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WELCOME AND MAGAZINE SCHOOL

Do unto others
As Ye Would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1889.

[No. 15.]

Vol. VII.]



UGUHA HEAD-DRESS.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XV.

HAVING reached the magnificent Livingstone River, we resumed our journey to the sea. The men, women, and children joined in a grand chorus, when a native orator attempted, in a loud and graphic strain, a description of the joy he felt.

How quickly we marched! What a stride, and what *verve* there was in our movements! Faster, my friends, faster! Soon we reached the Arab town of Nyangwe. Tippu-Tib, the Arab chief, welcomed me. After regarding him for a few minutes, I came to the conclusion that this Arab was one of the most remarkable men I had met. He was neat in his person, his clothes were of a spotless white, his fez-cap brand-new, his waist was encircled by a rich dowele, his dagger was splendid with silver filigree, and his *tout ensemble* was that of an Arab gentleman in very good circumstances. He was the Arab who

escorted Cameron across the Lualaba. Naturally, therefore, there was no person whose evidence was more valuable than Tippu-Tib's. The information he gave me was sufficiently clear that the greatest problem of African geography was left untouched at the exact spot where Dr. Livingstone had felt himself unable to prosecute his travels, and whence he had retraced his steps to Ujiji, never to return. This was momentous and all-important news to the expedition. We had arrived at the critical point in our travels: our destinies now awaited my final decision.

But first I was anxious to know why Cameron had declined the journey. Sayid Mezrui said it was because he could not obtain canoes, and because the natives in the Mitamba, or forest, were exceedingly averse to strangers. Tippu-Tib averred also that Cameron's men decidedly opposed following the river, as no one knew whither it went.

"In the same way, I am told, the old man, Daoud Liviston" (David Livingstone) "was prevented from going. The old man tried hard to persuade the Arabs to lend him canoes, but they refused, upon the ground that they would be rushing to death."

Next day, Tippu-Tib informed me that he had

been consulting with his friends and relatives, and that they were opposed to his adventuring upon such a terrible journey; but that, as he did not wish to see me disappointed in my prospects, he had resolved to accompany me a distance of sixty camps, each camp to be four hours' march from the other, for the sum of five thousand dollars.

"There is no hurry about it," said I. "You may change your mind, and I may change mine. We will both take twenty-four hours to consider it. To-morrow night the agreement shall be drawn up ready for our seals, or else you will be told that I am unable to agree to your conditions."

The truth was, that I had opened negotiations without having consulted my people; and, as our conversation had been private, it remained for me to ascertain the opinion of Frank before my next encounter with Tippu-Tib.

"Now, Frank, my son," I said, "sit down. I am about to have a long and serious chat with you. Life and death—yours as well as mine, and those of all the expedition—hang on the decision I make to night.

"There is, no doubt, some truth in what the Arabs say about the ferocity of these natives before us. Livingstone, after fifteen thousand miles

of travel, and a lifetime of experience among Africans, would not have yielded the brave, struggle without strong reasons; Cameron, with his forty-five Snider rifles, would not have turned away from such a brilliant field if he had not sincerely thought that they were insufficient to resist the persistent attacks of countless thousands of wild men. But, while we grant that there may be a modicum of truth in what the Arabs say, it is their ignorant, superstitious nature, to exaggerate what they have seen. A score of times have we proved them wrong.



IN COUNSEL AT UJIJI.

Yet their reports have already made a strong impression on the minds of our blacks. They are already trembling with fear. On the day that we propose to begin our journey, we shall have no expedition.

"On the other hand, I am confident that—if I am able to leave Nyangwe with the expedition intact, and to place a breadth of wild country between our party and the Arab depot, I shall be able to make men of them. There is good stuff, heroic qualities, in them; but we must get free from the Arabs, or they will be very soon demoralized. It is for this purpose I am negotiating with Tippu-Tib. If I can arrange with him, and leave Nyangwe without the dreadful loss we experienced at Ujiji, I feel sure that I can inspire my men to dare anything with me.

"The difficulty of transport, again, is enormous. We may not obtain canoes. Livingstone could not. Cameron failed. But we might come across a tribe which would sell their canoes. We have sufficient stores to last a long time, and I shall purchase more at Nyangwe. If the natives will not sell, we can make our own canoes, if we possess a sufficient number of axes to set all hands at work.

"Now, what I wish you to tell me, Frank, is your opinion as to what we ought to do."

Frank's answer was ready.

"I say, 'Go on, sir.'"

"Think well, my dear fellow. Don't be hasty. Life and death hang on our decision. Don't you think we could explore to the east of Cameron's road?"

"But there is nothing like this great river, sir."

"Yet, my friend, think yet again. Look at all these faithful fellows, whose lives depend on our word; think of our own, for we are yet young and strong, and active. Why should we throw them away for a barren honour; or, if we succeed, have every word we said doubted and carpied at, and our motives misconstrued by malicious minds, who dis'ort everything to our injury?"

"Yet, if you think of it, Frank, this great river, which Livingstone first saw, and which broke his heart almost to turn away from and leave a mystery, is a noble field, too. Fancy, by-and-by, after buying or building canoes, our floating down the river day by day, either to the Nile or to some vast lake in the far north, or to the Congo, and the Atlantic Ocean! Think what a benefit our journey will be to Africa! Steamers from the mouth of the Congo to Lake Benba, and to all the great rivers which run into it!"

"I say, sir, let us toss up: best two out of three to decide it."

"Toss away. Here is a rupee."

"Heads for the north, and the Luabala, tails for the south, and Katanga."

And he tossed, and heads won

"We'll face our destiny," I said. "With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river."

"Mr. Stanley, have no fear of me. I shall stand by you. The last words of my dear old father were: 'Stick by your master.' And there is my hand, sir. You shall never have cause to doubt me!"

"Good! I shall go on, then. I will finish this contract with Tippu-Tib, for the Wangwama, on seeing him accompany us, will, perhaps, be willing to follow me. We may also recruit others at Nyangwe. And then, if the natives will allow peaceful passage through their countries, so much the better. If not, our duty says: 'Go on.'"

The next morning, being the 24th October, the expedition left in high spirits. The good effect of the contract with Tippu-Tib had already brought us recruits, for on the road I saw several strange faces

of men, who, on our arrival at the first camp, Marimbu—eleven miles north-west from Mwana Mamba—appeared before my tent, and craved to be permitted to follow us. They received an advance in cloth, and their names were entered on the muster-list of the expedition at the same rate of pay as the others.

Tippu-Tib arrived at Nyangwe on the 2nd November, with nearly 700 men. On the 4th November the expedition were mustered, and we ascertained that they numbered 146; and that we possessed the following arms: Sniders, 29; percussion-lock muskets, 32; Winchesters, 2; double-barrelled guns, 2; revolvers, 10; axes, 68. The enormous force that Tippu-Tib brought quite encouraged them; and when I asked them if they were ready to make good their promise to me at Zanzibar, they replied unanimously in the affirmative.

"Then to-night, my friends," said I, "you will pack up your goods, and to-morrow morning, at the first hour, let me see you in line before my house, ready to start."

What a forbidding aspect had the Dark Unknown which confronted us! I could not comprehend in the least what lay before us. The object of the desperate journey is to flash a torch of light across the western half of the Dark Continent. A thousand things may transpire to prevent the accomplishment of our purpose. Hunger, disease, and savage hostility may crush us. Perhaps, after all, the difficulties may daunt us; but our hopes run high, and our purpose is lofty. Then, in the name of God, let us set on, and, as he pleases, so let him rule our destinies!

The nature of our experiences through the forest may be gathered by reading the following entries in my journal:—

"Our expedition is no longer the compact column which was my pride. It is utterly demoralized. Every man scrambles as he best may through the woods. The path, being over a clayey soil, is so slippery that every muscle is employed to assist our progress. The toes grasp the path, the heads bear the load, the hand clears the obstructing bush, the elbows put aside the sapling. My boat bearers are utterly wearied out. The constant slush and reek which the heavy dews caused in the forest had worn my shoes out, and half of the march I travelled with naked feet. I had then to draw out of my store my last pair of shoes. Frank was already using his last pair. Yet we were still in the very centre of the continent. What should we do when all was gone? was a question which we asked of each other often."

At Wane-Kirumbu we found a large native forge and smithy, where there were about a dozen smiths busily at work. The iron ore is very pure. The bellows for the smelting furnace are four in number, double-handled, and manned by four men, who, by a quick up-and-down motion, supply a powerful blast, the noise of which is heard nearly half a mile from the scene. The furnace consisted of tamped clay, raised into a mound about four feet high. The art of the blacksmith is of a high standard in these forests, considering the loneliness of the inhabitants.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE Will came into the house with his head hanging down. "What is the matter with my boy?" said his mother. Will said not a word, but his head went down still lower. He had been naughty, and was ashamed to look up. Ah, Will, it is better to do right, and then you will not fear to look the great smiling sun in the face!

"Like John."

"How much a kindly word can do!"
Shall I tell you what two did,
And how the story of one lad's life
In two little words was hid?

Now Mike was only a poor street boy,
And hungry, too, I ween,
When the sorrowful look of his soft brown eyes
By dear little Kitty was seen.
"Here's bread for you, you poor, poor boy,
And a cake with sugar on;
And I think perhaps I'll give you a kiss,
For you're so like my brother John.
And John's the best—my, you know,
That ever could be, and I love him so."

Mike's eyes shone out. Of the village lads—
And he knew them every one—
The veriest hero among them all,
He thought, was this "brother John."
"Am I like you?—like a boy who lives
In a great house on the hill!
I would give my life to be like you!"
John laughed: "You can, if you will."
So John with his tutor grand and grim
Studied from day to day;
And little Mike kept pace with him
In the schoolhouse dark and gray.
Then John, as a business man to be,
Entered his father's store;
And Mike went too, the chores to do,
Run errands and tend the door.

Then Jack went forward to sell the goods,
And Mike had letters to write,
Till side by side with courage high
They worked from morn till night.
For ever and aye what Jack would do
There Mike must follow on,
For dearer and dearer the motto grew,
"I must always be 'like John.'"

Yes, boys, a hero is what we want—
A hero good and true,
Who knows the path and will light the way
And show us what to do.
Some day, when Mike is a merchant prince,
And is asked how success is won,
He will smile and say, "I found the way,
By trying to be 'like John.'"

Teach Your Boys.

TEACH them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common-school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade—well mastered—is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that honesty is the best policy; that it is better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whiskey;" and point your precept by the examples of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak ones.

Teach them, by your example, that smoking in moderation—though the least of vices to which men are heirs—is disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of the sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment, he meant it for them as well as their sisters.

Teach them that, by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst form of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.—Selected.

Our Boys.

"What shall we do with our boys?" he said,
Old merchant Brown, to his business wed,
As with puzzled brow he shook his head.

"Will chooses the law," said Mrs. B.
"And Ned," said the father, "he stays with me,
I'll take him into the store as a clerk,
And if he'll be steady and 'tend to work
He'll soon be partner; and when I die
He'll be a merchant the same as I."

"And now," asked the mother, "what about Jim?
Our youngest, what shall we do with him?"

Jim heard the question. "Father," said he,
"I'll tell you what you can do for me.
As all my boyish pranks are played,
Its time to begin; let me learn a trade."

"A trade, my son! That's a queer request.
I'd rather treat you the same as the rest,
And I can afford it, as well you know;
And a trade, Jim, isn't that rather low?
I wanted to send you off to college,
To cram your brain with classical knowledge;
Then to choose a profession that pleases you best.
You learn a trade, Jim? I'm you sure jest!"

"No, father, I mean just what I say:
I've thought of the matter for many a day,
And that is the serious choice I've made;
If you don't object, let me learn a trade.
You say it's low, but we don't agree:
All 'labour is honour,' it seems to me.

Not every lawyer can find success,
Not every doctor, as you'll confess;
But a man with a trade and a thorough skill,
Can find employment, look where he will.
As for education, I still may learn;
The night-schools and lectures will suit my turn."

Then parents and brothers had their say,
But Jim stood firm till he had his way.

Will went through college, and studied law,
And looked for clients he seldom saw.

Ned worked as clerk for a three-years' term,
Then his father took him into the firm.

Jim learned his trade, and learned it well,
His motto in all things to excel.
His nights he spent in filling his mind
With useful knowledge of every kind.
As time went onward, all he learned
To good and wise account he turned;
Until, within him he found, one day,
A talent rare for invention lay;
And, before very many years were past,
His fortune had come to him at last;
Though long ere this he had found what's best,
A home with a wife and children blest.

The merchant died, and then 'twas known
His wealth had in speculation flown.
Then Jim, the open-handed, said:
"Here's a home for mother and brother Ned!"
And even wise Will looks up to him,
For there's nobody now like brother Jim.

"What shall we do with our boys?" you said;
"Tis best if you let them learn a trade.
You think it is low, but we don't agree;
All 'labour is honour,' it seems to me;
And a man with a trade and a thorough skill
Can find employment, look where he will."
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

News from Afar.

PORT ESSINGTON, B.C.

YOUNG FRIENDS,—We greet you; and had we a publication of our own, we could fill it with news of battle from the different mission-fields on the western slope of the Rockies. You have read much about the "pow-wow" and the "sun-dance" of Manitoba and the North-west, and about the girls with "little feet" in China; now listen, while we tell you something about "our people."

Thirty-five years ago, the Indians along this coast—from Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, to the far North—were all wild, and in an uncivilized

state. Slaves were often bought and sold—men and boys, to work; women and girls, to live lives of degradation and shame. The people lived in fear of the heathen doctors, fire-eaters, and what they looked upon as "witches." It was a common thing for different tribes to go to war over a dog, or a canoe, or some small thing, and cause great trouble. There were men among them called "man-eaters," who would tear the flesh from the limbs of other live or dead men.

They lived in large houses—perhaps two or three or five families in one house. They had clothes made of skins or blankets, but never washed them. The children were left to amuse themselves, for the old people would not take the trouble to look after them. They grew up in ignorance; never saw a book of any kind. Their knowledge was how to catch fish, to paddle, and pick berries.

Things are changed now. The old heathen habits have disappeared. They live in good houses, and wear good clothes. Some of the older ones can read; and many of the children go to week-day school, Sunday-school, and church. Their mothers wash, and try to keep the children clean. Some of them are smart, good-looking children, and will make as good men and women as the boys and girls in England when "Alfred was king."

But I wish to tell you about some boys and girls who have never been at school, and have never heard of Jesus. They live far up in the interior—two, three, and four hundred miles from salt-water. We told some of them many things about our people, about the Bible, and about Jesus, last winter. They were surprised at the strange words we spoke, and wondered why all white people were not Christians; why we had not come to them sooner; and many other things hard for us to explain to them.

When a little boy or girl dies among them, they take the body out of their village, cut some wood, and burn it. Sometimes they bury the body; when they do, they put all the clothes, shoes, and, perhaps, a box, on the grave. If it is a man, they will put his gun, and perhaps some kind of a dish—sometimes a broken bowl or plate—on his grave. As soon as a person dies they make a feast, and invite his friends to come in and honour the dead.

When they move from one place to another—which they often do—each boy and girl must carry something, and generally they put a load on each dog, or make them draw a toboggan. Their principal food is dried salmon, dried berries, and the flesh of the caribbo, deer, beaver, mountain goat, and other animals.

They wear moccasins instead of shoes, and a handkerchief instead of a hat or cap. When they get sick, the doctor will come to the house, sing, and dance around, put feathers in his hair, and many other foolish things. Some of the little girls have dresses made of two or three kinds of cloth.

These children love their parents; the parents love their children. The people like their own village better than any other. Boys and girls very seldom run away. Girls often marry at fourteen; and some of the men have more wives than one. Young men do their courting before all that are in the house, and should have a gun, a bed, and a little food before they marry. The men and women are very strong, and will carry 150 pounds for 150 or 200 miles, for miners—travelling about twenty miles each day.

There is not much money in circulation—blankets are used instead. When they go up on the mountain, and kill a bear or goat, they put the head on an upright stick, build a fire around it, and, while it is burning, they sing and pray to the great unknown *Shemoigt*. (God). They sometimes

bury their dead only a few feet from their doors. These are the people who need the light of God's word. Hundreds in our own land are as much heathen as any in China. Who will help send the Bible to them? Who will come and "tell the story?" All is not sunshine and ease; but the reward is sure. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least," etc. Salvation! Oh, the joyful word! Go tell it far and near.

A Race for Life.

H. M. BENNETT and S. W. Keltz, engineer and conductor of engine No. 1165, an extra freight, which happened to be lying at South Fork, Johnstown, Pa., when the dam broke, tell a graphic story of their wonderful flight and escape on the locomotive, before the advancing flood.

On June 4th, Bennett and Keltz were in the signal tower at South Fork, awaiting orders. The firemen and flagman were on the engine, and two brakemen were asleep in the caboose. Suddenly the men in the tower heard a loud, booming roar from the valley above them. They looked in the direction of the sound, and were almost transfixed with horror to see, two miles above them, a huge, black wall of water, at least one hundred feet in height, rushing down the valley upon them. Only one look the fear-stricken men gave the awful sight, and then they rushed for the locomotive, at the same time giving the alarm to the sleeping brakemen in the caboose, but with no avail. It was impossible to aid them further. So they cut the engine loose from the train, and the engineer, with a wild wrench, threw the lever wide open and away darted the engine on a mad race for life.

For a moment it seemed that they would not receive a momentum enough to keep ahead of the flood, and they cast one despairing glance back. Then they could see the awful deluge approaching in its might. On it came—rolling and roaring like some Titanic monster—tossing and tearing houses, sheds, and trees in its awful speed as if they were mere toys.

As the men on the flying engine looked behind, they saw the two brakemen rush out of the cab, but they had not time to gather the slightest idea of the cause of their doom. The car, men, and signal-tower were tossed high in the air, and disappeared in engulfing water.

With a shudder, as if at last it comprehended its peril, the engine leaped forward like a human creature, and sped down the valley. But, fast as it went, the flood gained upon it. Hope, however, was in the ascendant, for if the engine could be got across the small bridge above Johnstown, the track below would lean toward the hillside in such a manner that it would be comparatively protected. In a few breathless moments the shrieking locomotive whizzed around the last curve and was in sight of the bridge!

Horror! Ahead stood a freight train, with the rear end almost on the bridge, and to get across would be impossible. Engineer Bennett then reversed the lever, and succeeded in checking the engine as it glided across the bridge. When it came to stop, he and his companion jumped, and ran for their lives up the hillside, as the bridge and tender of the locomotive they had just left were swept away into the current like a bundle of matches.—Selected.

If boys and girls really love study, and have an eager desire for the acquisition of knowledge, nothing but misfortune, or something exceptional in the way of accident, will prevent them from successful students.

Shall Your Boy Go ?

You vote for license, sir, you say?
O do you ever think,
Of the dreadful school your vote sustains,
You who vote to license drink ?

Have you ever stood by the gay saloon
With its foully tainted air?
Have you ever watched with curious gaze
The feet that enter there?

Ah, sir, you know who enter there,
Our brightest, fairest boys,
The dearest thoughts of a mother's prayer,
And the chief of a father's joys.

They are going in for one harmless glass;
Perchance for a friendly game;
When men like you sustain the cause,
Do you think the boys are to blame?

They are coming out with poisoned breath,
And slow, unsteady tread;
But not the boys who entered there—
They have given us these instead.

They are hurrying on with quickened pace,
To lives of crime and woe,
They are filing down to drunkards' graves,
Are you willing your boy should go?

Ah, sir, you know the picture true;
You know the fatal end;
You have seen the way the victims go;
Have you boys you would like to send?

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1889.

Teach Them to Work.

THERE is just one road to success, and that is the road of hard work. All sorts of short cuts have been devised and tried by people, but they have all been short cuts to failure. The long road of hard work is the only highway that leads to success; all by-paths end in the swamp. This is the great lesson that ought to be taught to our boys to-day.

Several years ago, the *Christian Union* printed a series of short editorials under the title "Willing to Shovel," in which, from week to week, brief accounts were given of men who had become prosperous and influential simply because they were willing to do, with all their might, whatever came to hand. The response called out by those editorials showed that every thoughtful man and woman knew them to be true.

There is a great deal of bad teaching in our families and schools. Every kind of teaching is bad which inclines a boy to trust to something else

than hard work for success. One trouble with a good deal of the teaching of boys is, that it fixes their minds on the reward rather than on the work. Activity is the necessity of every strong nature. A lazy boy is a sick boy, or a defective boy. Boys ought to be taught to love hard work for itself, without reference to its rewards.

There is no fear about the success of the man who loves hard work. If he does not achieve the one particular thing he wants, he will get happiness out of the work itself. It is useless to tell boys that this world is a place in which everybody gets what he wants. It is a world in which very few get what they want.

Frank, honest teaching, is greatly needed—teaching which will make boys understand that life is full of hard work—that no one particular success can be counted on; but that the man who is willing to work, who is honest and true, is the man who will stand the best chance of becoming prosperous and influential, and is the man who will, under any circumstances, have the supreme satisfaction of having done his work like a man.—*Selected.*

A Little Boy's Prayer.

A BOY who had been brought to the Lord Jesus at a Mission Sunday-school, was anxious that his father should know his Saviour too. His father was a wicked man, who kept a drinking saloon, and thus not only got drunk himself, but caused others to do so. The lad asked his Sunday-school teacher what he should do, for his father made him wait on the customers, handing out the poison to them; and if he had not better leave home.

His teacher told him not to leave home, but to begin at once to pray for his father, and she would also pray for him, and for his father too. And they both commenced to pray for that father.

In a few weeks he left off drinking, and soon after left off selling, and went to work to earn an honest living. "For," said he, with tears running down his face, "something has been the matter with my dear boy for some time; and the other day I heard a noise in the room where he sleeps; it was a mournful noise, and I listened, and he was *praying for me!* He prayed that I would leave off selling—for I had given up drinking some little time before. I felt I was doing wrong, and I have quit it all; and the next time you have a meeting I am coming with the boy."

Effects of Alcohol Upon the Skin.

THE changes produced by alcohol on the skin are gradual, but are visible in a marked manner in those who have been long addicted to its use.

The consumers of beer to any large extent generally present a bloated and puffy appearance, which is due to a large deposit of watery material under the skin and in the tissues.

This condition is often seen in brewers' draymen, who are looked upon as fine, strong men, because they present this puffed-up appearance. If, however, they become the victim of an accident or disease, the illness is far more severe with them than it is with total abstainers. Convalescence is slow, and the disease often clings to them for the remainder of their lives. Drinking habits gradually cause the skin to lose its healthy appearance and its natural elasticity.



"HEADS FOR THE NORTH AND THE LUALABA; TAILS FOR THE SOUTH AND KATANGA."

In some cases of drinking, the skin presents a grayish, greasy appearance; and in others, is reddened all over and puffy. In more marked cases, the nose is swollen much beyond its original size, is raised into pimples and blotches all over the surface, and presents a horrible appearance.

It is very seldom that the skin, which has been destroyed to such an extent, ever returns to a healthy, natural condition, even although the person may become a total abstainer.

Alcohol produces these unhealthy changes in the skin by paralyzing the tiny blood-vessels which are found in such large numbers in the dermis. Under the influence of this agent they dilate, and more blood pours into them, producing the well-known blush on the cheeks, and very often on the nose.

In time, the blood-vessels cannot return to their original size, and are permanently dilated, which produces the redness of the skin. The nerves of the dermis also undergo a certain amount of paralysis due to alcohol, and thus the sweat glands do not act as vigorously as they should do, and substances which are injurious to the body cannot be got rid of by the skin, and are thus retained in the blood.—*Selected.*

"Jesus Does Love Me So!"

REV. MARK GUY PEARSE tells a story of a little girl who once went to him and said, with tears in her eyes, "Please, sir, it's a dreadful thing, but I don't love Jesus."

"And how are you going to love him?" he replied.

"I don't know; please, sir, I want you to tell me." She spoke so sadly, as if it were something she could never do.

"Well," he said, "the disciple John who loved Jesus almost more, perhaps, than any one else ever did, says that 'we love him because he first loved us.' Now if you go home to-night saying in your heart, 'Jesus loves me,' I am sure that to-morrow you will say, 'I love Jesus.'"

She looked up through her tears, and said very softly, "Jesus loves me." She began to think about it, as well to say it—about his life, and his death on the cross, and began to feel it too.

The next evening she came to Mr. Pearse again, and, with a bright, happy face, said, "Oh, please, sir, I do love Jesus to-night, for he does love me so!"

My young reader, can you say the same?

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.



A FORGE AND SMITHY AT WANK-KIRUMBU, UREGGA.

Waiting For Mother.

THE old man sits in his easy chair,
Slumbering the moments away,
Dreaming a dream that is all his own,
On this glad some, peaceful day;
His children have gathered from far and near,
His children's children beside—
And many voices are echoing through
The "Homestead's" hall so wide.

But far away in the years long flown
Grandfather lives again;
And his heart forgets that he ever knew
A shadow of grief or pain;
For he sees his wife as he saw her then—
A matron comely and fair,
With her children gathered round his board,
And never a vacant chair.

Oh! happy this dream of the "Auld Lang Syne,"
Of the years long slipped away!
And the old man's lips have gathered a smile,
And his heart grows young and gay.
But a kiss falls gently upon his brow
From his daughter's lips so true;
"Dinner is ready, and, father, dear,
We are only waiting for you."

The old man wakes at his daughter's call
And he looks at the table near—
"There's one of us missing, my child," he says,
"We will wait till mother is here."
There are tears in the eyes of his children then,
As they gaze on an empty chair;
For many a lonely year has passed
Since "mother" sat with them there.

But the old man pleads still wistfully:
"We must wait for mother, you know!"
And they let him rest in his old arm chair
Till the sun at last sinks low;
Then, leaving a smile for the children here,
He turned from the earth away,
And has gone to "mother" beyond the skies,
With the close of the quiet day.

A Brave Rescue.

A FEW years since, on the 6th December, during a fearful gale from the south south-west, a horse, reeking with foam, galloped into Penzance, bearing a messenger with intelligence that a bark was in peril some distance along the shore to the eastward.

The Sabbath-bells were ringing, and congregations were assembling to worship him whose voice was upon the waters; but, on the news of "Life in danger!" the quiet of the sanctuary was exchanged for the tumult of the storm, and hundreds were soon anxiously watching for the devoted ship, so that help might be afforded.

"There she is!" cries one.

"No; 'tis the mist!"

Again and again are the watchers deceived, until at length a momentary lifting of the cloud shows

the doomed vessel heading westward, but making fearful leeway.

And now nearer and nearer she approaches. "She is saved!" shouted some; but the experienced saw that her fate was near. Good seamanship, stout anchor-chains, well-found gear—all were unavailing in that terrible strife, and soon she was drifting helplessly to the shore.

"The lifeboat! the lifeboat!" Away, rumbling through the streets of quiet Penzance, manned by her brave crew, drawn by horses urged to their full speed, away hastens the boat of mercy, adorned with the trophies of many saved crews. Not a moment is lost! She has been for hours in readiness, and now pursues her way to the rescue.

Brave men are with her, who have learned to look on danger without fear, and think only of duty. Husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, are in that vessel—in the jaws of death—and all other feelings are absorbed in the desire to save them.

Thousands of persons of every class and degree—including scores of women of all ranks—line the shore. The boat, borne by the rush of men and horses, traverses the yielding beach—the launching lines are manned—the boat dips her prow into the heaving seas—and, cheered to the echo by the vast crowds around, she speeds on her perilous way.

After a pull of more than an hour she reached the vessel. As she was pulling under her stern, a great sea struck the boat, and capsized her. All on board were thrown out. The noble boat, however, at once righted itself. The coxswain was jammed underneath the boat by some wreck, and very nearly lost his life, having to dive three or four times before he could extricate himself. When dragged on board he was apparently dead, and in this state was brought to shore.

Another man, Edward Hodge, pulling the stroke oar, was lost altogether from the boat; and the men were all so exhausted that they could not pull up to rescue him; but his cork-jacket floated him ashore, when a brave man—named Desreux—swam his horse out through the surf, and rescued him.

Judge of the dismay of those on shore when they saw the boat returning, and no rescue effected. They knew at once that some disaster had happened, and when the boat came near they rushed to meet her.

There was the coxswain, apparently dead—a stream of blood trickling from his wounded temple; one man missing; and all the crew more or less disabled.

Volunteers were called for, and in a short time a second crew was formed. The struggle which then followed defies description. The boat had to be pulled to windward in the teeth of a tremendous wind and sea. Sometimes she would rise almost perpendicularly to the waves, and the watchers on the shore looked on with bated breath, fearing she must go over; and then again she would make a yard or two. The way was disputed inch by inch, but at last the victory was won.

Loud and long rang the cheers as the boat neared the shore, and quickly the shipwrecked mariners and their brave rescuers were safe.

There was ONE, who went through vast seas of sorrow—even unto death—that he might save you and me from the awful perils of a great storm that will shake the very foundations of this world. We get some little idea of what he passed through

from our portions for to-day, in Psalm xl. 12, when we remember the iniquities of which he speaks were not his own, but ours. He was crushed under their weight that we might be saved.

And now the figure changes, and he is the true Lifeboat in whom, if our hearts trustingly rest, we shall find perfect safety, and be brought safe to shore at last.

Are you, dear young reader, in the Lifeboat of your salvation, even the Lord Jesus Christ?—*Our Magazine.*

A Little Hero.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I WANT to tell you about my little hero.

His name is Jo. He is only ten years old. You wonder, perhaps, how one so young can lay claim to the title I have given him. Have you never thought that the world has many heroes it knows nothing of—unknown heroes who fight silent battles and win unheralded victories?

I am Jo's father. To me he is one of the best and dearest lads in all the world. One reason why I love him so well is because he is so brave. By that I do not mean that he is brave in the face of physical danger, but that he is not afraid to face a temptation or a trial. Boys have temptations and trials the same as men do, and a boy has often as hard a battle to fight as his father does. If he conquers I call him a hero.

Well, yesterday I heard some of the boys planning mischief. They were anticipating what boys call a "good time." "We must have Jo along," they said. "Jo is such a jolly fellow that we can't get along without him." Then they talked the matter over, and I wondered, as I listened, if my boy would be willing to join with them in wrongdoing. I hoped not.

Pretty soon he came. "Oh! here's Jo," the boys cried. "Hello, Jo! You're the very fellow we've been wanting to see. We've got just the jolliest thing all planned out. You'll go in for fun, won't you?"

"I'm always ready for fun," Jo answered, "if it's the right kind of fun. Tell me what you're going to do."

They told him. I saw that he looked grave as he listened. I could read his face like a book. I could see that he was fighting a battle. He wanted to go with the boys, but he felt that what they proposed to do was wrong.

"Well, you'll go with us, won't you?" they asked, when they had explained what they were going to do.

"No," answered Jo suddenly, as if he had made up his mind all at once. "No, I can't go with you."

"Why not?" they asked. "There isn't anything to be afraid of."

"Yes, there is," said Jo. "I won't do what you want me to, because it wouldn't be right. I'm afraid to do anything that I know to be wrong."

Can you think how glad I was to hear my boy say that? I thanked God he was brave enough to stand up for the right, and coward enough to keep away from wrong. I wish we had more boys as cowardly as my Jo is.

Take Care of the Children.

OUR churches cannot do too much for the welfare of the little ones, and if by planning for their delight and benefit in the house of worship, parents are brought more frequently within sound of the gospel influences, so much the better. If we capture the children for Christ, we shall capture many of their parents, and certainly shall capture the parents of the generation to come.

Mont Blanc.

BY MARCIA B. BRAINE.

WREATHED in perpetual snows, thou standest, O Mont Blanc,

Magnificently grand! Thy lofty summit
Rises far, far above us, and so coldly waits
The rising sun which bathes thy glistening sides with glory.
All around is still.

And as we gaze upon thee, all thy majesty
Impresses our dark minds and we are overpowered,
And stand in awe before thee, while our hearts
Reach up to that great and wise Creator
Who has commanded "mountains and all hills
To praise his glorious name."

Down thy steep sides the torrents speed, till at our feet
The rivers rush with ceaseless energy,
And, foaming with their mad career, perform
The mission given by that giant hand
Who holds the mighty deep upon his palm.
Around thy base, and clothing thy steep sides,
A forest of dark pines is spread, but thy white head
Rises from out them, and looks proudly down
Upon the chateaus slumbering at thy base.
O thou sublimely grand!

Gazing upon thee, all our thoughts are drawn
Away from thee up to the eternal throne,
And in our hearts we worship the Supreme
And everlasting Spirit, by whose power
"The world was formed, and they that dwell therein,"
When mountain, hill, and valley, fruitful field,
And barren plain, can utter forth his goodness,
Shall not man made in his image, glorify his power?
What can we bring before him? All his works
Proclaim his name with all their might. 'Twas thus
He made them, and they can but answer to his will,
And give back honour to their sovereign Lord.
Can man, the greatest of his works, do less
Than these grand, lifeless objects of his wondrous skill?
If they can laud their King, has he not greater means
At his command, to swell the praise of him
"Who for his pleasure hath created all?"

The rocks, the torrents, and the brilliant flowers;
The icy cliffs, imperilling the lives
Lived at thy base, O thou stern Alpine Mount;
The forests skirting thy steep sides, and all
The piles of snow that wrapt thine awful head;
The goats that skip among the rocks, and face
The mountain storm; the eagles in their lofty home;
All answer with united voice—"Praise ye our God!"
HALIFAX, N.S.

Teachers' Department.

The Teacher as Healer.

WINDS are preachers. Perhaps you do not care for a sermon just now, seated by a ruddy fire, a fascinating book in your hand. The cry of the wind ceases to be a sermon to stir you, and becomes a song to lull you. To some others, the moan of the wind is a very different utterance. To that poor boy from your school, going home at night, howls the blast, "Buy an overcoat! You are dressed too thin. Take this to remind you!"

To that tired, needy girl, also from your school, creeping, weary and weak, down some cheerless alley, it howls, "Your shawl is thin. Take this blast as so much toward the consumptive's cough that is coming!"

To that sick man, one of your congregation, lying in a bed poorly covered with blankets, the gale, drawing through a crack at the window, says, "You ought to study the relation of warmth to health. Take this as a hint about your need!"

Do you hear, at your fireside, these sermons from the cynical wind-preacher? In our work for mankind, our first aim is at the interests of the soul. Soul-work is our special mission. The older we grow, and the more susceptible we are to pain, the wider, too, our knowledge of human need, the more distinctly and readily do we see that the soul tenants a body.

Our Lord, when upon the earth, never forgot that his mission was not only teacher but healer.

He never divorced the two works. Sometimes he made one sphere of work more prominent than the other; but he never forgot either. We must remember this. In our anxiety to save the soul we may forget the body. Oh, teacher, be healer also! Think deep into this subject. Especially think now, when the winds are sharpening both teeth and claws for their long winter work. Remember that some in your flock wear clothing that does not thicken of itself, like the fur of the squirrel and the bear. God takes care of squirrels and bears. He will also take care of shivering Johnnie and chattering Susan, but—through you. Organize for this work, by committee or society.

And as for healing the sick, whenever the Church of Christ has organized its munificent charities for hospital work, it has had opportunity one day for its resources, and on the morrow has had resources for each opportunity. We need to have beds for the sick, and recruiting-grounds for the convalescent. Oh, teacher of the soul, be thou healer of the body also!—*S. S. Journal.*

THERE are many who treat the Bible as though it were an ill-arranged scrap-book—they sort out its texts and classify them, imagining that by so doing they are getting at the meaning of revelation in the most scientific way. No doubt there are some topics that can be greatly illuminated by such a process. There are texts that can be taken from their places without losing anything of their meaning, but they are few. Nearly every statement in the Scriptures loses something when abstracted from its context. In order to their full comprehension, many need to be looked at in the light of what is said before and what comes after. In order to study them alone, one can take a painting and cut out all of its trees; but the average man would not care to serve his paintings that way. The presumption is, that the artist had a special purpose in putting each tree where he painted it. Perhaps something of this nature is true relative to the texts of the Bible.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

A TEACHER of music says that scholars come to his school careless, inaccurate, and wrong in most of their habits of playing. In a few months they are transformed into accurate, truthful, sympathetic players. The musical conscience becomes so quickened that at last they are heartily shocked at the very habits in which they once indulged without a thought. Normal institutes do pretty much the same work in their line for Sunday-school teachers. Until he attends one, the average teacher does not know how inaccurate he is, and how many blunders he makes. There his errors are painted, and his teaching conscience is aroused. And how much, in the most of cases, it needs to be aroused!—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

Thurlow Weed's Pigeon.

"How are you progressing with the biography of your father?" a reporter asked the daughter of the late Hon. Thurlow Weed.

Just then the pigeon that was Mr. Weed's pet about six years, alighted on the reporter's shoulder, and, cheerily cooing, peered around into his face. Suddenly, the bird became dumb, and flew into an adjoining room.

"He has done that to every gentleman that has come into the house since father died," said Miss Weed, with a sigh. "He takes most kindly to General Bowen, who visits me occasionally, and who has been in feeble health sometime, and walks slowly. The bird will coo, and fly to the General's shoulder; but when he sees it is not

my father he will stop his cooing, and find some other perch. Since the day that father's remains were carried away, the affectionate creature has been seeking for his master. He flies through every room in the house; and fairly haunts the library, where father spent most of his time with his pet. He will tread over every inch of space on the lounge, and then go to the rug, over which he will walk repeatedly, as if in expectation of his dead master's coming. He invariably does this at meal times, when our table is set in the back-parlour, of which we now make a dining-room. He can see our table from the rug."

"Then you do not put him in a cage?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, never!" was the response. "The run of the house has been his since he came into it. Of course, in this warm weather, many of the windows are open; but he will not fly out into the street, nor into the large yard below, which lies on the east side of the study. But here he does go," added Miss Weed, as she led the way through the dining-room, and pointed out of the raised windows. There was a large yard in view, with arbours, running-vines, and a profusion of other foliage.

"Other pigeons," Miss Weed continued, "come here frequently, and our pet sometimes joins them. But he seems to take no pleasure in the freedom they enjoy, and sits with drooping head while they fly about or perch beside him and coo. He seldom remains long with his fellow-birds, but comes back through one of the windows, and begins his search again through the house for my father."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

I Must Not Drink.

If I would be a gentleman,
I cannot, must not drink;
For that will cause all manliness
Below the brute to sink.

If I would be a noble man,
I cannot, must not drink;
Or far from purity and truth
I shall forever shrink.

If I would be a useful man
I cannot, must not drink;
For will the idler drinking makes,
Be helpful, do you think?

If I would be a Christian man,
I cannot, must not drink;
Behold the wretched drunkard now
Trembling on ruin's brink.

No; if I would be pure and good,
And holy, true, and wise,
I must not touch the poison-cup;
'Tis death in any guise.

A Boy's Estimate of the Mother's Work.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look, the boy said: "Mother, why she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money into it."—*Household.*

"Little Brown Hands."

THEY drive home the cows from the pastures
Up through the shady lane,
While the quail whistles loud in the wheatfield,
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder-blooms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit is the thickest,
On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
May grow rulers of church and of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
Chisel, palette, and God's holy Word,
Shall be helped in the little brown hands.

A Daughter Worth Having.

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:—

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock, sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly, "a daughter. But she's a darling." And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a tram bound for the park.

After a block or two, a group of five girls entered the tram. They all evidently belonged to families of wealth. They conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch-basket. Each was well dressed.

They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the tram again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven, and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so. So did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that. Would you?" This to another girl.
"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of trams for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child too? He glanced at the pale face, and saw tears. He was angry.

Just then the exclamation: "Why, there is Nettie! Wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-

facéd young girl stood, beckoning to the train-driver. When she entered she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Who are they for!" said another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the tram, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes; and then, forgetting that she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheeks, as she asked of his sister:

"The little boy is sick, is he not? And he is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if it won't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice—meant for no one's ears but those of the child. "I think it will do him good. It is lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened; and very soon she asked the girl where they lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet, which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding some distance she left the tram, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand; while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister, in a jubilant whisper:—

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we got to the park. What made her so sweet and good to us?" And the little girl whispered back:

"It's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes," the gentleman heard her whisper.

When the park was reached, the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms, and carried him out of the tram, across the road, and into the green park—the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage, and treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day, the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly, introducing a comely lady. "And this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlour, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the tram. I don't wonder you called her 'a darling.' She is a 'darling,' and no mistake. God bless her!"

And then he told his friend what he had seen and heard.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Six Little Words.

Six little words arrest me every day—
I ought, must, can; I will, I dare, I may,
I ought—'tis conscience' law, divinely writ
Within my heart, the goal I strive to hit;
I must—this warns me that my way is barred
Either by nature's law or custom hard;
I can—in this is summed up all my might,
Whether to do or know or judge aright;
I will—my diadem, by the soul imprest
With freedom's seal, the rule within my breast;
I dare—at once a motto for the seal,
And dare I? barrier against unlicensed zeal;
I may—is final, and at once makes clear
The way which else might vague and dim appear.
I ought, must, can; I will, I dare, I may—
These six words claim attention every day.
Only through Thee know I what, every day,
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

Little Mary and Her Dying Father.

A LITTLE girl, named Mary, had been going to Sunday-school for some time. She was only about seven or eight years old. But she had learned enough to know that she was a sinner, and that Jesus was the only Saviour. She loved him, and prayed to him every day.

Mary's parents never went to church, and never read the Bible. They were careless, wicked people, who never thought about God or heaven. One night Mary's father was taken suddenly ill. His illness was very alarming. The poor man saw death staring him in the face. He felt that he was a sinner, and not prepared to die. He asked his wife to pray for him. She said she didn't know how to pray.

"Oh! what shall I do?" he exclaimed. "How can I die with all my sins upon me?"

"Mary has learned a great deal about the Bible at Sunday-school," said his wife. "Suppose I call her. Perhaps she can tell you something that will comfort you."

"Call her at once," said he.

Mary was called out of her sleep to the bedside of her dying father.

"Mary, my child," said the poor man, "I'm going to die; but I feel that I'm a great sinner. Can you tell me how a sinner like me can be saved?"

"Oh, yes, father!" said Mary; "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

"But how does he save sinners? And will he save such a great sinner as I am?"

"Jesus says in the Bible," replied Mary, "'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life.'"

"Does the Bible say all that, Mary?" asked the dying man, with great earnestness.

"Yes," said Mary; "those are the very words I learned in Sunday-school."

Then he asked Mary to kneel down and pray for him. So she kneeled down and prayed that God would have mercy on her dear father; that he would pardon his sins, and save his soul, for Jesus' sake.

In the morning, when Mary woke up, her father was dead. But he died, believing the words that Mary had told him from the Bible, and he found peace in believing them.

It is not enough that we have once swallowed truths; we must feed on them as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart is coloured by their qualities, and shows its food in even the minute fibre.

The Love of Jesus.

SOFTLY sing the love of Jesus !
For our hearts are full of tears,
As we think how, walking humbly
This low earth for weary years,
Without riches, without dwelling,
Wounded sore by foe and friend,
In the garden, and in dying,
Jesus loved us to the end !

Gladly sing the love of Jesus !
Let us lean upon his arm,
If he loves us what can grieve us ?
If he keeps us, what can harm ?
Still he lays his hand in blessing
On each timid little face,
And in heaven the children's angels
Near the home have always place.

Ever sing the love of Jesus !
Let the day be dark or clear,
Every pain and every sorrow
Bring him to his own more near.
Death's cold wave need not affright us,
When we know that he has died,
When we see the face of Jesus
Smiling from the other side !

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1095] LESSON V. [Aug. 4

SAUL CHOSEN OF THE LORD.

1 Sam. 9. 15-27. Memory verses 15, 16

GOLDEN TEXT.

By me kings reign and princes decree justice. Prov. 8. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Saul's Coming, v. 15, 16.
2. Saul's Visit, v. 17-25.
3. Saul's Departure, v. 26, 27.

TIME.—1095 B.C.

PLACE.—Ramah, (?) or some city in the land of Zuph.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The chronicler whom we study turns aside from Israel's history to show by an incident from the pastoral family life of this people how God uses trivial occurrences to manifest his will. The story of Saul and his search for the lost property brings us at once to our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Told Samuel in his ear*—That is, revealed it so plainly that it was as if he heard it. *Captain over my people*—That is, head man, or king. *In the gate*—The gate of all Oriental cities was the place of judgment. *The desire of Israel*—The desire of the people was for a king. *The parlor*—Not such a room as we mean by "parlor," but the banqueting-room where Samuel and his guests feasted. *The high place*—Some place without the city; where sacrifice was offered. *The top of the house*—Hebrew houses were flat-roofed, and the roof was a favourite place for conversation. *Spring of the day*—At sunrise.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Saul's Coming.

What had been the result of the people's demand for a king? 1 Sam. 8. 22.
How did Samuel go about fulfilling the people's desire?
While he waited what simple incident happened? 1 Sam. 9. 1-10.
What method of divine providence is thus illustrated?
What does ver. 16 show concerning the so-called voluntary actions of men?
What is the scriptural doctrine concerning all God's ways with men? Acts 15. 18.

2. Saul's Visit.

How soon did Samuel recognize in Saul God's chosen one?
For what purpose did Saul say he had come?
How did Samuel prove his assertion concerning himself that he was the seer?
How would this prepare Saul for the next communication he was to receive?
What seems to have been Saul's character as manifested in this first interview?
What means did Samuel take to make the chief citizens acquainted with Saul?
What impression would his personal appearance naturally produce? 1 Sam. 10. 23.

3. Saul's Departure.

What means did Samuel to still further impress Saul with the responsibility that was coming to him?
How did they separate? ver. 27.
Why was the servant bid to pass on?
What ceremony next took place? chap. 10. 1.
What new proof did Samuel give to Saul? that his words were authoritative? chap. 10. 2-6.
What word spoken by Daniel was here first exemplified in Israel's history? Dan. 2. 21.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is taught God's complete direction of the affairs of men.
Here is taught how trivial things often are God's means for shaping great results.
Here is shown an obedient servant of God willingly choosing another to supersede him in power because God bade him.
Here is taught life's oft-repeated lesson: we know not what a day may bring forth.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read all of chaps. 9 and 10.
2. Can you think of any reasons why the tribe of Benjamin should be chosen to furnish the first king?
3. Can you find any political necessity hinted at in ver. 16 that caused the desire for a king?
4. What customs of society of the day are alluded to in ver. 18, "Samuel in the gate;" ver. 19, "Go before me to the high place;" ver. 25, "The top of the house," and any other Orientalisms.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the cause of Saul's coming to Samuel? The Lord sent him. 2. How did Samuel know that Saul was to be king? "The Lord said, Behold the man." 3. What did Samuel tell him of his future? Israel would seek him for a king. 4. What did Samuel do to Saul before they parted? Anointed him, and kissed him. 5. What is the doctrine concerning kings which our GOLDEN TEXT teaches? "By me kings reign," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's government.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

35. What more do we learn concerning God?
That he is holy and righteous, faithful and true, gracious and merciful.
36. What do you mean by the omnipresence of God?
That God is everywhere.

B.C. 1095] LESSON VI. [Aug. 11

SAUL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

1 Sam. 12. 1-15. Memory verses, 14, 15

GOLDEN TEXT.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you. 1 Sam. 12. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Just Judge, v. 1-5.
2. The Righteous Lord, v. 6-15.

TIME.—1095 B.C.

PLACE.—Gilgal.

CONNECTING LINKS.—When Saul and Samuel had gone out of the city, as described in our last lesson, and Saul's servant had passed on at Samuel's command, Samuel had anointed Saul, and declared that the Lord would call him to be king over Israel. He had told him also what would occur to him as he went homeward, and how he should be changed in character. This all happened. Then Samuel assembled the people at Mizpeh, and cast lots among them by their tribes for the tribe out of which the king should be chosen. Then, when he had thus taken the tribe of Benjamin, he cast lots among the families of the tribe, and then among the individuals of the family, and the lot fell upon Saul. He was then set apart by the prophet, and the people shouted, "God save the king!" A faction rebelled and refused to yield allegiance. Saul went quietly to his home and waited till God gave him the opportunity to establish his claim by his magnificent victory over the Ammonites. This turned the tide, and again the nation gathered at Gilgal to renew their fealty to the king, and here Samuel spoke the words of the lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*My sons are with you*—These were they who had been Samuel's aids,

and had been bribe-takers. *Before his anointed*—That is, the new king. Samuel thus at the outset submits to Saul as his judge. *The righteous acts of the Lord*—That is, the acts of wonderful favour that God had done for them in the past.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Just Judge.*
At what place was the final full acceptance of Saul as king made? chap. 11. 14.
After the renewal of the kingdom what occurred?
Was the work of Samuel done?
What last official act did he perform?
To what could he point in his official life?
What was his spirit in this last duty?
What was the testimony of the people as to his character?
How did Samuel show his complete acceptance of the new order of things? vers. 2 and 5.
What had been the one principle of his entire administration?
2. *The Righteous Lord.*
What was the character of his last public utterance?
Why did he rehearse these portions of their history?
What reason had they had in the past for trusting now?
What had God shown himself in all his dealing with them?
What ought to have been the effect in their lives?
What from the past had been the only cause of weakness?
What warning ends these farewell words of the prophet?
How had these same warnings been heretofore spoken? Lev. 26. 14-20; Deut. 28. 15-68.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Integrity is the best achievement of a life. From childhood to old age. Childhood is the place to start in the pathway of virtue. See this man appeal to a nation. Hear the nation answer. It was better to be right with life-work done than to be an untried king.

The world knows righteousness when it sees it. It may not practice, but it knows. What does it say of you?
We wonder at these men's distrust, but is it more than ours?
They had their Nahash and forgot God. We have what? Surely something, for we all forget God.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Review the acts of Samuel's career carefully. Learn it.
2. Find the historical incidents to which he refers, and verify them.
3. Find five other notable instances of the same traits of this people.
4. Find what connection there had been between this people and Nahash.
5. Find a reason, not heretofore given, why they wanted a king.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When Samuel had renewed the covenant of the people with Saul what did he do? He abdicated his office as judge. 2. To what did he invite the people's scrutiny? To his official record. 3. What did he confidently claim? A record of perfect integrity. 4. With what did he reproach them? With distrust in God. 5. What was his parting injunction? "Only fear the Lord and serve him," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The value of character.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

37. What do you mean by the almightiness or omnipotence of God?
That God can do whatever he will.
I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee.—Job 42. 2.
Matthew 19. 26.

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