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HOME

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

[No. 5.]

VOL. IV.]

A Tiny Shoe.

THEY found him by the roadside dead,
A ragged tramp unknown;
His face upturned in mute despair,
His helpless arms out thrown,
The lark above him sang a song
Of greeting to the day,
The breeze blew fresh and sweet, and stirred
His hair in wanton play.

They found no clue to home or name,
But tied with a ribbon blue
They found a package, and it held
A baby's tiny shoe
Half worn and old, a button off,
It seemed a sacred thing;
With reverence they wrapped it close
And tied the faded string,

And laid it on the peaceful breast
That kept the secret well:
And God will know and understand
The story it will tell
Of happy times and peaceful home
That dead tramp sometimes knew,
Whose only relic left him was
The baby's tiny shoe.

Are You Responsible?

A MINISTER once induced a brother minister to accompany him on a visit to a family in the deepest distress. The sight which presented itself as the two friends crossed the threshold was sad indeed. In a room destitute of all the comforts that make an attractive home was a woman. She was young in years, but on her face the traces of want and suffering and care were plainly visible. A babe was wailing feebly on the bed beside the mother, but her ears were closed to its cries. A third person was present—the husband and father: but he seemed deaf to the voice of his child, as well as unable to comprehend the fact that his wife was even then passing away from earth. He was a man, tall and well-formed, with a finely shaped head and large, full eye. He arose and staggered toward the two gentlemen as they entered, and muttered something meant to be a welcome and an apology for the condition in which they found his home. As his eyes met the gentleman who had been won to accompany his friend, the two stood for a moment as if spell-bound. The clergyman was the first to speak.

"Bond, can it be possible that you have come to this?"

The man thus addressed turned away his face a moment from the sad, reproachful gaze bent upon him by the clergyman, and in that moment he seemed to rally his scattered senses: then he turned fiercely upon his questioner:

"You see me in a ruined home, and drink has brought me here. I have killed her," he added, pointing to his wife, "and you, sir, are responsible!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the clergyman in amazement.

"I once attended your church," continued the man.

"I know," answered the clergyman; "but as I have not seen you since your marriage, I concluded that you had left the city."

"You married me," he continued. "At my wedding the wine cup was

Seal-Fishing Off Newfoundland.

THERE is always great excitement connected with the seal fisheries. The perils and hardships to be encountered, the skill and courage required in battling with the ice-giants, and the possible rich prizes to be won, throw a romantic interest around this adventure. Not the seal-hunters alone, but the whole population, from the richest

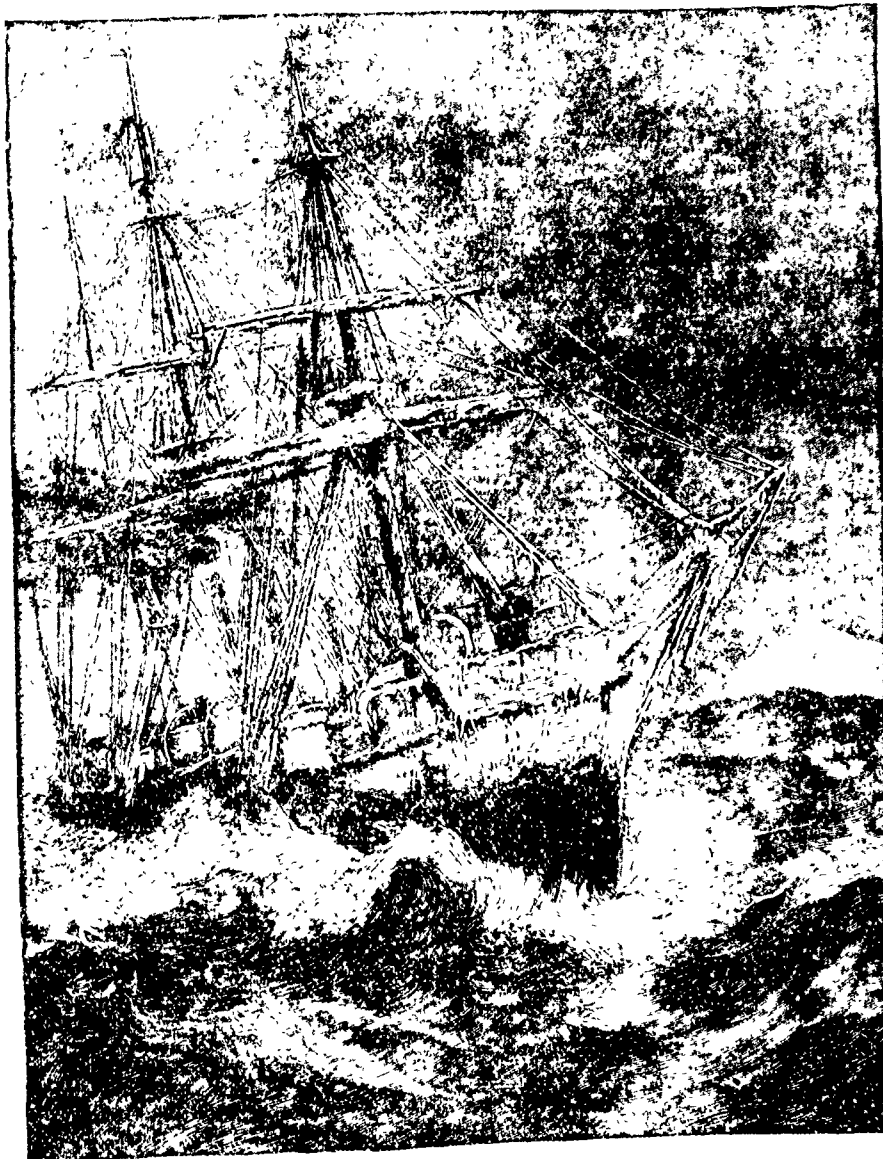
worth two and a half or three dollars. The successful hunters are welcomed with thundering cheers, like returning conquerors, and are the heroes of the hour. No wonder the young Newfoundlanders pants for the day when he will get "a berth for the ice," and a share in the wild joys and excitement of the hunt.

According to law, no sailing vessel can be cleared for the ice before the 1st of March, and no steamer before the 10th of March; a start in advance of ten days being thus accorded to the vessels which depend on wind alone.

As the time for starting approaches, the streets and wharves of the capital assume an appearance of bustle which contrasts pleasantly with the previous stagnation. The steamers and sailing vessels begin to take in stores and complete their repairs. Rough berths are fitted up for the sealers; bags of biscuit, barrels of pork, and other necessaries are stowed away; water, fuel, and ballast are taken on board; the sheathing of the ships, which has to stand the grinding of the heavy Arctic ice, is carefully inspected. A crowd of eager applicants surrounds the shipping offices, powerful-looking men in rough jackets and long boots, splashing tobacco-juice over the white snow in all directions, and shouldering one another in their anxiety to get booked. The great object is to secure a place on board one of the steamers, the chances of success being considered much better than on board the sailing vessels. The masters of the steamers are thus able to make up their crews with picked men. Each steamer has on board from one hundred and fifty to three hundred men, and it would be difficult to find a more stalwart lot of fellows in the royal navy itself.

The steamers have an immense advantage over the sailing vessels. They can cleave their way through the heavy ice-packs against the wind: they can double and beat about in search of the "seal-patches;" and when the prey is found they can hold on to the ice-fields, while sailing vessels are liable to be driven off by a change of wind, and if beset with ice are often powerless to escape. It is not to be wondered at that steamers are rapidly superseding sailing vessels in the seal-fishery. They can make two and even three trips to the ice-field during the season, and thus leave behind the antiquated sealer dependent on the winds.

Before the introduction of steamers



SEAL HUNTER IN SNOW STORM.

passed. I had never tasted the accursed cup, but that night, seeing you, my pastor, take a glass, I felt that I could not be wrong to follow your example—that it could do no harm to take just one glass on my wedding night. But that glass has proved my ruin, for it awakened an appetite for the intoxicating cup, and now I am its slave; and you, I repeat, are responsible."—Selected.

to the poorest, take a deep interest in the fortunes of the hunt. It is like an army going out to do battle for those who remain at home. In this case the enemies to be encountered are the icebergs, the tempest, and the blinding snowstorm. A steamer will sometimes go out and return in two or three weeks, laden to the gunwale, occasionally bringing home as many as thirty or forty thousand seals, each

one hundred and twenty sailing vessels, of from forty to two hundred tons, used to leave the port of St. John's alone for the seal-fishery. Now they are reduced to some half-dozen, but from the more distant "outposts" numbers of small sailing vessels still engage in this special industry.

The young seals are all born on the ice from the 10th to the 25th of February, and as they grow rapidly, and yield a much finer oil than the old ones, the object of the hunters is to reach them in their babyhood, while yet fed by their mother's milk, and while they are powerless to escape. So quickly do they increase in bulk that by the 28th of March they are in perfect condition. By the 1st of April they begin to take to the water, and can no longer be captured in the ordinary way. The great Arctic current, fed by streams from the seas east of Greenland and from Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, bears on its bosom hundreds of square miles of floating ice, which are carried past the shores of Newfoundland to find their destiny in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. Somewhere amid these floating masses the seals have brought forth their young, which remain on the ice during the first period of their growth for five or six weeks. The great aim of the hunters is to get among the herds of "white-coats," as the young harp seals are called, during this period. For this purpose they go forth at the appointed time, steering northward till they come in sight of those terrible icy wildernesses which, agitated by the swell of the Atlantic, threaten destruction of all rash invaders. These hardy seal-hunters, however, who are accustomed to battle with the flocs, are quite at home among the bergs and crushing ice-masses; and where other mariners would shrink away in terror, they fearlessly dash into the ice wherever an opening presents itself, in search of their prey.

In the ice-fields the surface of the ocean is covered with a glittering expanse of ice dotted with towering bergs of every shape and size, having gleaming turrets, domes, and spires. The surface of the ice-field is rugged and broken, rushing frequently into steep hillocks and ridges. The scene in which "The Ancient Mariner" found himself is fully realized:—

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound."

When a storm arises amid these icy solitudes the scene is grand and awful beyond all powers of description.

Considering all the perils, it is surprising how few fatal disasters occur. During the seal hunt of 1872 one hundred men perished, fifty of these having gone down in a single vessel called the *Huntsman*, on the coast of Labrador. In the same year, two steamers, the *Bloodhound* and *Retriever*, were crushed by the ice and sank, but their crews, numbering nearly four hundred men, managed to reach Battle Harbour, in Labrador, over the ice, after enduring great hardships.

Happily these terrible storms are not frequent. For the most part the sea is at rest, and then the ice-fields present a strange beauty of their own, which has a wonderful fascination. When the sun is shining brightly it is too dazzling, and its monotony is wearisome. The moon, the stars, and the flickering Aurora are needed to reveal all its beauty.

We shall now look into the equipment of a sealing steamer, and then in imagination accompany her to the ice-fields, in order to form some idea of the hunt.

In the last week of February the roads leading from the various outposts of St. John's begin to be enlivened by the appearance of the sealers, or, as they are called in the vernacular, "silers," their enterprise being designated "swile huntin'." Each of them carries a bundle of spare clothing over his shoulder, swinging at the extremity of a pole six or seven feet in length, which is called a "gaff" and which serves as a bat or club to strike the seal on the nose, where it is most vulnerable. The same weapon serves as an ice-pole in leaping from "pan" to "pan," and is also used for dragging the skin and fat of the seal over the fields and hummocks of ice to the side of the vessel. To answer these various purposes the "gaff" is armed with an iron hook at one end and bound with iron. Some of the men, in addition, carry a long sealing-gun on their shoulders. These are the "bow" or "after gunners," who are marksmen to shoot old seals or others that cannot be reached by the "gaff." The outfit of the sealers is of the simplest description. Sealskin boots reaching to the knee, having a thick leather sole well nailed, to enable them to walk over the ice, protect the feet; coarse canvas jackets, often showing the industry of a wife or mother in the number of patches which adorn them, are worn over warm woollen shirts and other inner clothing; sealskin caps and tweed or moleskin trousers, with thick woollen mits, complete the costume, which is more picturesque than handsome.

In the fore-castle, or other parts of each ship, rough berths are constructed. The sealers have to furnish themselves with a straw mattress and blanketing. The men are packed like herrings in a barrel, and as a rule they never undress during the voyage. In the rare event of putting on a clean shirt, it goes over its predecessor, without removing the latter—a method which saves time and trouble, and is, besides, conducive to warmth. The owner of the vessel supplies the provisions. In sailing vessels half the proceeds of the voyage are divided as wages among the men, but in steamers only a third is thus distributed. The captain gets a certain number of cents per seal.

The food of the men is none of the daintiest, and no one who is at all squeamish about what he "eats, drinks, and avoids" need attempt to go "swile huntin'." The diet consists of biscuit, pork, butter, and tea, sweetened with molasses. On three days of the week dinner consists of pork and "duff," the latter item consisting of flour and water, with a little fatty substance intermixed "to lighten it." When boiled it is almost as hard as a cannon ball. On the other four days of the week all the meals consist of tea, sweetened with molasses, and biscuit. Such is the rough fare on which these

hardy fellows go through their trying and laborious work. When, however, they fall in with seals, their diet is improved. They cook the heart, liver, flippers, and other parts, and feast on them *ad libitum*, and generally come ashore in excellent condition, though the odour that attends them does not suggest the "spicy breezes which blow soft from Ceylon's Isle." The use of fresh seal meat is highly conducive to health, and the best preventive of scurvy. Very little sickness occurs among the men while leading this rough life. They are often out for eight or ten weeks without seeing land, and enduring the hardest toils. When seals are taken in large quantities, the hold of the vessel is first filled, and then the men willingly surrender their berths, which are packed full of "white-coats." In fact, every nook and corner is crammed with the precious fat; and the sealers sleep where they can—in barrels on deck, on a layer of seals, or in the coal bunks. It is marvellous to see men, after eight or ten weeks of such life, leap ashore hearty and vigorous. Their outer garments are polished with seal fat, and it is advisable to keep to windward of them till they have procured a change of clothing.

The experiences of a sealing voyage are various, being influenced by the over-shifting condition of the ice and the direction of the winds. The grand aim of the sealers is to reach that portion of the ice which is the "whelping-grounds" of the seals, while yet the young are in their plump oleaginous babyhood. The position of this icy cradle is utterly uncertain, being dependent on the movements of the ice and the force of the winds and waves. It has to be sought for amid vast ice-fields. At times, in endeavouring to push her way through, the vessel is caught in the heavy ice, and then the ice-saws are called into requisition to cut an opening to the nearest "lead" of clear water, that she may work her way north. But the heavy Arctic ice may close in under the pressure of a nor-easter, and then no amount of steam-power can drive her through. Howling night closes in; bergs and flocs are crashing all around, and momentarily threatening her with destruction; the wind roars through the shrouds, driving on its wings the arrowy sleet and snow, sharp as needles, which only men of iron can stand. Thus, locked in the embrace of the floe, the luckless vessel is drifted helplessly hundreds of miles, till a favourable wind loosens the icy prison walls. It is no uncommon occurrence for a hundred vessels to be thus beset by heavy ice, through which no passage can be forced. Some are "nipped," some crushed to atoms, and the men have to escape for their lives over the ice. Others are carried into the great northern bays, or borne in the heavy "pack" up and down on the ocean for weeks, returning to port "clean"—that is, without a single seal. There are seasons when the boldest and most skilful captains fail. At other times, by a turn of good fortune, a vessel "strikes the seals" a day or two after leaving port, and finds herself in the middle of a "seal patch" sufficient to load the *Great Eastern*. The whole ice for miles around is covered thick with the young "white coats," and in a fortnight from the time of the departure, she returns to port loaded to the gunwale, her very decks being piled with the skins and fat of seals.

When approaching such an El Dorado as this, the excitement on board may be imagined as the welcome whimpering of the young harp seals is heard. Their cry has a remarkable resemblance to the sobbing or whining of an infant in pain, which is redoubled as the destroyers approach. Young hunters, who now apply their gaffs for the first time, are often almost overcome by their baby lamentations. Compassion, however, is soon gulped down. The vessel is "hid to," the men eagerly bound on the ice, and the work of destruction begins. A blow on the nose from the gaff stuns or kills the young seal. Instantly the sculpting-knife is at work, the skin with the fat adhering is detached with amazing rapidity from the carcass, which is left on the ice, while the fat and skin alone are carried off. This process is called "sculping"—a corruption, no doubt, of scalping. The skin or pelt is generally about three feet long and two and a half feet wide, and weighs from thirty-five to fifty pounds. Five or six pelts are reckoned a heavy load to drag over rough or broken ice sometimes for one or two miles. If the ice is loose and open the hunter has to leap from pan to pan.

Fancy two or three hundred men on a field of ice carrying on this work. Then what a picture the vessel presents as the pelts are being piled on deck to cool previous to stowage below! One after another the hunters arrive with their loads, and snatch a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea and eat a piece of biscuit and butter. The poor mother seals, now cubless, are seen popping their heads up in the small lakes of water and holes among the ice, anxiously looking for their young.

So soon as the sailing vessel reaches port with her fat cargo, the skimmers go to work and separate skin and fat. The former are at once salted and stored for export to England, to be converted into boots and shoes, harness, portmanteaus, etc. The old method of manufacturing the fat was to throw it into huge wooden vats, in which the pressure of its own weight and the heat of the sun extracted the oil, which was drawn off and barrelled for exportation. This was a tedious process. Latterly steam has been employed to quicken the extraction of the oil. By means of steam-driven machinery, the fat is now rapidly cut up by revolving knives into minute pieces, then ground finer in a sort of gigantic sausage-machine; afterwards steamed in a tank, which rapidly extracts the oil; and finally, before being barrelled, it is exposed for a time in glass-covered tanks to the action of the sun's rays. By this process the work of manufacturing, which formerly occupied two months, is completed in two weeks. Not only so, but by the steam process the disagreeable smell of the oil is removed, the quality improved, and the quantity increased.

The refuse is sold to the farmers, who mix it with bog and earth, which converts it into a highly fertilizing compost. The average value of a tun of seal-oil is about a hundred and forty dollars. The skin of a young harp seal is worth from ninety to one hundred cents. The greater part of the oil is sent to Britain, where it is largely used in lighthouses and mines, and for lubricating machinery. It is also used in the manufacture of the finer kinds of soap.

The harp seal—*par excellence* the

seal of commerce—is so called from having a broad curved line of connected spots proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp. The old harp seals alone have this figuring, and not till their second year.

The hood seal is much larger than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates this hood so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures when his sensitive nose is thus protected, even with a sealing-gun, so long as his head or his tail is toward you; and the only way is by shooting him on the side of the head, and a little behind it, so as to strike him in the neck or the base of the skull.

Seals are very intelligent, and may be domesticated, as in the example on page 4.

At a time when all other northern countries are idle and locked in icy fetters, here is an industry that can be plied by the fishermen of Newfoundland, and by which in a couple of months a million (and at times a million and a half) of dollars are won. It is over early in May, so that it does not interfere with the summer cod-fishery nor with the cultivation of the soil. This, of course, greatly enhances its value.

The seal-fishery, writes the Rev. Mr. Percival, furnishes us with not a few illustrations of that firm adhesion to Christian principle which it is impossible for even the worldly to gaze upon without rapt admiration. Many of these stalwart and grim-looking "swilers" have in our churches sat at the blessed feet of the "Master," and learnt lessons from Him. These Christian principles are often severely tested. For instance, I knew of a case when a Christian captain was out at the ice after seals. On a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning he struck one of these El Dorados; hundreds of thousands of seals surrounded his ship. Other crews about him were busily engaged in taking them, and his men were impatient also to begin the work of death. Before the close of the day he might have loaded his ship with some \$60,000 worth of seals, but he was firm to his Christian principles, and not one seal was taken by him or any of his crew on the Sabbath-day. During the following night a strong breeze sprang up, and when Monday morning dawned there was not a seal to be seen anywhere. That same captain returned to port with eighty seals, and yet, the brave man said, "I would do the same thing again next year, sir!" Such illustrations of moral heroism the ice-fields oft present, and every case of them is a sermon of greater eloquence and power than ever came from the lips of John the golden-mouthed.

The New Hampshire Legislature, which two years ago passed an Act providing for instruction in the schools on the effects of alcohol and narcotics, has at its present session, now just closing, passed a law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes or tobacco in any form to persons under sixteen years of age, imposing a fine of \$20 for each violation.

The Dead Fireman.

In the grey of dawn, with rattle and roar,
And the curve the express train tore,
Thro' the gloom of the gale its headlight
burned,

Till the evening shade of the station turned
To a mass of timber, looming black,
As it broke the line of the glistening track.
Only a moment of doubt and fear
"Cling for your life," cried the engineer
To the fireman true, as he sprang to take
The lever which governed the safety brake,
One grasp for safety, a grip for life:
One longing thought of his home and wife,
Then with crash and stagger the engine sped
From the cumbered track to the bank ahead,
Furrowed its course through the frozen
ground
And plunged from the brink with a fatal
bound.

Under the wreck that the engine made
The shattered form of a hero laid.
'Twas Fireman Blake; a higher power
Saved the engineer in that fatal hour.
While the shadow of death above them
threw,
Darkened and fell on his friend alone,
Only a word from his white lips fell,
As they raised him up; 'twas not to tell
Of his own distress; no wish to state,
Only to know of his comrade's fate,
"Phillips is saved," and a faint again
Shielded the mind from the body's pain,
To rouse once more ere the death damp came
And call for the wife that bore his name.
Then the shadow passed—with the dawning
day
The fireman's soul had the "right of way."

The age of heroes is never past,
Who cling to their duty until the last,
Their blackened hands hold the safety brake
While they gave their lives for others' sake.
With no thought of self their last of life
Is an anxious care for friend and wife.
Oh, wife who wailest above the dead!
Oh, weeping mother with bended head!
Oh, engineer to that comrade true:
Who took the plunge of death with you!
In the loved and dead before you laid,
Was the stuff of which heroes' souls are
made.

No leader leaving a titled name,
On statued marble that tells his fame,
Met a nobler death with his victor host
Than Fireman Blake, who stayed at his post.

The Trail of the Serpent.

"CAN a mother forget, etc.?" Yes!
The infernal drink can rob a mother of
even the most deeply-rooted instincts
of her nature, until she exhibits a
heartlessness and cruelty such as are
never found among the savage brutes
that live by carnage and prey. In
another column will be found a fearful
tale of the sufferings brought by a
drunken woman upon a helpless babe.
Think of the blue-eyed baby-boy, only
fifteen months old, with fractured limbs,
crushed face, and body covered with
torturing sores, even marked with the
evidences of cruel blows, lying un-
tended, almost too weak to moan, while
those who should feed and cherish him
spend time and money on DRINK.
Turn from the heart-breaking picture
and read how from the brewery, owned
largely by Toronto's late mayor, comes
the liquor to be distributed among the
men on our public works, and then
turn to our police court records and
read how our magistrate investigates
twenty-six cases of drunkenness in an
single day. See our rich men growing
richer and prouder and fatter, and our
poor men and poor women and poor
children growing sicker and sadder and
weaker, while those who ought to lend
them a helping hand are luxuriating in
the affluence that has been purchased
by the tears and sorrows and blood and
lives of guiltless but drink-cursed wives
and little ones.

Truly the "trail of the serpent" is
in our midst, and in Toronto, and all
over our land "the strings hang loose."
God grant that the recent victory that
our city has won over selfishness and
rum may be the inauguration of an era

of decay, that will ultimate in death,
for the awful disgrace and crime that
has long been our country's greatest
curse.—*Canada Citizen.*

Mother's Work.

At evening four
Little forms in white;
Prayers; ill said,
And the last good-night,
Tucking them safe
In each downy bed,
Silently asking
O'er each head,
That the dear Father
In heaven will keep
Safe all my darlings,
Awake or asleep.

Then I think the old adage true ever will
prove,

"It is easy to labor for those that we love."

Ah me! dear me! I often say,
As I hang the tumble clothes away;
And the tear drops start
While my hardened heart
Aches for the mother across the way.

Where, oh where are
Her nestlings flown?
All, all are gone,
Save one alone!
Folded their garments
With tenderest care,
Unpressed the pillow
And vacant the chair,
No ribbons to tie,
No face to wash,
No hair all awry;
No merry voices
To hush into rest;
God save them,
He took them,
And He knoweth best;

But ah! the heart anguish! the tears that
fall!

This mother's work is the hardest of all!

Temperance Notes.

THE citizens of Toronto were asked
to say at the polls whether liquor should
rule the city, and they answered with
a most emphatic "no." The liquor
dealers made common cause with the
worst elements of the city, and the
people rose in their might and buried
the combination under a majority of
nearly two thousand. Mr. Macdonnell
and Mr. Milligan could scarcely get a
hearing at a meeting called to discuss
the license question. The traffic would
be satisfied with nothing less than the
crushing of Mr. Howland. He was
not crushed to any great extent. The
abuse heaped upon ministers and others
over all this Province by two or three
paid agents of the traffic did more to
carry the Scott Act in many counties
than almost any agency we know of.
The conduct of some of the liquor men
in this city did quite as much to elect
Mr. Howland as his committees. All
we need to ripen public opinion for
prohibition is to give a certain class of
liquor dealers a chance to display
themselves.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

THE Church of to-day, much more
the Church of the future, must take
to its heart the duty of combining
and massing its forces against that
gigantic atrocity of Christian civiliza-
tion that mothers nine-tenths of the
woes and sorrows that blight and curse
our modern age, the traffic in intoxicants
which hides its deformity under forms
of law. Are we reduced to the shame
of admitting that a civilization that
has grown up around our altars is
impotent to cure the evil? How can
we go to the heathen with this cancer
of worse than heathen infamy festering
in our own bosom? Our Church from
the first has borne testimony against it,
but we must renew our protest with
louder and more solemn emphasis until
our land is rescued. If ever the pulpit
had the right, the duty to flame with
unsparing rebuke, it is here. If ever

was a cause which deserves to
unite philanthropy and patriotism with
piety in restless endeavor, it is this.—
Bishop Foster, of M. E. Church, 1884.

EVERY day's experience tends more
and more to confirm me in the opinion
that the temperance cause lies at the
foundation of all social and political
reform.—*Richard Cobden.*

EVERY benevolent institution utters
the same complaint. A monster ob-
stacle is in our way. Strong drink—
by whatever name the demon is styled,
in whatever way it presents itself—
this prevents our success. Remove
this one obstacle, and our cause will be
onward, and our labours will be blessed.
—*John Bright.*

WHO hath woe? who hath sorrow?
who hath contentions? who hath bab-
bling? who hath wounds without cause
who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine:
they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when
it is red, when it giveth his colour in
the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent,
and stingeth like an adder.—*Bible.*

WHAT makes these slums (of London)
so horrible? I answer with certainty,
and with the confidence of one who
knows—drink! . . . I tell the nation
with conviction founded on experience
that there will be no remedy until you
save these outcasts from the temptation
of drink. Leave the drink and you
might build them palaces in vain.
Leave the drink, and before the year is
over your palaces would be reeking
with dirt and squalor, with infamy and
crime.—*Canon Farrar.*

Whiskey Changed the Picture.

THE other day we noticed him as he
came across the bridge, with his wagon
full of cotton, and chickens, and eggs.
He found a ready market for his pro-
duce, and we thought how happy his
little ones would be when he returned
home in the evening with toys, and
dresses, and shoes, and food for the
morrow, and some clear money in his
purse. We thought we could see his
wife standing in the doorway to give
him a cordial greeting on his return,
so desirous were we that he should
make one contented and happy. We
could almost see his cheerful face as he
returned to his family after a day's
absence. So we thought and returned
to our work. . . . But eventide
came, and he passed by our window
again. He had nothing that we
thought he would have had. The
bed of his wagon was bare. No
little shoes, nor toys, nor dresses, nor
food for the morrow, nor money in
his purse, we dare say. The poor
man was drunk. He had changed,
or whiskey had changed him. This
changed our thoughts of his home.
We could see the children shrinking
from his approach, and the wife so
careworn and sorrowful. She could
not meet him with the pleasant smile
with which she had hoped to greet
him. He was breaking his wife's
heart and preparing to make paupers
of his children.—*Alabama Baptist.*

It is all very well to have noble
theories about God, but where is the
good of them except we actually trust
in Him as a real, present, living, loving
Being, who counts us of more value
than many sparrows, and will not let
one of them fall on the ground without
Him.—*The Vicar's Daughter.*

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Rev. W. H. WTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

\$250,000 FOR MISSIONS For the Year 1886.

Throw Down Your Gold! He Passes By!

BY ALFRED J. HOGGH.

THROW down your gold! throw down your gold!

The Heavenly Shepherd seeks a way To bring His millions to the fold That wander shepherdless, astray. He saw them from His rest above, His heart was moved to hear their cry; He seeks them with a pitying love, Throw down your gold! He passes by!

His precious blood that washes white, Forth from His broken body streamed, Through Calvary's dark, mysterious night, That all the world might be redeemed; For this He rose from death again, Ascended to His throne on high, Receiving gifts from dying men— Throw down your gold! He passes by!

Our pleasures of His pains were born, Our joys from out His sorrows sprung; Because of spear and nail and thorn Our song of endless life are sung. He asks us for our gold to-day, Who shall His righteous claim deny! Let grateful hearts their tribute pay— Throw down your gold! He passes by!

The rolling years have reached the bound By bards and prophets sung and told, When Christ, the Saviour, throned and crowned, Should rule the world! throw down your gold!

His standard to the breeze is thrown, His heralds through the nations fly— The King goes forth to take His own! Throw down your gold! He passes by!

How to Meet the Missionary Deficiency.

A MINISTER in Montreal writes thus: When the missionary boxes for 1885 were distributed to the infant class in my school, one little girl went home to her father at once for a contribution. This is the substance of his reply: "I have used tobacco for over thirty-two years; as a Christian I cannot justify myself in continuing this wasteful, filthy, injurious habit. I will give up its use and put my average daily ex-

penditure into the missionary box." Faithfully this was done up to the date of opening the boxes, when I found therein \$35 for the Mission Fund. Only ten cents per day (a low average for cigar smokers). Yet in the 350 days behold the result.

This brother's present testimony is: "I am much better off without the tobacco, and would not return to the habit on any consideration. My conscience is at rest on this point, and I no longer set a bad example to the growing boys. The cause of Christ is helped to the extent of \$35, and I am not a cent the poorer." I am away below the actual number when I write that there are in the Methodist Church to-day 5,000 God-fearing men, active members, many of them official members, who greatly desire the Church's prosperity, who are wondering what can be done to help our poor missionaries, and yet spend on tobacco from \$15 to \$40 every year. Cannot these brethren be persuaded by the calls of perishing men and the love and self-denial of their Saviour to give up this habit, say for one year, and put the amount thus saved into the treasury of the Lord? Look at it—5,000 men saving, for Christ's sake, \$25 per year on an average—\$125,000 in one year, and everybody the better for the self-denial. This might be multiplied four-fold by regular church-goers, without exhausting the panel in the Methodist Church. Who will follow the good example set from

MONTREAL EAST!

Only One Life.

REMEMBER, dear young reader, that though you may have many years given you, you are in possession of only one life. Days and years are the threads that are woven in the web of life, and an ill-spent hour or day or year in our youth makes an ugly flaw in that web. Life's web, as it is woven, passes into eternity, beyond your reach to alter it.

David's son, the wise King Solomon, got one golden opportunity, and he knew its value, and seized it. In a dream by night, the Lord appeared to him, and said, "Ask what I shall give thee," and Solomon at once made choice of a "wise and understanding heart." This so pleased the Lord that He not only granted the king's request, and that too in the fullest measure, but gave in addition riches and honour, above all other kings, all his days. Had Solomon chosen some foolish thing, or had he preferred something of little value, what a loser he had been!

Do not forget that this One Life which we enjoy is a precious time of choice and that youth is the golden season of it. Each swiftly flying year warns us that the opportunity is passing. Be wise in seizing it, and so spending it as to receive at the close of life the Master's welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

THE only source of help is in God.



SEAL SITTING ON A CHAIR.

THROUGH the kindness of the Hon. James Ferrier, who has for so long a time been the honoured superintendent of the St. James' Street Sunday-school, we are in receipt of the statistics of the Methodist Sunday-schools of Montreal for the year 1885, from which we glean the following: Total number of officers and teachers, 350; total number of scholars, 8,051; conversions, 86; meeting in class, 399; volumes in library, 6,587. Expenses during the year, \$1 575 53, and missionary money raised, \$4,154.80, of which sum the St. James Street School raised \$1,745.4, and the Dominion Square School \$1,153.71. These figures give Montreal the first place among the districts, and St. James and Dominion Square the first and second places among the circuits of the denomination in the amount contributed to missions.

THE second great federation has been formed within the British Empire. Under the terms of the Australian Federation Act—the British North America Act of the antipodes—the Australasian colonies of Victoria, Western Australia, Tasmania, Fiji and Queensland have agreed to unite. The confederation will embrace an area about as large as that of the United States, with a population of 9,500,000, and with natural resources sufficient for the building up of a great nation. The growth of this distant New England is indicated by the fact that there are now in these various provinces

4,312 miles of railroads, and about 18,000 miles of telegraph lines. The annual exports in wheat, flour, gold, and other commodities exceed \$140,000,000. It is evident that a new nation is to grow up under the Southern Cross, which in the not distant future may take its place among the great industrial forces of the world.

Just Three Things.

"I ONCE met a thoughtful scholar," said Bishop Whipple, "who told me that for years he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things:

"First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone-blind.

"Secondly, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream.

"Thirdly, I have three motherless daughters (and he said it with tears in his eyes). They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out all the teachings of the Gospel."



SEALERS AT WORK.

The Tapestry-Weavers.

LET us take to our hearts a lesson—no bravest lesson can be,
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on
the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they
study it with care—
The while their fingers dantly move, their
eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the
patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but
works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the
web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his
marvellous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it
pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever
done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire,
and giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is,
no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let
down from the place of the sun.
Wherein we are weaving ever, till the
mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each
for himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks, we
can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no
weaver hath need to fear,
Only let him look clear into heaven—the
Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever
and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his
weaving is sure to be right.

And when the work is ended, and the web
is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master, it
shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to
bear him thence, shall come down;
And God shall give him gold for his hire—
not coin, but a glowing crown!

A FAMOUS stone formerly stood in
front of the chief heathen temple at
Bau, in the Fiji Islands, against which
in the days of paganism the heads of
innumerable victims of the cannibal
orgies were dashed. For thirty years
no human blood has stained it. It has
now been taken into the great church
at Bau and transformed into a bap-
tismal font.

"I Love to P'int Him Out."

A GENTLEMAN, while travelling, came
to a river, which he must needs cross
before he could reach his destination.
Joe Brown, a coloured boatman, was
accustomed to ferry passengers over
the river; and the boat being ready,
the young man seated himself in the
bow. Joe stepped into his place, and,
taking up his oars, the two glided
swiftly along. There were sloops going
up and down the river, as they did
every day when the winds would carry
them on their way. Suddenly, Joe
drew in his oars, and springing to his
feet pulled off his ragged old straw hat,
and, with his hand, shaded his eyes,
while he strained his sight to some
object on a sloop in the distance.

"As I'm a libing man," he exclaimed,
"dat am de captin!"

The young man started out of his
musing, followed the eyes of Joe, but
could distinguish nothing but the forms
of three or four men on a sloop in the
distance.

"See him, mister?" exclaimed Joe.
"Don't yer see that strong, kind look-
ing man agin the mast?" urged Joe.

"Perhaps I shall see him when the
vessel gets nearer."

"I wish yer could see the captin,"
said Joe, in a tone which seemed to
imply he might if he would but look.
"Who is the captin?" he asked.

"De captin!" said Joe, turning
upon him a look of surprise, as if he
should have known. "He am de man
dat sated me." But quickly turning
his eyes again to the sloop, he said:
"I can't miss seeing him while he am
in sight." And he gazed with intense
earnestness.

The sloop did not come very near,
and passed by with no apparent signal
to Joe, who stood as steady as a mast
in a ship, with his hat in his hand, and
his eyes still shaded. As the sloop
sailed on, the figures of the men became
hidden, and Joe sat down again to his
oars. "I tole you, sar," said he, "dat
he am de man dat sated me."

"How did he save you, Joe?"
"He strip off his coat, and jumped
into de ribber, and catch hole of dis
chille wid his strong arm, just as he
was sinking into de great depths, wid

de ropes around his feet. Dat's de
way he sated me," said Joe, growing
eloquent with emotion.

"You have not forgotten to be
grateful, I see."

"Grateful! Joe Brown would breave
every breff he draw fur him ef he
could. I tole him I would work de
rest of my days widout no pay. It
would be enough and more; and I pay
him just to be allowed to sarve him.
But," he added, rather sadly, "so I
stay as close by him as I kon. He
runs by here once a month. I watches
fur him allers, and 'I love to p'int him
out.' It's all dis poor nigger can do."

The traveller, who was a Christian,
was deeply moved by the earnestness
of the poor negro, and at the depth
and tenderness of his gratitude.

In a moment there flashed across
him a humiliating sense of his own
ingratitude towards One whose strong
arm had snatched him from the jaws
of an eternal death. Why should he
ever forget the high privilege of point-
ing out Him, whose name is "above
every name"—the man Christ Jesus?

Has not this little incident a voice
for us too? What power there would
be, if every soul which has put its
trust in Jesus, and can say: "He loved
me," and gave Himself for me," were
to make it the joy and glory of life to
point Him out? Might we not hope
that thus the world would soon be
brought to His feet?

Steering by Mother's Light.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

HE put his hands to his mouth as if
he had placed a speaking-trumpet there,
and then shouted through them,
"Hul-lo! Hul-lo-o-o!"

There was no answer save that of
the heavy swash of the sea at his feet.
Neither was there anything to be seen,
only a vast thick curtain of gray mist
falling everywhere over the sea.

He made another speaking-trumpet
with his hands and shouted again, but
there was no response. Neither did
the fog break before his piercing cry.
Sullen and gray, it hung down over
the sea.

"I don't see," said Pierre, "where

the fishing-boats are. And, of course,
it don't do any good to call, but then,
when one don't know what to do, why
—why he will try anything. Guess
I will go into the house and see
mother."

He walked up the hard sandy beach,
climbed the hummocks in the rear, and
then dropped down into a cozy valley
that several aged willows overshadowed.
Under one of these trees was Pierre's
home.

"Any word from the boats?" asked
a musical voice.

"That is mother," thought Pierre.
She was stooping over the fire of
driftwood that she had begun to make
on the broad and blackened hearth.

"Any news from the boats?" she
asked again. "It is time for the
fishermen to be at home."

"Nothing," he said.

"Three boats went out, Pierre—I
saw them go—your father's, your
uncle Louis', and your uncle Pierre's."

Yes, three boats had gone to the
fishing-grounds just off a rough, rocky
point—three boats rocking on the rest-
less, surging sea.

"Four of the neighbours went with
your uncle Louis'."

"I know it, mother. All men in
that boat."

"And Cosette went in your father's."
"Yes, and she is as good as a man
in a boat."

"Good as a man!" Cosette, Pierre's
big sister, could manage a boat better
than some men.

Besides Cosette, two others of the
family were in that boat—Clem and
Victor, Pierre's big brother, strong and
muscular.

"I saw the boats off the point,
mother, two hours ago, and I could see
Cosette standing in the stern of father's
boat. Uncle Pierre's was farther out,
its sail set, and the boat was skipping
away."

"God keep them!" murmured the
mother. "I don't like to have them
late when the sea is rough. God keep
them!"

"I will go out and see how things
look now."

He soon came back, and reported
that the fog seemed to be scattering
and the wind rising.

"Could you hear the waves off the
Big Rock?"

"Yes, I could hear them."

The mother sighed again and again.
The waves off "Big Rock" meant the
surf around a lofty shore-ledge at high
tide; and when a storm was approach-
ing, the agitation of the sea about this
ledge was very violent and noisy. She
went to the door, listened, and then
slowly climbed the worn stairway lead-
ing to her little chamber under the
roof.

"I think I will go upstairs," she
murmured.

"It won't do any good, mother,"
cried Pierre, who knew what she pur-
posed to do.

"I wish you only thought it would,
Pierre."

She lighted a lamp, set it in the
narrow window, and then bowed her
head in prayer. It was her habit on
stormy nights and Pierre had carelessly
joked about it, and yet it was only talk
on the surface. The terrible wrath of
the sea awed him; and if his pride
had not prevented, he would have
declared his purpose to look to that
God who holds wind and wave in His
grasp.

While a mother at home was praying

by the lighted lamp souls at sea were watching it. The three boats had been bewildered in the fog. Two of them had stumbled on a little island, in one of whose coves they sought shelter for the night. The boat belonging to Pierre's father had not been so fortunate. When the wind rose and the fog scattered Cosette's keen eyes were turned in every direction, searching for some ray from a guiding light.

"Oh, there! See!" she cried, pointing toward a dim flash of gold off on the water's edge.

"Make for that," replied her father.

The bow of the boat was pointed toward that golden spark. Slowly but steadily they advanced through the rough waters, and the boat was beached in a little sheltered nook not far from the home under the willows.

"Here we are!" shouted Victor, at the door of the house.

"Oh, thank God!" cried the mother, coming down the stairway, her lamp in her hand. "Oh, how did you get here?"

"We steered by 'mother's light,'" said Cosette. "We saw it in the window, though we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah!" thought Pierre; "it is time I were steering by mother's light." When he lay down that night, he first knelt and asked God to guide him over life's rough sea.

The months went rapidly by. The cold, hard blasts of the winter drove across the sea, and like ploughs they turned up the dark waters. Then came spring, with its softer airs, and the longer days kindled in the sky that longer light in which the sea rolled and flashed like a vast crystal. Spring, though, did not soften the cough that had attacked Pierre and with which he vainly wrestled.

"He can't live long," said the old doctor of the family; "he may go any day."

One stormy night the boy lay dying; father, mother, Cosette, Victor, Clementine, gathered in tears about his bed. Pierre was wandering in his thoughts; he fancied he was far off on the sea. The waves, he said, were running high.

"Don't you be afraid for me," he said, in low tones, looking round on those who wept at his side. "I shall—make—harbour: I'm steering by mother's—light;" and, guided by prayer, steering by a mother's light, the fisher-boy quickly reached heaven and home.—*Forward.*

The Crown of Thorns.

They did not seek the pearl's unsullied whiteness,
Nor the dark splendor of the ruby's shine,
Nor flash in dazzling light the diamond's brightness,
Nor bring their cherished gold up from its mine,
To place in glory on that head of Thine.

Nor did they strip with eager haste their gardens,
Nor send to Sharon for its roses red;
Nor shower sweet lilies (through them craving pardon
For all the bitter things their lips had said)
And weave these into garlands for Thy head.

Nor did they crown it, lone and unbefriended,
With heartfelt blessings for its weary years;
Nor on those looks where night-dews oft descended
Let fall the balm of grief's repentant tears,
And strive with love to wipe out sin's arrears.

Ah, no; with none of these. Those eyes undaunted

Shone calm the while the blood drops trickled down,
So through all time men's memories are haunted
With visions of the crowd in Salem's town,
And of that Christ who wore the thorny crown.

'Twas not the Roman soldiers' coarse reviling,
Not the fierce rabble's spurning of His name,
Not these alone. The world is hourly fling
New chains for Him, of mockery and blame—
'Tis we who put Him to open shame.

'Tis we although His love is still defending
Our path from foes we never could subdue:
No less for us the prayer is still ascending,
The prayer of old, and yet forever new—
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

For we indeed brook not the least delaying
In swift pursuit of pleasure's golden dower;
Grow heedless near the places of His praying,
Let slumber rob His pleading of its power,
"Could ye not watch with Me one little hour?"

Glad seraphs tune their harps in mighty chorus,
Archangels praise Him in the white-robed throng,
But to the ear which Christ is bending o'er us
It is earth's coldness sets the music wrong,
And steals the sweetness from the angels' song.

Oh, Thou whom heaven contents not! interceding
For souls, so heedless, for whom Thou hast died,
Draw them to place—O, Saviour, ever pleading—
Their hands of faith within Thy pierced side,
See of Thy travail, and be satisfied.

How Joe Preached Before the Squire.

"ABOUT thirty-four years ago," said a veteran Methodist minister, "I was stationed in a rural district in Yorkshire. I was one evening going to an appointment at the village of Norton, when I was accosted by a farm-labourer just returning from the field. He was a class-leader, and, in his own eyes, a man of great importance. When he saw me, he called out in a loud voice—

"'Halloa! parson.'
'I stopped, and asked him how he was.

"'Oh! hearty,' he cried. 'I suppose you haven't heard?'

"'Heard what?' I enquired, thinking something serious had occurred.

"'Why,' said he, grinning in a most ludicrous manner, 'Th' Squire and his lady wor at th' chapel on Sunday.'

"'I'm glad to hear it,' I remarked. 'I hope they heard a good sermon, and profited by it; and reminding him of the evening service, I walked on, leaving him standing in the middle of the road, evidently astonished that his important piece of news had not taken a greater effect on me. I was not at all surprised at the Squire's visit, though, I must confess, I felt a little pleased to hear that he had been among our people. He was a rich man, and well educated, but quite plain in his manners and conversation. I had several times called at his house to ask for donations towards carrying on the good work, and he had always responded liberally, and expressed his good-will toward us; 'for,' said he, 'it is a good work, and there is plenty of it to be done before you get the people civilized.'

"On reaching the chapel, I found the one topic of conversation there was the Squire's visit; and at our official

meeting after preaching the leaders began discussing the merits and demerits of the local preachers, and their fitness to preach before the Squire, and even myself and my colleague came in for our share of criticism.

"'It wor a blessing,' said a grey-headed old man of near three score years and ten, 'that Johnny wor planned last Sunday; for if it had been some on 'em as are on th' plan th' Squire would ha run away. I fairly trembled lest Johnny should begin a shouting as he does sometimes.'

"'Aye,' said another, 'we mun be more careful who we han in th' pulpit. Th' head parson there mun get here as often as he can of a Sunday.'

"'But how do you know, my good man,' said I, 'whether the Squire would care to hear me preach?'

"'Well,' replied an old farmer. 'I think he would; though for that matter, yo' make a girt noise sometimes.'

"I could scarce keep from laughing outright at these foolish men; and yet I felt sorry to see this spirit of pride and worldliness creeping in among them. It was quite evident the Squire's coming among us would have a bad rather than a good effect, for the congregation would hear the sermons not for themselves, but for him; and if this was the case, the spiritual life and power of our little society would soon die. I scarcely knew what to do or what to say. I was instructed to be careful who I sent to preach, and I found there were only two or three of the local preachers who were considered fit to preach a sermon to the Squire and his lady. However, I told them not to say too much on this matter, but pray to God to give them more grace and humility; and as to the Squire, why he might never come again among us. With this advice, I left them.

"Several months passed away, and the work of God prospered under our hands in all places except Norton. Here great changes had taken place. The Squire and his lady now attended our chapel regularly, and a special pew had been assigned them. This pew was lined with crimson cloth; velvet cushions were on the seats, and stools, covered with rich carpet, were used for foot-rests. The Squire's pew was so grand that a number of the officials embellished their pews with cushions; and a sum of money was voted for repairs and painting. The communion table must be re-polished, and the pulpit stairs have a carpet on; and it was whispered about that the window behind the pulpit ought to be of stained glass, so as to throw a softer light into the chapel, and keep the sun from coming too powerfully into the eyes of the Squire and his lady. It was astonishing, also, to see the change in the dress of the congregation. The women (especially the young ones) tried to imitate the Squire's lady, and the men imitated the Squire. They also began to talk fine; and I laughed heartily at their attempts in this respect—such a mixture of vulgarity and refinement!

"But what became of their religion? Where was their love for perishing souls? What had become of their impassioned prayers for the outpouring of God's Spirit? No hearty 'Amen's' now proclaimed the happy enjoyment of the sermon. Scarcely a sound was heard while the preacher was pleading with God in prayer. If he spoke in a loud tone, the congregation blushed and hung down their heads, or cast side

glances at the Squire. And woe be to him if he blundered, or became puzzled what to say. The officials would gather round him at the close of the service, and frowningly ask him whether he thought himself fit to preach in their chapel. What would the Squire and his lady think! And he was warned not to come again, unless he had got something better to say, and could say it in a better manner. The consequence of this was, I had a difficulty to get any of the local preachers to preach at Norton; and several of them were so insulted and grieved that they threatened to have their names taken off the plan.

"I was sorely perplexed what to do. I saw with sorrow the change which had come over this once humble people; and the words, 'Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion,' often came to my mind. I preached to them faithfully from the pulpit, and talked to them plainly in the official meetings; but all to no purpose. The evil grew; and I saw that something must be done, or there would soon not be a spark of vital religion left among them. Pride and vain-glory were eating godliness up.

"I never possessed the bump of craftiness to any great extent; but I saw I should have to exercise craftiness in order to put a stop to this growing evil. The disease had become desperate, and a desperate remedy would be needed; and I waited my time to carry out an idea which had come forcibly into my mind.

"In one of the villages distant about nine miles from Norton, lived a man whose heart God had changed. He was one of the roughest and most uncultivated men I ever knew. His ignorance before his conversion must have been fearful. When a lad only six years old, he was left without father and mother, and his grandmother took him to live with her. But she was so poor, that little Joe had to go and work in the coalpit. As he grew in years he grew in sin; and there was not a more wicked young man in all Yorkshire. He delighted in drinking, fighting, foot-racing, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and every description of wickedness. His mind was dark as night. He could not tell one letter from another. His old grandmother, a good though ignorant woman, talked and prayed with him often; but all to no purpose. He sinned continually, and was deep-dyed.

"But Joe one night entered our chapel at Gainsford, and there the Spirit of God showed him his vile and polluted condition, and he was soon as miserable as a guilty soul and an awakened conscience could make him. He wept, and cried for God to have mercy on him, in the chapel; but it was no use. He went out of the chapel into the lanes, and there he startled the rabbits from their nests, and made the birds run away in fright by his cries for mercy. Sometimes he ran as fast as he could, and then suddenly prostrated himself on the ground, weeping and crying to God to tell him He forgave him. Thus Joe rambled about until near two o'clock in the morning, and then, prostrating himself before the cottage door in which he lived, he told God he wouldn't enter there again unless He blessed him. God did bless him, and he sprang upon his feet, shouting and praising God so loud that he wakened all the people in the house, who came running down

stains, thinking Joe was gone mad with drinking.

But a great change had come over Joe. He became one of the most regular attenders at the chapel, and never missed a prayer-meeting or a week night service. He could not learn to read, but his mind was ready to grasp a good hymn; and several of these he committed to memory. He was also very powerful in prayer; and when Joe was on his knees in the prayer-meeting there was always a holy influence. He carried his religion with him down the coalpit; and it had come to my knowledge that he was in the habit of exhorting his fellow-workmen during the dinner-hour to flee from the wrath to come, and several had been powerfully wrought upon, and were giving evidence of a newness of heart in their lives.

"Now," thought I, "if I can manage to get Joe into the pulpit at Norton some Sunday morning, he will take a good deal of that sinful pride out of them. And if the Squire is offended at him, let him take himself off; for since he came the great object I have in view—the conversion of sinners—has been frustrated."

It was not long before I had my opportunity. The person appointed to preach sent me word he could not go, and he requested me to get a substitute. "Now, Joe," said I to myself, "thou shalt have a turn before the Squire and his lady. May God bless thee, and make thee the means of doing these poor blinded people at Norton good." A difficulty, however, was in the way. There was a rule of the Connexion that no person should preach in any of the pulpits without permission from the Circuit Committee and the Superintendent Minister. Of course, I being the Superintendent Minister, was easily persuaded; but the difficulty was with the Circuit Committee. When I brought the matter before them of the inability of the planned preacher to attend his appointment at Norton on the following Sunday, I asked them if they had any one to propose in his stead.

"No," they all said. "Have you any one?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Who is he?" asked one.

"Mr. Joseph King," I replied, and waited the next question with some anxiety. But the next question showed me my man was not known to them under the title of Mr. Had I said Joe King, they would have found me out at once, and no doubt refused the requested permission.

"Is he a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost?" said the chief official.

"He is," I replied.

"Then he will do. You can let him know to-morrow."

If they had asked me whether Mr. Joseph could read or write, or questioned me about his knowledge of doctrine or Scripture, I should have been puzzled. But I could conscientiously say that he was a man 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.' I rejoiced as I wended my way home that night, for I thought I saw the hand of God in this attempt of mine to get Joe into the pulpit at Norton.

I saw Joe the next day, and told him he was appointed to exhort the people on the following Sunday at Norton. He stared at me for a moment or two, and then said—

"Is that true?"

"Certainly, Joe," I replied. "Don't

say another word about it; but let the Lord know in prayer; and He will enable you to say something profitable to the people."

Joe's eyes filled with tears, and he promised me faithfully he would attend.

Sunday morning came. The birds sang, and all nature seemed glad to welcome the return of God's holy day. Joe wended his way towards Norton, joining with the birds in singing God's praises, and at the same time lifting up his heart in prayer for a blessing on his coming labours. On passing through the village he attracted considerable notice, for his dress was something extraordinary. He wore a pea-green coat with brass buttons, a red plush waistcoat, and buckskin trousers; his necktie was of a glaring yellow, and on his head was a wide-awake hat. A score or two of children and young persons followed him to the chapel, and when he arrived there and made known his errand, there was quite a commotion. The officials could not believe their own eyes, and one of them pompously said to him:—

"Who sent you to preach?"

"Joe, quite unconcerned, replied,—

"God and Mr. Langworth."

"If that man goes into th' pulpit," said another, "I'm off home."

But Joe had come to preach, and preach he would; and very soon he was on his knees in the pulpit. His bristly hair, more like a hedgehog's back than anything else, was just seen sticking above the pulpit top.

Soon there was a whisper that the Squire was coming. And sure enough he was, and what seemed to the people worse than all, there were five ladies with him. Several of the officials went out, and both the women and men that remained held down their heads for shame. But Joe gave out a hymn which he knew well, and after the hymn he engaged in prayer. The Lord blessed him wonderfully in praying, and when he rose from his knees he saw not a few of the congregation in tears. Joe took for his text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' He could not preach a sermon in the orthodox manner; but he began telling the people how wicked and sinful he once was; how he had been left when but a child without parents, and sent into the coalpit to work among wicked men; and how he soon learned to curse and swear and drink worse than any of them. He told them about his grandmother's prayers, and the tears trickled down his cheeks as he related his last interview with her. She got him to kneel down by the bedside, and put her trembling withered hands on his head, and with tears made him promise he would meet her in heaven. He promised her; but when she was dead and buried he forgot his promise, and became more wicked than ever.

Thus Joe went on relating his past experience, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the chapel. When he spoke of God's mercy in sparing him through all his wickedness, and how at last He troubled him so much with a guilty conscience that he was obliged to cry for mercy, there was loud sobbing in the Squire's pew. Joe saw the Squire weeping, and in his joy shouted out, 'Glory; glory be to God! Though I was as black a sinner as the devil could make me, and far deeper sunk in the miry pit than any of you here, the Lord lifted me out, and pardoned all

my sins, and set me free, and proved to me that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, does cleanse from all sin.' I'm on my way to glory. I shall keep my promise to my poor old grandmother, and shall one day meet her in heaven.' The Squire wept; the five ladies wept; and the congregation wept.

When the service was over, the Squire took Joe in the carriage to dine with him. When they arrived at the big house in the park, the servants were full of wonder at seeing the grotesque guest of their master. They looked at each other, and one of them went to the old coachman and enquired who this man was. When they learned that he was a 'Methodist parson,' they began to giggle and laugh, and say the Squire had brought him for a joke, to amuse the lady guests. But what was their astonishment to learn, when dinner was over, that the Squire and Joe had retired into one of the private rooms, and were praying together. Yes, God's arrows had pierced the soul of the wealthy Squire. Joe's sermon in the morning, by God's blessing, had opened his spiritual eyes, and showed him his lost, sinful condition. He had had a grandmother, who had made him promise her before she died he would meet her in heaven. So far he had neglected to get ready for heaven, but now he cried for mercy, and that cry reached the mercy seat, and answers of pardon descended. There was joy in the presence of the angels in heaven over the Squire's repentance that Sunday afternoon.

In the evening the chapel was crowded, and many could not get in. Joe again delivered a powerful exhortation. A rather humorous incident occurred during the evening service. The candles wanted snuffing, especially those at each side of the pulpit. Now Joe was one of those men who never attempted to do anything which he was sure he couldn't do. There were snufflers to snuff the candles with, but Joe knew very well if he had used them he would have snuffed the light out altogether, and so he used his fingers. This left a black mark on his fingers, which somehow was transferred to his upper lip, and gave it the appearance of a moustache. The people, at seeing this, could not keep back their smiles. But soon Joe's powerful words made them forget his appearance, and many of them could see him only through their tears. It was a glorious time. Many found peace with God, and many more went away from the chapel groaning under their burden of sin, to weep alone until they found forgiveness of God through Jesus Christ.

The Wednesday week following I had to go to Norton to preach in the evening. As I was passing through the village an old woman called out—

"Halloa! Mr. Langworth, you have done it at last."

"Done what?" I asked, feeling somewhat timid; for I had not then heard how Joe had gone on.

"Why, man, there never was such times before. Glory be to God. That fellow you sent has turned Norton upside down. Hey, praise the Lord. My old man has gotten converted, and our Sally. Glory, glory!"

"Many will praise God throughout eternity that Joe the collier went to Norton."

The best power of song should be used in the service of God.

What Shall We Do?

"WHAT shall we do for our girls and boys?" Is questioned in anxious tone;
"But what of the friendless ones, I pray,
Who battle the world, alone?"
Aye, some have parents and home, in name,
Warm clothing and wholesome food.
Yet starve for home love, and thirst the while
For a life that's true and good.

Who strive for the right when temptings are strong,
Who fight 'gainst curses and rum;
How best can we reach these needy ones,—
Who into such hearts may come?
How cheer the poor vagrant, beggar child,
Whose heart is ready to sink
When from his basket the best is grasped
And pawned away for drink?

And what of the outcasts, orphaned ones—
The street-arab girl and boy,
Who weave in the web of their humdrum life
No threads of comfort or joy,—
Who live without mother, home or friend,
Are jostled by crowd and wind,
Who think through the days and dream at night
Of something they never find!

Who go about in their tattered clothes
To earn their pennies for bread;
And find on steps, in cellars or barns
Their cold and comfortless bed.
And in the gray light of morning roam
The hedges and highways broad,
With never a step in church or school,
And never a thought of God.

How can we lift this helpless throng,
Their bodies and souls be fed;
How save from ruin and make them think
There's something better ahead?
If life is a strife to every one
Whose heart with sorrow is bowed,
How dense the shadows, and long, to those
Who find no rifts in the cloud!

From blackest mould of the fern-grown wood
Most beautiful fronds are brought;
And the grandest sculptured works of art
Are from roughest marble wrought.
As richest treasures of mineral wealth
In the under soul abound,
So down in the drift and debris of life
The brightest gems may be found.

O, smile on the child as you pass along,
Heavy-burdened souls help to live;
Out yonder, sometimes, we yet may need
The smile they, in turn, will give.
God pity these poor, unfortunate lives,
Supply what earth may withhold,
And save all the children, rich and poor,
At last in the upper fold.

—Selected.

JOHN FLETCHER was by nature a man of a fiery, passionate temper; yet John Wesley says of him that "for twenty years and upwards before his death no one ever saw him out of temper or heard him utter a rash expression, on any provocation whatever." This was indeed a victory worth winning. It was the subjugation of an unruly nature by the indwelling Holy Spirit. Seeing that God is no respecter of persons, He must be as willing to do this great thing for every believer as for John Fletcher. What hinders any man from being as meek as he? Surely, nothing but his own lack of earnest purpose, persistent prayer and utterly trustful faith. "The fruit of the Spirit" in every disciple is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."—*Zion's Herald*.

ON Chautauqua lake on the Sabbath-day some of the steamers run as they do on other days. But they do not approach the docks of the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, but pass up and down far out in the middle of the lake. The reason of this is, the gates of the grounds are firmly closed against all ingress on the Sabbath. So when the heart is sealed against sin, the crafts of the tempter may hover round, but they find no place for entrance.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 444.] LESSON X. [March 7.

READING THE LAW.

Neh. 8. 1-12.

Commit vs. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading.—Neh. 8. 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH

Blessed are they who study, and understand and obey the Word of God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Neh. 7. 1-6, 66-73. Tu. Neh. 8. 1-18. W. Neh. 9. 1-35. Th. Neh. 10. 1, 28-39. F. Neh. 12. 1-31. Sa. Deut. 11. 18-28. Su. Pa. 19. 1-14.

TIME.—About the middle of September, B.C. 444. It was the first day of the 7th month, their civil New Year's Day; two months after Nehemiah's arrival at Jerusalem (our last lesson).

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the open square of Ophel, south-east of the temple area.

RULES, ETC.—See last lesson.

BUILDING THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.—(1) Seen after his arrival, Nehemiah made a careful examination of the ruins. (2) The walls were three or four miles long, and were completed in 52 days. (3) Amid two kinds of hindrances (a) the poverty and sins of God's people, (b) opposition of enemies, by ridicule, false reports, attacks, and attempts to ensnare their leader. (4) The means of success were the mind to work, watchfulness, zeal, prayer, repentance, courage, self-denial, and large gifts.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Street*—Rather, a court or wide open space. *Water gate*—A gate in the southern wall of the temple area, through which water was brought for use in the temple services. *Book of the law*—The Pentateuch, or first five books of Moses. 2. *Seventh month*—Of the second year, but the first of the civil year, Tisri, September-October. The first day was their New Year's Day. 4. *Beside him stood*—These were leaders of the people to sustain and honour Ezra in the sight of the people. Perhaps also to relieve Ezra in his long reading, from daylight to noon (v. 3). 5. *All the people stood up*—As a reverential form of worship. 6. *And Ezra blessed the Lord*—Uttered a prayer of praise and thanksgiving. 8. *Read distinctly*—So that all could hear every word, either by reading in concert, or by repeating the words in different parts of the great congregation. *Gave the sense*—By explaining or translating the obscure words. The law was read in Hebrew, while the common language was Chaldean. *Caused to understand*—Explained the meaning and applied the truths. 9. *Tirshatha*—Governor.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Building the wall.—Hindrances and helps.—The great assembly.—Ezra's aids.—How we can help the minister.—Worship, its value and methods.—How to understand it.—The fruits of such study.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was Nehemiah? Where did he live? Why did he come to Jerusalem? What did he do soon after his arrival? (Neh. 2. 18-18.) How long was the wall in building? (Neh. 6. 15.) What were some of the hindrances in the way? What qualities did the people show that enabled them to overcome these obstacles?

SUBJECT: STUDYING GOD'S WORD.

I. THE GREAT MEETING (vs. 1-4).—Where did the people gather together? At what time? What feast came on this day? (Lev. 23. 24, 25.) Of whom did the congregation consist? What book was to be read? Who was the reader? Who aided Ezra?

II. THE OPENING WORSHIP (vs. 5, 6).—What postures did the people take during the worship? Why? What posture should we take? What is it to bless the Lord? How did the people respond? Should we take part in the worship? What is the use of worship? How will it help us in Bible study?

III. STUDYING THE WORD (vs. 7, 8).—What three things did Ezra and his helpers do with the book of the law? How long did the first reading continue? (v. 2.) Why was there need of explaining the Word?

IV. FRUITS OF BIBLE STUDY (vs. 9-12).—What did the reading first lead the people to do? Why did they weep? How does the law of God convince us of sin? What did Nehemiah tell the people to do? Show how joy is a natural result of reading the Bible? What acts of benevolence were they to perform? (v. 10.) With what covenant did they consecrate themselves to God? (Neh. 9. 38; 10. 1-39.) What other fruits of reading God's word? (Neh. 8. 14-18; 10. 29-37; 13. 15-21.) What will be the effect of Bible study upon us?

SUGGESTIONS ON BIBLE STUDY.

1. There is great value in large assemblies for Bible study.
2. Therefore, attend teachers meetings, Sunday-school assemblies, normal classes, etc.
3. From the Bible we learn (1) God's will, (2) how to live best in this world, (3) the way to heaven.
4. Worship from the heart, and in becoming attitudes, is a great help to Bible study.
5. We should learn many of the words of the Bible by heart.
6. We should use every means for understanding God's word.
7. The fruits of Bible study are repentance, consecration, obedience, joy, brotherly kindness, happy lives, noble character, national prosperity.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

6. How long were they in building the walls? Ans. 52 days. 7. What did they do when the walls were finished? Ans. They held a great assembly for the study of God's word. 8. What did they do at this assembly? Ans. Ezra and his aids read and explained the law to the people. 9. What was the effect on the people? Ans. They wept because they had so failed to keep this law. 10. What did Nehemiah tell them to do? Ans. To rejoice in God, and henceforth to obey his law with perfect hearts.

B.C. 474.] LESSON XI. [March 14.

ESTHER'S PETITION.

Esther 4. 10-17; 5. 1-3. Commit vs. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish.—Esther 4. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God causes all things to work together for good to his people.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Esther, ch. 1. Tu. Esther, ch. 2. W. Esther, chs. 3, 4. Th. Esther, chs. 5, 6. F. Esther, ch. 7. Sa. Esther, ch. 8. Su. Esther, chs. 9, 10.

TIME.—B.C. 474, between Lessons 8 and 9. 30 years before Nehemiah came to Jerusalem, our last lesson.

PLACE.—Shushan, or Susa, one capital of the Persian empire, 250 miles south-east of Babylon, 125 miles north of the Persian Gulf.

PLACE IN THE BIBLE.—The story of Esther belongs in the interval of 58 years between the sixth and seventh chapters of Ezra.

BOOK OF ESTHER.—Author unknown, but believed to be a Persian Jew who lived about the time of the events described. It is a story of Divine providence, without the name of God once in it, but God manifest everywhere in it.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—The story must be read, but a few explanations are here given. *Why should God so care for the preservation of the Jews?* Because they were his missionaries to the heathen nations where they were scattered, and were preparing the way by the Word of the one God for the coming of his son Jesus Christ. *Xerxes*—The Greek and common form of the name Ahasuerus is well known in ancient history. The feast mentioned in chap. 1 was the one in which he proposed his great expedition into Greece, where he took 5,000,000 persons and returned with 5,000. The expedition took place between the feast and the marriage of Esther. 10. *Esther*—"A star." Her Hebrew name was Hadassah, "Myrtle." She could have been only 15 or 20 years old at her marriage. *Mordecai*—Esther's cousin and adopted father, a descendant of Kiah, a Benjamite carried captive by Nebuchadnezzar B.C. 589. 11. *There is one law of Mo*—Rather for him, for

all. *Put to death*—This was to preserve the life of the king from those who might wish to kill him, and to save him much annoyance. *Golden sceptre*—A rod tipped and ornamented with gold. *ESTHER'S DANGER*—(1) of death. The chances were against her. (2) The king seemed to have lost some of his attraction to her. (3) The king's decree, which could not be changed, was to be averted,—a seeming impossibility. (4) His leading favourite was opposed to her. (5) She belonged to a despised race, and the king would now have to know it. 13. *Mordecai commanded*—He urges four arguments. (1) She will perish if she does not go. (2) She will lose not only life, but the opportunity of doing a good service. (3) God will certainly deliver his people. (4) God had given her all the blessings she enjoyed for this very purpose. She would be carrying out God's plan. 1. *Put on royal apparel*—To appear as attractive as possible.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Book of Esther.—Xerxes.—Esther.—Haman.—Mordecai.—The danger of God's people.—The heroism of Esther.—Haman's ambition and its fruits.—Mordecai's success compared with Haman's.—The deliverance of God's people.—Divine providence as seen in this lesson.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Did the story of Esther occur before or after the events of our last lesson? Where in the Bible history does this story belong? In what city did Esther live? What can you tell about Ahasuerus?

SUBJECT: A STORY OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

I. THE DANGER TO GOD'S PEOPLE.—Who was Mordecai? His character? Who was Haman? His character? Why was Haman angry with Mordecai? Why would not Mordecai bow down before him? Was he right in this? What did Haman do in revenge for this? What did he give the king for the privilege? How did he expect to get back this money?

II. QUEEN ESTHER'S HEROISM (vs. 10-17).—How did Queen Esther learn about this danger to her people? What did Mordecai wish her to do? What made this difficult and dangerous? How old was Esther? What reasons did Mordecai give why she should do it? How did she prepare for her dangerous duty? How did she accomplish it? What lessons do we learn from Queen Esther's conduct?

III. RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.—What was the first step in Haman's fall? How was it accomplished at last? Was this justice? Do such things happen in our days? What lessons do you learn from Haman's career?

IV. DELIVERANCE.—What stood in the way of saving the Jews? (8. 8.) How was their deliverance accomplished? Trace the workings of Providence in accomplishing this result? What promise was fulfilled? (Rom. 8. 28.) Why should God interfere to protect the Jews? What comfort and help can you gain from this story?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God puts us in our place for a special purpose.
2. Ambition leads to pride, selfishness, and cruelty.
3. Pride goes before a fall.
4. Difficulties in our way make heroism possible.
5. Wisdom, piety, prudence, and courage are needed in God's work.
6. Goodness, faithfulness, piety, are the foundation of true success.
7. God will save his people because he has work for them to do in the world.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

11. Who was Esther? Ans. A Jewish maiden who became the queen of Xerxes the Great. 12. What danger overtook God's people? Ans. Haman obtained permission to destroy them all. 13. How was that danger averted? Ans. By the heroism of Queen Esther, who braved death in their behalf. 14. What became of Haman? Ans. His pride and ambition led to his fall and death.

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