



# WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

ROLPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

[No. 18.]

## An Abandoned Camp-Fire in the Arabian Desert.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

Ah! what is this? The gray ashes of a fire gone out; a few clustered sooty stones that served as fireplace; a little debris scattered here and there. All around us is a rough, sandy pasture-land, with scanty herbage—no house, no flocks, nobody. We are in the open pasture-lands of Arabia. Just here half an hour ago was a Bedouin's tent. It rises up before our thoughts even as it stood then—a roof of rough goat's hair, stained black, thrown over several small poles. A six foot man could reach up and touch the dark ceiling. Under this one roof are housed the male and female members of the encampment, a partition shutting off by themselves the women and the children. You will not see much furniture in the tent. Old Mustapha, the head of this encampment, was once in Damascus—a fact he has never forgotten. As a relic of this visit he brought back with him a piece of old carpeting. That is on the ground today, and old Mustapha is very likely to appropriate it to himself. Scattered about you will see halters and saddles for the camels, several platters, a drinking bowl of wood, two or three vessels for cooking. At one side of this tent you notice old Mustapha's arms—his rusty old matchlock, his crooked sword, his big sheath-knife. At the door is his spear, thrust into the ground. What more does Mustapha want? When he moved this morning, see what quick work he made of it. He packed his tent and his other goods into a few bundles that he bound to the backs of his camels. Now he can go where he



THE ARAB CHIEF.

pleases, and he has gone. This ash-heap, those stones that the fire left its imprint upon, are all there is to say, "Old Mustapha camped here." He has gone beyond that low ridge of land lying bare and brown to the sun, hoping to find for his flock or his herd

verdure to which the heat has been more kindly.

What a life old Mustapha leads? He is a nomad, a shepherd, a herdsman, in the rough, open pasture-land of Arabia, and his Bedouin father before him was just that, and nothing more.

He belongs to a clan, or tribe able to muster a good many lances. A rough, wild-looking set they are. He is very proud of his tribe and its sheikh. He knows of only one person that can surpass that sheikh in wisdom and valour, and the one person is old Mustapha. He has a long string of facts at his tongue's end about his tribe—how grand it is, how numerous, while its origin is as far distant as the high-lands of the cold white moon. Old Mustapha has no books; he never could write his name. All his information, therefore, he carries in the saddle-bags of his memory. It is justly suspected that old Mustapha rides this patient beast too hard sometimes, and what Memory cannot bring to him the wings of Imagination easily furnish.

In his religious preferences old Mustapha is a Mohammedan, but out in the open, sweeping pasture-land he is not that devotee he might be if living in Mecca. The five prayers a day that a good Mohammedan raises old Mustapha thinks are unnecessary. If Mecca were Damascus, he might make a pilgrimage there; as it is, he will visit Mecca by proxy, content with the pilgrimages of other Arabians. Still, his language may be—at times—very religious, and he can say "Allah" as devoutly as any one in Mecca. Like some other people, even in America, he is apt to divorce religion and morality. He can make a thing big, exaggerating, as when he talks about his

great ancient tribe, or he can make a big thing nothing. How to cut down and puff up old Mustapha well understands. If he should lie to your face, it might trouble you, but it would not be likely to annoy his conscience. He has some singular ideas, also, about

property. If you actually intend to travel through the district of his tribe, you had better obtain a passport from his sheikh; otherwise, when you get beyond that low ridge of land where old Mustapha's camp now is, you might find it difficult to keep all your baggage. Indeed, you might not find it easy to get on at all. The Bedouin reasons: "This land belongs to us; others have no business on it unless they have a passport. They are trespassing, and we will fine them for it."

Just now, old Mustapha is not aware that you are in the neighbourhood. While you are contemplating his late camp-fire, he is enjoying a meal. His living is apt to be rather scanty. At times a millet-cake, blackened, if not cooked, in the ashes, or broth made out of the seeds of the *samb*, must serve him in the place of bread; yet when he has the chance, he can stuff like an Eskimo. To-day, one of his sons killed two partridges, and others of the camp ran down three hares; and old Mustapha will doubtless improve his opportunity for an unusual bite, washing it all down with a bowl of coffee—a drink to which he does not always have access, though living in Coffeeland. Then he will probably pull out a vile tobacco-pipe of clay. Richer Arabs can sport the traditional long pipe, with big bowl, that we see in pictures, and probably the so-called water-pipe. The stem of the pipe will grow shorter and shorter as you get down where poor people are, like old Mustapha, until it will be no longer than the ugly stub we see before some people's faces in our land. But—

If there is not old Mustapha suddenly appearing above that ridge of land, decked in all his rusty, ragged armour! While we were dreaming by the side of this blackened fireplace, in the wild, sandy land, he was cutting short his meal, proposing an interview as soon as possible. Here he comes! We will leave, and take our baggage with us.

#### How Others See It.

The mounted police (who seem to do most of their travelling on foot) give amusement to the passengers by their searches through the train for violators of the prohibitory liquor law of the North-West Territory. They tramp up and down the long aisles of the coaches in their scarlet coats, boots and spurs. This liquor prohibition has been the good object in view of keeping whisky from the Indians. Before it was enforced, "whisky-traders," who came many miles across country from the States, sold "fire water" to the Indians in exchange for furs and made enormous profits, while the unfortunate red man was the sufferer. There are many thousands of Indians on reserves in this region, and the strict enforcement of this law does great good. But it is at the same time a general measure; the Dominion Parliament, holding that

what is good for the Indian must also be good for the white man; and these policemen are paid 2s. a day mainly to enforce this law. It is, however, a rather comical commentary on the prohibitory principle that on the railway the traveller can get all the fluids he wishes when in the "dining coach," but at the same time commits a deadly sin if he does his imbibing or carries a bottle on any other coach. The governor's "permits" are availed of in the former; the railway management having discovered that a great transcontinental tourist line cannot be successfully run on a prohibitory liquor basis in free America. Some of the seizures of spirits made by the police are very large, for the contraband trade is carried on extensively, most of the whisky coming from Montana, and being vile stuff, though often commanding 15s. or 20s. per bottle."

#### The Mails of the Olden Time.

In these days we are so accustomed to the almost hourly visits of the postman, and to the conveniences for correspondence which have well-nigh done away with separation between friends, that it may be well to "stir up our thankfulness" a little by reading the following extract from the *Youth's Companion*:—

"It has been declared that all romance passed out of the mail service with the old posting-days. This may be true; but it is also a fact that sufficient interest is to be found in the infancy of letter-writing for the satisfaction of the curious. The ancients had no convenient postal arrangements—a fact easily accounted for by the poverty of their writing materials, as neither the waxen tablets used by pupils under tuition, nor the leaden plates upon which the pilgrims wrote questions when they consulted the oracle of Dodona, were of a suitable shape for transportation. The first step toward portable writing materials lay in the adoption of the papyrus; but for a long time after that mankind seemed little inclined toward an interchange of written thought.

"The real origin of letter-writing was in Egypt, and the two forms of letters first in use were an open sheet and a closed roll. The two most progressive states of antiquity, however, the Persian and Roman empires, were the first to attempt systematizing the mail service. Rome, probably, followed the lead of Persia in the matter, and the origin of the *cursus publicus*, or public-post system, is traced back to the time of Augustus. According to this arrangement, a system of communication, which was rapid for those days, was effected between all parts of the empire. Between one *mansio*, or station, and another, was a day's journey, and at each of these points forty mules were at all times kept standing in readiness for travel. The 'mutations,' which were between the *mansiones*,

were intended simply for the exchange of horses, and not as shelter for travellers, and here also twenty animals were always waiting.

"During the Middle Ages, no general postal communication was preserved, as letter-writing had quite fallen into disuse. Only the monks still practised it, and the monasteries and universities became the only postal stations of the time.

"Of course no convenient postal arrangement could exist without reference to some central department, or office; and, consequently, none was successfully attempted as long as the empires of the Middle Ages consisted merely of independent states held together by a loose feudal system.

"France first attempted a uniform postal system, which, under Louis XV., reached quite a respectable condition. Still, the postage was extravagantly high, and the secrecy of a correspondence was so little respected, that people did not take the trouble to seal their letters, but merely fastened them together with needles. Richelieu's maxim was well known, and also the coolness with which he acted upon it: 'Sire, if one wishes to know what there is in a letter, *eh bien!* one must open it and read!'

"In modern times, all the appliances of sciences have been pressed into the service of expediting the mails. There are still peculiar methods of transit. In British India, the velocipede is the vehicle of the carrier; the camel bears the mail through the desert; and the reindeer effects communication among the frozen regions of the north."

#### The Mountain Flower.

In Ross-shire, Scotland, there is an immense mountain gorge. The rocks have been rent in twain, and set apart twenty feet, forming two perpendicular walls two hundred feet in height. On either side of these natural walls, in crevices where earth has collected, grow wild flowers of rare quality and beauty. A company of tourists visiting that part of the country were desirous to possess themselves of specimens of these beautiful mountain flowers; but how to obtain them they knew not. At length they thought they might be gathered by suspending a person over the cliff by a rope. They offered a Highland boy, who was near by, a handsome sum of money to undertake the difficult and dangerous task. The boy looked down into the awful abyss that yawned below, and shrank from the undertaking; but the money was tempting. Could he confide in the strangers? Could he venture his life in their hands? He felt that he could not, but he thought of his father, and, looking once more at the cliff, and then at the proffered reward, his eyes brightened, and he exclaimed: "I'll go if my father holds the rope." Beautiful illustration of the nature of faith. If the Highland

boy could only place the strong hand and loving heart of his father to the other end of the rope, he would descend the precipice with a fearless mind. Love and power would keep him from falling, and bring him up again with his floral prize, a trophy of the father's affection and his own faith.

#### The Empty Hands.

O, OVERTWORKED, weary mothers,  
Worn out with the day-long toil,  
With nerves that tingle and stitch,  
At the children's wild turmoil,  
See, where one mother, weeping,  
By an empty cradle stands;  
No burden you bear is harder  
Than her burden of empty hands.

For her is no hurry and bustle,  
Favored days after wakeful nights;  
No brushing and mending and stitching,  
And "setting the room to rights."  
Nay, but for her no kisses,  
No clasping of baby arms,  
No smoothing of golden tresses,  
No fondling of dimpled charms.

Think of the dreary silence,  
When the children's tones are stilled,  
And the lagging hours of the long, long days  
By taking tasks unfilled;  
Then love up the duties gladly  
That the busiest day demands,  
O happy mothers, who know not  
The burden of empty hands!

—*Christian Register.*

#### Lapwings, or Pewits.

THE lapwing is about the size of a pigeon. It has a beautiful crest of black feathers upon its head. Its belly is white, and its back a pale brown, with a metallic lustre.

These birds feed on earth-worms, insects, and grubs, and they are very useful on account of the number of these which they destroy. They make use of rather an ingenious way of getting the worms. They pick down the worm-hill with their bills, and then walk around it; or they strike the ground with their feet, and when the worm comes out to see what is the matter, it is instantly seized and eaten.

The nest is slightly built of a few stems put together in a hollow place, and because of the colour of the eggs it is seldom seen; but, should your foot turn in that direction, the mother-bird will spy you out—even at a great distance. She will rise up and approach you, flying about in a state of excitement, and trying to lead you from the nest; and the lapwings in the neighbourhood, as if quite understanding the matter, will come and join her, and fly and flap, and "Pee-wit!" or "Pee-we!" over your head, with great energy.

All at once, however, it appears as if the mother-lapwing had suddenly become lame. She runs limping along, and it seems the easiest thing on earth to catch her. She will allow you to come very near indeed, and entice you to a great distance; then, when all danger is over, she will spring up, as if laughing in your face, and fly off.

## Fishers of Men.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

"And he saith unto them, come ye after me and I will make you fishers of men."—Matt. iv. 19. (Revision).

Fishers of men! 'tis the voice of the Master  
Calling his children to us, as of old;  
Calling them up to a work that is vaster;  
Calling them,  
Each of them,

Out of the mill of the mill and the mold;  
Away from the stain of the earth-work,  
So lowly,  
Up to the sanctified labour, so holy.

Fishers of men! from the waves of perdition;  
Calling them back from the shallows of sin;

Calling them up from its penal fruition;  
Calling them,  
Each of them,

Kindly and lovingly, now to come in:  
Away from the stain of the earth-life,  
So lowly,  
Up to a life that is God-like and holy.

Fishers of men! and the One who commandeth,

Calling his servants by name, is the King,  
Calling them up to the light where he standeth;

Calling them,  
Each of them,  
Tribute of loving life-service to bring;  
Away from the night of the earth-life,  
So lowly,  
Up to the light of his own life, so holy.

Fishers of men! in our heart-beats we hear him

Calling to each with importunate breath;  
Calling them up in his love to be near him;  
Calling them,  
Each of them,

Out of the bondage of darkness and death;  
Away from the earth-life, so sinful and lowly,  
Up to the home-life, eternal and holy.

## On the Temperance Question.

THERE is no mistaking where the Christian sentiment ought to be on the temperance question. The terrible ruin wrought by strong drink, and the gigantic organized efforts that are being made by the liquor interest to resist all reform, and to fix the evil ineradicably in the midst of our Christian civilization, should compel even the most indifferent to earnest thought and decisive opinion and action.

There seems to be no place whatever for neutrality. There may be diversity of opinion as to methods and measures in pressing the reform; there certainly can be, among thinking Christians, no diversity of sentiment concerning the desirability of the reform itself.

The influence of the saloon is evil, and only evil. It has not one redeeming quality. There is no shadow of moral reason for its existence or its continuance in any community. There is no sense in which it can be said to be a benefit to society, or to confer blessings. It surely can claim no mission from God to men, nor can it receive the divine sanction and benediction. God never gives to any man a commission to ruin his fellow-men, and to scatter woe and sorrow.

The sentiment of Christian men and women everywhere should be a

unit on this point. The saloon is unquestionably a foe to Christian progress. It is directly antagonistic to the work which the gospel is ordained to accomplish. It is perpetually undoing what the Church of Christ is striving to do.

No Christian can ignore the question and say, "It is nothing to me. I have no responsibility in the matter." No sheltered home is secure from the peril of the saloon. The beautiful boy—clean and innocent—whom a fond mother presses now to her heart, may some day be laid at her feet an utter ruin—destroyed by the saloon. The question touches the dearest interests of every household. Even on personal grounds there is no one who should be indifferent to it. It may be one of our own that tomorrow shall fall a prey to the blighting curse of the saloon.

This is a question with which parents and teachers have very much to do. The sentiment of Christian temperance should be fostered in every home and in every Sabbath-school. If the drunkard of years cannot be saved, let the young be snatched from the peril. In a little time the children that now play about our doors, and sit in our classes, will mould the social life and direct the political affairs and shape the moral character of the nation. It is vitally important that they should learn to look with clear eye at all questions of duty and responsibility, that their lives should be kept clean for God's holy service, and that their hands should be trained to do manly and heroic work in the cause of Christ, in the day when they shall have to take their places in active life.

Let the children and the young be taught to keep themselves pure from the defiling touch of intoxicating drink. The power of early impressions is well nigh invincible. A child taught from the mother's knee to loathe and hate the saloon, will not be likely ever to cross the fatal threshold in later years.

Let the children be instructed, besides, in the true principles of Christian temperance, based upon the teachings of Christ and his apostles. Let them early learn for themselves the duty of self-control, and let there be deeply impressed upon their hearts the far-reaching requirements of the law of love, which works no ill to a neighbor and seeks the good of all men.

Faithful and careful teaching in these lines, in the home and in the Sabbath-school, will train a generation for pure, sober life and for earnest advocacy of Christian temperance throughout the land.

"THERE is a pleasure in reaching after higher things," said Johnnie, as he put a box on a chair to reach the top shelf, where the preserves were kept.

THE Sunday-school is a garden in which God grows noble characters.

## Stand Firm.

GENERAL ELLIOTT, Governor of Gibraltar during the siege of that fortress, was making a tour of inspection to see that all under his control was in order, when he suddenly came upon a German soldier, standing at his post, silent and still, but he neither held his musket nor presented arms when the general approached.

Struck with the neglect, and unable to account for it, he exclaimed: "Do you know me, sentinel, or why do you neglect your duty?"

The soldier answered respectfully: "I know you well, general, and my duty also; but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket."

"Why do you not go and have them bound up, then?" asked the general.

"Because," answered the soldier, "in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved by another."

The general instantly dismounted from his horse. "Now, friend," he said, "give me your musket, and I will relieve you; go and get your wounds attended to."

The soldier obeyed, but went first to the nearest guard-house, where he told how the general stood at his post; and not till then did he go to the hospital and get his bleeding hand dressed. This injury completely unfitted him for active service; but the news of it having reached England, whither the wounded man had been sent, King George III. expressed a wish to see him, and for his bravery made him an officer.

## The Meeting of Two Old Mates.

At a temperance meeting Mr. Clyde, an evangelist, related: "There were two shopmates, who, for many years, had wrought beside each other, but had lately been for some time separated. When they met again, the one asked the other, 'Well, Tom, how are you getting along?' 'Oh,' was the answer, 'I am a brand plucked from the burning.' 'What do you mean? Are you not going to have a drink?' 'No,' was the reply, 'I tell you I am a brand plucked from the fire.' 'Explain, please,' said his companion, 'I don't understand you.' 'Well,' began the other, 'there is a great difference between a brand plucked from the burning and a green stick. The brand which has been plucked from the fire, if it be put near the fire, will soon be burning again. I, who have been snatched from the fire of strong drink, am not going to put myself near its terrible flames again, for I have seen myself exceedingly sinful, and have placed my hand within the pierced hand of Christ, who died to save me, and I now feel that I am a forgiven sinner.' Those who pray the Lord to deliver them from temptation should be careful not to rush into it again."

## Story of a Wrecked Life.

BY THE REV. CANON ELLISON, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN.

[IN the year 1877, the body of a young man, about twenty-five years of age, was found in the Mersey, at Liverpool. He was well dressed, evidently one of the well-to-do classes. There was no clue to his identity, but in his pocket a paper was found with these words written on it:

"Let me rot!—I have good friends, have had good friends, but am now a miserable sinner—not a farthing. Everything has been done to make me a useful citizen of the world, but I have abused everybody's confidence. Let me perish! God be merciful to me a sinner! Nothing will be found on me to show who I am, but I might have been in a very comfortable position all the days of my life, if it were not for drink. This accursed stuff has led me to commit suicide."

The report of the inquest went the round of the press. In less than two months the coroner received more than 200 applications from parents in different parts of the country, asking for particulars—such as height, color of hair, etc., 200, that is, who had sons, lost to them, and to whom the description in the papers might have applied.]

"Let me rot!" 'tis all I'm fit for!  
Not in consecrated grave,  
Where Christian men, whom mourners weep for,

Their resting-place and burial have:  
But down amidst the silent waters,  
Dark and deep as my remorse,  
Away from wondering eyes—forgotten,  
Let me lie a nameless corpse.

"Let me rot!" 'Twas not so always!  
I was once a happy boy,  
Strong, courageous, hopeful, truthful,  
A father's pride, a mother's joy;  
And I had visions, like my playmates,  
Of a future yet to come,  
When I perchance should gather round me  
The blessings of a Christian home.

And I had friends:—one friend who gave me

The love of her young, trusting heart;  
Friends to help, and friends to save me,  
If I, poor fool! had done my part.  
Where are they now? "all, all have left me,  
As, yielding to the cursed drink,  
Step by step it has bereft me  
Of prospects, reason, power to think.

"Let me perish!" none will miss me,  
None will seek to know my end;  
No mother's lips would care to kiss me,  
No weeping eyes would o'er me bend.  
"Let me perish!" Fiends are round me,  
Mocking, beckoning, urging on.  
They have tempted, fast have bound me,  
Now they claim me for their own.

"Let me rot!" but oh, my brothers,  
You who hold your lives in hand,  
By your love for fathers, mothers,  
By your love for fatherland;  
By the name of him who bought you,  
And who now your service claims;  
By the holy Book that taught you  
Not to live for selfish aims;

Up and drive the drink-fiend from you,  
Dash his poison from your lip;  
Ye are freemen—free your country  
From his desolating grip.  
"Let me perish!"—but let others  
Musing on this shipwrecked life,  
Take arms, and look for no discharge  
In their righteous, life-long strife.

Treasure in Heaven.

BY JOHN O. SAMP.

EVERY coin of earthly treasure  
We have lavished upon earth,  
For our simple worldly pleasure,  
May be reckoned something worth:  
For the spending was not losing,  
Though the purchase were but small;  
It has perished with the using:  
We have had it—that is all.

All the gold we leave behind us  
When we turn to dust again,  
Though our avarice may blind us,  
We have gathered quite in vain;  
Since we neither can direct it,  
By the winds of fortune tossed,  
Nor in other worlds expect it:  
What we hoarded, we have lost.

But each merciful oblation—  
Seed of pity wisely sown,  
What we gave in self-negation,  
We may safely call our own;  
For the treasure freely given  
Is the treasure that we hoard,  
Since the angels keep in heaven  
What is lent unto the Lord!

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96pp., monthly, illustrated	2 50
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Erean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp. 8vo.	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

O. W. COATES, S. F. HURDIS,  
3 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Home and School

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

REMEMBER  
THE  
**S. S. AID COLLECTION**  
OR  
**REVIEW SUNDAY,**  
SEPTEMBER 30TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday, in September, is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to

comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of Circuits and Superintendents of Schools will kindly see that—in every case—the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the Circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall, in turn, remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the fund. The claims on this fund are increasing faster than the fund. We need a large increase this year to even partially meet the many applications made. Nearly 600 new schools have been started in the last three years by means of this fund. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

Work of the Sabbath-school Aid and Extension Fund.

The Editor of the *Sunday-school Banner* performs also the duties of Secretary of the Sunday-school Board of the General Conference, and Executive Administrator of the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund. During the last quadrennium, this fund had made over 950 distinct grants to poor schools, involving a correspondence of over 3,000 distinct communications. With each of these schools a distinct account is kept, and credit given for the partial payments on grants.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

The following are extracts from a few only out of several hundreds of letters received by the Secretary of the Sunday-school Board, showing the nature of the operations of the Sabbath-school Aid Fund, and the character of the benefits it confers. It will be observed that these schools are doing all they can to help themselves, and to pay back part or the whole of the grant given by the S. S. Board.

From New Brunswick: "I cannot find words to express the welcome which these papers meet in the schools, and also in the homes from which no scholars can come, for surplus numbers from one independent school are promptly distributed in the course of my pastoral visitation."

A missionary in Manitoba writes: "Please find enclosed \$6.00, from the Sabbath-school at Stoney Creek. This is one of the mission-schools I formed this year, and to which you gave books and papers: and I am sure that if you could see the avidity with which these are read, and know the good that they are doing, you would be more than gratified."

A brother in British Columbia writes: "There has not been much done in Sabbath-school work on this mission before this year. The greater part of the scholars are half-breeds, and their parents care nothing about Sabbath-school work. Many of them

are worse than Indians. If you can help us still further, I will try and start one or two more schools in the spring. This mission is over two hundred miles in length, and we can only get a few scholars in a place; but we must do what we can to save them. Although a very hard field, we rejoice that the work of God is making some advancement."

Another missionary writes: "To those scholars and teachers who go on the Labrador, we shall send papers, etc., during the fishing season, so as to keep them supplied with profitable reading matter."

A minister in New Brunswick writes: "These precious papers are about the only religious literature ever put into some of these homes. This fund is as truly a mission fund as that which bears the name. Favoured ministers of independent schools and churches, composed from homes of intelligence, little know how hard the work is in uplifting children and adults where parents, because poor, will not spend a cent in religious literature."

Another missionary, in Newfoundland, writes: "The poverty here is extreme. For three years the fisheries have failed, and it is very difficult to earn any money. The teachers in these schools are working very faithfully; and last summer a large number of our people went to Labrador, and we had some of the Sunday-school papers sent down to them, for the benefit of the scholars, teachers, and parents. And they gave them to others—sailors, fishermen, and others who resort thither. I am sorry to say, that many children are not able to attend school this winter for the want of clothing; but we have a large number of young men and women who are coming in to learn to read God's holy Word."

Another missionary, in Newfoundland, writes: "The papers come with surprising regularity, and afford infinite pleasure to the children. In some of the poorer homes, no other literature—periodical or otherwise—is ever seen. The parents con the papers almost as eagerly as the youngsters. Our enterprising Canadian Church is doing a grand work, in the gratuitous distribution of healthy literature for juvenile capacities. We sincerely hope that the present generous grant may be continued after the current half-year closes. With many thanks on behalf of one hundred and fifty delighted children."

A missionary in Newfoundland writes: "The papers are a great boon to us. They are eagerly sought after by adults as well as children, and eternity alone will reveal the amount of good done by them. Methodism has a hard fight here. The people dare not attend a Methodist service, or allow the Methodist minister to pray in their houses, on pain of expulsion from the sacrament, which to them is the same as locking heaven against them. But if they cannot

take the gospel from the "preacher" in the usual way, they will gladly take it in the shape of *Pleasant Hours*, or *Home and School*, or *Happy Days*, and the simple message, told so simply and beautifully, attracts and impresses them. When going about among these people, I have often thanked God that I had papers that I could give them so full of the gospel message."

A missionary on the Island of Grand Manan, N.B., writes: "I am thankful to be able to report that God is blessing our efforts to win the young people of our village for Christ. Several of our Sabbath-school pupils have become active members of our Church. Praise the Lord! We feel exceedingly grateful to you for the generous aid you have already rendered us. Your Sabbath school publications are considered by all classes here superior to any extant, as far as we know. You are doing a glorious work for the youth of our fair dominion."

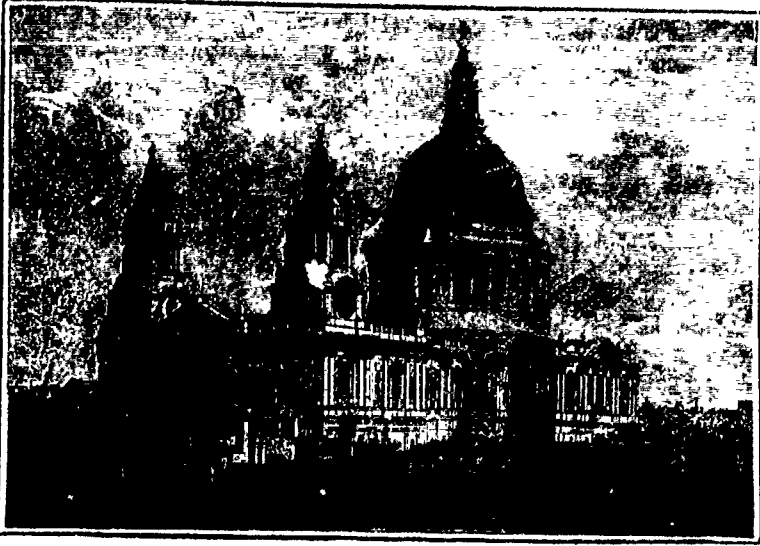
A minister at Lion's Head, writes: "Our school is the only Methodist Sunday-school on this large mission, and a few of its teachers are very earnest to maintain it both winter and summer. Your papers are highly valued, and anxiously looked for; and, in my opinion, are a credit to the cause of Methodism, being of a very exceptional order of merit."

An enthusiastic missionary writes from New Brunswick: "I organized a Methodist Sabbath-school at W—, where our blessed cause has been persecuted so much. The school has all the appearance of a glorious success. Up to date I have collected back numbers of your *soul-stirring* papers, which I have given to the scholars—even the *old* papers have worked up an interest. Thank God! I expect the new ones to influence many to gather into our schools. We have to contend with the diabolical elements of infidelity and mormonism. By this you may form an idea of our opposition; but we find, that 'He that is for (and with) us, is stronger than all who can be against us.'"

Another superintendent writes: "We live on poor land. Some have hard work to get enough to live on; but we try to do what we can. We are thankful for your help, that our young people may have something to help them to live aright. They would rather read those little papers than big books."

LITTLE three-year-old Harry loves to gather flowers, so one day, while his Aunt Ellen was there on a visit, he brought in some "Sweet Williams" and held them up to her, saying: "Aunty, I couldn't find only two Uncle Williams."

A "POLITE" MAN.—"A polite man," said the Duc de Meruy, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

## Bird Talk.

"WHAT news, what comfort, do you bring?"

Say, gossip, say!

As you come back with tired wing  
Adown the airy way."

"So high above the trees I flow,  
High, gossips, high!  
I saw a little rift of blue,  
A lovely glimpse of sky."

"And is it true that storms will cease?  
True, gossip, true?"

"O yes, the winds will be at peace,  
The sun will shine on you!

"So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,  
Call, gossips, call!"

Fast comes the happy spring this way  
Brave gossips all!"

## St. Paul's Cathedral.

Rising in the heart of mighty London, and rising in grandeur above surrounding buildings, is the noble Cathedral of Saint Paul. It is the most conspicuous object in the city, and a fitting emblem of the Protestant faith. In its size it is somewhat surpassed by the cathedral at Rome, and by the one at Milan; but its majestic dome is the finest in the world.

It would be easy to express by figures the height and width of the structure, and the dimensions of the various parts, and to talk in a learned tone about the nave, the transept, the pediment, and the other parts which have harder and more high-sounding names. I never found, however, that such a description made a vivid impression upon the youthful reader. Figures only mar the picture. A good photograph gives a correct and instant impression; and blessings rest upon the head of him who invented this beautiful art, which enables us to travel to the end of the world on a winter's evening while seated at our own warm fireside.

What a history clings around the site of the cathedral! It is said that in the days of the old Romans there was on the spot a temple to Diana, and it is certain that the Saxon Christians had here a church which the Saxon Pagans destroyed. Then there arose old St. Paul's, which was twice burned and rebuilt, which fell into

neglect and decay and which was finally completely destroyed in the fire of 1666, which was the greatest that ever afflicted the city.

It was to this church that Queen Elizabeth came in regal state, in a chariot like a throne, with sound of trumpet and waving of captured banners, to give thanks to God for the great victory over the "Invincible Armada," sent forth by Spain to humble the pride of England.

Here Wycliffe was cited for heresy; here Tyndale's New Testament was publicly cast into the flame; and here many famous men were burned, among whom was Sir Philip Sydney, whose life breathed a higher spirit of poetry than is to be found in his poems.

The present building was begun in the year 1675, and was completed thirty-five years later. During this period it had but one architect, and he the first in genius that England has ever had—Sir Christopher Wren. The work became one of national importance, and the greater part of the vast cost was met by a tax on coal. It was a glorious day when this temple of worship was opened for divine service, and Bishop Compton—who preached the sermon—took as an appropriate text, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Queen Anne went in royal state to the cathedral seven times, to render thanksgiving for victories achieved by the nation under the Duke of Marlborough; and at a later period George the Third went there to express thanks for his recovery from an attack of insanity.

Many funeral ceremonies have here taken place; but one of the first was in memory of the architect, who has here found a fitting resting-place. There is a tablet to his memory over the north door, and on it the Latin inscription, which has often been quoted: "Reader! Would you seek his monument—look around you." In truth, the whole cathedral, while it is raised to the worship of God, is also a monument to the genius of Wren.

Near old Saint Paul's once stood a

famous cross of stone, and at its base a pulpit, which was one of the features of the town. Here many a preacher held forth, but none more famous or popular than Hugh Latimer, who had piety, wit, and hatred of popery in abundant measure, and who ended a glorious life by a brave martyr's death in the streets of Oxford. From this pulpit the decrees of the Pope were announced, and at another time denounced. Heretics were urged to repent, witches to confess, and the condemnation of Luther by the Pope was proclaimed in the presence of Cardinal Wolsey, who came under the displeasure of the king, and fell from power. It is a pity that this cross should have been destroyed by the Puritans; but it was a cross, and that was enough to condemn it—for the cross, in those days, was not the symbol of the pure Christian faith, but of popery, and the stern asserters of religious freedom would not endure it.

Such is the Cathedral of Saint Paul. Though its cost was great, it was not in vain. It is proper that, in the most populous city in the world, this grand building should rise as a witness to the power of the Christian faith, even to those who care not to enter within its walls. It is a monument which the nation did well to build, and which will long endure. What the future may bring we cannot tell; but many centuries must elapse before the "traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of Saint Paul's."—*Classmate.*

## The Tomb of Napoleon.

MANY years after the death of Napoleon Bonaparte, his nephew, the "citizen king," had the remains of his uncle removed from St. Helena and conveyed to Paris, the city of his love and pride, the scene of his pomp and power. They were temporarily placed in a small side chapel in the Invalides, Chapelle de St. Jerome, to await the completion of the preparations for their being deposited in their final resting-place. While lying in the chapel, Queen Victoria, the granddaughter of the king who most vigorously and bitterly opposed him, stood, with her husband and Napoleon III., beside the coffin. The Queen and Napoleon III. were close friends and allies, and side by side rendered their tribute to him who would never again disturb the peace of the world.

The interior of the Invalides is one of the most impressive in all Paris. There is a beautiful marble floor everywhere. At the base of the dome there is all around a stair, consisting of six marble steps; these lead down to a

large circular space, in the centre of which is a deep, open crypt, more than seventy feet in diameter. There is, for the protection of those who look into the crypt, a marble parapet. Beneath the parapet are twelve colossal statues which represent the twelve great victories, with whose names the world is so familiar; in the spaces between the statues clusters of banners that were captured in battle are arranged; there is a gigantic wreath in mosaic, and the names of victories are inscribed on the pavement, and all these emblems and trophies face the great red Russian granite sarcophagus which stands in the centre of the crypt, and in which, in solemn, solitary state, lie the mortal remains of Napoleon Bonaparte. In beholding this picture of his tomb, it is sad to reflect that the brave soldier, victorious general, and all-powerful consul and emperor, at last ignobly fell through unscrupulous self-love and boundless ambition.

## The Grain Beside the Railroad Track.

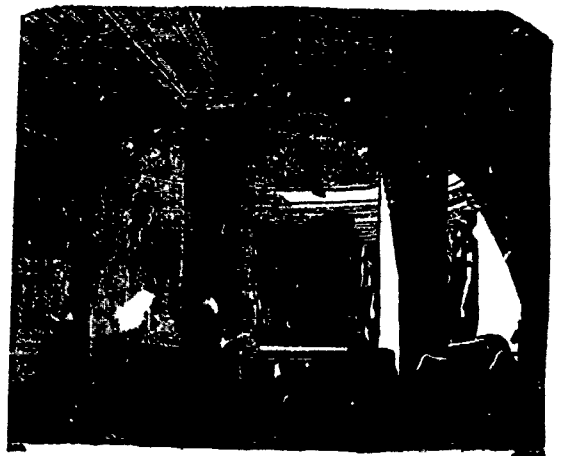
STAND here on the railroad embankment. Two tracks are before us. As far as you can see, the right-hand track has a green fringe of grain-stalks, but there is none along the other track. How did it happen? Along one track go the cars grain-loaded, and bound for the east. No such freight is in the west-bound cars.

Sowing where we go; sowing whether we intend it or not; and have as little thought about it as a grain-car. Sowing because we must. These are the lessons taught us; and how it should sober every one!

Every Sunday at church, every prayer, every chapter read in the Bible, every good deed, word, and thought—all that is seed.

That boy idling at the corner, who pulls a cigar from his mouth only to drop out an oath, disobeying his parents and neglecting church—he too is sowing; but how terrible the harvest will be from such seed! We sow as we go.

LITTLE Willie when he first saw his baby cousin gazed on the tiny thing for a moment in awed silence and then whispered: "Mamma, is he a her?"



## Vote it Out.

"THERE'S a nuisance in the land  
Rank with vice and foul with crime,  
Strong with many a legal band,  
With the strength of wealth and time.  
'How shall we the wrong o'erpower?'  
Is the question of the hour—  
Vote it out!

That will put the thing to rout.

"We have begged the traffic long,  
Begged it both with smiles and tears,  
To abate the flood of wrong;  
It has answered but with sneers.  
We are weary of the scourge;  
Vote it out!  
Loyal people raise the shout.

"Never shall the promise fail,  
God is with us for the right;  
Truth is mighty to prevail,  
Faith shall end in joyous sight;  
We shall see the hosts of rum  
Palsied with affright and dumb;  
Vote it out!  
This will put the trade to rout.

"While the broken-hearted pray,  
Where the bitterest tears are poured,  
In low anguish every day,  
In the sight of God, the Lord,  
Let us pray and say 'Amen,'  
Lifting holy hands, and then—  
Vote it out!  
It will bring the victor's shout."

## A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Story of Boy Life in England.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE  
BOND OF PRAISE.

**G**EORGE CHRISTIE pulled through. For days it seemed as though the thread of life which kept him from the grave was growing thinner and thinner, and would, ere long, snap and set his spirit free. Too weak to talk, even if the doctor had permitted it, passing the hours in a half unconscious state, he lay, watched by his loving mother and not less anxious father. Once it seemed as if the end had come. One day, as the sun was setting and casting its golden beams through the white window curtains, he had opened his eyes, and was gazing towards the light. A strange, unearthly look was on his face—not of trouble or pain, but with a meaning which made his mother start from the chair at his bedside, and lean over him anxiously. He did not notice her for a few moments, but kept his gaze steadfastly on the window, with its flush of glory. His mother whispered softly over him:

"George, darling, what is the matter? What do you see there?"

He turned his eyes languidly towards her face, with a wondering look.

"Mother, dear, is this the end?"

"Why, dearest boy, should you think so?"

"Because—"

He had got his eyes back to the window, and the strange expression was coming again. Presently, in an

almost inaudible voice, as though speaking to himself, he said:

"He is holding the door open—open still—with all the light on the other side; and the hand that holds it is pierced, and on his brow are many cruel thorns."

"Darling, it is the Lord."

"Hark! He speaks again: 'Though they be red like crimson, they shall be whiter than snow.'"

The mother hurried to the window, and eagerly beckoned to the old Squire, who was sitting in the garden, with his face always turned towards George's room. With wonderful speed he made his way to the side of his son.

"George! George! It's your father, lad. Do you know me?"

He smiled; and a few moments afterwards closed his eyes, and lay so still and motionless that his father put his hand upon his breast to see if he yet lived.

This was the turning-point with poor George, in more ways than one.

When Dr. Anderson saw him next morning, in answer to the pale parents, who had watched him all the live-long night, he said:

"The crisis is past, thank God, and the boy will get well, if we can only keep up his strength."

"But, doctor, are you sure?"

And they told him all about the way he looked, and what he said at the setting of the sun.

"It was then that your sun touched the point when his life hung in the balance, and, by the mercy of God, his good constitution and youthful strength enabled him to tide over it."

The old Squire walked down the garden path with Dr. Anderson, talking earnestly about his boy. He was indescribably happy and relieved to find there was still hope.

"I tell you what I think, my worthy friend," said the good doctor; "if George's life is spared, it may prove that, like Saul of Tarsus, he saw the Lord in that beam of glory, and he will never cease to feel the grand inspiring impression of that sight on his heart and life."

"Thank God, it may be so. I am sure he is a changed fellow; I can see it in his poor face."

He is changed, indeed; and may God grant that he may be spared to be a comfort to you and his mother, and a praise to his Saviour, whom, henceforth, he will aim to serve."

"Amen," devoutly said the old man, as he watched the doctor leap into his gig.

Mrs. Darrell, smiling, told Frank that he almost lived at the manor. Early in the morning of each day he hurried to the house to ask after George, and was constantly in attendance to run anywhere or do anything to help. And when night came, darkness had spread over field and tree before Frank's light figure sped homeward through the lane.

His thoughts were much about the

sick boy—whether he would really recover; and, if so, would fresh strength of body bring new life and happiness to his soul. Frank prayed for him as though he had been his own brother.

Little by little the progress toward recovery was made. By short and gradual stages the patient came from his bedroom to one of the sitting-rooms down stairs; and at last, in his bath-chair, he was able to pass a few minutes in the path by the roses in front of the house.

At these times it was most touching to see the devotion of the old Squire. None but he must wheel him. Like a younger man, he would run to pick the fairest flower for his boy, and look into his face, and feel amply repaid by the smile of appreciation with which it was received. And often at such times he would look up and see his wife at the window, just where she looked out and saw George that night, and they would exchange glances of thankful love over the recovery of their lost boy.

One sunny afternoon, old Mr. Christie had driven over to a neighbouring town, and Frank was walking in the orchard under the trees, with George hanging on his arm.

Presently they stopped for him to take breath.

"I think I'll sit down a bit, old boy, please."

The two friends were soon side by side sitting on the branch of a tree.

"Frank, it seems like a dream."

"I dare say it does, George. It does to me, and how much more it must to you."

"Bad as I was to steal that rod of yours, Frank, do you know I sometimes have felt really thankful that I got that hiding in Church Meadows."

"Why? It's not generally the sort of thing one prefers."

"Perhaps not. And I can't say I liked it at the time; but it drove me away."

"But how your father and mother suffered in your absence!"

"Yes; but my sufferings brought me to my senses; and, what is better still, to Christ."

It was the first time that George had spoken on the subject so clearly, and Frank's heart beat light at the sound of his words. Had he not been praying and watching for this, day and night, these many weeks past?

"George, my dear fellow, you make me so happy to hear you say this."

"Do I? Well, Frank, it's all right now. I feel that if I do get strong again, my life is not my own, but His, who has bought it with an exceeding great price."

"Thank God."

"When I came home, I didn't know how father would take it; and it was a long time before I could bring my mind to allow the gipsy to go in search of help. My heart had got very softened with trouble, and I

was really very sorry for my wrong doing."

"I am sure you were, dear boy."  
"Yes; but only as regards my father. If he had turned me away from the door, I should have deserved it; but you know how he took it, when he found I had returned."

"I believe, George, really it saved his reason—he had got into such a poor, low way."

"Then, Frank, the Lord showed me that I had sinned against Heaven, as well as in the sight of my father, and one evening, just at sunset, Christ came, called me by my name, and gave me peace."

Frank grasped the hand of his friend.

"George, at one time I little thought to call you friend; now I feel that that word is not half good enough, for I love you as a brother."

"It was very good of you to forgive me, my dear fellow. I can better understand now why and how you did it. I hope, please God, we shall never be separated."

"I hope not, too. At any rate we will make up our minds here, and now, to give ourselves—every whit of us—to the Lord Jesus Christ, so that his will may be done."

"Now, I shall just say 'Amen' to that, Frank; and as I ought not to talk more just now, will you do me a favour?"

"What's that, dear boy?"

"Repeat that hymn old Ben sings at his forge?"

"Do you mean, 'A Charge to Keep I have'?"

"Yes; that's it. I remember the words so well."

"Then I'll sing it to you with pleasure; but, of course, I haven't old Ben's strong lungs:

"A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky:  
To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil;  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will!  
"Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die."

The sweet notes of Frank's clear treble died away among the trees, and the two friends, friends in Jesus—the holiest and best of all attachments—slowly wended their way, arm in arm, back to the house.

Firm in their faith in each other, and their reliance upon the grace and mercy of God, these two were spared many years to walk the journey of life together. But they never forgot the trial which cemented their friendship—a union of hearts, springing from forgiveness in one and repentance in another, and in both producing those peaceable fruits of righteousness which are well pleasing unto him who hath said, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments."

THE END.

### The Silver Boat.

The room was hushed, and the moonlight fell  
On broken bands on the garret floor;  
So cold and damp—the shadow of death  
Had fallen three hours before.

Oh! she was the child of his old age,  
And she lay in his arms a-dying;  
The night wind crept up the narrow stair,  
But fled through the window sighing.

Her yellow hair fell in sheaves of gold,  
Her breathing was hurried and low;  
Her mother had died, a night like this,  
Just seven long years ago.

Day by day, with a terrible love,  
A love that was unavailing,  
He had watched the light in her blue eyes,  
Steadily, hopelessly paling.

"Spare her, good Lord, for she must not  
die!"

His words were distracted and wild;  
God help him now, for the old man's life  
Is bound up in the life of the child.

"Father," she cried with a sudden strength,  
"Look, oh! look at it, sailing there!  
The good Lord hath sent his silver boat—  
He has heard and answered my prayer.

"It came last night, but you were asleep,  
The windows were fastened tight;  
I held out my arms, but it sailed away,  
Sailed far away out of sight."

The old man's eyes were blinded with tears,  
As they followed hers to the sky,  
And he only saw the crescent moon  
In a storm of clouds drift by.

But a light, not born of earth or sky,  
Shone now in the eyes of the maiden;  
"It comes, dear father; it comes," she cried,  
"For the weary and heavy-laden.

"I shall sail on through the brilliant stars,  
To God's beautiful home on high,  
And he will send it again for you  
In a little while. Good-by!"

The moonlight strayed from the garret floor,  
The crescent moon sailed out of sight;  
But the old man knew that his wife and  
child

Had met in God's home that night.

*The Quiver for August.*

### He Redeemed Me.

A GENTLEMAN had paid his money  
for the ransom of a slave, and had  
given her her freedom. She had been  
born a slave, and knew not what  
freedom meant. Her tears fell fast on  
the signed parchment which her deliv-  
erer brought to prove it to her; she  
only looked at him with fear. At  
last he got ready to go his way, and  
as he told her what she must do when  
he was gone, it did dawn on her what  
freedom was. With the first breath,  
"I will follow him," she said. "I  
will follow him; I will serve him all  
my days;" and to every reason against  
it she only cried, "He redeemed me!  
He redeemed me! He redeemed me!"

When strangers used to visit that  
master's house, and noticed—as all  
did—the loving, constant service of  
the glad-hearted girl, and asked her  
why she was so eager with unbidden  
service, night by night, and day by  
day, she had but one answer, and she  
loved to give it: "He redeemed me!  
He redeemed me! He redeemed me!"

Is this your motive-power for serv-  
ing God—"He redeemed me?" or is

it only, "Well, I hope I may yet be  
found among the redeemed, and mean-  
while I do the best I can?" Wretched  
slavery, with the chain of death or  
doubt hanging on the limbs! Rather  
take God at his word now, and joy-  
tfully exclaim, "O Lord, truly I am  
thy servant. . . . Thou hast  
loosed my bonds."

### A Child's Prayer.

BY FANNIE L. ARMSTRONG.

LITTLE Johnnie lay burning with  
yellow fever, and, becoming very  
hungry, said, "Aunt Kate, can I have  
a piece of bread? I am so hungry."

His aunt said, "No, darling; the  
doctor says it will make you worse."

Then another aunt came in, and  
was met with the same plaintive  
cry, "Aunt Alice, give me a piece of  
bread."

Tears came into the eyes of both  
ladies, as Aunt Alice said, "No."

In a little while some one else came  
—probably the mother—only to hear  
the same pitiful cry.

The little boy, finding that his case  
was hopeless, went to another source

of comfort. He, like many boys and  
girls of larger growth, found that  
"man's extremity is God's opportu-  
nity." Like grown people, when  
human help failed, he turned to God.

His parents and teachers had taught  
him to pray, and the evening incense  
of prayer and praise went up nightly  
from the little boy's heart. Now, in  
his hunger, he remembered the peti-  
tion, "Give us this day our daily  
bread." With hungry lips and weak

voice, laying his little hands on his  
breast, he said earnestly, "Dear Jesus,  
your poor little boy is starving for a  
piece of bread; please give it to him.  
He is so hungry."

Of course, mamma and aunts all  
began to cry; but, wonderful to re-  
late, grandma came in, and seeing the  
state of affairs, said, "Girls, don't  
you remember the doctor said if  
Johnnie wanted to eat, we could give  
him some milk?"

Every one ran to get it. Tender  
hands raised Johnnie's head, and held  
the cup to his lips, and never did milk  
go gurgling down a more grateful  
throat.

Instead of lying down immediately,  
the child raised his beautiful eyes, and  
said, "Thank you, dear Jesus. It went  
to the part what hurted."

Johnnie is not a story-book boy,  
made up for this occasion, but a great  
fellow in his teens now. Then he  
was about six years old, or, may be,  
eight. He was as good a boy as ever  
delighted the heart of a Sunday-school  
teacher.

Children, bear in mind the last  
part of this story—the "Thank you,  
Jesus." Any of us can beg for a  
thing; but do we, like Johnnie, always  
give thanks when the blessing sent  
goes to "the part what hurted?"

Like little Johnnie, let us go to God  
with all our wants; and when he  
answers our prayer, let us be thankful.

### On Gossiping Women.

BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGTON, of New  
York, addressed some school-girls  
awhile ago on "Talking as a Fine  
Art." He used his opportunity to  
brand women who indulge in scandal.  
"I say to you, weighing my own  
words, that you would be less de-  
graded, less savage, would less dis-  
grace your womanhood, would be less  
a curse to your kind, and, if God is  
rightly revealed to us in his Word and  
his Son, would less offend him by going  
to see dogs fight in their kennels at  
the Five Points, or bulls gore horses  
in Spain, than by putting on your  
bonnet and gloves and going from  
house to house in your neighborhood,  
assailing absent acquaintances, drib-  
bling calumny, sowing suspicion, plant-  
ing and watering wretchedness, stab-  
bing character, alienating friends by  
repeating to one the detraction that  
you 'heerd' another has spoken. I  
believe that before the judgment seat  
of Christ the prize-fighting man will  
stand no worse than the slanderously  
gossiping woman."—*Occident.*

### What May be Expected Next.

A PHYSICIAN in good standing and  
reputed to be skilful, finds himself in  
need of patients. He has one or two  
cases of malignant scarlet fever and  
diphtheria. He decides that the  
public owes him a living, and appears  
before the common council of his city  
and demands the right to scatter  
everywhere the seeds of the above-  
named diseases. He says, "Gentle-  
men, my business is a reputable one—  
well known as required by the world;  
the world owes me a living, and I can  
get it in this way most easily."  
"But," answer is made, "you cannot  
do that; you have no right to scatter  
the germs of disease among innocent  
people; that is murder." "True,"  
the physician replies, "it is not the  
best of business, but if you don't grant  
me protection, I'll do it anyhow. I  
am bound to have a living, but am  
willing to pay for the protection of  
law." The council carefully study the  
matter, and after finding that the  
most harm would be done to the  
women and children, conclude thus,  
"We have decided to grant this  
license to you, for which you will pay  
\$500 per annum, providing you will  
understand that we charge this amount  
as a restrictive tax. We recognize  
that you would do this nefarious work  
in any event, so we grant you the  
license which will give you the protec-  
tion of the law. If, however, you kill  
too many women and children, you  
may expect the restrictive tax to be  
doubled."

The physician accepts, pays the  
money, and straightway goes to the  
undertakers' and agrees to furnish  
them with plenty of work, provided  
they will pay the cost of license.  
This the undertakers willingly agree  
to, as they will charge up all the  
"extra expenses" to the relatives of

the departed ones. It works beauti-  
fully—the license system—and this is  
given as an illustration of how many  
applications it may have in future.  
The leading daily newspapers all are  
sure that license is the remedy for the  
liquor evil. Why not have small-pox  
licenses, and cholera licenses? It has  
been shown that they could be made  
to work finely, especially in making  
the victims—or their friends—pay all  
the expenses thereof. If the law has  
power to "regulate" that which con-  
fessedly is evil and only evil, there is  
no limit to the evil that is waiting,  
nay, anxious, to be regulated by re-  
strictive taxation, and a tax is a levy  
for the purpose of protecting the thing  
taxed. The licenses issued in Chicago  
for selling liquor are quite gorgeous  
affairs, giving picture of council cham-  
ber, etc. Just think of what elegant  
black-bordered physician licenses the  
undertaker could have framed in one  
end of his hearse; it could be made  
quite touching! Foolish reasoning!

"License is hereby granted to sell  
vinous, malt and spirituous liquors  
to ———."

"License is hereby granted to cause  
sickness to ———." Which is the  
most dangerous of the two, anyhow?

### Little Annie Gale.

In a sweet spot in one of the West-  
ern States lives little Annie Gale.  
Not long ago, she was led to embrace  
Christ as her Saviour. The news of  
her conversion soon spread through  
the place. One day a friend called  
on her father, and said: "It's all non-  
sense for your Annie to think she has  
been converted. She was just like a  
little angel always. I don't believe  
in religion making her any better;  
she was good enough before. If Dan  
Hunter, now, could be turned round  
and made a Christian of, I'd believe  
in it." Annie heard the conversation,  
and her heart beat with pity for poor  
Dan. She knew him to be one of the  
worst and vilest of characters. Im-  
pelled with love for his soul, she went  
to his wretched dwelling, and began  
to talk to him in tender tones about  
Jesus and God's love to the chief of  
sinners. After referring to her own  
conversion, she asked him if he was  
not a sinner, and if he did not need  
the same Saviour whom she had found.  
Poor old Dan's heart was touched,  
he wept, he fell upon his knees, and  
cried out, "Lord, ha' mercy on the  
worst of sinners." God heard that  
earnest, penitent cry; and Annie left  
the old man praising the mercy which  
could save a wretch like him. It was  
Dan's business now to tell to all the  
story of God's love. He would say,  
"It's the Gospel, the very same  
Gospel, that so blessed little Annie  
Gale. You wouldn't think it could  
be—such a dreadful sinner as I've  
been—but the same good Lord who  
takes little children in his arms and  
blesses 'em, saves the chief of sinners  
too. It's true. 'Him that cometh  
to me I will in no wise cast out.'"



The Drunkard's Wife.

In a hospital ward a woman lay
Painfully gasping her life away ;
So bruised and beaten you scarce could trace
Womanhood's semblance in form or face.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.
B.C. 1451] LESSON XII. [SEPT. 16
THE SMITTEN ROCK.
Num. 20. 1-13. Memory verses, 7, 8
GOLDEN TEXT.
They drank of that spiritual rock that
followed them ; and that Rock was Christ.
1 Cor. 10. 4.

OUTLINE.
1. The rock of Kadesh ; Rebellion.
2. The water of Meribah ; Rebuke.
TIME.—1451 B.C.
PLACE.—The desert of Zin.
CONNECTING LINKS.—Thirty-seven or
thirty-eight years have passed since the
last lesson. Back and forth through the
desert they have gone, camped in valleys,

What similar scene had occurred at or
near this very place?
What words in this lesson remind you of
words in the last lesson?
Were these the same people who had re-
belled at Kadesh before?
What does this lesson show of their
memory of God's grace in the past years?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.
How hard trials are to bear! We take
God's daily blessings with never a thought,
they are so common. We murmur and rebel
with the first trial, great or small.
Forty years had not taught them to trust
God implicitly. We are not much better
after forty centuries.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.
1. Read this lesson till you are sure you
know it.
2. Write a synopsis of it, and compare
that with the book.
3. Make an outline showing (1) God's
character; (2) Moses's character; (3) the
people's character.
4. Compare with the story of the previous
supplies of water given to them.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.
1. What memorable event happened at
the second visit to Kadesh? Miriam died
and was buried 2. While the people were
camping what calamity came? A scarcity
of water. 3. What sins were occasioned by
this water famine? The people murmured
and Moses disobeyed. 4. Why were Moses's
words sinful? He assumed power that was
only Christ's. 5. What proof does the Bible
give us that the work and the water were of
Christ? "They drank of that spiritual
rock," etc.

B.C. 1451] LESSON XIII. [SEPT. 23
DEATH AND BURIAL OF MOSES.
Deut. 34. 1-12. Memory verse, 5-7
GOLDEN TEXT.
The path of the just is as the shining light,
that shineth more and more unto the perfect
day. Prov. 4. 18.

OUTLINE.
1. The Prophet's vision.
2. The Prophet's Death.
3. The Prophet's Memorial.
TIME.—1451 B.C.
PLACE.—Mount Nebo.
CONNECTING LINKS.—After the incidents
of the last lesson Moses prepared to march
to Canaan, not northward through the south
country, but almost eastward through the
mountains of Edom. The march was begun,

called by writers by the name in Hebrew,
The Neph. I have caused thee to see it—
Some think this was a mountain; others think
that the mountain was so high and the air
so clear that a man with good vision could
easily see it. According to the word of the
Lord God had told him at the water of
Meribah that for his sin he should not enter
Canaan. He bowed him That is, God
buried him; how or where no man knows.
This is one of the secrets of history. Fall
of the spirit of wisdom—That is, with a rich
endowment of practical wisdom for govern-

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.
1. The Prophet's Vision.
What was the vision which God gave
Moses?
Why did he give him such a vision?
Why did he not allow him to enter the
land?
How much of it was he permitted to see?
Was the vision miraculous, or could the
land as described be seen from this sum-
mit?
Were the regions which Moses saw called
by the names here given when he saw
them?
To whom had this land been promised?
What comfort was there for Moses in this
vision?
2. The Prophet's Death.
When had God spoken the word to which
allusion is made in ver. 5?
What is meant by "this day" in ver. 6?
Did Moses die?
What belief of the Jews is alluded to by
Jude in the epistle?
What view have some people taken about
Moses's departure?
Was Moses ever seen again in the body?
What two remarkable things are said
concerning his condition at the time of
his death?
3. The Prophet's memorial.
What was the first memorial of Moses?
What is the second here given?
How long was Moses remembered in Jew-
ish history?
How was he regarded in Christ's time?
What memorial of him has endured even
to our day?
What was his character?
What place should we give him in the roll
of the world's great men?
Can ver. 10 be truly said of him to-day in
its broadest application?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.
Think of what one sin cost Moses. Think
too of God's great kindness to him after all
his work was done. It was better that an-
other should do the fighting.
His work has remained through the ages?
Will yours?
His work remains to-day. Why?
Notice, Moses did not know the Lord face
to face. No man can thus know God on this
earth. The Lord knew him face to face.
God made this man his intimate friend.
Why not you?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.
1. Review the life of Moses.
2. Study the locality of this mountain
range.
3. Draw an outline of the territory he was
shown.
4. Recall the things mentioned in ver. 11.
5. Find who is the probable author of this
chapter.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.
1. Where did Moses die? In Mount
Nebo, east from Jericho. 2. What sight
was given him from this mountain top? Of
the whole promised land. 3. What memo-
rial did the people give him? They wept
for him thirty days. 4. What memorial did
the historian give him? There arose not a
prophet like him. 5. What sentiment of
Solomon did his life exemplify? "The
path of the just," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of
rectitude.
CATECHISM QUESTION.
12 What is the providence of God? The
providence of God is the preservation of all
his creatures, his care for all their wants,
and his rule over all their actions.
Acts xvii. 28. In him we live and move
and have our being.
Hebrews i. 3; Nehemiah ix. 6; Psalm ciii.
10; Psalm cxlv. 16; 1 Timothy vi. 15.

It is good to begin well, but better
to end well.

BARGAINS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

In order to reduce our stock, as well as to
give the reading public an opportunity to
procure good books at greatly reduced prices,
we propose from time to time to issue list
of books, stating to whom most suitable, at
prices less than ever offered before.

The following list, handsomely bound in
cloth. Gilt edges. Only

Thirty Cents Net, Post-paid.
The feature of this series of books is to
encourage in childhood a spirit of love, gen-
tleness, and choerfulness, while affording
amusement and interest.

- Original Poems for Children. By
Ann and Jane Taylor.
The Basket of Flowers; or, Piety
and Truth Triumphant.
Ellen's Idol. By author of "Tiny," etc.
Sermons on the Wall. By John
Tillotson.
Goldy and Goldy's Friends. By
Mary Densel.
The One Thing Needful; or, Ethel's
Pearls.
I Don't Know How. By the author
of "The Gates Ajar."
Sayings and Doings of Children.
By Rev. J. B. Smith.
Tiny. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Tiny's Sunday Night. By E. Stuart
Phelps.
The Orphan Boy; or, From Peasant to
Prince.
Tom, Tom, the Printer's Son. A
Boy's Story.
Only a Dandelion. By author of
"Stepping Heavenward."
Follow Me. By the author of "Stepping
Heavenward."
New Year's Bargain. By Susan Coo-
lidge.
In the Beginning; or, From Eden to
Canaan.
Conquerors and Captives; or, From
David to Daniel.
The Star of Promise; or, From Beth-
lehem to Calvary.
The History of the Robins. By
Mrs. Trimmer.
Hymns for Infant Minds. By Ann
and Jane Taylor.
Rhymes for the Nursery. By Ann
and Jane Taylor.
Little Susy's Six Birthdays. By
E. Prentiss.
Little Susy's Little Servants. By
E. Prentiss.
Little Susy's Six Teachers. By E.
Prentiss.
On'y a Penny. By author of "A Trap
to Catch a Sunbeam."
The Contented Home. By author of
"Basket of Flowers."
Help One Another; or, The Way to
be Happy.
Buried in the Snow. By Frank Hoff-
mann.
The Lost Child. By Frank Hoffmann.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
PUBLISHER,
78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.
C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N. S.