

HOME & SCHOOL.

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Remember Lot's Wife.

THE remarkable miracle described in the 19th chapter of Genesis has been variously interpreted. The opinion has been held, 1st, That Lot's wife was miraculously changed into a pillar of rock salt; 2nd, That tarrying too long in the plain she was overtaken by the storm of bituminous and sulphurous matter and became coated with the saline incrustations of the Dead Sea shore; 3rd, That she perished in the storm of fire and brimstone, and thus became a memorial of disobedience as enduring as salt. Whichever of these views is held the moral lesson is the same—the danger of disobedience, the danger of delay. For each one who refuses to escape from the city of destruction—who delays the great work of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ—with solemn emphasis come those words of Holy Writ: "Remember Lot's wife."

Only Once.

A BRIGHT and once promising young man under sentence for murder was brought forth from his cell to die on the scaffold. The sheriff said, "You have but five minutes to live. If you have anything to say, speak now."

The young man, bursting into tears, said, "I have to die. I had a little brother with beautiful brown eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk for the first time in my life, and coming home I found him getting berries in the garden, and I became angry with him without a cause and killed him with one blow of a rake. I was so drunk that I knew nothing about it until next morning, when I awoke and found myself bound and guarded, and was told that my little brother was found dead, with his hair



THE PILLAR OF SALT.

clotted, with blood and brains. Whiskey had done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my Judge. I say to young persons, never! never! never! touch anything that can intoxicate!" The next moment the poor wretch was swung into eternity. He was drunk only once, but it was enough!—*Jerry McAuley's Newspaper.*

Closing London Tower.

THE Tower of London is locked up every night at eleven o'clock. As the clock strikes that hour the yeoman porter, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and accompanied by a warder carrying a lantern, stands at the front of the main guard-house and calls out, "Escort keys." The sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass with, "Who goes there?" the answer being, "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before. Arriving once more at the front of the main guard-house, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot and asks, "Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The yeoman porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the guard responds, "Amen." The officer orders, "Present arms," and kisses the hilt of his sword, and the yeoman porter then marches alone across the parade and deposits the keys in the lieutenant's lodging.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Are the Children Home?

Each day, when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch, from the open doorway,
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together,
And off as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me—
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago,"
And I sing, in my quavering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to my elf, the number
At home, in a better land—

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears,
Where the smile of God is on them,
Through all the summer years;
I know, yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved from Heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies!
The babes, whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears!
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer with my eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"
—*The Mother's Magazine.*

The Proof of Love.

ONE day, a missionary meeting was being held, when the following story was told by a lady who had herself been in China for years, and who knew it to be true.

A poor Chinese woman was afflicted by a painful tumour or swelling, which gave her great pain and caused her life to be in danger. By some means she heard that there was in a certain city of her native land a foreign lady who had come from over the seas to teach and help the people of the country. This lady, it was said, knew how to cure disease and the poor woman determined to go to her in the hope of finding relief. She had to travel some distance, and was accompanied by a young man, her own grandson.

When the missionary lady, who was in truth a doctor, saw the woman, she said, "I think I can help you, but it will be necessary for me to cut this tumour away."

To this the woman consented, for what will not one bear in order to escape from death? The operation was performed successfully, but when it was nearly over there was wanting a little piece of flesh to lay into the wound.

"Will you let me take it from your arm?" asked the lady of the young man. Somewhat ungraciously he answered, "Yes."

He was scarcely willing to suffer a little pain and inconvenience for the sake of his sick grandmother. When the flesh from his arm had been applied, a little more was still wanting. Then the missionary doctor bared her own arm and took from it so much as was needed in order to make the operation complete.

When the poor Chinese woman saw the white skin of the foreigner laid upon her own olive-coloured body, she exclaimed,

"Now I know what brought you here. It was love for us. I always thought before that you had come to make money, or in some way to get gain from the people of my country, but love, and love only, could make you willing to shed your blood for me."

Then the lady told her patient of Jesus, the blessed Saviour, who came to earth to suffer and die that He might redeem us by His blood. The woman listened and believed. From that time the Lord of the foreign lady was her Lord and Master too.

The few drops of blood then shed by the missionary were the proof of her love. Jesus gave Himself for us that we might be saved. When He was upon earth, still going about doing good, healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, giving sight to the blind, telling the love of their heavenly Father, and of the home above to which He would have them go, He said: "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." And again He said: "I lay down My life for the sheep."

The Jews refused to believe in Him even when they saw Him dying on the cross. Such wonderful love as His they could not understand. You cannot understand it either, dear little friends, but you can trust it. You can pray: "Blessed Saviour, through Thy death, give us life eternal." Then at last in Heaven you will join with the multitude who say: "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory and dominion forever. Amen."
—*The Christian.*

Missing.

THE 51st were ordered out at twenty-four hours' notice for foreign service; the war was likely to be a big one; more troops, and more still, were wanted, and one fine morning the 51st got their marching orders.

It was a busy time, just twenty-four hours, and the actual service kits and baggage to be served out, the men paraded, good-byes said, and as no time was left for marching by road, Waterloo Station at 7 a. m. saw the regiment mustered in companies, whence they were dispatched as fast as were possible to Portsmouth, where the work of embarking was soon completed, and by sunset the white smoke in the distance between the forts was all that was left to tell of the gallant 51st on their way to Egypt.

Corporal Tyson was among them. He was only one of many who had left his wife and bairn behind him, and though it was sad work, the saying good-bye, there was hope beating high that the campaign, if sharp, would be short, and he would soon be home again to comfort Mary.

Poor Mary! she felt as if the sun would not shine, and all her happiness was gone.

"Ye'll just tak' care of her mither,"

said the brave lad, when he wrote to his mother to say his wife would come and stay with her a few weeks, with her babe, and the mother took her son's wife to her home and heart, for did not they both mourn one far away?

The sun shone, and the birds sang, but Mary Tyson's heart was sad; she could take little pleasure even in her boy, and most days when the weather was fine, the youngster was entrusted to some neighbours' children, to play in the grassy meadows or shady woods of Homedean village, where the widow Tyson lived.

The young corporal was no trouble, the children said, and it gave them an excuse for a holiday.

Then came a dark day, indeed, and news was flashed along the wires that a great battle had been fought and won, and that the war would soon end. The fortress had been taken with very small loss on our side—a mere nothing; but small as the loss was, some would have to mourn, and widow Tyson was among the number. Not in the list of dead or wounded was his name, but below in the official roll came the words,

"Missing—Corporal Tyson, 51st Foot."

The days passed on, but no tidings came. Fears became certainty; the field of battle had no hiding-places; the dead were buried, the wounded carried to hospital, and the missing—nowhere. He must have perished unaided and alone.

Two widows instead of one, and the corporal's boy an orphan.

Months after there came to Homedean village one of Dan Tyson's old comrades, to see poor Mary and comfort her. She looked sad in her black-gown, and started visibly at the red-coat: it was almost like Dan himself. But while they sat and chatted of the old times, and the chances of the war, and Harry Smith was telling of the fatal days, another red-coat passed up the cottage path. Yes—it was the corporal himself! and in another moment she was sobbing on his neck, her dead one given back to life.

Then the story was told, too strange not to be true, how he was wounded in the first rush, struck down and trampled on, and how he was carried off a prisoner by the flying rebels, and thus appeared as "missing" in the lists. How he had known nothing of this until he arrived home in one of the hospital transports, and his comrades told him of his reported fate, and how Harry and he had got leave and planned to go home to Homedean together, so as not to frighten poor Mary too much!

The war medal, with its telling clasp, looks handsome enough on Sergeant Tyson's breast, for he has got his step, and Mary has put a few smart bows to her black dress to match the roses that have come back to her cheeks since he is no longer "missing."
Sunday Magazine.

The Truth in Love.

ABOUT forty years ago there stood in Chicago an old wooden pen. The boards of which it was made were rough, and the floor was the ground. Those who came to look at this pen would find at most any time of day a curious crowd peering through the cracks between the boards at a strange creature within. It was man, wild and haggard, with unshaven face, long hair, and a terrible visage. He was a

madman. The best provision that was then afforded to such unfortunates was to chain them to a stake in the ground until a pen could be built about them. In this miserable pen the unfortunate being was confined. He would rave and spring at those who looked at him and many of the baser sort greeted him continually with taunts and jeers. His food was shoved through a little square hole in the side of the building and he devoured it after the manner of a wild beast.

One day a Christian woman chanced to see this man. She asked if she might go inside and talk to him. The guard laughed at her, and replied that he would tear her to pieces instantly. But the keeper was finally persuaded to let her go in, but was sure she would be killed. He opened the door just wide enough to admit her, and then closed it instantly. The madman was crouching down in the corner. He glared at her with the fury of an enraged animal. She quietly seated herself on a stump near the centre of the enclosure, and began to read in a soft, low tone the twenty-third psalm.

A hundred eyes were watching the scene. She does not look up. She is reading the psalm for the second time. The man crouches still lower, and is crawling toward her. He means to kill her, of course. He will strangle her instantly. He will tear her to pieces. He is nothing but a wild beast. This is the judgment of the community. But the woman keeps on reading the psalm, and now the man is within a few feet of her. But he does not spring, as the observers expected. He curls himself up on the ground, puts his chin on his hand, and looks up into her face. She is reading the psalm for the third time. At last she looks down quietly and says: Do you like to hear the Word of our Lord? Shall I read it again? And now the man speaks for the first time:

"My God, this is the first kind word I have heard in seven years. I was sick, my mind wandered, and they have driven me to madness. Oh! read it again. I always wanted to hear what God says." And the woman read it again. Now she lays her hand on his head, now she takes his hand, and he walks with her up and down the prison pen. Then she leads him out of doors, and the keeper of the pen, convinced that she has some strange power over him, allows it.

Need this story be followed further? What was that strange power? The same power of love and sympathy, the old story that God so loved the world, and that if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. I wish I could remember the name of this Christian woman. It was given to me by Rev. Mr. Mellon, the returned missionary, to whom I am indebted for this incident. The man was restored, and the woman kept on her work, and to her, and those of like spirit, we owe largely the changed condition in our insane hospitals over those of forty years ago.

A story told by Rev. Dr. Barrows at the Home Missionary Society at Saratoga, had a point in it. "A young home missionary went East to Saratoga and saw there the splendours of the ladies' costumes. Writing back to his wife he said it was perfectly splendid, and one lady's dress was worth just one meeting-house, forty-four cottage organs, and twenty-three Sabbath-school libraries."

Early Called.

"SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

A LITTLE darling full of grace,
Was on her pillow lying;
The bloom had faded from her face,
And she had run her Christian race,
For now she lay a-dying.

She was my Sabbath scholar, and
In all her work, delighted
To hear about the "Better Land,"
Where ransomed dear ones glorious stand,
In holy love united.

She dearly loved—with all her heart—
Her Saviour, over gracious;
And prayed, "Oh Jesus, now impart
To me, where Thou in glory art,
Thy light and love so precious.

That prayer was heard—a glory bright
To that young saint was given;
Her visage shone with wondrous light,
Ere her sweet spirit took its flight
To her dear home in heaven.

And softly then she said—and smiled—
"I hear the angels singing;
Yes they have come, in mercy mild,
To take away your little child
Where ceaseless praise is ringing."

And so it was—she fell asleep—
And now in glory liveth:—
It is not ours for her to weep,
But over God's pure precepts keep,
Who grace and glory giveth.

Sweet spring has come, and lovely flowers
Around her grave are blooming;
Her simple life and faith be ours,
Till we shall meet in heavenly bowers,
God's perfect light illuming.

—A. Young.

"Tate Agoin' By."

"WHY, here's Tate!" observed old Farwell from the tavern platform. His remark served a double purpose—it accosted Tate Sykes, and also let the other frequenters know of his approach. He added, with the peculiar inflection of maudlin sympathy, "How do you find yourself, after yesterday?"

"Middlin' well," said Tate, gravely; but walking on.

"Why, look a-her, ye ain't agoin' by, be ye? Why, boys, here's Tate agoin' by."

Farwell's tone had changed from sentiment to intense astonishment, as if it couldn't be that Tate was passing their mutual haunt. Tate Sykes, whose nostrils loved the scent of liquor that floated through the open door, and who always turned in for one glass. It oftener became more.

But two days before, a sad-eyed, tattered woman burst in upon their revels, her face full of agony.

"Where's my man? Where's Tate Sykes?" Then imperatively, "Come home, Tate. Bess wants you. She's dying."

Tate had some manhood left, for he set his glass down with a groan, and followed his wife out, bare-headed, in an unwonted stillness.

That was the last they saw of Tate at the tavern until then, and he was going by. Farwell felt that it was unnatural. What had gone wrong? Farwell scratched his slightly muddled head for the clow, then slapped his knee emphatically when he thought he found it.

"Hold on, Tate. Mebbe you thought we'd ought to be there, us boys, bein' as we was old friends?"

Tate stopped, but did not reply. His hands were clenched, and a great struggle was written on his face. He looked like one ready for conflict, and he was; not, however, with the poor, deluded men he had drunk with, but with the powers of darkness. Farwell broke the awkward silence.

"We felt for ye, Tate. If we'd had

the money we'd done the handsome thing with flowers and such. I wouldn't begrudged comin' down with a hack 'n span 'o horses, fact, Tate; but I hadn't the needful; you know that, old boy. There ain't a man in the country I'd help out sooner, but I couldn't. Ye hadn't orter lay it up agin us, Tate."

"Boys," said Tate hoarsely, with frequent pauses to conquer emotion, "I didn't—expect ye—to folly my little gal—to—to the grave; and yer posies would—a been—too late. Ye see, it had been—all thorns for her—alluz—them her father planted"

A deep sob swelled his brawny chest. He sank upon the low platform, leaned his head against a decaying pillar, and wept like a child.

The "boys" were silent. Old Farwell laid his pipe aside, and rose with the majesty of a purpose.

"There, there, Tate, don't ye take on so, man. She's gone, an' partin's hard; but we can't call her back. Come in and have a drop o' something. I'll tone ye up. Come, all, I'll stand t'eat."

They started eagerly toward the bar-room, except Tate. There was fierce longing in his blood-shot eyes, and every breath he drew of the impregnated air increased his thirst; but, to the surprise of all, Tate Sykes declined the drink, even implored Farwell not to urge him.

Farwell paused, angrily; the faces of the others darkened, also. Their murmurs would have been less gentle, only they remembered that Tate's child was dead, and most of these men, alas! were fathers, too. They meant some time to turn about, but their good resolutions decayed with the old tavern. By and by they would drop into drunkard's graves, their souls going—where?

"Don't never ask me to drink!" cried Tate, "for I can't! Don't ever call me in here again, for if I do, I'll shoot myself. I wouldn't be fit to live if I forgot the vows I made by that little grave. Sit down a bit; I'll toll ye how I came to this."

Then Tate began in a strange, hoarse voice:

"Ye all know why Meg come after me that night. She said Bess was dyin'. I thought she had—left us—when I got home, she was so white and still. 'She wanted you Tate,' says Meg. 'She couldn't be easy 'thout ye. She telled me to go fetch father; she'd wait. O, Tate, how I ran, and now it's too late! She's gone; without her dying wish!' Meg cried softly, whisperin' this bit by bit, betwixt the tears. I can't tell ye what I felt, boys, settin' there beside my leetle gal. There wa'n't nothing comfortable for such as she, in that poor room. It goes without sayin' there couldn't be, and me spendin' what I did here.

"Well, boys, whilst I was lookin' at her, all of a sudden, the colour flashed into her sweet face, and them dear" (Tate's voice shook) "darling eyes flied open—but not to see me, boys; they looked straight for'ard, beyant and up'ards, and says she, startled like, 'I can't go alone—it's dark—go part way with me, father dear!'"

Tate groaned as he had the night he was summoned from the bar-room. When he could speak, he said:

"Them was her last words. She give a great sigh, and left us. There wa'n't no backin' out for her, boys, even if her father couldn't go part way with' cheerin' words, an' scriptur. She had to go alone, in the dark, my poor leetle gal. It come over me then, what

I was and what I might a ben. There's one other left me; please God I'll go part o' the way with her!"

Tate had arisen. He stood erect as he uttered his vow, in a clear, distinct voice that reached even the man behind the bar. The fierce appetite had gone from Tate's eyes, they glowed with his new-born purpose. None of his old comrades detained him as he turned and left the old tavern forever.—*New York Observer.*

Take Care.

LITTLE children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross or cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back,
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view,
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them too.

Out of sight, by boys and girls
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

—Alice Cary.

Your Own Hand on the Plough.

Mr. B——, a large planter in Alabama, was so successful in the cultivation of cotton as to excite universal attention throughout the South. Certain wealthy gentlemen in Mexico wrote to him several years ago, asking permission to send their sons to his plantation, "to be placed under his tuition and to study his methods." A few days later, seven or eight young hidalgos arrived, delicate, refined youths, carefully dressed, gloved and ringed.

"Gentlemen," said the planter, after welcoming them, "you have come to learn how to raise cotton, so that you will never have a failure in your crops?"

"Yes."

"It is my theory that no man can intelligently direct his servants to do work which he has never done himself. You can never learn to raise cotton on horseback. I will teach you my methods. But the first step must be flannel shirts and your own hands at the plough. If you are not willing to do this, you had better return to Mexico."

The young men looked at each other in dismay. But the next morning they presented themselves cheerfully in the field ready for work, and set to ploughing with a will. They followed as actual labourers every step in the cultivation of the cotton from its planting, until it was ready for the market. They remained two years with Mr. B——, and then returned to Mexico, and are now the most successful growers of cotton in that country.

"He has the secret of success," one of them said lately. "No matter what a man's business may be, he must learn it in detail before he can control it, and the first step is to put his own hand to the plough."

"Let Fly."

THE fifty ton hammer with which Krupp belabors his large steel blocks bears the name "Our Fritz." Its stroke on the one-thousand-ton anvil, although the latter rests on a chabotto of upward of one hundred square feet in size and is surrounded by water, causes a deafening noise and a concussion resembling an earthquake. The hammer bears the inscription, "Fritz, let fly." This inscription has the following history: When, in 1877, the Emperor William visited the works at Essen, this steam-hammer attracted his attention. Alfred Krupp, the father of the present head of the firm, presented to the emperor the machinist, Fritz, who, he said, handled the hammer with such nicety and precision as not to injure, or even touch, an object placed in the centre of the block. The emperor at once put his diamond-studded watch on the spot indicated, and beckoned to the machinist to set the hammer in motion. Master Fritz hesitated out of consideration for the precious object; but Mr. Krupp urged him on by saying, "Fritz, let fly!" Down came the hammer, and the watch remained perfectly untouched. The emperor gave it to the machinist as a souvenir. Mr. Krupp added one thousand marks to the handsome present, and caused the above words to be inscribed on the hammer.

The Late Earl of Shaftesbury.

A MERE passing notice is all that has been given by the daily press to the death of the venerable Earl of Shaftesbury, which event took place a few weeks ago. The noble Earl had for years been a leader in every good work in Britain, and by philanthropic efforts had shed a lustre over the class of society to which he belonged. So eagerly were his services sought for and so highly were they prized, that a correspondent of an American paper, in noticing his absence last spring from the chair of all the Exeter Hall meetings but two, remarked that May meetings were scarcely May meetings without his presence. One of the two meetings was that of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the chair of which he then occupied for the fortieth time. At another meeting the Ragged School boys he had so effectually helped to raise in society, presented to him five copies of that beautiful picture—Christ the Light of the World—one for each of his children. From London he went to his country seat in Dorsetshire, riding out daily in a chair drawn by a favourite donkey, known as "Coster Jack," presented to him by the costermongers of London as a mark of their great esteem for him in helping them and many other very poor people. At one of his latest appearances in public he closed a brief, but energetic address with these earnest words: "I would die in the harness." The Earl was deeply grieved by the Romeward tendencies of the Church of England, of which he was a member; and only a few years ago he addressed an earnest appeal to ministers of various Churches—among the rest to the Rev. Wm. Arthur—asking for their help in stemming the tide of the ritualism he so much dreaded. At a period when not a little of ignominy is attached to some members of the English nobility, Lord Shaftesbury's name, as a synonym for all that is good, will be as "ointment poured forth."—*Wesleyan.*

Draw Nigh Unto My Soul.

Ps. LXIX: 18.

Nearer to Thy heart of love,
Nearer to Thy hand of power;
Jesus! nearer every hour,
Lift me to the life above.

Nearer unto Thee, my Lord,
Who art always near to me,
Though Thy hand I may not see
As it guides me heavenward.

Nearer to Thy gracious throne
May Thy Spirit draw my feet,
Nearer to Thy mercy-seat,
Seeing none but Thee alone.

Nearer when the morn shall break
Nearer when the sun goes down,
Let Thy loving-kindness crown
All the way my feet should take.

Nearer in the crowded day,
Nearer in the secret place,
Let the sense of present grace
In my peaceful bosom stay.

Nearer when my trembling hand
Lifts the dreaded cross with fear,
Though I shed the human tear
When, bereft, I mutely stand.

Nearer, Jesus! to Thy breast
As my daily need is more,
Till Thou openest the door
Leading to the heavenly rest.

—Thomas MacKellar.

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 21, 1885.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman.

THIS esteemed brother, the son of the late Rev. Dr. Freshman, has been labouring for a few years as a missionary among the Jews in New York. His labours have not been in vain. He is incessantly employed in holding meetings of one kind or another, more particularly on the Jewish Sabbath, and on the Christian Sabbath. The ministers of the various denominations have great sympathy with his work, and extend to him much practical help. For some years he has been struggling hard to secure the erection of a place of worship, for which he has succeeded in collecting more than \$6,000. An extra number of the *Hebrew Christian* (Bro. Freshman's little monthly, which he publishes at 50 cents per annum) has just reached our table. It contains the plan of services to be held in connection with the dedication of "The First Hebrew Christian Church in America." The services extend over two Sabbaths and intervening evenings,

and include sermons, addresses, temperance meetings, and a service in German. Bishop Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Bishop Nicholson, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, are announced to preach. Among the ministers the well-known names of the Revs. Dr. Orniston and F. H. Marling, formerly of Canada, are announced. Bro. Freshman deserves success, and if any Canadian friends desire to aid him pecuniarily, he can be addressed at 17 St. Mark's Place, New York; or the Editor of this paper will gladly forward subscriptions.

Joseph Cook on the Liquor Traffic

I AM grieved, with an indignation which I dare not express to the full, when I hear preachers and church members quoting the example of our Lord in the support of the use of distilled liquors, which were not invented till the twelfth century. If our Lord were in London or New York to-day, face to face with our present drinking customs; if He were here in person, as He is in spirit, listening to the cries of orphans and widows; if He could see how the best portions of our civilization are imperilled by those who fleece the poor and sell to them strong drink, I believe, on my soul, that He would again, as He did of old, knot up the whip of small cords and purge the Church—shall I say from thieves? Yes, I will apply that term to the whiskey ring. He would purge the Church of moderate drinking, and in doing that, He would only be giving efficacy to the texts: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak;" "Lead us not into temptation;" "Have no fellowship with the untruthful works of darkness;" "Do not drink wine, though ye may put difference between holy and unholy;" "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth."

Literary Notes.

What Harm is There in It? is a vigorous little pamphlet by the Rev. Byron Laing on worldly conformity, outward adorning, tobacco, pleasing the palate, and the demand of the hour—the world for Christ. We believe it will do good, and hope it will have a large sale.

The Voice—a National Prohibition Party paper—was started as a regular weekly paper January 1st, of this year. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York; \$1.00 per year.) It has had a surprising success. The weekly issues are now over 60,000. The paper has aroused great interest among temperance men. Axel Gustafson, author of *The Foundation of Death*, writes from England:

"*The Voice* has become the leading temperance journal of the world. I feel compelled to declare it the ablest agitator of the drink question ever published."

Gen. Neal Dow declares: "We have had no such temperance paper before in all the years of work for the temperance cause."

A BAPTIST minister was once asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian. "Well, my dear friend," he replied, "as far as I have been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology."



ASSYRIAN KING.

Assyrian King.

THE Rev. Dr. Newman, in his recent lecture in Toronto, gave a graphic account of the recent discoveries in Nineveh and Babylon, and their remarkable corroboration of the truth of Scripture and fulfilment of prophecy. Many of the old sculptured slabs have been recovered, illustrating the life of the royal palace. The above cut is a typical example. From these old slabs and their accompanying inscriptions much of the history of that dead and buried empire has been reconstructed, and has been found marvellously to correspond with the records of Holy Writ.

Methodist Missions.

As would be seen from reports in the *Globe*, the General Mission Board of the Methodist Church of Canada has been holding its yearly meeting in Halifax, and has had, upon the whole, a very encouraging account to render of missionary enterprise during the past year. The field embraced is a very wide one, extending over the whole of Canada for domestic missions; and to other lands for what may properly be described as foreign.

The work in Japan is represented as proceeding with an encouraging amount of success, while the spiritual interests of the Chinese in British Columbia are being cared for both in the way of teaching and preaching, and with results of the most cheering description.

In British Columbia, Methodist missions date back more than a quarter of a century, and while the white members of the Church in the colony do not yet exceed 600, still the influence for good being exerted on the general community is great and growing. It has been a stern contest which these missionaries have had to wage against prevailing ungodliness of every kind, and when all the circumstances of the case are considered the wonder is, as the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the General Missionary Secretary, who has lately visited that country, remarks in his special report, not that so little has been accomplished, but that the missionaries have accomplished so much.

Among the Indians of British Columbia missionary work has been conducted by the Methodists for many years. This, says Dr. Sutherland, furnishes one of the most interesting

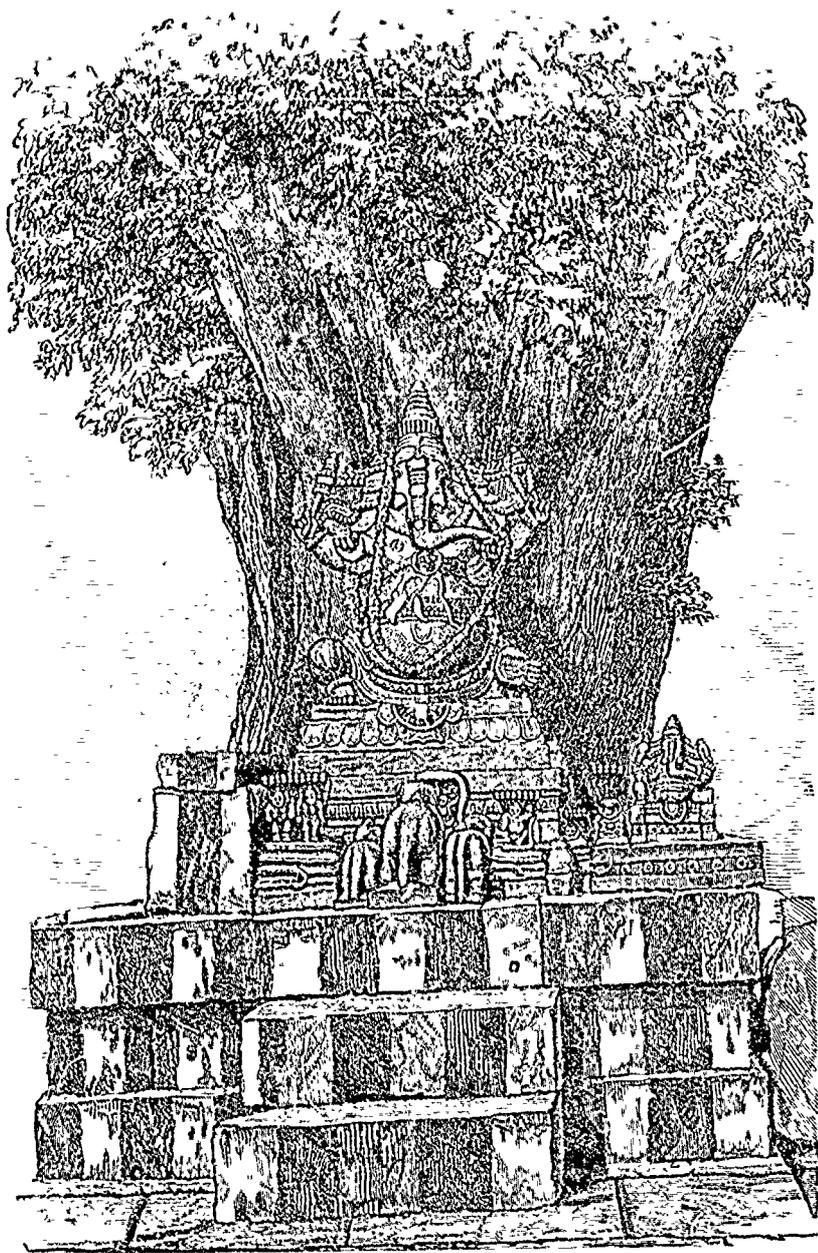
chapters in the whole history of Christian missions. We are glad to add that the Doctor promises to give that chapter by-and-by, and when it is furnished—as the Doctor can, and we have no doubt, will give it—it will, we are quite sure, be interesting indeed.

Statistics are specially uninteresting in the estimation of many. We, however, are convinced that in many cases they tell their story far more effectively than the most eloquent and earnest descriptions could do.

When we are informed that the total number of Canadian Methodist domestic missions is 443; that the number of paid agents in connection with these is 444; and their aggregate membership 38,870; that besides, there are 47 Indian missions, with 33 missionaries, 14 native assistants, 27 teachers, 12 interpreters, and a membership of 2,786; that there are 12 French missions, with 11 missionaries, two native assistants, and three teachers, with a membership of 280; and that, still more, there are eight foreign missions, with 15 missionaries, six native assistants, and a membership of 465—we can form a very distinct idea of the extent of the enterprise, the great amount of hard, honest work performed, and the encouraging degree in which success has crowned very self-denying efforts.

Of course all this has not been accomplished without a large expenditure of money, as well as of labour. The income contributed for these purposes by the liberality of the Church during the past year has been \$180,313. This is a large sum, but it seems that it is not so large as the necessities of the case require, and that hence there is a deficit of \$21,729, as the total expenditure has been \$202,042. Some might conclude that such a condition of the finances was discouraging. It is really the reverse. Every way it is better than if there had been a surplus, for the Methodists know well how to raise mission funds, as well as to do mission work.—*Toronto Globe*

We can understand why poor people toil early and late until life itself becomes almost a burden; but why rich people should do so is a mystery. The covetous man is a slave. Indeed, there are labouring men who have more leisure than their employers.



GANESA, THE GOD OF WISDOM.

After the Rain.

ALL day above the tired earth had lain,
Hueless and gray, the funeral pall of cloud;
All day the sullen sweeps of chilling rain
Had broken, fitful, from the lowering
shroud:

All day the dreary sobbing of the breeze
Had sounded sadly from the yellowing trees.

At once the wailing wind rose higher,
Rousing to flash and foam the sullen sea;
And the great forest, like a giant lyre,
Echoed the key-note of the harmony.
It furled the clouds before it like a tent,
And, lo! the sunshine dazzled from the rent.

And all the wet world gladdened to the ray,
As tear-dimmed eyes gleam to a loving
word;
Answering its call out-laughed the weary lay,
As a fond slave springs joyful to her lord,
Forgotten chill and darkness, doubt and fear,
"Absent, I droop—I joy, thou art here!"

—All the Year Round.

An Overruling Providence.

DURING the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon-shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops who were stationed in that vicinity an abundant supply of pure, cold water. Thus the missile of death from an enemy, under an overruling Providence, proved an almoner of mercy to the parched and weary soldiery of the allies. So often the efforts of men against God's kingdom have been overruled to its furtherance.—*Ec.*

Ganesa, the God of Wisdom.

ONE of the most popular of the many idols worshipped by the Hindoos is that of Ganesa, the God of Wisdom. It is partly in the shape of a man and partly in the shape of an elephant. The children in the schools are taught to worship it, and it is adored by all who wish to become acquainted with Hindoo learning: and so-called wisdom. The images of this god are found not only in the temples and schools, and at the corners of the streets in the cities, but under trees on country roadsides.

But multitudes of the Hindoos are now learning that the beginning of all true wisdom is the fear and worship of Jehovah, the only living and true God, and many are the changes for the better which are now taking place in idolatrous India. A few of them are thus stated by the Lucknow *Witness*:

"Should Cary and Thomas visit today the scene of their life-labours, it would seem to them a stranger land than when, in 1793, they first touched its shores. Then a letter twelve months old from England was new; now steam has brought London within thirty days of Calcutta, and the telegraph has reduced the distance to minutes. Then clumsy boats, the ox-cart, the palanquin, and the pony, were the only aids to travel; now the railroads of India carry annually more than sixteen million passengers. Her sacred Ganges is ploughed by Government steamers, while twelve thousand miles of wire carry messages for her people. Then

the whole interior was sealed, and its roads almost impassable; now it is all open and surveyors are everywhere. Then no native thought of learning English; now it is hardly a barrier to a professor going among the educated classes there that he speaks English only, while in the counting-houses of every large city may be found hundreds who read the language readily.

"Then it was with difficulty that children could be hired to attend Christian schools; now staunch Hindoos contribute to the support of those schools. Then, if natives could be induced to take Christian books as a gift the missionary rejoiced in his success; books are now sold. Then the education of women was looked upon with terror or utter contempt; to-day the education of the girls of India receives more attention than did that of the boys thirty years ago. In Calcutta eight hundred women are regularly taught in their zenanas by the ladies of the Woman's Union Missionary Society; and many a young Brahmin secretly imparts to his wife daily what he learns at the schools.

"Then the dozen or fifty fathers-in-law of a Kulin Brahmin quarrelled for the honour of supporting him; now he can be compelled to support his wives. It is not fifty years since the high-caste widow of India coveted the funeral pile; now, though at very long intervals we hear of attempts at suttee, its condemnation is almost universal, while the most intelligent look back upon it as we do upon the human sacrifices of the Druids. It is not sixty years since an order was issued by the Indian Government that 'missionaries must not preach to natives, nor allow native converts to do so;' now the officers of the Government vie with each other in praise of the work done by missions.

It is a most remarkable thing that horrible cruelties should for so long have been perpetrated on the poor victims of mental disease. Into the present century even absurd ideas in reference to the insane, and still more absurd methods of treatment, have lingered. Happily at last the humane spirit of Christianity has been applied to the care and cure of those afflicted with brain and nervous disorders. Dr. Daniel Clark, who, as Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Insane Asylum, has been so successful in his humane and enlightened management, has written a brochure, "Insanity of the Past," which first appeared as an article in the *Methodist Magazine*, in which he briefly mentions some of the former methods of treatment and shows how, through ignorance and superstition, the insane were subjected to terrible tortures. He traces the rise and progress of the more kindly and common-sense methods of dealing with the insane of our own day. By this great reformer he tells us that the cruelties and neglects of over 2,500 years were put into juxtaposition with a benevolent Christianity, so that the shadows from the dark mountains might look the more sombre in the light of that "charity which suffereth long and is kind." The upward progress of the last half-century toward forbearance, pity, and intelligent treatment of these brain-afflicted and storm-tossed mortals has yet to be told, and it will bear repeating as an unanswerable chapter in the evidences of Christianity.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

A New Leaf.

HARRY WILDE says he has "turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. "The boys," Harry's old companions, laugh a little, and say, "Just wait awhile and you'll see!"

What has Harry done?

He has snuffed his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational story-paper; he has taken hold of his schoolwork in earnest; he has turned his back on the "fast" boys, and says to them in some manly way, when they want him to join them in some of their old-time wicked fun, "I can't go into that with you, boys."

At home he is a different boy. There is no more teasing to spend his evenings on the street; no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when required to obey.

Just this: A looking-glass was held up before Harry's eyes; in it he saw himself a selfish, conceited, wilful boy, on the road to ruin. The sight startled him, as well it might. He did not shut his eyes, as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was fast getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said, "This won't do; I must be one of God's boys."

Harry soon found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him; and it is indeed a great change.

Harry has chosen "the good part." Will you, dear boy? Will you, dear girl?

The Three Wishes.

WHILE sitting at the dinner-table with his family, a gentleman had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years:

"Father, I have been thinking, if I could have one single wish of mine, what I would choose."

"To give you a better chance," said the father, "I suppose the allowance was increased to three wishes, what would they be? Be careful, Charlie!"

He made the choice thoughtfully: "First, of a good character; second, of good health; and, third, of a good education."

His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches, and various other things, are held in general esteem among men.

"I have thought of all that," said he; "but if I have a good character and good health and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything will come along in its right place."

A wise decision, indeed, for a lad of that age. Let our young readers think of it and profit by it.—*Sel.*

THE most deserving of honour can often not be rewarded—here at any rate—those who die in saving or striving to save others. When noble brutes, too, do good and dangerous service, nothing can be done to honour them and encourage their kind—brutes like the dog who refused to leave the burning house at Rochdale recently until the two children had been saved, although it nearly cost him his life, for the smoke had made him senseless before the brave fireman, who had saved the two boys, carried him, too, out into the air.

The Stork of Lucerno.

Why this awful rush?
Whence this push and crush?
People running madly,
Church bells tolling sadly!
But why need inquire,
When the cry is "Fire?"

Now from the house-top
Flies begin to drop;
Folk still hurry faster
To the sad disaster,
And some, bold and brave,
Try to help and save.

Here's a moving sight!
Something dressed in white
On the roof! A spot
One would think was hot.
'Tis a stork at rest,
Seated on her nest.

This puts us all about,
Some begin to shout;
Others stones are shying
To set the poor bird flying;
But her young are there,
She their fate will share.

Things are looking black,
Floors begin to crack,
And the fire ascending
Soon will make an ending
Of both house and bird
If her flight's deferred.

But look at yonder lad!
Sure he must be mad!
Though the flames are spreading—
He, no danger dreading,
Climbs up to the roof,
As if fire proof.

Now some offer prayer;
Others cry, "Ho's there!"
The young birds he's seized,
The mother follows, pleased;
Down he comes all right,
We shout with delight.

And where'er he goes,
Everybody knows
Who he is, and stands
To shake him by the hands,
And his praise is sung
By both old and young.

Many books have told
Of this deed so bold;
Yet with all its fame,
They have lost his name.

But a Pen of Love
Has written it above.

Sam Jones.

THE NEW SOUTHERN REVIVALIST AND HIS SAYINGS.

There has come into prominence, especially in the South, during the past year, a man of peculiar ability and peculiar power, known popularly as "Sam Jones." No man before the public has had his goings and comings chronicled with greater minuteness than he.

To try to explain this phenomenon is impossible. He has a work and place in the world, and fills it.

The Rev Samuel Jones was born in Chambers County, Alabama, but was educated and grew up in Georgia, where his parents moved while he was a child. Mr. Jones, who is now about 38 years old, is the son of a lawyer, and was educated to the law. Until the death of his father a few years ago, Mr. Jones was noted for his excesses; but at the deathbed of his father he was converted, and immediately began to preach to his former companions. At the present time he is a member of the North Georgia Methodist Conference, and the agent of the Orphans' Home at Decatur, Ga. His mode of expression is very peculiar, eccentric, but his power over his hearers is marvellous. He moves them alike to tears or laughter, having the control of his audiences as a master would of the keys and stops of an organ. Mr. Jones is of dark complexion, weighs about 150 pounds, and shows in his physiquo

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A DETERMINED MAN.

While some of his sentences read grotesquely, when he says them they do not give that impression; in fact, pathos and earnestness are the most marked features of his address. Mr. Jones is surprised at his own success, both as to the numbers who always attend his meetings, and the number who are converted while attending them. The following will give a faint idea of his sermons.—

"An idea is a thought worded into shape ready for hand, tongue, or foot. As you think, so you are. Tell me what you are thinking about to-day and I'll tell you what you will be doing to-morrow; so, let me tell you, brethren, you'd better mind what you are thinking about to day, if you know what's good for you—if you would have any respect to what you may be doing to-morrow.

"You partake of the nature of the men and things by which you are surrounded. You are very much like the world around you—like your circumstances and associates. Place the worst man in Murfreesborough in good company and he'll be as good as anybody. No man can stay with me an hour and not be as good as I am, and I don't mean to say that I am overgood. I only mean to say that in my presence, or in the presence of any minister of the Gospel, he will not swear. I know no good man would; or, I should say, no gentleman would. I have overheard men swear who, on noticing my presence, would begin to beg my pardon. 'Poor man,' I have answered such, 'you'd a great deal better be on your knees begging God's pardon, not mine.'

"It's ten thousand times harder to be just than generous. It is easy enough to give a poor woman a dollar, but when it comes to following a straight line, being just in all things, just to God, to your family, to your children, to all men, it is a different thing. Some men are

NEVER JUST TO THEIR WIVES.

They pay their cook five dollars very willingly Saturday night, but when the hard-working, economical, painstaking wife asks for a little money on Monday, the brute will say, 'Oh, wife, what do you want with money?'

"I knew a fellow in Georgia who had been married ten years. His wife one morning suggested that that was her birthday, and he said to himself, 'I've got a good wife; she has been kind, self-sacrificing, and true in all respects; I must buy her a present.' So he went down town that day, and walked into a store, and bought himself a new hat, consoling himself that nothing would more please a good wife than to make her husband a present of a new hat. He's the meanest man I ever saw, and there are a great many men just that way.

"We are too often unjust to our children, exacting of them things we don't do ourselves, and berating them with our tongues when they don't understand what we want. And then we are too mean to say ten words to make one of them happy. How unjust we are to wives, husbands, children!

"If you put a little downright justice in your conduct with your children you'll have happier homes. Did you ever start anywhere with your wife, and keep hurrying her up when you ought to know she has not only to

DRESS HERSELF, BUT FIVE CHILDREN BESIDES,

while you have nothing to do but get ready? 'Hurry up, hurry up; I don't want to be too late! If you don't hurry I'll go on by myself.' And after a while she tells you to 'Go on, husband; I'm afraid I can't get ready in time for you; I don't want to hinder you.'

"I've done just that way. I have walked off, out the gate and fifty yards down the road, and then I'd stop and think. I'd say, 'Sam Jones, you are the meanest man living, and you shan't go to church nor anywhere else till you learn how to behave yourself.' And then I walk back and go in and find worry in my wife's face and tears in her eyes, and I go up and put my arms around her and kiss her—and there's nobody there but us two—and say, 'Wife, I'm as mean as a dog; I know I am, and I want you to forgive me,' and she forgives me, and we get ready and go—and find ourselves the first ones there.

"The Lord have mercy on us; how unjust we are to our wives, our children, our brothers and sisters, and our neighbours!

"There are men in this very town who meet a neighbour's wife on the street, and take off their hats, and bow and smile as sweet and tenderly, 'How are you, madam!' and then go home and wound their own wives with their tongues. Clever to all wives but their own! And so it is with some wives; they are all smiles and kind words in company, and cut their husbands to the heart with their tongues. God pity the man who has such a wife as that!

"I don't scold; if I do, I intend to scold somebody else's wife. I have heard mothers say, when a neighbour's child would break some article of value, 'Oh, it doesn't matter!' when, if their own child were to do it, they'd slap him clean across the room. Lord, give us a religion that will make us good to our wives and children and friends and neighbours."

A Sense of Honour.

There is little doubt that the thing which most needs to be preached to this generation of young people, by ministers of the Gospel, by both clerical and lay instructors of the youth, by all who have public interest or private authority, is—a sense of honour! It must be shown and insisted upon that every position in life where one person is employed by another to do a certain work imposes an obligation to fulfil the duties of the place with an honourable and disinterested regard for the interests of his employer. It must be shown that this view of employment applies to the cook, the errand boy, the cashier, the legislator, the Governor. This is a trite, and apparently simple, and somewhat stupid view of the opportunities of a "smart" and ambitious boy of our day. But, unless this commonplace view of responsibility is laid hold of by increasing numbers in the future of our country, we will not say that our society will go to pieces, but we will say that calamities will increase, and that we will get into troubles and not soon out of them, compared with which the dangers and distress of the past will seem almost insignificant.

God has infinite and wonderful ways of caring for His people.

The Sorrow of a Homo.

At the Tombs, yesterday, John Harly, of No. 81 Mulberry Street, a comparatively young man, was a prisoner. His young wife and a pretty flaxen-haired girl of four years stood by his side. The little one seized the young man's hand and said pleadingly,

"O papa! please, papa, come home."
"What a wretch I am to bring my wife and child to such a place as this" said the man in a choking voice "Go home, Jennie, and leave me. I'm only disgracing you, and you can get along without me."

"I couldn't go home if I tried," faltered the wife, "for I am a prisoner like yourself."

"Is this more of my work?" said the man bitterly.

"I was using persuasion to get you home, and so did baby. You tried to push us away to go back to the saloon, but I held your arm and screamed, and we were both arrested."

"Judge," said the husband, "please give me six months and discharge my wife. Drink gets the better of me at times and I make a brute of myself."

"I want six months, too, if he gets it," spoke up the wife, "for it's more my fault than his that we stand before you to-day."

"Your fault?" gasped the husband.

"No, no, Jennie, it's mine, it's mine."

"I say it's mine," remarked the wife "Don't you remember, John, what you said to me yesterday morning as you started for work? 'Jennie, be sure now,' was what you said, 'and be at the shop at six o'clock and induce me to come home or else it will be like other Saturday nights and I'll come home drunk and penniless.' I met a woman on the street and we got to talking, and before I knew it, it was ten minutes past six. I hurried to the shop, but I was too late."

He was discharged.—*N. Y. World.*

Homes.

HOME ought to be the most pleasant and comfortable spot on earth. Better be provoking anywhere else than at home. One should never plant thorns where he has to spend so much of his time himself. A little self-denial, a habit of pleasant speaking, a consideration of the wants of others—these make home delightful. Oh, the eternal nagging and fault-finding and carping that go on in many a family! Every little personal, every little harmless pet indulgence, every ingrained trait on either side, comes in for a pestering fire of unpleasant remarks, that prick and sting until that house is no more fit to live in than a patch of nettles is for a tired man's bed.

It was a woman who sent the first message over the first telegraph land line in the United States, and she sent these four pregnant words: "What has God wrought?"

"Is the man honest?" asked old Hyson. "Honest as the day is long." "Ye-es," said old Hyson; "but then he won't do at all. I want him for a night watchman."

SOME people are very entertaining for the first interview, but after they are exhausted and run out; on a second interview we shall find them very flat and monotonous. Like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes; but, unlike those instruments, they are not new-barrelled easily.

Looking to Jesus.

Keep looking to Jesus thou burdened with sin,
No law can condemn thee when looking to Him;
The heaviest load that a mortal can bear
Is in His forgiveness, and gloomy despair.

Keep looking to Jesus when dark is thy way,
The dark clouds of night soon dissolve with the day,
And He is the Sun that illumines thy path,
And can fill thee with light in the dark vale of death.

Keep looking to Jesus, the brightest, the best,
The Light of the world never sinks in the west,
At morn, or at eve, at the noonday or night
Shines the Sun of thy soul with ineffable light.

Keep looking to Jesus, for life has more care
And sharp disappointments than mortals can bear;
Thy trials, thy losses, temptations and fear
Are borne, or are lightened when Jesus is near.

Keep looking to Jesus, when doubts like the tomb
Envelope thy soul with impassable gloom;
No other on earth, or in heaven can dispel
The deep clouds of doubt in thy bosom that dwell.

Keep looking to Jesus, whatever betide,
Thy cares, doubts and darkness, and grief will subside
If cast upon Him who is waiting to share
The burdens humanity struggles to bear.

Quebec.

BY MARK TRAFTON.

As I stood upon the battlements of the impregnable fortress, and looked out upon the grand sweep of the gliding river, while others were chatting of the beautiful views and glorious scenery, my thoughts were back with other days and scenes, when Quebec was the brilliant gem in the crown of the Grand Monarque; when the bay was alive with richly-freighted ships from France; when French nobility were eager in their financial ventures, and contended for the honours of the vicereignty; when Madam Pompadour ruled the king, court, and provinces, and enriched her favourites by liberal bestowments of monopolies of trade; when Pope and priest and Jesuit were filled with a burning zeal for the conversion of the heathen in these wilds, and the dream of a mighty empire on this new continent created a glamour that dazzled and blinded the eyes of a nation—a dream so suddenly dispelled by the roll of English drums and the volleyed thunder on the plain yonder we had just visited.

Looking up the river to the time of the prosperous days of the courtly and the energetic Governor Contrecoeur and his brilliant court and pompous levees held in this old town, and I saw a thousand canoes come floating down the river filled with the choicest furs of the American forests, and the great chiefs of various tribes arrayed in barbaric splendour to pay court to the governor; and then, shooting out from the point below us, the adventurous La Salle and his few heroic companions starting on a voyage of discovery through those vast inland seas, and on to the unknown Mississippi. Gone now are all—governors, chiefs, tribes, warriors, and adventurers; gone the gay throng of revellers whose feet once trod these streets, and paced this rock on which we stand.

France has never succeeded in colonization. She had a great opportunity, a mighty field opened to her in this new world, but she adopted a false policy, and signally failed. She was

here, on this spot, before the hardy men and women who stepped from a shallop upon the frozen sands of Plymouth were born. They (the French colonists) had behind them the whole power of the proudest throne upon earth, joined with the infallible authority of Rome while the Pilgrims had behind them the bigoted, persecuting government which drove them into the wilderness to shift for themselves. The French had but the thirst for gold and personal aggrandizement, with no truly ennobling and life-giving instrumentality to elevate and restrain the vicious passions and appetites of the people. They came among the savages with a false religion, sunk at once into living with, and as, the savage, and had no power to lift themselves or their low associates to a higher plane of moral and intellectual excellence; and there, on that same level, are the mass of French Canadians to-day. The Pilgrims had love of liberty, equal rights, a free conscience, a gospel of life, and the school for all. Mark the result of the two experiments carried on side by side. God willed it. Let us go.

We now started for the Falls of Montmorency, distant nine miles—down a fearful descent, out through a gate, and so on over the St. Charles river through a farming region. On the right hand we pass a large mass of ruins of brick buildings. One-storied cottages appear all along the way, and the women and girls are in the gardens, engaged in weeding and hoeing. Where are the men? Gone to the city to the celebration. "What a host of children," we remarked. "Quebec has sixty thousand inhabitants, of whom only five thousand are English Protestants. The French are gaining on us in population rapidly. The average of children in these families is ten or twelve."

But here we are at the little hotel. Our horses are put up, and we start off down a well-worn path to see the cascade. We pass on around a point of land, and there it is. But either the talk about the children, or the excitement in the old walled city, or want of dinner, had acted upon my organ of wonder, so that to me it was not much—only a small river dropping suddenly, and with a sheer fall, some say, of two hundred feet. A suspension bridge was constructed some years since across the falls, but one morning a farmer was driving over it with his daughter in a waggon, when the wires gave way and all went down together into the gulf. The abutments remain, but it will never be rebuilt, it is said.

Going to Church.

REV. MR. STAFFORD'S REASONS FOR DOING IT HABITUALLY.

At the re-opening of the Parliament Street Methodist Church, Toronto, the Rev. E. A. Stafford, after picturing in a striking manner the return of Jesus of Nazareth to His home and His appearance in the synagogue, "as His custom was," proceeded to consider the reasons which prove church-going a thoroughly good custom. Church-going gives rest instead of weariness. It also is conducive to habits of economy. On this subject he said: I know that much is said about the expensiveness of churches and the keeping of them up. But there is much exaggeration in all this. To begin with, a room large enough to accommodate several hundred cannot be constructed without

considerable expenditure. And it is very easy for those whose thought is to tear down and not to build up, and whose circle can be accommodated in a very small space, to raise a somewhat popular cry about useless expense in church building. But even admitting, which cannot be denied, that unnecessary expense is put upon church edifices, it is put there by those who can afford to do it, and by the very men whose contributions are largest and most cheerful to every public and private charity. Is it not better thus given for the honour of God than selfishly hoarded or spent in personal indulgence? It is a guarantee against certain habits which are wasteful and ruinous. It is not by going to church that men form drinking habits, or learn gaming, or are drawn into any of the thousand paths which lead to temporal and eternal ruin. A man will spend in drinking at a public house more, often in one evening, than his church-going neighbour gives to his church in half a year. At the gaming table more will disappear in an hour than would keep up the worship of God for a year. The ticket to the theatre costs from fifty cents to a dollar. Need I attempt to specify what other expenses, unlimited and beyond control, must follow the price of that ticket? Now the expenses of public worship have this merit, that they can be calculated with a good degree of certainty. If we may judge by experience this custom helps rather than hinders worldly prosperity. The other points considered were that church-going brings us into contact with the best and truest people in the world; it is a custom men never repent having formed when they grow old; it brings the spiritual nature into the ascendancy, and finally it leads to Christ.

I Have Been Expecting This.

It will be ten years in September since the following incident occurred: The nine train from Broad Street was signalled to start, and was already on the move, when the door of the compartment in which I was seated was quickly opened, and a portly, well-dressed man of five-and-forty years of age or thereabouts, struggled to get in, and, missing his footing, slipped between the platform and the moving carriages! An alarm was promptly given, the train was stopped, half-a-dozen officials quickly came to the rescue, and the poor fellow was with some difficulty extricated. That he was much injured goes without saying. He was carried into one of the waiting-rooms, and a few fellow-passengers with myself followed to see if we could render any help. A doctor happened to be in the station, and advised the removal of the sufferer to the General Hospital, whither we accompanied him. One of the officials who went with us remarked by the way, "I've been expecting this for a long time."

"Expecting it?" I replied incredulously.

"Yes, expecting it," with even greater emphasis, was the rejoinder.

"You see, sir, he was one of our season ticket-holders, and comes this way daily. Most nights he goes home rather fresh, and often and often I have stopped his getting in when he was too full to know what he was about. The drink has indeed much to answer for! I happened to be on the

far platform to-night, or this would never have taken place. Poor, poor fellow!"

Upon reaching the hospital, almost the first words of the surgeon in attendance were, "Why, the man's been drinking heavily!"

His pockets were searched, and some letters found giving an address at a certain road leading to Hackney Downs. I hurried there to break the news to his relatives, wishing very much indeed that someone else had undertaken the painful errand.

The house was a detached one, standing in its own grounds, a little off the road, and was evidently the home of well-to-do folk.

The servant was somewhat taken aback when I asked to see Mrs. —.

"Why," she stammered, "why, my master has been a widower for more than seven years. His sister, who keeps house for him, is at home, and also the young master."

"How old is the young master?"

"Seventeen, sir. But what is the matter?"

"Well, I had better see Miss —. She does not know me, but I have a message of importance."

In a few moments a lady came to the hall, and invited me into the morning room, where I discharged my delicate duty as best I could, but clumsily enough in all conscience.

"Oh, my poor, poor Ted! Is he badly injured?" was her piteous inquiry.

"I fear so."

"What a blow for dear Robert! Oh, pray, pray stay, while I break the news to him. He is in the library, poor fellow, poring away over his books."

Drying her eyes, she led the way to this apartment, and, gently opening the door, she rushed forward, and, putting her arms round the lad's neck, exclaimed,

"It's very, very dreadful news, Robert dear. Poor father has met with an accident, and we are to go to the hospital at once!"

"An accident? When? Where? Oh, sir, tell me everything!" was his agonized entreaty.

"Bear up, bear up!" was all that I could say. "Come along at once; we had better get away as quickly as possible."

We hurried off to the hospital, and, upon arriving there, learnt that all was over. The internal injuries were so severe the unhappy sufferer had succumbed without even regaining consciousness.

I shall never, never forget the event of that evening. The blow was indeed a severe one for that only son, and threw him into an illness which at one time threatened his life. Happily, by dint of good nursing, he weathered the storm, and to-day he is one of the most active workers in the ranks of the abstaining clergy in the Diocese of London.

Not many nights ago I attended a meeting at which he presided, and one of the speakers enlarged upon the fact that drink entered every circle, and that there were few families that had not lost one by intemperance. A wearied, painful look passed over the chairman's face—a look of which probably none present but myself really knew the origin.—*Fred. Sherlock, in "On the Line."*

THANK God for a good mother.

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LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KINGS AND PROPHETS.

B.C. 713.] LESSON IX. [Nov. 29.

HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

2 Kings 20. 1-17. Commit to mem. vs. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble.—Ps. 20. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God is the hearer and answerer of prayer.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 18. 13-37. Th. 2 Kings 20. 1-21.
T. 2 Kings 19. 1-19. F. 2 Chron. 32. 24-33.
W. 2 Kings 19. 20-37. Sa. Isa. 38. 1-32.
Su. Isa. 39. 1-8.

TIME.—B.C. 713, the 14th year of Hezekiah's reign, and seven or eight years after the end of the kingdom of Israel.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the kingdom of Judah.

INTRODUCTION.—One-half of Hezekiah's reign had passed away. He had carried out his religious reforms, and had no doubt accumulated some of the treasures mentioned in 2 Chron. 32. 27-30. In the midst of his reign he was taken very sick.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. In those days—His fourteenth year (v. 28 and 2 Kings 18. 13). Was sick—Of a boil or carbuncle (see v. 7). 3. Wept sore—(1) He had a natural desire to live longer. (2) His work was unfinished. (3) The ancients had no clear assurance of immortality. 4. Middle court—Of the palace. 7. Lump of figs—A usual remedy for boils in the east. 8. Said—Immediately after the promise, but before the recovery. 9. Ten degrees—Or steps. 11. The dial of Ahaz—Obtained, at least as to idea, by Ahaz from the Assyrians. It was probably a column surrounded by steps, on which the shadow of the column marked the time of day. 12. King of Babylon sent letters—Probably with a desire to form an alliance. Babylon was just then rising in power against Assyria. 13. Hearkened—Favoured the alliance. shewed, etc.—Partly from pride, partly to show that he was a worthy ally. 16. Hear the word, etc.—Hezekiah's sin was (1) ingratitude; (2) pride; (3) ambition; (4) alliance with a heathen power, against which Isaiah had often warned him; (5) hence want of faith and obedience. 17. The days come—B.C. 606-588.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Intervening history.—Hezekiah's sickness.—His prayer.—Why he desired longer life.—The answer.—His song of thanksgiving.—The dial of Ahaz.—The shadow moving backward ten degrees. Hezekiah's sin (vs. 12, 13).—Its punishment.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long after the events of the last lesson was Hezekiah's sickness? What great trouble is described in the previous chapters? In how many books of the Bible is this lesson recorded?

SUBJECT: LESSONS FROM HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER.

I. HEZEKIAH'S SICKNESS (v. 1).—When did King Hezekiah become sick? (2 Kings 18. 13.) What was the trouble? (v. 7.) How dangerous was it? Why does God allow good men to become sick? What lessons does sickness teach us?

II. HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER (vs. 2, 3).—Why did he turn his face to the wall to pray? What did he ask for? Was it right to desire life so earnestly? What reasons had he for desiring life? What was his plea? What characteristics of true prayer do you find in this?

III. THE ANSWER (vs. 4-11).—How soon was his prayer answered? What was the answer? What more was given than asked? Is this God's frequent way of answering prayer? (2 Chron. 1. 11, 12; James 1. 5.) What means were used? Is it a mark of true faith to use means as well as prayer? (James 5. 16; John 9. 6, 7.) What sign was given to strengthen his faith? What was the dial of Ahaz? What was the miracle in this? What aids to our faith does God give us? What lessons can you learn from this answer to prayer? What song of thanksgiving did the king compose? (Isa. 38. 9-20.)

IV. A TRIAL OF FAITH (vs. 12-17).—Why did God let the following trial come upon Hezekiah? (2 Chron. 32. 31; Deut. 8. 2.) Who sent to congratulate Hezekiah on his

recovery? How far away was Babylon? What was the real object? How did Hezekiah receive the ambassadors? What was the sin in what he did? How was it punished? How long afterwards was this prophecy fulfilled?

LESSONS FROM HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER.

1. Sickness teaches some lessons seldom learned elsewhere.
2. It is right to pray for temporal blessings.
3. His prayer was (1) earnest; (2) believing; (3) the prayer of the righteous; (4) pleading the promises.
4. The answer was immediate.
5. The answer was abundant, overflowing.
6. It was accompanied by the use of means.
7. He was encouraged by other proofs of God's love and power.
8. God tries us in various ways to show us our hearts.
9. Even high experiences do not make us perfect at once.

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

1. What happened to Hezekiah about the middle of his reign? ANS. He was sick unto death. 2. What did he do in his distress? ANS. He prayed earnestly. 3. What answer did God give him? ANS. He added 15 years to his life, and gave deliverance from his great enemy. 4. What was his one failure? ANS. Pride and ambition in reference to the embassy from Babylon.

B.C. 738.] LESSON X. [Dec. 6.

THE SINFUL NATION.

Isa. 1. 1-18. Commit to mem. vs. 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well.—Isa. 1. 16, 17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Sin is a deadly disease, and can be cured only by repentance in man and forgiveness and renewal from God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Isa. 1. 1-18. Th. Matt. 21. 12, 13, 33-41.
T. Isa. 43. 1-15. F. Deut. 32. 7-40.
W. Matt. 11. 16-30. Sa. Ro. 11. 1-5, 11-22.
Su. Ps. 51. 1-19.

TIME.—Probably about B.C. 738.

PLACE.—The kingdom of Judah.

INTRODUCTION.—The first chapter of Isaiah is probably a general introduction to the first series of visions (chs. 1-12), which was completed in the third or fourth year of Ahaz. It gives a general view of the state of the nation.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—v. 1. This is the title of the whole book. 2. Hear, O heavens—That which he calls attention to is so astonishing, that heaven and earth are summoned to witness it. I have nourished—All the life and blessings of Israel had been through God's care. He had been as a father to them. 4. A seed of evil-doers—Children of bad parents. Get away backwards—Chosen to be the holy, happy people of God, they became idolatrous, wicked, and suffering. 5. The whole head is sick—The nation is now compared to a sick man. 7. Your country is desolate—See 2 Chron. 28. 5-8, 18, 20, 21. 8. Daughter of Zion—Jerusalem. Collage; lodge—Rough, lonely shelters, put up for the keepers of the vineyard and garden. The country surrounding Jerusalem was laid waste. 9. Been as Sodom—As bad in character, as sad in fate. 10. Ye rulers of Sodom—Rulers were like the people of Sodom. 11. I delight not—The sacrifices and feasts spoken of were commanded of God, and good in themselves, but God hated their insincerity and hypocrisy in them. He could not delight in religious services which were mere forms, without heart, without obedience. 13. I cannot away with—I cannot endure. 16. Wash ye—Cleanse yourselves from your sin by repenting of it, and putting it away. 18. Sins as scarlet—Glaring; stains almost impossible to remove.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Isaiah.—The book of Isaiah.—The state of Judah at this time.—The ingratitude of sinning against God (v. 2).—Vain religious services.—Man's part in salvation (vs. 16, 17).—God's part in salvation (v. 18).

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What do you know about the prophet Isaiah? During whose

reigns did he prophesy? (v. 1.) In what country? What can you tell about the book of Isaiah? To what part of Bible history does it correspond? To what portion of that history does this lesson apply? When was it written?

SUBJECT: SINFUL CHARACTER AND THE WAY OF SALVATION.

I. THE CHARACTER OF THE NATION (vs. 2-4).—Why does the prophet call on heaven and earth to hear? What had God done for this people? How had they treated him? What has he done for us? How do we treat him? Is all sin mean and ungrateful? How are the people contrasted with the animals? How is the wickedness of the nation described? What is "a seed of evil doers"? Are all sinners corrupters of others? They had gone away backward, from what? (Ps. 33. 12; Ex. 19. 5; Deut. 7. 6; 28. 9-11.) To what? (2 Kings 16. 3, 4, 8, 17; 2 Chron. 28. 2-4, 22-25.) To what is the sinful nation compared? (vs. 5, 6.) Are all men sinful by nature?

II. THE FRUITS OF THIS CHARACTER (vs. 7-9).—What had befallen the nation? Who is meant by "the daughter of Zion"? Why is Jerusalem compared to a cottage in the vineyard? What saved them from being like Sodom? What was the character and fate of Sodom and Gomorrah? Where had they been warned that these evils would come upon them if they sinned? (Deut. 28. 15-22, etc.)

III. FALSE EFFORTS FOR RELIEF (vs. 10-15).—What things are condemned in these verses? Were not the sacrifices, Sabbaths, and feasts appointed and commanded by God? What was there wrong in their doing them? What like condemnation from Christ in his day? (Matt. 6. 1-7; 23. 13, 14, 23, 25-28.)

IV. THE TRUE WAY OF SALVATION (vs. 16-18).—What was their first duty? What is meant by "wash ye"? What must they put away? What should they do? What would God do for them? In what respects are sins like scarlet? What must be done to make the sinful heart white as snow?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Sin against our heavenly Father is not only wicked, but mean and ungrateful.
2. Sin is like a deadly, all pervasive disease.
3. It affects both our thinking and our affections, our doctrines and our character.
4. No forms of religion are pleasing to God as substitutes for love and obedience.
5. The first duty of the sinner is to repent of his sin, and to forsake it.
6. God cleanses the soul (1) by forgiveness; (2) by giving a new heart.
7. Religion appeals to the reason.

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

5. What great prophet lived in the times of Hezekiah? ANS. Isaiah, who prophesied for nearly sixty years under four different kings. 6. What had the Jewish nation become? ANS. Very sinful. 7. What had they suffered on this account? ANS. Great desolations and troubles. 8. What did God call upon them to do? (Repeat the Golden Text.) 9. What did God promise them if they would do this? (Repeat v. 18.)

USE makes practice easy, and practice begets custom, and a habit of things to facilitate what thou couldst not conceive attainable at the first undertaking.—Fuller.

A FULL-BEARDED grandfather, recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner-table his three-year-old granddaughter noticed it, gazed long with wondering eyes, and finally she ejaculated:—"Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

"WHERE did you get this French Bible?" asked Smith, taking up a book from Black's table. Black: "French Bible! I haven't got any French Bible. The only Bible I have is the one you have in your hand. Had it ever since I was married." Smith (holding up the book): "What do you call that but French?" "Well! so it is! Funny I never found that out before!"