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# HOME AND SCHOOL

### Dick Whittington.\*

THE story of Whittington and his Cat almost every one has thought to be but a nursery tale. But the authors of the book mentioned in the footnote, have shown that it is sober history—cat and all. They give a very interesting account of the Old London of the 14th century, of the trades and companies, of prentice life, and all the incidents of the poverty, thrift, and good-fortune of the famous Lord Mayor of London. All children, young and old, from seven to seventy, will find both instruction and amusement in this book.

Sir Richard Whittington, the hero of this famous old story, was a younger son of a good family of Gloucestershire, England, and was born about the year 1350. In early life, on account of poverty at home, he was obliged to seek his own living, and walked all the way to London, where he apprenticed himself to a merchant. For a time he was greatly dissatisfied with his new life, and finally made up his mind to run away. Packing up what little clothing he had, he started off. At Highgate Hill, a few miles out of what was then the city, he turned for a moment and looked back. Just then the chimes of Bow Bells began to ring. These chimes seemed to say to him—

Turn again, Whittington,  
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

So strong an impression was made on his mind that he immediately returned to the merchant's house. Here he applied himself to business, married, after awhile, Alice Fitzwarren, the daughter of his employer, became one of London's wealthiest merchants, was made, three times, Lord Mayor of the town, and received the honour of knighthood for the various public services he had rendered.

### A Pillow of Thorns.

THERE was a great scarcity of good servant-girls in Elmdale, and Mrs.

\* Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. New Plutarch Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.

Warren awoke one morning, after a disturbed night's rest, with the thought that a heavy day's work awaited her one pair of hands.

"I hardly know where to begin, John," she confessed to her husband

"he's cutting teeth, and they probably pain him more than we have any idea of."

"You must keep Katy out of school to help you," replied her husband; "she is twelve years old, and surely

although I do feel a severe headache coming on."

After breakfast Mr. Warren hurried to the store, kissing his wife first, however, and saying, "I'm very sorry for you, dear," then looking at Katy, who sat by the window with her history, he added pleasantly, "Come, Katy, child, put up your book and help mother,—willing little hands can do big work."

But the trouble with Katy just then was that her hands were not willing. As the door closed after her father she said, without rising from her chair, "You don't need me very much,—do you, mamma? I haven't learned my history lesson, and we recite it the first hour."

"Why didn't you learn it last evening? You had a long, quiet evening, with nothing else to do."

"Yes, I know I did, but I had an interesting library book to finish, and after that it was too late."

"Another time you must learn your lessons first before you amuse yourself with story-books. You can study your lesson now; I will get along without you," Mrs. Warren said.

Noon came. There was a nice dinner upon the table. Upon the bars the smoothly ironed clothes hung, and on the kitchen table there was a row of glass jars, filled with delicious hot fruit. But it was a very flushed and wearied face that looked over the coffee-urn. It was only half-past twelve when the family finished their dinner, and Mrs. Warren said, "Katy, dear, you have half-an-hour before school; supposing you tie on a big apron and help me get some of these dishes put away."

"Oh, dear! I don't see how I can, mamma; I missed my practice hour this morning, and you know I have to take my music lesson to-morrow. But I'll let it go if you say so," Katy said fretfully.

"Go and practice." That was all Katy's tired mother said, as she gathered up the many dishes preparatory to removing them to the hot kitchen. Katy's conscience troubled her some as she practiced her scales in the pleasant parlor. Two or three times, in place of the musical notes, she saw a tired



DICK WHITTINGTON.

as she hurriedly dressed herself. "I have some cunning that must be done, and the ironing is not anywhere near finished, and there's no denying that the baby is very troublesome—can't wonder that he is, though, dear little thing!" she added, as she bent over the cradle where the baby lay sleeping;

ought to be able to save you a great many steps."

"Oh, I couldn't think of keeping her out of school just now, she would get behind in her classes. She can help me before school and at noon—yes, and after school, and perhaps I can get through the day all right,

mother's face, but she did not close her instruction book and go to that mother's relief, only struck the notes more vehemently. It was four o'clock when Katy returned from school. Looking into the sitting-room she found the baby asleep in his cradle, and her mother, with bandaged head, lying upon the couch.

"All quiet along the Potomac!" Katy questioned, as she bent to kiss her mother's hot cheek.

"Quiet just now; but the baby's nap is nearly out, and I dread his awaking. My head is much worse. I think you'll have to get tea to-night, dear; I don't think I possibly can."

"All right, mamma; but it is not near time yet, and can I go over to the slope after wild clematis? The girls are waiting at the gate, and we'll not be gone long."

"You can go if you'll be here at five promptly."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll be here," Katy answered, as she danced from the room, unmindful of her mother's pain. The door closed after her with a bang which woke the baby, and he began crying. It was some moments before Mrs. Warren's dissy head would allow her to get up and lift the screaming child from his cradle. She put him on the floor and gave him his box of playthings, which he threw all over the room,—even into the dining-room beyond. Mrs. Warren did not seem to care where he threw his toys, as long as he was amused. She laid down again and held her throbbing head, watching the clock as the hands crept closer to five, hoping that thoughtless little Katy would keep her promise. The clock struck one—two—three—four—five. Oh, how the little hammer beat her weary head! But, notwithstanding her pain, she arose, built the fire, prepared the supper,—a pain in her heart worse than that in her head. "Can it be that my little Katy does not love her mother?" she thought.

Supper was all ready when Katy made her appearance at the same time with her father and brothers.

"I'm so sorry, mamma. I meant to come sooner, but I was having such a nice time," began Katy apologetically; but her father stopped her.

"Hush! Where have you been?" he said sternly. "Your mother all alone with the work and the baby! Look at her tired, red face." But his reproof stopped just here, for the tired red face suddenly grew ashen white, and Katy's weary mother was unconscious.

Months have passed since then, but Katy's heart is still sore. Her mother is a patient invalid, without the ability to walk a step. Every night as Katy's head falls upon her pillow, she looks about her room's pretty belongings,—mother's love and taste breathing through them all,—and thinks of what that gray-haired doctor said months ago, as he looked pityingly at her dear mother. Looking at her thoughtless little Katy, he had said, "Mother has had to work too hard this hot, close day; she's too delicate for such prostrating work. I suppose you help her all you can."

"Ah, but that's the trouble! I didn't help mother all I could; that's why my pillow pricks so."

Poor Katy! don't you all pity her?

It is not giving that makes us poor, but bad management and waste.

### In Heavenly Places.

"And made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

THE heavenly places, where are they?  
Oh, they are everywhere!  
The weary feet of men can find  
Them stretching glad and fair;  
They are where fields are bright with flowers  
And meadows gleam with gold,  
Where youthful valleys laugh and sing  
And mountains have grown old.

For One comes near and talks to us,  
And lo! the change that comes,  
Floods with new beauty all the world,  
Brings heaven into our homes;  
And so transforms the meanest place,  
That any eyes can see  
How joy alone could give the grace,  
And love the artist be.

The heavenly places are with God,  
His presence is the Light,  
Who sits with him need fear no more  
The winter and the night.  
In Jesus everything is fair,  
And music soft and low  
Is heard amid the noise of earth,  
Heaven's songs float down below.

Even the noisy street becomes,  
If He be there to share,  
A quiet place of calm and peace,  
A temple-aisle for prayer.  
And strange sweet smiles form on the lips  
And in the heart a song,  
And reverent eyes look up to see  
God's face above the throng.

And then it matters not at all,  
That seas are surging round,  
That winds are high, and clouds are dark,  
And grief and tears abound;  
For nothing hurts the soul at peace  
In God's abundant love,  
We may in heavenly places sit,  
Though far from heaven above.

—*Marianna Farningham.*

### The Oiled Feather.

THERE were two neighbours, named Joseph Irons and Samuel Parsons. Joseph Irons went by the name of "Rusty Joe," and Samuel Parsons by that of "Polished Sam." The names were characteristic of the men: Joseph Irons being a short, tart kind of man in his dealings with his fellow-creatures; and Samuel Parsons being, on the other hand, genial and civil. Joseph Irons "wouldn't put his hand to his hat for any man," not he! he "wouldn't waste his time with palavering people with fine words," no, not he! "If folk didn't like his goods, they might leave them;" and "if they didn't like his answers, they needn't ask him any questions;" in a word, "Rusty Joe," though very honest, and very decent-living, was disliked by almost everybody; and, in truth, no one could be surprised.

On the other hand, Samuel Parsons was a general favourite. He had a salute for everyone that came in his way; he didn't think himself a bit the worse man because he put his hand to his hat to the parson and the squire; as well as bobbed his head to the old apple-woman at the corner of the street. As to civil words, Sam's theory was that they were quite as little trouble to speak as gruff ones; and they certainly slipped more pleasant-like out of one's mouth; and so it came to pass that everybody liked Sam Parsons.

Well, we will see how "Rusty Joe" and "Polished Sam" got through one day of their existence; one day will be quite enough for our purpose.

"Come, bring the oil flask, there's a pet," said Samuel Parsons to his wife; as he finished screwing on a new lock to his front door. Sam, of course, needn't have said "There's a pet," unless he liked; but he used to think

it was a great shame that women were called all sorts of pretty names before they were married, but none afterward. "I say," says Sam, "many of the poor creatures are cheated with them there pretty names; poor folk! they think they'll always get them; but they become mighty scarce, after they finger the ring." We don't mean to tell all the names Sam called his wife, before they were married; but now he called her "pet;" and, as soon as she heard the loving word, she threw down her duster on the chair; and sped off to the kitchen for the flask. The flask had a feather in it, as such flasks generally have; and Sam, taking the said feather between his forefinger and thumb, oiled the key of the street-door right well; and then locked it and unlocked it a dozen times. At first it went stiff, and required some strength of wrist to turn it; but as it was worked to and fro, and the oil began to make its way into the wards, it worked more and more easily; until, at last, Sam pronounced it would do.

Now, on this very morning, "Rusty Joe" was going to market also. He had neglected to grease his boots after last market-day, which had been very wet; and now, when he went to put them on, they went on so hard and stiff, that he pulled, and kicked, and knocked, and stamped, till, heated and vexed, he got them on. Nothing was right that morning at breakfast. The eggs were too hard, and the bread was too soft; the bacon dish was too hot, and the teapot was too cold.

When Joseph Irons had bolted down his breakfast, he got up and went to the street door to go out; but no loving word did he speak to his wife Betty.

"Mind you have my shirt finished to-night," said Joe Irons, as he laid his hand on the street door, "for I may have to go to Pitbank to-morrow, and don't want to go to the squire's in this old concern;" and, with this direction to his wife, Mr. Irons took himself off.

But if Joe met with a little trouble for the want of a little oil, even before he got to his street-door, he met with more when he got to the door itself. The door was stiff on its hinges, and stiff in the lock; ay, as stiff as if it had had the rheumatics for twenty years. After a little difficulty, Joe Irons opened his door; but he could not shut it with as little trouble again.

And so each went his course. Polished Sam went cheerily to market, with a good word for everyone, everything around him working smoothly. He sold his load of produce, and at an early hour was homeward bound to his happy home, where wife and child hailed his coming with delight. On his way he met Joseph Irons, stuck fast. All his gear was out of order—the day had kept tally with the morning. His horses were ill-shod, his waggon out of order, and, instead of going properly to work to get things to run smoothly, it was swear, and flog, and beat, and maul. The horses panted in vain. At last the harness gave way, and this repaired, a part of the waggon yielded to the strain. Of course, he had nothing to hand to repair damages, and stood furious, baffled, and at a loss.

Sam jumped down at once to assist his neighbour. Ever ready for emergencies, he soothed Joseph into a better humour by cheery words; he oiled the wheels, for the oil-can came by instinct to his hand. The waggon was braced up, the harness oiled, and even the

hard boots, which drew Sam's attention at the last moment, and made him hand the oil can to Joseph again, with a "Here, give those boots of yours a dash—they look hard and uncomfortable."

Joseph at last got to market, and on his way home began to think of matters. After putting up his horses he went into the house so quietly that his wife looked up astonished. He was not kind or loving, indeed, but there was a change.

After his supper, he went to see Sam, and began to talk with him, how he managed to get along. "Oh, that is easily explained—it's the Oiled Feather. I always have it at hand. You may use it for everything, a hinge, your wife, your children, your customers; all harshness is removed by applying the Oiled Feather."

Joseph thought he would try it; it came hard, but Sam was always before him as an encouragement; and that cheerful body had, at last, the comfort of seeing the rustiest, crustiest man in the place work smoothly.

### Hints to Band of Hope Workers.

HERE are a few simple directions as to how a Band of Hope can be made successful.

The first important item is to make the place of meeting as comfortable as possible.

There should be plenty of singing. It is easy now to obtain good songs and hymns, set to good tunes, and when these are once learned the children will, according to John Wesley's rule, sing lustily and with a good courage, and with high satisfaction to themselves.

In the addresses given them there should be liveliness and great variety. Children never tolerate monotony, and they cannot be expected to tolerate it; no speech should be more than fifteen minutes; and it is better for the same person to give two speeches than to make one long one, especially if a great part of it consists of exhortations to sit still and look at the speaker. Children never do sit still without a reason, nor will they look at a speaker when he is not animated enough to make them care to do it.

Give the children as much work as possible to do themselves. Besides encouraging them to recite at the meetings, it is well to multiply and distribute little offices among them. In one Band of Hope the most unruly boy belonging to it was transformed into a model member by being appointed distributor of attendance tickets and hymn-books. Some Bands of Hope have a sub-committee of the oldest members for recruiting purposes.

It is also very desirable to have an adult temperance society established in connection with the junior one, wherever this is practicable, both for the sake of drafting the children into it as they grow older and in order to attract their parents and elders.

To conclude, the Band of Hope is a wise, safe, thoroughly Christian and most useful institution. But it never works itself. To make it succeed there must be zeal, diligence, tact, unflinching perseverance, all sustained by love to Christ and love to the children whom He has redeemed. A Band of Hope well organised and well worked will not fail of success, and that success will bring to many a home blessings greater than any words can express.

**His Mother's Songs.**

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun  
The men had marched all day;  
And now beside a rippling stream  
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,  
As swept the hours along,  
They called to one who mused apart,  
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;  
"The only songs I know  
Are those my mother used to sing  
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,  
"There's none but true men here;  
To every mother's son of us  
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voi  
Amid unwonted calm,  
"Am I soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own his cause?"—  
The very stream was stilled,  
And hearts that never throbbled with fear  
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,  
As to his feet he rose,  
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good-  
night,  
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;  
The soldier bent his head,  
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,  
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,  
Sweet as the bugle call,  
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall."

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell  
As on the singer sang;  
Man after man fell into line,  
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,  
Naught but the stream is heard;  
But ah! the depths of every soul  
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,  
In whispers soft and low,  
Rises the prayer the mother taught  
The boy long years ago.

**Dr. Eyerson's Boyhood.**

From "The Story of My Life," just published.

My father devoted himself exclusively to agriculture, and I learned to do all kinds of farm-work. The district grammar-school was then kept within half-a-mile of my father's residence, by Mr. James Mitchell (afterwards Judge Mitchell), an excellent classical scholar.

But that to which I am principally indebted for any studious habits, mental energy, or even capacity or decision of character, is religious instruction, poured into my mind in my childhood by a mother's counsels, and infused into my heart by a mother's prayers and tears. When very small, under six years of age, having done something naughty, my mother took me into her bedroom, told me how bad and wicked what I had done was, and what pain it caused her, kneeled down, clasped me to her bosom, and prayed for me. Her tears, falling upon my head, seemed to penetrate to my very heart. This was my first religious impression, and was never effaced. Though thoughtless, and full of playful mischief, I never afterwards knowingly grieved my mother, or gave her other than respectful and kind words.

At the close of the American War, in 1815, when I was twelve years of age, my three elder brothers, George, William, and John, became deeply religious, and I imbibed the same spirit. My consciousness of guilt and sinfulness was humbling, oppressive,

and distressing; and my experience of relief, after lengthened fastings, watchings, and prayers, was clear, refreshing, and joyous. In the end I simply trusted in Christ, and looked to Him for a present salvation; and, as I looked up in my bed, the light appeared to my mind, and, as I thought, to my bodily eye also, in the form of One, white-robed, who approached the bedside with a smile, and with more of the expression of the countenance of Titian's Christ than of any person whom I have ever seen. I turned, rose to my knees, bowed my head, and covered my face, rejoiced with trembling, saying to a brother who was lying beside me, that the Saviour was now near us. The change within was more marked than anything without, and, perhaps, the inward change may have suggested what appeared an outward manifestation. I henceforth had new views, new feelings, new joys, and new strength. I truly delighted in the law of the Lord, after the inward man, and—

"Jesus, all the day long, was my joy and my song."

From that time I became a diligent student, and new quickness and strength seemed to be imparted to my understanding and memory. While working on the farm I did more than ordinary day's work, that it might show how industrious, instead of lazy, as some said, religion made a person. I studied between three and six o'clock in the morning, carried a book in my pocket during the day to improve odd moments by reading or learning, and then reviewed my studies of the day aloud while walking out in the evening.

To the Methodist way of religion my father was, at that time, extremely opposed, and refused me every facility for acquiring knowledge while I continued to go amongst them. I did not, however, formally join them, in order to avoid his extreme displeasure.

When I had attained the age of eighteen, the Methodist minister in charge of the circuit which embraced our neighbourhood, thought it not compatible with the rules of the Church to allow, as had been done for several years, the privileges of a member without my becoming one. I then gave in my name for membership. Information of this was soon communicated to my father, who, in the course of a few days, said to me: "Egerton, I understand you have joined the Methodists; you must either leave them or leave my house." He said no more, and I well knew that the decree was final; but I had formed my decision in view of all possible consequences, and I had the aid of a mother's prayers, and a mother's tenderness, and a conscious Divine strength according to my need. The next day I left home and became usher in the London District Grammar School, applying myself to my new work with much diligence and earnestness, so that I soon succeeded in gaining the good-will of parents and pupils, and they were quite satisfied with my services.

As my father complained that the Methodists had robbed him of his son, and of the fruits of that son's labours, and of the fruits of that son's labours, I wished to remove that ground of complaint as far as possible by hiring an English farm-labourer, then just arrived in Canada, in my place, and paid him out of the proceeds of my own labour for two years. But although the farmer was the best hired man my

father had ever had, the result of his farm-productions during these two years did not equal those of the two years that I had been the chief labourer on the farm, and my father came to me one day uttering the single sentence, "Egerton, you must come home," and then walked away. My first promptings would have led me to say, "Father, you have expelled me from your house for being a Methodist; I am so still. I have employed a man for you in my place for two years, during which time I have been a student and a teacher, and unaccustomed to work on a farm, I cannot now resume it." But I had left home for the honour of religion, and I thought the honour of religion would be promoted by my returning home, and showing still that the religion so much spoken against would enable me to leave the school for the plough and the harvest-field, as it had enabled me to leave home without knowing at the moment whether I should be a teacher or a farm-labourer.

I relinquished my engagement as teacher within a few days, engaging again on the farm with such determination and purpose that I ploughed every acre of ground for the season, cradled every stalk of wheat, rye, and oats, and mowed every spear of grass, pitched the whole, first on a waggon, and then from the waggon on the hay-mow or stack. While the neighbours were astonished at the possibility of one man doing so much work, I neither felt fatigue nor depression, for "the joy of the Lord was my strength," both of body and mind, and I made nearly, if not quite, as much progress in my studies as I had done while teaching school. My father then became changed in regard both to myself and the religion I professed, desiring me to remain at home; but, having been enabled to maintain a good conscience in the sight of God, and a good report before men, in regard to my filial duty during my minority, I felt that my life's work lay in another direction.

I felt a strong desire to pursue further my classical studies, and determined, with the kind counsel and aid of my eldest brother, to proceed to Hamilton, and place myself for a year under the tuition of a man of high reputation both as a scholar and a teacher.

My father so earnestly solicited me to return, that he offered me a deed of his farm if I would do so and live with him; but I declined acceding to his request under any circumstances, expressing my conviction that even could I do so, I thought it unwise and wrong for any parent to place himself in a position of dependence upon any of his children for support, so long as he could avoid doing so. One day, entering my room and seeing a manuscript lying on the bed, he asked me what I had been writing, and wished me to read it. I had written a meditation on part of the last verse of the 73rd Psalm: "It is good for me to draw near to God." When I read to him what I had written my father rose with a sigh, remarking: "Egerton, I don't think you will ever return home again," and he never afterwards mooted the subject, except in a general way.

He was asked one day to preach in the place of his brother who was sick. I felt that the vows of God were upon me, he says, and I was for some moments speechless from emotion. On recovering, I said I had no engagements beyond my own plans and purposes;

but I was yet weak in body from severe illness, and I had no means for anything else than pursuing my studies, for which aid had been provided.

One of the stewards replied that he would give me a horse, and the other that he would provide me with a saddle and bridle. I then felt that I had no choice but to fulfil the vow which I had made, on what was supposed to be my deathbed. I returned to Hamilton, settled with my instructor and for my lodgings, and made my first attempt at preaching at or near Beamsville, on Whit-Sunday, 1825, in the morning, from the 5th verse of the 126th Psalm: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" and in the afternoon at "The Fifty," on "The Resurrection of Christ."—Acts ii. 24.

**Sunlit Rooms.**

No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartments. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walking should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful that cost money, but remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well-established fact that the people who live much in the sun are stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.—*Builder and Woodworker.*

It is very well to talk about the impressiveness and educating power of visible illustrations of pictures and other works of art; but we must not undervalue the power of the spoken word from the living teacher. Nor should we forget that of all visible illustrations the most impressive and potent is truth incarnated; a truth embodied and expressed in a human person. John Ruskin is not a man to depreciate the influence of art; but he has said emphatically: "More I think has always been done for God by few words than many pictures and more by few acts than many words." A teacher's wise and loving word to a scholar will have more power in the Sunday-school than the most striking blackboard display; and of all eye teaching there is nothing to be compared to a teacher's consistent Christ-likeness.—*Sunday-school Times.*

**The Lesson of Appreciation.**

BY M. M.

THINK ; if life were always smiling,  
 Troubles never ours to bear ;  
 And its pathway all beguiling,  
 Heaven would seem one-half so fair !  
 Think, if all the angel concords  
 Drifted where we're toiling here,  
 They would thrill with half the sweetness  
 When at last they greet our ear !

Life's a school—and God, the Teacher,  
 Traced a lesson 'mid the flowers,  
 And our careless hearts must learn it,  
 Ere its sweet reward is ours.  
 This the lesson : 'Tis our value  
 Of each joy that makes it sweet,  
 And as grasping more we trample  
 This sweet part beneath our feet.

When we learn to clutch the substance  
 Of the prize that seems so fair,  
 Knowing little of its value,  
 Half the sweetness is not there.  
 First the lesson, learned through sorrow  
 When the pangs of grief annoy ;  
 Then at last, in adied fulness,  
 Comes its sweet reward—our joy.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

**How to Sustain a Teachers' Meeting.**

How are we to sustain a teachers' meeting in our church Sabbath schools? Have it regularly once a week. Select the most convenient hour and day for it. If possible, have it near the close of the week, to give all the opportunity for thorough study of the lesson. Have it as one of the rules that every teacher is expected to be present. Hold it if only two persons are present.

Do not conduct it as you would a Bible-class. The teachers' meeting is not for the study of the lesson. Pile up the nuggets that all have dug out. Let the one grand central truth of the lesson stand out bright and clear in every one's mind and heart. The teacher's meeting should be a social one.

The teachers' meeting should be a meeting for prayer—much prayer. Raise the standard of teaching. Raise the dignity of the pupils by stopping talking in the school, the church, presbytery, synod, and general assembly, as if the Sabbath were for children only. Stop robbing our schools of boys and girls from fifteen to twenty years of age, who will not stand baby talk. Stop robbing faithful teachers of their thirty to thirty-five minutes

for any purpose whatever. Use your best endeavours to enlist the entire congregation in the study of the International Series of Lessons, whether they attend the regular session of the Sabbath school or not. Trust the simple study of the Holy Book to keep up the interest of your school, discarding all sensational methods or matter whatever. Urge systematic Bible study upon every one, for their own hearts' sake, for their own growth in grace, we, who are officers and teachers in the Sabbath school, searching the Word of God "as for hid treasures," giving to our lesson each week first for ourselves, asking, What has God for me in this lesson?

It was a significant saying of a scholar in a certain Sunday-school, whose teacher taught more geography than religion, "I went to learn the way to heaven and I only heard about the way to Palestine."

It is a bad combination when the frame is more observed and admired than the picture. It is bad teaching when we pay so much attention to the history and chronology, etc., that we distract attention from the truth as it is in Jesus.

THE most influential paper in Japan, edited by a native Buddhist, nevertheless had the frankness to say in a recent editorial on "the Jesus way," as Christianity is called in that land: "See what blessing this religion confers! Open the map of the world and look at the nations of the earth. There is not a Buddhist nation among them that knows what liberty is. The weakest and most insignificant Christian countries have more liberty than the most powerful Buddhist countries. Is it not time for Japan to advance?"

**Cheap Classical Reading.**

We have received from John B. Alden, Publisher, 18 Vesey Street, New York, the following issues, neatly bound in cloth, of his library of Classical Authors, recent poetry, science and biography. This is certainly the cheapest form in which these high class issues can be had.

Demosthenes, by W. J. Brodrigg, 30 cents; Aristotle, by C. W. Collins, 30 cents. Lippincott's editions of the above, the cheapest heretofore published, are priced at \$1 each.

Arnold's Indian Song of Songs, 25 cents; Arnold's Pearls of the Faith, 30 cents. These two have heretofore been published at \$1 each. Elzevir Library, Science Series, I, 25 cents; The Life of Peter Cooper, by C. Edwards Lester, 25 cents; The Life of Alex. H. Stephens, by Frank H. Norton, 25 cents. The two last named are original works, upon which the authors are paid the usual royalty. The Great Bridge, 25 cents. This is the only publication of the orations of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt and Rev. Dr. Storrs in permanent form.

JOHN WESLEY once wrote to one of his followers a letter which contained a bank-note and the text, "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." His follower replied that he had been often struck with the beauty of the text, but had never seen such useful expositor's notes on it before.

*Scottish Characteristics.* By Paxton Hood. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25 cents.

Johnson, who hated Scotchmen, was no match for the Scot's dry sarcasm. In his dictionary, in defining the meaning of oatmeal, he said: "Food for horses and Scotchmen." And the Scotchman who saw it wrote on the margin: "Were there ever such horses, were there ever such men!" If, however, the work is to be done at all, there is not a man in Great Britain who is so well fitted for the task as Paxton Hood. No man knows them better. He was near enough to them to know them intimately; he was far enough away to be able to take in their grand proportions of character. His wit, humour, sarcasm, which abound in all his writings, are apparently concentrated in this. Some of the anecdotes we have seen before, but Mr. Hood tells them in such a quaint way that we find a new interest in them. The old as well as the young will be amused and greatly edified. This is a NEW BOOK, printed from copy sent direct by the author.

*Grandmamma's Recollections.* By Grandmamma Parker. With numerous illustrations. New York: Carter and Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a charming book for the little folks, full of attractive pictures and with a beautiful illuminated cover. The best of it is that the stories are all true, and they lose none of their interest on that account. And not only are they interesting, they are also instructive, and teach noble lessons of truthfulness, obedience, and kindness. It will be a nice birthday present to any little boy or girl.

*The Gathered Lambs.* By the Rev. E. P. Hammond. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Probably no man living can reach the hearts and influence the minds of children like Mr. Hammond. This little book will be an excellent one for mothers or primary class teachers to read to the little ones under their care. The chapters are simple, touching, and interesting, and will be very helpful in gathering the lambs for the Good Shepherd's fold.

**Abuse of Helps.**

It is an abuse of helps when we put them first. The first thing to be sought is the help of the Holy Spirit; and this is to be obtained upon our knees. And then there is the help of our natural faculties—the powers of understanding with which God has endowed us—that are to be focalized upon the Scripture lesson, and held there until, as far as we may be able, we have mastered its meaning. Read it over and over every day of the week; bring it near, and look at it microscopically; put it far off, and look at it from various points of view—for every truth is many-sided—and presently it shall glow and gleam like a cluster of diamonds in the light of the sun.

In addition there is the invaluable help of other Scriptures. "God is His own interpreter, and He will make it plain." If we would understand a passage of the Word of God, we must

study it in the light of correlated passages, each giving its own peculiar tint of truth, and all together giving the truth in its glorious entirety. Having devoutly besought the help of the Lord; having faithfully studied the Word of the Lord; having diligently brought to bear upon it all our powers of heart and mind—then we are at liberty to avail ourselves of, and are properly prepared to appreciate, the pious labours of Christian scholars who have given their lives to the patient study of the Book of books, and have laid their accumulated treasures of learning at our feet.

These bring to us such lesson helps as it is surely worth our while to use. But mark, we are to use them as not abusing them. And we abuse them, when we use them as an indolent student uses a "pony" at college. Too lazy to dig out his Latin or Greek by the legitimate aid of his lexicon and grammar, he avails himself of an interlinear translation, and so, at the very last moment, before going into the class-room, makes hurried preparation, which is no preparation, but only a wicked and miserable sham. He merely mouths the words in a meaningless way, and utterly misses all scholarly development.

Even so is he but a pitiful pretender, instead of a respectable Bible teacher, who postpones preparation until Sunday morning, and then, instead of personal investigation, simply crams himself full of somebody's Lesson Helps, and then hies away to Sunday-school, to reproduce as his own, what so lately he has appropriated. This is an abuse of Helps that cannot be too deeply deplored. Others still are even too indolent to master the helps which others have made all ready to their hands; and so they take them with them in the presence of their classes, and confess alike their indolence and impotence, by spending the time in reading aloud what some one else has written on the lesson. There is a show of honesty about this latter method but it is immensely stupid, nevertheless, and is such an abuse of Lesson Helps as was never meant by those who made them.

Use every help you can at home, but leave them all behind you when you start to school or take them only in your head; and then, when you meet your scholars, you can look them in the eye, and talk to them out of your heart; and even if you do not "talk like a book," you shall, at least, not "talk like a parrot," and your speech shall glow with a genuine enthusiasm, which shall not be lost on those you teach.—*Baptist Teacher.*

GOVERNOR St. John says: Abolitionists were called fanatics just the same as temperance people are to-day branded as fanatics. "I like the name," he said. "John Brown was called a fanatic, but when he died on the gallows the soil of the south was bathed with tears of millions of slaves. He was branded as a fanatic, but his death will form one of the brightest pages of history. Those abolitionists who were called fanatics fought the fight to the bitter end, and their names are now revered. The time will come when the people who to-day cry 'fanatic,' will shout, as they see their own sons reeling through the streets, 'Come on, you temperance fanatics, and help save our boys.'"



THE OLD FRENCH PENSIONER. — (See next page.)

### Thou Hast Made Summer.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

It is through a flower-strewn way  
That thy children walk to-day,  
O God, who mak'st the summer-time so beautiful to see;  
And the sweetly-scented air  
Bears upward many a prayer  
Of loving, happy gratitude from the sons of men to thee.

All the world is full of song,  
And the melody lasts long,  
From the opening of the day when the dawn  
and darkness meet,  
Till the soft, reluctant light  
Leaves the land to rest and night,  
And Philomela's evening hymn arises soft  
and sweet.

'Tis the festal time of earth,  
And the sea unites its mirth  
With many sounds of gladness exuberant and free,  
And the laughter of the waters,  
And thy joyous sons and daughters,  
Rise daily from this land of ours, great  
Father, unto thee.

O God, is any sad  
When the world is all so glad,  
And thou hast made the summer so full of joy and love?  
Are there tears in any eyes  
That look upward to thy skies,  
When the earth is near as beautiful as the azure space above?

Alas, 'tis even so!  
Thy children dwell below,  
Where sin and sorrow darken e'en brightest days of May;  
Yet, thou whose bounteous hand  
Has made so fair the land,  
Hast power to bless the sorrowful, when unto these we pray.

For all the pain and sadness  
Thou canst put joy and gladness  
In hearts that do not know them, though  
"the corn and wine increase."  
Hush thou the care and strife  
That mar our human life,  
And give to every troubled one some share of love and peace.

All things own thy control;  
Make summer in the soul,  
Whose sobbings spoil with dissonance the season's merry chime.  
Thy blessings crown the sod—  
Be merciful, O God,  
And give to every child of thine the joy of summer time.

—*Christian World.*

### The Old Pensioner.

ALL civilized nations make provision for the old age of their worn out soldiers and sailors. In Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals the veterans of the army and navy of Great Britain find a quiet haven where they may rest awhile after a stormy voyage and warfare. And the brave old fellows often fight their battles o'er again, and shoulder a crutch and show how fields were won. In Paris the French have a magnificent home for worn out soldiers, the Hotel des Invalides; and here, beneath its gilded dome, sleeps in his stone sarcophagus the dust of the great warrior, Napoleon, while around his tomb linger a few of his old companions in arms whose hearts still thrill at the mention of the mighty name, which was once a terror to all Europe.

The old pensioner in the picture looks peaceful enough now. He may have seen hard fighting in his day. Indeed the cross he wears upon his breast is proof of that. But his fighting days are over. He doeses in the sun, sitting beneath one of the bridges beside the Seine, and doubtless boasts, even when he returns with empty basket, that he has had at least "a glorious nibble." The friendly looking dog at his side seems to take as intelligent an interest in the sport as his master. I

wonder is he expecting a fish to eat. It seems to me that about the worst use you can make of a man is to make him food for powder. It is her millions of idle soldiers that keep Europe so poor. Thank God that we have so little need for them in this favoured land. And may the time soon come when, the wide world over, they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more.

### What Helped Them.

AN exchange tells the following story of how three children were helped in a long journey from Germany to America:

Three little German girls, whose friends were in America, wanted to go thither. They were from 8 to 12 years old, and the question was how to get them across the great ocean, and away into the interior of America. There was no one to go with them, they must go alone; and no one could tell what troubles might assail them, or what dangers might surround them. But their friends had faith in God, and before they sent them out they got a book, and on the fly-leaf of it they wrote a sentence in German, in French, and in English, and they told the little children when they started: "If you get into any trouble, or need any help, you just stand still and open this book and hold it right up before you."

Then they started off on their long journey by railway and by steamship, from place to place, and from port to port; and wherever they went, if any trouble occurred or any difficulty arose, the children would stop and open the book, and hold it before them, and they always found some one who could read German or English or French, and who was ready to help them on their way.

And so in due time they reached their friends far off in the interior of America.

And what were these words which proved such a talismanic protection to these children among strangers and in a strange land? What were the words that made the careless civil and thoughtful, and the rough and reckless kind, that gave them protection and help, in every hour of need, and opened doors before them? They were the words of One who lived on earth long years ago, and who, though He has passed away from human vision, yet holds His grasp upon the minds of men. These were the words: "And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

### Sunshiny Homes.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A cheerful atmosphere is important to happy home life. It is very hard for children to be good when they are exposed to an incessant hail-storm of fault-finding from their parents. It is very difficult for a wife to maintain a calm and charmingly sweet demeanor when her husband is critical, cynical or sulken, and takes all her tender efforts with indifferent appreciation.

A sunshiny husband makes a merry beautiful home, worth having, worth working in and for. If the man is breezy, cheery, considerate, and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over

her puddings and her mending basket; counts the hours till he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration.

You may think it weak or childish if you please, but it is the admired wife, the wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation who is capable, discreet and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood, under the tonic and the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasions for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion.

In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, or division of interests. The husband and the wife are each the complement of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful, as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door, as it is hers to sweep and garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival is filled with something like a heavenly benediction.

### What is Dynamite.

AN English paper says: It is a form of nitro-glycerine. This, as its name suggests, is a mixture of glycerine and nitric acid. Glycerine, a well-known harmless material, may be regarded as the essence of soap. Its elements are carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. While the mixture is kept tolerably quiet there is no explosion. But oxygen loves carbon and hydrogen more than nitrogen, and is quite ready when opportunity serves to forsake the one for the other. The result is a very great change. The oxygen and carbon unite, forming carbonic acid, which demands a far greater space than the materials formerly occupied. Other compounds are formed, such as water, which, from the heat, becomes steam. The change is made, when once it commences, very suddenly. If a train were laid reaching from London to Edinburgh, and the alteration once commenced in London, it would take place along the whole length in about two minutes. The new form which the elements of nitro-glycerine take, on being what is called exploded, requires, according to Wagner, twelve hundred times the space it occupied before.

This enormous expansion brought about so suddenly becomes almost irresistible. It drives everything out of the way. Its explosive power may be roughly estimated at about ten times that of gunpowder.

Such is nitro-glycerine. It has been found of advantage to mix it with loose, sandy earth, such as is formed of the fossil shells of infusoria, and found at Lunenburg. When so mixed, three parts nitro-glycerine with one part earth, it is called dynamite. When it is mixed with sawdust, prepared for the purpose, it is called dualin. Lithofracteur, which is much used by miners, is nitro-glycerine made up into a paste with sulphur and saltpetre. Hartmann made his dynamite in Russia from nitro-glycerine and sugar. The perpetrators of these recent outrages seem to have made it themselves.

THE profits of the Methodist Book Concern, New York City, amounted last year to \$65,000.

### The Heavenly Beauty.

"MA'AM, can I go in there?" said a poor little deformed girl to a genteelly dressed lady, as she was about entering a certain fashionable church in the city, pulling her gently by the dress, at the same time, and looking up most pleadingly into her face. The lady hesitated. Such a fright was she to look upon—her back was so crooked, her face so sallow, her clothes so poor! But there was such an eager woe-begone look in her sunken eyes that the lady could not repel her, so she said: "Yes, my dear, you may; come and go right along with me." And she took the poor forlorn looking child by the hand and led her into the church and into her own pew. Ah! but what a look of delight now came over that wondering child's face, as she gazed around that grand old church, and took in one object of interest after another. This was evidently a new experience to her and she was drinking in influences whose impress would never fade away. The lady who had introduced the poor thing to this new scene at once conceived a strange interest in her, and felt far more than repaid for the slight sacrifice she had made.

But the music seemed to be the chief charm to this little unfortunate. She sat and listened as if hardly knowing whether she was in the body or out of the body. Nay, you would have hardly known that face now, so rapt, for the same that, a few moments ago, looked up so pleadingly and piteously into this kind lady's face. For the second hymn the choir sang one beginning

"And must this body die?"

to a wondrously sweet tune. Presently the lady felt a vigorous pull at her dress, and heard the little creature at her side, in an eager whisper, exclaim: "Oh, ma'am, do you hear that?" the big tears meanwhile rolling down her cheeks. They were singing,

"Arrayed in glorious grace,  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape and every face  
Be heavenly and divine."

In amazement the lady looked down upon the poor little deformed girl beside her. Could it be that she really understood those words, and was as deeply touched by the thought they contained as by the heavenly melody with which they were expressed? As soon, therefore, as the services were concluded, the lady turned to the child and asked: "Did you like the hymn very much, dear?"

"Oh, yes," said she quietly, "very much indeed."

"Will you tell me why?" continued the lady, as kindly and sympathetically as possible.

"Oh," said she, turning and pointing to a lovely woman who had been sitting near them, "You see, ma'am, I am going to look as beautiful as she up there."

"In heaven do you mean?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And are you hoping to go there?" Fixing her large eyes full on her inquirer, with a voice thrilling with emotion she replied, "And didn't the Lord Jesus, ma'am, die for just such crooked ones as me?"

In little more than a year from that time that same little deformed thing had fallen asleep. So early had she exchanged her crooked shape and was little face, for one "all heavenly and divine."

## The Tired Mother.

LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;  
Child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of golden hair;  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so  
tight.

You do not prize this blessing overmuch,  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day,  
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.  
And now it seems surprising strange to me  
That while I wore the badge of motherhood  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest,  
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,  
The restless, curly head from off your breast,  
The hisping tongue that chattered constantly;

If from your own the dimpled hands had  
slipped,

And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,  
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your heartache  
then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret

At little children clinging to their gown;  
Or that the footprints when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.

If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear it patter in my house once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But oh! the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never ruffled by a shining head;  
My singing birdling from his nest is flown,  
My little boy I used to kiss is dead!

## Effect of the Bible.

FAINE'S "English Literature" has a remarkable passage, with reference to the effect of the Bible on the English people, as read and learned for the first time from Tyndal's Translation.

"One hid his book in a hollow tree; another learned by heart an epistle and a gospel, so as to be able to ponder it to himself even in the presence of his accusers. When sure of his friend he speaks to him in private; and peasant talking to peasant, labourer to labourer, you know what the effect would be. It was the yeomen's sons, as Latimer said, who more than others maintained the faith in Christ in England, and it was with the yeomen's sons that Cromwell afterwards reaped his Puritan victories. When such words are whispered through a nation all official voices clamour in vain. The nation has found its poem; it stops its ears to the troublesome would-be distractors, and presently sings it out with a full voice and from a full heart. But the contagion has even reached the men in office, and Henry VIII. at last permitted the English Bible to be published. England has her book. Every one, says Strype, who could buy this book, either read it assiduously or had it read to him by others, and many well advanced in years learned to read with the same object."

## The Best Time for Exercise for Girls.

MEDICAL men will tell you that about two hours' exercise in the open air should be taken every day. But this does not mean you are to take it all at once. Before breakfast is a good time for a gentle walk, yet the delicate should swallow a mouthful or two of milk, or eat a tiny biscuit before going out. A glass of cold water does good too before one's walk, and it is a good

plan to walk, say a quarter of a mile, to a well, drink a glass of water there and then return. To those who take this advice, breakfast will be anything but a make-believe. Never take exercise on a full meal. From two to three hours after is the best time, and if you take your principal exercise before dinner, be sure to allow time for at least half an hour of rest before you sit down; else you are but opening the door for indigestion to walk in and play havoc with your health. Exercise, to be beneficial, must be regular; but perhaps you are afraid of the weather. I pray you be not so; wrap up lightly but well, and defy it. Defy the wind, the rain, ay, and sleet, and snow itself; for one does not catch cold when actually taking exercise, I do assure you. Finally, let your exercise be varied, one day this kind, and the other that, but always pleasant, always pleasurable, and taken at the same hour every day. You may find it irksome at first, but it will soon become a habit, and your guerdon will be—health.

## Aunt Dinah's Hymn.

De sinner see de mote in de Christian eye,  
He can't see de beam in his own;  
He had better go home and keep de house  
clean,  
And let God's chillen alone.  
I'm gwine home ter glory,  
Gwine to de shinin' town,  
Gwine to tell my story,  
An' wear de golden crown.

De sinner find fault wid he knows not what,  
Can't put nuttin' better in de place;  
Better go er seekin' on de solitary path,  
And get aboard de old ship o' Grace.  
For de lightning' it am flashin',  
The thunder do roll,  
De mitey waves am dashing',  
Oh, sinner, save your soul!

Dey had better keep time to de music of de  
just,  
An' jine in de singin' wid de band,  
An' try mitey hard to be among de fust  
Dat am pushin' for de promised land,  
Whar de holy lamps are burnin',  
Whar de saints in glory stand,  
To meet de soul returnin'  
Home to de happy land.

For de Gospel's train am comin' on fast,  
Sinner, get er ticket while you kin;  
It's crowded wid de saints, an' will push o  
past

If you don't hurry up an' git in.  
I'm gwine home to glory,  
To Canaan's happy land,  
I'm gwine to tell my story,  
An' wid de blessed stand.

—Augusta Chronicle.

## New Guinea.

PROMINENCE is given in recent cable dispatches to the annexation of Papua, or New Guinea, to the British Empire. A commissioner has been sent to the island from Australia to take possession of it as a dependency of Queensland. By this action of the colonial authorities one of the largest islands in the world, with an area of something less than 300,000 square miles, will be incorporated with the British possessions. Holland is the only Government that has colonial settlements in New Guinea. But these are of small extent.

The island is less known to civilized man than any other region of equal extent in the world, for no European had been able until recently to advance more than a few miles into the interior. It is irregular in outline, and is deeply indented by several large bays. It is mountainous, is subject to a hot, damp climate, and is clothed with a luxuriantly rich forest vegetation throughout its known extent. The birds are said

to be more numerous and more beautiful than those of any other island. Among these are eleven species of birds of paradise, of which eight are found nowhere else. No correct estimate of the number of inhabitants can be made. They belong to the typical Papuan race, and have a facial expression not unlike that of Europeans. The fertile valleys of the south-western part of the island are well cultivated by the natives, who excel there as agriculturists. The villages also are singularly neat, in strong contrast with those to the north-west, which are built on poles.

Papua was discovered early in the sixteenth century by the Portuguese, and since 1828 the Dutch have had trading stations at various points. The area which has been under Dutch control comprises about 29,000 square miles, with a population of about 200,000, but the Netherlands have claimed nearly half the island.

## Varieties.

*Paterfamilias* (reading doctor's bill):  
"Well, Doctor, I have no objection to pay you for the medicine, but I will return the visits."

A LEGLESS man writes to find out what work he is fitted for. Let him apply for a situation as bank cashier. He will enjoy the confidence of the community.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it as fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

QUEEN Victoria does not indulge in the affectation of pretending not to read the newspapers. She takes a morning and an evening daily and several weeklies.

"HERE, now," said a mother to her little boy, "take this good medicine. It's sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I love little brother," the boy replied; "give it to him."

TEACHER: "Suppose that you have two sticks of candy, and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you got then?" Little boy (shaking his head), "You don't know him; he ain't that kind of a boy."

TEACHER: "Define the word excavate." Scholar: "It means to hollow out." Teacher: "Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar: "The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

A FEW years ago, a fat fellow asked old Sir Francis Burdett, while in Parliament, for some position, saying: "Don't you remember me? I used to be a page." "Well," responded Sir Francis, "you have grown into a volume."

LAST Christmas-eve Mrs. J— went upstairs to see if the children had hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, and found that little Fred had pinned his up in a prominent place, with a little slip of paper attached, containing these suggestive words, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

A BOY of 8 years was asked by his teacher where the zenith was. He replied: "The spot in the heavens directly over one's head." To test his knowledge further, the teacher asked: "Can two persons have the same zenith at the same time?" "They can." "How?" "If one stands on the other's head."

## Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

59.—Obe, Rhone, Loire.

60.—Dan-en-how-er.

61.—C A P E  
A R I D  
P I N E  
E D E N

62.—

T  
W I N  
T I G E R  
N E W  
R

## New Puzzles.

30.—ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 14 letters: My 13, 12, 8, 14, is a metal; my 9, 11, 10, 13, 12, is a shooting implement; my 7, 6, 5, is used for illuminating; my 14, 2, 3, 4, is a female; my 1, 2, 3, is to squeeze tight. My whole is the name of a great man.

In glove, not in mitten;  
In rabbit, not in kitten;  
In crow, not in caw;  
In foot, not in paw.  
In field, not in plain;  
In fear, not in pain.  
In lard, not in butter;  
In door, not in shutter.  
The name of a President.

## 31.—POSTICAL PI.

The misspelt edde may tell the lurty bevar;  
The allisters kills may verse a file to vase;  
The stemsall pord the thirtys may erevell;  
The tightless loko may kame a thear to regive;  
Thagun is so small tub taht it may ocintan;  
The sore of pureales or the north of apin.

## 32.—DOUBLE CROSS WORD.

In Campbell, not in Cotton;  
In Fuller, not in Wotten;  
In Proctor, not in Randall;  
In Milton, not in Handal;  
In Chaucer, not in Lowell;  
In Roland, not in Stowell;  
In Butler, not in Morton;  
In Hemans, not in Norton.  
A group of stars, and a star.

PEOPLE hurl their scorn at the life of Lord Byron. Lord Byron was not half so much to blame as his mother. The historian tells us that when her child was limping across the floor with his unsound foot, instead of acting like any other mother, she said: "Get out of my way, you lame brat!" Do not denounce Lord Byron half as much as you denounce his mother.

PROOFS are never wanting that the good old times were by no means up to our times. The *Burlington Hawk-eye* puts the case freshly: "There are conveniences to-day in the county almshouse that Solomon had to do without. . . . We haven't so many wives as he had, but we have better children; much better, indeed; for, while Solomon had the theory of training children all right, he never put it into practice in his own family. . . . Remember that the world is better to-day, dearly beloved, than it was when you came into it; and that it is going to be a great deal better still when you get out of it."—*S. S. Times*.



Home, Sweet Home.

BY MATTIE C. ARNOLD.

There's a beautiful realm in the far away past,  
All lovely with sunshine and flowers,  
And voices as sweet as the songs of the birds,  
Laugh away the bright, happy hours,  
I can hear them now, come echoing back,  
As I watch the starry dawn,  
And memory bells chime soft and low—  
Home, Sweet Home.

There's a coming: now a gentle hand  
Rests lightly on my brow—  
A whispered word and the sweet care  
Call me back to the beautiful now;  
To another realm where flowers bloom,  
From which nothing can tempt me to roam,  
And my heart-throbs chime with voices  
sweet—  
Home, Sweet Home.

The voices loved so in that long ago,  
And those which make music now—  
The coming step and the hand whose touch  
Lingers gently on the brow—  
I hope to greet in that fadeless realm  
Beyond the starry dawn,  
Where Angel voices welcome breathe, to  
Home, Sweet Home.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1222.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 9.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

Ruth 1. 14-22. Commit to memory vs. 16, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The blessedness of a part and a lot with God's people.

TIME.—Ruth lived probably in the time of Gideon, B.C. 1222-1182.

PLACE.—Bethlehem, six miles south of Jerusalem. The birth-place of Christ and of David, and home of Ruth. Moab, east of the Dead Sea, and south of the river Arnon. This was the part where Naomi went. The whole of Moab extends east of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, as far north as the river Jabbok.

THE BOOK OF RUTH.—(1) The author is unknown. (2) It was probably written during the reign of David.

PERSONS.—Elimelech means "my God is king;" Naomi, "lovely," "pleasant;" Mahlon, "sickly;" Orpah, "pining one;" Ruth, "a friend;" Orpah, "a lawn."

THE STORY.—During the times of the judges a great famine arose in Israel, and Elimelech of Bethlehem emigrated with his wife and two sons to Moab beyond the Dead Sea. Here his sons married two Moabitish women. In the course of ten years all three husbands died. The mother, Naomi, proposed to return to her early home, and the daughters-in-law proposed at first to go with her, and went a little ways. Finally, one returned home, and the other went on and became an Israelite.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—14. *And they*—Ruth and Orpah, who had gone with Naomi a short distance on her way to Bethlehem. 15. *Her people and her gods*—Orpah partly led into the light by Naomi, went back to be a heathen and idolater. 16. *Entreat me not, etc.*—Ruth chose the people of God and His service. Her choice was a type of the choice of all who become Christians. 20. *Call me Naamah*—i.e., pleasant, happy. *Call me Mara*—i.e., bitter. 21. *Ruth afflicted me*—For distrusting God, and going to a heathen land for help. 22. *Sojourn*—The middle of April. The story of Ruth goes on to relate how she was rewarded for her faithfulness in cleaving to her poor widowed mother-in-law. She marries a rich kinsman, and is the mother of the ancestor of King David and of Christ.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The book of Ruth.—The story of Ruth.—Moab.—Bethlehem.—Orpah and her return.—Ruth's choice.—How her choice illustrates what we all should choose.—What it cost Ruth to make the choice.—Her reward.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When, and by whom, was the book of Ruth written? Who are the principal persons mentioned in it? In what age did Moab live? Where was Bethlehem?

What two renowned persons were born there? Where was Moab?

SUBJECT: THE BLESSED CHOICE.

1. RUTH AND ORPAH.—Who was Naomi? Her husband's name? Where was their home? Why did they leave it? Where did they go? Was this emigration to a heathen land a proof of their lack of faith in God? How long did they remain in Moab? What took place during these two years? Who were Ruth and Orpah? Where did Naomi start to go?

2. THE RIGHT CHOICE (verses 14-18).—Why did Ruth and Orpah start to go with Naomi? Who was persuaded to return? From what motives? To what did she return? What did she lose by her choice? What was Ruth's choice? Did it show faith in God? What would make it hard for Ruth to choose thus? Who, in relation to the Christian life, are like Orpah? How does each part of Ruth's reply to Naomi apply to those who choose the Christian life,—where thou goest, I will go? where thou lodgest, I will lodge? thy people shall be my people! thy God my God! where thou diest, I will die? What do we learn from Naomi's ceasing to object when she saw that Ruth's resolution was fixed?

3. RUTH'S REWARD (vs. 19-22).—What were Naomi's circumstances on her return? To what would she change her name? Does she acknowledge that she had done wrong in going away? What qualities are shown in Ruth from her accompanying a sad and poor mother-in-law? At what time of the year did they reach Bethlehem? Relate the subsequent history of Ruth. Was she well rewarded? Do those who choose the Christian life ever regret their choice? What reasons would lead you to become a Christian? Can you use toward Christians the words of Ruth to Naomi?

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF RUTH.

1. The sure reward of filial devotion and trust in the Lord.
2. God is no rejecter of persons.
3. The overruling providence of God.
4. All of us must choose like Orpah or Ruth.
5. A picture of a model daughter.
6. The difficulties of a right choice.
7. The rewards of a right choice.
8. We should go with Christians in holy deeds, abide with them in worship, love, and rest, make them our friends, serve their God, and die their happy death.

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

13. When did Ruth live? Ans. In the time of Gideon, about 1270 years before Christ. 14. Who was she? Ans. A Moabitess, and daughter-in-law of Naomi of Bethlehem. 15. What did she do? Ans. She left her country and her idols, and became an Israelite and a worshipper of the true God. 16. Repeat the words of her choice. Ans. Repeat verses 16 and 17 f. c.

B.C. 1142.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 16.

A PRAYING MOTHER.

1 Sam. 1. 21-28. Commit to memory vs. 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.—1 Sam. 1. 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Children should be devoted to God from their earliest years.

TIME.—About B.C. 1142, 2.

PLACE.—(1) Shiloh, the religious capital of Israel, 17 miles north-west of Jerusalem. (2) Ramah (the hill), called also Ramathaim Zophim (the two hills of the watchmen), 4 miles north-west of Jerusalem. Here was Samuel's birthplace and home.

THE BOOKS OF SAMUEL.—(1) Named from Samuel, their chief character. (2) Their author is unknown, but they are doubtless a compilation from authentic records. (3) They were probably written near the close of David's reign.

SAMUEL.—The fifteenth and last of the judges, and first of the succession of prophets. (1) His name means *asked of God*. (2) He was born at Ramah, B.C. 1148. (3) His father's name was Elkanah, and his mother's Hannah. (4) He died about B.C. 1060, aged 38 years, and was buried at Ramah.

INTRODUCTION.—It was near the close of the period of the judges when a pious woman

went up with her husband to attend one of the yearly festivals at Shiloh where the Tabernacle was stationed. There she asked God to give her a son, and vowed that he should be the Lord's forever. Eli, the high priest, intimated to her that her prayer would be answered. Our lesson to-day begins with the early years of this boy who was an answer to prayer.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—21. *Elkanah*—A wealthy man of Ramah, and father of Samuel. *The yearly sacrifice*—One of the 3 great feasts which the Jews were required to attend every year, i.e., the Passover, Pentecost and Tabernacle. 23. *Till she weaned him*—At 2 or three years old. 24. *Three bullocks*—One for burnt-offering, one for the sacrifice of the vow, one for a peace-offering. *Ephah*—4½ gallons. *A bottle of wine*—A skin bottle, holding a large amount. Wine and flour accompanied the sacrifices. 25. *Eli*—The high priest and judge. 26. *I am the woman, etc.*—See ch. 1. 28. *Lent him*—Rather: given him. He was to belong to the Lord all his life, and from this time lived at the tabernacle.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The books of Samuel.—Eli.—Hannah.—Life of Samuel.—His early history.—Dedicating children to God.—Shiloh.—Ramah.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What can you say about the Books of Samuel? In what age did Samuel live? What place was the capital of Israel? Who was high priest at this time? (1 Sam. 1. 9.) Who was the judge? (1 Sam. 4. 15, 18.)

SUBJECT: CHILDREN CONSECRATED TO GOD.

1. THE CHILD SAMUEL.—What were the names of Samuel's parents? Where did they live? When was Samuel born? The meaning of his name? Why was he so called? How far is it right to pray for temporal blessings? How long did Samuel live? What public offices did he hold? Under whose reign did he die? (1 Sam. 25. 1.) Where was he buried?

2. EARLY INFLUENCES (vs. 21-23).—Who was Elkanah? What would you infer as to his character from his attendance at the feasts? What as to his circumstances from his sacrifices? (v. 24.) What yearly sacrifice is referred to? (Deut. 16. 16.) What kind of a woman was Samuel's mother? (1 Sam. 1. 7, 10-15.) What shows that she was an intelligent, gifted woman? (1 Sam. 2. 1-10.) What vow did she make as to Samuel? (1 Sam. 1. 11.) What is meant by "appear before the Lord" and "there abide forever" in v. 22? What kind of home influences should be around children? What difference does it make to them? Did you ever thank God for a praying mother? What can you do toward answering her prayers? Is there a stronger motive for being Christians ourselves than its influence upon the future welfare of the children? Need children be bad because their home influences are evil?

3. DEVOTED TO GOD'S SERVICE (vs. 24-28).—Where was the capital of Israel and the Tabernacle? How old was Samuel when he was taken there? What offering did his parents bring? In fulfilment of what vow was all this done? Who was high priest? What did Hannah say to him? How young should children be taken to church? Is it enough to go to Sabbath School and not to the church service? Why not? How young may children be converted to God? Do they need the same change as older people? Will it be shown in the same way?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Children are among God's choicest gifts.
2. The future of children is largely in the hands of their parents.
3. Children may become Christians very young.
4. Children should be consecrated to God from their infancy.
5. Children should be taken to the house of God.
6. We should attend the great religious gatherings.
7. We should be generous in our offerings to the Lord.

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

16. Who was Samuel? Ans. The last of the judges and the first of the prophets of Israel. 17. Where was he born? Ans. At Ramah, near Jerusalem, 1148 years before Christ. 18. What did his mother do for him? Ans. She dedicated him to God from his birth. 19. Where did she take him? Ans. To the house of God, to be the Lord's forever.

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