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HONEY AND SCHOOL

Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella.

You have all read the story of the indefatigable energy of Columbus, who begged his way from court to court trying to enlist the sovereigns of Europe in his scheme for discovering a new way to India by sailing west. In 1492, will be celebrated the 400th anniversary of his discovery of the New World. Our picture shows him taking leave of Ferdinand and Isabella before setting out on his mighty quest.

Look at Your Thumbs.

If any body will look carefully at the end of his thumb, he will find that the surface is ridged with little thread-like ranges of hills, wound round and round in tiny spirals. If he will take a magnifying glass and examine them closely, he will find that there is a great deal of individuality in the way in which these are arranged. No two thumbs in all the world are exactly alike. The miniature mountain ranges are as fixed and decided as the Alps or the Sierras, the geography of the thumb as unmistakable. Now, the Chinese have made use of this fact for establishing a rogue's gallery. Whenever a criminal is examined by the law, an impression is taken of his thumb. Smearred with a little lampblack, partially wiped and then pressed down on a sheet of white paper, an engraving of the thumb is made and kept in the police records.



COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

It serves just the same purpose which is served by our photographing our burglars and pickpockets. The accused can be identified with great certainty. Nothing short of mutilating or burning the thumb can obliterate its features. Sometimes a ghastly proof of guilt is furnished. A murderer, redhanded with his crime, may touch his finger's end against a white wall, and so leave in the color of his guilt a photograph on the accusing wall. His signature is left, just as unmistakably as if he had signed the bond of his iniquity; and thus great crimes have been brought to light, and deeds of blood made to tell their own story. But this individuality in the skin of the tip of the thumb, strongly marked as it is, yet admits of strong family likeness. Brothers and sisters who will take impressions of their thumbs will find resemblances among each other that they will not find when comparing them with the thumbs of strangers. Even thus minutely does that strange thing, family likeness, descend. What wonder is it that faces look alike, voices sound alike; how can it seem strange that members of the same family should have similarities of temper, of mental aptitudes and hereditary diseases, when such minor peculiarities as the texture at the end of the thumb, and its ranges of hills, should also have family resemblances in the midst of their indefinite diversities.

“The hairs of our head

are all numbered," and not only so, but each hair, if examined with a powerful magnifying glass shows peculiarities as strong as the trees of the forest. No two are exactly alike. Every thing, from the smallest to the greatest, is impressed with a specific character and individuality. The Creator's invention is exhaustless, and he no more repeats himself in the geography of a thumb than in the geography of a continent. Now if anybody doubts this, let him take a little black or aniline color and try it. He will acquire an acquaintance with his thumb and a respect for it that will be quite interesting.—*Baptist Weekly.*

A Mother's Gift.

The following lines were written by a mother inside a Bible which she gave her boy when he left home:

REMEMBER, love, who gave you this,
When other days shall come;
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest, for her son;
And from the gifts of God above
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy,
The guide to light, and life, and joy;

And bade him keep the gift—that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In the eternal home.
She said his faith in this would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond gift to scorn,
And bid him cast that gift aside,
That he from youth had borne—
She bade him pause, and ask his 'reast
If he or she had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy;
A mother's gift. Remember, boy!

Life on an Ice-Field.

BY GEO. E. WALSH.

THE Northern Seas are scenes of great animal conflicts, and, like the tropical forests of the torrid zone, they abound in an endless variety of animal life. The ice-cold waters are swarming with both large and small creatures; and the snowy summits of islands, mountains, and headlands are the homes of innumerable sea-birds, which form colonies in those cold regions so vast that, when they rise in a flock to begin one of their migratory journeys, they resemble dense clouds of rain above the horizon. Even the temporary icefields, that form glistening floors many miles in extent, become inhabited by the birds and animals soon after their formation, and not until the warm breath of summer melts the ice, and the strong oceanic currents break the fields up, and carry huge cakes into warmer seas, do the animals retire to more secure places.

During the cold winter days, the seals come out of the water to sport around on the ice-fields. Sometimes they are chased out by sharks and sword-fish, and then they make a commotion in the water that can be heard a long distance away. When one of these ravenous creatures appears among a flock of seals, the helpless members of the colony start pell-mell for the ice, barking and lashing the water with a frenzy of despair. Usually, however, one or more of the flock is captured by the enemy.

The sword fish, it robbed of its prey, becomes furious in its anger, and will frequently crash against the edge of the ice-field with terrific force, merely to vent its spite. Instances are on record where they have split huge cakes of ice from the field by their sword, and they have even leaped out of the water to pierce one of the seals with their deadly weapon.

The ice-fields are generally secure places of refuge for the seals, so far as the blood-thirsty inhabitants of the deep are concerned; but they meet with other dangers on the ice that often prove as fatal.

If a harp-seal is chased out of the water by a ferocious enemy, it will lie panting on the ice field for hours at a time, not daring to venture again into its element. If it is late in the spring, and the sun's rays are beating down warmly upon the ice, the back of the seal will soon become dry and blistered. Like other blisters made by the sun, those on the seal's back are painless during their formation, but they soon become so tender that even to touch them excites fearful agony. The cold water causes intense suffering, and when the animal is in this condition nothing can induce it to return to the sea. If shoved into the water by sailors, it will bark and make such cries of appeal that the hardest heart will be touched, and in the face of the sealer's up-raised club it will scramble up on the ice-field again, and calmly submit to death by clubbing.

On the whole, the seals seem to fear the sealers less than many other dangers. A sealer once told the story of his experience with a small harp-seal. The men had knocked over a great many of the creatures with clubs, and had nearly cleared the ice-field of the innocent animals, when suddenly a commotion in the waters attracted the sailors' attention. A small seal that they had driven into the sea scrambled upon the ice again, and started directly toward one of the sealers. The next moment a huge sword-fish leaped half-way out of the water, and struck the edge of the ice-field a terrible blow just where the seal had climbed up. The ice trembled and cracked under the force of the blow, and the frightened seal sent forth a series of terrified barks, and hurried toward the foremost sealer. Although the creature had seen the same man kill many of its comrades with his club, it did not hesitate to crawl close up to him, and place its head appealingly between his knees. Apparently it expected death, but it preferred the club to the cruel sword of the ocean monster. The sailor was so touched by the creature's actions that he would not kill it, but, after stroking its back tenderly, he left it alone on the field of ice.

Of course animals that can live in the water, or birds that can fly in the air, do not stay on the ice-fields for any great length of time, and when the ice begins to break up they return to their particular element. But occasionally there are other creatures imprisoned on great floating ice-fields that can save themselves neither by mounting into the air nor by swimming in the water.

A few years ago, a party of three sailors was lost on one of these detached ice-fields. They were exploring the country for bears, and after having travelled around for several hours without any luck, they suddenly struck what appeared to be the trail of a large white one. The imprints of the animal's feet were clearly discernible in the half-frozen snow, and they followed the trail without much difficulty. So intent were they on the chase, that they did not notice the direction they were pursuing. Night was rapidly approaching, and they increased their pace in order to catch the bear and reach the ship again before darkness hid the trail from their sight.

The excitement of a bear chase would usually make one forget everything else, and the distance one might travel in a few hours at such a time would scarcely be noticed. It was so with the sailors, and it was not until they came close to the edge of the ocean that they stopped, and began to look around them. They had followed the bear far out on an ice-field that penetrated into the ocean like a small peninsula. The ocean currents were washing fiercely around the outer end of the field, threatening to carry it away from the mainland every moment. The spring thaw was in full progress, and the turbulent waters of the northern seas were already filled with huge icebergs and floating cakes of snow and ice.

The sailors immediately recognized the danger of their position; but, before they could turn about, a long, deep, rumbling noise seemed suddenly to break out right beneath their feet, and lose itself gradually in the distance. It was a peculiar quaking noise, and only those acquainted with the northern seas would have interpreted its meaning. The sailors understood at once that it was the ice breaking up.

They stood still for a moment in breathless astonishment, and then they saw their field of ice—probably half-a-mile across in either direction—swing around into the ocean, and float away with the tide. At first a narrow channel of water separated them from the mainland; then it increased gradually until it was the size of a large river, and then they were far out into the ocean. The land disappeared from their sight, and their queer ship floated along on the broad bosom of the ocean, following the tides and winds toward the warmer seas, where the hot breath of the sun would melt their raft from under their feet.

Near the centre of the island of ice, huge cakes had been piled up in irregular forms, until they resembled a small iceberg. Toward this icy elevation the sailors retreated, knowing that it would be the last place to melt. When they reached the summit of the ice, they were astonished to meet their white bear, that had been imprisoned on the cake of ice with them. This was joyful news to them, for the question of food had already presented itself to their minds.

Bruin, as soon as he discovered his enemies, started toward them with a growl. He felt that there could be no compromise in the matter, for one party or the other had to die. But it was an easy matter for the sailors to dispatch the beast with their three rifles.

For three days they subsisted on bears' meat, eating it without the use of fire. To build a fire on the ice would be only to hasten their end, as the cake was already melting rapidly. Every few hours a portion of their icy island would break off and float away. Gradually their queer raft contracted from half-a-mile to one hundred feet in diameter. Then the work of wearing away became less perceptible. The island was now a small iceberg, and the water was washing away the foundation of the island which floated beneath the waves. When this was sufficiently accomplished, the iceberg would topple over, and bury the unfortunate sailors in the cold waters.

On the third day a wind blew up, and wafted the solitary iceberg rapidly through the sea. As night came on, the wind increased in violence, and the sailors expected every moment to have their insecure raft blown over into the turbulent ocean. The night was intensely dark, and every extra blast of wind made them tremble with fear. Suddenly there was a loud crash of crumbling ice, and the sailors sprang up to save themselves by swimming as the berg toppled over. But all was quiet, and only the howling of the wind seemed to disturb the

stillness of the night. Their island was not moving. Evidently they had struck something. With this thought in mind, they hurried down from their high perch, and soon found themselves on another extensive ice-field that had not yet been dislodged from the mainland.

How quickly these three men hurried away from their old prison can well be imagined. For another day they travelled over the icy fields before they found relief from their sufferings. Then they met a party of sealers who, after listening to their story, took them on board of their own ship, and thus carried them into port.—*Our Youth.*

A Life Wasted.

About thirty years ago a gentleman from New York, who was traveling in the South, met a young girl of great beauty and wealth and married her. They returned to New York, and plunged into a mad whirl of gayety. The young wife had been a gentle, thoughtful girl, anxious to help all suffering and want, and to serve her God faithfully; but, as Mrs. L——, she had troops of flatterers. Her beauty and dresses were described in the society journals; her *bonmots* flew from mouth to mouth; her equipage was one of the most attractive in the Park. In a few months she was intoxicated with admiration. She and her husband flitted from New York to Newport, from London to Paris, with no object but enjoyment. There were other men and women of their class who had some other worthier pursuit—literature, or art, or the elevation of the poor classes—but L—— and his wife lived solely for amusements. They dressed, danced, flirted, hurried from ball to reception and from opera to dinner. Young girls looked at Mrs. L—— with fervent admiration, perhaps with envy, as the foremost leader of society. About ten years ago she was returning alone from California, when an accident occurred on the railroad train in which she was a passenger, and she received a fatal internal injury. She was carried into a wayside station, and there, attended only by a physician from the neighbouring village, she died.

Dr. Blank has said that it was one of the most painful experiences of his life.

"I had to tell her that she had but an hour to live. She was not suffering any pain; her only consciousness of hurt was that she was unable to move, so that it was no wonder she could not believe me.

"I must go home," she said, imperatively, 'to New York.'

"Madame, it is impossible. If you are moved it will shorten the time you have to live."

"She was lying on the floor. The brakemen had rolled their coats to make her a pillow. She looked about her at the little dingy station with the stove, stained with tobacco, in the midst.

"I have but an hour, you tell me?"

"Not more."

"And this is all that is left me of the world! It is not much, doctor," with a half smile.

"The men left the room, and I locked the door that she might not be disturbed. She threw her arms over her face and lay quiet a long time; then she turned on me in a frenzy:

"To think all that I might have done with my money, and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and the sick; it's too late now. I've only an hour! She struggled up wildly. 'Why, doctor, I did nothing—nothing but lead the fashion! Great God! The fashion! Now I've only an hour! An hour!'

"But she had not even that, for the exertion proved fatal, and in a moment she lay dead at my feet.

"No sermon that I ever heard was like that woman's despairing cry, 'It's too late!'"

Do It in Time.

A TRUE STORY.

"WINNIE, dear, have you finished that pair of socks you were knitting for little Harry Greene?"

"No," answered Winnie, "I am going to do them next week, auntie; I forgot about it yesterday, and read a book instead."

"How often you say that, Winnie. But what are you doing now?"

"Nothing particular, auntie."

"Nothing particular: well, then, do something important. Call your sister, and I will tell you a short story about myself."

Winnie obeyed her aunt, and, fetching her knitting from the cupboard, sat down beside her aunt and sister, who were both sewing, and began to knit quickly. Auntie, after giving her some instructions about her work, commenced her story.

"When I was about your age, Winnie, I had an old friend, a lady, who had been very kind to me when I lived in London, where she lived. Wishing to requite her kindness, I thought of making a little present of my own work. After a consultation with mother as to what I should make, I decided on a shawl. I saved some money and bought some wool. Mother began a pretty pattern for me, and I commenced it. But I soon began to tire of it, and in my leisure time did something else. It was not half done, and was quite forgotten by me, while I began new work. One day I heard that Mrs. Armand was very ill, and in two days she lay dead. I was filled with remorse—it was too late! Yes, now it was no use to her for whom it was intended. She had passed away to a better land. I finished the shawl, and also many things I had in hand, but I have never forgotten the lesson it taught me.

"And now, Winnie and Ethel, try and remember this short story and act upon it, and I shall not have told it to you in vain. Do all that you have to do in time. But there is one thing especially—prepare your hearts by being repentant, and give them to Christ now, while you have time, for soon it will be too late!"

A Good Investment.

SEVERAL winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress difficult. A street urchin sprung to the rescue; and as he held open the door, she said "Thank you," and passed on.

"Cracky! d'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady in seal-skin said 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me!"

Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing the lady turned round and said to him, "It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this woman received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her, "What a comfort to be civilly treated once in awhile—though I don't know that I blame the clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said, "Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness."

She looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office-boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words dropped into the treasury of street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds.

Go Learn a Trade.

Tris sing you a song to-night,
And every word is true;
You'll find that every line is meant,
Young gentleman, for you I
I've no intention to offend,
In what is sung or said—
The sum and substance of it is,
To go and learn a trade.

Your education may be good,
But time is flitting by,
Instead of working; don't be fooled—
The old man may not die;
And if he should, the chances are
His will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent;
So go and learn a trade.

The country's full of nice young men,
That from their duty shirk;
Who think 'twould crush their pride
If they should go to work;
Take off your coat (your father did),
And find some honest maid,
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do,
Be faithful to your boss,
You'll find the more you do for him
Will never prove a loss;
You'll find out fifty years from now,
When fame and fortune's made,
The best step that you ever took
Was when you learned a trade.

The Romance of Coal.

In the reign of Edward I. the aversion to coal was most pronounced, and a proclamation was issued prohibiting its use in London. Even dyers, brewers, etc., were forbidden to burn coal on pain of a fine, loss of furnace, etc. The proclamation was brought about by the nobles and gentry, who complained that they could not stay in town on account of "the noisome smell and thick air" caused by burning coal.

Stow, referring to this period, says: "The nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea-coals were burned, nor willingly eat of the meat that was oven sod or roasted with sea-coal."

It was in the reign of Edward I. that a man was tried, convicted, and executed for the crime of burning sea-coal in London.

The students of Oxford and Cambridge were not permitted to have fires until the days of Henry VIII., and to warm themselves they ran for some distance—certainly a cheap mode of obtaining warmth.

Toward the reign of Elizabeth, coal was becoming a popular kind of fuel, chiefly owing to the difficulty of obtaining a cheap and plentiful supply of wood. A strong prejudice, however, lingered against it, and the Queen prohibited the burning of coal in London during the sitting of Parliament, for it was feared that the "health of the knights of the shires might suffer during their abode in the metropolis."

In the days of Charles I., the use of coal became very general, and as the demand increased the price went up to such an extent as to preclude the poor from obtaining it. Not a few died from cold for the want of fires.

SAY not that thou hast royal blood in thy veins, and art born of God, except thou canst prove thy pedigree by daring to be holy in spite of men and devils.

In Autumn Days.

LIKE voices in a room where one is dying,
Low with the awe that always comes with death,
I hear the wind among the branches sighing,
As earth sits dreaming with abated breath.

The leaves are falling in a gorgeous shower
Of gold and crimson on the hillside slopes,
And, robbed all ruthlessly of summer's dower,
The trees stand grieving as o'er vanquished hopes.

The sky is tender as the smile a mother
Gives to a child that o'er its losses grieves,
And with her kind caresses she would smother
The tears that fall, as fall the ripened leaves.

No wonder earth is sad for sweet things dying,
And grieve to think of bloom and beauty fled;
Though she may call there will be no replying,
And so she mourns to-day, uncomfited.

Be patient, earth, you have your time of losses,
Of vanished brightness and of things to miss;
And as the souls of men bear on their crosses,
Forgetting what may be in that which is.

But unto you another spring returning
Will bring now gladness; and to souls of men
Will come the spring for which each one is yearning,
And that which seemeth dead will live again.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 4, 1890.

Read Your Bible.

MR. HUGHES, in "Tom Brown," tells an anecdote showing how we may influence others without meaning it.

A fragile boy came to Rugby, and was put under the care of "Tom Brown;" and he, with a number of other boys, all slept in a large hall, and at night they all frolicked and played. Before the lights were out they were all ready for bed. All were very much surprised to see this boy kneel down by his bed to say his prayers. One hard-hearted boy thought he would put a stop to this, so he threw his shoe at him; and, in turn, "Tom Brown" threw his boot at him.

That night "Brown" woke up with a heavy feeling, and thought how much ashamed he was when he came there to say his prayers; and he had promised his mother, before he left his home, that he would read his Bible every day, and had never read it since he came there, so he thought he would do better. And next morning when he got up he knelt down by his bed, and all was silent.

Before long all got into the habit of reading their Bibles, and kneeling every night and morning. All from the actions of this boy.

A Ventriloquist of the Olden Time.

You have read of the Witch of Endor, and you have often wondered how she could raise Samuel from the dead. The truth is she was not a witch, and she did not raise Samuel. Saul wished to speak with him, and the woman intended to deceive Saul by going through certain incantations and then to tell him that Samuel was risen, although to him quite invisible. If Samuel had not "come up" as he did, she would have still further deceived her king, by herself replying to the questions Saul asked Samuel. This she could do by imitating the prophet's voice, and throwing her own to where the prophet was supposed to stand, putting into his mouth a speech characteristic of the man. She had a familiar spirit, an excellent memory, was familiar with the relations heretofore existing between Saul and Samuel, and could pretty nearly divine the reply Samuel would make to any of Saul's questions, but Samuel quite unexpectedly arose and spoke for himself; so now that he was risen she was afraid. In terror, she charged Saul with deceiving her—a thing quite natural under the circumstances, as she intended to deceive him. But the Lord raised Samuel, and quite upset her plans and exposed her deceit.

The word translated witch in our Authorized Version is ventriloquist, and the whole account of this transaction is quite at variance with the idea that the woman was able to raise or in any way commune with the dead. It could not be done then, as it cannot be done now.

"For Me."

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight neat form. A little while after she began to go to school the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," said she, why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about, Carrie?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"My dear, did Jesus ever invite little children to come unto him?"

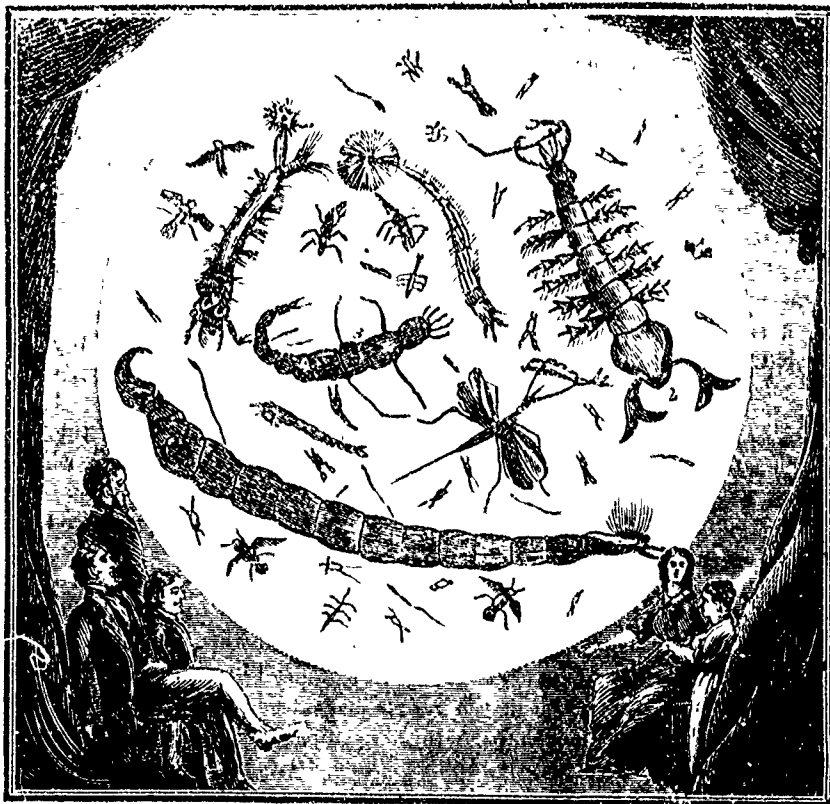
The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No, it is for me, for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her, and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now, if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believes his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.



THE INHABITANTS OF A DROP OF WATER.

The Inhabitants of a Drop of Water.

OUR cut shows what a drop of stagnant water looks like when greatly magnified and its shadows thrown upon a screen. It looks as if it were filled with horrible dragons and beasts of prey. An old lady who saw such a representation for the first time at a public exhibition, jumped up and exclaimed, "Oh, let me go away, what if these horrible creatures should break loose and devour us!"

Thoughtless School-Girls.

"How all the girls laughed at Miss Alfred today, mother, in school! You should see her old dress, which she has pieced out under the flounces, thinking it would never show. One of the ruffles caught on the corner of a seat, and ripped off half a yard. It was so old and faded and forlorn, that the girls laughed out loud."

"Oh, Agnes!" said her mother, with a look of pain on her kind face, "I am sure you did not laugh."

"I did, mother," said Agnes, hanging her head; "they all did."

"What if it had been your own dress?" asked her mother. "What if your father was dead, and you were then obliged to get your living by teaching, and take care of a feeble brother, besides? What if almost every dollar you could make went to pay rent, and buy food and fuel and medicines and little comforts for the sick one? What if you had spent hours in making over an old dress, so that it might look respectable in the school-room, hoping that others would never see its defects; then, how would you like exactly such a scene as that in your class-room to-day?"

"Oh, mother, I am so sorry," said Agnes, the quick tears coming to her sympathizing eyes.

"So would all the girls, I am sure," said her mother, "if they would only think of it. They are not unfeeling—only thoughtless. I would do my best to atone for the fault to-morrow, by extra kindness and politeness. Your example will have some effect upon the other girls."—*Youth's Examiner*.

LET us love life and feel the value of it, that we may fill it with Christ.



LESSON PICTURE.

OCTOBER 12.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.—*Luke xxii. 7-20.*

There is Rust on the Golden-Rod.

BY CLINTON H. BIDDLECOM.

THERE is rust on the golden-rod;
The mullein has lost its stars;
The fire of the poppies is all burned out;
The milk-weed's foam-flower is floating about;
And down by the orchard bars

The clematis' tangled floss
Wreathes the sumac's faded brow;
But the billowy meads of clover blows,
The bonny blue-bell, and the warm red rose
Are only a memory now.

The black rain sobs in the trees,
No longer the linnet sings;
The wild winds throb in a strange unrest,
In ragged rains the oriole's nest
From the leafless elm-bough swings.

Sing thou not alone of the past,
O, heart! in the gathering gloom,
Though memory echoes are sweet to hear,
'Gainst the tremulous raindrops, cold and drear.
There's a rainbow-promise of Spring-time cheer—
Decay holds the seeds of bloom.

"Leap for Your Life!"

A SUPERB ocean steamer of our commercial marine, with her rich cargo and large company of passengers, was speeding on her way over the tranquil ocean, beneath serene skies, while only joy and hope prevailed on board. Suddenly rang through the ship the cry of "Fire! fire!" From a flaw in the furnace the flames were kindling fast in the interior of the vessel.

Panic reigned among the passengers. The captain and his officers were cool, and order was preserved among the crew. When it was found that the extinguishment of the flames was impossible, the captain quickly formed his plan, and said to his first officer: "Mr. McM—, I'll take charge of the ship, and keep her before the wind, to prevent the fanning of the flames; and I want you to take charge of the life-boats, and to see to the rescue of the passengers."

The mate instantly ordered the life boats to be lowered and swung aft of the ship—at first allowing no one to enter them, lest they should be swamped by the uncontrollable rush to reach them. He then, with a few picked men in the boats, completed his arrangements, and gave orders that the passengers should all pass over the ship's side, or leap into the water, as he should direct, and that he would rescue them as they reached the boats. All who obeyed his orders were saved.

Before leaving the deck, Mr. McM— said to his wife: "You take your position on the taffrail of the ship; and when I am ready for you, and give the word, leap into the sea, and I will catch you—and don't be afraid."

The critical moment approached. There stood the frail woman on the taffrail of the hot, burning ship, the flames in the rigging at her back, the surging ocean near twenty feet beneath her; but her eye was on her husband, waiting for his signal. Soon he called to her, in loud tones, "Leap, leap!" It was her supreme moment. With faith in the love, strength, and skill of him who called, she sprang from the taffrail into the boiling sea. But she was instantly in the strong arms of the noble man who loved her, and was

safely lifted by him into the life-boat.

Now, what is faith? What is the faith by which we are saved? What was the faith of Mrs. McM— in her husband? Why had she that faith? What did faith do for her? How did her faith act? Her husband was her saviour. He bade her believe him and obey him. He told her to commit herself wholly to him, and fear not, and leap into the sea. Mark the faith and the obedience. She knew he loved her. She believed he could save her.

Here we have a picture of the relation of Christ to sinners in a perishing world. Our world is on fire with sin. How shall we escape? Christ loves us, and has made full provision for our rescue, and is now saying: "Come to me! Come!" Leap for your life! Leap! Stay not, or you perish!

Day-Dreaming.

It was a bright, warm day, in the early summer of 1781, and London was full to overflowing, when a boy about eleven years old, with long, dark hair hanging down his neck, and a strange, dreamy, far off kind of a look in his large, gray eyes, came slowly along one of the busiest and most crowded streets of the great city, so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he hardly felt the jolts and bumps which he encountered in pressing his way through the hurrying throng around him. He must have been thinking of a battle, or a hard struggle of some kind, for every now and then he darted out both his arms in front of him, to the no small danger of the eyes or the ribs of the passers-by. Suddenly he was brought to a stand-still, and no wonder, for in flourishing his hands about he had thrust one of them right into the coat-pocket of a tall man who was just going past him.

"What! so young, and so wicked?" cried the man, turning and seizing him. "You little rascal! Do you want to pick my pockets in day-light?"

"No! I don't want to pick your pocket," said the boy, staring about him as if just awakened from a dream; "I thought I was swimming."

"Swimming!" echoed the man, with a broad laugh, "Well, I've heard a crowd called a sea of people, but I've never heard of anybody swimming in it before. You are either telling me a lie or else you must be crazy."

"I'm not, indeed," protested the boy. "I was thinking of that man who swam across the Hellespont—Leander, you know—and it seemed to me as if I were swimming across it too."

"Oh, ho!" cried the stranger, "that's it, is it? You seem fond of reading, my friend!"

"I'd read all day long, if I could," answered the boy, earnestly; "but I've only got a few books, and I've read 'em all again and again."

"Well, I'll tell you what: I belong to a library—and, if you like, I'll give you a ticket of admission to it for six months, and then you can read as much as you please. Here's my address, and you can come for the ticket as soon as you like."

And the stranger, chuckling over this queer adventure, went briskly on his way, little thinking that he would live to see that boy become honoured by all England as one of her greatest thinkers, and would tell with pride and self-gratification to all his friends how he had once done a kindness to Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Finish What You Begin!

BY COUSIN ANNIE.

It certainly was a very bad habit of Louie's, and one of which her grandmother had tried again and again to break her. She would never finish what she began, unless grandmother "just kept after her, and kept after her," as the children say. A score or more of unfinished undertakings, scattered here and there through the house, bore eloquent witness of poor Louie's failures, while the only finished ones were those where grandmother had "kept after her, and kept after her," until they were completed.

"I never saw anyone as particular as grandmother is," Louie would complain. "I don't dare begin anything where she can see it without having to finish it before she will allow me to go at anything else. I don't care what it is, she wants it finished—if it isn't more than a play-pen of straws. Why—would you believe it?—one day I thought I would see if I could build a house, after a certain pattern, with Ned's blocks, and grandmother wouldn't let me put the blocks up until I had finished the house! It wasn't of any consequence, I told her, and there wasn't any need of wasting so much time over it after I found out that it was a little more complicated than I had thought. 'If it was worth beginning at all,' declared grandmother, 'it was worth finishing. Half the failures of life,' she went on to say, 'are attributable to the incompleteness given even trivial things. It were far better to get through with one undertaking successfully than to begin ten and finish none.'"

Who shall say that dear old grandmother was not right? How much precious time is wasted over unfinished work! How many things are begun and thrown down, either because we haven't the patience to finish them, or else we allow ourselves to be drawn away from them to follow after something else!

"The time and work devoted to the commencement of ten things would finish five of them, and that, too, with creditable success," was grandmother's repeated warning in Louie's ears. And, again: "Stop, my dear, beginning twenty things, and go back and finish five of them—nay, even one of them."

Yes, better—far better—one thing finished, even if it is of but little consequence, to twenty unfinished ones that do neither the beginner nor any one else a mite of good in their unfinished state. For what is a thing worth, after all, until it is finished?

Take this lesson to heart, then, dear young friends, and finish what you begin. Life is too short and too precious to be frittered away first upon one thing and then upon another, while none of them are ever brought to completeness.

A Legend of Moses.

We take pleasure in publishing this beautiful original poem, written for "Our Dumb Animals" by Rev. R. F. Gordon.

Moses, on the plains of Midian,
Guardian of his sheep,
As they roamed about for pasture,
Faithful watch would keep;
From the royalties of Egypt,
Meekly he could bow
To the round of humbler duties,
Calling on him now.

Once, while at his post thus watching,
Sultry was the day,
From the herd a lamb ran frantic,
Speeding far away;
Moses, angry with its running,
Followed in pursuit,
Found it resting by a hillock,
Crouching at the foot.

There, beneath a rock projecting,
Hidden lay a pool,
Like oasis in a desert,
Water, sweet and cool;
And the lamb lay eager lapping,
Sheltered from the sun,
In contentment of its gladness,
Over refuge won.

Moses sadly said, "Oh, poor one,
Hither thou did'st come,
Seeking for the welcome water,
Suffering and dumb;"
"Back then to the herd he bore it,
Circled by his arms,
And the little heart was peaceful,
Ended its alarms.

Then to Moses spake Jehovah,
"Mercy dwells with thee,
Therefore to my people Israel,
Shepherd thou shalt be;
He who has a heart for pity,
Ready to its call,
Lover of the helpless creatures,
Lover is of all."



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

A Providential Movement.

BY BISHOP I. W. JOYCE.

THE Methodist Church rejoices in her young people. She thanks God for this vigorous young life which adds so much to her strength and to her success. These multitudes of consecrated and educated young people possess the talent, and have the capacity for the service in the Lord's vineyard which the Church must draw upon more and more in her great and varied work as the years go by. We do well, therefore, to pay special attention to our young people, to place before them every possible inducement for purity of heart and life, for thorough consecration to Christ and his service, for the best intellectual training and most complete mental discipline. We desire that they may be fully qualified for all kinds of work which God wants his Church to do in this world. Surely it is a gracious providence which has led to the organization of the Epworth League. It is a society in which all the young people of Methodism can unite and go forward under the leadership of Christ, the head of the Church, and do such work in the Lord's vineyard as no other young people of any denomination ever had the opportunity of doing. The providence which has led in this organization has also put it upon the heart of the Church

to make provision by which every part of our great field can be heard from. Words of greeting and encouragement, and news of victories won for the Lord's cause, can now be sent to every young person in the Church. The publication of *The Epworth Herald* seems to be a providential arrangement; it will be the voice of the young life of the Church; it will speak for all our young people, and it will cheer and encourage the young toilers in every part of our Zion. I expect *The Epworth Herald* to have a circulation, if we all do our duty as I believe we will, of fifty thousand copies within one year of the date of the issue of its first number. Its editor needs in this great work our prayers, our sympathies, and our best helpful co-operation. All these he will have on the part of this great Church whose mission is Christly helpfulness to all the world.

The Central Idea.

Do not lose sight of it. Do not minify it. Hold the line firmly before the League and the Church. The aims of the Epworth League are fundamentally spiritual. That department of literary work plans splendid results. So also does the department of entertainment. Exactly beautiful is the work contemplated under the division of "mercy and help." But it is every whit to be religious work. Hold to the central idea. The chapter that drifts away from it, drifts out into a wide sea, drifts to its own destruction. Beware!

Epworth League Notes.

(From the *Epworth Herald*.)

—The Epworth League means a revival of Methodist connexionalism. We can stand a little of that.

—Protestantism will after a time learn wisdom from Romanism, and swing open her church doors every day in the week.

—A "prominent member" is a good thing to have in a League. That is, provided he is prominent for humility, zeal, and fidelity. If, however, the projecting points about him are ambition, self-will, and a dictatorial spirit, the less conspicuous he is the better.

—New doors are opening for Christian service everywhere—wide doors. What a chance to serve God and our fellows! What magnificent appliances! Present-day levers are placed upon fulcrums that will make easy lifting of veritable mountains of sin. Everybody take hold!

—Great is the Chautauqua idea! Assemblies everywhere. The great gatherings are now open. What a remarkable development the conception has had. How much good has come to young and old. But the helpful institution has not yet reached the zenith of its usefulness.

—Some League leaders are great sticklers for rules and regulations. Rules are good. But they should not be multiplied, nor made of cast-iron. There is great variety of taste and talent in your League. Do not be too "set." Saul's armour for Saul. The sling and the stone for David.

—Some people blame everybody for every evil thing but themselves. They demand that others shall have the responsibility of their imperfections and faults. Eli Perkins tells of an old lady whose face was covered with pimples, turning away from a mirror into which she had been gazing, with the remark: "Mirrors nowadays are very faulty. They don't make such mirrors as they used to when I was young." That old lady is the type of the class who make their faults conspicuous in the mirror, and then blame the mirror for faithfully reflecting them.

Lost in the Fog.

BY H. EMORY.

"CAN you not see that fold of cold, purplish haze along the rim of the sea?"

Young Steve, an amateur oarsman, asks old Ben, the fisherman with big, grizzled beard, what that means. The old fisherman, to whom storm and surf and hard work have given an outside rough as an oyster-shell, exclaims, "That 'ere, that bank off in the sou'-east? That is fog. Were you goin' off in that 'ere toy-boat of your'n?"

"Yes; I thought of it."

"Waal, I'd stop with the thinkin', and go no farther. That is fog. You'd better row your boat on land."

"I wanted to fish."

"You'd better sink your line in my fish-barrel. Bad for a stranger, without 'sperience, to be off in a fog."

Steve mutters something about "I know," and "I'm an oarsman," and launches his "toy-boat." He rows, he fishes, then he fishes and rows. At last he looks up and whistles, "Whow-w-w! There is that fog!"

The footed fog has been noiselessly approaching. Like a cunning enemy it has thrown out masses to right and left, as if to flank and surprise some victim.

"It is coming fast!" says the startled boy, looking up from his lonely boat out on the chilly, misty sea.

Coming? Yes. It drops a heavy fold before the boat. It winds another about the boy till he is hopelessly wrapped in the folds of this marine anaconda.

"Which way do I go?" he asks. "To the right? I—I—didn't see where the shore was. Over to the left, I guess." No, over to the right lies home, and he is rowing from it! The wind laughs at the frightened boy, and smites him in the face with its cold, damp wings. The night may overtake him, lost in the fog, to row in the cold, the wet, the dark; fortunate if some despised "Ben" may find him in the morning, or drifting unhappily on some perilous rock, only to be found as a corpse on the sands by and by.

Lost in the fog! Thousands of boys and girls are venturing to-day off on some risky voyage. A bad book may tempt them. Wrong associates may allure them. The tempter says, "Give up your Bible, forsake the Church, be your own master or mistress on Sunday. Launch your boat!" All the while, ruin lies in wait for themselves far from home, far from God, crying out in alarm. If to-day they would only cry out to be kept from the step that means night and the cold, the bewildering, blinding fog!—Anon.

Seeing the Gospel.

"HAVE you heard the Gospel before?" asked an Englishman, at Ningpo, of a respectable Chinaman, whom he had not previously seen in his mission-room.

"No!" he replied, "but I have seen it. I know a man who used to be the terror of his neighbourhood. If you gave him a hard word, he would shout at you, and curse you for a day or two almost without ceasing. He was as dangerous as a wild beast, and a bad opium smoker. But when the religion of Jesus took hold of him, he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly the teaching is good."

So we see the Gospel all about us in our Christian land. Read what St Paul so beautifully says in 2 Cor. 3, 2.

The Power of Song.

"Mist the dust and smoke of a city's din,
Neath the street-lamps flickering light,
A shrill and piping voice sang out,
"O where is my boy to-night?"

"Twas only a childish, untrained voice,
But it touched a tender chord
In the heart of one whose willing feet
Were treading the downward road.

He is dining to-night with the boasted "club,"
And betting and cards and wine run high;
He paused, with the glass just raised to his lips
And a reckless light in his eye.

His hand dropped down with a heavy crash,
The red wine flowed over table and chair;
He bowed his head on his folded arms,
And all was silent as if Death were there.

He raised his head; his face was pale,
But his voice when he spake was strong and sweet:
"I will go to my mother this very night,
And pray for forgiveness at her feet.

For all the pain of the weary years
She has prayed for her wandering boy;
And the years to come, God helping me,
Shall be years of peace and joy."

"O where is my wandering boy to-night?"
The song thrilled out on the evening air;
It reached the ear and the aching heart
Of a pale-faced mother with snowy hair.

"Once he was pure as the morning dew."
How the song brought back again
The happy days of the long ago,
When her heart was free from pain.

"As he knelt at his mother's knee." Again
She saw her beautiful boy,
As he knelt in his innocence and truth,
Her darling, her pride, and her joy.

As the sweet voice filled the quiet room,
Her eyes with tears would fill.
"Bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still."

"Yes, bring him to me," the low voice prayed,
"Though fallen and base and low;
O bring him to me! he is still my boy,
And he loves me, he loves me I know."

Her head bowed low as the scalding tears
Fell over her cheeks like rain;
A stop, a voice, and lo! she clasped
Her long lost boy again.

Bob's First Prayer.

ONE summer they carried May Vinton to a quiet place by the sea. From the windows of her room she could watch the unceasing roll of the waves; she could mark the incoming and outgoing tide. She grew to love the sea, and did not seem to greatly miss the coming and going of friends which she enjoyed so much in her own home. But she missed opportunities for helping others—at least she did at first; but she was not long in finding some one who needed her. It was the boy from the fisherman's little cottage whose acquaintance she first made. He came every morning with fish for her breakfast; and May, calling to him as he passed her window with his basket, soon found out that he lived in the little low-roofed building which she could see quite a long way down the shore; and she found out that there were several children in the family, and that the father went out every day in a boat after fish. She gathered that, while they were not suffering for food and clothes, they were still quite poor, and that the children had never been to school, and were very ignorant of the knowledge gained from books.

The boy could tell all about the fishing business; about the ways of the old ocean; he knew where to look for the prettiest shells and the finest seaweed. He could tell what the winds and the shifting

clouds portended as to the weather, but not a letter of the alphabet did he know.

"Would you like to learn to read?" asked May.

The little fellow was not sure; but he did want to hear a story, and so she began that way—interesting the boy in a story. He soon became a regular visitor. Leaning upon the window-sill, he would listen to his new friend as she talked—telling him of things outside the little world which he knew. At length she said: "To-morrow will be Sunday. Suppose you bring your sister and brother a little while in the afternoon, and we will have a little Sunday-school?"

"Sunday-school! What's that?"

"Come and see."

"Can I bring Tommy Britt?"

"You may bring four, besides yourself."

And so Miss Vinton began a little Sunday-school down there by the sea, with five scholars.

You who have so often heard the sweet old story of a Saviour's love, cannot imagine what it was to these ignorant children to hear it for the first time. You, to whom the words of the prayer which Christ taught us have been familiar from your babyhood, cannot know how strange were the thoughts and words of that prayer, nor what a hold upon their imagination the idea of asking anything of an unseen Being took.

The summer months passed away. Miss Vinton took leave of her little class and went back to her own home. She said sadly: "They are so ignorant! It was so little I could do for them, and I am afraid they will forget it all."

Did they forget? One November morning the fisherman went out in his boat as usual. Later in the day the clouds gathered as for a storm, and the wife and children began to be anxious. As the afternoon hours waned, the sky grew darker, and the wind howled about the little cottage. It was already past the hour when the father might have been expected, and poor Mrs. Byrnes soothed the fretful baby, and turned her eyes anxiously toward the window which looked seaward. The children peered out into the gathering darkness, but no sail was in sight; indeed, it soon became so dark that they could not see far from the house. Little Nell placed a lamp in the window, and Bob replenished the fire. Then he slipped away. A bit of the conversation which the younger ones had carried on as they stood gazing out over the waters had given him an idea.

"Don't you know," said Nell, "how Miss Vinton said, 'The sea is his, and he made it?'"

"Yes; and you know she told us the pretty story of how the people were afraid, and Jesus said to the waves, 'Be still.' I liked that story," said the little brother.

"I wish he would say so to the waves now," returned Nell.

"May be he would if he were here," was the reply. "Maybe he would. I wish he was here."

Bob, hearing this, remembered more of the teachings of the young lady of whom they had all been so fond, and as soon as he could he slipped away, and went up into the loft where the children slept. There, in the darkness and chill, he knelt down and asked Jesus to make the winds and waves "Be still." Repeating this—his first prayer—again and again, he at length arose, with a calm in his heart. Going down stairs, his mother said: "Seems to me the wind does not blow quite so hard."

Bob smiled, and whispered: "I shouldn't wonder if he heard! I didn't know as he would hear me, but Miss Vinton said he would."

He piled on more fuel, saying aloud: "Father will be here soon, and we must have it warm, and

have supper ready. Mother, don't you think we ought to set the table?"

"Oh, yes! I suppose so. But I thought if your father never comes home we would not want any supper," said the poor woman, in a despairing tone.

"I know. But don't you think the wind has gone down considerably?"

It seemed ages to the waiting group, but it was not more than an hour when the voice of the fisherman was heard, and Bob—throwing open the door—welcomed the father.

"I tell you," said the dripping man, "I began to think I should never see the shore again! The storm was awful; but about an hour ago, it began to let up a little. The clouds broke away, too; and then I saw Nell's light there, and, I tell you, we just steered for that!"

"About an hour," repeated Bob to himself. "That was when I was up there asking Jesus to say, 'Be still.' I guess he did hear!"—*The Pansy.*

Bits of Fun.

—Old Mrs. Bently (in an art gallery)—"The programme says that's the Venus of Milo."

Old Mr. Bently—"I reckon she must have been killed in a railroad accident, Mirandy."

—Mistress—"What are you doing, Bridget?"

Bridget—"Catching the flies, mum, and putting them on the fly-paper, sure; ain't that what it's fur?"

—Her mother was sowing some seeds, and tried to explain to Maggie how they were put into the ground little seeds and came up plants. "O, yes," she said, her face brightening. "They go to bed babies, and get up growed people!"

—Guest (at summer hotel)—"Who is that distinguished looking young man wiping dishes?"

Proprietor—"That is Mr. Emerson Tracy Bancroft, who delivered the magnificent oration on 'The Ideality of Life' at Yalemouth commencement."

—Why They Don't Go.—First Mosquito—"What a queer smell. Wonder what it is?"

Second Mosquito—"Guess somebody's cooking cabbage."

"O, I see now. He! he! This fellow is smoking so as to drive us away."

—Mrs. Brown—"You told me that if I left my table-cloth out all night the fruit stains would disappear. Well, I put it out last night."

Mrs. Jones—"Of course the stains were gone in the morning?"

Mrs. Brown—"Yes; so was the table-cloth."

—An up-town father a few days before the Fourth gave his ten-year-old heir a five-dollar bill with which to buy himself a pair of shoes, a hat, and some fireworks. The patriotic son brought home a 35 cent pair of shoes, a 15 cent hat, and \$4 50 worth of fireworks.

—A Different Vine Altogether.—"What a delicious drink!" said an agriculturally ignorant young woman, who was sipping some kumyss at the cattle show. "Is it made from the product of the grapevine, George?"

"No," replied George, "It is made from the product of the bovine."

—American boy—"Doctor, how long will it be before I get over these Fourth of July hurts?"

Doctor—"It will be nine or ten months before you will be in first-class condition again."

"How long will that be before the next Fourth comes?"

"Oh, nea. two months."

"That's ail right."

A Boy's Suggestion.

PEOPLE talk about the beauty
Of a lad that never smokes,
And never plays a game of cards,
And always minds his folks:

What a manly-looking fellow
He will make in manhood's years,
With a healthy constitution
And a heart that has no fears!

This kind of talk is good enough
For any one to teach,
If folks would only bring to mind
To "practice what they preach."

I've had the deacon lecture me
On the things like this enough,
While with the other hand he'd take
Another pinch of snuff.

And then he'd tell me, solemnly,
With a face as long again,
To remember, while at play,
That the boys will make the men.

Now, to those who are always talking
With an everlasting noise,
I'd say, to make us good or bad—
" 'Tis the men that make the boys!"

If the people round about us
Set examples good enough,
Boys who now are closely watching
Will not drink nor chew nor snuff.
—He, *all and Presbyter.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 30 LESSON II. [Oct. 12.]

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Luke 22, 7-20. Memory verses, 19, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.—1 Cor. 11, 26.

TIME.—Thursday, April 6, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The days of rest in Bethlehem passed quickly by. The time for the passover feast drew near. Somewhere within the city it must be eaten, and Peter and John were sent on before to make ready. Our lesson gives the particulars of their errand, and the sequel to it.

EXPLANATIONS.

Day of unleavened bread—The leaven was carefully put away on the afternoon of Thursday. *Passover must be killed*—The lamb which was to furnish the passover supper. *A man . . . bearing a pitcher*—A noticeable sight in the East, where the water is almost always drawn by women. *Goodman of the house*—The employer or owner of the water-carrier. *Upper room*—That part of a Jewish house where large gatherings would naturally be held. *When the hour was come*—Between three and six. *at down*—Reclined. *Until it be fulfilled in the kingdom*—Until the real passover has been offered by my death. *This is my body*—Not his real body, but a symbol of the completeness of his gift of himself for the world. *New testament*—It should be new covenant. Our phrase, "New Testament," applied to the second division of the Holy Scriptures, is apt to be confused with this phrase. It simply means the new pledge that God gives of his love.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Passover*, vers. 7-18.
Whom did Jesus send to prepare for the passover?
On what day were they sent?
What question did they ask?
Whom did Jesus tell them to follow?
What were they to say to the owner of the house?
To what would they be shown?
What shows their prompt obedience?
Who sat down to the passover with Jesus?
What time in the day was this feast observed? See Matt. 26, 20.
Of what strong desire did Jesus speak?
When would he again eat the passover?

What did he do with the cup?
What did he bid the disciples do?
What did he say about himself?

2. *The Lord's Supper*, vers. 19, 20.

What did Jesus then do with the bread?
What did he say to the disciples?
What did he say also about the cup?
After what "supper" did this occur?
Of what do the bread and wine serve to remind us? (Golden Text.)

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus eat his last passover?
"In the city of Jerusalem." 2. Who made all the needful preparations?
"Peter and John." 3. In what did the supper end?
"In the sacrament of the Lord's Supper." 4. Of what was it to be a permanent sign?
"Of the remission of sins." 5. What was the Saviour's command concerning it?
"This do in remembrance of me."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Lord's Supper.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

2. How are believers kept in this state of salvation?

By the power of the Holy Spirit, given through Christ, in answer to fervent prayer. Who by the power of God are guarded through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.—1 Peter 1, 5. [Ephesians 6, 14-18; Jude 20, 21.]

A.D. 30 LESSON III. [Oct. 19.]

THE SPIRIT OF TRUE SERVICE.

Luke 22, 24-37. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. 2, 5.

TIME.—Thursday, April 6, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This conversation appears to have taken place at the table in the upper room in which the last supper was eaten. It had its origin in a strife between the disciples, which took place probably when they first took their seats at the table.

EXPLANATIONS.

Benefactors—Good workers. Several kings gave themselves this title. *A kingdom*—Jesus knows that in a few hours he will be hung as a criminal, and yet he divides among his disciples dignities and places of power such as Pilate and Caiaphas never dreamed of. *Twelve tribes*—Typical of the Church of God. *Sift you as wheat*—That is, sift out the wheat and keep the chaff. *Converted*—Turned round. *Scip*—A wallet. *The transgressors*—Lawless ones. *An end*—Fulfillment.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Following Christ*, vers. 24-27.
What strife arose among the disciples?
How had Jesus rebuked such strife on another occasion? Chap. 9, 46-48.
What did he now say about the Gentiles?
What about the greatest among his followers?
What questions did he ask about serving and being served?
What did he say of himself?
What act of service had he just performed? John 13, 4, 5.
What says the Golden Text about following Christ?
2. *Fellowship with Christ*, vers. 28-30.
What did Jesus say about the disciples' fellowship with him?
What did he appoint to them?
What honours would they enjoy in that kingdom?
To whom now is there a promise of a throne? Rev. 3, 21.
3. *Faithfulness to Christ*, vers. 31-37.
Which of the disciples did Jesus call by name?
To what peril was Simon exposed?
What had Jesus done for his safety?
What was he told to do for others?
What did Simon say he was ready to do?
What did Jesus say that he actually would do?
What did he then ask all the disciples?
What did they answer?
What were they bidden now to do?
What prophecy must now be fulfilled?
By whom was this prophecy written? Isa. 63, 12.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what did the apostles strive? "Which should be counted the greatest." 2. What

did Jesus say? "Let the greatest serve the most." 3. What did he promise to each of them? "A kingdom." 4. What did he say about Peter? "Satan sought to have him, but he had prayed for him." 5. What did Peter say? "He was ready to go with him to death." 6. What did Jesus tell him? "Before cock-crow he would thrice deny him."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ our example.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. May these various blessings be lost? Yes; believers may fail to believe and watch, they may cease to be diligent in duty, and thus may lose these blessings for ever.

But My righteous one shall live by faith; and if he shrink back, My soul hath no pleasure in him.—Hebrews 10, 38.

[John 15, 6; 1 Corinthians 9, 26, 27; 2 Peter 1, 9; 2 Peter 3, 14, 17.]

The Influence of Trees on Health.

THE value of trees, from a sanitary point of view, in large, overcrowded cities, can scarcely be over estimated. Apart from the sense of relief and coolness which they impart, their value as purifiers of the atmosphere is almost incredible. It has been calculated that a good-sized elm, plane, or lime-tree, will produce seven million leaves, having a united area of two hundred thousand square feet.

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A society for planting trees in the wide streets and waste places of large cities might accomplish as beneficial results as the excellent institution which supplies drinking fountains for the refreshment of man and beast.

The Dog and the Chair.

A FAMILY let their house furnished, leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady, who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing-room, but as the dog was also very fond of this chair, she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog, she did not care to drive him out, and, therefore, used to go to the window and call: "Cats!" The dog would then rush to the window and bark, and the lady would take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in the chair. He ran to the window, and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair.



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