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HOME & SCHOOL.

What I Live For.

Live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too ;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hope left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

Live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake ;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages
And time's great volume make.

Live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold,
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

Live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
Twixt Nature's heart and mind ;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of friction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

Live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above
me,
And awaits my spirit, too ;
For the wrongs that need resist-
ance,
For the cause that needs assist-
ance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

John Howard.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is just about one hundred years ago since John Howard was initiated into his life-work of Prison Reform by his appointment to the office of Sheriff of Bedford. It may not be an inappropriate commemoration of that important event to trace briefly the principal incidents of his life, and to note the results of his philanthropic labours.

John Howard's father was a successful London merchant, in religion a Nonconformist, of respectable Puritan stock.

Having amassed a very considerable fortune in trade, he retired to the little village of Cardington, in Bedfordshire, where the subject of this paper—early orphaned by the death of his mother—spent the years of his childhood. The date of his birth is not definitely known. It was probably in the year 1726. He was a gentle, shy, and sickly child,

giving no anxiety of that strength of character and force of will which he afterwards evinced.

Young Howard had good masters, but exhibited no genius for learning. He was early placed in a London counting-house, where, among ledgers and day-books, invoices and bills of lading, he formed that practical acquaintance with business, and acquired those habits

on the Continent, his Puritan training and his high moral principles preserved him from the fashionable vice and folly of the gay European capitals in which he sojourned.

HIS SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

On his return to England, after an absence of two years, he was obliged to live the quiet life of an invalid at Stoke-

stranger back to life. On his recovery he astonished his simple landlady by the offer of his hand, his heart, his fortune. She refused his rather portentous offer, alleging as reasons her age—more than twice his own—and their disparity in social position. He was urgent : he felt it his duty to marry her, he said ; and, having overcome her scruples, marry her he did.

The wedded life of this singularly matched couple—one of calm and quiet joy—lasted only three years, when Howard's grave and gentle spouse, always infirm in health, died. His domestic ties dissolved, his empty heart yearned for employment to fill its vacancy. Action was a habit and necessity of his soul. The fearful earthquake of 1755 had just occurred. The city of Lisbon was shaken to its foundations, and 60,000 of its inhabitants were buried in its ruins. Howard hastened to relieve the distress of the sufferers ; but his generous purpose was frustrated. The Seven Years' War was raging. French privateers swept the seas. Howard was captured, and suffered the barbarities inflicted upon prisoners of war in the French dungeons of Brest ; and those sufferings he never forgot. The iron of affliction entered his own soul, and made it ever thereafter more sensitive to the sorrows of others. He was released on parole, obtained an exchange, and rested not till he had procured the freedom of all his fellow-prisoners.

In three years Howard married again ; and this time the choice of his heart was—in age, rank, person, and character—every way worthy of the good man whose life she was to bless. Mild, amiable, pious, and philanthropic, she ably seconded his benevolent designs. With a spirit answering to his own, during the first weeks of their honeymoon she sold the most of her jewels to establish a fund for the relief of the sick and the destitute. Richer jewels in her husband's eyes, and a fairer adornment of her character, were her alms-deeds and charities, than any wealth of pearls or diamonds that could bedeck her person, and in the sight of God an ornament of greater price. After seven years of wedded happiness



JOHN HOWARD AND HIS PRISON WORK.

of industry, which characterized his after-life. At the age of seventeen he became, by his father's death, the heir of nearly the whole of his large fortune. But Howard's health was poor, and a change of air and occupation was imperative. He therefore forsook the leaden skies of London for the balmy atmosphere of France and Italy. While

Newington. Here an event took place which gives an insight into his character. He lodged with a widow, a Mrs. Lidore. She, too, had been an invalid for years, was in humble circumstances, homely in appearance, and fifty-two years of age. While in her house, Howard became dangerously ill. She tended him like a mother, and nursed the sick

she was snatched away untimely in giving birth to their only child.

The blow fell with appalling force on the bereaved husband. Howard's dream of joy was over. His heart's love, withered at its core, never budded again. His thoughts dwelt often with the past. The anniversary of his wife's death was a day of fasting and prayer, and the whispered utterance of her name quickened the pulsings of his heart till it grew still forever. On her tombstone, in grateful recollection of her virtues, her husband inscribed the touching tribute of praise:—

"She opened her mouth with wisdom;
And in her tongue was the law of kindness."

Howard's health gave way beneath the intensity of his grief. He again sought the balmy air of Italy for its restoration. But the glowing skies, and lovely scenery, and glorious art of that favoured land, had for him no longer the absorbing interest they once possessed. A noble purpose filled his soul and swayed his will as the moon the tides of ocean. A new zeal fired his heart: not the passive contemplation of pathetic dead Christ's on canvas, but succouring His living image in the person of suffering humanity was henceforth the purpose of his life. So, on partial restoration to health at Turin, he abandoned his design of wintering in Naples, "As I feared," he writes in his journal, "the misimprovement of a talent spent in mere curiosity, and as many donations must be suspended for my pleasure. . . . Oh! why, he continues, should vanity and folly, pictures and baubles, or even the stupendous mountains, beautiful hills, or rich valleys, which ere long will be consumed, engross the thoughts of a candidate for an everlasting kingdom! Look up, my soul! How low, how mean, how little is everything but what has a view to that glorious world of light and love!"

HIS LIFE WORK.

The immediate occasion of his entering on his great life-task was his acceptance of the office of Sheriff of Bedford in the year 1773. He entered upon his duties with energy. To him the shrievalty was no mere matter of gold lace and red plush, of petty pomp and ostentation, but of earnest work. He forthwith began his inspection of Bedford Jail. That old historic prison becomes thus invested with a twofold interest. At its gate, padlocked by the leg, John Bunyan often sold the tags and laces, by making which he won his bread. Yet to his rapt soul its gloomy vaults were glorified by the beatific vision of the New Jerusalem, and there airs from the "Land Beulah" breathed.

The appalling horrors of those hideous cells, which had been thus hallowed with the light of genius, smote the heart of Howard with consternation. It was a revelation of duty to his soul. Here was a mission worthy of his zeal. To reform the prison system of England, to grapple with its dire evils, to drag to light its dark facts, and to take away from his country the reproach of her infamous treatment of her prisoners,—this was to be henceforth the work of his life.

The Bedford jailer had no fees from the county, but lived by oppressing the prisoners. Howard demanded for him a stated salary. The Bench of Justices, after their wont, asked for precedents.

Howard rode into the neighbouring counties in search of them. What he sought he found not, but he found that which fired his soul with grief and indignation—a world of sin, of suffering, and of wrong before unknown. He forthwith burrowed in all the dungeons in England—literally *burrowed*, for many of them were underground, sometimes mere caverns in the solid rock, in which human beings were immured for years. No place, however obscure or remote, escaped his inspection; his official position, his munificent charity, and his resolute will everywhere procuring him admission.

THE PRISON WORLD.

Sadder than the wildest horrors of fiction were the awful realities of England's dungeons—the worst in Europe save those of the Inquisition. The condition of the prison-world—a world distinct by itself, with its own peculiar laws and usages, and with a densely crowded population—was simply execrable. The prisons were very chambers of horror, whose misery and wickedness recall the dreadful pictures of the regions of eternal gloom in the pages of the Italian poet. They were a world without the pale of the constitution, and their inmates beyond the protection or control of the law. Religion and its rites were banished from a region cut off from civilization. The cruelty, and lust, and cursed greed for gold of a brutal jailer, who frequently united the humane profession of hangman to his normal duty of warden, were indulged without restraint. Men had to crouch at a narrow wicket in the door and gasp for breath. The stench was intolerable. There was frequently no straw, and prisoners had to lay their rheumatic limbs on the damp and cold stone floor. Yet to those who had money the utmost license was allowed. The keepers pandered to the worst vices of those who could bribe their aid.

Howard found comparatively few felons in the prisons. The frequent jail deliveries, when the unfortunate wretches were dragged on hurdles to the place of execution, and amid every indignity, put to death, effectually emptied the cells of the more flagrant criminals. It was found cheaper to hang them than to keep them in prison; and this inhuman policy was publicly advocated by eminent jurists. The poor debtors, who could not be hanged for their misfortunes, were allowed to rot in dungeons. Howard, when he met such, generally paid their debts and set them free. Occasionally, to his great grief, his charity was too late. At Cardiff, a debtor to the exchequer to the amount of £7, languished in prison for ten years, and died just before the liberator came.

HOWARD'S LABOURS.

Howard at first confined his philanthropic labours to Great Britain. But this was too limited a range for his sympathies. They could not be confined within the narrow seas, but, like the waters of the ocean, encompassed the earth. A wider horizon of suffering was before him, which he was eager to explore. So he overleaped the barriers of national distinction, and claimed the world as the field of his labours. He started upon a grand tour of the old historic lands of Europe, "not," to use the language of Burke—"not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make

accurate measurement of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals nor collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

In 1777 Howard published his great work on the "State of Prisons"—a revelation of horrors almost as terrific as Dante's vision of the realms of gloom, which smote with dismay the consciences of Europe, and led to great Prison Reforms.

In 1781, the indefatigable philanthropist started on a new continental tour through Denmark, Norway, Russia, Poland, Sicily, Spain, and Portugal. While on the voyage from Civita Vecchia to Leghorn, an incident occurred which gave a new direction and a fresh impulse to his labours. A storm arose, and the shattered bark in which he sailed was successively driven upon the Tuscan and African coasts. But everywhere the inhabitants, both Christian and Moslem, refused them permission to land—their fears of the infection of the terrible plague conquering every instinct of humanity in their breasts. This incident made a deep impression on the mind of Howard. Here was a new source of human suffering to be explored, and the misery it caused if possible removed. He was now in the sixtieth year of his age. His health, always infirm, was sore broken. He had already travelled 42,000 miles over Europe—from Lisbon to Moscow, from Stockholm to Naples—in all manner of conveyances—in diligence or lumbering drotsky, on horseback or on foot. He had sacrificed a life of ease and dignity for the self-denying toil of an apostle or a martyr. He had expended £30,000 on his labours of love. Most men would now have ceased from their toil, and enjoyed in old age their well-earned rest. Not so he. While human suffering could be relieved and human sorrow assuaged, his philanthropic efforts must know no surcease. He girded up again his loins, and took his pilgrim-staff in hand, and set forth to encounter the perils of disease and death in their most frightful forms.

IN THE LAZARETTOS.

He went forth alone in his sublime crusade against the dreaded plague, the terror and the scourge of Europe. He knew the danger, and would not suffer even his faithful servant, the companion of all his former travels, to share it. He explored the lazarettos and hospitals of Marseilles, Rome, Naples, Valetta, Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople. He daringly penetrated pest-houses and infected caravanseries. He seemed to bear a charmed life. He braved the fever-demon in his lair, and came forth unscathed. To this result his abstemious diet doubtless contributed. Some dried biscuit and a cup of milk or of cold water was his usual fare.

As the crowning act of his enthusiastic self-sacrifice, Howard resolved to sail in an infected vessel, that he might undergo the strictest quarantine and leave a record of his experience in case he should not survive, for the benefit of the medical profession in England. The plague was in the vessel. It was

also attacked by Barbary pirates—hero fought as valiantly as he encountered danger in the fever-hospital. He endured a living martyrdom of forty days while quarantined in a lazaretto of Venice, parched with fever, racked with pain.

Though his stricken heart returned ever from all its wanderings to the dear home-scenes of Cardington, he was not permitted there to end his days. Bearing his crushing load of sorrow, he turned resolutely once more to his great life-work. He designed visiting Russia, Poland, Hungary, Turkey, Egypt, and the Barbary States. But his work was well-nigh done. It seemed to have a presentiment of his death. To a friend he wrote: "You will probably never see me again; but, be that as it may, it is not a matter of serious concern to me whether I lay down my life in Turkey, in Egypt, in Asia Minor, or elsewhere. The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London. Like the word of that dauntless Christian mariner, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, is this, as in the storm and darkness, ere his ship went down, he was heard to cry, 'Fear not, shipmen, heaven is as near by water as by land.'" Or like the older word of the monk Jerome, which has been thus rendered into verse:

"Not from Jerusalem alone
The path to heaven ascends;
As near, as sure, as straight the way
That leads to the celestial day,
From furthest climes extends,
Frigid or torrid zone."

HIS DEATH.

From St. Petersburg Howard went to Moscow, where, as if in anticipation of his near departure, he renewed his solemn covenant with God. He was greatly interested in the condition of the Russian conscripts, the mortality among whom was appalling. Their sufferings excited his deepest commiseration. To visit their cantonments, and, if possible, to better their condition, he sailed down the Dneiper to Cherson, a Tartar town near its mouth. Here he was called to visit a young lady ill of an infectious fever. He went,—riding four-and-twenty miles by night through a pitiless winter rain-storm. He caught the infection. He soon felt that his race was run. But death had no terrors to his soul. "It is an event," he said, "to which I always look with cheerfulness; and, be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other. . . . Suffer no pomp," he continued, "to be used at my funeral, nor let any monument be ever made to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Vain request! His name was too indelibly engraven on the heart of the world to be ever erased! In this assured faith, and like the setting sun calmly sinking to rest, on the 20th of January, 1790, John Howard died.

The tidings of his death caused a thrill of sympathy and sorrow throughout all Europe. But the deepest sympathy and the bitterest sorrow were doubtless in the hearts of the innumerable prisoners whose miseries he had soothed, and whose lives he had blessed. On the base of the statue, erected to his memory in that noble mausoleum of England's glorious dead—St. Paul's Cathedral—is recorded a grateful country's estimation of his worth:—

IN EVERY PART OF THE CIVILIZED
WORLD WHICH
HE TRAVERSED TO REDUCE THE SUM OF
HUMAN MISERY,
FROM THE THRONE TO THE DUNGEON HIS
NAME WAS MENTIONED
WITH RESPECT GRATITUDE AND ADMIRATION.
* * * * *
HE TROD AN OPEN BUT UNFREQUENTED
PATH
TO IMMORTALITY IN THE ARDENT BUT
UNINTERMITTED
EXERCISE OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY:
MAY THIS TRIBUTE TO HIS FAME EXCITE
AN
EMULATION OF HIS TRULY GLORIOUS
ACHIEVEMENTS."

Howard's highest praise is that he was a sincere and humble Christian. No less potent principle than the constraining love of Christ could have led him to forsake ease and fortune, to toil on alone and in obscurity, to encounter prejudice, misconception, and opposition, and to espouse danger and death. No self-seeker was he. Self-abnegation and self-forgetfulness were the characteristics of his life.

THE LESSONS OF HIS LIFE.

As we drop a tear over his foreign grave, where, after life's long toil, he sleepeth well, let us gather up the lessons of that life and write them on our hearts forever. May they lead all who read his story to acts of beneficence and self-sacrifice for others, and to an imitation, in spirit at least, of that life by which he glorified humanity!

Although a man of grave and earnest disposition, there was nothing austere in his piety. The brave are always tender. His thoughtful love for little children was evinced by the invariable hamper of foreign toys that accompanied his return from his many wanderings to England. He had a shrewd, practical method, too, in his inspection of prisons. His eagerness was incomprehensible to the jailer's mind, as he accurately measured the length, breadth, and height of the cells, examined the quality of the rations, and drew forth a pair of scales from his pocket to ascertain if the quantity tallied with the regulation allowance.

Howard was no sycophant of the great. The sturdy Puritan bated not a jot of his dignity before monarchs. He declined to dine with the Grand Duke Leo, old because it would detain him three hours on his journey; but, on another occasion, he accepted the hospitality of the Empress Maria Theresa. To avoid public notice he entered St. Petersburg disguised and on foot, but he was discovered and invited by the Empress Catherine to visit the court. He refused, on the ground that his mission was to the dungeons of the prisoner and the abodes of wretchedness, not to the houses of the great, nor to the palace of the Czarina. At the urgent request of Pius VI. he visited the Vatican. As he was about leaving, the venerable Pontiff laid his hands upon his head, saying, "You English care nothing for these things, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm." And thus the Puritan heretic received the Papal benediction.

The magnetic influence of his strong will was strikingly evinced in his

quelling a mutiny in the Navy prison. The rioters, two hundred strong, had broken loose, killed their keepers, and defied the authorities. Howard, unarmed and alone, entered the prison, heard their grievances, calmed their fury, and led them back to their cells.

RESULTS OF HIS LABOURS.

And Howard's influence ceased not with his life. Of him, as of every noble worker in God's world, it is true that, being dead, he yet speaketh. The taunt conveyed in the heartless sneer of Carlyle, that he abated the jail-fever, but caused the far worse benevolent-platform fever, now raging, is his highest glory. It was his to show the most illustrious example, since the time of the apostles, of that "passionate charity which dives into the darkest recesses of misery and vice," to dispel their gloom, and carry joy and gladness in its train.

Every prisoner in Europe, from his own day to the present, has felt the benefit of Howard's self-denying labours. He has smitten galling fetters from their limbs, and banished torture from the penal code. He has admitted light and air to their gloomy cells, and brought the more glorious light and joy of the Gospel to their darker and more gloomy hearts. He has raised the culprit from a condition of abject misery, and rescued him from the treatment of a beast. He has abridged the sum of human suffering, mitigated the rigour of the criminal code, and, as experience has shown, lessened the amount of crime.

Howard exemplified in his life the spirit of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. He fulfilled that Scripture, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." His reward is on high. As a dream when one awaketh shall be the memory of all his toil and travail, as from the Lord he loved he hears the blessed words, "I was an hungered, and thou gavest me meat: I was thirsty, and thou gavest me drink: I was sick, and in prison, and thou visitedst me."

Leaving Home; or, What Will Promised his Mother.

Down the long and dusty hill
The daily coach is coming.
It makes a cheery, lively noise,
Like hive of bees loud humming.

"Coming, mother; here it is!
The stage its halt is making.
Trunk all packed, my ticket bought;
A kiss let me be taking."

Whispered low behind the door,
What then was mother saying?
Willie's eyes their fire flashed,
But her's mid tears were praying!

"Never, mother; no, indeed!
I will not touch it ever;
Drink that kills I will not sell,
Or hand from arm I'll sever."

Brave Will! forget it not
Amid the city's rattle.
Stand for right; though sharp the fight,
You'll never lose the battle.

In this jostling life, where men
May help or hurt each other,
Think of him who's at thy side;
He bears God's stamp, a brother.

Not for money, not for fame
Thy strength in life be sponding.
Live for God and live for man,
And for the life unending.

—Rev. E. A. Rand.

Take Care of your Eyes.

THE late venerable Prof. R. D. Mussey, of Cincinnati, the most scientific and celebrated surgeon our country has ever produced, gave the following instructions as to the proper way of caring for the eyes:

Avoid all sudden change between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight or on any cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window or door.

It is the best to have the light fall from above obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first awakening, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

The Romance of Missions.

THE *Christian World*, under the above heading, relates the following incidents, which, it remarks, if any one had ventured to weave into a religious novel, would have been regarded as highly coloured, if not altogether incredible: "During the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the American evangelists, to this country ten years since, a Mr. Studd attended the services at Camberwell, and such was the influence exerted upon him by Mr. Moody's addresses that he became an entirely changed individual. From a sporting man he suddenly became an enthusiastic Christian worker. Mr. Studd who is now deceased, began by reforming his own household. He disposed of his hunters and dogs, and his country seat henceforth became a centre of missionary effort for the district. At that time his two sons, then unknown to fame, were quietly pursuing their studies at Eton. The influence of the changed aspect of their home told upon the lads. Passing to Cambridge, the young Studds came to be regarded as among the most famous cricketers of the present generation, one of them being the captain of the University eleven. The recent visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to London had the effect of bringing the brothers Studd prominently forward as religious workers, along with other undergraduates who had been alike influenced by Mr. Moody. The young Studds took an active part in the various missions, and their enthusiasm was not allowed to evaporate with the departure of the American evangelists. One of the brothers, Mr. C. T. Studd, has decided to become a missionary in China, paying his own expenses; and in addition, so it is rumoured, placing a considerable sum of money at the disposal of the society under whose auspices he will labour. Mr. J. K. Studd, the brother, is entering upon mission work in East London, in which he will be assisted by one of Lady Beauchamp's daughters, whom he is about to marry—the fairest of the two young sisters whose sweet voices were heard throughout the entire nine months' services conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. A son of Lady Beauchamp, who was chief steward at several of the missions, following Mr. Studd's example, will also devote

his life to mission work in far-off China. Not content with quietly bestaking themselves to heathen lands to work for the Master, they decided to love all and follow, these young men are now striving to enlist recruits under the foreign mission banner. They recently visited Cambridge, and have kindled such missionary enthusiasm in the hearts of their fellow-students that something like thirty of their number have decided to proceed to the foreign field. Encouraged by the success of their mission to Cambridge, Messrs. Studd and Beauchamp are now going through Scotland to plead the claims of the heathen world."

A Novel Entertainment.

AT a social gathering some one proposed this question, "What shall I teach my daughter?" The following replies were handed in:

"Teach her that one hundred cents make a dollar.

"Teach her how to arrange the parlor and the library.

"Teach her to say 'No,' and mean it, or 'Yes' and stick to it.

"Teach her how to wear a calico dress, and do it like a queen.

"Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings, and mend gloves.

"Teach her to dress for comfort and health, as well as for appearance.

"Teach her to cultivate flowers, and make and keep the kitchen-garden.

"Teach her to make her sleeping-room the neatest room in the house.

"Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

"Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely as well as very injurious to health.

"Teach her to regard the morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

"Teach her to observe the old rule: 'A place for every thing, and every thing in its place.'

"Teach her that music, drawing, and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

"Teach her the important truism: That the more she lives within her income the more she will save, and the farther she will get away from the poor-house.

"Teach her that a good, steady, church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk, or teacher, without a cent, is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

"Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information, and that in order to make the best progress she must economize her moments in her earlier as well as later home life."

Might not this sort of "question box" exercise be profitably introduced into many of our social meetings both at home and at church?

It takes three scruples for a draught, but many a man will take three draughts without a scruple.

SOME people will have it that it is dangerous for elderly persons to give up the use of stimulants, and it is therefore interesting to note the testimony of Lord Claud Hamilton, who states that he made this change in his mode of living when he was sixty-three years of age, and has found himself none the worse.

When Summer Comes.

BY FRANCIS HALE BARNARD.

Oh skies, will summer ever come
And bring us fairer, sweeter days?
Will frozen earth be ever numb,
And has the sun no warmer blaze
To heat the still ground into life
And wake the air with murmur's rife,
Which say, "The earth that long was dumb
A thousand busy tongues has found,"
While countless rustling wings will hum,
When mingles many a drowsy sound.

But now, at morn, like tangled ropes,
The fairy woven skeins of frost
Are meshed the faded earth across,
Reminding me of some dead hopes
Which all their warmth and joy has lost;
Yet lie across our doubting hearts,
A blighting presence, which imparts
To us no beauty but of ice.
And when, again, to hope we dare,
The chilling merr'y will arise
Of dreams which died, tho' once most fair,
A cold net woven from life's frost
To keep joy down, is each mess crossed.

My heart, I speak to thee at last,
For thee will summer ever bloom?
Canst thou forget the fading past,
Emerging from the Winter's gloom
To glorious life, bright skies above
Which tells thee thou art ruled by love?
Oh, will thy mute chords ever wake
In music, 'neath a tender touch,
Which thrills thee, and the stillness break
To murmur that thy joy is much?

Oh, longing heart, contented be;
The present has some glorious days,
And thou canst all around thee see
The beauty which alone can raise
Thee up to higher, grander things,
If thou wilt take the proffered wings.
Faint heart, in realizing this
Before the crystal hours are gone,
I know that thou canst never miss
The Summer, tho' it may not dawn.

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Home & School:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 25, 1885.

Christ Welcoming Sinners.

WE are told that in stormy weather it is not unusual for small birds to be blown out of land to the sea. They are often seen by voyagers out of their reckoning and far from the coast, hovering far up over the mast on weary wings, as if they wanted to alight and rest themselves, but fearing to do so. A traveller tells us that on one occasion a little lark, which followed the ship for a considerable distance, was at last compelled through sheer weariness to alight. He was so worn out as to be easily caught. The warm hand was so agreeable to him that he sat down on it, and burying his little cold feet in his feathers, and looking about with his bright eye not in the least afraid, and as if feeling assured that he

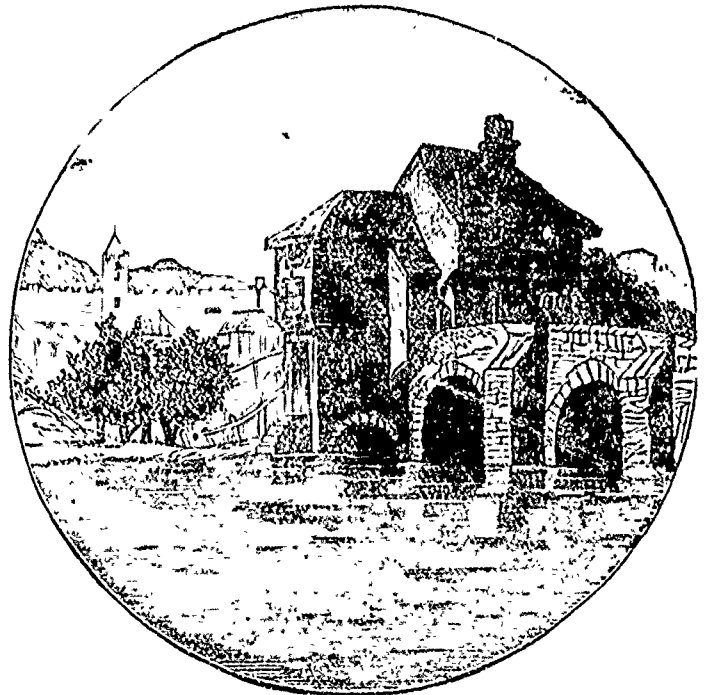
had been cast amongst good, kind people, whom he had no occasion to be so backward in trusting. A touching picture of the soul who is aroused by the Spirit of God, and blown out of its reckoning by the winds of conviction; and the warm reception which the little bird received at the hands of passengers conveys but a faint idea of that welcome which will always greet the worn-out sin-sick souls who will commit themselves into the hands of the only Saviour.—C. H. Spurgeon

Alone with God.

ONE Sabbath night after discoursing on a very solemn subject which had stirred my own soul, I took a walk before going home. It was a clear starlight without any moon, and the heavens looked down upon me with all their sublime impressiveness. I found myself, unconsciously, walking in the direction of the mill. I had not gone far when I met my senior colleague and friend pacing slowly up and down by the side of the stream near his house. As soon as I came up he said: "Man, I couldna gang hame direct frae the chapel the night. After hearin' your sermon I wanted to be alone wi' God; and I never feel His presence as much as when I am out in a night like this. Ye were speakin' about death. D'ye ken I never think o' death! It's aye like that fills my mind. As long as I see such a sky as that abune me, and hae a grip of Christ within me, I'm sure that death is swallowed up in victory. I am no sae sure, as some folks seem to be, that heaven will be sae different from this worl'. When I was a laddie I used the Book of Revelation frae beginnin' to end on Sabbath afternoon. And on a Monday morning when I got up to herd father's coos, just as the sun was risin' and spreadin' a glimmer owre the lift, the bits of birdies praising God wi' all their might, and the lock at the fit of the field like a picture a' peace, I wonder if Revelation and natur' were na' a one, and sometimes thoct that 'the new heaven and new earth' jist ment that when we woke up on the resurrection morn we would find ourselves in the same place with this differ: that sin and sorrow had fled awa' as the night was passin', jist like mist frae the braes."—*Scottish Magazine.*

The Sweetest Joys.

VERY many of the sweetest joys of Christian hearts are songs which have been learned in the bitterness of trial. It is said of a little bird that he will never learn to sing the song his master will have him sing while it is light in his cage. He learns a snatch of every song he hears, but will not learn a full separate melody of his own. And the master covers the cage and makes it dark all about the bird, and then he listens and learns the one song that is taught to him, until his heart is full of it. Then, ever after, he sings that song in the light. With many of us it is as with the bird. The Master has a song He wants to teach us, but we learn only a strain of it, a note here and there, while we catch up snatches of the world's song and sing them with it. Then He comes and makes it dark about us till we learn the sweet melody He would teach us. Many of the loveliest songs of peace and trust sung by God's children in this world, they have been taught in the darkened chamber of sorrow.—*Christian Weekly.*



BEDFORD PRISON.

Book Notices.

William and Mary; A Tale of The Siege of Louisburg, 1745. By David Hickey, Methodist Minister. Toronto: William Briggs, 78 & 80 King Street East.

We are glad to welcome another volume from our Publishing House. We are also gratified that the author is one of our own ministers, and is a member of the Nova Scotia Conference. We congratulate him on his first attempt at authorship, of which he has no cause to be ashamed. The book may be designated a religious novel, but is not deserving of a place in the *Index Expurgatorius*.

The scene of the story is Louisburg, Cape Breton, a portion of our own Dominion, of which all our readers should be glad to receive further information. The siege of that famous fortress is graphically told. The persons who are the chief actors are delineated in a few life-like touches. Our youthful readers will be especially interested in the career of William and Mary, who are the most conspicuous persons in the narrative. The volume will repay perusal. Its doctrinal teachings are orthodox. Our Sunday-school friends should by all means give it a place in their libraries.

My Aunt Jeannette. By Mrs. S. M. Kimball. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is one of the most delightful books that it has been our privilege to read. The style of the book is picturesque. The different persons who are mentioned are described in a few paragraphs or sentences, which give the reader a good idea of their respective characteristics, while at the same time there does not seem to be any attempt at exaggeration.

Aunt Jeannette, who is the chief personage with whom the authoress makes us acquainted, was a noble Christian maiden lady, who lived in the State of Maine, not far from the City of Portland. She does not seem to have dreaded either poverty or riches. Her means were ample for her own wants, and still she had something to spare for charitable objects. Her life was one of godness. She lived to help others, and took great delight in

assisting young people, particularly those of her own sex, how to become useful. Her's was cheerful piety, and she was never so happy as when engaged in schemes to make others happy.

This venerable lady was a member of a Congregational Church, but was always ready to co-operate with members of other denominations in works of faith and labours of love. In evangelistic services or in the temperance cause she was ever ready to lend a helping hand, and not a few were under great obligation to her for the benefits they received from her zealous labours.

It will be seen that the book is largely autobiographical. Mrs. Kimball was left in possession of all the literary productions of her distinguished relative, and in preparing the volume for publication, she has done little more than select from the journals, and add a few well chosen sentences as connecting links. Her part has been done with good taste, and we are much mistaken if the volume does not become a general favourite, especially with young people. It deserves an extensive circulation.

A TRANSCENDENTAL preacher took for his text, "Feed my lambs." As he came out of the church a plain old farmer said to him, "That was a very good text; but you placed the hay so high in the rack that the lambs couldn't reach it, nor the old sheep either."

A TRAVELLER visiting a Mexican cathedral was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque glass phial. After eying it some time the traveller said, "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty." "Empty!" retorted the sacristan, indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

AMONG the Chautauqua graduates are two ladies who are totally blind. These ladies have had the entire course read aloud to them.

A MINISTER suddenly stopped in his sermon and sang a hymn. "If the members of the choir are to do the talking," he explained, "they certainly will allow me to do the singing." And then things in the neighbourhood of the organ became more quiet.



STONE IDOLS OF YUCATAN.

Little Christel.

BY MRS. MARY E. BRADLEY.

FRAULEIN, the young schoolmistress, to her pupils said one day,
 "Next week at Pfingster holiday King Ludwig rides this way;
 And you will be wise, my little ones, to work with a will at your tasks,
 So that you may answer fearlessly whatever question he asks.
 It would be a shame too dreadful if the king should have to tell
 That Hansel missed in his figures, and Peterkin could not spell!"

"O ho! that never shall happen," cried Hansel and Peterkin too,
 "We'll show King Ludwig when he comes what the boys in this school can do."
 "And we," said Gretchen and Bertha, and all the fair little maids
 Who stood in a row before her, with their hair in flaxen braids,
 "We will pay such good attention to every word you say,
 That you will not be ashamed of us when King Ludwig rides this way."

She smiled, the young schoolmistress, to see that they loved her so,
 And with patient care she taught them the things it was good to know.
 Day after day she drilled them till the great day came at last,
 When the heralds going before him blew out their sounding blast;
 And with music, and flying banners, and the clatter of horses feet,
 The king and his troops of soldiers rode down the village street.

Oh the hearts of the eager children beat fast with joy and fear,
 And Fraulein trembled and grew pale as the cavalcade drew near;
 But she blushed with pride and pleasure when the lessons came to be heard,
 For in all the flock of her boys and girls not one of them missed a word.

And King Ludwig turned to the teacher with a smile and a gracious look;
 "It is plain," said he, "that your scholars have carefully conned their book."

But now let us ask some questions to see if they understand;
 And he showed to one of the little maids an orange in his hand.
 It was Christel, the youngest sister of the mistress fair and kind—
 A child with a face like a lily, and as lovely and pure a mind.
 "What kingdom does this belong to?" as he called her to his knee;
 And at once—"The vegetable," she answered quietly.

"Good," said the monarch kindly; and showed her a piece of gold,
 "Now tell me what this belongs to, the pretty coin that I hold?"
 She touched it with careful finger, for gold was a metal rare,
 And then—"The mineral kingdom!" she answered with confident air.
 "Well done for the little madchen!" And good King Ludwig smiled
 At Fraulein and her sister, the teacher and the child.

"Now answer me one more question"—with a twinkle of fun in his eye—
 "What kingdom do I belong to?" For he thought she would make reply
 "The animal;" and he meant to ask with a frown if that was the thing
 For a little child like her to say to her lord and master, the king?
 He knew not the artless wisdom that would set his wit at naught,
 And the little Christel guessed nothing at all of what was in his thought.

But her glance shot up at the question, and the brightness in her face,
 Like a sunbeam on a lily, seemed to shine all over the place.
 "What kingdom do you belong to?" her innocent lips repeat;

"Why, surely, the kingdom of Heaven!" rings out the answer sweet.
 And then for a breathless moment a sudden silence fell,
 And you might have heard the fall of a leaf as they looked at little Christel.

But it only lasted a moment, then rose as sudden a shout—
 "Well done, well done for little Christel!" and the bravos rang about.
 For the king in his arms had caught her, to her wondering, shy surprise,
 And over and over he kissed her, with a mist of tears in his eyes.
 "May the blessing of God," he murmured, "forever rest on thy head!
 Henceforth, by His grace, my life shall prove the truth of what thou hast said."

He gave her the yellow orange and the golden coin for her own,
 And the school had a royal feast that day whose like they had never known.
 To Fraulein, the gentle mistress, he spoke such words of cheer
 That they lightened her anxious labour for many and many a year.
 And because in his heart was hidden the memory of this thing,
 The Lord had a better servant, the Lord had a better king!—*Wide Awake.*

Stone Idols of Yucatan.

IN Central America and Yucatan there are some of the strangest monuments in existence of an extinct race, whose history no one knows—whose language no one can read. At Uxmat and elsewhere are the ruins of vast and once splendid cities, now half buried by drifting sand or by the rank growth of a tropical vegetation. A striking feature of these old cities is the number of colossal idols, like those shown in the picture—shapeless, ugly, and grotesque caricatures of humanity. It is supposed that these were the work of the Aztecs, a pre-historic race who had attained a semi-civilization long before the landing of Columbus; but whose power had fallen before invasions of ruder and more savage tribes. In Mexico and Peru, as is known, the first Europeans found splendid cities and temples, adorned with gold and barbaric splendour. But Cortez and Pizarro soon proved enemies more deadly than the pre-historic savages, and the power of Montezuma and of the Incas gave place to the tyranny of the Spanish conquerors.

Stick to Your Bush.

ONE day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful that my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out of the gate, when my father called me back.

He took hold of my hand and said: "Joseph, what are you going for—to pick berries or to play?"

"To pick berries," I replied.
 "Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries, *stick to your bush.*"

I went with the party, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said.

No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to their new found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept ringing in my ears, and I "stuck to my bush." When I had done with one, I found another, and finished that; then I took another.

When night came I had a large basketful of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half as tired as they were.

I went home happy; but when I entered I found my father had been taken ill.

He looked at my basketful of ripe berries, and said: "Well done, Joseph. Was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush."

He died a few days after, and I had to make my own way in the world as best I could.

But my father's words sunk deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party; I stuck to my bush.

When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When the other men said, "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and "stuck to my bush."

Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with the old house until the principals died, and then I took their place. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: "Stick to your bush."—*Our Boys and Girls.*

Painstaking.

A FAMOUS writer has said that genius is simply infinite painstaking. Whether this is true or not, it is certainly true that some of the most famous works of genius have won their fame by the constant and exact care their author gave to them.

Virgil wrote many of his poems, as the "Georgics," at the rate of a single line a day. Pope's translation of Homer's "Iliad" exhibited great changes between the first and the last version. Edmund Burke, in writing his "Reflections on the French Revolution" had sometimes more than twelve proofs made and destroyed before he was able to satisfy his exact taste. Lord Brougham composed and recomposed, time after time, parts of his speeches. Masillon, the French preacher, re-wrote parts of his sermons fifteen or twenty times. An American minister, who has been called "the prince of our pulpit orators," spent no less than two entire weeks on a single sermon. Boys and girls often imagine that the great poets and writers and orators accomplish grand results as easily as they themselves write a composition. It is a mistake. Orators and authors win their triumphs only by constant painstaking. No one man can become great in either authorship or in any field of labor without having this noble, though apparently insignificant, quality of painstaking.

NAPOLEON is said to have written badly to conceal his bad spelling. The mantle of illegibility is a cover for many sins against orthography.

Curly-Head.

BY B. F. BROOKS.

WHAT are yer nskin', stranger, about that lock o' har That's kep' so nice and keeful in the family Bible thar?

Wal, then, I don't mind tellin', seein' as yer wants ter know; It's from the head of our baby. Yes, that's him; stand up, Joe'

Joe is our only baby, nigh on ter six foot tall; And he'll be one-and-twenty comin' this next fall. But he can't yet beat his daddy in the hay-field or the swales, A-pitchin' on the waggon or splittin' up the rails.

For I was a famous chopper, jest eighteen years ago, When this strange thing happened that came to me and Joe. Curly-head we called him then, sir; his har is curly yet; But them long silky ringlets I never can forget.

Them was tough times, stranger, when all around was now, And all the country forests with only "blazes" through. We lived in the old log house then, Sally and me and Joe, In the old Black River country, whar we made our clearin' show.

Wal, one day, I was choppin' nigh to our cabin door— A day that I'll remember till kingdom come, and more— And Curly-head was playin' around among the chips— A beauty, if I do say it, with rosy cheeks and lips.

I don't know how it happened; but quick-er'n I can tell, Our Curly-head had stumbled and lay thar whar he fell On the log that I was choppin', with his yellow curls outspread; And the heavy axe was fallin' right on his precious head.

The next thing I knew nothin', and all was dark around. When I came to, I was lyin' stretched out thar on the ground; And Curly-head was callin': "O daddy, don't do so!" I caught him to my bosom,—my own dear little Joe.

All safe, sir. Not a sliver had touched his little head; But one of his curls was lyin' thar on the log outspread. It lay whar the axe was strikin', cut close by its sharpened edge; And what then was my feelin's, per'aps, sir, yer can judge.

I took the little ringlet and pressed it to my lips; Then I kneeled down and prayed, sir, right thar, on the chips. We put it in the Bible, whar I often read to Joe, "The hairs of your head are numbered;" and, sir, I believe it's so.

—Selected.

Band of Hope Work.

THERE is no branch of temperance work that yields so much of valuable result, proportionately to the time and labor invested in it, as does the conservative work of training our girls and boys in correct habits, imparting to them sound information and inspiring them with moral enthusiasm. This is a work that ought not to be left solely to any one of the great agencies that make and mould the sentiment of our country, the temperance training of our rising generation ought to be shared in by the home, the school, and the Church.

Canadians are an eminently religious people, and when our young people have learned to look upon temperance as really a part of their religion, they will be temperance men and women of the stamp we need to-day. We have

much inculcation of temperance principles and influence of good example in God-fearing homes, our public school authorities are awakening to their duty in regard to this matter, but as yet we have too little of juvenile temperance church work, and we are pleased to be able to inform our readers of what is being done on this line in one Canadian town. For this information we are indebted to Mr. A. Barber, who is, if we mistake not, the planner of the system he describes.

In Bowmanville, Ont., there is an Association that has been in existence for five years. It has at present about seven hundred members, girls and boys, all pledged teetotalers, and the following is the plan of its working: In each of the two Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Congregational and the Disciple Sabbath-schools, there is a branch of the Association. The president and secretary of each branch are looked upon and appointed as regular officers of the school. Each branch has a pledge-book and membership roll, and by signing them a scholar becomes a member without any fee or any further ceremony. *The temperance society branch is a part of the Sabbath-school.* The pledge is against intoxicating liquors and tobacco. The officers named, of these branches, jointly constitute the Executive Committee of the General Association, for the meetings of which they arrange. These union meetings are held quarterly or oftener, and collections at these are the whole special revenue of the Association. The meetings take the round of the different Churches. They are not held too frequently, and are always large, interesting and very beneficial. The plan of conducting them varies, and is entirely in the hands of the Executive Committee. Thus far the success of the Association has been great; an immense amount of good has been done among the girls and boys, and the united work has promoted sympathy and harmony between the Churches as well. One great advantage of the scheme is that it has in its identification with the Sabbath-school, a guarantee for permanence, the want of which has proved a serious drawback to many of our attempts at juvenile temperance work.

We shall be much pleased to learn of and notice any similar work to which our friends may kindly call our attention, and we cordially invite those who are working in this important field to send us for publication notes of what is being done by their organizations. —*Canadian Citizen.*

Honour Bright.

FARMER PRITCHARD took little Tommy, four years old, no father or mother, from the poor-house on trial. "He's bright," said the farmer, "but I don't know whether he's honest. That's the thing on my mind."

Tommy had been there a week—one week of sunshine—when the black cloud came.

Farmer Pritchard had a cough at night, and on the bureau, near the head of his bed he kept a few gumdrops, which he could reach out and get to soothe his throat.

One forenoon, chancing to go into the bedroom, his eye fell on the little paper bag and he saw there was not a gumdrop left.

"Tommy has been here," he said. "I know there were five or six there when I went to bed last night, and I

did not take one. Tommy! Look here! Have you been getting my gumdrops?"

Tommy who was playing in the door, looked up brightly and said:

"No; I did not."

"Did you take them, Lucy?" asked the farmer, turning to his wife.

Mrs. Pritchard had not touched them, and her heart sank as she said so; for who was there left to do it but little Tommy? Her husband's face grew grave.

"Tommy," said he, "you need not be afraid of the truth. Didn't you take the gumdrops?"

"No; I didn't," replied Tommy.

"Oh! yes you did, Tommy. Now tell the truth."

"No, I didn't."

"This is bad, very bad indeed," said Mr. Pritchard, sternly. "This is what I have been afraid of."

"Oh, Tommy!" pleaded Mrs. Pritchard, "if you took them, do say so."

"If he took them!" repeated her husband. "Why, it is clear as daylight."

Tommy had been running in and out of the room all the morning.

But Tommy denied, though the farmer commanded and his wife implored. Mr. Pritchard's face grew ominous.

"I'll give you till noon to tell the truth," he said; "and then if you don't confess, why, I'll have nothing to do with a boy who lies. We'll ride back to the poor farm this afternoon."

"O, Joseph!" said Mrs. Pritchard, following her husband into the entry. "He is little! Give him one more trial."

"Lucy," he said firmly, "when a youngster tells a falsehood like that with so calm a face, he is ready to tell a dozen. I tell you it's in the blood. I'll have nothing to do with a boy that lies."

He went out to his work, and Mrs. Pritchard returned to Tommy and talked with him a long while, very kindly and persuasively, but all to no effect. He replied as often as she asked him that he had not touched the gumdrops.

At noon Farmer Pritchard went into the house and they had dinner. After dinner he called Tommy.

"Tommy," he asked, "did you take the gumdrops?"

"No, I didn't," said Tommy.

"Very well," said the farmer, "my horse is harnessed. Lucy, put the boy's cap on. I shall carry him back to the poor-house, because he will not tell the truth."

"I don't want to go back," he said.

But still he denied the gumdrops.

Mr. Pritchard told his wife to get the boy ready. She cried as she brought out his little coat, and cap and put them on.

But Tommy did not cry. He comprehended that an injustice was done, and he knit his baby brow and held his little lips tight.

The horse was brought round. Mr. Pritchard came in for the boy. I think he believed up to the last that Tommy would confess, but the little fellow stood steadfast.

He was lifted into the waggon. Such a little boy he looked as they drove away. He thought of the cold house to which he was returning. The helpless old woman, the jeering boys, the nights of terror—all these he thought of, when, with pale face and blue lips, he was taken down from the waggon and sent up to the poor-house.

Farmer Pritchard watched him as he went up the steps. He went in.

The master came out for explanation. It was given and the farmer drove away.

The farmer laid a fresh stock of gumdrops on the bureau at night and thought grimly that these were safe. He retired early, but his sleep was broken.

Mrs. Pritchard could not sleep at all. The tears stole through her eyelids long after the candle went out. She was thinking of the little boy, perhaps cowering in his cold bed with terror.

Suddenly a curious, small sound attracted her attention. It was repeated again and again, and now and then there was a tiny rustle of the paper. The sound came from the bureau. She listened and her heart beat with excitement. She knew the sound.

"Joseph," she whispered. "Joseph! He too, had been lying awake."

"Did you hear that noise, Joseph? It's mice!"

"I know it."

"It's nice, Joseph, and they're after your gumdrops."

"Good gracious, Lucy!" groaned Farmer Pritchard upon his pillow.

It flashed upon him instantly. He and not Tommy, was the sinner. The noise stopped. The little depredators were frightened, but soon began again. And a rare feast they made.

It seemed as if that night never would end. The farmer heard every hour the clock struck, and at five he got up and made a fire in the kitchen. His wife arose at the same time and began to get breakfast.

"I won't wait for breakfast," he said. "You can have it ready when we come back. I'll harness and start now."

In a few moments the wheels rolled over the frozen ground, and away drove Mr. Pritchard in the morning starlight.

Mrs. Pritchard brought out the child's top and primer, and made the kitchen look its cheerfulest. Then she got breakfast. She baked potatoes and fried chicken, and made fritters. She put the nicest syrup on the table, and a plate of jellies and tarts. She laid Tommy's knife and fork in their place and set up his chair.

The sun had risen and the bright beams fell across the table.

As they drove into the yard they stopped at the door, and the wondering, smiling little Tommy was lifted down into Mrs. Pritchard's eager arms. She held him very tight.

"Lucy, let's have breakfast now," said the farmer. "He's our boy, now, Lucy. He's never going away again."

Do not be too ready to distrust or disbelieve children. Remember this story and the little mice who took the gumdrops.

PROBABLY the largest attendance in any Sunday-school in the world is at Lockport, England. The school there was founded in 1784. It has four branches. The parent school includes about 3,600 scholars, and the four branches about 1,200; about 4,800 in all. There are more than 400 teachers. Probably the largest single school in the United States is the Bethel Mission at Cincinnati, with a membership of about 3,000. In the various Sunday-schools under the direction of Trinity Church, New York, there are more than 4,200 scholars and nearly 300 teachers.

The Little People.

A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
A song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it

Little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
Little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love chords tender.

What would the mother do for work,
Were there no pants or jackets tearing;
No dainty dresses to embroider;
No cradles for her watchful caring?

How boys at wintry morn,
With sat hel to the school-house hastening;
How merry shouts as home they rush,
No precious morsel for their tasting?

How sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach
Through time's mysterious dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When, in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A dreary place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

—John G. Whittier.

Sam Walker, Surfman, Station 9.

THERE were two persons sitting on the door-step of a station of the life-saving service. One was Will Plympton, and the other liked to write down his name and calling as "Sam Walker, Surfman, Station 9." They were looking across the white, chilly sands toward the sea, that under the tearing, exasperating strokes of the wind hourly grew more and more violent. The clouds had a scowling look. It was not a disturbed sky simply, angry here and there, but everywhere its face was one of settled, ugly moroseness.

"Mischief brewin'," said Sam.

"Yes: the wind has been busy at something for the last twenty-four hours," replied Will.

"How white and ugly that surf is! Looks to me as if it was all full of sharks' teeth, white and hard."

"Somebody will feel them when the storm breaks—at any rate, before it is over."

"Yes; I s'pose the vessel is on the water that has been quietly movin' on to meet its doom in this storm, and didn't know it more than you and I know the future."

All this time the sea and sky had been growing blacker.

Keeper Joel Barney, the official head of the crew at station 9 stepped out of the station, and the conversation was interrupted.

When Sam and Will were alone again, Sam said, "That sea and me feel alike, I guess."

"Why?"

"O I'm not at all easy."

Here Sam's face seemed to darken like the sky.

"What are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinkin' of somebody that wronged me once. That was in Old England. We were boatmen, and there was an extra chance at work we both wanted, and Payne Chesley set on foot some stories that lost me my old place and kept me out of a better one. Lies! lies!" said Sam, vehemently—"all of them."

"Well, didn't people see that?"

"Yes, but too late to help me, if it

had been the truth, it couldn't for the time have hurt me more."

"What's false will wash off like mud. It's only what is true that sticks in the stays and hurts."

But Sam was not disposed to dwell on this side of the subject. He arose, strode off grumbling, came back grumbling, and sat down in the station doorway.

"What makes me think of Payne Chesley I don't know. I feel ugly as that sea looks, and I don't know but I could put Payne Chesley under the water if I had him. Seems to me 'twould be just sweet to do that. But that isn't the thing for an old chap like me," he said, meditatively. "We've got to swallow these feelin's."

Still blacker grew sea and sky.

A very savory odor of old Java, fried potatoes, and biscuit now came from the station kitchen, and the crew gathered for supper.

"Storm's broke," said Keeper Barney, amid the rattling of dishes; "I see the rain on the window near me."

Just then Silas Peaslee came in from the beach, and his dripping "sou-wester" told the story of the arrival of the rain.

"A bad night," said Silas. "If a vessel gets on Howlin' Pint."

But no vessel was so foolish as to do that fatal thing.

The men on duty patrolled the beach as the regulations require. Four times between sunset and sunrise they tramped from two to four miles each side of the station. Each patrolman carried his Coxton signals, which could be lighted at once, burning with a red flame, and warning of any vessels that might be discovered sailing too near the shore, or announcing to any wrecked vessel that help was near. But though keen eyes watched and quick ears listened, there was no sign of vessels in danger or distress. There was only that near and incessant thunder in the darkness, that awful roar of an invisible anger which manifested itself in an occasional throw of cold surf about the feet of the patrolmen venturing too near the edge of the sea.

The morning lighted up a confused mass of white, struggling billows under black, heavy masses of storm cloud, that swept the sea with pitiless discharges of rain. The men at the station were at breakfast when Arnold Rankin rushed in, shouting, "There's a wreck off here!"

"Boom—m—m!" came the report of a gun from the sea.

"That's Arnold's voucher," cried Keeper Barney, springing from his seat, and upsetting the chair in his eagerness. "Our surf-boat cannot live in that sea. Open the boat-room doors."

"Man the beach-waggon, boys."

Out upon the sands the cart was quickly rushed, and a wreck-gun and other apparatus taken from it. The gun was placed in position, and a shot carrying with it a light, strong line sent over the wreck.

"They've got it!" said Sam Walker, looking toward the vessel, around which boiled the white surf. "They have made it fast!"

"Take to half hitches with the shot-line round that whip!" shouted the keeper, soon signalling to the wreck to haul on board.

The "whip" was a larger line doubled through a single pulley-block, and it was patiently hauled on board, followed by a hawser. These two lines were made fast, the hawser being

secured above the "whip," or endless line.

"Send the life-car, boys," said Keeper Barney. "Quick!"

Every moment the storm seemed to be gathering more force, as if to resist the brave men in their work of rescue. More heavily rolled the waves upon the shore, the wind charged up and down the beach, and roughly the rain splashed the faces of the surfmen. And yet the crew worked, springing from duty to duty, and cheering heartily when they saw the life-car coming along the hawser and hauled out by means of the "whip."

"The're loadin' her up," was the news that Sam's keen eyes enabled him to communicate. "Four men have got into her."

"Haul ashore!" shouted the keeper; and safely across the turbulent sweep of surf came the life-car. The hatch was removed, and four men sprung upon the beach.

"Haul out!" was the keeper's ready command; and back to the wreck went the car.

"It's a steamer, the men say," was Arnold Rankin's announcement to his mates. "She's in a bad fix, and will break up afore night, they think."

Again and again went the life-car on its journey of mercy to the wreck.

At last arrived those who said, "Nobody else on board!"

"Look here!" exclaimed one of the steamer's crew, coming from the station, where the rescued men had found shelter: "there was one sick man. Has he come? He is not at the station."

The keeper looked around upon his little company of helpers.

"Boys," he said, "there's a sick man aboard. Are you sure, though, he did not come?" he asked, suddenly turning to his informant.

"Sure as I am here. Payne Chesley is not at the station, and he is not on the beach."

"Payne Chesley!"

Will Plympton heard the name, and instantly he looked at Sam's face. He saw Sam's startled, intent gaze, and then Sam said to the keeper, "Somebody must go and get him. I'll volunteer."

"I'll go! I'll go!" said several.

"Your ropes out there are weak," said one of the steamer's crew; "there has been so much strain on 'em. One will be enough to go in that car; send you the strongest man. No easy thing bringing a sick man to it. Whew! if he ain't up! And he signals too! I'd go if I wasn't bruised so."

Upon that wreck the sharper eyes of the company could make out the form of a man waving something—waving a plea for life on the edge of that horrible, ghastly ocean-pit of water.

"I'm the strongest," said Sam Walker, proudly; and in proof he raised his heavy muscular arm.

Everybody knew it was as Sam asserted. Into the car he went, and the hatch was closed after him. Keenly every eye watched the passage of the car to the steamer.

"I hope the ropes will hold," muttered the keeper, looking off in the face of the driving storm.

"Hurrah! He's there!" shouted the men.

There was a season of anxious waiting.

"Haul ashore!" shouted the keeper. "Ker—r—ful, boys!"

The car was near the beach, when

suddenly the ropes gave way and over in the surf helplessly rolled the car.

"Form a line boys! Lock close and wade out far as you can!" shouted the keeper.

And so, reaching out into that hungry, grasping sea, they snatched from it the food that the "sharks' teeth" in the surf had almost won.

"Hurrah for Sam Walker!" was the bidding of Keeper Barney to his men.

But Sam Walker did not need the pleasure afforded by that ovation. He made this confession to Will Plympton: "I thought it would be sweet to put Payne Chesley under the water, but I tell you, Will, it was a good deal sweeter to pull him out."—*Forward.*

For Charlie's Sake.

WHAT a marvellous power lies behind these simple words. "For mother's sake," "For my boy's sake," "For the sake," of some loved one, what noble deeds have been wrought! what perils and dangers have been shunned! The following incident illustrates the potent influence of this phrase:

The office-door opened slowly and a stranger in poor, soiled clothes walked in. The man who sat at the desk was a lawyer, a judge—and he was very busy over the papers of a pending suit. It was in the days of the civil war.

The stranger had borne his share of the suffering that was in the land. He had been wounded in battle, and, weak and emaciated, he was on his way back to his native state and town.

But the busy judge scarcely raised his eyes to look at him. The poor soldier had taken off his cap, and stood feeling confusedly in his pockets.

"I have—I did have a letter for you."

The judge took no notice of the timid, hesitating words. He was very busy, and he was conscious only of a feeling of annoyance that a stranger should break in upon his time.

The confused, nervous search in the pockets continued, and the judge grew still more annoyed. He was a humane man, but he had responded to many soldiers' applications already—he was very busy just now.

The stranger came near and reached out a thin hand. A letter, grimy and pocket-worn, lay on the desk, addressed to the judge.

"I have no time to attend to such—"

But the impatient sentence was checked on the good man's lips. The handwriting was that of his son. He opened the letter and read:

"Dear Father,—The bearer of this is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can, for Charlie's sake."

And then Judge A—forgot how very busy he was. His heart went out towards the poor, sick soldier, and for "Charlie's sake"—his own soldier-boy far away—he loaded him with gifts and acts of kindness, and lodged him till he could send him on his way rejoicing.

I KNOW not what the world may think of my labours, but to myself it seems that I have been but a child playing on the sea-shore; now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell more agreeably variegated than another, while the immense ocean of truth extended itself unexplored before me.—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

LESSON NOTES

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A.D. 62.] LESSON V. [May 3.
OBEDIENCE.Eph. 1:13. Commit to mem. vs. 1-3.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.—Eph. 6:1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Obedience to parents the foundation of obedience to the State and to God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Eph. 1:1-23. T. Eph. 2:1-22.
W. Eph. 3:1-21. Th. Eph. 4:1-16.
F. Eph. 4:17-32. Sa. Eph. 5:1-33.
Su. Eph. 6:1-24.

TIME.—The Epistle to the Ephesians was written in the Autumn of A.D. 62.

PLACE.—Written at Rome, from the house where Paul was a prisoner.

AUTHOR.—St. Paul, aged about 60

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—Acts 28:30, 31.

EPHESUS, the capital of Ionia, and chief city of Asia Minor.

EPHESIAN CHURCH was founded by Paul, during his three years' stay there, A.D. 54-57.

EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.—Circular letter to several churches, sent by Tychicus.

INTRODUCTION.—Having completed the book of the Acts in our studies, we naturally turn to some of the letters written during the period described in its last verses.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. Obey... in the Lord—For his sake; because he commands it; in his strength. 2. The first commandment, etc.—The first with promise, of the first importance. 3. Obedience tends to these things. 5. With fear and trembling—Fear of God, anxiety to do just right. Singleness of heart—Sincerity, the opposite of hypocrisy. 6. Menpleasers—Pleasing only men, who see the outside and not the heart. 7. With goodwill—Cheerfully. 9. Do the same things—Act on the same principles. 12. Wrestle—The conflict is single-handed; each has his own warfare. Not against flesh and blood—The contest is not in sword or guns, but is spiritual. Rulers of the darkness—The unseen powers who make this world so dark with sin and sorrow. 13. To stand—To hold your own, to gain the victory.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Epistle to the Ephesians.—Obedience to parents.—The promise.—Duties of parents.—Obedience to masters.—Ennobling service.—Duties of employers.—The great enemies of man.—The armour of defence.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why do we now take up the Epistle to the Ephesians? When and where was it written? By whom? Who founded the church at Ephesus? (Acts 19.) How long before this?

SUBJECT: SOME MUTUAL CHRISTIAN DUTIES.

I. DUTIES OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS (vs. 1-3).—What is the first duty of the children? What is it to obey in the Lord? Why is this obedience right? Where is it commanded? What is it to honour our parents? What promise is given to those who obey? How does obedience tend to a long and happy life? How does disobedience tend to unhappiness? How does obedience to parents tend to make a prosperous nation?

II. DUTIES OF PARENTS TO CHILDREN (v. 4).—How should parents treat their children? In what should they bring them up? What is the "nurture" of the Lord? The "admonition"? What is the effect upon this training of the example of parents? How is this a motive for their becoming Christians?

III. DUTIES OF THE EMPLOYED TO THEIR EMPLOYERS (vs. 5-8).—What is their first duty to them? Meaning of "masters according to the flesh." Have all a higher master? (v. 9.) What is meant here by "fear and trembling"? By "singleness of heart"? "Eye-service"? "Menpleasers"? How can we serve men for Christ's sake? How does this ennoble our daily labours? How does God reward men? Does he make any distinc-

tion on account of our outward circumstances?

IV. DUTIES OF EMPLOYERS TO THE EMPLOYED (v. 9).—What are the wrongs employers are most likely to commit? What are the duties of employers? Meaning of "do the same things unto them" (Matt. 7:12.) Read v. 9 in the Revised Version. How would the fact that both had the same master in heaven help employers to do right? Meaning of "respect of persons."

V. DANGERS, AND HELPS TO DUTY (vs. 10-13).—Wherein does the strength lie for performing these duties? To what dangers and temptations are we exposed? What are "the wiles of the devil"? Against whom and what must we contend? How great are the powers of evil represented? Why? Why is this conflict called wrestling? What defence have we? What are the parts of this armour? Can we gain the victory in any other way?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. All duties to others are mutual.
2. We must do our duty to others whether they do theirs to us or not.
3. Obedience to parents leads to obedience to the State and to God.
4. Parents may be the cause of wrong doing in children.
5. The commonest service may be made noble and glorious by noble motives.
6. The enemies opposed to us are many and powerful.
7. But our helpers are stronger and wiser than they.
8. The greatest battles are fought on the battle-field of the heart.

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

1. When and where was the Epistle to the Ephesians written? ANS. It was written by Paul in prison at Rome in A.D. 62.
2. What is the first duty of children? ANS. To obey and honour their parents.
3. What promise is given to those who do this? (Repeat v. 3.)
4. How should we do all our work? (Repeat v. 7.)
5. What is said of our enemies? (Repeat v. 12.)
6. What is our defence against them? (Repeat v. 13.)

A D. 63.] LESSON VI. [May 10.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

Phil. 2:5-16. Commit to mem. vs. 8-11.
GOLDEN TEXT.

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

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The true aim of men, to be like Christ.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Phil. 1:1-14. T. Phil. 1:15-30.
W. Phil. 2:1-13. Th. Phil. 2:14-30.
F. Matt. 20:17-28. Sa. Rom. 15:1-13.
Su. Heb. 1:1-14.

TIME.—The Epistle to the Philippians was written late in the Autumn of A.D. 62, or early in A.D. 63.

PLACE.—Written to Philippi, from Rome, the latter part of Paul's imprisonment.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—Acts 28:30, 31.

THE CHURCH AT PHILIPPI was planted by Paul and Silas in the second missionary journey, A.D. 51. (See Acts 16.)

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Philippians, who had a peculiar love for Paul, sent a contribution for his support while in prison. It was brought to Rome by Epaphroditus. When he returned Paul sent this letter by him.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—5. Let this mind—The spirit of humility, and seeking the good of others. 6. In the form of God—Christ was not only God, but had the glory and honour which belongs to God. The reality he could not change. The form, or appearance, he could lay aside. 7. Made himself of no reputation—Rather emptied himself, i.e., put aside all the form and outward glory of God. A servant of God, as good men are. 9. A name—The name, i.e., of Jehovah,—he made him first in the universe. As God he was this before. Now the man Christ Jesus is thus exalted. 10. Every knee should bow—In worship and love, or in unwilling submission to his power. Things under the earth—The dead, and perhaps demons. 12. Fear and trembling—Not cowardice, but carefulness lest we fail in so important a matter.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The church at Philippi.—The Epistle to the Philippians.—Ideals and examples.—Christ's nature.—Christ's humility.—Christ's exaltation.—Working out our salvation.—Murmurings and disputings.—The Christian in the world.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give some account of the founding of the church at Philippi. (Acts 16.) Where was the Epistle to the Philippians written? When? What was the occasion of it?

SUBJECT: IMITATION OF CHRIST.

I. THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST (v. 5).—What was one danger in the Philippian church? (Phil. 2:1-4.) By whose example would Paul teach them better things? What is it to imitate Christ? Must we imitate the things he did, or "the mind" of Christ? What is the benefit of having a high ideal.

II. HIS EXAMPLE.—IN SEEKING THE GOOD OF OTHERS (vs. 6-8).—What was Christ before he came to this earth? What is said of him in John 1:1-3? and Hebrews 1:2, 3? Meaning of "being in the form of God." What of "thought it not robbery to be equal with God?" In what way did he humble himself? How far did he carry this humiliation? What was his object in it? What "mind" or spirit did this show? In what ways may we imitate his example? What things will this lead us to avoid? (Phil. 1:15; 2:3, 4, 14.)

III. THE REWARD (vs. 9-11).—How did God reward Christ? Meaning of v. 10. Does v. 11 mean that all the people in the world shall be Christians? How does confessing that Christ is the Lord Jehovah honour God the Father? Did Christ humble himself for the sake of the reward? What did Christ say to us? (Luke 18:14.) How did he illustrate this truth? (Luke 14:7-11; 18:9-14.)

IV. THE POWER (vs. 12, 13).—What is meant by "salvation" here? What two elements of power were necessary to it? What part must they do? What is it to work out this salvation? Why with fear and trembling? Who would help them? What does God do in their salvation? Could we do anything without him?

V. THE MOTIVES (vs. 14-16).—What two things should they specially guard against? The evil of murmurings? Of disputings? What kind of a world did they live in? Would it be better to leave such a world altogether? (John 17:15.) What should they do for the world? What is the word of life? In what ways may we hold it forth?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. We need a perfect human being for our ideal and pattern.
2. The true Christian ever seeks to be like Christ.
3. By being humble and unselfish like Christ, we shall avoid the envy, jealousy, love of honour and power, which would injure the church of God.
4. God exalts those who humble themselves.
5. Salvation is to be free from sin and to be like Christ and fit to live with him forever.
6. We can work out our salvation, because God works in us; as we can raise fruits and flowers because God works in nature.
7. God has left us in a sinful world that we may make it better.

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

7. When and where was the Epistle to the Philippians written? ANS. By Paul, in prison at Rome, A.D. 62.
8. Who is our perfect pattern? ANS. Jesus Christ.
9. How did he humble himself? ANS. Being in the form of God, he was made in the likeness of men, and became obedient unto death.
10. How did God exalt him? ANS. He gave him the name above every name.
11. How may we imitate him? (Repeat v. 12, beginning with "Work out," etc., and v. 13.)
12. What two things should we do in the world? ANS. Be blameless, and hold forth the word of life.

"Bro pardon, sir—hic—but could you tell me which is the opposite side of the street?" "Why, that side, sir" (pointing across). "Mosh oblish. I was sover there just now, and asked 'nother gen'l'n which was opps' side, an' he said this was."

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