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HONEY AND SCHOOL

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890.

[No 1.]



MEDITATION.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The Sabbath Bells.

THE old man sits in his easy chair,
And his ear has caught the ringing
Of many a church bell far and near,
Their own sweet music singing
And his head sinks low on his aged breast,
While his thoughts far back are reaching
To the Sabbath morn'g of his boyish days,
And a mother's sacred teaching.

A few years later, and lo, the bells
A merrier strain were pealing,
And heavenward bore the marriage vow
Which his manhood's joy was sealing.
But the old man's eyes were dimming now,
As memory holds before him
The sad, sad picture of later years,
When the tide of grief rolled o'er him.

When the bells were toll'd for loved ones gone,
For the wife, for the sons and daughters,
Who, one by one, from his home went out,
And down into death's dark waters.
But the aged heart has still one joy
Which his old life daily blesses,
And his eyes grow bright and his pulses warm
'Neath a grandchild's sweet caresses.

But the old man wakes from his reverie,
And his dear old face is smiling,
While the child with the serious eyes reads on,
The Sabbath hours beguiling.
Ah, the bells once more will ring for him,
When the heavenly hand shall sever
The cord of life, and his freed soul flies
To dwell with his own forever.

Meditation.

THIS young lady seems lost in meditation as she looks from the battlements of some ancient castle on the gloried valley of the Rhine. She is thinking perhaps of the many strange-historic scenes enacted on its banks.

Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,
The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet
And looking up at his loved face!

"Is He A Good Man?"

BY MRS. E. H. BRADLEY.

Who? Why the popular minister who smokes, and by so doing fosters disobedience to parents, nullifies scientific lessons which teach that nicotine is a nerve paralyzer, as alcohol is a brain poisoner, and takes sides with the world in a habit which only smoke-lovers heartily defend. We may ask, or let a country lad answer for one of the most popular smoking ministers.

"Have you seen this portrait, and the article telling how Mr. — became one of us?" asked a temperance worker one Sunday of the preacher for the day who was, like herself, a guest at a certain hospitable farm-house. "Yes," was the reply, "I have." No pleasure was evinced and the lady wondered at the short response, as she knew that the said minister was well-known in that locality and there, as everywhere, a great favourite. To get at the reason for the cool reply, she said, "We all felt particularly grateful to hear of his adopting our safe principles, and putting on our 'bit of blue.' His popularity as a preacher will be a double blessing, with his personal influence against the drink traffic."

"I wish you could persuade him to abstain from cigars," was the reply.

"Do you mean to say he smokes?" the lady asked.

"Yes, indeed, he smokes costly cigars, and his extravagance is only a part of his bad example.

There is a broken-hearted widow on our circuit, grieving over her boy in gaol through his smoking; and I do not set much value on such a recruit to the temperance cause as he is."

"A boy in gaol, through the minister smoking! How was that?" asked the lady.

Then came the sad, sad story which made me wonder more at the complacency with which Christian, but not "Christ-like" ministers can smoke regardless of injury from their evil example. Here are the facts then told by the good man who knew all the parties concerned, and vouched for the truth of the narrative.

The widow was one of the oldest Methodists in the place, and had been greatly esteemed as a consistent Christian woman. Her husband died when her boy was a little lad, and she was made the bread-winner, which compelled her to leave the child to the care of neighbours when he was not at school, and he learned many things which grieved his mother, and grew disobedient and refractory at home, by the loss of home training.

The good woman insisted, however, that he should attend the Sunday-school of her own Church, and the Band of Hope, and that he should not smoke.

A few years passed and the boy was a nuisance in the Sunday-school, and it was a question, more than once, if he should not be expelled; but, for the respect in which his good mother was held, he was tolerated as a scholar for some time.

At length the minister in question was appointed to that circuit. His usual popularity crowded the church, and a revival added many new members to the society. Among the converts were several boys in the Bible-class, who were eager to be usefully employed. Some of these young Christians were allowed to assist in the Sunday-school, and knew of the insubordination and irregularity of the widow's son. The proposition was again raised at a teachers' meeting that the boy should be expelled unless some one would suggest new methods for influencing him. One of the young converts begged another term of forbearance, and volunteered to "look after" the wayward lad for the poor mother's sake. So, it was agreed that Tom (as we will call him) should try to make "Jim," the widow's son, his friend, in order to save him from evil associates. Each Sunday and through the week, Tom gave much time in trying to interest poor Jim, and to win his friendship.

For several weeks Tom steadily followed up this plan of personal endeavour to bring this lost sheep to a seeking Saviour, and comfort the mother's heart by steadying her wilful boy. Hopeful results followed. Jim attended Sunday-school more regularly and after his promotion to the Bible-class, with older lads, took a new interest in the lessons as well as improved his general behaviour. He respected his mother's commands enough not to smoke at home; but, after he began to earn a little money for himself he thought he had a right to smoke if he liked as well as "other fellows." He kept his pledge against drink, and therefore did not find his way to the "public-house," as a drink-shop is called in England.

The summer came; they lived in a lovely neighbourhood—the hills, valleys, river, gardens, a fine old castle and other objects of interest made a picture which the most uncultivated were bound to admire. While the trees were so many orchestras for the sweet singers on wings, which are nowhere so musical as in one of the lovely southern valleys of England. One of these bright sunny Sundays—when it seemed a pleasure to live and breathe—all nature in a joyous hush, Tom called for his friend, after their early dinner, to be in good time for their afternoon Bible-class. It was too early for school. The two lads walked a little way out of town and

turned off the high road to lean upon a five-barred gate, where they could see a magnificent panorama spread out, and listen to the sweet music which filled the air. They were not artistically trained, and could not have told you why they so enjoyed the sights and sounds around them, but they could take the pleasure all the same, so far as they could appreciate it. There was a bend in the road, so that they could hear without being readily seen by passers-by, partly hid by the high bushy hedges and trees. The time was nearly up for their return, and to Tom's dismay, Jim took out his pipe and a small package of tobacco, and proceeded to fill the pipe, and then replaced his frail tobacco pouch in his pocket, and took out a box of matches. Tom silently prayed for wisdom to say the right word to his companion, and presently said, "Jim, don't light your pipe; we shall be going back presently, before you will have done smoking, and you know you promised to go to the Bible-class with me to-day." Jim admitted the promise and said he was going with him, and added "What harm is there in a few whiffs out here?" His friend said, "One harm will be you will not be done in time, and another harm is you will smell of smoke as you go into the school. Besides, it's a dirty thing anyway, and I'd be ashamed to spend money in 'bacca' when my mother worked as hard as yours to keep the home together." Tom hardly knew that he had put three good arguments against smoking in a small compass,—waste of time, waste of health, and waste of money, besides the dishonesty to the poor mother, and disobedience implied. Thus making five good reasons why his friend should not smoke. Jim seemed half-convinced, and with his filled pipe in one hand, and the match ready to strike in the other, stood hesitating.

It was in fact a switch in his life-line, and there was the free-will to do, or leave undone, illustrated. Tom was his good angel at the moment, trying his best to help the poor lad to turn the switch in the right direction. There was an invisible angel of darkness there by that gateway too, trying to turn the switch on the down-grade. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the Evil One" had been prayed by their favourite pastor in the morning service, and both lads had joined in that prayer. Tom ventured another word, "Now, Jim, don't light it; shy it away, and have no more to do with it. Keep a sweet mouth, and let's go back. I'm sure you'll be glad some day."

Poor tempted Jim was "almost persuaded" to leave his pipe unlighted, and take his friend's advice, but the devil seemed to know how to turn that switch by the hand of an "angel of light." With pipe and match on the way to his pocket, the lads heard footsteps along that smooth, hard road, and both recognized the well-known voice of their minister. Neither lad spoke; but they looked over their shoulder to see who went by. As the burly form came into view they saw with him one of the local preachers. The two had agreed to walk together to their country appointments as far as the cross-road. The popular minister was holding his cigar-case towards his companion, as the two preachers came in sight, and did not see the lads at the gate. He was saying, and the lads heard it plainly, "Will you have one?" The local brother with a grave face said, "No, thank you; I never smoke, and wish you didn't." The jovial pastor said, "You are foolish not to. I couldn't get on without it," and as he spoke, selected a cigar from the case, nibbled the end, pocketed the case, lighted a fragrant fuscio and applied it to his loved weed, and small clouds of smoke floated over the pastor's head as the two Gospel messengers of salvation passed on their way.

Surely never was more successful example for evil

set. All this passed in far less time than these words could be written or read. Yet, it was long enough to turn that switch the wrong way. Tom was confronted by his beloved pastor's influence being thus used to undo all he had tried to do, to save his friend. Jim drew his pipe and match away from his pocket, and pointing with his filled pipe in the direction of the two preachers said, "Is he a good man?" "Well," said Tom, slowly, not knowing what to say, or what to believe, "i s'-p-o-s-e so," allowing the word of doubt to draw from his lips very reluctantly. "Then if it is right for him, it's right for me; so here goes," said Jim, and suiting act to word, struck his match, lighted his pipe, and put his elbows on the gate to enjoy the smoke. By this time the minutes were gone, and Tom felt it was useless to persuade Jim to come to the Bible class now, as his pipe was lighted, and with a sad heart, full of sorrow for his friend, grief and shame for his pastor, that country had went alone to take his place in school. From that day on, all his influence over Jim seemed to vanish, and the young smoker soon openly defied his mother, telling her that "Mr. — smoked and so should he." The charm of the eloquent sermons, and earnest prayer died from that time, to the widowed mother, and the young Christian whose efforts to save the lad were all nullified by the fumes of the pastor's fragrant cigar, which he "couldn't get on without."

The switch being turned on the down grade and all the brakes removed, poor Jim went down very fast. While the summer lasted he could stand at the street corners and smoke with other weed-worshippers and slaves. When wet autumn came and wintry winds were blowing, some shelter was needed, and he could not take his rough smoking companions to his mother's clean little cottage. The Band of Hope was forsaken, and beer-house doors were always open. Passing over all the stops, and how the mother's tears, entreaties and prayers were all unheeded, because her pastor was "a good man" who smoked. Before Christmas came Jim had been drawn in with a set of poachers, and found himself locked up in the gaol for six months. This meant being branded as "a gaol bird," meant breaking the dear old mother's heart with disgrace that her boy should be in gaol—ruined because her favourite minister couldn't do without his cigar.

As this narrative was told by that good man who would not smoke, and who would not have a license to sell tobacco in his store, any more than he would think of selling drink, the exultation at the newly fledged blue-ribboner was changed to sorrowful regret, and as the teller's words ceased the question was asked, "Does Mr. — know these facts, and the mischief his example has done in that poor Christian woman's home?"

"Oh, yes, he knows, and was asked to visit the mother in her bitter sorrow; but could not see how his cigar was the cause of the boy's ruin." That fragrant cigar was like the dead fly in the pot of ointment. The eloquent words of that preacher lost their forceful beauty to those who heard of poor Jim's temptation from that time on; his powerful writings lost their power though many prayers have been sent up to the Father, that he would mercifully convince that gifted man that his "indispensable" cigar made him the savour of death unto death to at least one who took the wrong turn by following his example.

One of the most powerful lectures against the use of tobacco ever delivered by a physician closed with this argument as the strongest of all "That tobacco paralyzes the physical conscience." This startling assertion was clearly explained by the fact that nerves are to the body what the conscience is to the soul. Nicotine paralyzes the nerves, and

so deceives the conscience of the body, and makes the smoker incapable of comprehending the evil he does to himself, to his children who are weakened by his habits in fifty ways to society, to professing Christians, and therefore "good men" instantly mislead themselves and others, and their awakening time will only fully come when they face their victims at the bar where no tobacco fumes will longer dull their deadened senses.

Well may young workers ask of smoking ministers "Is he a good man?"

Hamilton, Ont.

How She Attracted Notice.

THIS little incident—it is a true story—occurred a few years ago in Philadelphia:—

The owner of a large retail store gave a holiday to all his employees, in the middle of June. Cashiers, foremen, salesmen and saleswomen, cash-boys and porters—all were invited to spend the day on the grounds of the country-seat owned by their employer. Tents were erected, a bountiful dinner and supper were provided, a band of music was stationed in the grove, and special trains were chartered to carry the guests to the country and home again.

Nothing else was talked of for weeks before the happy day. The saleswomen—most of whom were young—anxiously planned their dresses, and bought cheap and pretty muslins, which they made up in the evenings that they might look fresh and gay. Even the cash boys bought new cravats and hats for the great occasion.

There was one girl—whom we shall call Jane—who could not indulge herself in any pretty bit of finery. She was the only child of a widowed mother, who was paralyzed. Jane was quick and industrious, but she had been but a few months in the store, and her wages barely kept her and her mother from want.

"What shall you wear?" said the girl who stood next her behind the counter. "I bought such a lovely blue lawn."

"I have nothing but this," said Jane, glancing down at her rusty black merino.

"But that is a winter dress! You'll melt, child. There'll be dancing and boating and croquet. You must have a summer gown, or else don't go."

Girls of fifteen like pretty gowns. Jane said nothing for a few minutes.

"I shall wear this," she said, firmly. "And I think I will go. Mother wishes it."

"But you can't dance or play croquet in that!"

"It is always fun to see other people have fun," said Jane, bravely.

The day came—bright and hot—and Jane went in her heavy, well-darned dress. She gave up all idea of "fun" for herself, and set to work to help others to find it. On the cars she busied herself in finding seats for the little girls, and helping the servants with the baskets of provisions. On the grounds she started games for the children, ran to lay the table, brought water to the old ladies, was ready to pin up torn gowns, or to applaud a "good ball." She laughed, and was happy and friendly all the time. She did not dance nor play; but she was surrounded by a cheerful, merry group, wherever she went.

On the way home to town, the employer—who was a shrewd business man—beckoned to his superintendent.

"There is one girl here whose friendly, polite manner is very remarkable. She will be valuable to me as a saleswoman. Give her a good position. That young woman in black,"—and he pointed her out.

The next day, Jane was promoted into one of

the most important departments, and since that time her success has been steady.

The good humour and kindness of heart which enabled her to "find fun in seeing others have fun," were the best capital for her in her business. She had the courage, too, to disregard poverty, and to make the best of life—a courage which rarely fails to meet its reward.—*Selected.*

His Coming.

They tell me a solemn story,
But it is not sad to me,
For in its sweet unfolding
My Saviour's love I see.

They say that at any moment
The Lord of life may come
To lift me from the cloudland
Into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning,
I may not even hear
The rustle of his garments,
As he softly draweth near;

Suddenly, in a moment,
Upon my ear may fall
The summons loved of our Master,
"Answer the Master's call."

Perhaps he will come in the noontide
Of some bright, sunny day,
When, with dear ones all around me,
My life seems bright and gay.

Pleasant must be the pathway,
Easy the shining road,
Up from the dimmer sunlight
Into the light of God.

Perhaps he will come in the stillness
Of the mild and quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping,
'Neath the moonbeams' dimly light;

When the stars are softly shining
O'er the slumbering land and sea,
Perhaps in holy stillness
The Master will come for me.

Be Diligent.

A good example is the property of the community, and most valuable property it is. Let an industrious, thrifty man move into a community, one more given to deeds than words, and let him set to work faithfully to build up a place, whether a farm or only a garden spot, and his influence will be felt by every one who passes by. A painstaking man is almost sure to be a successful one, and his successors are a powerful stimulus to others, especially to youth. When tempted to despond, that noble example cheers and encourages them on, to feel that they, too, may succeed by like effort. It is a constant rebuke to laziness, to see a neighbour "diligent in business." One can never tell where a good example may fall, nor what fruit it may bring forth. A young physician used often to see a light in an upper window of a house, at a late hour of the night, when returning to his home. One day he mentioned this fact to a patient who lived just opposite, and inquired who occupied the room. He was told that two sisters lived there who were in very reduced circumstances, but who toiled all day and late into the night at their business as dressmakers, to support themselves and their father also. The young physician was in a very despondent state at this time, but the thought of these two toiling girls came to him over and over again, and as often as he thought of that midnight lamp in their window he was encouraged to fresh exertion. Probably they never knew or thought of him, yet their example was a help to him in his hour of sorest need.—*Selected.*

Chautauqua Song.

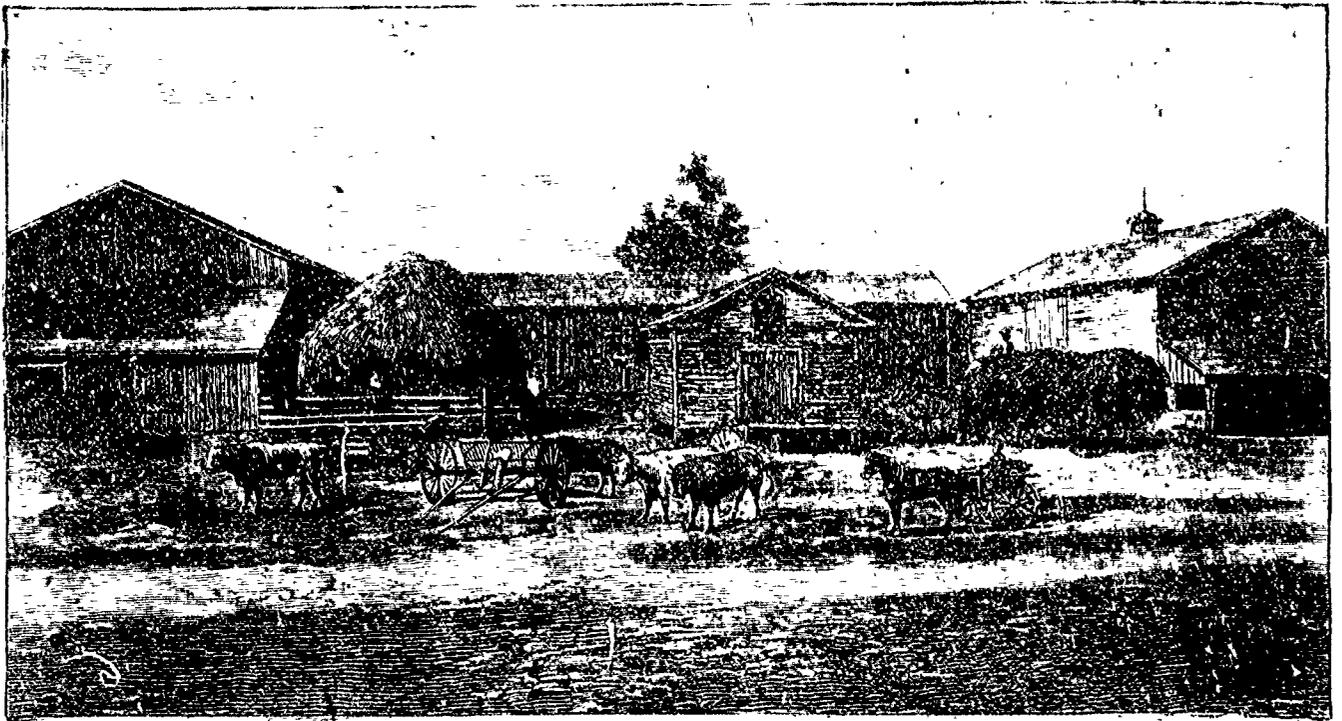
BY MRS. L. H. BUGBELL.

BRIGHT gleams again Chautauqua's wave,
 And green her forest arches,
 As with glad heart and purpose brave,
 The student homeward marches;
 Before him rose the pleasant goal,
 Thro' all the year's endeavour,
 Blest inspiration of the soul!
 For light aspiring ever.

REFRAIN.

Once more we stand, a joyous band,
 Our songs to heaven up-sending;
 They freely rise, a sacrifice
 Of prayer and praises blending.

Our college halls are grand and free,
 Her charter heaven granted;
 Her roof the summer-crowned tree,
 Where nature's hymns are chanted;
 And round her shall her children cling
 With loyal love and duty,
 And yearly all their offerings bring,
 Of gathered wealth and beauty.
 —Ref.



THE BELVOIR FARM, DELAWARE, ONTARIO.

From the vast ocean shore of thought,
 We bring our earliest treasure,
 With many a golden memory fraught,
 And many a lofty pleasure;
 We offer now our work to him
 Whose loving light hath guided,
 Thro' pathways to our knowledge dim,
 From his great thought divided. —Ref.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890.

A Beautiful Answer.

A HAPPIER illustration of the wonderful character of the Bible, and the facility with which even a child may answer the greatest of questions and solve the sublimest of mysteries, was, perhaps, never given than at an examination of a deaf and dumb institution some years ago, in London.

A little boy was asked, in writing: "Who made the world?" He took the chalk, and wrote underneath the words: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The clergyman then inquired, in a similar manner: "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote: "This is a true say-

ing, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

A third question was asked, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feelings into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat upon his countenance as he again took the chalk and wrote: 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'"

REMEMBER

THE

S. S. AID COLLECTION

ON

REVIEW SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 23RD.

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

It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the Circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall, in turn, remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the Lay Treasurer of the fund. The claims on this fund are increasing faster than the fund. We need a large increase this year to even partially meet the many applications made. Over four hundred new schools have been started in the last three years by means of this fund. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

On the Farm.

No life is more independent than that of the farmer. What would we do if there was no one to cultivate and till the soil for us that we may be supplied with food? How much in the way of variety should we have if it were not for the farmers, be they tillers of acres or of only the small garden patch. I fear that some of us would be under the necessity of turning farmers ourselves.

And yet, independent as he may be of all human aid, it seems to me that in no other occupation is a man so dependent upon the Creator, for no other leads one so near God and heaven, if he who is engaged in it will only let it lead him. The "green things growing" ever point upward. Day after day is the farmer taught his dependence upon God.

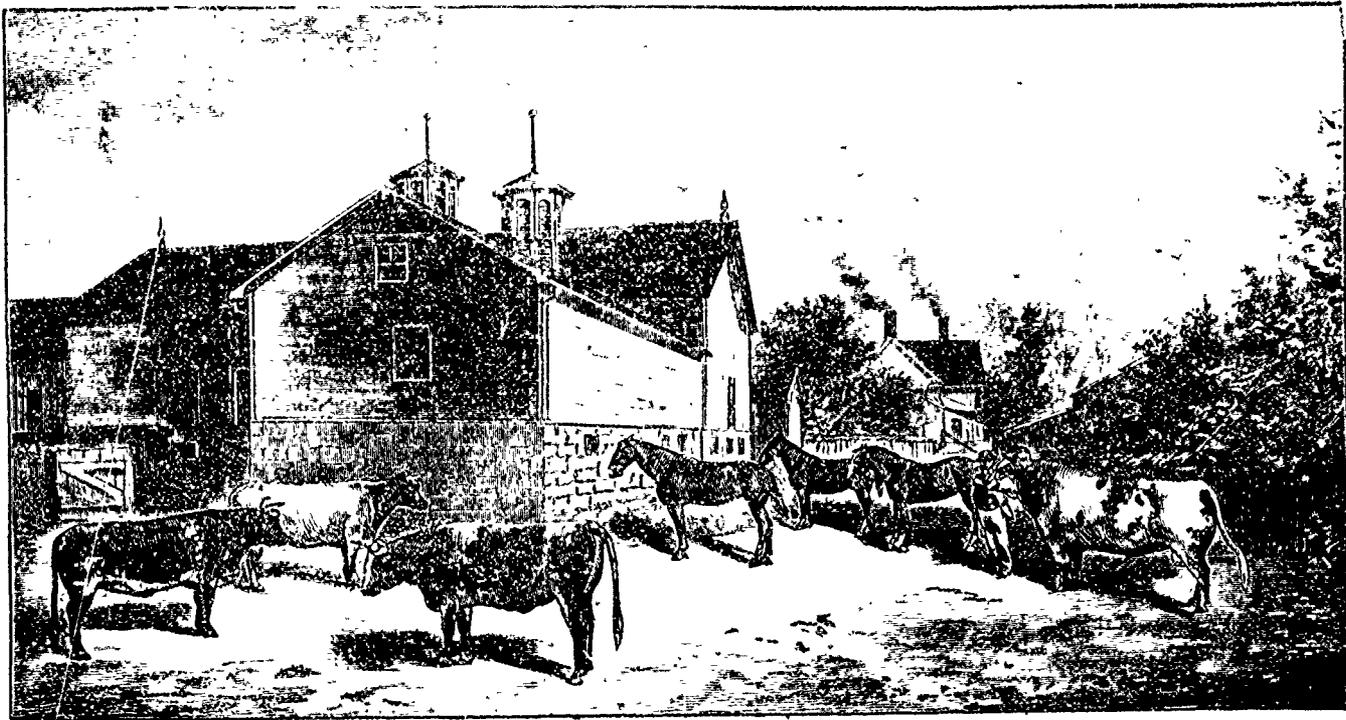
He prepares his soil, sows his seed, and while God is watering it with his rain, and ripening it with sunshine, the husbandman must wait in hope for the harvest; and the plenteousness of his harvest depends in a measure upon the amount of labour and care he has bestowed upon the soil and the tender young things.

Our illustrations represent scenes in the early morning on a farm. Many allusions are made in the Sacred Scriptures to the husbandman and his labours. Our Saviour was fond of drawing lessons from the sower, the corn, the wheat, the harvest, and the reapers, and what are the lessons he teaches us? Let us search his word and find out, if we do not know already. Will you?

The Chautauqua Idea.

We give considerable prominence in this number to the account of the Chautauqua graduation day. We wish to interest our young readers, and older ones too, in this great movement and to induce them to take up the course of reading. It has been an untold blessing to many thousands. For full information and programme of study write to Mr. L. C. Peake, Queen City Buildings, Church Street, Toronto. Now is the time to begin. A great C. L. S. C. Convention is to be held in Toronto, in October, to increase public interest in this great educational work.

A PAGE of wisdom is worth more than a bag of money. The latter may be squandered or lost, but the former is secure, and will yield daily fruits that will delight and nourish the soul.



AN ONTARIO FARM VIEW.

Chautauqua Class Song of 1890.

ARISE, ALL SOULS, ARISE.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

[Read by Dr. Withrow at the Canadian Chautauqua on Recognition Day.]

ARISE, all souls, arise!
The watch is past;
A glory breaks above
The cloud at last.

There comes a rushing, mighty wind again!
The breath of God is still the life of men;
The day ascending fills the waiting skies,
All souls, arise!

It comes—the breath of God—
Through all the skies!
To live—to breathe with him,
All souls, arise!

Open the windows toward the shining East;
Call in the guests, and spread a wider feast,
The Lord pours forth as sacramental wine
His breath divine!

It comes—a larger life,
A deeper breath;
Arise, all souls, arise,
And conquer death!

Spread forth the feast—the dew and manna fall,
And angels whisper, “Drink ye of it, all;—
Drink of his truth, and feed upon his love,
With saints above!”

Arise, all souls, arise
To meet your guest!
His light flames from the East
Unto the West.

The Lord of earth and heaven is at the door,
He comes to break his bread to all his poor,
Arise and serve with him,—his moment flies;
All souls, arise!

Recognition-Day at the Canadian Chautauqua, Niagara.

THURSDAY, July 31st, was “Recognition Day” at the Canadian Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

To the man or woman to whom “Chautauqua” is only an odd-sounding name, it may be explained that the Chautauquan course of study comprises four years of reading—not indiscriminately, but from carefully-selected works tending to give the student a wider culture.

At the end of that time—although there is no examination to test of what value the reading has been—the students receive a diploma showing that they have read through the course of the “Chautauqua Circle.”

This, then—to see the graduates of the year—

was the object with which many prominent citizens voyaged by the *Cibola* and *Chicora* to the Chautauqua grounds. One of the most easily-accessible of the natural camping-grounds of Ontario, with a magnificent prospect of the lake, within touch of all the historic places in the early history of the Province, the grounds at Niagara would be well worth a visit for their own sake. But when a grove, filled with families dwelling together in unity, and tents and summer-houses are added to the other attractions, one feels as much drawn to the place as if it were home.

The exercises of the day began at two o'clock, when, in the tent bordering on the grove, the Chautauquans mustered, and marched to the auditorium on the grounds.

The procession was led by little white-dressed lassies, who carried baskets of flowers. Then came the Chautauquan students—first the graduates of the class of '82, the oldest Canadian class. The graduates of '90 came next, and were followed by the undergraduates classes.

Slowly over the meadow yet redolent of the odour of new-mown hay, the procession went to the place of meeting.

The graduating class were as follows:—Miss Emma Pink, Mrs. Chas. Owen, Miss Hattie Robinson, Miss Lizzie Wyatt, Geo. L. Tucker, Miss Minnie Kerr, Miss Eliza E. Agur, Miss Frances M. Beatty, Miss Ida M. Clarke, Mrs. H. P. H. Galloway, Miss Amy L. Sanderson, Miss Minnie V. Medcalf, G. W. Morse, Mrs. Mary L. Rowley, Miss Fanny G. Wharin, Miss Annie J. Jennings, and Miss Lizzie Acheson.

When the members of the graduating class—distinguished by the dark red badges they wore—were seated in the great amphitheatre, the chairman—Rev. John McEwen, chief of Chautauquans in Canada—gave out the request that all should join in singing “a song of to-day.” The words were beautiful:—

Sing psalms over the past,
We bury the dead years tenderly,
To find them again in eternity,
All safe in its circle vast.
Sing psalms over the past.
Farewell, farewell to the old,
Beneath the arches, and one by one,
From sun to shade and from shade to sun,
We pass and the years are told,
Farewell, farewell to the old.
All hail! all hail to the new!

The future lies like a world new born,
All steeped in sunshine and mists of morn,
And arched with a cloudless blue,
All hail! All hail to the new!

The scene was wondrous fair. The harmony of the choir and orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Depew, floated out into the surrounding woods, where the trees nodded in chorus, and called on the blue waters of Ontario to join in the song. Surely there must be something bright and goodly in the studies that call forth such a song! Rev. W. Reid led in prayer; and the Chairman, in the name of the four-thousand Chautauquans of Canada, in the name of all the Chautauquans of the world, in the name of Dr. Vincent, the chancellor of

the society, welcomed the graduates of the day, in having reached the point attained.

Dr. Withrow read the class song of 1890, entitled “The Pierians,” with the motto: “Redeeming the Time.”

Mr. John N. Lake, President of the Niagara Assembly, read the first lesson, with the motto: “We Study the Word and Works of God.”

Mr. William Houston, M.A., read the second lesson, the motto of which was: “Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst.”

Mr. L. C. Peake then read the third lesson, with the motto: “Never be Discouraged.”

AN ADDRESS BY DR. POTTS.

Music from the choir and orchestra followed, and then Dr. Withrow introduced the first speaker of the day, the Rev. Dr. Potts, of whose admirable and stirring discourse we give a brief outline:—

The duty that now falls to my lot,” he said, was to have been performed by the illustrious founder of the Chautauqua Institute—the eminent and much-beloved Bishop Vincent. History shall do honour to his name and work; and, I venture to say, his relation to Chautauqua shall be one, if not the chief, glory of his life. My only qualification for the duty of the hour is a profound appreciation of the Chautauqua idea of the C. L. S. C., and hearty sympathy with you—its honoured graduates. Let me congratulate you upon the event of to-day. This is a red-letter day in your life. You have anticipated it for years, and you shall look back to it with joy. It is an epoch in your higher life. There are two questions:

I. *What has the C. L. S. C. done for you?*

“It has partially educated you. Not wholly, but in part. No matter what has been your previous attainments, it has done much for you educationally. It has enriched your minds with wide and varied information. It has started you upon the upward path of general intelligence. It has fitted you to make a wise choice of literature for further study. Hitherto others have chosen your reading; wise men have prepared the C. L. S. C. course. Henceforth you must choose for yourselves. The course has enabled you to it well. Indiscriminate reading is one of the evils of the age. A statesman of this province said to me, that the novel-reading of to-day is as great an evil as intemperance. Perhaps this is not quite true—but still it is a great evil. Little or no judgment is

exercised in the choice of books. There is much need for it, for books are your intimate companions. They are factors in character moulding.

II. *What does Chautauqua expect from you?*

1. It expects you to make "recognition-day" a new starting-point in both intellectual and moral culture. Two courses open before you. One over a pathway of dull routine to a future of stunted growth; the other one of progress in all lines of symmetrical development.

2. Chautauqua expects you to demonstrate the value of the C.L.S.C. in your community. It expects you to be leaders of intelligence in your circle of friends. The majority is led by a few, and is willing to be led. Political, commercial, religious bodies, are guided by a few intellectual leaders. Chautauqua expects you to lead the desultory readers of your circle of friends into definite, consecutive regions of study.

3. It expects you to be helpers in this all-round work of building up character for both worlds. Religion is the greatest interest of life. The cause of God is in sore need of skilled labour.

4. Chautauqua expects you to take a deep and practical interest in this Canadian branch of Chautauqua. The Canadian Chautauqua is only in its infancy. It shall have a history—it has begun to make it already. Its jubilee and its centenary is where the workers shall speak with devout gratitude of the founders—the Vincents, the Withrows, the McEwens, and the Peakes, and the Hughes. I do not claim to be a prophet, and yet I shall venture to utter a few predictions this afternoon concerning this Canadian Chautauqua. (1) This Canadian Chautauqua shall be a scene of international friendship and of national loyalty. Whatever is said of other unions, we go for Chautauqua unions. Let neither seals nor codfish disturb the friendship of the two nations. (2) It shall be a scene of interdenominational co-operation. (3) It shall be a centre of intellectual and religious life. (4) It shall be a scene of intellectual and moral inspiration. (5) It shall be an oft-repeated scene of well-deserved recognition and reward—graduation-day. (6) It shall be a fruitful field of results. From the acorn comes the oak, from the seed the waving harvest. I see the results in noble, personal character. Religion is the right hand of character; intelligence the left hand. We need them both. I see the results in domestic elevation. The angel of intelligence shall abide in the households of the land. I see the results in ennobled national life. I see the results in a more enlightened piety—in larger views—in broader sympathies. I like to think of the future of this Canadian Chautauqua. We who stand identified with its inception shall soon pass away, but it shall live on—like the great Niagara river—pouring its streams of religion and intelligence into the Ontario of Canadian life. Help us! Do it by each graduate becoming instrumental in forming a C.L.S.C. in this year of our Lord 1890.

Dr. Potts' address was couched in glowing words, and was received with loud cheers.

Rev. Dr. Withrow, in a few words, spoke of the progress of the work, and the helpfulness of the Chautauqua course to those who in early years had no opportunity of reading. What shall we read? How shall I learn to read? were queries that often came to him even from the Provinces in the far east and west of the Dominion. He hoped that the work would continue to grow broader and more beneficial with the progress of the years.

PURSUIITS OF HUMANITY.

Rev. Dr. Dowart said he had been a Chautauquan before the formation of the society. The pursuits

of humanity furnished a theme for his remarks. He spoke of the place of wealth, which he did not wish to discredit, but declared that far above the acquiring of wealth he placed the training of those who, in the future, would be the soldiers of Christ, training them in a knowledge as broad as humanity itself, a knowledge that they might afterwards diffuse among those with whom they came in contact. To such as could not attend universities and high-schools there was great good in the privilege of the Chautauqua training, and the intellectual culture that came with it. The study of truth was something that never failed to enrich the human mind. The fact that the human mind was capable of acquiring knowledge, was evidence that God intended men to study and broaden their intelligence. Continuing, the doctor spoke of the cultivation of the various faculties of the mind, the power of observation, of the reasoning faculties. As the former speaker had said, books were one of the chief means of education. Nor were books chiefly for the mere idle admiration of great men who had lived and laboured: they were useful only so far as they spurred on the reader to live as the great leaders of the past had lived. Physical culture, too, was necessary, because the body was but the temple enshrining the soul within, and a healthy man physically aided one to be healthy mentally. Turning again to the uses of books, the speaker gave some of the fruits of his observation in the many years in which he has been engaged in literary pursuits. The lessons of Nature became all the more noble and glorious because of the cultivated nature of the observer. The doctor's remarks were loudly applauded.

ADVANTAGES.

In a vigorous address of a few minutes, the Rev. John McEwen sketched the advantages of the Chautauqua movement with its course of study.

He was followed by Mr. L. C. Peake, who gave a brief description of the work and its methods. He referred with pride to the way in which the Chautauquans retained their affection for their alma mater. Of the original class of eighty-two, there were a number of graduates present. In a few words he introduced, as a guest, one they much desired to see—

MISS KIMBALL,

Secretary of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, with whom many of those present had corresponded.

Miss Kimball presented the diplomas to the graduates in a brief speech, and expressed her thanks for the cordial welcome accorded to her by the Canadian Chautauqua. She was glad that the American Chautauqua was not away down on the borders of Mexico, but up near the Canadian border.

Miss Kimball, who is a pleasant-voiced young lady, with dark hair and mild eyes, received quite an ovation from those present, and was presented with a bouquet of tea-roses.

Miss Kimball, as remarked by Dr. Withrow, had a larger correspondence than any lady living, as she keeps in touch with the 150,000 Chautauquans in the United States and Canada, and in many distant lands.

THE C.L.S.C. CAMP-FIRE.

In the evening, a grand concert was given by the Chautauquan orchestra; and a choice programme of readings was rendered by Miss Harper, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Harper, and a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Oratory. Miss Harper possesses much histrionic ability, and delighted the audience with her readings. Schools or churches, wishing a refined evening's entertain-

ment, may communicate with the Rev. Dr. Harper, Davenport.

The time honoured close of Recognition-day is a great camp fire, with responsive Bible-readings, hymns, and short speeches. The blending of the ruddy flames of the bonfire with the glorious moon light, and the many electric lights on the ground, was very striking. The noble old oaks and elms seemed transformed into glistening silver. The decorations of the cottages, tents, hotels, and amphitheatre, with banners, bunting, flowers, Chinese lanterns, made a scene like fairy land. It was a noble example of delightful Christian enjoyment, illustrating the Chautauqua motto, "Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst."

Going on an Errand.

A POUND of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There in the hay the children play—
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of --er--now-laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to try to make it fly up sky high,
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire,
And then—but there—

A pound of three and one at tea,
A pot of new-laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now, here's the shop, outside I'll stop
And run my orders through again.
I haven't forgot—no no'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam.

A Temperance Tale.

A MOUSE fell into a beer vat, poor thing! And a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat:

"Help me out of my difficulty."

"If I do I shall eat you," said the cat.

"Very well," replied the mouse; "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat, and said: "I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word of honour that I may do so."

"Very well, I will give you the promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out, and, trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant. The mouse instantly darted away, and crept into a hole in the corner, where the cat could not get him.

"But didn't you promise me that I might eat you?" said puss.

"Yes, I did," replied the mouse; "but didn't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?"

And how many promises made in liquor have been broken?—*Exchange.*

A Chautauqua Hymn.

BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

BREAK thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst break the loaves beside the sea,
Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word!

Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My all in all!



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

Follow the Absentees.

KEEP track of the absent members of your branch, O scribes. The young fellow has gone away, gone to the far West. He is upon a sort of prospecting tour yonder, and if he sees a favourable opening he will remain there. He has been an interested member of your branch, though not a very active one. But you have large influence over him. Follow him now with your solicitude and prayers. And more. Follow him with an occasional letter, reminding him of the continued interest of the Epworthers in him, and tell him, what we know is true, that you are praying for him that he may be true and steadfast. Write often. Let several of your members unite to sign the letters. It will please him amazingly. It will increase his self-respect. It will increase also his confidence in the sincerity and religious earnestness of the Epworthers at home. Ah, and it will help to hold him. He needs to be held to rightness of thinking and doing amid his strange surroundings. It is almost impossible to overestimate the good that may be done in following the absentees. The department of correspondence has a great work to do here.—*Epworth Herald*.

The Epworth League and the Christian Endeavour Society.

ONE of the encouraging signs of the times is the interest taken in the religious welfare of young people. Improved Sunday-school methods have been devised and widely adopted, and societies for the development of the religious life and activities of young Christians have been established. Some of these societies appear to be wisely constituted and well adapted to secure the end for which they have been organized. Two of them have had a marvelous growth, and give fair promise of great usefulness.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, which originated in the fertile brain of Dr. F. E. Clark, of Boston, although still young, has extended throughout the country, and now has a multitude of members. Some of its features have proved effectual in drawing out the spiritual energies of young men and women. Although undenominational, it is better adapted to Congregational and Presbyterian than to Methodist Churches, and among these religious bodies it has achieved its chief successes.

The Epworth League, which has been represented in our columns from time to time, is intended to

meet the wants of Methodist young people. Each branch of this organization holds an intimate and vital relation to the local Church, while the League itself is authorized by and is a part of the Methodist Episcopal Church. So far as the machinery is concerned, little appears wanting to this society. Its progress has been unparalleled, having within one year reached a membership of 126,000.

No society, however complete its organization will accomplish good of itself. Too much reliance is sometimes placed in organizations. Formerly our Sunday schools suffered greatly from lack of organization and method. Every class was a law unto itself, while each teacher selected a lesson to suit himself. The young people in our churches have failed to make satisfactory progress, partly for the same reason. Watchful pastors have seen the need of some means by which an interest in Church work might be awakened among the young and their social influence properly directed. It is hoped that the Epworth League will supply this lack.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate*.

Epworth League Notes.

(From the Epworth Herald.)

—That strange young man in your congregation last Sunday. He longed for a warm hand-grip and a word of welcome. He got neither. Your hand-shaking Leaguers must have all been off on their summer vacation. The young fellow will try it again next Sunday. Look out for him. And fairly bombard him with kind words and looks and all sorts of evidences of welcome.

—The employment bureau provided for in our constitution may be made a very helpful adjunct to our work. This will be especially so in the larger towns. A case came to our notice last week in which a worthy young man who had sought in vain for a suitable situation was helped to one by the prompt services of the League. In this case a real service was done the employer and the employed. They both think the League is a decidedly practical institution.

Which is the Best, Beer or Water?

A MAN once said to me: "Do you believe there is more strength in a glass of water than in a glass of ale?"

"Stop a bit," I answered; "that's not a fair comparison. You pay five cents for your glass of ale; I get my glass of water for nothing. Besides, when I drink my glass of water I am satisfied with it; but if you drink a glass of ale, directly you must send down another to keep it company. Suppose, now, you get a quart, and pay twelve cents for it, and I take the same amount of money and pay six cents for steak and two cents for bread and two cents for potatoes and two cents for apples, and have a glass of fresh water for nothing! Which is the best? I eat my dinner, and am satisfied with it, and go back to my work and earn more money. You go back to the saloon to get more ale, to spend your money, and waste your time."

If the beer-drinker will abstain long enough to get rid of the effects of his beer, he will find himself able to do much more work than when he drinks. One of the greatest champions of our day, when he was training for a contest, says there is nothing like cold water and the dumb-bells.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that beer and spirits strengthen a man. They only stir him up, and use up his strength.

I drove twenty-four miles the other day. When I got within a mile or so of home my horse flagged. I gave him a sharp cut with my whip, and he went

lister, but I did not say, "I have strengthened my horse!" If that's the way to strengthen him, why not let him live on shipboard? Alcohol is a whip to him that drinks it, and he is a great fool that whips himself.

Some years ago, two men took an early start and walked over to a neighbouring town twenty miles away. Having done their business, they walked about to see the place, and met a fellow-townsmen, who proposed to return with them, and invited them into the beer shop for a strengthening drink. "No," said they, "we are teetotallers, and we have had our lunch." But he could not go without a priming of ale.

At last they were off, and for a while they all kept even step, till, after some miles, the beer man began to flag, and at the half-way house he must have a brace. After three miles more he wanted another—and this time it was whiskey! Finally, at fifteen miles, he gave out entirely, and stopped for the night, where he was laid up for a day or two, while they walked on home, and the next day were fresh for business.

Oh, no, friends! All nature works on water, and we believe that God meant man should do the same.

Take the water, friends, and all the good things that go with God's blessing are in it.

Bits of Fun.

—A teacher in one of the Boston public schools asked the other day, "What are the capitals of Rhode Island?"

Pupil—"R. I."

—Tom—"Why, Bill, don't you know May Foley? I thought she lived in your square."

Bill—"Very possibly, Tom; but yet we may not move in the same circle."

—"What are you doing, Patrick?"

"Wakin' up your husband, ma'am."

"But why?"

"Because it's tin o'clock, ma'am, when I was to give to him the dhrops to make him shlape."

—"Mistah Farley, I guess de baby's swallowed some rat pizen, an' ma t'ought maybe you'd know wot was good fur it."

"W'y, chile, yo mus' gib it a anecdote right away!"

—They were looking at the statuette of the Venus of Milo, to which was attached a card with the caution, "Hands off," when he burst into a loud guffaw, and exclaimed:

"Anybody that's got their eyesight can see that—an' arms too, they might a said."

—A visitor was highly entertained by the constant prattle of a sweet little girl nearly three years of age, and said to her,

"It must be that this little girl loves to talk."

"Yesh, I do," answered baby, quickly, "and my granny shays I'm a regular checker-box."

—"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young chicken from an old one?"

"Of course I can."

"Well, how?"

"By the teeth."

"Chickens don't have teeth."

"No, but I have."

—The daughter of a San Francisco nabob, about to leave home for Europe, made out a telegraphic code and gave it to her father. The millionaire didn't look at it, but locked it up in his desk. Last week he got a telegram from her. It consisted of one word—"Laugh." He laughed. His code was at the house. He went up there in the best of humour. He got out the code and he read: "Laugh—send me \$5,000." Then he didn't laugh.

In Peace.

Every day there are foes to meet,
And fighting that must be done;
We stand each morn where the battles rage
That have to be lost or won;
But God can give us for weakness, might,
And the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
When the cause is that of right.

Every day there are fates that spread
Like mists across the skies;
There are fears that silence the happy song,
And sorrows that dim the eyes;
But the sun is shining the clouds above,
And the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
With rest in the Father's love.

Every day is a fading time;
Some leaf, some flower must go,
Wherever the night-dews fall around,
Wherever the cold winds blow;
Yet winter is but the nurse of spring,
And troubles cease,
When the heart has peace,
And the trustful soul can sing!

And so, whatever the day may be,
We may raise our song of rest;
If God be for us then all is well,
We are rich, we have the best;
And all beside can be left to him,
For the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
Let the days be bright or dim.

LESSON NOTES.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

[Dan. 5. 1-6. [Sept. 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess. — Eph. 5. 18

TIME.—538 B.C.

PLACE.—The royal palace in Babylon.

INTRODUCTION.—Belshazzar was the son of Nabonnedus, a usurper, who probably tried to confirm his hold on the throne by marrying a descendant of Nebuchadnezzar. This would make his son a descendant of the great king, and harmonize the requirements of sacred history with the most trustworthy profane historians.

EXPLANATIONS.

A thousand of his lords—The Persian king provided daily for fifteen thousand persons at his table. Alexander the Great once invited ten thousand to a feast, and there are other similar instances in ancient history. *Drank wine before the thousand*—It was a festival day, and great excesses in wine drinking were then common. *While he tasted*—While under the effects. *Golden and silver vessels*—Stolen by his ancestor Nebuchadnezzar. They were the sacred utensils of the temple of God, venerable by their historic associations, and in a peculiar sense typical of the pure religion of Jehovah. It was a direct insult to the purer creed, done in an hour of wild license and revelry.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Profane Feast*, vers. 1-4.
Who made this feast?
In what city was it given?
What guests were present?
What profane command did the king give?
To what use were the holy vessels put?
What led the king to this folly?
To whom did the revellers offer praise?
Against whom was this an insult? Ver. 23.
What law should govern our eating and drinking? 1 Cor. 10. 31.
2. *The Hand of God*, vers. 5, 6.
By what was the feast suddenly interrupted?
What did the strange hand do?
Who saw the hand and the writing?
What was the writing on the wall?
Ver. 25.
What did it mean? Vers. 26-28.
How was the king affected by the sight?
What kingdom is every drunkard sure to lose? 1 Cor. 6. 10.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who made a great and wicked feast?
"Belshazzar, the king." 2. To what sacred

place did the golden vessels that he desecrated belong? "The temple at Jerusalem." 3. In what condition was he when he thus insulted Jehovah? "He was drunken." 4. Of what were the miserable false gods made whom these drunken men and women praised instead of Jehovah? "Gold and silver, brass, iron, wood, and stone." 5. What did the king see written on the walls? "The fingers of a man's hand."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The folly of strong drink.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 30] LESSON I. [Oct. 5

PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD.

Luke 20. 9-19. Memory verses, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men.— Isa. 53. 3.

TIME.—Tuesday of passion-week, April 4, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—The temple courts at Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—In the last quarter we left our study of the life of Jesus with the multitude bringing him in triumphal procession into Jerusalem. On the night after that triumphal entry Jesus returned to Bethany. In the morning he returned to Jerusalem, and taught there for a day or two. Finally, leaving the temple for the last time, he went away to return no more until the afternoon of the passover. It was probably on Tuesday of passion week, the closing day of Christ's ministry, that this parable was told. We are to picture two distinct classes of equally attentive listeners in the great crowd that pressed about Jesus—those who had followed him from Galilee with enthusiasm, and his priestly and Pharisaic foes.

EXPLANATIONS.

A vineyard—Judea was a land of vineyards. *Husbandmen*—Symbolizing here the Jewish nation, and especially its rulers. *A far country*—Referring perhaps to the apparent withdrawal of God at times from providential control of the earth. *For a long time*—Jewish history lasted two thousand years. *A servant*—The successive messengers stand for the judges and prophets. *Cast him out*—The Jewish nation was proverbially ungrateful to religious reformers. *It may be*—This "may be" was not in God's mind. There is no uncertainty with him, but this phrase makes plain the free-will of the men who chose to be bad. *The inheritance may be ours*—This was exactly the course of argument by which the Pharisees and priests would justify the killing of Jesus. The nation they regarded as their property, and they slew the Son of God because in him they thought they recognized a rival. *Give the vineyard to others*—With the death of Christ the Hebrew race lost its special religious privileges. *Head of the corner*—In ancient structures the corner-stone was regarded as of the very greatest importance. *Whoever shall fall upon that stone*—Christ was a stumbling-block to the Jews, they tripped over him. *On whomsoever it shall fall*—The perverse and resolutely impenitent.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Husbandmen*, vers. 9-12.
To whom did Jesus speak the parable of this lesson?
What did he say about a man and his vineyard?
Upon what errand did the owner send a servant?
How was the servant treated?
How was a second servant treated?
What was done to a third messenger?
How had the Jews treated God's servants? See chap. 13. 34.
2. *The Son*, vers. 13-15.
What did the owner resolve to do?
How did he think the son would be regarded?
What did the husbandmen say when they saw the son?
To whom did they say this?
What did they do?
What says the Golden Text about God's son?
3. *The Lord*, vers. 15-19.
What question was asked about the Lord?
What answer was given?
What did the people reply?

What did Jesus say about a rejected stone?
What about a stone falling on one?
What did the priests seek to do?
Why were they angry with Jesus?
Why did they carry out their purpose?
What wicked plot did they devise?
Ver. 20.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the owner of the vineyard do with it, when about to leave for a far country? "Rented it to husbandmen." 2. Whom did he send to collect his rents? "Servants, one after another." 3. What did the husbandmen do? "Wounded them, and cast the n out." 4. What did the lord of the vineyard then do? "Sent his beloved son." 5. How did the husbandmen treat him? "They killed him." 6. What does Jesus say the lord of the vineyard will do? "He will destroy those husbandmen and give the vineyard to others."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ the corner stone.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

1. What is entire sanctification?
Entire sanctification is the state in which the heart is cleansed from all unrighteousness, in which God is loved with all our heart and mind and soul and strength, and our neighbour as ourselves.

A Fish Story.

ONE day last October, while sailing on the beautiful Ke-uka Lake, in Central New York, we were made acquainted with a fish story, so singular in its character as to be worth repeating for our readers.

We may say, at the outset, that fishermen's stories about the number and size of the fish they have taken are so often exaggerated that the expression "fish story" is usually considered to imply a great stretch of the truth, if not an absolute falsehood. The story we now relate, however, although a fish story, is a true one, as we had it from the best authority.

About ten years ago a lady and two or three of her children, one of whom, a boy of six years old, we will call Tom, were in a row-boat on the Ke-uka Lake, enjoying themselves in rowing and fishing. Little Tom amused himself by leaning over the side of the boat and playing in the water with his hand. While thus engaged he held his face quite near the water, when, suddenly, a large fish, a lake-trout, darted out of the water and seized poor Tom by the nose. He drew his head back and screamed with fright and pain. His mother knocked the fish off his nose, and it fell into the boat where it was easily captured. It was found, when taken ashore, to weigh six pounds.

This sounds like a large story, but it is substantially as we have stated it. We did not see the fish or the boat, but last October we saw the lake, and, what is of more importance, we saw the boy, now sixteen-years old. And we saw his nose, which still bears the scar resulting from this strange mode of fishing; though whether the boy caught the fish or the fish caught the boy is a question not yet settled.

Tom told us all about the story which we had heard before seeing him. He does not like that peculiar mode of fishing, and will never forget this singular adventure of his childhood—the great fright he had, and the great fish that had him. He will, doubtless, carry the scar as long as he lives.

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