good thing for your wife."

A YOUNG lady wrote some verses for a country paper about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It almost made her hair turn gray when it appeared in print, "My 30th."

THERE is a beautiful precept which he who has received an injury, or who thinks that he has, would for his own sake do well to follow: "Excuse half, and forgive the rest."

BUT we have all a chance of meeting with some pity, some tenderness some charity, when we are dead; it is the living only who cannot be forgiven.—*George Eliot.*

POLITENESS comes from within, from the heart; but if the forms of politeness are dispensed with, the spirit and the thing itself soon die away.—*Dr. John Hall.*

A FATHER may save a few dollars by refusing to make the home inviting for his children; but he may spend ten times that—yes, a hundred times—in getting them out of troubles which they have brought on by roaming in the streets.—*National Baptist.*

A CHAF stopping at one of the hotels sat down to dinner. Upon the bill of fare being handed to him by the waiter, he remarked that he "didn't care 'bout readin' now—he'd wait till after dinner."

CARPETS are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

PROFESSOR: What can you say in regard to the articulation of the bones?" Student (doubtfully): "I don't think they articulate very much."

"Now, then, Patrick," said the merchant to his new office boy, "suppose you go for the mail?" "Yis, sor; an' what kind of male wud ye be wantin'?" Indian male or oat male?"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

THREE MONTHS WITH SOLOMON AND THE BOOKS OF WISDOM.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON I. [Oct. 5.

SOLOMON SUCCEEDING DAVID.

1 Kings 1. 22-31. Commit to mem. vs. 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind.—1 Chron. 28. 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Those who obey God will have true success in life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 1. 5-21. Th. Psa. 1. 1-6.
T. 1 Kings 1. 22-35. F. Prov. 1. 20-33.
W. 1 Kings 1. 36-53. Sa. Prov. 3. 1-17.
Su. Psa. 72. 1-20.

TIME.—B.C. 1015. Some eight years after David's sin in numbering the people (Less. 8, 3rd Quar.); six months before David's death.

PLACE.—(1) Jerusalem. (2) The fountain of Enrogel, in the Kedron valley, just south of Jerusalem. (3) Gihon, south-west of Jerusalem, but close to the city.

DAVID.—70 years old, in the 40th year of his reign.

SOLOMON.—18 to 20 years old. Solomon—the peaceful. His other name, Jedidiah—the beloved of the Lord.

THE BOOKS OF KINGS.—Originally part of the same work as the Books of Samuel. They were completed about B.C. 560. Author unknown.

INTRODUCTION.—This lesson follows Less. 8, 3rd Quar. After the plague was stayed, as related in that lesson, David's life seems to have been peaceful and happy, and he spent his last years in preparing the materials for the temple which Solomon was to build. As David's life drew near its close, Adonijah, the oldest living son, fearing he might not be appointed king, made a desperate effort to seize upon the kingdom. Nathan heard of this, and reported it to Bathsheba, Solomon's mother, who carried the news to the king.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—22. *Nathan*—A wise and bold prophet, who had reproved David for his sin, and also aided him in his efforts for the temple. 24. *Adonijah*—The oldest of David's fifteen living sons, badly trained (v. 6), beautiful in form, ambitious, but not fitted for the kingdom. 25. *Slain cattle, etc.*—For the religious feast of his inauguration. *Captains of the host*—Of whom Joab was chief, a skilful and brave soldier, unscrupulous, not religious, successful for this world. 26. *Solomon*—Son of David and Bathsheba, 20 years old, wise, pious, well-trained, called of God. This effort of Adonijah was a complete failure, and Solomon became king.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—David's last years.—State of the kingdom.—Adonijah.—Solomon.—Nathan.—Joab.—Adonijah's attempt.—How it was defeated.—Solomon's fitness for the kingdom.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last historical lesson? How long an interval between that lesson and this? At what date did Solomon become king? What can you tell about the Book of Kings?

SUBJECT: SUCCESSFUL AND UNSUCCESSFUL MEN.

I. ADONIJAH THE USURPER (vs. 23-27).—How many sons had David? (1 Chron. 3. 4-8.) Who was probably the oldest one living? What was the character of Adonijah? What kind of a man in appearance? (1 Kings 1. 6.) What defect in his early training? (1 Kings 1. 6.) What attempt did he make to secure the throne? Why did he make the attempt at this time? (1 Kings 1. 1.) Did he probably know that David proposed to make Solomon king? (1 Kings 1. 13; 1 Chron. 28. 5.) What claim had Adonijah to be king? What were his plans? Where was Enrogel? Who went to his feast? Who were not invited? How were his plans defeated? What became of him after this? (1 Kings 2. 13. 25.) Would he have made a good king? Was he a successful man? What made him fail? (1 Kings 2. 15.) What lessons can you learn from his life?

II. SOLOMON THE KING (vs. 28-31).—How old was Solomon at this time? What name did the prophet Nathan give him? (2 Sam. 12. 24, 25.) What is the meaning of Solomon? of Jedidiah? What was his character? Who appointed him to be king? (1 Kings 1. 13, 30.) In what place was Solomon crowned as king? Give an account of the coronation? What was the effect on the usurping Adonijah? Was Solomon successful? In what respects? What was the secret of his success? (vs. 3-14.) What can you learn from him as to the way to make your life successful?

III. NATHAN THE PROPHET (v. 22).—What prophet helped Solomon to his kingdom? What had he to do with Solomon's early years? (1 Sam. 12. 24, 25.) In what great undertaking did he advise David? (2 Sam. 7. 1-17.) What sharp reproof did he administer? (2 Sam. 12. 1-10.) What two books did he write? (1 Chron. 29. 29; 2 Chron. 9. 29.) What qualities of character did Nathan show? Was he a successful man? In what respects? The secret of his success?

IV. JOAB THE GENERAL (v. 25).—What was Joab's position under David? (2 Sam. 8. 16; 1 Chron. 11. 6.) By what high titles is he called? (2 Sam. 11. 11; 1 Chron. 27. 34.) What relation was he to David? (2 Sam. 8. 16; 1 Chron. 2. 13-16.) What kind of a man was he? Why did he join in Adonijah's usurpation? What became of him? (1 Kings 2. 28-34.) Was he a successful man?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. From the history of others we learn the way of success, and the rocks on which we may be wrecked.
2. Solomon was youthful, pious, well-trained, wise, studious, fitted for his life work.
3. Adonijah was allowed his own way, beautiful in form, but untrained, unfitted for the kingdom, and a failure.
4. Nathan was a true prophet, wise, bold, holding communion with God, reproving sin, helping others to good works.
5. Joab, a brave and skilful general, headstrong, but faithful till toward the last, revengeful, enjoying honours and wealth.
6. The condition of success is obedience to God, help from God, faithfulness in every duty.

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

1. How long did David reign? **ANS.** Forty years. 2. Who made an attempt to obtain the throne? **ANS.** His oldest living son, Adonijah. 3. Whom had David appointed as his successor? **ANS.** Solomon, his youngest son. 4. What was the result of Adonijah's plan? **ANS.** It failed, and Solomon was made king. 5. Why was Solomon successful? **ANS.** Because he was wise, studious, pious, and was called of God.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON II. [Oct 12.

DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON.

1 Chron. 22. 6-19. Commit to mem. vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee.—1 Chron. 22. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Every one should do his part in the work of the Lord.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Chron. 22. 1-19. Th. 1 Chron. 29. 1-9.
T. 1 Kings 2. 1-10. F. 1 Chron. 29. 10-30.
W. 1 Chron. 28. 1-21. Sa. Psa. 72. 1-20.
Su. Psa. 84. 1-12.

TIME.—B.C. 1015. Soon after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, the capital of the kingdom.

DAVID.—70 years old, near the close of his forty years' reign.

SOLOMON.—18 to 20 years old, just crowned king.

THE KINGDOM.—At the height of its prosperity,—wide extended, well-organized in all its parts, religious, civil and military, at peace.

CORRESPONDING PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.—Another charge to Solomon is recorded in 1 Kings 2. 1-9. The preparations for the Temple are given at greater length in 1 Chron. 28, 29. The 72nd Psalm was probably composed for this occasion.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—9. *Solomon*—The name means peaceful. (See last lesson.) 10. *He shall build a house*—Times of peace (1) gave opportunity for building, (2) allowed the men to work at it, (3) helped in accumulating the needed wealth, (4) the temple of God should be the home of peace. 14. *A hundred thousand talents of gold*—A Jewish talent of gold was worth \$26,280.00. *A thousand thousand talents of silver*—A talent of silver was worth \$1,642.50. This would make the whole amount equal to \$4,270,500,000. By another reckoning, of a civil shekel half as great as the shekel of the sanctuary, the amount would be reduced one-half. If a Syrian talent was used, the amount would be about \$60,000,000. 17. *David commanded the princes*—A great assembly was held soon after, in which Solomon was crowned publicly, and the leaders of the people gave liberally for the Temple (1 Chron. 28, 29.)

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Why David could not build the Temple.—How Solomon was prepared to do it.—The qualities of a successful worker for the Lord (vs. 11-13).—The amount of silver and gold David had laid up for the Temple.—The great assembly (1 Chron. 28, 29).—The state of the kingdom.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was now king in place of David? How old was David? What was the state of the kingdom?

SUBJECT: PREPARATIONS FOR GOD'S WORK.

I. PREPARATION OF THE WORKER (vs. 6-13).—What was the great work David had left for Solomon to do? Why was it so important? Why could not David do it himself? What circumstances of the kingdom favoured Solomon's building the temple? Why could it be done better in times of peace? How many qualities are mentioned in verses 11-13 as fitting Solomon for his work? Which were the more important? Where may we obtain wisdom? (James 1. 5.) Do we need the same qualities in doing God's work.

II. PREPARATION OF MATERIAL BY DAVID (vs. 14-16).—How much gold and silver had David laid up for the Temple? What does it amount to in our money? Where did he obtain so much? (1 Chron. 18. 6, 11; 26. 26-28.) What was to be done with this gold and silver? What else had he prepared? Could David have done better with his wealth? How would his planning and preparing for the Temple be a joy and blessing to his life? What was Solomon to do himself? (v. 14.) What things have been done by our fathers for the coming of Christ's kingdom? How may we "add thereto?"

III. PREPARATION OF MATERIAL BY THE PEOPLE (vs. 17-19).—Whom did David call upon to help build the Temple? What great meeting did he hold? (1 Chron. 28, 29.) To what motives did David appeal? How did the people respond? (1 Chron. 29. 6-9.) To what great work has God called us? How will it make our lives better if we give and labour for it? Is it worth more than Solomon's Temple? How did the people feel after they had given so liberally? (1 Chron. 29. 9.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Blessed is the father who has a good and wise son.
2. Some must prepare material for others to use.
3. Those that lay the hidden foundations have also a part in the joy of the completed work.
4. If we are fitted for a work, God will send the work to us.
5. The qualities needed for doing God's work,—Divine help, earnestness, wisdom, obedience, courage, and hope.
6. We should "add thereto" to the unmeasured riches of church and state, ideas, literature, inventions, schools, and means of doing good, which our fathers have prepared for us.
7. God's cause needs the gifts of every one, and not of the rich and great alone.

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

6. What was the great desire of David's life? **ANS.** To build a temple to the Lord. 7. What did he do towards it? **ANS.** He prepared an immense amount of gold and silver and materials for its construction. 8. To whom did he commit the work? **ANS.** To his son Solomon. 9. Upon whom did he call to help him? **ANS.** All the leaders of the people.

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