

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

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

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

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

# HOME & SCHOOL



TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1883

[No. 7.]



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, E.G., 1874.—(See next page.)

## Whiter than Snow.

BY HERBERT G. PAULL

THE snow had fallen, and on the earth the immaculate mantle was spread, covering with its garment of white the homes of the living and dead, when from the Windsor Castle there looked upon the beautiful scene a little child, and one of the sons of Britain's beloved Queen.

And the Prince looked merrily on the scene, and laughed with the little child; but the child was sad with the gallant Prince, and little the maiden smiled, till she sweetly looked to the Prince and said, "O her voice was modest and low! Will your Royal Highness tell me, please, if there's anything whiter than snow?"

Then the Prince, he laughed right merrily, as he looked at the solemn face of the lovely child who looked at him, and thought for a little space; then kissed the tiny lips that spake, and said, "I scarcely know, yet stop again, now sure am I, there's nothing whiter than snow."

Ah! then the maiden looked at him, her blue eyes moist with dew, as she sadly said, "O Prince, I thought your Royal Highness knew; but since you say you do not know, I'll tell you what I know—*The blood of Jesus Christ can wash you whiter than the snow!*"

What was it made the Prince turn pale, and brush the tear away? A vision came before his eyes of the dreadful judgment day, where four-and-twenty elders stand, and praise God's holy Son, and countless hosts with robes of white, but he alone has none.

Give praise to God, O all ye hosts! for the hisping lambs who know the blood of Jesus Christ can wash them whiter than the snow. "Except ye be as a little child, ye cannot come to Me;" then teach us, Lord, that we may be as a little child should be.  
TORONTO, Feb. 23th, 1863.

T<sup>e</sup> Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G.

NO better evidence can be afforded of the respect which the English people entertain for the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose portrait we give, than the fact that the *London Spectator*, whose religious opinions are far from agreeing with those of Lord Shaftesbury, and whose political inclinations have no leaning toward a Republic, remarked not long since that, if it ever became advisable to abandon the monarchy and set up a republic, Lord Shaftesbury would run any second candidate for the presidency very hard.

Nor has Lord Shaftesbury won his deserved popularity among all classes, and especially among the workingmen, by any species of demagogism, or by any base appeals to class prejudices or class interests.

He is in truth a Christian statesman in the best sense of that term, and his wide-spread popularity proves that riches and honour are with true wisdom now as well as in the days of Solomon, and that godliness has no less to-day, than in the days of the apostles, the promise of this life as well as the life to come.

Anthony Ashley-Cooper, K.G., is the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, and a baronet. He is Lord-Lieutenant of Dorsetshire. He was born April 28, 1801, succeeded his father in 1851; was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a first-class in classics, and was made D.C.L. in 1841.

A hundred years ago England was a country chiefly of rural industries, and, except London, there were few

great towns. The immense development of cotton and other manufactures caused a complete social revolution. Villages grew into towns, and towns into cities. The temptations of urban life, and the precarious nature of much of the employment to be found there, fostered a spirit of recklessness and improvidence which is rarely, if ever, found in agricultural communities; and the result was that a vast population grew up steeped in poverty, misery, and ignorance. Everybody is acquainted with what is familiarly termed "a rough," and the "rough" is the product of a state of society which, in its feverish desire to grow rich, has neglected to care for the bodies, and minds, and souls of those by whose labour its riches have been acquired. It is Lord Shaftesbury's great merit that his Christianity has been of a thoroughly practical type. Instead of contenting himself with bewailing the existence of this perilous state of things, he set himself resolutely to try and effect a cure, and he has worked chiefly by two instruments, namely, by legislative enactments and by society organization. With regard to the former class of reforms, he has always acted on the principle that self-interest is not a sufficient safeguard against tyranny and oppression. Self-interest ought to prevent the carman from beating and starving his horse, or the factory owner from overworking the women and children in his employ; and so it would, if it were self-interest of a high and enlightened quality; but, unfortunately, with many persons, self-interest is only another term for the grossest selfishness. Lord Shaftesbury clearly perceived, especially in the case of the young and the feeble, that the law must intervene between the master and the servant. This principle led him, in his younger days, as Lord Ashley, to advocate the abolition of boy chimney-sweeping, as it leads him in the present session of Parliament to endeavour to restrain the employment of young children by circuses and shows in dangerous feats of agility. The same principle induced him to support the Ten Hours' Bill, and he declined to join Sir Robert Peel's ministry in 1841, because that statesman refused to lend his aid to the measure.

But Lord Shaftesbury is still more distinguished by the reforms which he has effected through society organizations. He saw, for example, crowds of neglected children playing about the streets. They ought to be at school, the moralist would say. But decently dressed children will refuse to sit on the same benches with these shabby, unkempt creatures. What was Lord Shaftesbury's practical inference? Start Ragged Schools; and after awhile the thing was done. To the school honest employment was added, for these poor lads are almost all anxious to work, if they can get work; and, as Lord Shaftesbury observed that all the old shoe-blacks had died out, and that no one had taken their places, he determined to organize a shoe-black brigade, and a very useful body they are.

In brief, wherever there is a worthy work to be done, a poverty-stricken, miserable class to be raised into comfort and Christianity, Lord Shaftesbury's name and aid are sure to be given. Nor need we dwell here on the more purely religious organizations, such as the Bible Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, with which

Lord Shaftesbury is prominently connected; it is sufficient to observe that the shallow reproach which blames men for ministering to the wants of foreign heathendom while neglecting home misery, is utterly inapplicable in this case, for while his hand is stretched as far as the South seas, his ear is always open to the complaints of the poor of London.

## Havelock at Lucknow.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

WE read of the wonderful things that were wrought by prayer among God's ancient people. There is power in faith now as there was then, though it may not be made manifest by the same means and in the same way. God's promises remain unchanged, and they who rely upon his word still find it firm and unailing.

"Put thou thy trust in God,  
In duty's path go on;  
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done."

It was an hour of anxiety and horror in the English residency at Lucknow—the sun had gone down; the sombre shadows had gradually hid the cupolas, minarets, and palaces; the stars hung low, like flames, in the deepening gloom of the Indian night. All through the long summer the garrison in the Residency had been besieged by the mutinous Sepoys; sickness had wasted the soldiers; famine threatened them, and if the English army that had been fighting its way into the heart of India should fail to relieve them in time, the death of every resident was sure.

There were praying women in the Residency, mothers schooled in the faith of Scottish kirk, who, day by day and hour by hour, through all the months of trial, had looked to God for help.

Summer had died out of the sky, and the burning gold of autumn cast its shadowy sheen over the airy palaces, winged zenanas, billowy domes, and fluted minarets of the central Indian city. Fever had come with the autumn, and the stores in the Residency were insufficient for a protracted siege.

The English body of relief under Havelock—a small body of men as compared with the enemy—was approaching from Cawnpore. Under the feathery palms of the Ganges, over the hot sands of the Oude, threading long jungles, in every bush of which seemed to lurk a murderous foe—it had fought its way to the Alum Bagh, a position overlooking Lucknow, amid whose sharp minarets and glimmering domes the Residency was hid.

The garrison was in extreme peril when the army of relief reached the Alum Bagh, but a pious company of men, women, and children continually prayed to God, and were sustained by faith of deliverance through prayer. An officer one day said to one of these, a pious old Scottish mother, who had been schooled in the ancient faith of the covenanters:

"Fifty thousand Sepoys are massing themselves for the defence of Lucknow. If the army of Havelock is driven back we shall all perish."

"I will say of the Lord," answered the woman with sublime faith, "He is my refuge and fortress, in Him will I trust."

Shortly after she was told that the fever was increasing in the Residency.

"Surely," she answered, "He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the winsome pestilence. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

As it became evident that the army of relief intended to reinforce the Residency, the city became more and more tumultuous, and the nights wild and fearful. But in these perilous hours the old Scottish company cheered the praying company with God's strong promises:

"Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

While prayers were continually made in the Residency for deliverance, the commander of the army of relief was as confidently relying for success on the strength of God. He had learned to pray in boyhood, and had been accustomed to hold religious meetings with his intimate companions in his sleeping rooms at school. He consecrated his life to God in early manhood, while crossing the ocean to India, and had been brought into sweet communion with heaven, in a warm and wonderful experience. Before every battle he called upon God, and returned thanks to God after victory. "Trust in God and pray for us," he wrote to his friends at home, as the army began to move from Cawnpore; "the chances of war are heavy at this crisis—thank God for my hope in the Saviour," he wrote as he penetrated the Kingdom of Oude. Such was Havelock, the Christian soldier, as he marched on to victory, against human probabilities of success.

What an interesting spectacle—a praying garrison and a praying general marching to its relief; and between them the strong city, defended by the finest army and the most military of all the Indian races.

Havelock determined to reinforce the Residency under the cover of the night. To do this he must lead the column of relief through the very streets of Lucknow, and the march would be one of fire and death.

His heart was uplifted to God in prayer, and in this confidence he gave the order to the troops to advance. From every house-top the swarming enemy poured volley after volley of shot upon them, and the palaces, as the soldiers swept past them, streamed fire. All the swift way was stained with blood, and was strewn with the bodies of the mangled and the dead.

Victory crowned that march of faith. The red stars died out of the watery fringes of the morning twilight, and the rising of the fine Indian sun revealed the miracle that night's work had wrought. The praying hero, safe within the walls of the Residency, stood amid the praying company. He looked upon the accomplishment as the Providence of God. He felt that there was in it more than he himself would ever have been able to have performed, and the full experience of his heart found vent in the words of the ancient conqueror, whose victories were wrought by faith, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name, give glory!"—*Religious Intelligencer*.

TEACHERS! Strive to enlist your scholars in a loyal and loving support of your pastor.

**Rock of Ages.**

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;  
Fell the words unconsciously  
From her lisp, guileless tongue;  
Sung as little children sing;  
Sung as sing the birds in June;  
Fell the words as light leaves down  
On the current of the tune—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."  
Felt her soul no need to hide;  
Sweet the song as song could be,  
And she had no thought beside.  
All the words unheedingly  
Fell from lips untouched by care,  
Dreaming not they each might be  
On some other lips a prayer—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
'Twas a woman sung them now,  
Sung them slow and wearily—  
Wan hand on her aching brow,  
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird  
Beats with weary wing the air;  
Every note with sorrow stirred,  
Every syllable a prayer—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,  
Trustingly and tenderly;  
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—  
"Let me hide myself in Thee."  
Trembling though the voice and low,  
Ran the sweet strain peacefully  
Like a river in its flow.  
Sung as only they can sing  
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;  
Sung as only they can sing  
Who behold the promised rest—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
Sung above a coffin lid,  
Underneath all restfully,  
All life's joy and sorrow hid.  
Never more, O storm-tossed soul!  
Never more from wind and tide,  
Never more from billows roll  
Wilt thou ever need to hide!  
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,  
Closed beneath the soft, white hair;  
Could the mute and stiffened lips  
Move again in pleading prayer,  
Still, ay, still, the words would be—  
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

**A Night with Moslem Women.**

An interesting account, illustrating the character of Moslem women in Syria, is given by Miss Rogers, sister of the British consul at Damascus. Travelling in Palestine with her brother, she was obliged one night near Nablous to sleep in the same room with the wives of the governor of Arrabeh.

"When I began to undress the women watched me with curiosity; and when I put on my night gown they were exceedingly astonished and exclaimed, 'Where are you going? Why is your dress white?' They made no change for sleeping, and there they were, in their bright-coloured clothes, ready for bed in a minute. But they stood around me till I said good night, and then all kissed me, wishing me good dreams. Then I knelt down, and presently, without speaking to them again, got into bed, and turned my face to the wall, thinking over the strange day I had spent. I tried to compose myself to sleep, though I heard the women whispering together.

When my head had rested about five minutes on the soft red-silk pillow, I felt a hand stroking my forehead, and heard a voice saying very gently, 'Ya habibi,' that is, 'O beloved.' But I would not answer directly, as I did not wish to be roused unnecessarily. I waited a little and my face was touched again. I felt a kiss on my forehead, and a voice said, 'Miriam, speak to

us; speak, Miriam, darling.' I could not resist any longer, so I turned round and saw Helweh, Saleh Bok's prettiest wife, leaning over me. I said, 'What is it, sweetness? What can I do for you?' She answered, 'What did you do just now when you knelt down and covered your face with your hands?' I sat up, and said very solemnly, 'I spoke to God, Helweh.' 'What did you say to Him?' said Helweh. I replied, 'I wish to sleep. God never sleeps. I have asked Him to watch over me, and that I may fall asleep remembering that he never sleeps, and wake up remembering His presence. I am very weak. God is all powerful. I have asked Him to strengthen me with His strength.'

By this time all the ladies were sitting round me on the bed, and the slaves came and stood near. I told them I did not know their language well enough to explain to them all I thought and said. But as I had learned the Lord's Prayer by heart in Arabic, I repeated it to them sentence by sentence slowly. When I began, 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' Helweh directly said, 'You told me your father was in London.' I replied, 'I have two fathers, Helweh; one in London, who does not know that I am here, and who can not know till I write and tell him, and a heavenly Father, who is here now, who is with me always, and who sees and hears. He is your Father also. He teaches us to know good from evil, if we listen to Him and obey Him.' For a moment there was perfect silence, as if they felt they were in the presence of some unseen power. Then Helweh said, 'What more did you say?' I continued the Lord's Prayer, and when I came to the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' they said, 'Can not you make bread for yourself?' The passage, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us,' is particularly forcible in the Arabic language; and one of the elder women, who was severe and relentless-looking, said, 'Are you obliged to say that every day?' as if she thought that sometimes it would be difficult to do so. They said, 'Are you a Moslem?' I said, 'I am not called a Moslem. But I am your sister, made by the same God, the God of all, my Father and your Father.' They asked if I knew the Koran, and were surprised to hear that I had read it. They handed a ro-ary to me, saying, 'Do you know that?' I repeated a few of the most striking and comprehensive attributes very carefully and slowly. Then they cried out 'Mashallah, the English girl is a true believer;' and the impressionable Abyssinian slave-girls said with one accord, 'She is indeed an angel.' Moslems—men and women—have the name of Allah constantly on their lips; but it seems to have become a mere form. This may explain why they were so startled when I said, 'I was speaking to God.' She adds that if she had only said 'I was saying my prayers,' or 'I was at my devotions,' it would not have impressed them.

Next morning on waking, Miss Rogers found that the women from the neighbourhood had come in to hear the English girl speak to God; and Helweh said, 'Now, Miriam, darling, will you speak to God?' At the conclusion, she asked them if they would say amen; and after a moment of hesitation they cried out 'Amen! Amen!' Then one said, 'Speak again, my

daughter, speak about the bread.' So she repeated the Lord's Prayer with explanations. When she left they crowded around affectionately, saying, 'Return again, O Miriam, beloved!'  
—*Domestic Life in Palestine.*

**"Voices from the Prison."**

THE Sherbourne Street Methodist Church was crowded on the occasion of a lecture on "Voices from the Prison," by Rev. Dr. Searles, Chaplain of Auburn Prison, N. Y. Mr. Searles commenced his lecture by giving statistics relating to U. S. Prisons. He said there were 44 State Prisons in the United States. In these prisons there were 40,000 prisoners on an average all the time. In State prisons, houses of correction, and all such institutions, there were about 400,000, or about one for every other family in the Union. In the Auburn Prison there were now nine hundred prisoners. About five years ago there were 1,400. He accounted for the falling off by the fact that factory owners and other employers were now not so prejudiced to ex-convicts as formerly. The lecturer spoke of the plan in vogue in the State Prisons of rewarding good conduct. By this rule a prisoner, on his good behaviour, might save sufficient time on a ten-year sentence to get liberated at the end of six years and six months. This rule, it had been found, was better to reform men than all the whipping posts and other forms of punishment that could be devised. There were, he said, three great causes of crime—idleness, licentiousness, and intemperance. After discoursing forcibly on the first of these causes, he briefly referred to the second, and said the third cause could only be allayed by public sentiment. He did not take any side in the Irish troubles, but he wished to state that it was not the land taxes that made Ireland poor. She only paid eleven million pounds sterling a year in taxes, and thirteen million pounds sterling every year went for liquor. At the time of the war, when the President called for 500,000 more men, it was thought a great number, but during the past twenty years since the war the country had sent that number into drunkards' graves.

**His Last Cigar.**

Mr. Goodfellow is a well-known S. S. superintendent in a flourishing city in one of our prairie states. He is head and front of the temperance movement in his town, and an uncompromising enemy of tobacco; nevertheless, within the memory of many living witnesses, he used to love a good cigar as well as any one. He tells how he was finally cured:

"On leaving my office one evening, in accord with my usual custom, I lighted a fragrant cigar, which I proposed to enjoy on my homeward way. I had advanced but a few steps, when I saw, sitting on a curb, puffing away at the stump of a villainous cigar, a youngster whom I recognized as a member of my Sunday School. A quick disgust filled my soul, and words of reproof rose to my lips; but how could I utter them with the weed between my teeth? The disability was not nearly so apparent in its physical as in its moral aspect. Clearly the cigar must be gotten from sight, or my lips remain sealed and the boy left to follow

the bent of his evil inclination, and doubtless become the victim of a pernicious habit. Quick as thought I whipped the cigar from my mouth and held it behind my back, while I administered a merited reproof and timely warning. The boy threw away his stump and promised not to try another, and I backed around the corner fearing to turn lest my own sin should find me out, and my influence be destroyed. When fairly out of sight, I threw my cigar into the gutter, inwardly vowing before God never again to touch the weed, and I never have."

How many fathers are ready to make a like sacrifice for the sake of their sons! How many teachers, that they may consistently warn their pupils of evils likely to follow in the wake of this habit. How many pastors that they might present themselves undefiled in the sight of the youths of their charges, and lead them in the way of purity and true temperance!—*Church and Home.*

**Take Heed How Ye Read.**

EMPHASIZE the word *how*. There are ways and ways of reading. One way may be much better than another. For instance, the other day an intelligent girl was reading to herself. Her father asked her to read aloud. She began where she was already engaged. It happened to be a very entertaining and instructive collection of instances in which useful inventions had been come upon by curious accidents. When the young reader had finished her piece, her father asked her to tell him what she had just read. He was not surprised that she found herself unable to do so. She had read, had, perhaps, formed the habit of reading, simply to amuse herself for the moment. She had not read to remember, much less to report. No doubt what she read would have made some impression on her mind. She would have retained the general idea that happy chances were often the occasion of fruitful discoveries. She would very likely, besides, have derived the practical hint to be on the lookout for such chances in her own future experience. Both these results of the reading would have been useful.

But she might just as well have added another result that in fact she missed. She might have read so as to furnish herself with material for interesting conversation on subsequent occasions of her life. It only needed the thought in her mind: Let me notice now this incident, and to take it into my understanding and my memory that I shall be able to report it to some one when a suggestive opportunity arises. Such a habit of reading may easily be cultivated. The same habit may be extended, and should be, to hearing and to observation. One really gets more himself when one gets to give.

Let parents see to this. Let teachers, too. A good plan is to make the table at meal times a place for the mutual reporting of things thus learned by the various members of the family. The art of conversation is cultivated in this way as well, perhaps, as in any other. At any rate, task yourselves when you read to read so as to remember and report. You will be delighted to find how easily this habit can be formed, and what a source of profit and pleasure to yourselves and to others it may be made.—*S. S. Journal.*

**"She Hath Done What She Could."**

*"And she that tarried at home divided the spoil"*

I COULD not do the work the reapers did,  
Or bind the golden sheaves that thickly fell,  
But I could follow by the Master's side,  
Watching the marred Face I loved so well.  
Right in my path laid many a ripened ear  
Which I would stoop and gather joyfully,  
I did not know the Master placed them there,  
"Handfuls of purpose" that He left for me.

I could not cast the heavy fisher net,  
I had not strength or wisdom for the task,  
So on the sun-lit sands, with spray drops wet  
I sat, while earnest prayers rose thick and fast:

I pleaded for the Master's blessing, where  
My brethren toiled upon the wide world sea;  
Or ever that I knew, His smile so fair  
Shone, beaming sweet encouragement on me.

I could not join the glorious soldier band,  
I never heard their thrilling battle-cry,  
The work allotted by the Master's hand  
Kept me at home, while others went to die.  
And yet, when victory crowned the struggle long,

And spoils were homeward brought, both rich and rare,  
He let me help to chant the triumph song,  
And bade me in the gold and jewels share.

Oh, Master dear! the tiniest work for Thee  
Finds recompense beyond our highest thought,

And feeble hands that worked but tremblingly,  
The richest colours in Thy Fabric wrought.  
We are content to take what Thou shalt give,  
To do, or suffer, as Thy choice shall be;  
Forsaking all Thy wisdom bids us leave,  
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee!

—Eva Travers Poole.

prayer meeting. The service savoured of a revival atmosphere.

12th.—Left Brewley, fair wind and a beautiful time, which made up somewhat for the storm and roughness of yesterday. Arrived at Mount Buffett, a Church settlement, early in the day; preached at night, only two present besides the family who entertained me. Bigotry is the order of the day in this place, the Church minister using all his influence to prevent his flock hearing the Methodist minister.

13th.—Remained at Mount Buffett. It seems that some years ago about twenty persons built a very respectable place of worship, with the understanding that it might be used by any minister who visited Mount Buffett. Said building has been standing for years and never opened. I succeeded, however, in opening the building for the worship of God. It is capable of seating 300 people. Having preached the first sermon ever preached in the building, and to a very respectable congregation, I ended the day with "Ebenezer" inscribed upon our banners.

**THE SABBATH.**

Preached at Sound Island morning and night; visited the Sabbath School and gave tickets to a class. It was a day of hard work, but one of invigoration and cheer.

"Hallelujah! what a Saviour."

I find a great field for missionary effort. We have open doors in places we have been unable to visit, and much more time is needed in each place. Our cause is winning its widening way, and the persecution we have to pass through is only a healthy tonic and a most excellent elixir.

Financially the Mission is in a more deplorable state than last year. I have made every effort to raise my assessment. I have gone from house to house repeatedly, with a spring balance, and after unremitting toil, exposure to hardship and dangers, I have only succeeded in raising \$110. It is now seven years since I raised my assessment, and I feel the financial depression most keenly this year. Starvation seems looming up in the distance, and I am told there are seven families here now with absolutely nothing. Instead of getting our assessment, our house has been a begging resort ever since last November—yes, all the past summer through—and how we are to face the winter with present gloomy surroundings I do not know. Over fifty families have given us nothing, and have not the barest necessaries for the winter. The poverty of the Island is something fearful in the face of a long winter, and my agitation of mind concerning the consequences increases. Food and clothing we have given, and I can see no possibility to endure the strain of another winter. I hope to hear from you soon; in the meantime I would inscribe upon our banners, "Faint, yet pursuing."

FROM Battle River, N. W. T., the Rev. E. B. Glass writes:—"I started a sabbath-school for children, young men, and women. The school is still going on, and is held in the Mission House. I can now explain a great many things to the children in their own language, which is not very difficult to learn. The winter evenings I spent over Lacombe's French Dictionary and Grammar in the Cree language.

This is an invaluable book to us, for without it I could have done very little in the absence of any one whatever to give information in English. I tried the syllabic characters invented by the devoted Evans, but though serviceable to any one who has the Cree words upon his tongue, it is not the least guide to one studying the language.

"Next Sabbath I am to commence services in the chief's house, and hope to continue them without an interpreter. The chief, Sampson, reads in Cree, the Indians all sing in Cree, in which I can join them, and I shall say what I can to them from time to time, trusting and praying to God, that soon I may have little trouble in talking to them freely.

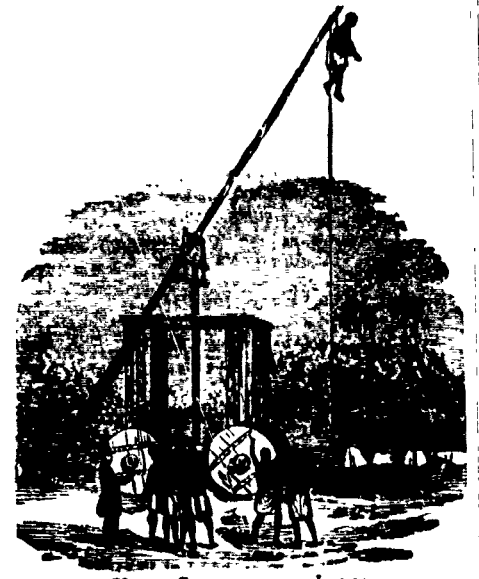
"It is often more than I can do to feed myself and wife; for Edmonton is sixty miles away, and in building the house I could not get the supplies to last over a month at a time.

"Our hands are full of work,—and that of every kind for these Indians—for their intellects, their souls, their morals, and their bodies. I feel there is no work superior to this work, no matter what notions or beliefs certain people may have about it. May we ever be as little influenced as now, by the curse which the Indian Missions in Ontario have to fight against—whiskey!"

From St. Clair Mission, the Rev. A. Milliken writes:—"Our Sabbath-school has prospered. The young people as well as the children have attended well; the Sunday-school papers have interested them very much. We believe the use of the uniform lessons has done our scholars good. Our teacher and his wife, with some of the young people, assist in our Sunday-school work."

*Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers.* By William Edward Winks. In Standard Library. Price 25 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, 10 & 12 Ley St., New York. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, sole agent for the Dominion of Funk & Wagnall's publications.

This is a most interesting book, written in a very popular style. Mr. Winks has written what everybody will love to read. The shoemakers of England have already been remarkable for two things: first, they have always been in advance of other tradespeople in their love for religious and political freedom. In all movements in England for progress they have stood together as one man. It is said that when Fergus O'Connor, an Irish M. P., presented his monster petition in 1849, in favour of Chartism, to the British House of Commons, there was not a cobbler in Great Britain who had not signed it, although to be identified with the Chartists was at that time considered both dangerous and disgraceful. The shoemakers of England have also been remarkable for their intelligence, humour, love of honesty, and their hatred of all affectation and shams. From their ranks have sprung more than from any other class of tradespeople, men of great power and influence. The great Wesleyan Methodist denomination owes more to the cobblers of England than any other class. Mr. Winks tells some exciting stories of some of



HOOK-SWINGING IN INDIA.

them. Of "Sammy" Bradburn he might have added this anecdote, which shows the humour of the man. When "Sammy" was elected to the highest office in the denomination, President of the Conference, he wrote on a slip of paper, as he sat in the Chair:

"Exalted to dignity I, in the midst of this wonderful crew,  
No longer a cobbler am I, therefore I'd have you beware what you do;  
My lasts I have now laid aside, no longer I make or mend shoes,  
And like leather I'll cut up your hides if you dare my high office abuse."

We are glad to learn that the new 12mo series of the Standard Library is proving very successful. The demand for the four books has reached the following figures: Hood's "Life of Cromwell," 25,000; Williams' "Science in Short Chapters," 20,000; Haws' "American Humourists," 20,000; and for Wink's "Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers," our advance orders were over 15,000.

The demand for the library proves that other books may be made as popular with the masses as works of fiction.

**Hook-Swinging in India.**

THE Hindoos, like other heathen people, have devised various means by which they expect to obtain the favour of their gods. Some swing on great hooks, which are passed through the tender parts of their backs. Sometimes they swing for half an hour or more. The longer they can bear the torture of swinging, the more acceptable they suppose it will be to their god or goddess, especially to Kali, who delights in witnessing painful acts and the shedding of blood. It occasionally happens that the flesh in which the hooks are fastened gives way, in which case the poor creature is dashed to the ground. Should we not try to enlighten the darkness of these poor heathen, and show them a more excellent way of serving God?

WHATEVER other lesson a scholar may slight, he is sure to study closely the character and spirit of his teacher. A teacher teaches less by what he says, than by what he is. As a preacher recently expressed this truth concerning the power of the life, rather than the letter: "The lives of good men, and not the libraries of theologians, are the convincing power in this world."—S. S. Times.

**OUR PERIODICALS.**

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	2 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Under 6 copies, 66c.; over 6 copies	0 08
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly	0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$1 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 40c. per hundred.	
Home & School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 50 copies	0 25
Over 50 copies	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 50 copies	0 25
Over 50 copies	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 20
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	2 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 50 copies	0 15

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, 75 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 Beary Street, Montreal. S. F. HUESTIS, Methodist Book Room, Halifax.

**Home & School:**

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

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1883.

**Missionary Notes.**

Letter from the Rev. SAMUEL SNOWDON, dated Flat Islands, Newfoundland, Nov. 15th, 1882.

THE following extracts from the journal of this brother will show the heroic character of the mission work in Newfoundland:

Oct. 11th.—Left Sound Island, the wind blowing a strong breeze, which increased well-nigh to a gale. After getting out into the Bay we had to run with no canvas, only foresail; at length we anchored under a cliff, and after tossing about for some hours we left our position under the cliff, and with a reefed mainsail and jib we got into Brewley, drenched, cold, and wet. Here we have two Wesleyan families. I preached at 8 p.m., and held a short





INDIAN FAKIR.

## Indian Fakirs.

THE Fakirs are a sort of Indian monks—they take a vow of poverty, perform severe penances, and are often extremely filthy, never washing their bodies. Thus they are supposed by the common people to become very holy, and live in the odour of sanctity—an odour, however, very offensive to civilized nostrils. There are over a million Fakirs in India, a set of idle vagabonds, living upon the alms of the people. Some go quite unclothed, others wear very little clothing. Some of their penances are very severe. "Some remain bent forward in the form of a right angle until they grow permanently into that shape. Others lay fire on their heads till their scalps are burned to the bone. Sometimes a Fakir ties his wrists to his ankles, has his back plastered with filth, and then makes a journey of hundreds of miles, rolling along like a cart-wheel, and stopping at the villages for rest and food." The old fellow in the picture has worn for years the iron collar which you see, which prevents him from ever lying down.

## Not Ashamed of It.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

"ZEKE, why don't you swear?" inquired the foreman as he paused a moment before the table of the "handy man" of the mill.

"Well," replied Zeke, "to tell the truth, I've given up swearing."

"Where is your tobacco-box?"

"I've given up chewing," continued the other in the same tone.

"Anything else that you've given up?" was the laughing inquiry.

"Yes, sir, I've given up a heart as black and sin-stained as ever man had,

and I've got a new one, a clean one, in its place," replied the young man earnestly.

The foreman flushed, frowned, and departed.

Zeke wiped the sweat from his brow and turned to his work. It was no easy task for him to acknowledge his penitence for the past and his strivings for the right, but he was glad that he had done it.

"Look here, Zeke," said "old Tom," a fellow-workman, "there's some grind, some joke in this. You hain't really turned pious, have yer? I mean, honest pious, you know."

"I have certainly, Tom, as far as really meaning it goes. I am trying with all my might to be a Christian."

"I'll bet a case of lager that you will swear before night, and will be chewing inside of a week," was the old man's comment.

"O, I hope not!" exclaimed Zeke, an almost despairing look coming over his face.

"Hope not! Why don't you say: 'It shan't be so!'" said his companion.

"Tom, you don't know what a fearful fight it has been for me," replied the young man. "I tried for weeks to break myself of swearing, but could not. Half of the time when you fellows were laughing at my strings of oaths, I was in agony because I was breaking my resolutions. The more I tried to stop, the thicker and faster they came."

"How long is it since you have sworn?" asked the listener in a subdued tone.

"Three days," was the reply, "All of my waking hours I have kept on the watch, and every time that I was tempted."

The young man stopped abruptly, turned very white, shut his teeth hard together, and closed his eyes.

"Are you sick?" inquired his friend in some alarm.

Zeke shook his head, and after a moment said,—

"I have to stop every now and then to fight it off. It seems as if the devil just poured all the oaths in existence into my mind, and as if I must utter them."

"How do you keep from saying them?" asked Tom.

"I just say, 'O Lord, drive him away! drive him away!' over and over again until the thoughts leave me."

Just then the foreman returned. Tom moved away, but was called back.

"Did either of you know that I was a Church member, a professing Christian?" he asked.

"No," said Zeke honestly. "I never dreamed it."

"Nor I," said Tom.

"Well, I am, although I have been cold and indifferent. I wish to begin again, and I want all of the hands to know of it this time."

"I'd kinder like to keep you two

company, if you don't object," said Tom wistfully. "I ain't much on such things, but I've longed for somethin' of this sort for many a year."

As they shook hands in parting the foreman said,—

"Now, boys, let's always be honest about this. Let folks know that we have to struggle, that we have to fight to hold our own, and that we are not ashamed of it."

## Overcometh.

To him that overcometh,  
O word divinely strong!  
The victor's palm, the fadeless wreath,  
The grand immortal song.  
And his the hidden manna,  
And his the polished stone,  
Within whose whiteness shines the name  
Revealed to him alone.

To him that overcometh,—  
Ah, what of bitter strife  
Before he win the battle's gage  
And snatch the crown of life!  
What whirl of crossing weapons,  
What gleam of flashing eyes,  
What stern debate with haughty foes,  
Must be before the prize.

To him that overcometh,  
Shall trials, aye, befall,  
The World, the Flesh, the Devil,  
He needs must face them all.  
Sweet airon of temptation  
May lure with silvern strain,  
And cope he must with subtle foes,  
And blanch 'neath fiery pain.

To him that overcometh,  
A mighty help is pledged,  
He wields a sword of purest mould,  
By use of cycles edged.  
And prophets and confessors,  
A matchless valiant band. [skies,  
Have vanquished earth, and stormed the  
With that triumphant brand.

To him that overcometh,  
O promise dearest dear!  
The Lord himself who died for him  
Will evermore be near.  
Here, dust upon his garments,  
There, robes that royal be, [said,  
For, "On my throne," the King hath  
"Mine own shall sit with me."

To him that overcometh,  
O word divinely strong!  
It waves itself through weary hours  
Like some rejoicing song.  
For his the hidden manna,  
And his the name unknown,  
Which Christ the Lord one day of days  
Will tell to him alone.  
—Margaret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.

## The Home in the Church.

To very many of our young Christian people and Sunday-school pupils the Church must furnish home-like affection and entertainment. If the pastor and Sunday-school teacher were to inquire into the home opportunities of their scholars, they would be surprised to find how few of them enjoy these advantages; how few have pleasant parlors, good light, good books, good papers, good companionship, rational entertainment for an hour in the evening. These elements lacking in the place they call home, whether they are houses their parents live in, or boarding-houses in which they eat or sleep, it is imperative that the church, which would guard and cultivate young Christians, should provide something which shall be a substitute for the best home advantages.

The church should have a room, or rooms, devoted to social and literary purposes. *This room should be lighted up every night.* It should be committed to the care of some discreet person, who would execute the laws enacted by the trustees for preserving order and insuring propriety of deportment. The leading religious papers and the best

secular papers of the day should be there on file. The best magazines, religious and literary, should be accessible. The best and latest books should find place on the shelves of such a home library. Conversation may at a given hour be encouraged, and young people be made to feel that when the parlor of their boarding-house is already pre-occupied by card-players, loud talkers, and people with whom they have little sympathy, or when their bedrooms are cold and uninviting, they may find warmth, light, welcome and opportunity under the roof of the church, which is to them home and refuge.

It may be said that the Young Men's Christian Association aims to do this very work. The Y. M. C. A. is, in many places, doing noble service in behalf of a large number of young people who are houseless, homeless, and churchless. But each church should itself, for its own, make these provisions. No Y. M. C. A. can accommodate a tithe of all the people in a community who need such ministries. Persons attracted to the Y. M. C. A. room are to that extent alienated from their own church, and if we would conserve a wholesome and increasing loyalty to the Church on the part of our young converts, we must make such provisions as these for them.—S. S. Journal.

## "These Little Ones."

THE missionary spirit is spreading, and one of the most hopeful "signs of the times" is the marked growth of interest among the children of the Church. We mentioned some time ago what had been done by four little girls in Cobourg, and now we hear of a similar movement in Orillia. The Rev. S. P. Rose writes as follows:

"Four or five little girls, belonging to our congregation here, touched by the story of the need for the "Crosby Home," which they heard from Mr. Crosby's lips when here, and of which they read in the *Guardian* and *Outlook*, determined to aid in the good work. They accordingly projected and carried into execution an entertainment in the School Room, inviting their friends to attend, and charging them a nominal admission fee of five cents. The enclosed P. O. order for six dollars and thirty cents, is the amount realized. The thought was their own, the work was done by them, and to them belongs the credit. I am sure the evidence of the growth of the missionary spirit indicated by their labours will be more welcome to you than the amount received. Small as it is, permit me to assure you it is the outcome of much unselfish effort on the part of our young friends, all of whom are willing to be known as little girls."

Well done, little girls! You have made a good beginning. When you have taken breath a little, try again, and don't forget to pray for the Indian girls you are trying to help. Let the children organize everywhere.—*Outlook*.

NOTHING is more senseless than to say that there is no material for a first-class library for the Sunday-school. There are books innumerable, that are in every way attractive and profitable for young and old, boys and girls, pupils and teachers. By the way, it is a mistake not to have a good supply of books specially adapted to the teachers; for, if the teachers do not patronize the library, there is danger that the pupils will not.

**Christ My All.**

In the hour when guilt assails me,  
And my long, long sins appal,  
Then I haste to the Forgiver—  
On His gracious name I call.  
There I find the heavenly fulness—  
Christ my righteousness, my all!  
There I find divine completeness—  
Christ my cleanser, Christ my all!

In the day when earth attracts me,  
When its pleasures would enthral,  
When its loveliness would bind me,  
And to creature-love recall,  
Then I turn to brighter beauty—  
Christ my glory, and my all!  
Then I turn to fairer splendour—  
Christ my treasure, and my all!

In the night when sorrow clouds me,  
And the burning tear-drops fall,  
Then I look for one to wipe them,  
On His changeless name I call.  
Then I sing the song of patience,  
Christ my brother, and my all!  
And I rest upon His bosom,  
Christ my solace, and my all!

In the day when sickness weakens,  
And life's solemn shadows fall,  
And the deathbed curtains warn me  
Of my coming funeral,  
Then I think of resurrection,  
Christ my life, my health, my all!  
Then I think of incorruption,  
Christ my everlasting all!

In the day when the immortal  
Shall fling off this mortal thrall,  
Putting on all the perfection  
Of the light celestial,  
Still my song, when standing yonder,  
Shall be, Christ my joy, my all!  
Still my song of resurrection  
Shall be, Christ my all in all!

In the land of promised glory,  
In the land of festival,  
Day of marriage and of triumph,  
In the angel-crowded hall,  
This shall ever be my burden—  
Christ my glory, and my all!  
This shall ever be my anthem—  
Christ my bridegroom, and my all!

**Lost Boys.**

ALL the world has heard of the loss of little Charlie Ross, and all the world has sympathized with the heart-broken parents in their fruitless, and now hopeless, quest.

But, while the wealth of Charlie's family, and their extraordinary efforts and lavish expenditure to secure the recovery of their stolen treasure, gave to the case especial interest and unusual publicity, it was presently discovered that a great many other boys were lost, besides the little Philadelphia lad. And, as one after another of these waifs were discovered, poor Mr. Ross was fairly deluged with tantalizing despatches from all parts of the continent, desiring his presence with a view to the identification of his boy, if haply some one of this multitude of unclaimed boys might prove to be the very one he had lost. Nobody ever suspected before how many boys there were astray.

In olden times, in country towns, when a boy was lost, the town crier, with bell in hand, and much ado walked up and down the streets, and through and through the town, and made public proclamation of the fact. And now, in our great cities, when a like calamity occurs, the tidings are flashed to every police station; and all the force is charged to make diligent inquiry for that boy.

Not long ago at a Sunday-school session at which the writer was present, the superintendent gravely announced that about a dozen boys had been "lost ever since our picnic." They had come in just before the picnic; they went with the school upon the picnic; but from that day to this, nobody had had a

sight or a sound of them. They were new boys, and not much acquainted, and, perhaps, had got lost upon that account. Whether they had been left on the picnic grounds; or been drowned all in a bunch, while out on a boating excursion that day; or whether, being bad boys, as divers other boys alleged they were, some she-bears had come out of the woods and devoured them—nobody seemed to know or care. The superintendent made proclamation of the matter, and proposed a search. It was a little late, to be sure, for a month had elapsed since their loss; but still we hope that they may yet be found, some here, alive and well, and brought back to the fold from which they have strayed.

It is exceedingly sad to think how many boys are lost, this way, without awakening solicitude. If in any one of our large city schools, especially, there were a list made out of those who, within five years, had just dropped in and dropped out—gone nobody knew whither—and that list of "Lost Boys" were posted on the Sunday-school doors, the length and breadth of it would be so formidable that somebody would turn pale with consciousness of neglected duty.

Let the list be speedily made out; let all the officers and teachers be sent out; and let all the lost boys be ferreted out. And let there be an ingathering and a reunion and a feast of joy, such as welcomed back the Prodigal, when his father got him home again.

**Have You Insured Your Boys?**

THE innocent child, stricken by the lightning of the heavens in his cradle, a parent could bury with something to mitigate his grief. But what of the boy, the man, the fetid form, the helpless wretch stricken by "lightning whiskey," his very soul corrupted and destroyed! "Lightning whiskey" not only destroys the body, but it shrivels up and blasts the soul its life—all its sweet affection, its friendship, its taste and love for the beautiful, and pure, and good.

But men are ever ready to insure against the lightning of heaven. They pay for "rods" to protect their houses, their stables, their horses, and cattle.

They pay liberally for "policies of insurance," and when the red bolts flash through the thick darkness of storm and night, there is a comfortable assurance that all possible losses can in one sense be made good.

But how about the boys? Have you done all you can to insure them against "lightning whiskey"—that bolt that does not mercifully kill at once, but striking successively and through the long, weary years, makes a sickening wreck and ruin, to which the sudden and swift bolt from above would be a merciful deliverer?

Have you insured, or striven to insure your boys?—*Chicago Signal.*

Up to the 8th of March, 188 Boards in the Toronto Conference have voted in favor of the basis of union; 13 voting against it, and two ties. London Conference, 200 in favor of, 21 against, and one tie. In the Montreal Conference, 101 of the Boards voted for, 24 against, and three ties. Nova Scotia Conference, 10 Boards voted for and two against. New Brunswick Conference, 18 for and one against; and in the Newfoundland Conference one Board adopted the basis of union.

**The Ideal in a Boy.**

THE most powerful of all the elements in education is the *ideal*. It is interior and invisible, but the soul constantly sees it, and that inward looking is transfiguring in its power. The ideal is the silent but effectual force that inspires, directs, and sustains effort. It is the very life of the artist and of the student. It is present in all long-continued effort. We find it in the young and old, the boy and girl, the business man, the mechanic, the housekeeper, the saint. Perfect realization may not be expected, but the dream will shape the action, and constantly in manifold ways, affect the result.

Tell us what a boy of fifteen considers his standard of dress and deportment, and we will tell you what fashion of life will come out of his thought.

Picture his ideal, and you have the boy himself, his dress, his walk, his books, his convictions, his plans for the future, the maxims that influence him, the spirit that inspires him.

Does he take it for granted that a young fellow *must* "sow his wild oats?" then you may be sure that he will do the sowing, and he will be sure of the reaping.

It does make a very great difference whether a boy regards affectionate and obedient deportment toward his mother as a "weak and girlish" thing, or a noble and manly thing!

It does make a difference whether his ideal boy winces under the charge of being "tied to his mother's apron string."

It makes a vast difference in the boy whether he regards obedience to parents at eighteen years of age a sign of unmanliness, or a commendable quality.

It makes a difference whether a boy considers cigar-smoking, the skeptical tone, flashy dress, late hours, the dance, the card-table, the theatre, and all this class of things, as indications of manliness, or whether he has contempt for them, and holds in profound respect manly sports that develop a good physical constitution, reasonable hours of retiring and rising, the habit of church-going, of Bible study in the Sabbath-school, Sabbath observance, respect for parents, delight in refined society, conversation at home, and all the wholesome accompaniments of a truly refining and manly life.

Occasional and spasmodic revival methods that quicken the spiritual susceptibilities, and warm into excessive activity the emotional life, have a purpose to serve, but they do not impart the lofty ideals of manly character. These are moulds that must have been carefully formed through years of true teaching and correct training—the teaching of divine truth, and the training of conscience under the guidance of the Spirit of God.

Let us, as teachers of youth, depend upon the steady forces of truth and the Spirit, and, beginning with the earliest beginnings of life, let us train our young people to high views of a noble life, that when special seasons of religious fervour come, they may fill with fused metal the moulds already long and carefully prepared.—*S. S. Journal.*

A NEW YORKER, explaining the secret of Dr. John Hall's pulpit power, said: "The people feel that there is a man back of the words."

**The Hand that Rocks the Cradle.**

NOBODY suffers more from the curse of drink than women and children, and nobody can do more to put an end to this evil than they, if they will. A few years ago the Christian women of the United States started a crusade against rum. They went to the taverns, sang Christian hymns, knelt down in the bar-rooms and prayed for the liquor-sellers, and besought them with tears to give up the business. Within a few months eight hundred rum-sellers gave up the trade, and what was far better professed faith in Christ. Twenty-five hundred grog-shops were closed. Two hundred and fifty towns were entirely free from rum-shops. The excitement of all this may have subsided, and some of the good results swept away, but it shows what women can do, when they try in good earnest. The women of America have it in their power, with God's help, to put down the liquor-traffic; and down it would go, if they would only join hands and resolve it shall be done.

It was no very great mistake, after all, when it was said: "That men rule the world, and that women rule the men, and so it is easy to see who rules the world." Woman's sweet dominion in the home, her rule in the exercise of purity, and love, and gentleness, ought to be mighty in the tender hearts of children, and over brother, husband, and son. Every mother could try to form a temperance society in her own family when the children were young. How often could the father be persuaded by his loving wife, and for the sake of his children, to put down his name at the head, right under the temperance pledge. Then she could pat hers, and each child as it grew old enough, to know what this meant, could set down its name. There is a family Bible in a home we know of, with a list of this kind. Every name in that home is down; the last name was that of a dear little boy seven years of age, whose little hand the father held and guided, as he, too, joined the family temperance band. That was but a few months before he died. Several others whose names are there, are gone, too, from earth, but they all died sweet Christian deaths—all the sweeter and happier that they abjured the curse of drink, and left a blessed example behind them for others to follow.

A whiskey distiller in the States, sent the Queen of England a barrel of his best liquor as a present, and had the impudence to name it "Victoria Whiskey." The Queen sent it back to him in disgust. She would have nothing to do with his whiskey, nor allow her pure and noble name to be stuck on his abominable trash.

One of the noblest things any woman has done for temperance for many a day, was the act of Mrs. Hayes, the wife of a late President of the United States, who banished all intoxicating liquors from the White House during the whole four years of her husband's administration. It is to the credit of Canada, too, that the wife of the present Prime Minister of State, is a firm teetotaler. May the noble examples of these ladies find a great many imitators in the high places of the earth!—*The Temperance Battle-field.*

DR. CUTLER says that the four characteristics of a good Sabbath-school teacher are: Painstaking, Patience, Perseverance, and Prayer.

## The Old Church Bell.

Ring on, ring on sweet Sabbath bell!  
 How low the tone I love to hear;  
 I was a boy when first they fell  
 In melody upon my ear.  
 In those dear days, long past and gone,  
 When sporting here in boyish glee,  
 The music of thy Sabbath tone  
 Awoke emotions deep in me.

Long years have gone, and I have strayed  
 Out o'er the world, far, far away;  
 But thy dear tones have round me played  
 On every lovely Sabbath day,  
 When strolling o'er the mighty plains  
 Spread widely in the unpeopled West,  
 Each Sabbath morn I've heard thy strains  
 Telling the welcome day of rest.

Upon the Rocky Mountains' crest,  
 Where Christian feet have never trod,  
 In the deep bosom of the West  
 I've thought of thee and worshipped God!  
 Ring on, sweet bell! I've come again  
 To hear thy cherished call to prayer;  
 There's less of pleasure now than pain  
 In those dear tones which fill my ear.

Ring on, ring on, dear bell! ring on!  
 Once more I've come with whitened head  
 To hear thee toll. The sounds are gone!  
 And ere this Sabbath day has sped  
 I shall be gone, and may no more  
 Give ear to thee, sweet Sabbath bell!  
 Dear church and bell, so loved of yore,  
 And childhood's happy home, farewell!

## Scene in a Foundry.

PROFOUNDLY interesting and intensely exciting must it be to watch the casting of some gigantic work of art, in which the beautiful and the massive, the artistic and the mechanical, seem happily to combine, in which the solid metal loses for a while its stubbornness, and acquires all the mobility of a silver stream, under the guidance of man's master hand.

Some five-and-thirty years ago, the then King of Bavaria, Louis I., gave orders for the production of a colossal statue typical of his little German kingdom. In the *Edinburgh Journal* the following lively description of the work appeared:—

The great artist's conception responded to the idea which had grown in the mind of the king, and in three years' time a model in clay was formed, sixty-three feet in height, the size of the future bronze statue. The colossus was then delivered over to the founder to be cast in metal. The head was the first large portion that was executed. While the metal was preparing for the cast a presentiment filled the master's mind that, despite his exact reckoning, there might be insufficient materials for the work, and 30 cwt. were added to the half-liquid mass. The result proved how fortunate had been the forethought; nothing could be more successful. And now the chest of the figure was to be cast, and the master conceived the bold idea of forming it in one piece. Those who have seen 30 cwt. or 40 cwt. of metal rushing into the mould below have perhaps started back affrighted at the fiery stream. But 400 cwt. were requisite for this portion of the statue, and the formidable nature of the undertaking may be collected from the fact that till now not more than 300 cwt. had ever filled a furnace at one time.

But, see! the mass begins slowly to melt; huge pieces of cannon float on the surface like boats on the water, and then gradually disappear. Presently upon the top of the mass a crust is seen to form, threatening danger to the furnace as well as to the model prepared to receive the fluid bronze. To prevent this crust from forming six men were employed day and night in stirring the lava-like sea with long poles of iron,

retiring and being replaced by others every now and then; for the scorching heat, in spite of wetted coverings, causes the skin to crack like the dried rind of a tree. Still the cauldron was being stirred, still the fire was goaded to new efforts, but the metal was not yet ready to be allowed to flow. Hour after hour went by; the day passed, the night came on. For five days and four nights the fire had been kept up and urged to the utmost intensity, and still no one could tell how long this was to last. The men worked on at the tremendous task in silence; the fearful heat was increasing, and still increasing as though it would never stop. There was a terrible weight in the burning air, and it pressed upon the breasts of all. There was anxiety in their hearts, though they spoke not, but most of all in his who had directed this bold undertaking. For five days he had not left the spot; but, like a Columbus watching for the hourly-expected land, had awaited the final moment. On the evening of the fifth day exhausted nature demanded repose, and he sat down to sleep. Hardly had he closed his eyes when his wife roused him with the appalling cry, "Awake, awake! the foundry is on fire!" And it was so. Nothing could stand such terrific heat. The rafters of the building began to burn. To quench the fire in the ordinary way was impossible, for had any cold fluid come in contact with the liquid metal the consequences would have been frightful; the furnace would have been destroyed, and the 400 cwt. of bronze lost. With wet cloths, therefore the burning rafters were covered to smother the flames. But the walls were glowing too; the whole building was now like a vast furnace. Yet still more fuel on the fire!—the heat is not enough—the metal boils not yet! Though the rafters burn, and the walls glow, still feed, and gorge, and goad the fire!

At last the moment comes—the whole mass is boiling. Then the metal-founder of Munich, Miller by name, called to the men who were extinguishing the burning beams, "let them burn; the metal is ready for the cast!" And it was just midnight, when the whole of the rafters of the interior of the building were in flames, that the plug was knocked in, and the fiery flood rushed out into the mould below.

All breathed now more freely; there was an end of misgiving and foreboding; and the rude workmen, as if awestruck by what they had accomplished stood gazing in silence, and listening to the roar of the brazen cataract. It was not till the cast was completed that the master gave the signal for extinguishing the burning roof. In due time the bell of the little chapel at Neuhausen was heard summoning thither the master and his workmen to thank God for the happy completion of the work. No accident had occurred to any during its progress; not one had suffered either in life or limb.

THE English Life Insurance Actuaries, whose business it is to make calculations as to the probable length of time people are generally likely to live, have found that among one thousand drinkers and one thousand who did not drink liquor, taken at 20 years of age, the drinkers lived upon an average thirty-five years and six months, and the temperate people, sixty-four years and two months.—*Rev. J. C. Seymour.*

## Destroyed Through Tobacco.

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

AN agent of an insurance company says: "One-half our losses come from the spark of the pipe and the cigar." One young man threw away his cigar in one of the cities, and with it he threw away three millions of dollars' worth of the property of others that blazed up from that spark. Harper's splendid printing establishment years ago was destroyed by a plumber, who, having lighted his pipe, threw the match away and it fell into a pot of camphene. The whole building was in flames. Five blocks went down. Two thousand employees thrown out of work, and more than a million dollars' worth of property destroyed. But I am speaking of higher values to-day. Better destroy a whole city of stores than destroy one man. Oh, my young friends! if you will excuse the idiom, I will say, Stop before you begin. Here is a serfdom which has a shackle that it is almost impossible to break. Gigantic intellects that could overcome every other bad habit have been flung of this and kept down. Some one was seeking to persuade a man from the habit. The reply was: "Ask me to do anything under the canopy of heaven but this. This I cannot give up, and won't give up, though it takes seven years of my life." Oh, my young friends! steer clear of that dry Tortugas—*From "The Plagues Alcoholic and Narcotic."*

## To Superintendents.

WE can adopt as our own the following words of another:

"Some of you have second-hand library books of which you could select twenty-five, fifty, and even one hundred volumes, which would be of real service in some of our mission schools. North, West, and South there is a great demand for everything of this kind, and our work can be substantially aided by donations of such books to the needy fields. Will you not look over your libraries, select such as you can spare, ask the members of your school to add such as they would willingly spare from their homes, put them up in a neat package, and write me saying how many and what kinds you have, and I will inform you where they can be sent to the best advantage! Sunday-school singing books as well as library books would be acceptable. The Sunday-school Board is doing all it can to supply the new and needy schools of our Church, but when we think how large the field is, and how much it requires to supply not only schools but homes in the new settlements and destitute regions with wholesome and helpful literature, we can readily understand how every help is eagerly used in the accomplishment of this great object.

THERE is in Troy, New York, a teacher who has instructed a Bible-class for twenty-two years. The original class numbered sixteen. The sum of all her scholars is five hundred. Of these, three hundred became members of the church. They are mostly poor; yet her class supports a native missionary in Burmah, a theological student in the South, and aids a poor church in Iowa. The secret of her success is, first, piety; second, personal devotion to her scholars; third, social influence. Her scholars are her friends and associates, and she is their spiritual guide.

## Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

19.—Domain.  
 20.—Ohio, Missouri, Red, Wabash.

21.— B  
 N A B  
 N A V A L  
 B A V A R I A  
 B A R E D  
 L I D  
 A

22.— B O Y  
 O N E  
 Y E S

## NEW PUZZLES.

23.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A wild ox; to shear; a pattern; a spider; slothful; the canopy of a throne. Finals and primals name a country.

24.—ENIGMA.

My first is in gun, but not in sword;  
 My second is in wade, but not in ford;  
 My third is in shark, but not in whale;  
 My fourth is in fin, but not in tail;  
 My fifth is in night, but not in day;  
 My sixth is in kneel, but not in pray;  
 My seventh is in less, but not in more;  
 My eighth is in rind, but not in core.  
 My whole is a great man.

25.—CHARADE.

Animated; a weight. A statesman.

26.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

A fairy, a state of maturity; an air, a place where animals are obtained; an ornament, to keep.

## A Temperance Story.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN relates in one of his speeches the following incident: "A poor woman, with a baby in her arms, came to me with a petition for the pardon of her husband, who was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for homicide. After examining her papers, he said to the woman: 'I am bound by my official duty, and must not consult my personal feelings.' The poor woman, standing with the child in her arms, made the following plea: 'Hear me, and I will tell you the true story. We were married seven years ago. My husband was sober, industrious, and thrifty. By great exertions and self-denial we finally got our home paid for, and were happy and prosperous. In an evil hour the State licensed a saloon between our happy home and his workshop. He was solicited to enter this saloon and weakly yielded. Hour after hour he spent there playing cards. One day he became embroiled in a drunken quarrel, and, fired by drink, struck a man and killed him. He was tried and sent to the penitentiary for ten years. I had nothing to live on; and bye-and-bye the Sheriff turned us out of our comfortable home into a rough shanty, neither lathed nor plastered. The cold wind came in through the walls and ceiling. My oldest boy took sick and died. Now, this babe in my arms is sick, and I have nowhere to take it. The State licensed that saloon, the State murdered my children, and now, in God's name, I want you to set my husband free.' I said I would, and I did."



## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A. D. 37.] LESSON II. [April 8.

## PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.

Acts 8. 26-40. Commit to memory verses 35-38.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And he went on his way rejoicing.—Acts 8. 39.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

God will lead step by step to the light each earnest seeker after Christ.

TIME.—A. D. 37. Early summer. Immediately after last lesson.

PLACE.—Southwestern Judea, in the sparsely-inhabited region between Jerusalem and Gaza, which lies to the south-west, near the Mediterranean coast.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Philip having preached in Samaria, was sent upon another mission, by which the Gospel would be carried to the distant heathen. As Simon Magus was an example of false conversion, so now we have an example of true conversion.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—26. Go toward the south—i.e., from Samaria. Unto the way—By going south he would strike the road which ran south-west from Jerusalem to Egypt through Gaza. Which is desert—i.e., the part of the road to which he was to go. 27. Ethiopia—All the African lands south of Egypt, especially Nubia, Senar, Kordofan, and part of Abyssinia. The people were black and large—the land was wealthy. Candace—Candace was the general name of the queens of Ethiopia, as Pharaoh was of the sovereigns of Egypt, and Caesar of the Roman emperors. Jerusalem to worship—He was a native Ethiopian, who had been converted to Judaism, and hence made a visit to Jerusalem. 28. Read Esaias—i.e., Isaiah. He probably was reading aloud. 32. The place of Scripture—Isaiah 53, perhaps suggested by the discussions he must have heard at Jerusalem about the Messiah. 35. Philip preached unto him Jesus—He showed how this prophecy of the Messiah was fulfilled in Jesus. 39. The Spirit... caught away Philip.—Either miraculously bore him, or led him by a sudden impulse to go away. 40. Azotus—Ashdod, twenty miles north-east of Gaza. Preached in all the cities—On the road along the coast, as Ezron, Rama, Joppa, Lydda. To Caesarea—The capital of the Syrian province, seventy miles north-west of Jerusalem, on the Mediterranean, south of Mount Carmel.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Philip.—Ethiopia.—The road from Jerusalem to Gaza.—Isaiah's description of the Messiah as fulfilled in Jesus.—The Ethiopian's faith.—Profession of Christ by baptism.—Rejoicing in believing.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What had given a new impulse to the spread of the Gospel? In what country had Philip preached? What example of a false conversion was given in our last lesson? Of what have we an example in the present lesson?

## SUBJECT: THE PROGRESS OF A SOUL TO CHRIST.

1. FROM IMPENITENCE TO WORSHIP (vs. 26, 27).—Where was Philip? To what place was he sent? By whom? Where is Gaza? What was desert? Would one expect to do good in such a place? Do we often find our work in unlikely places? Whom did Philip meet there? What was his business? Where was Ethiopia? Was this man a heathen or a Jew? Why had he gone up to Jerusalem? How far was it? Does this show his desire to know the truth and to do God's will? What are we taught here about the first duties of any one who wants to become a Christian?

2. FROM WORSHIP TO THE WORD (v. 28).—What was the Ethiopian doing while travelling? What does this teach us? Will all who really want to become Christians read the Bible? How will such persons read it? Is there any other place where we can learn how to be saved?

3. FROM THE WORD TO PERSONAL INQUIRY (vs. 29-35).—How could Philip hear the Ethiopian read? What led Philip to go to him? In what way are we led by the Spirit? What did Philip say? The Ethiopian's reply? To whom should you go to get expla-

nations of the Scripture? Where was the Ethiopian reading? How could Philip preach Christ from this? Why should all inquirers be pointed directly to Christ?

4. FROM INQUIRY TO FAITH (vs. 36-37).—What suggested baptism to the Ethiopian? Does this show that he believed? What must he do before he could be baptized? What was his confession of faith? Why does this belief fit one to unite with the Church?

5. FROM FAITH TO CONFESSION OF CHRIST. Why did the Ethiopian want to be baptized? Does every true Christian want to confess Christ? What does Paul say of confession in Romans 10 9, 10? What good does baptism do? What became of Philip? Why did the new convert rejoice?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God gives us work sometimes in most unexpected places.
2. It is worth while to go far and do much to become a Christian.
3. If we take each step as we come to it, we will soon be led to Christ.
4. We should use every opportunity for reading and meditation.
5. We should read the Bible even if we do not understand it all.
6. We should get help in our religious life.
7. Confessing Christ naturally follows believing in Christ.
8. It is a matter of great rejoicing to become a Christian.

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

7. Where was Philip next sent? ANS. To convert an Ethiopian to Christ. 8. What was the inquirer's first step? ANS. To go to the house of God to worship. 9. What was the next step? ANS. Reading the Bible! 10. What was the third step? ANS. Seeking help of older Christians. 11. What did he then do? ANS. He believed in Jesus Christ. 12. What followed when he believed? ANS. He was baptized and went on his way rejoicing.

A. D. 37.] LESSON III. [April 15.

## SAUL'S CONVERSION.

Acts. 9. 1-18. Commit to memory vs. 1-6.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized.—Acts 9. 18.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ changes the heart and life.

TIME.—Midsummer of A. D. 37. Paul 35 years old.

PLACE.—Near Damascus. 140 miles north-east of Jerusalem.

RULES.—Caligula, emperor of Rome (1). Vitellius, governor of Syria. No governor at Jerusalem. Jonathan, son of Annas, was high priest.

SAUL.—(1) Parentage. His parents were pure-blooded Jews, of the tribe of Benjamin, were of good rank, and Hellenists, or Greek-speaking. (2) Birth. At Tarsus, capital of Cilicia, A. D. 2. (3) Names. Saul was his Hebrew name, Paul his Roman name. (4) Education. Tarsus was the seat of one of the three great universities of the world. He was taught there and at home till ten years of age. Learned the trade of tent-making. Spoke naturally Greek and Hebrew. Went to Jerusalem when ten or twelve years old, and studied with Gamaliel. Became a Rabbi and member of the Sanhedrin. Was a very talented and promising young man.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. Breathing out—His vital breath was threatening. High priest—Who by Roman permission had authority over foreign Jews in matters of religion. 2. Of this way—Of Christ's way of religion and worship. 3. As he journeyed—On horseback; it was nearly a week's journey. Damascus—The oldest city in the world. It then contained 50,000 Jews. A light from heaven—It was midday (Acts 26. 13). In this light he saw Jesus himself (v. 7; ch. 22. 14). 5. Kicked against the prick—The ox-goats. Oxen kicking against the goad hurt themselves and gained nothing. So Paul in resisting the truth, and disobeying conscience. 7. Stood speechless—They had fallen at first (26. 14) and had risen up. Or it may mean simply "they remained speechless." Hearing a voice—i.e., the sound, but not understanding the words (22. 9). The words were in Hebrew. 9. Three days without sight—He was blinded by

the light. In these days he had his great conflict. 11. Struck—Then the main street of Damascus, 100 feet wide. Saul before his conversion was sincere, moral, religious, conversion (1) made him more truly sincere; (2) filled his soul with love to God and man, making him truly moral; (3) changed his feelings toward Christ; (4) brought the forgiveness of sins; (5) changed his life-purpose.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was Philip doing in our last lesson? What was Saul doing at the same time?

## SUBJECT: A MARVELLOUS CONVERSION.

1. BEFORE CONVERSION (vs. 1, 2).—Who was Saul? His parents? When was he born and where? What were his names? Where was he educated? What trade did he learn? What languages did he speak? Of what powerful body was he a member? How old was he at the time of this lesson? What kind of a young man was he? What do we first hear of him? (8 1-4). What did he still continue to do? Meaning of "breathing out threatenings"? What persecuting tour did he go on? By whose authority? What authority had the high priest over Jews in Damascus? Give some account of Damascus.

2. A SUDDEN CONVERSION (vs. 3-9).—How long was the journey from Jerusalem to Damascus? What suddenly stopped Saul in the way? What time of the day was it? (Acts 22. 6). What was the effect of the light on the company? Whom did Saul see in this glory? (v. 7; ch. 9. 27). Who spoke to him? Did the others hear this voice? (v. 7; ch. 22. 9). What did the voice say? How was Saul persecuting Jesus? Meaning of "hard to kick against the pricks"? What was Saul told to do? Why? To whose house in the city did he go? (v. 11). What was the effect of the sudden light upon his eyes? How long did he remain blind? What was his state of mind during this time? Had the martyrdom of Stephen anything to do with Saul's conversion? At what point in this account was Saul converted? What was his character before conversion? (Acts 22. 3 Phil. 3. 4-6). Why did such a man need conversion? What were the changes wrought in him by conversion? Are there such marvellous conversions in our day? Are they any more real or powerful than the gentler conversions, as that of the Ethiopian?

3. INCREASING LIGHT (vs. 10-18).—Whom did the Lord send to Saul? How did he prepare Saul for this visit? Is this a good example of the workings of God's providence? What did the fact that Saul prayed show? What was the difference between this and his former praying? Why did Ananias hesitate? Was his hesitation wrong? What two blessings were given to Saul through Ananias? Are these the two we most need? How may we obtain them? How did Saul confess Christ? Was this an example for us? What work had God for Saul to do?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. If the moral Saul needed conversion, surely we all do.
2. God has many ways of converting men; each one has his own experience.
3. Conversion is a very great change, from self-righteousness to love, from wrong to right, from the service of self to the service of God.
4. When we see Jesus as he is, we will be convicted of sin.
5. The first duty in reply to Christ's invitations is to say "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
6. We can get much help from the experience of others.
7. Our two great needs,—more light, and the Holy Spirit.
8. God has some special work for each converted person to do.

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

13. Who was Saul? ANS. Saul, called also Paul, was a Jew, of the tribe of Benjamin, born in Tarsus, educated at Jerusalem, and now thirty-five years old. 14. What was he now doing? ANS. Persecuting the Christians. 15. What befell him on the way to Damascus? ANS. Jesus appeared to him at midday, in a great light. 16. What was the effect of this? ANS. He was converted, and became a disciple of Jesus. 17. What three things followed? ANS. He received his sight; he was filled with the Holy Ghost; and he was baptized.

## TEMPERANCE PAMPHLETS.

Fife and Drum. By Mary Dwinell Chellis. 12mo, 79 pp. Price 10c.

A Tragedy of the Sea. By Miss J. McNair Wright. 12mo, 100 pp. 10c.

The Quaker's Rule. By Ernest Gilmore. 12mo, 72 pp. 10c.

Drinking Jack, and other Stories. By Mary Dwinell Chellis. 12mo, 72 pp. 10c.

Abstinence from Evil, and an Address to Teachers. By Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. 24 pages. 10c.

Abolish License. An address by H. H. W. Hibshman, D.D. 12mo, 12 pp. 5c.

Action of Alcohol on the Body and on the Mind. The. By B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., of England. 12mo, 60 pp., paper, 15c.

Alcohol as a Food and Medicine. 12mo, 137 pages. By Ezra M. Hunt, M.D. 25c.

Alcohol and the Human Brain. By Rev. Joseph Cook. 12mo, 24 pages. An able scientific address. 10c.

Alcohol and the Church. By Hon. Robert C. Pitman. 12mo, 24 pages. 10c.

Alcoholic Liquor Traffic, The. By Hon. C. H. Joyce, M.C. An address delivered before the House of Representatives. 12mo, 24 pp. 10c.

Alcoholic Liquors in the Practice of Medicine. An essay prepared for the Saratoga Convention, June 21, 22, 1881, by N. S. Davis, M.D., L.L.D. 12mo, 12 pp. 5c.

An Ancient Model of Youthful Temperance. An address by Prof. Austin Phelps, D.D. 12mo, 16 pp. 10c.

Beer as a Beverage. 12mo, 24 pp. An address by Rev. G. W. Hughey, in reply to the Appeal of the Beer Congress. 10c.

Beer Question, The. By A. M. Powell, Esq. 12mo, 55 pages. 10c.

Between the Living and the Dead, and Reasons for being an Abstainer. By Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. 36 pp. 10c.

Bound and How; or, Alcohol as a Narcotic. By C. Jewett, M.D. 12mo, 24 pp. 10c.

Buoying the Channel; or, True and False Lights on Temperance. By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. 12mo, 16 pp. 5c.

Buy Your Own Cherries. By John W. Kitton. 12mo, 24 pp. Four illustrations. 10c.

Christian Expediency, or the Law of Liberty. By L. D. Bevan, LL.B. 12mo, 24 pp. 10c.

Church and Temperance, The. 12mo, 36 pages. By Hon. Wm. E. Do ge. An Essay read before the Pan-Presbyterian Council, Philadelphia, 1880. 10c.

Church vs. The Liquor System, The. 12mo, 24 pages. By Rev. D. C. Babcock. 10c.

Church Temperance Society, The, of the Protestant Episcopal Church. By Rt. Rev. T. M. Clark, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, 12 pp. 5c.

Constitutionality of Prohibition. By Hon. O. P. Mason. 12mo, 29 pages. 10c.

Drink and the Christian Church. By Rev. William T. Sabine. 12mo, 24 pages. 10c.

Duty of the Church, The. By Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. 12mo, 24 pp. 10c.

Evil and the Remedy, The. By Canon Wilberforce. 12mo, 12 pp. 5c.

Fallacies about Total Abstinence. An address by Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. 12mo, 24 pp. 10c.

Father Mathew. Address by Hon. Henry Wilson. 12mo, 24 pp. 10c.

Gin Shop, The. 16 pages. Illustrated by George Cruikshank, Esq. Price 10c; per dozen, \$1.00; per hundred, \$7.00.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 &amp; 80, King St. East,

TORONTO.

Or—C. W. COATES, &amp; F. HUESTIS,

Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.