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HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.]

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Columbus.

There have come upon the stage of human action in different ages of the world men who far transcend all their contemporaries in the grandeur and importance of the parts they played,—men who, like Saul, towered above their fellows by the head and shoulders—who were giants among giants—who by their achievements gave an entirely new cast to the drama of the age, to the history of the world. Such an one was Columbus, upon whose life and character we purpose to make a few remarks. For many ages no more was known of this western world on which we live than if it were a separate planet—nay, much less, its very existence was not even suspected. Alexander, when he sat down by the side of the farther Ganges and wept for another world to conquer, no more conceived the idea of leading his soldiers across the sea than of invading the moon. Modern research has indeed made it appear that the wild northern Vikings effected a landing on our extreme eastern boundaries. Their landing was brought about, it is most likely, by stress of weather and by the long prevalence of easterly winds, when, driven before the storm like sea-birds in a hurricane, they merely dashed into some sheltered nook until the return of fair weather permitted them to skim their homeward way to their bleak Iceland or foggy Denmark.

Not so Columbus. By long thinking, by the study of the globe, and



COLUMBUS AND HIS SON.

by a dreamy legend of some far Cathay, where gold was for plenty as the stones of the field, and where silver was as the dust of the earth, he conceived the bold idea of reaching, by sailing round the world,

the treasure-house of India, the gorgeous East, which,

“With richest hand,
Shows on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.”

When the genius of science placed

in the hands of Columbus, their apostle of discovery, the magnetic steel wherewith to direct his course on pathless seas, his prophetic soul, pierced through the clouds of ignorance and superstition which long had mantled the popular mind, and declared to an incredulous world the existence of a western way to those golden realms.

Boldly, and in the face of all opposition, he maintained his heterodox opinion, notwithstanding that a council of the learned doctors of Salamanca declared his project to be impossible, proved from Scripture that it was impious, and denounced as heretics all who should presume to entertain it. For twenty years he cherished his fond purpose, without assistance and without sympathy, regarded by all except a few enlightened friends as an enthusiast and dreamer, still strong in the assurance of his heart, hoping on, struggling on, in his weary endeavour to accomplish his design—now closeted with kings—now arraigned before councils—now receiving the hospitalities of some charitable convent—now begging his way from land to land, from court to court, and now selling maps and charts to obtain a scanty subsistence. Some such incident is represented in the picture in which the great discoverer

with his son receive the alms and at the same time the contemptuous pity of the people, as hare-brained dreamers or mad enthusiasts.

At length he succeeds in interesting in his project the warm-hearted and

generous Isabella of Castile. With characteristic womanly impetuosity, she at once embarked upon the noble undertaking, pledging even the crown jewels to furnish the necessary means and ships; in which the genial ardour of the fair Castilian appears in pleasing contrast to the chilling reserve of the cold and politic Ferdinand.

Three small caravels, by no means equal to the undertaking, having at length been obtained and manned, after solemn confession and celebration of the holy sacrament, this great revelator set sail from the little port of Palos on the ever-memorable 3rd Aug. 1492.

As they lose sight of Peak Teneriffe, that farthest out-post of the Old World, the whole sky is seen to flame with wrathful fires, and the sea reflects the hue of blood. To the superstitious minds of the sailors this was an omen of the Almighty's anger—a portent of disaster—and it required all the eloquence of Columbus to rouse them from the prostration of spirit into which they were plunged.

Swiftly were they borne from their native shores and from all their hearts held dear by the mysterious trade-winds, which seemed with remorseless constancy to waft them onward to some dread unknown.

Day after day, on, on they plunged till Columbus alone dared to grasp the thought of the awful distance that they had traversed. That was a secret which he locked up in his own firm breast, while he sought to quiet the timorous mariners, whose minds recoiled beneath the thought, with a false reckoning of the progress of the fleet. But even this failed to allay their excited apprehensions, especially when the compass—their only guide in these untraversed wastes—began to waver and prove treacherous, as though nature's self were failing, and her laws becoming powerless. Amid the calms of tropics, when the very winds seemed dead, and they lay

"As silent as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean,"

it appeared that the very elements were combined to resent this invasion of their solitary domain, whose surface had never ploughed before. When near the end of their voyage, they entered a sea covered with floating weed, what was at first accepted as a joyful indication of land at length struck terror to their hearts when it became so dense as to impede and almost prevent their progress. Then it seemed as if they had indeed reached the Ultima Thule of Creation.

But we must not delay over these incidents of travel. The weary weeks of westward sailing amid the primal solitudes of hitherto untraversed, pathless seas—the awful silence brooding over the wide waste of waters, bounded only by the meeting of the sea and sky—the sad and dismal weeping of the rain—the moaning of the wind—the intolerably monotonous succession of garish day and stilly night, unmarked save by the waning of their hopes—the dreary midnight watches—the sinking beneath the wave of familiar constellations, that last seeming link that bound them to their native land—the rising of new, strange stars, and the superstitious dread of their supposed mysterious influences—the portents dire of wrath-presaging meteors flaming through the sky—the lurid splendour of the fiery southern sunsets—the false mirage upon the treacherous horizon's rim of

soft blue mountains, and of fertile vales, which ever-vanished into air—the sinking of the soul that followed—the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick—the dark conspiracies and turbulent mutinies of the disaffected crews—and the sublime majesty of a great spirit strong in the consciousness of right, and full of faith, overruling weaker minds, and cut off from human sympathy, still cherishing his noble purpose, and keeping in his mind the goal of his hopes; these, with the other associations of the voyage, with all their poetry, their pathos, and their grandeur, are no doubt familiar to most minds.

Let us for a moment revert to that solemn night of prayer, forever memorable in the annals of the world, upon which America was discovered. Many were the indications of land, but so often had they been deceived that in every heart but one all hope was well-nigh dead. Fear and expectation agitated every mind. The Church's holy prayers were said—her solemn rites performed. In sleepless vigils wore the night away. But shortly after midnight was a cry heard booming over the waves of "Land! land ahead!" With leaden wings the hours drag on, but with the early morning light the long-sought strand revealed itself to their delighted view, and the NEW WORLD was first seen by European eyes.

What tumultuous thoughts rushed upon the mind of Columbus—what deep emotions stirred his soul—what bright visions

"Passed like a glorious roll of drums"

through the triumph of his living dream, we know not. But such there were; for here was the realizing of the vision which had sustained his soul during long years of trial and privation; here was the solution of the problem of the age—he had wrested their mystery from the brooding centuries—he had plucked its secret from the bosom of the all-surrounding sea. Doubtless (for he was a devout man), gratitude to God filled his heart. Perhaps he also thought how his name would go sounding down the ages, and how the nations would rise up and call him blessed; but he never, even in his loftiest flight of fancy, comprehended half the importance of his discovery, nor the lasting influence it would have upon the destiny of the world.

In the meantime, preparations are made for debarking. The joyous cannon belch forth a glad "salvo," with their fiery breath—the boats are manned—an exultant "Te Deum" is sung—and the New World is taken possession of in the name of God and of Ferdinand and Isabella, and with the sacred rites of religion. It is consecrated with anthem and with prayer—the notes of "Gloria in excelsis Deo" awake unwonted echoes in the listening air, and the crucifix is overshadowed by the stately standard of Old Spain.

* * * * *

The scene is changed. One bright sunny morning, in the spring of 1493, the quiet port of Palos is thrown into a state of unusual commotion by the appearance, in the offing, of a weather-beaten, spectral-looking vessel. Columbus and his fleet, by common consent, had long been consigned to the depths of central ocean; so they are not to be

thought of. Great, then, is the astonishment of the civic authorities, when he thus pertinaciously returns, notwithstanding their settled conclusions to the contrary; but their astonishment soon gives way to delight when they find him to be veritably in the flesh, especially since he is the bearer of such astounding tidings, and such priceless treasure.

We now behold Columbus elevated to the giddy height of power—made vice-king of a whole hemisphere, with all its seas and lands, yet still manifesting that piety towards heaven, that mildness and forbearance to his fellows, and that consummate prudence in action which had hitherto characterized his deportment. But soon a cloud obscured the sunshine of his prosperity. Hardly had he departed to assume the government of these new-found regions, when jealousy of his fame and fortune began to rankle in the minds of certain fawning sycophants of the court. Slander began to dart her snaky tongue; envy to instil her deadly virus, and coward malice foully to asperse the fair escutcheon of his fame, so that a servile underling is sent to supersede the noble-minded Admiral. Without opportunity for appeal or for explanation, the venerable old man was violently dispossessed of his command, heavily loaded with irons, and, in terror of his life, shipped away from the land which himself had plucked from the bosom of the sea, as though he were the vilest of felons.

"These are the whips and scorns of time—

The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

Most keenly did the sensitive spirit of Columbus feel the indignity; and, when touched by pity and remorse, his captors wished to relieve him from his irons, he persistently refused, scorning to be free by sufferance when his will was chained. Deep into his heart sunk the memory of that voyage, and to the day of his death he kept suspended in his cabinet these memorials of his country's ingratitude.

Intense was the feeling of indignation in the public mind, upon the return of Columbus, against his base calumniators, and deep the sorrow of his royal mistress for his undeserved, unwarranted, ill-treatment. The brave old Admiral presented himself before his King and Queen, his soul tingling with the sense of wrong and injustice; but when he beheld the sympathetic teardrops in his sovereign lady's eyes all resentment vanished—he threw himself at her feet—his great heart melted within him, and convulsive sobs shook his frame. Then was his leal-heartedness most fully vindicated, and even the frigid temperament of Ferdinand seemed moved.

We will now pass hastily to the close of his life, omitting all mention of his third voyage.

When almost seventy years of age, such was the restless activity and unconquerable energy of the mind of Columbus, that he set sail for a fourth time to explore the New World which he had discovered. After a prolonged voyage, during which he suffered much chagrin and disappointment, and was even refused permission to shelter his tempest-shattered fleet in the harbour of an island which he himself had revealed to the world, he returned with crushed spirit and a bleeding heart to lay his bones in that ungrateful land

upon which he had conferred wealth, honour and renown, but which gave to him but a birthplace and a grave.

Soon after this his noble-hearted patroness, the gentle Isabella, died, and, with the proverbial ingratitude of princes, the politic Ferdinand permitted him to drag out life in obscurity, and to drain the bitter dregs of poverty—him to whom fame has given one of the highest niches in her temple, and who enriched the world for ever with his life and labours.

At length, with a body enfeebled by exposure in the service of his country, sick at heart with hollow professions and broken promises, and with a soul sorrowful from indifference and neglect of conscious merit, relying on the atonement of his Saviour, and in the act of repeating in Latin the words: "Lord into Thy hands I commend my spirit," this great man died on the 20th of May, 1506.

He was buried at Seville, and over his tomb was placed a marble monument bearing the words in Spanish, "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a New World." But death did not end his voyages. His remains were transferred in 1513 to Las Cuivas, and in 1536 to the island of San Domingo, in the West Indies, and deposited in the Cathedral of that place. In 1796, with great pomp, the bones of the discoverer were removed to Havana, the capital of Cuba, and deposited in the Cathedral, where for nearly a hundred years they received the tribute of respect of generations of pilgrims to his tomb. It has recently been discovered, however, that the remains thus honoured were not those of Columbus, but of his brother, Diego, and the bones of the great Admiral still rest in his grave at San Domingo—one of the first islands which he visited.

Preparations have been made to have a magnificent celebration in 1892 of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of this Continent, both in Spain, and Italy, and America. Thus do men build the tombs of the prophets whom, while alive, they stoned.

We will now, by way of conclusion, briefly advert to a few of the results of the discovery of America. No sooner was this startling fact known than all Europe was thrown into a fever of excitement. Every branch of industry was quickened. Each nation stretched forth her arm in conquest, and secured as much as possible of the newly-found territories. The teeming population of the great cities,

"—The serf and the hireling, the
down-trodden millions,
Felt that they, too, were created the heirs
of the earth, and claimed its division."

Old crumbling dynasties renewed their youth in the New World, and a lasting impetus was given to every moral reform, from the fact of a refuge from persecution having been found—a land whither those whose social or religious rights had been invaded might transport their household gods and build a new Troy, and construct for themselves an Utopia after their own hearts. And was that not a noble race that braved the perils of the wintry sea—that disembarked on Plymouth's storm-lashed rock, and made its home amid the primal wilds that skirt that iron-bound shore. And in those troublous times which tried men's souls, when the whole Continent was convulsed, and our hills, our valleys, and our waters, echoed to the booming of the cannon, our leal-

hearted ancestors—the pilgrim-fathers of Canada—forgot the older colonies for conscience sake, and went forth like Abraham not knowing *whither* they went, in order to maintain their allegiance to their father-land and to their king.

"There graves green and holy,
Round us are lying,
Free were the sleepers all
Living or dying."

Reverently let us mention their names—lightly let us tread upon their ashes.

And is not ours a noble inheritance, as has been well and truly said, "literally stretching from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth." We have, it is true, no historic associations, no time-honoured ruins "speaking of the past unto the present"—no blood-baptized and consecrated relics linking our souls with the buried ages; but we have our "forests primeval," our rivers, lakes, and prairies, and the broad page of nature as it came from the hand of the Creator.

All this has the genius of Columbus given to us and to the world. Let us, then, keep green the laurels on his brow, and render honour to his name. Let us imitate his sublime faith, his indomitable perseverance, and his unconquerable energy. Let us live for the good of our country and of the world. Let us exert our influence for virtue, for religion, and for the advancement of our race.

Where Are They?

All their hames—and all their doing—
All their sorrows, joys and tears—
All their rapine and their ruin—
Slumber in the gulf of years;
All the sights and signs they saw on
Nature's old and shrivell'd scroll,
Dim forgetfulness hath drawn
His black mantle o'er the whole!

They had cares and griefs bewildering,
They had hopes, and fears, and thrall,
They had wives, and homes, and children,
But the tomb has claim'd them all!
They have left each stern dejection
Which comes o'er the bounding heart,
And they proved the keen affliction
In the bitter hour to part.

Like their sires, they quaff'd life's chalice,
Like their sires, death laid them down,
Where the men of cot and palace
Mingle without grudge or frown,
Sorrow changed in them each feature,
Busy brain and youthful pace,
Stern necessity which nature
Binds upon the human race.

They had hours of storm and meekness,
Gloomy night and sunny day,
Hours of trial, pain and sickness,
But their dreams have pass'd away,
All have wandered into slumber,
Silence rests above each head,
Strange, that such a countless number
Like the morning clouds has fled.

They have pass'd, as I left their ashes
Floating on each distant breeze,
Like the wave that leaps and washes
Long lost jewels from the seas,
Time shall spread his wings asunder,
And unvell the awful past,
To Jehovah's trump of thunder
They shall rise and live at last.

The Church Lyceum.

BY REV. THERON COOPER.

THE Church Lyceum will furnish employment for the members of the Church. Many of these are dying from idleness. The secret of backsliding is often that nothing is given the people to do. Only a small percentage of the membership find time to take any active share in social services. The very same persons who make up this percent-

age are generally employed in the Sunday-school. A new variety of work is a gain both in the good directly done and in the improvement which exercise gives to the workers.

The Lyceum properly conducted gives promise of calling out young people of talent so that they may come to more public recognition. Time has wrought such changes in the custom of licensing exhorters that young men of gifts are not as frequently brought to the front by this means as formerly. The Lyceum is the institution needed by the times.

Another advantage is that the varied exercises of a Lyceum will so employ the minds and time of those interested as to help save them from the dangerous temptations of popular amusements. Solicitations to frivolity have little power over those who are profitably and pleasantly employed.

For the best accomplishment of its work it should not be a young people's society, a Sunday-school society, or a society made up of selected members of the Church. If left to the young people it will be in danger of becoming ungovernable and trifling. If it be attached to the Sunday-school it may be thought to be an institution for children and thus lose its best strength and opportunity. If it be made up of selected persons it will introduce invidious comparisons and make divisions where all should be brethren. In the Church Lyceum all, old and young, who are so disposed should be invited to meet to take such part as they are capable in the exercises and studies introduced.

Evil comes when the Church becomes absorbed in this class of employments to the neglect of her primary work. The first work of the Church is to save the souls of men—the development of the intellects of the people is only of secondary importance.

It has given a new attraction to the Church in many rural regions. It opens a chance for a little education to the poor children crowded together in cities. It is to be hoped that its libraries, reading rooms, schools, lectures, debates and concerts will help to concentrate the hearts and minds of the people upon the Church. And then it is to be hoped that the Church thus aided will direct all this attention and affection toward Christ the Lord.

I Can Let It Alone.

"I CAN do something that you can't," said a boy to his companion, "I can chew tobacco."

"And I can do something you can't," was the quick reply. "I can let tobacco alone."

Now, that is the kind of a boy we love to see. The boy who has the "backbone" to refuse when asked to do a foolish or wicked thing is the one we are proud of. It is an easy matter to sail with the wind or float with the tide, and it is easy enough to form bad habits, so no one can boast over the power to do that. It is one who can let them alone that is worthy of the praise. And the best time to let tobacco alone is before the appetite for it has been formed. There is nothing inviting about it, then.

Don't use it, boys. It is filthy, poisonous, disgusting stuff at its best. Be men enough to let it alone. Hold your head up proudly and say that you are its master, and never intend to become its slave.—C. L. Hill.

Day by Day.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun,
Which sinks should bear me past all fear
and sorrow

For any one—
All the fight fought, and all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise, and move, and love, and smile and pray
For one more day.

And laying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, "Lord, within thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful,
tender,
My soul would lie
All night long; and when the morning
Splendour
Flashed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder,
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clow,
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and
Master!
Other than this;
Still go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road—although so very long it be—
While led by Thee?

Step by step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen—
Through thorns, through flowers, whether
the tempest hide Thee,
Or heaven's serene—
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Nor love decay.

I may not know, my God; no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path no deepening shadow
stealeth;
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to
tell;
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfeeling
Thy will always;
Through a long century's ripening fruition,
Or a short day's;
Thou canst not come too soon, and I can wait
If Thou come late!

—Susan Coolidge.

John P. St. John.

MR. ST. JOHN has been selected as Prohibition candidate for the presidency of the United States. We give the following sketch of his life:—

The Hon. John P. St. John, ex-Governor of Kansas, was born in Brockville, Franklin County, Indiana, on the 25th of February, 1833. He had few early advantages. His education was that afforded by a country school in a log school-house, in a new settlement. But, with an inborn thirst for knowledge, he made the most of his limited opportunities. Every moment of leisure he spent in pursuing such books as he could buy or borrow, and thus he made himself familiar with history and biography, his favourite studies. In the beginning of his teens he found employment in a store, and received six dollars a month for his services. Before he was quite twenty he caught the "gold fever," and contrived to make his way to California. Not getting rich in a twinkling, he turned his hands to any honest labour to earn a

living—chopping wood, cleaning decks, serving in stores, and literally earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. He even saved a little money which he sent from time to time to his parents, and filled every leisure hour with study. He has himself told the story of his first departure from home, and of the vow he then made to his mother. Says he:

"Poor mother was almost broken-hearted, though she did not say it. Father, a good man, a loving husband, and a kind father always, would have been better off but for his habit of imbibing too freely from the social glass; consequently things were not about home as they used to be before this fault had overtaken him. Mother was not so cheerful and happy as formerly, although she never spoke of her fears and secret sorrow; yet I saw it all and, boy as I was, I hated the demon drink that had made such a change in my father, and broken the heart of my mother, and darkened the home of my boyhood. I resolved that the disastrous poison should never pass my lips, and that anything I could say or do should be done to put the blighting curse from other homes. Mother called me to her and said, 'John, my son, promise me you will always be a man wherever you go.' I made that promise, and wherever I have been, and however tempted to go astray or do anything I knew that my mother would not approve, that promise kept me right. O mothers! talk to your boys and get them to promise you not to enter a saloon and imbibe the poisonous draught. Boys, think; would God want you to do this? if your thoughts won't go as high as that, think of your mother, your next best friend to God. Think whether or not she would have you do such a thing, and, if she would not, do not do it."

It was in the hard school of the actual world that Mr. St. John received the important portion of his early education. During his stay on the Pacific Coast he made voyages to South America, Mexico, Central America and the Sandwich Islands. In 1853 he was engaged in the Indian wars in Northern California and Southern Oregon. In these campaigns he fought bravely and was twice wounded.

In the meantime he had decided upon his life occupation—the practice of the law, and under the most adverse circumstances had made some progress toward mastering the knowledge requisite to fit him for that profession. When a miner he commenced the study of law in his cabin. Often he poured for hours over his text-books by the flickering light of a pine-knot. In 1860 he returned to Illinois, and continued his reading with the legal firm of Starkweather & McLean, in Charleston, and at the end of the year he became a member of the firm.

The outbreak of the war changed all the plans of the young lawyer. Patriotism burned in his soul, and he lost no time in going to the front. He enlisted as a private in the 68th Illinois Volunteers, and at the election of officers was unanimously chosen captain.

After Lee surrendered, Col. St. John returned to the practice of law in Charleston, Mo. He soon removed to Independence, Mo., where for eight years he practised his profession with notable success. He was at the same time always loyal to patriotism, temperance and humanity.

Faith.

This child who wandered lost, alone, they stopped upon the street;
She looked into their faces with a smiling
firm and sweet;
And out she spoke: "My papa loves me;
mamma loves me, too.
Zey tell me so 'most every night, and so me
knows zey do."

When where she lived and what her name
the kindly-hearted asked,
She shook her golden curls as if she would
not then be tasked,
And answered only: "Papa loves me;
mamma loves me, too.
Zey tell me so 'most every night, and so me
knows zey do."

The twilight came, and tired and sore her
little feet tripped slow;
A tiny sigh from the baby breast when she
could no farther go;
But no complaint—"My papa loves me;
mamma loves me, too.
Zey tell me so 'most every night, and so me
knows zey do."

They brought her to a lighted room where
the walls were dull and bare,
And the faces all were strange to her, and
she sobbed amid the glare,
The same sweet words: "My papa loves
me; mamma loves me, too.
Zey tell me so 'most every night, and so me
knows zey do."

At length she slept where tender care had
made a gentle bed,
And as the blue eyes shadowy grew and fell
the weary head,
The listeners heard: "My papa loves me;
mamma loves me, too.
Zey tell me so 'most every night, and so me
knows zey do."

The father and the mother came, disheart-
ened, anxious-eyed;
They caught her to their joyful hearts, and
cried and laughed and cried.
She woke and smiled: "My papa loves me;
mamma loves me, too.
Me told 'oo so 'most every night, and now 'oo
knows zey do!"

—N. E. Nesmith, Jr.

of their labours, their successes, their
hopes, their fears, and their disappoint-
ments; and, standing round Him,
received His loving words of approval,
criticism and guidance. So let us, as
His true and humble servants, come
unto Jesus, rest awhile with Him, seek
His blessing on the seed we scatter,
and gain wisdom and encouragement
from Him.

Those who thus "wait upon Him"
shall renew their strength and multiply
their successes; and communion with
Him shall fill them with a Divine in-
spiration and holy zeal.

And when we recollect how many of
our brethren and sisters in the Lord
are calling upon Him for a common
blessing, we shall be the more ready to
expect His gracious answer of peace.
Long before the sun's light dawns upon
our land, our fellow-workers in Eastern
latitudes have lifted their hearts and
voices to Him for themselves and us;
and when our evening's prayer has
been offered, Christian brethren in the
far west are uttering like petitions and
offering like praises. So true shall it
be:—

"The whole round world is every way
bound with gold chains about the feet of
God."

It is well for us to reflect how much
is promised to those who ask in faith;
therefore, let us with our whole heart
seek the gracious help of our Lord, be-
seeching Him for wisdom and strength
rightly to work for Him: praying for
the present personal welfare of our
own scholars; for help to be afforded
to our fellow-teachers at home and
abroad; and especially for Sunday-
school work on the continent of Europe,
as well as of missionary effort in heathen
lands.

As so much depends upon being pre-
pared to enter upon the engagements
of these days in right spirit, teachers
and officers are again urged individually
to secure some additional time on each
day of the preceding week for private
thought and prayer, that all may come
together with prepared hearts, to praise
and thank God for what He has done;
and to pray that the workers may be
increasingly fitted for His service, and
that the children may be led to an
early decision for Christ.

It is suggested that the following
arrangements should, as far as practic-
able, be observed:—

That on the Lord's-day morning,
October 19, from 7 to 8 o'clock, private
intercessory prayer be offered on behalf
of Sunday-schools; that the opening
engagements of the morning school be
preceded by a meeting of the teachers
for prayer; that ministers be asked to
preach special sermons on the claims of
the Sunday-school, and the necessity
for increased intelligence and consecra-
tion on the part of teachers.

That in the afternoon, the ordinary
engagements of each school be short-
ened, and the scholars unite in a
devotional service, interspersed with
singing and appropriate addresses. To
this service the parents of the scholars
might be invited.

That at the close of the afternoon or
evening service, the teachers, in union
with other Christians, meet for thanks-
giving and prayer.

That on Monday morning, October
20, teachers again bring their scholars,
one by one, in private prayer before
God.

That in the course of the day, the
female teachers of each school hold a

meeting for united prayer and thanks-
giving.

That in the evening, each church or
congregation be invited to hold a meet-
ing, at which the interests of the
Sunday-school should form the theme
of the prayers and addresses.

FOUNTAIN J. HARTLEY,
EDWARD TOWERS,
JOHN E. TRESIDDER,
A. J. SCRUTTON,
Honorary Secretaries.

"By Heart."

FRED said he knew his Sunday school
lesson all by heart.

"Why, Fred," said cousin Mary,
"you surprise me!"

Now, Fred liked to have cousin Mary
think well of him, and he looked about
an inch taller, as he replied with a show
of humility:

"It seems as if anybody might learn
so short a lesson as that—only ten
verses!"

"Oh, it was not the length of the
lesson, but the breadth of it, that I was
thinking of, my dear boy. It is a
great thing to learn a lesson like that
by heart."

"What do you mean, cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about this little
verse 'If ye do not forgive, neither will
your Father which is in heaven forgive
your trespasses.' That is a part of the
lesson which you say you know by
heart; but I heard you declare a few
months ago that you would never for-
give Ralph Hastings as long as you
lived!"

Fred was silent. He had never
thought about this way of learning a
lesson by heart. When he had it all

in his head, and could say it off glibly
with his tongue, he had supposed that
he knew it by heart. But cousin
Mary opened a new world of thought
on the subject.

"Was cousin Mary right? Do we
ever really know a thing until we do
it? Fred learned this morning the
meaning of that little word "forgive,"
by just forgiving Ralph, in the most
real and practical manner possible. For
Fred was trying to be a Christian boy,
and when he once saw that the words
of Jesus were met to be done and not
said merely, he honestly set about
doing them.

"This must be the way, then, to
learn a lesson "by heart," to put it into
practice! We don't always do that,
when we learn a lesson by head.

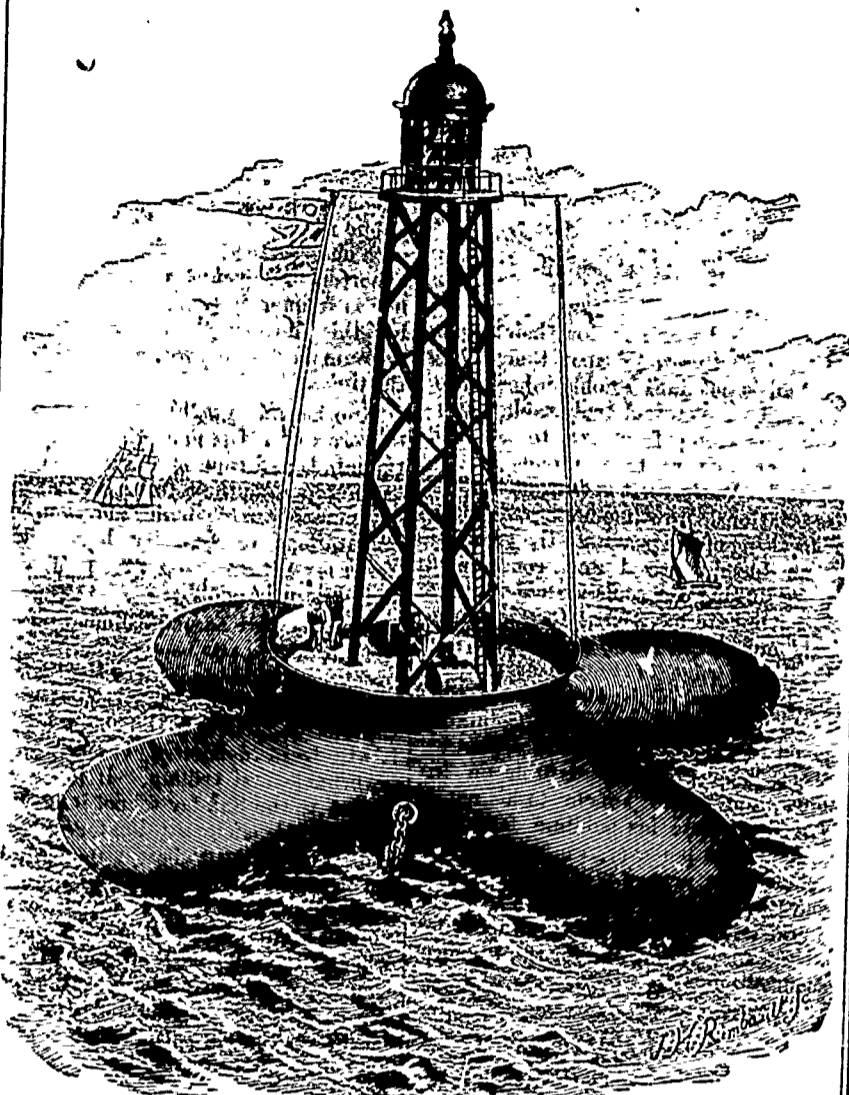
Jesus must have meant something
very practical when he said:

"Why call ye me Lord, and do not
the things which I say?"

Floating Lighthouse.

WHAT a strange looking lighthouse
this is! It was constructed to anchor
over a shifting sandbar, where no good
foundation could be obtained for a
solid structure. It consists, you will
observe, of a great iron air-tight float,
on which the slender structure which
supports the lantern is erected. The
whole is firmly anchored in the sand,
and forms a beacon to warn mariners
to beware of the sandbar's treacherous
embrace.

"Will you join me in a cup of tea,
Mr. Simkins?" Mr. Simkins: "Ah,
thank you; but wouldn't it be rather
crowded?"



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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1884.

Universal Prayer for Sunday-Schools.

The Committee of the London Sun-
day-school Union would again call
attention to the days appointed for
universal prayer on behalf of Sunday-
schools; and do so with a hearty greet-
ing in the name of the Master, "whose
we are and whom we serve."

When He was on the earth, the
disciples gathered about Him; early in
the morning (Mark 1: 35, 36), or at
sunset (Mark 6: 30, 31), telling Him



AFTER THE RAIN.

Chautauqua Song.

BY REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A.M.,
Genera. III.

Read in the Hall of Philosophy, August
7th, 1884.

I.

LET others sing of battles, of heroes true
and brave,
Of kingdoms won by valour, on land or on
the wave;
A grander theme before us, for which the
nations sigh,
When truth shall grasp the standard, and
hold the banner high.

Through long and weary ages, grim giant
Wrong has trod,
And crushed his mangled victims beneath
the blood-stained sod.
The day of better forces has dawned upon
the land,
And right is might forever, and evermore
shall stand.

And here beside these waters, this sunny
summer sea,
With right and truth a motto, and God and
liberty;
We hail the coming morning, the ages'
golden day,
And bless the God of heaven that wrong
has fled away.

Chautauqua's thought is spreading o'er all
the peaceful land,
And pure instruction widens and deepens in
demand;
And bound like kindred families, the new
Assemblies rise,
Till ev'ry zone th' Circles own, beneath the
bending skies.

The fathers of this impulse, wrought wiser
than they knew,

They laid a firm foundation whereon the
fabric grew,
And year by year their plannings, collecting
Christian lore,
Have halted many worthies before this
open door.

And in the distant ages, in marble pure and
white,
With memories of blessings in scintillations
bright,
A host of Bible students shall keep this
natal day,
And on the busts of Vincent, coronal
wreaths shall lay.

II.

THE HALL IN THE GROVE.

When evening shadows softly creep across
the inland sea,
The Circles meet, and willing feet come
tripping o'er the lea,
They come to bless each other's hearts, in
song and thought and prayer,
And study lore from nature's store so richly
garnered there.

The Circles may from day to day through
all of coming time,
Inspire with truth the coming youth to
search with zeal sublime,
And from this Hall the words shall fall that
round the world shall ring
With stronger will than ever fell from lips
of priest or king.

What strength is here, or gathered there,
within the mighty throng,
How grand the army at the front, some
sixty thousand strong.
Let no one feel a Crystal Seal confers the
last degree,
When Seals are caught, but never bought,
in C. L. S. and C.

What fellowship is in the grip of warm and
friendly hands,

And badges worn and vespers said, are
tokens of these bands;
But mottoes strong or sweetest song can
never give the charms
That ever rest within the breast of those in
Jesus' arms.

That Hall, within the classic grove, with
members far and wide,
Sends them away as billows play on ocean's
swelling tide.
They go in other lands to spread the choicest
truths abroad,
Or glean the grain from hill and plain in all
the fields of God.

The beacons burn, the torches blaze, the
altar flames arise,
And hallowed light descending bright,
beams from the bending skies.
Our God is here, let us adore, and love the
joy profound,
We meet, we part, but every heart shall
call this holy ground.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD girl, living in Con-
necticut, is a good reader and very fond
of poetry. A few days ago a gentle-
man of eighty-eight years called on
her grandfather, who is eighty-four
years old. The little girl, wishing to
entertain them, brought out her book
of poems and selected one which she
thought would please them, as it re-
ferred to old men entitled, "What can
an old man do but die?" every verse
ending with that cheerful sentence.
The hearty laugh that followed from
the two hale and hearty old gentlemen
satisfied her that her efforts were appre-
ciated.

After the Rain.

WHAT a beautiful pastoral picture
is here shown—a characteristic English
scene. The quaint, old straw-thatched
timbered house, overshadowed by the
majestic elms, the laden ferry crossing
the stream—in Canada we would surely
have a bridge instead—the fishermen
in the foreground, the farmer har-
rowing the soil, and behind all the
glorious arch—God's bow of promise
—set in the heavens.

When eyes that watched the flood rise and
decline,
First saw the bow of beauteous colour
blended,
Which spanned a threatening cloud, then
slowly faded,
Each heart relied on that assuring sign.

So when in Christ, the dazzling light divine,
Spreads out its heavenly splendours softly
shaded
In clouds of flesh, our trembling faith is
aided
On God's sure truth and mercy to recline.

To see Him, once to holy John was given,
"Clothed in a cloud, a rainbow round
His head,"
Earth's green memorial wearing still in
heaven;
And when God looks upon that blessed
token
Encircling "Him who liveth, and was
dead,"
He keeps His covenant of peace unbroken.
—R. Wilton.

Salvation for the Young.

BY MRS. P. A. POST.

A FEW years since, at the Round
Lake camp-meeting, in a children's
meeting, a Sabbath-school girl arose and
said, "At ten years of age God con-
verted my soul, and I knew it; at
eleven years of age He sanctified me;
and now I am a little past twelve, and
God has kept me. No one need ever
tell me Jesus cannot convert, sanctify,
and keep children." The streaming
eyes and emphatic manner assured the
listener of the validity of her testimony.
Though hers was a very plain face we
could but exclaim, "That girl has a
crown of glory infinitely transcending
those around her attired in worldly
fashion," and we soliloquized thus:
"What a responsibility rests upon
parents, guardians, preachers, teachers,
and indeed upon every disciple of Jesus,
if children may be brought into the
"fold" thus early! And who doubts it?
We well remember a girl of fourteen
summers who had been a member of
the Church four or five years. She had
been trained by pious parents, who
were especially interested in securing
for themselves and their large family
all the fulness of the blessing of the
Gospel of peace. The subject of per-
fect love was presented from the
pulpit, taught in the social meetings
and in the pastoral visiting. Several
sought this pearl of great price
and found, and with the rest M—.
The pastor, in leading the class, said,
"M—, you have been seeking the
blessing of perfect love for several
days; have you found what you
sought?" She rose and said, with
much emphasis and feeling: "Yes.
While in prayer the blessing came,
clear, and satisfactory." Years passed,
and a few days since we received a letter
from her father, saying, "M— is a
lovely disciple of Jesus, and a member
of the faculty of the University of
—." "A light set upon a hill that
cannot be hid." O, that a baptism of
the Holy Ghost may fall upon the
families of the Church.

Man's Mortality.

"For me to live is Christ."

[The following poem is justly considered a poetical gem of the highest order. The original was found in an Irish MS. in Trinity College, Dublin. There is reason to think that the poem was written by one of those primitive Christian bards in the reign of King Diarmid, about the year 554, and was sung and chanted at the last grand assembly of kings, chieftains, and bards, held in the famous Halls of Tara. The translation is by Dr. Donne.]

Like a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah made:
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's now begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearly dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, not there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird has flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream,
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's slung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like an arrow from a bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hic,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days' long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear, or like a plum;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

BY JESSE LYMAN HURLBUT, D.D.

In the summer of 1878 a movement was inaugurated at Lake Chautauqua, in Western New York, for the promotion of intelligence and culture among the people. The thought of this organization first arose in the mind of its originator, the Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., twenty-five years ago, while he was beginning his ministry as a village pastor in New Jersey; but its practical realization was reserved for a more favourable time and better auspices.

In the early summer of 1878, while Dr. Vincent was crossing the Atlantic, homeward-bound from a breathing-spell under the Alps, the plans of the C. L. S. C. were matured and its details arranged. It was to involve a course of reading and study, covering the principal subjects of the college curriculum, giving to the English reader an

outlook over the field of learning, and some acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature, ancient and modern; employing hand-books and compendiums for the mastery of outlines, and appointing more extensive works to be read; a course which the individual could pursue alone, if necessary, yet adapted for associated study; sufficiently simple to invite the masses, and to lead them on without discouragement from its difficulties or its extent; yet so thorough as not to be deemed superficial by the more learned. Above all, it was to bring the six secular days of the week into harmony of purpose with the Sabbath, not only by recognizing the Bible as a department of its study, but more especially by having the entire course penetrated with the spirit of reverence and of faith.

Among the first who presented themselves as students was a venerable professor in a theological school, then eminent as a scholar, and since called home to rest. As he gave his name to Dr. Vincent, he clasped his hand, looked upward, and with deep feeling said: "Let us keep our heavenly Father in the midst." It was a happy thought of the founder to adopt this as one of the mottoes of the C. L. S. C. Another sentence had been already chosen as expressive of its aim: "We study the Word and the works of God;" and a third was afterward added, as an encouragement: "Never be discouraged."

The course of study is planned to cover four years, and may be accomplished by some readers in an hour a day, during ten months of each year. Of course no unlettered person can secure a finished education by reading an hour *per diem* for four years; yet so much time spent with thoughtful and wisely-chosen books will impart to any mind a knowledge of literature, a measure of intelligence, and an intellectual training, by no means to be despised. It embraces the general subjects of History, Science, Literature, and the Bible study, with a few branches which might be included under Home and Character. In history are included the five most important subjects of General History, and those of Greece, Rome, England, and America; each studied in a small text-book, and read in a more extensive work, such as Green's "Short History of the English People," with an occasional historical story, as "Hypatia." The sciences of Astronomy, Physiology, Biology and Natural Philosophy are taken up in *science primers* and other plain yet philosophical works. General Literature is studied in selections from the greatest works of the greatest authors; translations from Homer, Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero; selected plays of Shakspeare; poems of Milton; essays of Macaulay; extracts from the writings of the most important periods in English history, and concise manuals; Biblical literature is noticed each year in the departments of evidence. Church history and practical Christianity, in such works as "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" and Arthur's "Tongue of Fire." This sketch exhibits the course in merely a fragmentary way.

A helpful element of the plan is that of simultaneous study by all classes. The studies for each year are proportioned out among the months, as a suggestion, but not as a requirement, for the students.

The flexibility of the plan is such

that it admits either individual or associated study. Some follow it alone, and without companionship, except in the consciousness that twenty thousand fellow-students are in line with themselves. Others find it helpful to unite in "Local Circles," or segments of the general circle. These local circles aggregate almost a thousand, and are of all sizes, from three members (which are often called "triangles") to several hundred. There are little groups of ladies who meet with their sewing and discuss, not their neighbours' virtues, but the conduct of the Greeks and Romans, or listen to one reading from the course; travellers on the railroad conning their Chautauqua text-books; home circles, where the kings of England are being reviewed at the breakfast-table; social gatherings, with criticism and cream mingled in pleasant proportions; and ambitious organizations with lecture-courses and public discussions in the town-hall. In Cleveland is a circle of three hundred members, and in Pittsburgh one of five hundred, subdivided into smaller associations, but uniting in monthly meetings. The Germans have a branch, with text-books in their own language.

There is an arrangement whereby each member, however distant, is kept in constant connection with the office of the Circle. This is at Plainfield, N. J., where Miss K. F. Kimball, the secretary, aided by her corps of assistants, maintains a supervision over the details of the work. Application for union with the Circle are received, including the annual fee of fifty cents, which is the sole expense of the association, except, of course, the cost of books. Lest any may imagine a financial aim in the enterprise, let it be remarked, in passing, that the fees received scarcely cover the expenses of the office, and that the President receives absolutely nothing for his services.

Although every endeavour was made to keep the course inexpensive, it was soon found that seven or eight dollars *per annum* for the purchase of books was an obstacle in the way of many students. Hard-working women in homes where every penny must be counted before the bare necessities are bought, young men struggling with poverty on farms, sewing-girls in factories, wrote of their difficulties and of their sacrifices in the pursuit of knowledge. In 1880 a new departure was taken by the publication of *The Chautauquan*. This is a monthly magazine, of the form of the "Franklin Square library," now so popular, because so cheap. It contains many of the required books as serials, with articles of value selected from both standard and current literature. Through this magazine the cost of the Circle is greatly reduced.

There are several hundred members in the Dominion of Canada, and individual students in England, India, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, and Alaska.

As to the beneficial results of the organization there can scarcely be a question. Any system which will bring thousands of people into communion with the thought of the world cannot fail of blessing the race. Already this movement has quickened many into higher intellectual life. More than one young man has written to the office that by it he has been awakened to a hunger after knowledge, and has left the Circle for the larger culture of the college. In one of the leading

local circles a house-servant became a member, soon showed herself the brightest scholar in the company, resolved to obtain a higher education, and by dint of saving, with some assistance of friends who perceived her talents, entered the State Normal School, where she is now one of the most successful students. It has led many young men to study evenings that might have been wasted, or worse than wasted, in the saloon; and has substituted strong, thoughtful books for sensational novels in the hands of many young ladies.

It has breathed an atmosphere of culture around homes of poverty, and relieved the dull round of woman's never-ending work by worthy themes of thought and conversation. It has enabled middle-aged people to supplement the deficiencies, keenly felt, of their early education. One man wrote:

"I am so grateful to you that I can't express what I feel. I am a hard-working man. I have six children, and I work hard to keep them in school. Since I found out about your Circle I am trying my best to keep up, so that my boys will see what father does, just for an example to them."

Another wrote asking to be excused for not giving the time employed in reading, "for," he says, "I am a night watchman, and I read as I come on my night rounds to the lights." A Mississippi captain wrote that he found the course of great value to him; "because," he says, "when I stand on deck stormy nights I have something to think about; and you know when one has not taken care of his thoughts they will run away with him, and he will think about what he ought not."

We know of a merchant's clerk and his wife who, for two years past, except during the summer vacation, have devoted the morning hours from five to seven o'clock to study, in order to leave their evenings free for the claims of home, society and church. An army officer's wife writes from the plains that no other white woman lives within sixty miles, and the nearest bookstore is three hundred miles distant, so that she was waiting impatiently three months for her text-books, and when they came she fairly wept with delight at the realization that she was at last brought into some communion with seekers after culture. Such testimonies as these might be multiplied by the hundred, if it were necessary, to show that the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle brings valuable results to the world.

"MAMMA, where's papa gone to?" asked a little girl one day. "He's gone to town to earn more bread and butter for you, darling." "Oh mamma, I wish he would sometimes earn buns!" sighed the child.

At a school at Wallsend, near Newcastle, the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite;" and after a brief pause one little boy said: "I know, sir; when I'm eatin' I'm appy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

A STREET-CAR conductor carelessly carried his bell-punch home and allowed his children to play with it. The next day the company informed him that he was 9,900,999 fares short. He has offered to leave the children in pawn until he makes up the money.

A Methodist minister at Red Bay, Labrador, has to read the previous year's course, as vessels only reach him about twice a year.—Ed.

Footprints of Jesus.

Look not for the Saviour's footprints
Near the royal palace gate;
Seek them not in halls of grandeur,
Gilded domes, and regal state;
Seek them not in grand cathedrals,
Nor in learning's temple fair,
Where proud piety, on cushions,
Seeks repose from every care.

Seek them by the humble dwelling,
Seek them by the widow's cot,
Seek them in the prison's dungeons,
Where misfortune mourns her lot;
Down beneath the lowest strata
Of degraded human woe,
Marked with blood, and wet with tear-drops,
Trace them onward as they go!

Here He paused to feed the hungry,
Here forgave a woman's sin;
Here a blind man's eyes were opened,
Here the lame came bounding in;
Here in gory perspiration
Wept o'er Juda's Holy Hill;
Here, poured out His blood and spirit
To redeem—"Whoever will!"

There is not one human being
Sunk so low in dark despair,
But beneath its tears and anguish,
Jesus left His footprints there,
And if I would be a Christian,
I must follow where He led;
Raise the fallen, clothe the naked,
Cause the hungry to be fed.

Fearing no contamination,
Swerving not for scorn or pride,
Where a soul may yet be ransomed,
If the labour be applied;
Down beneath all human wanderings,
Down beneath all woe and care,
There I'll find my Saviour's footprints,
Fresh as when He placed them there.

Jesus, I will trace Thy pathway
Down among the lost of earth,
And rehearse the glad, glad tidings
Of Thy boundless love and worth;
I have not the gift of healing,
I may not forgive their sin,
I can point them to Thy kingdom,
Bid them cleanse, and enter in.

"Take the Safest Path, for I am Following You."

BY THE REV. CHAS. GARRETT, LIVERPOOL.
Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference.

DURING one of my holidays in North Wales, I was staying with my family near a range of hills to which I was strongly attracted. Some of them were slanting and easy to climb, and my children rejoiced to accompany me to their summit. One, however, was higher than the others, and its sides were steep and rugged. I often looked at it with longing desire to reach the top. The constant companionship of my children, however, was a difficulty. Several of them were very young, and I knew it would be full of peril for them to attempt the ascent. One bright morning, when I thought they were all busy with their games, I started on my expedition. I quietly made my way up the face of the hill till I came to a point where the path forked, one path striking directly upwards, and the other ascending in a slanting direction. I hesitated for a moment as to which of the two paths I would take, and was about to take the precipitous one when I was startled by hearing a little voice shouting "Father take the safest path, for I am following you." On looking down I saw that my little boy had discovered my absence and followed me. He was already a considerable distance up the hill, and had found the ascent difficult, and when he saw me hesitating as to which of the paths I should take, he revealed himself by the warning cry. I saw at a glance that he was in peril at the point he had reached, and trembled lest his little feet should slip

before I could get to him. I therefore cheered him by calling to him that I would come and help him directly. I was soon down to him, and grasped his little warm hand with a joy that every father will understand. I saw that in attempting to follow my example he had incurred fearful danger, and I descended, thanking God that I had stopped in time to save my child from injury or death.

Years have passed since that, to me, memorable morning; but though the danger has passed, the little fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson, the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin, without intending or knowing it.

De Long's Christian Character.

IN at least four respects the De Long expedition has been a magnificent success. First, it has demonstrated in most stupendous manner, and before all nations, that religion may be carried into all enterprises, and especially into those which are scientific. Christ was not more certainly on the ship in Galilee than he was on board the *Jeanette*. Of the first Sunday out De Long's diary records: "Had the articles of war read and the ships company mustered. Then read divine service, and was much pleased at observing that every officer and man not absolutely on watch voluntarily attended." Yea, it was divine service every Sunday. I again open De Long's ice-journal and read: "Set back for Lee. He had turned back, laid down and was waiting to die. All united in saying Lord's prayer and creed after supper." Further on I find the record: "Alexey dying. Doctor baptized him. Read prayer for sick." De Long further records these words: "I was much impressed and derived great encouragement from an accident of last Sunday. Our Bible got soaking wet and I had to read the Epistle and Gospel out of my prayer-book. According to my rough calculation it was the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity and the Gospel contained some promises which seemed peculiarly adapted to our condition—Matthew vi. and 24: 'Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on.'" The ice-journal of the closing days of that awful journey reads thus: "Lee died at noon. Read prayers for the sick when he found he was going." Again he writes: "We are in the hands of God, and unless He intervenes we are lost." Of the last Sunday he says: "133rd day—Everybody pretty weak. Read part of divine service." Alas, he could read no more than part of it. Far away from home, and hungry, and freezing and dying, they cried unto the Lord, and they went right out of a cold earth into a warm heaven. Oh, we who neglect divine service because it is too cold, or too hot, or we are too busy, or have company, let us take the chiding that comes down from the North in the box containing the ice-journal of George W. De Long, the Christian commander.

They did not wait to pray till the cutters parted in the gale, and the last can of pemican was exhausted, and they were reduced to a little willow tea and a soasted boot-sole, but while the *Jeanette* was in good trim and

sailing on for a scientific conquest so promising that it excited the jealousy of naval officers at San Francisco, the *Tuscarora* and the *Alaska* and the *Alert* and the *Monterey*, of the United States Navy, joining not in the cheers of the salvos at the departure of the *Jeanette*. The prayers of the Arctic explorers in good weather as well as severe are illustrious example for all who go down to the sea in ships as well for all landmen. Do not wait to pray till your provision gives out and your boat must be abandoned, and there is no game to bring down or fetch in, and you are lost in the snowdrifts. Prayer all the way from San Francisco to Lena Delta. Prayer, though the fingers were too numb to turn the leaves, and the lips to stiff with cold to speak the words, and the eye too dim to see the page. They were men of splendid physique, if their portraits are accurate, and of cultured intellects if we may judge from their diplomas and correspondence, and were armed with all the meteorological instruments and philosophical apparatus, but they did not consider themselves strong enough or wise enough to do without God. Let the infidel and atheistic and blatant philosophy of our day hear it and repent. Do not stultify yourself and your religion by saying that any expedition is a failure which sets up the banner of the Son of God on the glittering pinnacles of iceberg till all the nations behold the crimson standard. *Gloria Patri*, which we sang this morning, sung by these Arctic voyagers while heaving icebergs played the accompaniment: "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, amen!" Oh, did it merely happen so? Was it only accidental? Was there no significance wide as earth and high as heaven in the fact that in that unending winter on Monumental Hill, on Lena Delta, the tomb was crowned with a cross? On that cold forehead of the world is set the most precious symbol of the Christian religion.—DR. TALMAGE, in *Frank Leslie's SUNDAY MAGAZINE for May*.

September.

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow-nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of wealth,
And autumn's best of cheer.

Why He Reformed.

THERE was a drunkard in an Arkansas town who became a sober man through a kind Providence granting him what Burns longed for:

"Oh, wad som power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us.

One day several acquaintances, on asking him to drink, were surprised to hear him say, "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I can't drink anything." To their question "what is the matter with you?" he said:

"I'll tell you. The other day I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train.

"To a man of my temperament, to be half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more to drink.

"Failing at the saloons, I remembered that there was a half-pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medical purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Wait now till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and entering the play-house nodded idiotically at his little girl and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said—

"James, why will you do this way?"

"Whizzer way?" he replied.

"Getting drunk."

"Who's drunk?"

"You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you'r breakin' my heart?"

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing all day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God!"—*Aakansas Traveler*.

Curious Answers.

At a recent School Board examination in England some extraordinary answers were given to the examiners by the children. One innocent was asked to give a biography of the Patriarch Abraham, and replied: "Abraham was the father of Lot, and had two wives. One was called Ishmale and the other Hagur; he kept one at home, and turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt by day, and a pillar of fire by night." Another juvenile said: "Moses was an Egyptian. He lived in an ark made of bull-rushes, and he kept a golden calf, and worshipped brazen snakes, and et nothing but kwales and manna for forty years. He was caught by the hair of the head while riding under the brugh of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absalom as he was a hanging from the bough. His end was peace." Another, questioned in natural history, replied: "The hog has five toes on his fore feet, and four toes on his hind feet; the cow has no toes, and cannot bark." In the same connection it may be remarked that it appears not advisable to ask the newsboys in the lodging-houses too many questions in their Scripture schooling. In reply to a worthy exhorter, who lately asked one of the lads, in speaking of the story of the good Samaritan, "What made the priest go by on the other side?" a boy answered: "Oh! because the man was robbed already." To another, who asked, "When your father and mother forsake you, who will take you up?" a little fellow replied, in all earnestness: "The police, the police."—*Harper's Young Folks*.

"Harvest."

BY G. M.

The reapers sang in the shaded lane,
And the laden waggons came creaking
slow,
While the kind farm-mother her table
spread;
For the field was bare and the sun was low:
The sun was low and the day was gone—
The toil was over, and harvest done.

I looked and sighed, as the yellow store
Was borne away to the yawning mow,
And I thought of the brimming garner floor,
And the harvester's tanned and sweating
brow,
Till I sighed again in the fading light,
While the tired world slept in the lap of
Night.

I sighed for the tender plant that died
When the cold north wind untimely blew;
I sighed for the grain that never swelled,
For the blighted sheaf that never grew;
I sighed for the harvest days that seem
Like the waking mockery of a dream.

I knelt in the dim sweet summer night
And whispered a prayer of trembling
faith,
That He (who nurseth the sleeping grain
Till life comes smiling from darkest death)
Would not scorn the scant sheaves I had
won
When life was over and harvest done.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

THREE MONTHS WITH DAVID AND THE PSALMS.

LESSON XII. [Sept. 21.]

Psa. 103. 1-22. Commit to mem. vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not
all His benefits.—Psa. 103. 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's numberless mercies demand per-
petual praise.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Psa. 103. 1-22. Th. Psa. 136. 1-26.
T. Psa. 105. 1-45. F. Psa. 145. 1-21.
W. Psa. 106. 1-48. Sa. Psa. 146. 1-10.
Su. Psa. 148. 1-14.

AUTHOR.—David.

TIME.—Probably written during the last
years of his life.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *All that is within me*—His whole spiritual nature. 2. *Forget not all*—Remember every one; they are many, and we are liable to forget. 4. *Redeemeth*—Saveth at cost to himself. *Life from destruction*—(1) Our life in this world; (2) our eternal life through the redemption of Christ. 5. *Satisfieth thy mouth*—The soul; mouth as a type of all desires. *Renewed like the eagle's*—Made as strong, and fresh, and active, and joyous, as that of the king of birds in his prime. 8. *Slow to anger*—Does not punish any sooner than He can help, bears with His children. 9. *Neither keep His anger for ever*—He will not punish His children to their destruction as He must His enemies who will not repent. 11. *As the heaven is high*—The greatest conceivable height. 12. *As far, etc.*—The greatest imaginable distance. 14. *He knoweth our frame*—For He made us, and therefore understands all about us. 15. *Grass . . . flower*—Short-lived, easily destroyed. 17. *From everlasting to everlasting*—The greatest conceivable duration. *Them that fear Him*—This is the third time this limitation is given. Only such can claim the promise. 18. *Keep His covenant*—To bless and save if we obey His commands.

SUBJECT FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Psalm as a whole.—The duty of praising God.—God's mercy.—Illustrations of it in this Psalm.—God's ways made known to Moses.—His acts to Israel.—God's covenant.—To whom these blessings are promised.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote this Psalm? When? What are its characteristics?

SUBJECT: PRAISE FOR GOD'S MERCIES.

I. PRAISE FOR GOD'S MANIFOLD PERSONAL MERCIES (vs. 1-5).—What is it to bless the Lord? What is meant by "all that is within me?" What by God's "holy name?" How many "benefits" are named in these verses? How does God forgive our iniquities? How does He heal our diseases? What

is it to crown with loving-kindness? What is it for our youth to be renewed like the eagle's? Which of these benefits seem most desirable to you? Which have you already received? Why is it good to praise God? In what ways can you praise Him? What can you do to aid the public praise of God?

II. PRAISE FOR THE PAST (vs. 6, 7).—What is it to execute righteousness? Is God always against the oppressor? What ways did God make known to Moses? How did He make them known? What acts of mercy can you remember as done for the Israelites? How do God's past mercies help us to praise God to-day?

III. PRAISE FOR GOD'S FORGIVING LOVE (vs. 8-12).—What is God's character? How is He "slow to anger?" Does He punish any more than is absolutely necessary? What two illustrations are given here of the extent of God's mercy? To whom is this mercy extended? Is not God merciful to all men? (John 3. 16.) What is the difference between His mercy to the wicked and to those who fear Him?

IV. PRAISE FOR GOD'S FATHERLY LOVE (vs. 13, 14).—How does God love those who fear Him? What does Jesus say of this? (Matt. 7. 11.) What does this teach us about God's love? How does God know our frame? How does this knowledge show a reason for His pity?

V. PRAISE FOR GOD'S ENDURING LOVE (vs. 15-18).—What is man like? With what is man's life contrasted? How enduring is God's mercy? To whom is this mercy extended? What is it to keep God's covenant? Can any others claim these promises? Can all find this mercy if they will? How?

VI. A CALL TO PRAISE (vs. 19-22).—Upon whom does the psalmist call to give praise? Why should all these praise God? Of what character is a heart of praise a sign? How may God's kingdom be said to rule over all?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Every one should praise God with heart, voice, life, in public and in private.
2. He that has a praising spirit will always have something for which to give praise.
3. A praising spirit is a sign of a right heart.
4. It is the way to a better life.
5. It is the way to happiness, and is the precursor of greater blessings.
6. Songs in the night are a sign of the morning.

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

17. Why should we praise God? **ANS.** Because of His many mercies to us. 18. How should we praise Him? **ANS.** With voice, and heart, and life, in public and in private. 19. For what should we praise Him? **ANS.** For His goodness and love. 20. How great is that love? **ANS.** Higher than the heavens, longer than the east is from the west, and enduring from everlasting to everlasting. Who should praise the Lord? **ANS.** All His works in all places of His dominion.

LESSON XIII. [Sept. 28.]

REVIEW.

Scripture Lesson.—The Golden Texts of the Quarter and Psalm 84.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Oh Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.—Psa. 84. 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

That life is blessed which is spent in the service and love of God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 5. 1-12; Th. 2 Sam. 24. 1-25.
6. 1-12.
T. 2 Sam. 7. 1-16; F. Psa. 51. 1-19;
9. 1-13. 40. 1-17.
W. 2 Sam. 15. 1-14; Sa. Psa. 19. 1-14.
18. 24-33.
Su. Psa. 103. 1-22.

QUESTIONS.

SUBJECT: THE LIFE AND WORKS OF A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

I. EARLY LIFE.—When was David born? In what place, and the name of his parents? In what business was he engaged? What accomplishments did he acquire? What was his character? His appearance? What feats of strength and skill did he perform? How was he introduced into Saul's court? Where and how did he spend the rest of his life till he was thirty years old? How did all these experiences fit him to be a good king?

II. THE SOLDIER.—What qualities did David show as a soldier? Name some of his battles and victories. Was he ever defeated? How did he organize his army? (1 Chron. 27.)

III. THE KING.—When was David made king? At what age? How long was his reign? Over whom did he reign first? For how long? Where was his capital? When was he made king over all Israel? How far did his kingdom extend? Where was his capital? What was the state of the kingdom under him? What were his qualities as a king.

IV. THE POET.—What poems did David write? Was he the first great writer of hymns? For what use were many of the Psalms prepared? How did David organize the service of song? (1 Chron. 25.) Which of his Psalms is your favourite? How can hymns written so long ago be helpful to us?

V. VARIOUS EXPERIENCES.—What were some of David's great trials in his early life? Did these grow out of his own faults? How did they work out good for him? What were some of the trials of his latter life? Were these the fruit of his sins? What may be said of his prosperity? Of his sources of happiness? Was his life on the whole a happy and successful life? How old was he when he died?

VI. RELIGIOUS LIFE.—What was the general character of David's religious life? Was he faultless? Was his on the whole a good, and noble, and sincerely religious life? What does God say of him? (1 Kings 15. 5.) How could he be a man after God's own heart, and yet be guilty of those sins? What did he do when he had fallen into sin? What does this show? How does he compare with most ancient heathen monarchs as to virtue? As to faults? What do you find in him to imitate?

A Working Man at Hawarden.

ONE of the working men in Derby who presented Mr. Gladstone recently with the dessert service of Derby china, describes his visit to him:—

"I must not waste your time with any minute or extended description of the various incidents which occurred during our visit. But to us working men these incidents are fraught with the deepest interest. The charming union of dignity, simplicity, and kindness in Mr. Gladstone's manner I cannot describe. We were received by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone not with cold politeness or mere refined courtesy, but with manifest cordality and warmth of feeling, such as parents might exhibit to upgrown sons come home after long absence to spend their Christmas holiday. The sons and daughters of the Premier were equally pleasant and attentive. Nothing was omitted that kindness could devise to make the day at Hawarden a red-letter day to us. We were highly delighted with our visit, and the entire proceedings were pronounced a success. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the present we took them, as you will have gathered from the public prints. The dessert service is to be lent to our Derby Art Gallery for exhibition for a month, and then it will be forwarded to Downing-street for the inspection of good people there. I had never seen Mr. Gladstone before; but on Saturday I was one of the common people who heard him gladly; and at luncheon I had the high honour of sitting at his right hand and being served by him; and no baron or knight of old ever entertained his trusty retainers in more knightly style."

The writer of the letter of which the above is an extract is a mechanic, earning weekly wages at the Midland locomotive Works, Derby, and he composed the address which accompanied the dessert service, writing and rewriting it until it fulfilled his ideal.

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