



# HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

[No. 19.

### William Cowper.

WILLIAM COWPER the Christian poet, was born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England on the 15th of November, 1731. His father was a minister of the Church of England, and one of George II's chaplains. When only six years of age he lost his mother whom he deeply loved, and continued as long as he lived to cherish her memory with a deep affection. The boy's disposition was very timid, and this shrinking sensitiveness continued to be a source of pain to him as long as he lived. At school he was tyrannised over by his cruel and unfeeling schoolmates, who probably did not know the severity of the torture their thoughtless barbarity inflicted on the delicate and sensitive child. All they knew was that young Cowper did not defend himself, and these boys, being cowards, made him the victim of their cruelty.

When he was eighteen years of age he began to study law. But he was not a diligent student. He disliked the profession and was inattentive to its duties. It is not surprising that he was a failure as a lawyer. He did not, however, altogether waste his time, for he read much during these years, and gave evidence that he possessed poetic gifts.

Through the efforts of influential relatives, William Cowper was appointed to a clerkship in the House of Lords; but so great was his shyness that he was frightened at the prospect and declined the appointment. Another clerkship, one more suited to his disposition, was obtained for him, but he became so alarmed at the thought of having to pass an examination to test his fitness for the office that his reason was impaired, and he attempted to take his own life.

For a time Cowper was an inmate of an asylum at St Albans. Afterwards he removed to Huntingdon, where he became acquainted with a family of the name of Unwin, who showed a kindly interest in him and took him under their care. A life-long friendship arose between them. After the death of Mr. Unwin, his widow, Cowper accompanying her, went to live at Olney, where that remarkable man the Rev. John Newton lived. Here Cowper took up his abode, and spent

the best and most useful years of his life.

His first volume of poems was prepared at Olney, and published when he was fifty years of age. Most of our readers have been delighted and amused with "the diverting story of John Gilpin." Lady Austen, a warm friend of the poet, told the story to him when he was in a particularly gloomy mood. It took his fancy, and next morning he read to his friends the poem that

was devout and reverential, and he was a firm believer in the truths of God's Word. His works are well worth reading still for the great pleasure they give, the beauty and life-likeness of his natural descriptions, and for the precious truths they so powerfully enforce. His published letters show that he was also a delightful correspondent.

He was very fond of pets. He kept tame hares, and pets and poet were on the very best of terms. He had also

Norfolkshire, on April 15, 1800. After the rude buffetings of his troubled and stormy life, he found in the Saviour he loved and trusted that eternal shelter where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

### The Kind of Boy Wanted.

ONE thing that is told us about Jesus' boyhood is that he was obedient to his mother. I once saw in the papers an advertisement printed in this way: "Wanted for a shop, a boy that obeys his mother." The man who kept that shop knew that if a boy did not mind his mother at home he would not obey his master in a shop, or be so likely to obey the laws of the country against stealing and all other wrongs, and the laws of God. The world does not want in business or anywhere else boys who do not mind their mothers. Home is a little school of obedience. If we do not learn to obey the laws of home, we shall be very likely to break the laws of the country and get into prison at last.

### Alcoholic Liquors,

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

SENATOR BLAIR, from the Committee on Education and Labour, submitted a favourable report from the majority of the committee on a joint resolution proposing that an amendment to the constitution in relation to alcoholic liquors and other poisonous beverages be submitted to the Legislature of the States for ratification. The amendment provides that after the year 1900 the manufacture and sale and importation of distilled alcoholic intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical, and scientific purposes, and for use in the arts, shall cease. The report which accompanies the proposed amendment says the committee

does not deem it necessary to discuss the evils of the use of alcohol, but believe the people have a right to decide what measures shall be taken for the regulation or extirpation of this traffic.

"SEEST thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."  
—Prov. xxii, 29.



WILLIAM COWPER.

first brought him into general public notice.

The success attending his literary efforts induced him to persevere in the exercise of his poetic gifts. At Lady Austen's suggestion he began his greatest poem "The Task," which he was able successfully to finish. Several of the hymns now sung in our churches were from Cowper's pen. His spirit

a great liking for flowers, and spent much time in their cultivation. There was one of the most beautiful of all flowers he was fond of cultivating—Charity. He was a great friend to the poor, and was diligent in his efforts to promote their bodily and spiritual welfare. After the death of his friends he felt very lonely, and did not long survive them. He died at East Dereham,

## "Allons Done."

"'Allons done,' she then said, and passing out attended by the carls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall."—*Princess of Mary Queen of Scots.*

"Go on!"—To that imperial throne  
She made a glory and a shame:  
No. Mary Stuart stood alone,  
Her queenly crown an empty name.

"Go on!" She waved her royal hand,  
"Go where!"—to that dear distant land,  
The loved, the lost, the joyous land,  
Where once she led the song and dance:

On to that home where first her child,  
Born in her grief the heir of tears,  
Looked in his mother's face and smiled,  
Unconscious of her foes and fears!

Ah, no! Her youth, her hope were dead:  
Her boy a stranger far away.  
The glamor of a crown had fled:  
This was her last, her dying day.

She stood so calm, so still so proud,  
So firm amid a hundred foes,  
So careless of that eager crowd,  
So crowned anew with fatal woes,

So scornful of the cruel death  
That waited, crouched beyond the door;  
The ruthless jailers held their breath,  
The vengeful warriors spoke no more.

"Go on!" And on the grim carls went;  
There was the scaffold and the block;  
The murderous axe against it leant,  
They moved her not, her heart was rock.

The spirit of a kingly race  
Inspired her soul and fired her eye,  
A smile lit up her tranquil face:  
"You thought a queen would fear to die!"

She clasped the cross against her breast—  
"Oh Lord! thine arms upon the tree  
Spread for the world, now give me rest;  
Forgive! redeem! I come to Thee."

Her maidens leaved the widow's veil,  
And laid the sable robe aside;  
Their cheeks were wet, their lips were pale:  
But hers were red with scorn and pride.

Fair in her blood-red gown she stood;  
So stands against the stormy skies  
A rose, that in some solitude  
Uplifts its stately head,—and dies.

"Weep not, my ladies! weep no more;  
Farewell, farewell! we meet again.  
O Lord! amid my troubles here,  
I trust in Thee, nor trust in vain."

She laid her head upon the block,  
And murmured low, "In Thee I trust."  
Down fell the axe with thundering shock;  
Mary the Queen was common dust.

The beautiful face, the smiling lips,  
Wrinkled and set in aged gloom;  
So from some tree a tempest strips,  
In one brief gust, its leaf and bloom.

Leave her the peace that life denied;  
Her sins and follies all are o'er.  
A queen she lived, a queen she died;  
Peace to her ashes! Ask no more.

—*Rees Terry Cooke.*

## BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF  
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER X.—A LIFE DRAMA.

THE mutual helpfulness that prevailed among the early settlers of Upper Canada threw into intimate contact, and placed under mutual obligation, the new comers, both Quaker and Cavalier, and the Heck family. On the narrow stage of this backwoods scene was played by these humble actors the grand drama of human life; nor were there wanting any of the elements which give it dignity and sublimity. There were the deep immortal yearnings of the soul for a fairer and loftier ideal than this world offers, the hungry cravings of the heart for affection and sympathy, the aspiration of the spirit for a higher and holier life. Beneath the promise surface of Canadian

rural toil there were for the young hearts awakening to self-consciousness amid their forest surroundings a rich mine of poetry and romance. Nature in her varied moods and with her myriad voices spoke her secrets to their souls. The gladness coming of the spring kindled joyous pulses in their frames. The rich luxuriance of the summertime was a constant psalm of praise. The sad suggestions of the autumn, with its wailing winds and weeping skies and falling leaves, lent a pensive tone to their spirits. And when the deep snows of winter clothed the world "with ermine too dear for an earl," their hearty out-of-door life and cheerful home joys bade defiance to the icy reign of the Frost King. To gentler natures the deep shadows of the lonely forest aisles, the quiet beauty of the forest flowers, the solemn sunsets on the shining river, and the mysterious whisperings of the night winds among the needles of the pine, so like the murmuring of the distant sea, were a perpetual and deep delight.

Such a nature was that of the fair Katharine Heck, the youngest child of Paul and Barbara, now a blooming maiden in her later teens, who inherited her mother's early beauty and mental acuteness and her father's placid and contemplative disposition. The loveliness of character and person of the young girl made a profound impression on the susceptible southern temperament of Reginald Pemberton, a younger son of the gallant colonel. The alert mind of Barbara Heck observed with a mother's solicitude the unconscious attachment springing up between these young hearts, and read their secret before the principals were aware of it themselves. While Reginald was a youth of noble spirit and manly, generous character, still he was ignorant of the great regenerating change which the pious Methodist mother regarded as the prime essential—the "one thing needful"—to secure his own and her daughter's happiness. Moreover, he belonged to a proud and aristocratic family, who were in their social standing and their ideas emphatically "people of the world;" and how could those who felt themselves the "heirs of the kingdom," smile on such a worldly alliance? Moreover, she was so proud in her way as any Pemberton living, and would not brook that union with a child of hers should be considered a misalliance by the bluest blood in the realm.

Much troubled with these thoughts, the devout Barbara thus communed one day with goodman Paul:

"Have you not observed, Paul, that young Pemberton is vastly more attentive to Katharine than is good for either of them?"

"No, I can't say that I have," replied Paul with a look of surprised inquiry. "Have you?"

"To be sure I have," rejoined the anxious matron; "he is moaning around here half the time."

"Is he? How do you know he does not come to see the boys?"

"Come to see the boys, indeed! And is it to the boys he brings the bouquets of wild flowers and baskets of butternuts? And was it for the boys he tamed the raccoon that he gave to Kate?"

"Well, where's the harm? Kate is only a child yet."

"Only a child! she is near nineteen."

"Is she? Dear me, so she is. It

seems only a little while since she was a baby."

"The boy is so shy, that he scarcely ever speaks to her; but he is as content to sit dumb in her presence as a cat is to bask in the sun."

"Humph! I know somebody who used to be quite content to sit dumb in yours. Well, mother, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Do about it! That's what I don't know. Can't you tell him not to come so often, or something?"

"Fie, Barbara! Do you think I would be guilty of such a breach of hospitality! Leave the young folks alone. You will only be putting nonsense into their heads if you do anything at all. Katie is a good girl. You can trust her innocent heart. She loves her old father yet better than any other man, I so warrant."

So the matter dropped for the time, although Barbara mentally resolved to warn Katharine not to let her affections become tangled.

That evening, in the golden glow of sunset, Katharine Heck was spinning in the ample "living room" of the large and rambling house. The amber-colored light flashed back from the well-scoured tins and burnished brass kettles and candlesticks on the dresser, and tinged with bronze her glossy hair. And a very pretty picture she made, clad in her simple calico gown, as she walked gracefully back and forth from her wheel, now giving it a swift whirl and then stepping back as she dextrously drew out the yarn from the fleecy rolls of wool. Evidently young Pemberton was of the same opinion, as he stood for a moment at the open door holding in his hand a string of beautiful speckled trout—fresh from a sparkling stream near by.

"Good evening, Mistress Kate," he said after a pause. "I've brought a few fish for your mother, that I have just caught in Braeside Burn."

"O, thanks; how pretty they are! mother will be so much obliged," said the maiden, taking the string of fish. "I'm not so sure of that," said the young man. "I'm sometimes afraid I've offended your mother. I don't know how, unless she thinks I am idle, I'm so fond of my rod and gun. I learned that in old Virginia, and can't easily unlearn it."

"She won't object to your sport today, at any rate," said Kate with a laugh, "for mother can fry trout better than any one in the world. You must stay and have some;" and she took the fish into the summer kitchen.

"And now," she said as she came back, "if you have been idle, you must make amends by being useful. I have been wanting some one to hold my yarn while I wind it."

"I am so awkward, I am afraid I'll tangle it; but I'll do my best," said the blushing boy as he stretched out his hands to receive the skein.

True to his fears, he soon did tangle it, letting several threads off at once; and as Kate deftly disentangled the skein, he thought her the loveliest being that poet's fancy ever conceived.

At this juncture the matronly Barbara entered the room to thank their visitor for his present. The self-conscious youth fancied—or was it fancy!—that he observed a severer expression than usual in her eye, though her words of thanks were exceedingly polite.

"I am playing the part of Hercules with Omphale," said the stalwart youth,

who had acquired a tincture of classic lore at the grammar school at Annapolis, in Virginia, "but I can succeed better at my own work of holding the plough or wielding my fishing rod."

"The former of these employments is the more profitable in a new country like this," said Barbara, with emphasis; "although the trout are not to be despised," she continued, relaxing into a smile, "and you must stay and have some."

About the homely farm and household duties of the youth and maid, love wove its sweet romance, and the tender hearts, remembering the fond emotions of their youth, could not chide with censorious words their budding and innocent affection.

A favourite amusement of the young people in the long summer twilight, when the after-glow of sunset was reflected from the shining reaches of the river, like a sea of glass mingled with fire, and when the great white harvest-moon clomb like a wan specter up the eastern sky, was to sail or row upon the bosom of the broad St. Lawrence; and often they would beguile the delicious hours with such song and music as their somewhat primitive tastes had acquired. On such occasions young Hannah and Reuben Whiteside often joined the party, finding in its innocent mirth a relief from the somewhat pallid quietness of their home life. One lovely August evening, Paul and Barbara Heck were making a friendly call on the hospitable Whiteside family at the Quaker Settlement. As they sat in the soft and silver moonlight on the broad "stoop" of the low-walled, broad-eaved log-house, the sound of sweet strains of music, wafted over the water, stole upon their ears. In the hush of twilight, when even the whip-poor-will's plaintive cry was at intervals distinctly heard, floated soft and clear, in the rich tenor voice of Reginald Pemberton, the notes of the sweet Scottish song:

"Maxwellton's brass are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
For 'twas there that Annie Laurie  
Gave me her promise true;  
Gave me her promise true,  
And ne'er forget will I,  
But for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'll lay me down and die."

More charmed than she liked to confess, Barbara Heck, in whose soul was a rich though seldom-touched vein of poetry, listened to the simple strain.

"It's a worldly song," she said at length, "but the music is very sweet. Pity that such gifts were not employed in singing the praise of their Giver."

After a pause the sweet and pure contralto voice of Katharine Heck thrilled forth the words of her favorite hymn—omitted in later editions of the hymn-book, which was the only volume of poetry she had ever seen—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

Then every voice joined in the triumphant chorus, which came swelling in a psalm of praise over the waves.

"Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

The tears stood in Hannah Whiteside's soft brown eyes as she said with a sigh, in which the long repression of her emotional nature found vent:

"Why should we not have holy hymns in our worship, Jesus!"  
"Nay, dear heart, it needs not answered the patriarch. "When we

listen to the Spirit's inner voice, it is meet that we commune with our own hearts and be still."

"But still the deepest feelings of our souls, their adoration and their love, crave for expression in sacred song. And God's servants of old time praised Him in His holy temple with psaltery and harp."

"But that was in the carnal dispensation of form and ceremony. We who live in the later dispensation of the Spirit must serve God in spirit and in truth, making melody in our hearts unto the Lord."

"But you don't think the singing of hymns wrong, do you?" asked Paul Heck.

"We judge no man," replied the God-fearing Quaker. "To his own master he standeth or falleth. We must follow the guidance of the Inner Light."

"Perhaps we deem as erringly," said Barbara, as she walked home through the moonlight with her husband, "in condemning as worldly such songs as so deeply touch our deeper and nobler nature, as Friend Whiteside does in condemning our psalms and hymns."

CHAPTER XI.—THE PIONEER PREACHER.

The little forest community was soon to be stirred by a deep religious impulse, the results of which only the great day shall declare. At the close of a sultry day in the midsummer of 1790 there rode into the Heck Settlement a man of somewhat notable appearance. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, of tall and well-knit figure, save that one arm seemed quite shriveled or paralyzed. Nevertheless, he was a fearless horseman, riding at a gallop through the root-entangled forest paths, and boldly leaping his horse across the pools made by the recent rains. He wore a coarse felt hat, home-spun snuff-coloured coat, to which a somewhat clerical air was given by a straight collar and out-away skirts, and leathern leggings. Behind him were the inevitable saddle-bags and his coarse frize coat. Riding up to the house of Paul Heck, without dismounting, he knocked with his riding-whip on one of the posts of the "stoop."

"I am a Methodist preacher," he said; "can I preach here to-morrow?" for it was Saturday evening.

"Fain and glad will we be to have you," said Paul Heck, as he came forward.

"Can I have lodging and provender for myself and horse?" continued the preacher.

"Ay, and welcome. Get you down," said Paul, extending his hand in friendly greeting.

"Tell me first, will you wara the neighbours of the preaching? If not, I will do so myself before I dismount, although I have had a long ride to-day."

"Ay, will we; near and far. Here, Barbara, is a Methodist preacher," Paul called to his goodwife within the house.

"We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord," said that hospitable matron, using the language of the Prayer Book, with which she had long been familiar. "Thank God, I live to see the day," she went on. "We are Methodists, too, and we have pinned and hungered for the preaching of the Word as the hungry long for food."

"Bless the Lord," said the preacher, "the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. I knew not that there was a Methodist in Canada, and here, the very day I enter the country, I find some."

"Ay, and you'll find a-many more scattered up and down, and fain and glad they'll be to see you," said Paul, using his customary formula of welcome.

While the new preacher, whose name they learned was William Losee, the pioneer of the goodly band of Methodist itinerants who now range the country, was doing ample justice to the generous meal set before him—for he had ridden forty miles that day—Jabez Heck, Paul's son, proceeded to "warn" the neighbours of the preaching at his father's house next day.

The great "living room" and adjoining kitchen were both filled, and on Sunday morning the preacher stood in the doorway between the two, with a chair before him to support his Bible and hymn-book. Having announced his text, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord," he closed his book, and delivered, not an exposition, but a fervent exhortation, mingled on the part of both speaker and hearers with strong crying and tears. The class-meeting, in which the Hecks, Lawrences, Samuel Embury, and others who now for the first time met, was held, and was a Bethel of delight. The afternoon and evening congregations were so large that the preaching had to be held in the large barn. By night the fame of the preacher had spread far and wide, and, moved by devotion, by curiosity, or, perhaps on the part of some, by a desire to scoff and scorn, the whole neighbourhood was present. Of the latter class was a wild and reckless young man, Joe Brouse by name, who, standing near the door, was attempting to turn into mockery and derision the solemnities of Divine worship. Aroused to holy indignation by this sacrilege, Losee lifted his eyes and hands to heaven, and cried out like one of the Hebrew prophets, "Smite him, my God! My God, smite him!" "He fell like a bullock under the stroke of the butcher's axe," writes the historian of the scene, "and writhed on the floor in agony, until the Lord in mercy set his soul at liberty." The emotion of that rustic congregation became uncontrollable. Sighs and groans and tears were heard on every side. Preaching was impossible, and Losee and the members of the little Methodist class gave themselves to prayer, to counselling the seekers after salvation, and to the singing of hymns, which had a strangely tranquillizing effect upon the congregation.

Early the next morning Losee was on his way to the Bay of Quinté and Niagara Settlements, leaving an appointment for that day four weeks. Such was the aggressive mode of Gospel warfare of the pioneer itinerant. There was much difference of sentiment in the little community as to the services of the day. The Methodists were greatly refreshed in spirit, and Barbara Heck declared that it was "a day of the Son of man and of power." James Whiteside refrained from criticism, further than to say that "God was not in the earthquake, nor in the thunder, but in the still small voice." Self-voiced Hannah Whiteside shriek

within herself as from something which jarred painfully upon her sensitive spirit. Colonel Pemberton quite lost his politeness in his anger that his son Reginald, his hope and pride, through the ranting of a Methodist fanatic, should degrade himself by weeping for his sins and crying for pardon alongside of that reprobate, Joe Brouse. Mrs. Pemberton, a sincere and pious soul, trembled with joy at her son's conversion and fear at her husband's wrath. Mammy Dinah was in ecstasies of joy. Her "Hallelujahs" and "Bress de Lods" were frequent and loud. "Dis is de ole kind o' 'ligion," she said to Aunt Chlor, "like we had in Ole Virginny." But Uncle Pompey shook his head doubtfully because it was a Methodist and not a Baptist preacher through whose ministrations the awakening took place. But Joe Brouse, out of the depths of his conscious experience, exclaimed, "Whether he be a ranting fanatic, I know not; but one thing I know, whereas I was blind now I see." And his strangely altered life and godly conversation were a demonstration of the new light that had fallen on his soul. For drunkenness and cursing he put on the garments of sobriety and praise; and none were more diligent in attending the Methodist class and prayer meeting, or more zealous in good work.

The Children's Crusade.

HAVE you read the wonderful story Of what happened so long ago, Away in the Rhaemish country, In sight of the Alpine snow,—

How thousands of little children, With scollop and staff in hand, Like Peter the Hermit's pilgrims, Set forth for the Holy Land?

From hamlet and town and castle, For many and many a day, These children had seen their fathers March to the East away.

"Why do they go?" they questioned Of the mother who watched and wept: "They go to wrest from the pagan The tomb where the dear Lord slept."

And the thought in their young hearts kindled "Let us do as our fathers do,— Let us wear the cross on our shoulder, And help in the conquest too."

"The strength of a child is nothing; But we'll gather in one strong band The strength of ten thousand children, For Christ and the Holy Land."

And so, as they tell, these children On their strange, wild mission went; But the Saviour, who would not lead them In the way He had not sent,

Lifted them up in His pity (Misguided and yet His own), And, instead of the tomb they sought for, Sent them to find His throne.

Now, what is the tender lesson Wrapped up in the story to? And what can we learn from the children Who perished so long ago?

For a temple that is eternal, Where the living stones are piled,— Each stone of the costly building The soul of a heathen child.—

Are there ten thousand children, Over this land so broad, Willing to work,—their shoulder Wearing the badge of God?

Are there ten thousand children Filled with zeal intense, Ready for Christ to offer Their labours, their prayers, their paths?

For the gifts and the prayers of the children, Gathered in one strong band, Could conquer the world for Jesus, And make it a Holy Land.

Hardships of Student Life.

THE privations which human beings will endure for the purpose of pursuing some beloved occupation are often extraordinary. Some discussion has recently taken place in regard to the hardships voluntarily encountered by German students, in order that they may carry on their intellectual labours. A Scotch writer, however, gives a list of instances which tend to prove that his countrymen are willing to suffer great extremity for learning.

He mentions one young man who, though of fine manners and aristocratic appearance, dined but three times a week, and then upon a hot two-penny pie. On off days he sat his hunger with dry bread.

Another had a curious method of studying. He spread out his books where the hearth rug would naturally have been, and lay there prone, learning his task by the light of a fire made from roots of decayed trees, which he had dug in a wood near Edinburgh, and carried to his lodgings.

It was quite common for students to go without fire; in winter time they studied in bed while the daylight lasted, and then, when it became too dark for reading, thought over and thus memorized their lessons.

Three prominent and successful Scotchmen of the present day have behind them a hard experience, which, no doubt, they recall with pleasure. They lived together for at least a year at Aberdeen University, in a room which contained but one bed. It was not a very large bed, and could not be persuaded to hold three persons at once; so two worked while the other slept, and when they went to bed, he rose.

At Edinburgh were two interesting students, whose ways were for a time a riddle. The one glided along the corridors to his seat, holding his class-books straight out before him. After a time it was learned that he had been a hotel-waiter; this vocation he pursued during the summer months, and returned to his studies in winter. He was never quite able to forget his waiting, and when he was suddenly roused from reverie, would cry, "Coming, sir! coming!"

The other mysterious student was never seen outside the class-room except at full gallop. He ran to his seat for recitation, and after it was over, dashed away like a race-horse.

It finally transpired that he kept a small stationery shop at some distance from the University, and being too poor to hire an assistant, he was obliged to close his place of business in order to recite his lessons.

Professor Blackie mentions the case of a young man who lived during an entire college session on red herrings and one barrel of potatoes, which he had brought from home. He finally succumbed to the weakness brought on by insufficient food.

The most pathetic story, however, is that of a student who had been near starvation for so long that he died from partaking of a good meal, given him in mistaken kindness.

AN Irishman, on being called to testify in a court as a witness, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. "Hold up your right hand," said the clerk. "Pithe year schin," explained the witness, still keeping up his left hand, "I'm left-handed!"

Going to School.

THERE'S an army that musters its legions,  
And marches to roll-call each day;  
And happy and blest are the regions  
Which lie in that army's bright way.  
They troop over hillock and hollow,  
They spring over brooklet and pool,  
And gayly and cheerily follow  
The summons which bids them to school.

By thousands the army is numbered,  
Its soldiers are fresh as the morn;  
Not one is by sorrow encumbered,  
Not one is by care overborne.  
At decimals sometimes they stumble,  
And sometimes by verbs are perplexed;  
And the proudest grows saddened and humbled  
When a question is passed to the next.

There are people forever a-sighing  
And saying the world is all wrong;  
But somehow their doubts take to flying  
At sight of this wonderful throng.  
The world may be clouded and weary,  
Of trouble and toil may be full,  
But at least there is hope where the cheery  
Dear children are going to school.

—Mrs M. E. Sangster.

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Home & School.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1896.

DON'T FORGET THE  
SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AID AND EXTENSION FUND  
COLLECTION

OR  
REVIEW SUNDAY, SEPT. 26.

THIS collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect to be entitled to receive aid from this 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. (See Discipline, §§ 354-356)

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

We give extracts from a few out of several hundreds of letters received by the Secretary of the S. S. Board, showing the nature of the work which the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund is doing, and the appreciation which it receives.

A missionary in Newfoundland writes: "Enclosed is an order for \$8 00 to pay for papers sent last year. Your papers are doing much good here, and making our Sunday-schools more attractive. I am starting a new school on the circuit; shall be glad if you can give us a free grant of twelve first readers and twelve second readers. Our people all go to the Labrador for fish. They are without religious services, and to a very large extent without any reading matter. If you can give us a supply to distribute among our fleet of 15 sail, you will help me in my work and do the fishermen a favour."

A missionary on an island off the coast of Nova Scotia writes: "Allow me in the name of our school to thank you for your generous contribution to our needs. Believe me, our S. S. superintendent has not made \$5.00 for nearly a year, fishing has been so poor, and many more are like him. I have not received from the whole circuit up to date much over \$100, and still am better off than the majority of our people here. I never want to labour among a more loyal, devoted, and liberal people, and have refused a call elsewhere for four times the salary I receive here. I am more than delighted by the style, spirit, and matter of all our excellent papers, and am persuaded their mission is as successful as it is laudable."

Another superintendent writes: "Please accept our very sincere thanks for your extremely kind consideration. Our school is progressing very favourably. We are getting additions, and hope when nice weather comes to have a full attendance of nearly all Protestant children within our reach. The papers are very much appreciated by young and old. We hear frequent commendations from the readers. We hope with God's blessing to do much good here. I am only a beginner in the prominent part of the work, but I feel strengthened more and more each Sabbath, and with my good teachers' assistance it is a very pleasing and satisfactory duty to perform."

A minister in Prince Edward Island writes: "We are just starting a Sabbath-school in this place. Our members are few and comparatively poor, but we feel the need of a school of our own, in which our children may be taught the doctrines of Methodism. Without aid it will be almost impossible to run our school at present, but with it hope to build up a good school in time. We will give a collection and the amount promised towards the help asked."

A superintendent in New Brunswick writes: "Our school has kept open all through the winter. Several conversions have taken place mainly through the means used in this school, and in

many other ways its influence is telling for good. We hoped to be able to pay full price for papers from April 1st, but in this we failed. Hence the request was made that I should apply to you."

Another missionary in Newfoundland writes: "I have three Sabbath-schools. I have been thinking that the first thing to be done is to get the papers introduced. Now, I am doing this on my own account, and I have told the people I shall appeal to them for the cash. I am working by faith. I got these papers into the schools on my last circuit, and I know the benefit not only in the schools but in the homes of the people. Our people in this colony do not get newspapers, so yours have a fine scope for doing good."

A minister in New Brunswick writes: "This place is very poor, and has been exceedingly wicked, but now is the happiest, in religious work, on the circuit. The school last summer did good work, and was greatly aided by the S. S. papers. Many young people having been converted, it gives promise of better things this year. I think the school can raise two or three dollars, and if they can raise more I shall rejoice to send it to you. I would not ask aid if we could do without."

A missionary in New Brunswick writes: "Please find enclosed \$7 50, for grants of S. S. papers, etc., made to the Sunday-schools on this Circuit. I scarcely know how we could have

got along without these grants; and I do wish we could have raised something nearer the value of them. Perhaps the schools will be able to do something better next year."

A minister in Newfoundland writes: "I am very anxious to introduce into our schools our Sunday-school papers, but see no way of doing so unless the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund give a grant for that purpose. If you can get a grant for one-half of these papers I will be responsible and pay you for the other half."

A minister in Nova Scotia writes: "I am organising a new school on this Circuit in a place where we have had preaching for years, but no Sabbath-school nor social service. Hence our young people and many of our adults have not identified themselves with the Methodist Church, but have gone to other churches. I may add I have just been called to go to this place to-morrow and bury a lad of 13 years, who was drowned on Sunday, 13th inst., while playing with a little pleasure boat—and that lad lived rather too far away from any of the existing Sunday-schools, but would have been within the reach and influence of ours, if we had organised. We hope to organize next Sunday. Thanking you for the past help, and with the feeling that every time I secure and place in the hands of a child or adult one of our Sunday-school papers, I am doing good, I confidently make this appeal. I go back into primitive country once



ARCTIC SCENERY.



CONGO RIVER CATARACT.

a month, and at my service distribute these papers, and if you saw the looks of gladness, the hunger for the papers, on the part of children and youth and manhood and age, you would feel that in editing our Sunday-school papers your labour was not in vain in the Lord."

A minister in Newfoundland writes: "Enclosed you will find Post Office Order for \$10.00. We have a large Sabbath-school here, but on the other part of the Circuit very few of our valuable papers are taken. I should like very much to get them introduced, and for this purpose I have decided to have regular meetings for the study of the lessons during the winter months."

Another missionary in Newfoundland writes: "Last year you gave us a little help which did us good service. Several of our scholars decided for Christ."

#### Arctic Scenery.

LIEUTENANT GARLINGTON, of the United States Army, who had charge of the Government relief-steamers *Protesis*, that was sent to the Arctic regions two years ago in search of the Greeley party, says of the frozen North:

"When you get up among the glaciers and rocks, the scenery is one of terrific grandeur and picturesque beauty, but extreme of dreariness. No sound or stir except now and then the terrific crash of a huge transparent bowlder, as it grates on the bottom of the ocean and crushes to pieces. There is a dreary silence that courts loneliness; and one feels such a dull dread all the time that it approaches misery.

"In the summer-time you can sometimes hear the piping of sea-gulls, the chatter of ducks, and the growl of walrusen, but you only meet them occasionally. If you can describe a vast sea of ice and snow which is as irregular as any thing you can imagine, you know what appearance that country has. The nearest comparison I can make to the appearance of one of those icebergs is looking down on a city from the top of a mountain. The high and low houses, with an occasional church steeple, resemble very much one of these floating icebergs. The wind has no effect on them whatever.

"It is not an uncommon thing to see the 'fixe,' or soft ice, going in one direction, driven by the wind, and an iceberg moving in an opposite direction, carried by the current.

"There is always seven times the bulk of ice under the water that is seen above, and one acquainted with the polar region can always tell by the colour, rigidity, and appearance of an iceberg whether it comes from the North Sea or not. You will sometimes see a bowlder three or four times as high out of the water as a house, and probably ten times as large, carried along by the current; and when two of them come together, the force is sufficient to crush the less rigid one.

"You can judge what a steamer would be like when caught between two such icebergs. No boat can ever be built that could withstand the pressure. Although they seem to be moving slowly, they have a terrific force, and are often crushed by their own weight.

"One of the most interesting sights in the whole northern region is the falling into the ocean of huge fields of ice. You will see thousands of acres of ice and snow that extend high in the air. The water wears this away on the under side; and when the point projecting over the water becomes so heavy as to force itself off, it breaks, with a loud report, and falls into the ocean."—*Golden Days*.

We beg to call attention to the announcement accompanying the September number of the *Banner* of the Chautauque Course of Reading for 1886-7. To Canadians it is of special attractiveness on account of the prominence given to English History and English Literature. The Natural Science of the Course is also of much interest. We hope that hundreds of our young people will take up this course of reading. Now is the time of year to arrange for it. Write to Mr. L. C. Peake, Drawer 2559, P. O. Toronto, for full information.

It was a beautiful reply of a child, when asked, "What is faith?" and she answered, "Doing God's will and asking no questions."

#### Tommy Todd.

"It's oh to fight the Indians  
Upon the prairies wide!"  
Said little Tommy Todd one night,  
As on his bed, without a light,  
His bosom swelled with pride.

"I'll fill my lunch-box to the top;  
With my bean-shooter true  
I'll rescue some fair captive maid!  
Hurrah! I'm not a bit afraid  
Of all the red-skin crew!"

He rose and donned his boots and cap,  
Peered cautiously about;  
Then to his money-box he went,  
Extracting from it every cent;  
Said he: "I'll be a scout!"

He climbed down from the window-sill  
All in the moonlight sheen;  
He tramped along in day, in dark;  
He heard the lone coyote's bark,  
That boy of warlike mien.

"Whoop, whoop!" a fierce, blood curdling  
cry  
Now chilled him to the core!  
He saw the Indians downward sweep;  
And Tommy Todd began to weep  
And sigh for home once more.

"Whoop, whoop!" "Oh, please let me go  
home,"  
Tommy pleaded, with a scream;  
And, wakened by the milkman's shout,  
From his warm bed he tumbled out,  
And found it all a dream!

Now warlike does he sneer,  
And words he can't feel;  
That peaceful sleep may close his eyes,  
He eats at supper no more pie,  
Which proved his Indian meal.

—*New York Independent*.

#### Congo River Cataract.

THE first cataract of the Livingstone Falls, as seen in the picture, is on the Congo River, Africa. This river is said to be the second largest in the world. Its principal source is Lake Bangweola, and it also receives water from Lake Tanganyika. From Lake Bangweola, it runs nearly due north for eight hundred miles, and then turns west, and finally empties into the Atlantic Ocean, four thousand miles from its source. The English Baptist Missionary Society has several mission stations on the river, and though it has lost several missionaries by death, it seems determined to sustain and push forward the work. There is also a mission on the river, under the direction of Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, of London, called the "Livingstone Inland Mission."

Stanley's information respecting the fertility, the populousness, the productiveness of Africa, and the commercial spirit of its people, will certainly attract Western enterprise into its interior, and railroads will be built to pass the cataracts. Christian missions ought to rush in where commerce is sure to pierce. For, side by side with the pleasing pictures given above, traces appear of the idolatry, the ignorance and superstition of the natives; of their cruel sports; of their proneness to warfare; of the cheapness of human life among them. When a chief died, fourteen slaves were slaughtered to accompany his spirit into the other world. Stanley's allusion to missionaries are uniformly respectful; and he celebrates the comfort, neatness and elegance introduced by a missionary's wife, in contrast with the indolence, idleness and negligence manifested at some stations, established by his own men. His own spirit is manly, sober and reverent. Veneration and love for Livingstone seem to have filled his mind, and perhaps have effected his character; for he pressed upon Mtesa the duty and excellence of forgiveness, and his own conduct toward the natives showed a Christian spirit.

Coming generations will recall these achievements and honor the name and memory of the man, who, in constant toil and peril put so much of his energy and his life into this grand and difficult enterprise of opening interior Africa to the commerce, civilization and missions of Christendom.

#### The O. L. S. C.

THE Chautauque Literary and Scientific Circle is a school at home, a school after school, a college for one's own house, by which he may become acquainted in a general way with the college world into which so many of our young people go, about which their parents know so little, and the benefits of which college people themselves recall in their later years.

It is for busy people who left school years ago, and who desire to pursue some systematic course of instruction.

It is for high-school and college graduates, for people who never entered either high-school or college, for merchants, mechanics, apprentices, mothers, busy housekeepers, farmers, boys, shop-girls, and for the people of leisure and wealth who do not know what to do with their time. College graduates, ministers, lawyers, physicians, accomplished ladies are taking the course. They find the required books entertaining and useful, giving them a pleasant review of studies long ago laid aside. Several of our members are over eighty years of age. Very few are under eighteen.

The O. L. S. C. Course requires about forty minutes' time a day for the term of four years. It need not be done every day, although this is a desirable way to carry on the work. The readings are comprehensive, clear, simple, and entertaining. They vary, of course, in interest according to the taste of the reader.

More than sixty thousand names are enrolled in this so-called "People's University." Although not a university at all, it has put educational influence, atmosphere, and ambition into the homes of the people which will lead many thousands of youth to seek the education which colleges and universities supply. The month of October is the best time to join.

## For Love's Sake.

MR. MARGARET J. FRETTON.

You have read of the Moslem palace,  
The marvellous fane that stands  
On the banks of the distant Jumna,  
The wonder of all the lands.

You have read of its marble splendours,  
Its carvings of rare device,  
Its domes and its towers that glitten  
Like visions of Paradise.

You have listened as one has told you  
Of its pinnacles snowy fair.—  
So pure that they seemed suspended  
Like clouds in the crystal air:—

Of the flow of its fountains falling  
As softly as mourners' tears;  
Of the lily and the rose kept blooming  
For ever two hundred years.—

Of the friezes of frost-like beauty,  
The jewels that crust the wall,  
The carvings that crown the arch-way,  
The innermost shrine of all,—

Where lies in her sculptured coffin,  
Whose chiselings, mortal man  
Hath never excelled, the dearest  
Of the loves of the Shah Jehan.

They read you the shining legends  
Whose letters are set in gems,  
On the walls of the sacred chamber  
That sparkle like diamonds.

And they tell you these letters gleaming  
Wherever the eye may look,  
Are words of the Moslem prophet,  
Are texts from his holy book.

And still as you heard, you questioned  
Right wonderingly, as you must,  
"Why rear such a palace only  
To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it?—The Shah had promised  
His beautiful Noor-mahal,  
To do it, because he loved her,  
He loved her,—and that was all!

So, minaret, wall and column,  
And tower and dome above,  
All tall of a sacred promise,  
All utter one accent—LOVE.

You know of another temple,  
A grander than Hindoo shrine,  
The splendor of whose perfections  
Is mystical, strange, sublime.

You have heard of its deep foundations,  
Which neither the frost nor flood  
Nor forces of earth can weaken,  
Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chiseled with skill transcendent,  
By the wisdom that fills the throne,  
Was quarried, and hewn and polished  
Its wonderful corner stone.

So vast is its scale proportioned,  
So lofty its turrets rise,  
That the pile in its finished glory  
Will reach to the very skies.

The lapse of the silent Kedron,  
The roses of Sharon fair,  
Gethsemane's sacred olive  
And cedars, are found there.

And graven on its walls and pillars,  
And cut in its crystal stone,  
Are the words of our prophet, sweeter  
Than Islam's bath over known:—

Texts culled from the Holy Gospel,  
That comfort, refresh, sustain,  
And shine with a surer lustre  
Than the gems of the Hindoo fane.

The plan of the temple only  
Its architect understands;  
And yet He accepts—oh wonder!  
The helping of human hands!

And so, for the work's progression,  
He is willing that great and small  
Should bring Him their bits of carving,  
So needed, to fill the wall.

Not one does the Master-builder  
Disdainfully cast away:  
Why, even He takes the shippings  
We women have brought to-day!

\*For a description of the grandest Minaret in the world—the Taj—erected at the city of Agra, India, in 1655, by the Shah Jehan, to the memory of his best beloved wife, Noor-mahal, see Dr. E. D. G. Prime's "Around The World," or Dr. Wm. Butler's "Land of the Veda."

(Or, not to the dead—to the living,  
We rear on the earth His tomb,  
His fane to His lasting glory—  
This church to the Christ of God.)

Why labour and strive: We have promised  
And dare we the vow recall?  
To do it, because we love Him,  
We love Him,—and that is all!

For over the Church's portal,  
Each pillar and arch above,  
The Master has set one signet,  
And graven one watchword,—LOVE.

## For His Sake.

NINE o'clock on Saturday morning,  
and Hettie still standing by the stove  
baking pancakes.

For whom was she baking cakes at  
such a late hour! For the family!  
Most assuredly not. The family break-  
fast had been eaten and cleared away  
a full hour and a half ago.

Hettie was baking cakes for brother  
Rob, who at that time was sitting in  
the dining-room leisurely eating his  
breakfast-cakes and maple syrup, re-  
gardless of what the clock said, or of  
the Saturday work that was waiting  
for Hettie.

Rob was nineteen, four years older  
than Hettie, and considered it his  
privilege to tease his sister, and lord it  
over her generally. Often would he  
come down stairs late, and demand  
his breakfast of Hettie in a tone of  
authority, as if, of course, it was the  
business of her life to wait upon him.  
As often, too, the sister would reply  
with sharp, ugly words, multiplied by  
many more on his part—words that  
left a sting all day long.

On this particular morning Rob had  
been more exasperating than usual.  
He said the cakes were burned, then  
that they were raw, and he asked Hettie  
if she had to wait to have some  
flour ground before she brought any  
more. Besides all this it was a warm  
morning, and mother was sick, and  
life seemed all awry to poor Hettie.  
Do you wonder that her face was  
drawn into a scowl, and that the  
frowns grew deeper with each cake  
turned? I don't think she tried very  
hard—to tell the truth—to have those  
cakes right, for certainly they were  
not done as nicely as Hettie Bryson  
could bake cakes—she was rather  
noted for her skill in that line.

"Rob says he wants a glass of  
water."

The small messenger who said this  
was the baby and pet of the house.  
Now, if it had been any one else but  
Baby Lillie, Hettie would have said,  
"Tell him to get it, then;" but she  
could not quite bring herself to send  
such a message by this gentle little  
sister, so she slammed her plate on to  
the table, and went to get the water.  
Lillie watched her sister a moment as  
she jerked the pump handle up and  
down, and then with a puzzled look  
asked:

"Hettie, are you getting it for His  
sake?"

"For His sake! What do you mean?  
Whose sake?"

"Why, for Jesus' sake, I guess. It  
is in my Sunday-school lesson for to-  
morrow about getting a cup of cold  
water for His sake, and I don't see  
how we can when He isn't here. Will  
it do to give it to anybody?"

Poor, startled Hettie! It was in  
her Sunday-school lesson, too. She  
had so longed last night for an oppor-  
tunity to give a cup of cold water for  
His sake, to prove that she was trying  
to be a disciple, had thought worthy

of the coming morning with its round  
of homely duties, and had sighed and  
said there was nothing she could do.  
Was it possible that here was a chance  
right in her own home! Could she  
give this glass of water in His name!

These thoughts rushed swiftly  
through her brain, and quick as the  
thoughts followed this answer—  
"Yes!"

Yes, it should be done for Jesus.  
She looked at the glass. It was not  
clear, and she knew the water she had  
filled it with must be warm and taste  
of the iron pipe because she had not  
pumped out enough.

Hastily she reached after a clean  
glass and pumped until the water was  
cold and clear as crystal. Instead of  
the hard thump she had intended, she  
set the glass down gently and in silence  
by Rob's plate, and went swiftly back  
to those cakes. The dried-up things  
were thrown away, the damper opened,  
the fire made to roar, the griddle to  
smoke, and soon another set of cakes,  
golden-brown beauties, had taken their  
place on the plate.

"I say, how many years are you  
going to keep me waiting for those  
cakes!" was her greeting as she opened  
the dining-room door.

"The fire wasn't burning nicely, it  
is all right now," she said meekly.

Amazement showed in every line of  
Rob's face as he saw the tempting  
cakes and heard the gentle reply. But  
Hettie did not see his face, for she was  
standing over the stove again. The  
next time she went in, he said in a  
pleasant tone.

"That will do, Hettie; they are  
beauties, though, and I wish I had  
time to eat some more of them."

Hettie was almost tempted to tell  
him that he would have had more time  
if he had come down stairs sooner.  
But she did not; she held her lips  
firmly, and so no sharp sting got out  
that time.

After Rob had gone Hettie sat down  
on the back doorstep to cool herself off  
and think a minute. Rob was not a  
Christian; she had been praying for  
him, and here, perhaps, it was her own  
cross words and ways that were keep-  
ing him back.

The next evening as she was start-  
ing for church, she lingered in the hall  
a moment when Rob was putting on  
his overcoat preparatory to going, she  
did not know where, as it was not his  
habit to attend the meeting.

"Rob," she said, half timidly, "I  
wish you would go to young people's  
meeting with me to night?"

"How do you know but I will?"

"Oh! will you?"  
"I shouldn't wonder. You see,  
Hettie, somebody told me you took  
part in the meeting last week, and I  
have been watching you to see if it  
was all talk. Yesterday morning I  
made up my mind that you had some-  
thing that you didn't have once.  
Something that helped you. I'm sure  
if there is anything, I'd like to find it,  
too. I said to myself if she can stop  
snapping and scolding, why can't I?  
At any rate, I mean to go to this  
meeting every Sunday night after  
this."

And Hettie, full of smiles and  
tears, could only murmur below her  
breath, "O Rob, I'm so glad!"—Grace  
Livingston, in Pansy.

HAVE the courage to do without that  
which you do not need, however much  
your eye may covet it.

## A Drop of Oil.

THE sewing machine went hard  
Brother Will came and looked over  
Amy's shoulder and knit his brow as  
was his custom when in a puzzle. At  
last, turning back the machine, he  
glanced over the work, and said: "Do  
you oil it here, Amy?"

"Why, no; I never thought of that."  
A drop of oil was supplied, and in  
another minute the slender needle was  
flying through the work like a fairy.  
It was easy now to turn the wheel.

There are many other places where a  
drop of oil works just as great wonders.  
For cold mornings, when tempers are  
apt to get frayed, as well as toe and  
finger tips, there is no magic like a few  
sweet, costly words. When persons  
are angry, just give them a "soft an-  
swer," and you will lighten the way  
for yourself.

## The Motherless Child.

She was only four years old when  
her mother died.

Poor little JANE, how lonely and bleak  
to her the world seemed, with no  
mother's hand to guide her, and no  
mother's love to soothe her sorrows!

But to be motherless was not the only  
trial. Before her mother died, her father  
used to spend most of his evenings at  
the tavern; nor was he disposed to give  
this up now. But how could he get  
away at all? A child of four years  
was too young to be left alone, and  
there was no one in the house suitable  
to trust her to. What, then, was he to  
do!

Determined not to give up the public-  
house, he hit upon the plan of taking  
little Jane out with him. She very  
much disliked to go; but she had to  
yield. One evening, as he carried her  
along the street towards the saloon, he  
felt a soft little hand pressing his cheek,  
and heard her whisper: "Father, don't."

"Don't what?"  
"Don't go," she said.  
"Hold your tongue," said he, giving  
her a shake.

"Oh, dear father, don't, don't," she  
repeated.

"Hold your tongue," ordered he, in  
still harsher tones.

Then clutching his neck still tighter,  
she cowered down in his arms without  
saying a word. Presently he felt some  
warm tears wetting his face, and felt  
her heart beating fast and hard against  
his arm. This was too much to resist.  
A strange choking came into his throat,  
and tears gathered in his eyes, and he  
gasped out:

"I won't go—you are right—kiss  
me, darling—there, there—don't cry,  
pretty one—I won't go, that I won't."  
"Never no more, father!" panted  
the child, raising her head, and smiling  
through her tears.

"No, never!" said he.  
The child led him from drunkenness  
to sobriety, from the tavern to the house  
of God, where he heard the Gospel and  
received it, and became a changed man,  
and a true Christian.

The above is a striking illustration of  
the text: "A little child shall lead  
them."

The encouragement of drunkenness  
for the sake of profit on the sale of  
drink, is certainly one of the most  
criminal methods of assassination for  
money ever adopted by the slaves of  
any age or country.—John Ruskin.

**A True Story.**

"WHERE is the baby, grandma?"  
The sweet young mother calls  
From her work in the cosy kitchen  
With its dainty whitewashed walls.  
And grandma leaves her knitting,  
And looks for her all around;  
But not a trace of a baby dear  
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,  
No gleam of its sunny hair,  
No patter of tiny footsteps,  
No sign of it anywhere.  
All through the house and garden,  
Far out into the field,  
They search each nook and corner,  
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid,  
Grandamma's eyes were dim;  
The father's gone to the village;  
No use to look for him,  
And the baby lost! "Where's Rover?"  
The mother chanced to think  
Of the old well in the orchard  
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!"  
"Rover!" in vain they call,  
Then hurry away to the orchard;  
And there by the moss-grown wall,  
Close to the well lies Rover,  
Holding to baby's dress,  
Who was leaning over the well's edge  
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her tiny arms down,  
But Rover held her fast,  
And never seemed to mind the kicks  
The tiny bare feet cast  
So spitefully upon him,  
But wagged his tail instead,  
To greet the frightened searchers,  
While naughty baby said:

"Here's a 'tittle dirl in the 'ster;  
She's dust as big as me;  
Mamma, I want to help her out,  
And take her home to tea.  
But Rover he won't let me,  
And I don't love him. Go  
Away, you naughty Rover!  
Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her saying:  
"My darling understand,  
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—  
And see! he licks your hand!  
Kiss Rover." Baby struck him,  
But grandma understood;  
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend  
Who thwarts us for our good."

**A Model Superintendent.**

MANY have read a little book entitled "A Model Superintendent." It is a sketch of the life of Mr. Henry P. Haven, of New London, Conn., by H. Clay Trumbull. This life was one of the best examples on record, as illustrating the relation of a Christian business man to the Sunday-school work. A poor boy, apprenticed at fifteen years of age by his widowed mother to a ship-owner and merchant. He was so faithful to his master that he was promoted in his work from time to time, and two years before his apprenticeship was ended, he unexpectedly found his salary was more than doubled. When he attained his majority he was made confidential clerk, and two years later was admitted a partner in the house. In time he became sole proprietor and his business grew to enormous proportions, until his ships, sailing from New London, as his narrator says, "soured the uttermost parts of the earth, and penetrated every navigable sea inhabited by the leviathan of the deep." At one time he was president of a railroad, director in a savings bank and a trust company, and, at the time of his death, president of a national bank. A man ready for any emergency, always holding office of trust.

All this time he was doing business for the Lord. At the age of sixteen years he was a teacher in the home school of the South Congregational

Church of New London. At twenty-one years of age he felt he was not doing enough in this direction, and came to his Sabbath-school superintendent and asked if he knew of any place where neighbourhood mission work was needed. The reply was: "Certainly, I do," and then told him of a call that had just come for some one to take the charge of a mission school in an adjoining town, and "You are just the man." Young Haven hesitated, it came so suddenly upon him. "There is no time like the present," said the superintendent; "the Lord wants you; go at once." The young business man went. He remained faithful at his post, built up a large school from a beginning of nine scholars. The work was never abandoned by him until the end of his earthly life. Says his narrator: "He was preparing for the fortieth anniversary of that Sabbath-school when he finally entered into rest. Twenty years after commencing at the mission school, he was elected superintendent of the home church school; the home school meeting in the morning before church and the country school in the afternoon. The results of the work carried on in these two schools were wonderful."

A prominent fellow-citizen, on the day of Mr. Haven's funeral, said: "I never saw a man who could do so many things, and do them all so well as Henry P. Haven." And his narrator adds: "Could more than this have been said of him, if he had not been a devoted and untiring Sabbath-school superintendent? On the contrary, it may rather be affirmed that it was because Mr. Haven was so faithful in his Sabbath-school work that he was so successful in the other departments of his life work."—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

**The Pedlar on London Bridge.**

It was a bright May morning early in the present century. London Bridge was densely crowded and almost impassable, as it was wont to be in those times, for it was not the stately structure of Rennie with which we have to deal, but the old, narrow, many-arched bridge which for centuries had formed the only link between the city and the adjoining borough of Southwark.

In one of the abutments, near the city side, on the day referred to, a man was very busy advertising sovereigns for sale. "Here you are, gentlemen," he vociferated; "real golden sovereigns, one penny apiece. Only a penny apiece—real sovereigns, fresh from his Majesty's mint! Here's an opportunity that will never happen again—only a penny for a real golden sovereign, twenty shillings' value, two hundred and forty pence—all for one penny! Don't let the chance slip, gentlemen; it will never come again! Buy a hundred sovereigns for a hundred pence!"

The crowd surged by, taking little notice of him, or when any one did make a response to his invitation it was to express surprise at his folly in believing that the public could be so taken in. "You've brightened up those farthings of yours pretty smartly," said one; "if you'd sell 'em for a penny you might do some business." "Best mind what you are at, my lad," growled an old city clerk; "if you attempt to pass off those Brummagem buttons as sovereigns you may have the constables after you."

The pedlar listened to these remarks with the utmost composure. He did not appear to be in any way disturbed, though he had stood for nearly three-quarters of an hour without receiving a single bid for his wares; nor did his eye turn aside from the tray which was slung by a band round his neck, except to glance at a man occupying the same niche in the bridge as himself, who was leaning carelessly against the parapet, referring every now and then to the watch which he drew from his pocket.

Presently it seemed as if a customer had come at last. "O papa," said a little boy, "those are the things mother is always wanting. Look here; I've got fourpence which she gave me for bringing a good character home from school. I'll buy four of the sovereigns and take them home to her if I may."

"You're a good boy, Dicky," said the father, "but I am afraid you're mother wouldn't get much good out of them. They're only pretence, my lad. In this world no one ever parts with anything under its value. You may give good money and get what's worth very little for it; but you'll never give what is worth very little and get good money for it. Come along and buy your bulls' eyes."

The pair passed on and presently another man stopped and looked wistfully at the tray.

"If they were only real," he muttered, "twenty of them would keep me out of jail and I might come all right again. There's many a man now to whom twenty real sovereigns are of no more consequence than that chap's medals would be. Ah, but though he doesn't want them himself, he won't give them to me."

He too resumed his way. "What is the time now?" asked the pedlar of the lounge beside him.

"Just a quarter to twelve," was the answer. "You have exactly fifteen minutes to stay, and that is all. Halloo," he added under his breath, "here is a customer at last, I do believe."

As he replaced his watch a man having the appearance of a decent mechanic, carrying a small bundle, stopped for a moment or two, eyeing with curiosity the contents of the pedlar's tray. Then he took up one of the coins and turned it over.

"Well, it's a clever sham," he said, "and it will please my little boy. I've just got a penny left after paying for the tea and sugar, and I'll take one of these home to him."

He laid down his penny accordingly, received one of the coins, and went on his way. He could not put it inside his bundle very well, and he had a hole in his pocket, so he was obliged to keep it in his hand. As he passed on into Grace-church Street, under the window of the large jeweller's shop a crowd, which had gathered around a fallen horse, forced him into the doorway, and he took the opportunity of examining his purchase again.

"Well, it is uncommon like, that I must say," he exclaimed. "I haven't fingered too many of these, to be sure; but all I have seen are as like this as one pea is to another. There can't be any chance of its being a real one, I suppose, that would be too good a joke; and yet there is no harm in asking, and this chap will tell me what it is in a minute."

He stopped up to the jeweller's counter accordingly, and laying his

coin on it, inquired of the man "what that might be."

"That!" said the jeweller, taking it carelessly up and weighing it on his finger, "why, what should it be, my good man, but a sovereign?"

"A sovereign, a real sovereign!" exclaimed the other, "you don't mean it to be sure! Just look again, sir, if you please, and make certain!"

"There's no need to look again," said the shopman rather sharply; "I should know gold by this time when I see it. It's as good a sovereign as ever came from the mint, and is quite new into the bargain. I'll give you twenty shillings for it if you want to change it."

The journeyman stared once more in the jeweller's face, and then turning short round he made for the door, elbowing his way without ceremony through the crowd gathered in Grace-church Street, and then turning down one of the narrow alleys which in those days intervened between the broad thoroughfare and the river he hurried on with all the speed he could command. Presently he emerged near the entrance to the bridge, and still fighting his way vigorously, reached the embrasure where he had left the dealer in sovereigns. Alas, he was gone, and his place was occupied by a vendor of gingerbread nuts, who was commending his articles with an earnestness which far exceeded that of his predecessor.

"Where is the man who was selling the sovereigns?" exclaimed the journeyman, breathlessly.

"Man with the sovereigns!" repeated the person addressed. "I don't know of any such. There was a chap here with a tray about five minutes ago, just as I come up, but he shut up business and walked off with his friend just as twelve o'clock struck."

Not improbably the reader has heard the explanation of this strange occurrence already—how two fashionable loungers at the West End had made a wager as to what would be the consequence if one hundred sovereigns were offered for sale, at one penny apiece, for an hour on London Bridge during the most busy portion of the day. The one party had contended that they would all be bought up the moment they were exposed to view, the other that the public would totally disregard them. The experiment was tried and with the result which has been related; of the hundred sovereigns only one was sold, and that to a man who had no belief in the value of his purchase.

It may seem strange to us that men should have shown so little discernment. Yet what is it but the very same thing that is going on every day on the bridge which leads from this world to the next? The servant of his Lord stands by the wayside and offers to all the pure gold of everlasting life in his Master's name, and bids them buy it without money and without price. But they pass by it and heed it not, thinking that that which is so freely offered must needs be worthless. Few or none make purchase of it; and they only find out its true value when it comes to be tested by use. Here also the precious prize is offered only during the brief hour of human life. The angel witnesses stand by and mark the throng as it heedlessly passes by, and when the hour is ended the offer is withdrawn. Vain will it be then to strive and haste to redeem the past. There is no repentance in the grave.—*Sunday at Home.*



The Loom of Life.

ALL day, all night, I can hear the jar Of the loom of life, and near and far It thrills with its deep and muffled sound, As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom, In the light of day and the midnight gloom, The wheels are turning early and late, And the wool is wound in the warp of fate.

'Click, clack' there's a thread of love woven in Click, clack! another of wrong and sin. What a checkered thing will this life be When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery And hands as busy as hands can be, Sits at the loom with its arm outspread, To catch in its meshes each glancing thread,

When shall this wonderful web be done? In a thousand years, perhaps, or one; Or to-morrow! Who knoweth? Not you or I, But the wheels turn and the shuttles fly.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-web— say!

Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day? It were better then, O my friend, to spin A beautiful thread, 't an a thread of sin.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow, But each one is nearer the end, I know, And some day the last thread shall be woven in—

God want it be love instead of sin —E.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 30 ] LESSON XII. [Sep. 19.

JESUS INTERCEDING.

John 17. 1-3, 11-21. Commit vs. 20-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Heb. 7. 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus' prayer on earth a type of the prayer he is ever making for us in heaven.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 17. 1-28. Tu. John 5. 19-40. W. John 6. 26-44. Th. 1 Cor 12. 1-14. F. 1 Cor. 12. 15-31. Sa. Eph. 4. 1-16. Su. 1 John 5. 4-21.

NOTE.—This lesson, as selected by the International Committee, was so long (26 verses) that the leading publishing houses agreed on the above shorter selection. (See Les. 4.)

TIME.—Thursday evening, very late, April 6, A.D. 30, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The farewell discourse of Christ ended with a remarkable prayer which may truly be called the Lord's prayer.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. The hour is come.—The hour of crucifixion, the central point of his redeeming work. Glorify thy Son.—Manifest his glory by making his mission a success, by raising him from the dead, and placing him at thy right hand in heaven. Thy Son glorify thee.—The atonement and redemption in Christ manifested God's love and wisdom which are his glory. 2. Eternal life.—True spiritual life, begun here, but which endures forever. 3. This is life eternal, that they might know thee.—By experience by partaking of God's nature.

11. That they may be one.—Not uniformity, but unity; not oneness of organization, but of life and love. The unity of a vine with one life, one root, but many branches. The unity of an army with many departments and regiments. Christians have the same spiritual life, the same leader, the same law, the same purpose, mutual love. 12. That the Scripture might be fulfilled.—Ps. 41. 9 (John 13. 18). He did not fail because it was in the Scripture, but when he fell it was seen that he had voluntarily fulfilled the prediction. 14. They are not of the world.—But are under a different Master, living a different life. 15. Not take them out of the world.—Because they were needed in it to do Christ's work, preach his truth, save the men he came to save. Keep them from the evil i. e.,—From sin, the greatest of evils. How?—By the Word of truth, by working for Christ, by the higher joys of goodness, by the discipline of life, by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. 17. Sanctify.—Set apart for religious work, hence, to make holy.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Characteristics of this prayer.—The glory of the Son.—Life eternal.—The unity of the Church.—Christians not of the world.—Kept from the evil.—Sanctified by the truth

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is usually called the Lord's prayer? May this chapter be called also the Lord's prayer? Where was this prayer uttered? Under what circumstances? What are the characteristics of this prayer?

SUBJECT. WHAT JESUS MOST DESIRES FOR HIS PEOPLE.

I. THAT THEY MAY HAVE ETERNAL LIFE (vs. 1, 3).—In what form did Jesus pray? What hour had come? How was the Son to be glorified? What power had been given him? What is eternal life? What must we do to have eternal life?

II. THAT THEY MAY BE ONE (vs. 11-21).—What is the unity Christ desires for his people? To what does he liken it? (See also v. 23.) What will be the effect of this unity? (v. 21.) Why? Is the Church gaining in unity?

III. THAT THEY MAY BE KEPT FROM THE EVIL (vs. 12-15).—How had the disciples been kept? Which one had been lost? Why? (v. 12; 1 John 2. 19.) Why would Christ have the disciples remain in the world? Does he want to live in this busy and evil world? From what would he have us kept? How?

IV. THAT THEY MAY BE SANCTIFIED (vs. 16, 17, 19).—What is it to be sanctified? How may we be sanctified? How does the truth do this? What is the truth?

V. THAT THEY MAY FULFIL THEIR MISSION (v. 17).—For what had Jesus been sent into the world? In what respects are we sent like him into the world?

VI. THAT ALL CHRISTIANS MAY HAVE THE SAME BLESSINGS AS THE DISCIPLES (v. 20).—For whom did Jesus pray? What is one work he is ever doing for us? (Heb. 7. 25.)

VII. THAT THEY MAY PARTAKE OF HIS GLORY.—What was Jesus' glory? (v. 24.) What will be ours if we faithfully serve him? What blessings does this include?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Those things which Jesus prayed for in our behalf are the ones we should most earnestly seek.

2. We are Christ's representatives on earth, and should carry on his work in his way.

3. The true Christian's place is in the world, but kept from its evil.

4. Being sanctified by the truth we should study much the Word by which we are sanctified.

5. We should in every true way seek to realize Christ's prayer for the unity of all Christians.

6. Those who work with Christ, suffer with him, and are sanctified with him, will also partake of his ineffable glory.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

12. For what seven most important things did Christ pray for his people? Ans. (Repeat the headings of this lesson.)

LESSON XIII. [Sep. 26.

REVIEW AND TEMPERANCE.

REVIEW.

(Scripture Lesson.—The Golden Texts of the Quarter.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever.—Isaiah 9. 7.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John chaps. 9, 10. Tu. John chap. 11. W. John chaps. 12, 13. Th. John chap. 14. F. John chap. 15. Sa. John chap. 16. Su. John chap. 17.

TIME.—The lessons of this quarter belong to the last six months of Jesus' ministry, from October, A.D. 29 to April 6, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—Chiefly in Jerusalem and vicinity.

PARALLEL EVENTS.—Matt. 19. 1 to 28; Mark 10. 1 to 14. 26; Luke 13. 10 to 23; 39.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What portion of Jesus' life have we been studying? In what places did the chief events occur? Where were most of the discourses spoken? Were there many other events and discourses during this time not recorded by John?

SUBJECT. THE REDEEMER'S KINGDOM UNFOLDING.

I. THE REDEEMER'S NATURE FURTHER REVEALED (LESSONS 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10).—To what is Jesus likened in Lesson 2? In what respect is he like a good shepherd? What miracle is recorded in Lesson 1? What like this is he still doing for the world? What did he do for his Bethany friends? (Lesson 1.) How is Jesus still the life of the world? How did one friend show her affection for him? (Lesson 5.) How did the children and the people honour him? What characteristics does Jesus show in Lesson 7? How was Jesus glorified? (Lesson 6.) To what does Jesus compare himself in Lesson 10? What is it to abide in him?

II. THE PRINCIPLES OF HIS KINGDOM (LESSONS 2, 7, 9, 10, 11).—What is the door to this kingdom? (Lesson 2.) What does the good shepherd do for his sheep? How is Christ the way? (Lesson 9.) What else is he? (Lesson 9, v. 8.) How may we know whether we are in the kingdom? Lesson 10, v. 14.) How did Jesus teach humility? (Lesson 7.) How to love one another? What commandment lies at the basis of his kingdom? (Lesson 8.) How may we remain in his kingdom? (Lesson 10, v. 4.) What is the fruit we should bear? What becomes of fruitless branches? How does fruit-bearing glorify God? In what respects are all Christians one? Does this unity exist now?

III. ITS ORDINANCES (LESSONS 7, 8).—What are the two great ordinances of Jesus' kingdom? What does baptism signify? Who partook of the Lord's supper? What is this supper intended to teach?

IV. ITS PROMISES AND HOPES (LESSONS 4, 9, 10, 11, 12).—What did Jesus promise believers? (Lesson 4.) Where had he gone to prepare a place for them? (Lesson 9.) What works did he promise they should do? (Lesson 9, v. 12.) What did he promise as to prayer? What great helper did he promise to send? What would he do for the disciples? (Lesson 9, 11.) What to lead the world to be disciples? What joy does he give them? (Lesson 20.) From what should they be kept? (Lesson 12.) How should they be made holy? What glory and blessedness shall be theirs?

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

SUBJECT.—THOU ART WEIGHED IN THE BALANCES AND FOUND WANTING (Dan. 5. 27). READ the story in this chapter of Daniel. WEIGH the question of the uses of intoxicating liquors in the BALANCES OF REASON.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—In what story is the subject of this lesson found? Who was weighed in the balance? What does this mean? In what balance should we weigh the question of temperance?

I. IN ONE SCALE PLACE THE REASONS IN FAVOUR OF USING STRONG DRINK.—How many reasons can you think of in favour of using intoxicating liquors? Name them. Are they good and strong reasons? Do they belong to the lower or the higher nature? Are they such as any one would be willing to acknowledge openly? What makes them induce so many to begin to drink? How are the young deceived by them?

II. IN THE OTHER SCALE PLACE THE REASONS AGAINST USING STRONG DRINK.—How many reasons can you think of against beginning to use intoxicating liquors? Name them. How is it a murderer? How does it deceive men? How does it make criminals? Of what does it rob men? How does it make slaves of them? To what good things is it opposed? With what evil things is it in sympathy? How does it injure family and friends? What does it bring upon the soul? Are the reasons stronger for, or against drinking? Which course will you choose? What will you do to help others choose the better way? Have you signed the pledge?

"I CANNOT do what is wrong; I am a Christian," said young Maximilianus, when asked to do a questionable thing. To do the right, that was the badge of Christianity.

CHAUTAQUA.

TEXT BOOKS

- 33. Elihu Burritt: "The Learned Blacksmith." By Charles North and ... 0 10
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