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# HOME & SCHOOL.



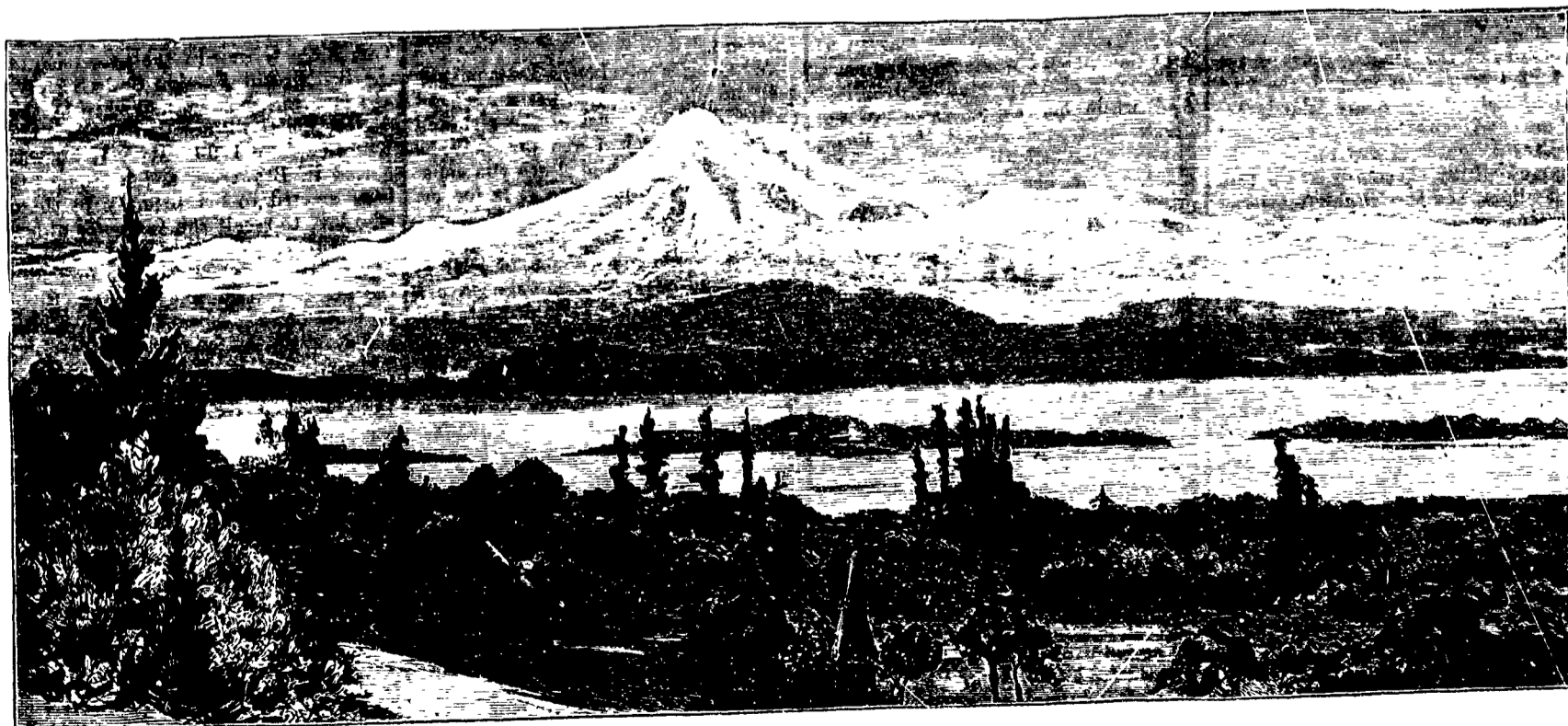
VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 4, 1886.

[No. 25.



THE OLYMPIAN RANGE.  
(As seen from Victoria, British Columbia.)



MOUNT BAKER  
(As seen from Victoria, British Columbia.)

## Superannuated Preachers.

We are waiting for the Master,  
For our sun is almost down,  
And its parting radiance gleameth  
Like the glintings from a crown;  
But He bids us not be idle,  
While the daylight seems to stay;  
If we cannot do full service  
We at least can watch and pray.

We are waiting for the Master,  
We have wandered far and wide,  
Sown, and reaped, and bound the harvest,  
Stood in battle side by side.  
Now when heart and courage faileth,  
Hands are weak and feet are slow  
To our doors our duty cometh,  
Round our paths occasions grow.

We can wipe the tear of sorrow,  
We can comfort hearts that bleed,  
We can plant for future harvests,  
Scatter here and there a seed.  
We can pluck the tares of error,  
Nurture if we can't detest;  
We can watch a broken hedge-row  
Till a stronger hand can mend.

We must strive with fierce temptation,  
Coming with our waning powers,  
Serve in waiting, not in doing,  
Bear through many weary hours  
Doubts and fears, which active labour  
In the ranks can never feel;  
Wrestling in a broken harness,  
Fighting with a blunted steel.

Soon the Master will be calling,  
Who who sowed in tears the seed  
Will our sheaves be homeward bringing,  
Joy and gladness on our head;  
And we'll answer, "Welcome, welcome!"  
To the message from above;  
Lay aside our broken armour,  
Rest us in His boundless love.

## Mount Baker.

(See cuts on first page.)

The city of Victoria, British Columbia, is one of the most charming cities which we ever visited. The climate is delightfully mild. Snow and frost are scarcely known. Roses and other flowers are in bloom till nearly Christmas and begin to bloom again early in the spring. In the garden of the Rev. Mr. Pollard, well known to many in Ontario, I was presented in October with a magnificent bouquet of roses, fresh and fragrant as ours in June. The drives around the city are most romantic; great arms of the sea run far inland, through which the tide swirls in and out. These make delightful picnic resorts. High hills rise here and there, from which majestic views are gained of the winding coast of the Gulf of Georgia, an arm of the vast Pacific, and of the many islands far and near. In clear weather a constant object of delight is Mount Baker on the mainland lifting his snowy crown into the sunlight, and the far shining Olympian range, whose exquisite pearly tints no pen can describe.

## Sam Jones on Fashion.

I HAVEN'T been living thirty-eight years for nothing. I have learned a few things. I tell you I see just as plain as I see my hand before my face what is the matter in all this land. Parents don't control their children, and you know they don't. Children are controlling parents three times in five all over this land, and whatever your children say you do, and what you tell your children not to do they will do it if they want to. Ain't that a fact? When you let your children get from under your grip you have done fearful damage to your child, to say nothing about adding misery to yourself. If you had done duty to your children that daughter would have been the brightest star in your view, and that boy would have been the pride of your house. I

believe us Christian people ought to be like one of our governors' wives, a country lady but a sensible woman, but who did not know much about town-ways, and when she moved to the capital she started her little children to school in red flannels. Well, they came home just mortified to death, and said, "Mother, if you don't take off these red flannels we won't go to school. Red flannels are not the fashion at the school, and everybody laughed at us." "My dears," said the governor's wife, "I never came to Milledgeville to follow the fashion; I came here to set the fashions." Let us Christian mothers do as she did, not follow the fashion, but set the fashion of righteousness, and make the balance of the world follow us. Let's make it fashionable to love God and keep His commandments. Let's make it fashionable to do right, to stay away from the ball-rooms and worldly places. Let's make it fashionable to go to prayer-meetings, and to have family prayers, and to read the Bible, and to serve God and do right, won't that be a good thing? Oh, if it could be made fashionable to love God and keep His commandments! Let's make it fashionable to do that, and make the rest of the world follow us in the fashion.

## The Welsh Girl and Her Bible.

BY G. S. SAVAGE, D.D.

THESE facts are gathered from a little book recently issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society, London, entitled "The Story of Mary Jones and her Bible."

Mary Jones was the only child of Jacob and Molly Jones, pious weavers, living in Llanfihangel, Wales. She was born December 16, 1784. It was the custom at Llanfihangel for the piously inclined to gather once a week in the little Methodist meeting-house, to study the Word of God. Mary's parents were members of this society. Children were not permitted to attend these gatherings, but little Mary became an exception to this rule. Her father was afflicted with a cough, and could not leave home at night, and hence Mary went with her mother, for company, and to carry the lantern to light the difficult way, extending some distance from their humble dwelling. And while her elders discussed the wonderful truths of the Holy Book, this quiet and attentive child reverently hid away in her loving heart many priceless jewels of its precious teachings.

"Why haven't we a Bible of our own, mother?" asked Mary, one night, as she trotted homeward, lantern in hand.

"Because Bibles are scarce, child, and we are too poor to pay the price of one. A weaver's an honest trade, Mary, but we don't get rich by it, and we think ourselves happy if we can keep the wolf from the door, and have clothes to cover us. Still, precious as the Word of God would be in our hands, more precious are its truths and teachings in our hearts."

This longing of the little one for a Bible was blended with intense yearning for an opportunity to learn to read, that she might fully enjoy the study of the sacred pages, which she so earnestly craved to call her own. At last a school was opened within two miles of her home, and Mary was duly entered by her kind father as a pupil. There she soon distinguished herself for fidelity in every regard, and for a sweet amiability

born and cherished by her love of God, and the teachings of His Word.

At the age of ten, upon entering school, she resolved to earn all she could, by doing chores for the neighbours at odd times, and save the small amounts until she should be able to buy the long-coveted Bible, an undertaking which she knew it would require years to accomplish. Meantime, as soon as she had learned to read, Mrs. Evans, a kind neighbour two miles away, generously permitted Mary to come once a week, and read and study her Bible, an opportunity which the pious child improved in committing to memory many precious psalms and chapters, which she would recite at home to her delighted parents. For six years Mary stored in a box which her father made for the purpose, the farthings and pennies of her patient earnings, including the returns from two hens given her before the amount necessary to secure a Bible was accumulated. Then, with her parents' blessing and a happy heart, she set forth—on foot and barefoot—over a rough journey of twenty-five miles, to Bala, to purchase from Mr. Charles the long-coveted treasure. After an all-day's walk, footsore and weary, she reached her destination at nightfall, and spent the night with the family of David Edwards, a much-respected Methodist preacher of Bala. Early the next morning, accompanied by Mr. Edwards, she called on Rev. Mr. Charles, who received her very kindly, and skillfully drew from her her modestly told story. He then regretfully told her that he had only a few copies of the Welsh Bible on hand, and that they were all promised, and that he could not even promise her one in the future, as the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had decided not to publish any more Welsh Bibles.

"Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?" was her cry of agonized disappointment, as with her head bowed the hot tears chased themselves over her cheeks, which had lost their accustomed rosy tint, and coursed between the trembling fingers of her sun-burnt hands, roughened by toil and exposure.

Mr. Charles was silent a few moments, then he approached and laid his hand on the drooping head of the girl, and with a voice broken and unsteady, he said: "My dear child, I see you must have a Bible, difficult as it is for me to spare one. It is impossible—yes, simply impossible—to refuse you."

In the sudden revulsion of feeling, Mary could not speak; but she glaced up with such a face of mingled rain and sunshine—such a rainbow smile—such a look of inexpressible joy and thankfulness in her brimming eyes, that the responsive tears gushed to the eyes of both Mr. Charles and David Edwards. After handing her the Bible, Mr. Charles turned to Mr. Edwards and said:

"David Edwards, is not such a sight as this enough to melt the hardest heart? A girl so young, so poor, so intelligent, so familiar with the Scriptures, compelled to walk all the distance from Llanfihangel to Bala (about fifty miles, there and back) to get a Bible!

From this day I can never rest until I find out some means of supplying the pressing wants of my country, that cries out for the Word of God."

Mr. Charles constantly revolved in his mind the incident above related, until the cry of the child for the Word

of God seemed to him the voice of all Wales. Consulting with some of his friends, who belonged to the committee of the Religious Tract Society, he received the warmest sympathy and encouragement, and was introduced at their next meeting, where he spoke most feelingly and eloquently about Wales and its poverty in Bibles, bringing forward the story of Mary Jones and her Bible, which gave point and pathos to his appeal. Rev. Joseph Hughes arose, and in reply to Mr. Charles's appeal for Bibles for Wales, exclaimed enthusiastically: "Mr. Charles, surely a society might be formed for the purpose, and if for Wales, why not for the world?" In two years the fact was accomplished. And now, after the lapse of a little over three-fourths of a century, this stream of blessing has bolted the earth, and with its sister societies is sending rills of refreshing among all nations, kindred, tongues, and peoples.

Mary Jones married Thomas Lewis, a weaver of Brynecrug, not very far from Llanfihangel. There with a husband and children of her own, with new duties and fresh cares, she beautifully fulfilled the promise of her early life. To the last her love for her Bible grew stronger and stronger. By her consistent Christian walk and example, she influenced for good all who were about her. Foremost in her estimation ever seemed the British and Foreign Bible Society, with the establishment of which she had been so closely connected. Mary was also interested in the Calvinistic Methodist Missionary Society. Many a secret of self-denial could have borne witness to her generosity, in giving of her substance for the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ. "On one occasion," we are told, "when a collection was made at Brynecrug, for the China Million Testament Fund, in 1854, a ten-shilling gold-piece was found in the collection-plate, neatly wrapped up between half-pence, and thus hidden until the money came to be counted. This was Mary's gift."

Mary Lewis died on the 28th of December, 1866, at the age of 82 years. She bequeathed her Bible to Rev. Robert Griffiths, and he to Mr. Rees. This Bible is now in the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and is a thick octavo, published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, in 1799. Mary Lewis was buried in Brynecrug, and a stone has been erected to her memory by those who love to recall the influence of her beautiful life, and the important if humble part she had taken in founding the great British and Foreign Bible Society. The stone bears, in both Welsh and English, the following inscription: "Mary, Widow of Thomas Lewis, Weaver, Brynecrug, who died Dec. 28th, 1866, aged 82 years. This tombstone was erected by contributions of the Calvinistic Methodists in the district, and other friends, in respect to her memory as the Welsh girl, Mary Jones, who walked from Llanfihangel to Bala, in the year 1800, when 16 years of age, to procure a Bible of Rev. Thomas Charles, B.A., a circumstance which led to the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society."

What hath God wrought! God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. And a little child shall lead them.

THE best power of song should be used in the service of God.

## Patchwork.

In an ancient city dwelt a king of wondrous power,  
Whose domain was far-extending, and whose  
wealth grew hour by hour,  
Till he planned to build a temple like the  
wise old king of yore,  
That his fame might be eternal, and might  
sound from shore to shore.

So with gold and gems and ear-rings they  
built up the arches high,  
But could find no painted window that could  
please the monarch's eye;  
And a solemn proclamation was re-echoed  
far and wide  
By his own right-royal heralds, and prince  
and lord beside.

"Know ye," said the solemn message, "'tis  
the king's most gracious will  
That a great reward be offered for the painter  
of most skill,  
And whoever makes a window most artistic  
in design  
Shall receive a crown and kingdom which  
shall second be to mine."

So from all those wide dominions came the  
artists, one by one,  
And they worked with care unceasing till  
the windows all were done,  
And were lifted to their places in among the  
arches tall,  
For the king to give his judgment which was  
grandest of them all.

But they had not counted rightly; there  
was still one empty space,  
And no time was there to purchase a new  
window for the place,  
When some one of them remembered a poor  
workman who, in fear,  
Humbly begged the coloured pieces of the  
crystal lying near;

And by patient cutting, fitting, using up  
the fragments small,  
He had made a patchwork window that was  
plainest of them all;  
And its many coloured figures—every shape  
and size and style—  
Made the workmen jeer and cavil, made the  
skilful artists smile.

But it must be used one evening, and amid  
so much beside  
It would stily pass unnoticed, till its place  
could be supplied;  
So they set it like the others, in its frame of  
carvings rare—  
For the king was then approaching, and the  
shouts rang through the air.

On he came, in all his glory, gazing up on  
every hand,  
At the saints and martyrs holy; at the old  
apostles' band;  
And the calm, sweet-faced Madonna, with  
her wondrous child and Lord;  
And the angels bringing tidings with their  
white wings spread abroad.

But before the patchwork window paused the  
king in great amazement,  
For the setting sun was shining with a rare  
and ruddy blaze

Through the scarred and criss-cross tracing,  
and he watched the sunbeams pour  
A hundred brilliant rainbows on the tessellated  
floor,

While the nave was filled with glory, with  
a splendour from on high,  
And the people bowed in silence, for the  
Lord seemed passing by.  
"Bring the artist!" cried the monarch:  
"his shall be the crown and gold;"  
And the workman, humbly kneeling, gained  
a wealth and power untold.

From this legend, full of meaning, shall we  
not take courage now  
That our work will be accepted, though it  
seem but poor in view?  
In our weakness bring we offerings, prayer  
and labour, money, time,  
But at least we make but patchwork when we  
aim at deeds sublime.

But we know that in God's temple all our  
work shall find a place,  
Though we mourn because our neighbours  
build with greater power and grace;  
But when through our patient life-work  
shines our Heavenly Father's love,  
It will glow with matchless beauty, and be  
fit for heaven above.

—S. B. C., in *Light and Life*.

THE people blessed of the Lord must  
stand at the head of nations in order to  
impart a blessing to all.—*Calver*.

## John and His Mother.

THE late Dr. James Hamilton, of  
London, used to say that he never lost  
hope of a lad so long as he revered  
the Sabbath day and loved his mother.  
Here is a lad who does both. John  
T—'s father, and brothers, and sisters  
are all dead. He is now the only son  
of his mother, and she is a widow. Her  
home is in a village of the west, where  
John served his apprenticeship in a dry-  
goods store. He is now in a merchant's  
office respected and trusted by his em-  
ployer. Every Saturday night he goes  
home till Monday morning. He was  
offered a situation abroad with a large  
salary. But his mother is feeble and  
sorely off, and John will not leave her as  
long as she lives. He remembers how she  
"taught his infant lips to pray," and  
all her care and toil for him and his  
brothers and sisters in their childhood;  
and nothing now sweetens his work  
more than to think he is working for  
his mother. His fellow-clerks chaff  
him for not taking that capital situation.  
John does not mind. Love to Christ  
has made him love his mother more  
than ever.

"What do you remember about your  
mother?" said Dr. Todd to one of his  
sister's two orphan boys, at their  
mother's grave.

"Oh, everything."

"But what in particular?"

"Oh, this, uncle—that there never  
was a day since I can remember in  
which she did not take us to her room  
and pray with us, unless she was sick  
on the bed."

Many of our readers can say the  
same. Dear young friends, ever be  
obedient and loving to your mother as  
long as you have her to love. A saucy  
word, a mocking look—these will be as  
thorns in your memory after she is  
gone; while it will be sweet, even  
when you are dying, to think you did  
all you could to make your mother  
happy. An old man lay insensible on  
his death-bed. Wife, and children, and  
grandchildren, were around him, but  
he did not know them. Rolling his  
head he tried to speak, "Mother! I  
want mother! why doesn't mother  
come?" His mother had been dead  
nearly fifty years! When a child, he  
had his little troubles, and he would  
carry his little griefs to his mother,  
for he knew she would sympathize and  
comfort him.

Motherless little ones! you know  
how true all this is. Do you not often,  
when you are alone, find your mother's  
countless little kindnesses coming up to  
your memory?

Sam Jones on Choosing a Wife and  
on Drink.

I BELIEVE a Christian girl runs a  
great risk when she marries a worldly  
man. I said to my wife:—"I never danced,  
and frolicked, and caroused around  
with other girls, but when I wanted to  
get me a good wife I came to prayer  
meeting and hunted her up." I said,  
"Is that not strange?" "Yes," she  
says, "I wish I had as much sense as  
you had." And then she laughed and  
said:—"Thank God, all's well that  
ends well." I tell you she ran a risk  
that like to have broken her heart, and  
I tell you with the deepest sense of  
regret and sorrow to-day. In three  
years from the day my wife left her  
home, mother, and friends to be my  
wife, my life of transgression had caused  
the rose to fade from her cheek, and it  
has never come back any more. God

forgive me, God forgive me. I tell you  
women to day, young ladies especially,  
you had better be careful; you had  
better be careful. The girl that will  
marry a boy whose breath smells with  
whiskey is the biggest fool angels  
ever looked at—except the one that  
marries him and stirs his toddy for  
him. Down in a town in Georgia  
a whole lot of young girls married a  
drunken lot of young men to reform  
them, and now there are more little  
old whip-poor-will widows in that  
town than you can shake a stick at,  
and they look as if they weighed from  
sixty to ninety pounds each. God pity  
the woman that has no more sense than  
to marry a man that drinks. What an  
awful thing it is. If there is anything  
in this world that whiskey is a direct  
enemy of, it is woman. If there is a thing  
on earth that whiskey has troubled the  
life out of, it is woman. If there is a thing  
on this earth that the whiskey barrels of  
this country have rolled over their  
heads, it is the women of this country,  
and yet there are women that not only  
will drink and pass it to their husbands,  
but will have it on their tables. God  
pity the woman that has no more  
sense, to say nothing else about her,  
than to do that sort of thing. If I was  
the wife of a king, he should not keep  
his brandies and wines in my house.  
You say, "Why, you would be obliged  
to submit." Mistress President Hayes,  
of America, would not touch it. She  
would not handle it, or let it come  
into the White House of America  
while she was the President's wife.  
Law me! it ain't whose wife you are,  
but what sort of a wife that fellow has  
got where you live. That's it. Sister,  
if I was you this morning I would go  
home; I would ransack my cellar and  
closets; I would get every bottle of  
everything and carry them out into the  
back yard and have them broken all  
to pieces. When husband comes to  
dinner I would say:—"I have thrown  
the liquor into the back yard. It is the  
worst enemy we have in this world,  
and it shall never come through our  
back yard any more." A wife wrote  
me the other day:—"I have a good  
husband. He is a good business man.  
I have drunk wine with him at our  
table. I enjoyed seeing him drink, till  
one day the conviction came upon me  
that husband came home that night a  
little full of whiskey. The next morning  
I said, 'Husband, I have made up my  
mind to this; no more brandy or whiskey  
will be drunk at our house forever. If  
you come home again and I smell it on  
your breath, I am going to pack up my  
duds and go away from home, and you  
will never see my face any more.' And,  
she said, "From that day to this my  
husband has never drunk one drop of  
whiskey; and now he is a live business  
man in this town." And I believe if  
that woman had not taken that step he  
would have been found lying drunk in  
a gutter one day or would have been  
buried in a drunkard's grave. She said,  
"I said to my husband, 'If you ever  
drink another drop, and I smell it on  
your breath, I'll pack up such few  
things as are my own, and go away  
from you, and you'll never look in my  
face again while you live.' And she  
meant it, too. Law me! If your  
husband loves whiskey better than you,  
you had better get away from him, the  
sooner the better."

Dew, corn, wine, are symbols of the  
blessings of the kingdom of grace and  
glory.—*Calvin*.

## "As Many as Touched H'm."

BY MRS. HELEN B. S. THOMPSON.

WONDROUS words about a wondrous  
Saviour, and a living testimony of Jesus'  
power and willingness to save. The  
same Saviour who eighteen hundred  
years ago lived on earth, ministering to  
the diseases of men, is nearer of access  
to thee, weary, sin-sick soul, than if to-  
day He walked in Palestine.

A young lady from my Bible-class  
came to my study a few days since with  
the earnest inquiry, "How shall I find  
the Lord?" After talking with her a  
few moments, I saw she was looking  
for "a more excellent way" than the  
one marked out by the cross. Seeking  
for cleansing, she yet deemed it too  
simple to "wash and be clean." She  
"must do something to prepare" her-  
self. She feared that she was "too  
sinful."

After a silent, earnest prayer, I re-  
minded her of Christ's own words,  
"They that are whole need not a  
physician, but they that are sick." "I  
came not to call the righteous, but sin-  
ners to repentance."

In great distress she exclaimed,  
"I don't understand how to find Him.  
Where shall I go?"

"My dear Mary," I replied, "He is  
here in this room, tenderly waiting to  
receive you." As she sat weeping,  
there came to my mind this passage,  
which I repeated at once: "As many  
as touched Him were made perfectly  
whole." She raised her head eagerly,  
and said, "Is that all?" and with  
beaming face extended her hands, cry-  
ing, "My Saviour, my dear Saviour!"

"Think you not there was joy among  
the angels when Jesus proclaimed, as  
He did on earth, 'Some one hath  
touched Me,' and wrote with His own  
hand the name of another Mary in the  
book of life? Ah! how simple, how  
free, how beautiful, the plan of sal-  
vation! Poor sin-sick soul, will not  
you also touch Him? Then shall  
you be made perfectly whole.—*Sunday-  
School Times*.

## Help Your Mother, Boys!

ONE who became a very noble and  
influential man, used to help his mother  
by scouring knives and forks every  
day before he went to school, and  
wiping dishes as well. It would do our  
boys good to know how to sweep, to  
sew, and be helpful about the house.  
Be polite to your mother; lift your hat  
to her, open the gate for her, bring a  
chair for her, save steps for her, be  
proud of her. Many a weary day and  
night she has watched over and worked  
for you; now let your care for her fill  
her life with sunshine and her heart  
with joy.

## A Touching Incident.

A poor little newsboy, while attempt-  
ing to jump from the tramcar the  
other afternoon, fell beneath a waggon  
and was fearfully mangled. As soon as  
the child could speak, he called piteously  
for his mother; and a messenger was  
at once sent to bring her to him. When  
the bereaved woman arrived, she hung  
over the dying boy in an agony of  
grief. "Mother," whispered he, with  
a painful effort, "I sold four news-  
papers, and the money is in my pocket."  
With the hand of death upon his brow,  
the last thought of the suffering child  
was for the poor, hard working mother,  
whose burdens he was striving to  
lighten when he lost his life.

"I am the Vine, Ye are the Branches."

Suggested by the International S. S. Lesson for September 5th, 1886.

Thou art the Vine, in whom indeed is life  
To quicken all; Thy grafted branches we,  
Who strong and fruitful grow 'mid storm  
and strife.

If faithful only we abide in Thee.

That Vine the Father sendeth, caring still  
For every branch, and all that fruitful be  
He traineth, so with chastened heart and  
will

They more abundantly bear fruit in Thee.

Forlorn, O Lord, that I should barren stand,  
Though serving fitly in a low degree;  
If yielding aught, however weak, His hand  
Will never place me hence, nor cast me  
out from Thee.

May fruit engendered by Thy Spirit grow  
To glorify Thee here by purity,  
By patience, meekness, love, to anger slow,  
Truth, goodness, gentleness and charity.

Though often in Thy dispensations just,  
Thy ways, inscrutable, I cannot see;  
Thy love and power and wisdom I will  
trust

And confidently, Lord, abide in Thee.

From deadly blights and mortal stains made  
clean,  
From blasting parasites of sin set free,  
I bless Thee though the cure be sore and  
keen,  
And only closer, Lord, abide in Thee.

When time is past Thy promise yet fulfil,  
Where mournings all shall cease and  
sorrows flee:

Bliss I can ne'er conceive, that I may still  
Through endless ages, Lord, abide in Thee.

AUGUST BELFORD.

Somenos, Vancouver Island.

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**Home & School.**

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 4, 1886.

**The Southern Revivalists.**

No religious awakening, we think, has ever so stirred any Canadian community as that resulting from the visit to Toronto of the two distinguished revivalists of the Southern Methodist Church. It was a marvellous sight to see four great congregations gathering day after day in two of the largest buildings of the city—the evening congregations would reach from 5,000 to 6,000 persons. The whole city seemed stirred, and the attractive power of the Gospel of Christ found a new illustration in the multitudes thronging to its faithful preaching. For it is the old, old Gospel of repentance and faith, and conversion and righteousness of life,

that these brethren preach. And many day after day, through their preaching, embrace the great salvation.

Several elements conspire to the producing of this result. The moral transformation in the characters of these men, both brought from the depths of degradation and made polished shafts in the hand of the Almighty, is one element of power. Their intense convictions and red-hot moral earnestness is another. The directness of their preaching and stern rebuking of sin within the Church or out of it carries conviction to every heart. The quaintness of expression and of manner, the flashes of wit, the touching or stirring illustrations, especially of Sam Jones, his keen insight into human nature and rare felicity in probing it to the quick—these give a charm of novelty, of fresh, unhackneyed presentation of the truth, that arrests the attention and compels the assent of the judgment, and in many cases the consent of the will, to the truth. Above all, implicit and intense dependence upon the power of prayer and the converting, saving, sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit secures the unfailing blessing of God which ever follows such faith.

We devote a good deal of space in both HOME AND SCHOOL and Pleasant Hours to reprinting extracts from these sermons, with the prayer to God, that they may impress the readers as they did those who heard them fall warm and glowing from the lips of the preacher. For these extracts we are indebted to the admirable reports of the *Globe*.

**\$250,000 FOR MISSIONS For the Year 1887.**

**A Cent a Day for Missions.**

SCARCELY any one in this land of plenty is unable to spare a cent a day for the conversion of the world. Where there is a will there is a way. If the resolve be only made the means will be found. Now what would a cent a day from the 185,292 members of the Methodist Church amount to in a year? Figure it out and see if it would not amount to \$675,715.80, nearly four times as much as the entire income of the Missionary Society from all sources last year. Now, as many persons give sums of from \$25 to several hundred dollars, a great many members must give very little, and many give nothing at all, for this purpose. What is wanted is to get every one to do something, however small. Why, even one cent a week from the 203,616 scholars and teachers in our Sunday-schools would amount to \$105,879.28 in a year, or more than half the entire income of the Society, and more than four times as much as the schools now raise. Let there be a united effort to raise one cent a week for each scholar, and one cent a day for each adult member of the Church.

**Sunday-Schools and Missions.**

THE Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, writes: "Permit me to call attention to the good work done for the Missionary Society by many of our Sunday-schools. The income last year from this source

was over \$24,000; but an examination of the lists shows that only about two-thirds of our circuits do anything in this way. It would be a grand thing if all our schools could be brought into line."

This sum is nearly all raised during the Christmas holidays. Can't the schools give a larger Christmas offering this year than they ever did before. Let not one school omit the missionary collection on the last Sunday of the year—the fourth Quarterly Review day—then let every school do something definite and systematic in the way of circulating missionary cards and using missionary boxes.

The *Missionary Outlook* for 1887, the organ of the Missionary Society, and of the Women's Missionary Society, of the Methodist Church. Single copy, per annum, forty cents; clubs of eight copies, or upwards (may be addressed separately), per copy, twenty-five cents. We heartily commend to our schools and churches this valuable periodical. At this price it is the cheapest, as it is one of the best, Missionary papers published. The circulation for 1887 should be increased at least five-fold. Address—Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

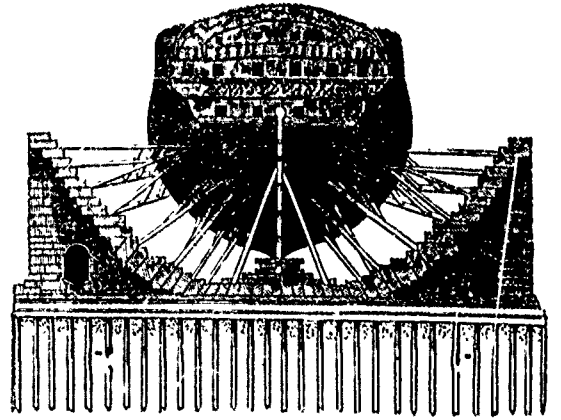
**A Dry Dock.**

DURING my recent visit to Victoria, I was driven by the Rev. W. W. Percival, minister of our Church in that city—to whose courtesy I am greatly indebted for much kindness—to the famous dockyard at Esquimaux, where there is a splendid dry dock constructed of solid stone, like that shown in the picture. It is designed, you see, to admit large-sized vessels at high tide, and when the tide goes out the water is shut out of the dock, which is then pumped dry and repairs are executed as if the ship were on dry land. We also visited Her Majesty's splendid man-of-war flag-ship, an account of which I shall give at another time.

**Your Children's Good.**

BY SAM JONES.

I BELIEVE, brethren, as parents, before doing anything we should stop right still and say: "Is this best for me?" and the next question we should ask is: "What effect will this have upon my children?" Good father, don't you know soon you are going to die? Don't you know that in a few more days you have to shake hands with your children and bid them good-bye forever? Think before each act and each word comes up. Stop and say:—"Is this the best for my precious children? Will it be best for them when I am dead and gone?" That is the way to talk it. There are some parents who are listening to my voice right now. It is time for you to halt and begin to think something about your children. You have run your selfishness and your own ideas of things, and perhaps that child of yours is ruined by it. And now it is time for us to bring up, halt, and see exactly how the thing lies. For your good, for your children's good. Listen. It will be



A DRY DOCK.

for your good, as for all of us, to have one heart, and one way, and let us all face into line. That is the best thing for you, and then whatever is best for me is best for my children. It will be for your good, and for your children's good. I see this fall that little Annie puts on little Mary's dress, that little Mary wore last winter. Little Bob has got on little Paul's coat. Little Mary has grown out of these clothes, and little Annie has grown up to them. Little Paul has grown out of his coat, and little Bob has grown up into it. I look at the little fellows growing up and say, "Wife just look how fast these little fellows are growing." I think they are growing monthly, but they are ten times as big in my heart to-day as they were five years ago. Our children step on our corns, it is said, when they are young, but they get up on our hearts when they get older; and I tell you, as I look upon my children at home, the all-absorbing thought with me is:—"My God, what will become of my children when I am dead and gone." I cannot put my hands on little Bob's head and say, "This little boy will be safe in heaven." I cannot put my hands on Paul's head and say, "This boy will never die drunk." I cannot to save my life. I would give all things in this world if I could throw my arms around my children to-day, and say for a certainty that these children are all as certain to be safe in heaven as that they live and breathe at home. I believe I would shout the balance of my hours in this world if I could just settle that fact. What is going to become of my children? I tell you you won't be here much longer with them, and they are going to quote you and talk about you after you are dead and gone. I have seen children and filled their hearts and heads with gospel and brought them down to, "What will you decide," and they will state boldly, "Mr. Jones, my father was as good a man as ever lived, and he did not object to dancing," and this, that, and the other, and not only have you set a bad example to them here, but you have looked and barred the gates of heaven in their faces forever. Now, sir, my children may quote me in a thousand things, but they shall not, never one of them, go astray in worldliness and say, "My father thought there was no harm in it." I am going to denounce now and forever everything that can lead a soul away from good, or debauch a human being. Just for the sake of a giddy, foolish hour you're subjecting your children to the perils of eternal damnation.

Do right and leave the results in the hands of the Lord.



SCENE IN INDIA.

## Home Rule.

THE farmer sat in his old arm chair,  
Rosy and fair,  
"Kate, I declare,"  
He said to his wife who was knitting near,  
"We need not fear  
The hard times here,  
Though the leaf of life is yellow and sore.

"I am the king, thou art the queen,  
Of this fair scene;  
Our love is green  
As when thou wert a village maid,  
And I, a blade,  
In love—afraid  
My fondest hopes would be delayed.

"Now, whether the days be dim or fine,  
In rain and shine,  
Here—thine and mine—  
Are cattle grazing upon the hill,  
Taking their fill,  
And sheep so still,  
Like many ruled by a single will.

"These barnyard fowls, our subjects all,  
They heed the call,  
Both great and small,  
When we scatter for them the grain.  
'Tis not in vain  
We live and reign  
In this our happy, fair domain,

"Unvexed with shifting stocks and shares,  
And bulls and bears  
And the affairs  
Of speculation in mart and street,  
In this retreat  
Sweet Peace can meet  
Plenty, that's crowned with braided wheat."  
—Vick's Magazine.

## Sam Jones on Dignity.

THE happiest people in the world ought to be Christians, and Christians ought to be the happiest people in the world, and enjoy themselves more than any people on earth. Mope 'round here just like your Father in Heaven had died and left you nothing in His will and you are an eternal orphan! If some of my children looked like some of you people do sometimes I wouldn't want to hear them call me "father" in company where anybody could hear them. Let's get the idea out of our head that a sad face means a clean heart, that a solemn look means purity of life, that dignity and usefulness are synonymous terms. When a man is full of sin he needs a good deal of dignity to hold him up. The more dignity a man needs and employs the less he has of other things much better than dignity. I am going to be as dignified some day as any man in the crowd. It will be when I am laid out in my coffin. I will be as straight and

composed then as anybody. I never expect to be dignified until then. The more dignified a fellow is the nigher he is dead. Did you ever notice that? I said it—I mean it. What is dignity? It is the spread of a shroud. I fancy I hear some sister say about me, "He is so dreadfully out of propriety in everything." Do you know what propriety means? See now. Did you ever see a fellow go right up to a thing straighter than I do? I have more propriety than any fellow you ever saw. Only you don't know what propriety means. Your idea of propriety is this: You go down and look into a shop window and see a hat bent and twisted and crooked until it will fit your foot as well as your head. That is your propriety. What is dignity? To maintain with earnestness and fidelity the claims of God upon humanity and propriety! To go right up to a thing and strike at it without any circumdendibus.

## Scene in India.

OUR picture shows you one of the two-wheel carts of India. Not a very easy one to ride in nor very handsome. But still people ride in or on them. The sleepy-looking bullocks are probably as lazy as they look to be, for the repeated blows which they receive on their sides from their driver have become so frequent that they no longer care for them. No one walks in India if he can get a couple of wheels and a bullock to draw him. I presume that most of my readers would prefer walking to riding, if the vehicle in which they were to ride resembled this one; but in India, where the weather is so warm, any means by which exertion is lessened is considered not only right and proper but very acceptable.

## Evergreen Sunday-Schools.

THIS is a novel, yet significant appellation, to distinguish Sunday-schools that are kept in vigorous existence, not merely during the summer and early autumn,—like the forms of vegetable life in our fields and gardens, but, like the evergreens which form so large a portion of our native forests,—during the months of cold and snow as well. We have never been able to see the necessity which obliges the intermission of so many of our Sabbath-schools dur-

ing the winter season. There may be localities that are so sparsely settled as to require a suspension of our Sunday-school work; but such cases are not by any means as numerous as would be indicated by the many schools subjected to this system of winter recess. We take therefore the liberty of kindly submitting to pastors and managers of Sunday-schools who have been accustomed to such interruption of their labors during so considerable a portion of the year a very few plain thoughts on this subject.

We would inquire, why should Sunday-schools be discontinued during the winter in localities where week-day schools are kept in operation all the year?

If it be not a necessity to close the latter, what necessity can exist for closing the former? Is it not so that in such cases of interruption, a large part of the year, and at a season favorable for religious and Sabbath-school instruction, is allowed to pass unimproved, as far as the youth of families is concerned? May it not be the case that so important a portion of the life of the young, for whose religious training we are responsible, if not employed for good purposes, is in many instances sure to be perverted to that which is evil? May not the benefits received during six months of Sunday-school training be more than neutralized by the influences brought to bear on youthful hearts during the months when the Sunday-school is suspended? Can we justify ourselves in allowing so precious a portion of youthful opportunity to pass over without using it to lead our young people by religious influences to Christ and salvation? Is there not much loss of interest in the Sabbath-school, both on the part of teachers and scholars, by closing the schools for so great a part of the year? Is it not much more difficult to get a school in good working condition in the spring after an interval of several months, than to keep it in a state of efficiency the year through?

In years gone by there may have been some show of reason for closing our Sunday-schools during the winter season, when places for holding these were more distant from many of our families, and were not so accessible, and not so comfortable as they now are. It would seem that what was deemed needful in the past, has in altered circumstances been allowed to continue as a custom, though the necessity for such usage no longer exists. There are interruptions to the Sunday-school work in summer; and there is often as much propriety in closing in summer as in winter. We attribute to this custom of winter closing much of the inefficiency of the schools that are kept in only partial operation.

We entreat Sabbath-school workers not to allow their zeal in the cause of the Good Shepherd, and their love for the lambs of the fold, so to cool as to become unwilling to be steadily employed in their self-denying service. Whole-hearted teachers will not be disposed to allow the results of their labour during six months of the year to be scattered to the winds by the neglect of the months next succeeding. Nor

is this at all necessary, except in very rare circumstances; for there is not ordinarily any difficulty in keeping up the winter school, but what can be, and ought to be surmounted. Try and work your schools even better this winter than you have done in the summer, and you will in no wise lose your reward. Let the aim be, "All the scholars for Jesus."—Halifax Wesleyan.

## Sam Jones on Seed Sowing.

I WANT you to notice the fact—the multiplying nature of seed. If I sow one grain of corn, I will reap eight hundred grains. Now, every work of your life is a seed, every deed of your life is a seed, not floating upon the rich soil of the Dominion of Canada, but in human hearts. And remember, when once the seed drops from your hearts it is gone forever from your reach. A woman came to a Catholic priest and confessed, "I have talked among my neighbours, and made trouble in my settlement." The priest gave her a basket of thistle seed and said, "Walk the highways between your neighbours' homes and scatter this thistle seed on the right and on the left." In an hour or two the woman came back and said, "I have done what you told me." The priest said, "Before I will absolve you, I want you to gather up those thistle seeds and put them back in the basket." "Oh," said the poor trembling woman, "I can never do that." And the priest answered, "Neither can you ever undo the mischief you did in that community."

## What Animals Have Done.

IN a recent address by Dr. Bergh, the friend of dumb animals, showed that the connection of animals with the affairs of mankind had been a remarkable one. He said: "The protest of Balaam's ass prevented the commission of the greatest crime against Heaven, and the cackling of geese saved Rome. When the armies of James II. and William were confronting one another, the noise made by a wrong picking up some crumbs from the top of a drum awoke the sleeping drummer, and thus saved the army of William. Scott tells us that the most splendid event in the history of Scotland, namely, the ascent of Bruce to the throne, was owing to a simple spider, and one of the greatest naval victories of England resulted from the crowing of a cock. A St. Bernard dog, named Barry, during twelve years of service on the mountains saved the lives of forty travellers. Greyfriars' Bobby lay upon the grave of his master nine years, and his unparalleled devotion has been perpetuated by a monument, erected by the Baroness Burdett Coutts. A young man once rowed out into the middle of the river with a dog and then threw him overboard. The faithful animal clung to the boat, but was driven off by his cruel master, until at length, during his efforts, he lost his own balance and fell into the stream. Did the dog desert him? No; he seized him by his clothes and held him above water till succour arrived. One of those cruel enthusiasts known as dissectors of living animals being once in need of a subject actually took his own dog, which had been for years in his family, confined him to a table, and ripped him up as though he had been a senseless object. The suffering creature groaned and howled in his agony, and just before dying raised his head and licked the hand of his savage tormentor."

## Charity.

"The greatest of these is charity  
The beams of morning are renew'd,  
The valley laughs their light to see  
And earth is bright with gratitude,  
And heaven with Charity.

Oh, dew of heaven: oh, light of earth!  
Fain would our hearts be fill'd with  
Because nor darkness comes, nor death  
About the home of Charity.

God guides the stars their wandering  
He seems to cast their courses free,  
But binds unto Himself for aye;  
And all their chains are Charity.

When first He stretch'd the signed zodiac  
And heap'd the hills, and barr'd the  
Then Wisdom sat beside His throne,  
But His own word was Charity.

And still, through every age and hour  
Of things that were and things that  
Are breathed the presence and the peace  
Of everlasting Charity.

By noon and night, by sun and shower  
By dews that fall and winds that flow,  
On grove and field, on fold and flower,  
Is shed the peace of Charity.

The violets light the lonely hill,  
The fruitful furrows load the sea;  
Man's heart is sterile still,  
For lack of lowly Charity.

He walks a weary vale within—  
No lamp of love in heart hath he;  
His steps are death, his thoughts are sin,  
For lack of gentle Charity.

Daughter of heaven! we dare not lift  
The dimness of our eyes to thee;  
Oh! pure and God-descended gift!  
Oh! spotless, perfect Charity!

Yet forasmuch thy brow is crost  
With blood-drops from the deathful tree,  
We take thee for our only trust,  
Oh! dying Charity!

Ah! Hope, Endurance, Faith—ye fail like  
death;  
But love an everlasting crown receiveth;  
For she is Hope, and Fortitude and Faith,  
Who all things hopeth, beareth and believeth.  
—John Ruskin.

## Sam Jones on Running the Risk.

HERE is a man sitting on the pinnacle or cone of a five-storey building. He sat there whitening with a little penknife which only cost 50 cents, but it is a beautiful little knife, and all at once the knife slips out of his hands and slides down to the edge of the building and stops. He sits and looks at that knife and says:—"I am sorry I let that knife slip out of my hand; I believe I'll go down and get it." "But you might slip and fall off; it's very near the edge." "I know that, but people have gone that near the edge and not fallen. It is true the knife is only worth fifty cents, and it is risking a good deal; but I think I can get it and not fall off." "But if you fall, it is death." "Well, I know, but I am going to be careful." And he crawls down to the edge and grasps the knife, and just as he grasps his knife, his hold loosens and he falls and is crushed to jelly on the rocks. But he got the knife; he got the knife. I say to a woman, "Don't go to that dance, sister, it might be the cause of the first downward step of your daughter." "But," she says, "other people have had dances and their children have come out all right." "Yes, but it might be the downfall of your daughters and their damnation." "Well, that is true, but I am not afraid of my daughter." So she has the dance, and every child wakes up in hell at last. But they had a dance that night. God keeps us from going into hell without a particle of reason for it that sensible men ought to talk about at all. For one sham-

pagne supper a drunkard has been started to hell. It was just one little drink of champagne; and while the warning voice says, "Don't drink it, don't drink it," he did drink it, and woke up in hell at last. But he got the drink of champagne. Ain't that consolation for a fellow? Suppose you send your daughter to a dancing school, and she gets to be the nicest dancer in town. Then suppose your husband loses all his money, and your daughter is thrown out on the world, and you say, "Mr. Jones, will you give her a recommendation; I want her to get a position; she's a good girl, and willing to work. I recommend her as well qualified to teach music, and say she's a good girl; but I just add this postscript, 'She's a first-class dancer.'" Why, there isn't a place anywhere your daughter could get a place as a music teacher. Why, do you want to add something to her education that will bar her out of every honest job that she would apply for. I advertise for a teacher in my family; and if I had a young lady recommended by every Governor of every State in the Union and by the President of the United States, and by all the preachers in the country testifying to her culture and goodness; and if they just added this, "She's a first-class dancer," the whole concern might go. I wouldn't bring such a one into my house to train and educate my children. Some old women may just get up and nearly go off in a conglomeration of ecstasy to see their daughters put a pigeon-wing on a ball-room floor. Sister, your happy streaks are out of line with everything I consider worth considering. It is time you are beginning to think. I will do it for my good and for my children's good. Let's "right about" in these things. I will say it and I expect to die saying it. I will protect my children or die in a pool of blood at my front door. They shall not run foul of my children with these tides of worldliness running over this country. Come to the by-service in the Rink to-night. You better go to the Rink. All who want to work and pray go the Rink. I want all the old bench-warmers to come here. Before we leave I want to know how many will say: "I want that heart and one way, for my good and for my children's good."

The entire audience rose, when Sam Jones exclaimed, "Thank God for a sight like that."

## Children on the "Ville du Havre."

TWENTY children were on board the *Ville du Havre* when she went down in the ocean, a few days before Thanksgiving, November, 1873. I believe but one of the number was saved. And the nineteen precious lost ones—what a fearful void their absence makes in many homes, leaving some of them entirely empty and silent which once all day long echoed to happy voices and to the patter of busy feet! Some of these children I knew. I had seen them in their joyful sports, and welcomed them to my own circle of playful children who are still spared to me, while their playmates and their playmates' mother—a whole family—went down in the most painful of ocean disasters.

But the calamity had its mitigations, as the death of Christian people, no matter when or how, is sure to have. Some of these dear children, were

Christians; they had given their hearts to the Saviour only a short time before they started on their disastrous journey. Two of them, especially, had shown great earnestness on the subject of their souls' salvation, and begged their parents' permission to go out to the evening meetings held in their church. Their parents were excellent Christian people; but they rather restrained than encouraged the children in this wish. Finally they were permitted to go; and when they asked and begged to be allowed to stay and meet the session, that they might be examined for admission to the church, with much hesitation this wish was also granted.

"Are you not too young to join the church?" asked one of the elders.

"I am not too young to love Jesus," was the reply.

They were admitted to the church, and soon after sailed with their mother for Europe, expecting to make long stay, and to get a good part of their education abroad. But their consecration to Jesus had already prepared them to meet their approaching end more completely than could any American or European schooling. Possibly it was foreseen by a higher intelligence than man's that further earthly training would have tended to unfit them for the heavenly life. Certainly there was some great mercy wrapped up in this mystery of sorrow. The less we can see of it the more we are called to believe it.

It was the conduct of these Christian children amid the horrors which were crowded into the fifteen minutes between the shock and the sinking of the vessel which proved the power of their faith, and which casts a great ray of light and consolation over the gloomy scene. They gather close around their mother as she stood helpless upon the sinking deck. Instead of waiting for comfort from her lips, the brave little ones cheered her with such words as these: "Don't let us be afraid, mother. If we die, you know we shall all go straight to heaven; if we are to be saved, nothing can hurt us."

In such calmness, and as if with inspired words upon their lips, these little heroines of faith went down beneath the water. How wondrously lightened did this calamity come to them! The presence of the Saviour, whom they loved, took away the sting of death. In His victory they conquered. They saw in the engulfing waters, and they taught others to see in them, a short passage way to heaven.

Why, dear Christian parents and teachers, should our faith in the religious possibilities of little children be so small and weak? Why should any of us ever be found among the rebuking disciples who would have kept the young children away, when Jesus, with open arms and yearning heart of love, was waiting to receive them?—*Presbyterian at Work.*

## About Toads.

"BERGAMOT" writes thus in the *Advocate* about toads:

I can think of so many things interesting about this discarded, not to say abused, brown animal that I know not what to say first. I will mention a very few.

First, I like them because they remove so many disagreeable insects. I always pet them. The greatest blessing to my garden, next to the sunshades and the rain, are the robins and the toads. By the way, I counted what a robin

would eat of caterpillars at the rate at which I saw one eating them during one hour, and it was three thousand per week.

Toads are just as useful in their way, continually watching, with their long tongues curled up inside their mouths, ready to snap any little mosquito or biting fly that happens in their way. I would like to have fifty in my garden at once if they did not quarrel about their breakfasts or dinners or suppers. I can not endure quarrelers. I wish everybody who do not like their toads would give them to me. But that would not be best. They could not spare them from their own land, although they might not know it.

I always stop and pet them. Do you know how funnily and meekly they bow their heads when patted gently with a stick? They seem to like man's lordship, and do not try to hop away—at least the old and wise ones do not. I do not think I could let a toad sit beside me and help eat my dinner, and kiss it afterward, as I heard a little girl did with her pet toads.

My long acquaintance with toads as servants has shown me, without a doubt, that they belong to God's perfectly harmless creatures, and are a great blessing, snapping up all the insects in their way. I take every one I find in the road, and bring it home safe. Once or twice I had no pail or handkerchief, and I gladly took my hat to carry them to my garden in. Yes, Mr. Toad is good.

A toad changing his coat I saw once, and only once. In August or September of the year 1874 I saw, near the south side of our house, a toad partly greenish and the part near his head very dark. The thought flashed on me, "Here is a toad taking off his coat, that I have heard so much about. Run for the others to see too." So I ran in for Stella, Clara, Ernest, and Harlan, who were quick to respond. There we saw him, still on the flower-bed, pulling the remainder of his old brown, jewelled coat over his shoulders and arms and funny hands, all in one piece; and then we all stood in amazement to see him finish by swallowing the coat, which he did in three dreadful gulps. He then hopped away in a very complacent manner.

## How to "Get On."

LONG ago a little boy was entered at Harrow School. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of having been in the lower classes. His master chid him for his dullness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted, he bought the grammars and other books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He gave the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these, and in a few weeks he began to rise; and it was not long before he shot far ahead of all the other boys, and became not only leader of the division but the pride of Harrow.

You may see the statue of that boy in St. Paul's Cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest oriental scholar of modern Europe. His name was Sir William Jones.—[London] *Children's Paper.*

Those who remain at home should give freely to sustain those who go forth to preach the Gospel.

## Out of Tribulation.

Doest thou feel the slings and arrows  
By outrageous fortune cast?  
Do they cloud thy sky with scowls,  
And embitter all thy past?

Art thou growing weary-hearted  
With the strife that will not cease?  
Doest thou think the soul hath parted,  
For all time with joy and peace?

Think not thus. Though tempests environ,  
Others have the same withstood;  
'Tis by constant blows that iron  
Grows more powerful for good.

Every tree is fuller fruited  
For the wound of pruning shears;  
Every tree is firmer rooted  
For the tempests of the years.

If the fire that burns thee sorely  
Be indeed a fiery orcas,  
It refines thee, slowly, surely,  
Cleansing all thy gold of dross.

And the perfect man is builded  
Faster in the evil day;  
Every loss a cornucopious  
Every care a stronger stay.

So that, though the world grows colder,  
And thy bosom friends be less,  
Thou to every true beholder,  
Shalt increase in comeliness.

So that, out of tribulation,  
Thou shalt have more perfect light,  
And a fuller compensation  
For the darkness of the night.

—The Quiver.

## Starting for Heaven.

BY SAM JONES,

I was looking at a locomotive one day in Atlanta. I admire locomotives—always did. While I was walking around the locomotive the engineer looked round and said to the fireman, "Have you got steam enough to start with?" "Yes," he says. I walked round and looked up at the gauge and saw the locomotive had about 70 or 80 pounds of steam. I knew the locomotive carried 160 pounds, and I said to myself, "that's not enough steam to carry so heavy a train as this is so far as Chattanooga, a distance of 170 miles." However, the train started, and before we got to the Chattahoochee River, a distance of only seven miles, we came to a stop, and putting my head out of the window I found that they were blowing off steam. They had more than they wanted. "Well, well," said I; "the engineer didn't want to know if there was steam enough to go to Chattanooga, but only if there was steam enough to start with." The engine generated steam faster running than standing still. Now if the engineer had stayed there in the station and kept his valve down until he had steam enough to take him to Chattanooga, his boiler would have been blown into ten thousand pieces. All the fellow wanted was enough to start with. There's a fellow says, "Oh, if I could get religion enough in my soul to take me to heaven." Why, you poor little fellow, if you were to get religion enough in you to take you to heaven before you commenced getting there it would blow your poor little soul into ten thousand pieces. The question is, "Have I got enough to start? Just enough to say wrong is wrong, and I will quit it; right is right, and I will do it?" And you won't have got ten miles before you will be blowing off steam and shouting "Glory to God, I'm a saved man."

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.

## A Heroic Band.

EARLY in the summer of last year a little band of eleven young persons assembled in the lecture-room of Berkeley St. church, Toronto, of which Rev. J. E. Starr is pastor, at the usual Monday evening meeting established for their spiritual benefit. After waiting for some time in vain for the appearance of a leader, one of their number took the platform and conducted a short service, before the close of which the conversation turned upon the prospects of the meetings for the summer months. The result of this conversation was a pledge from all present to do all that they could to promote the regularity and efficiency of this Monday evening service, and to give effect to this pledge a regular system of visitation was arranged for, each person undertaking to visit a certain number during the week. From week to week thereafter the attendance was largely increased until from one hundred to a hundred and fifty were regularly present. The plan adopted for the meetings was the consecutive study of the lives of distinguished Bible characters, with a view to drawing such lessons from their history as would be helpful to piety and usefulness—a plan which they found to be increasingly interesting and instructive, and in the prosecution of which they became more earnest in their desire to work for the Master in the winning of souls from sin. A call having been made upon them to assist in mission work in the neglected portions of the east end of the city, they united with Brother Fowler, a student for the ministry, in holding cottage meetings which proved so successful that very soon five or six meetings were held at various points every week.

It was not long, however, before the numbers attending these cottage meetings became so large that the rooms available could not accommodate them, and this led to open-air meetings on a vacant lot on St. Lawrence, where with rough timbers arranged for seats our young friends gathered about them hundreds of men and women, and boys and girls who had usually spent the Sabbath evenings lounging about the banks of the Don, to which they preached the blessed gospel of Christ. About the end of August the number of workers had so increased that it was decided to divide into two bands, one continuing to occupy the lot on St. Lawrence Street and the other taking its position at the corner of The and Water Streets, where they encountered such opposition and persecution as would have utterly discouraged and disheartened them if they had not possessed the genuine spirit of Christian heroism. The chair was pulled from under the speaker, kittens were put upon his shoulders to disconcert him, and showers of mud were thrown upon him and his associates. Sometimes the speaker was treated to a dipper of cold water square in the face, was pelted with apple cores, soft tomatoes or rotten eggs, and sometimes interrupted by the singing of songs and the pelting of old tin pails and kettles; but such was the spirit of this noble band of young heroes that upon one occasion when it was proposed to take a safer or less exposed position, one of the young women said that if she had to stand alone the place where she had stood the preceding Sunday evening would again be occupied, and it was. They were often beaten, roughly handled and in some instances their clothes were ruined, but they were made of too stern

material to give way, and persistently held their ground. At the same time regular stations were taken up at other places where the crowds were better behaved and more attentive. It is estimated that these services reached at least 1,500 persons who never stately attended any church. When the weather became too cold for open-air services, a hall was rented, which during the previous winter had been occupied as a dance house of the lowest description, and there amidst continued and, in some cases, brutal persecution, they carried on their work through the winter, and not without gracious results, among a crowd who, when they began their meetings, were probably the roughest audience ever gathered at a religious service in Toronto. But when the gospel of the grace of God takes possession of human hearts it effects a transformation in the outward appearance as well as in the character. At the last meeting held in the hall, which was finally abandoned because not suitable for further occupancy, many of this same crowd assisted in the decorations and came to the meeting clean and tidy in dress and appearance, conducted themselves with the utmost decorum, and formed part of the full chorus of one hundred voices which sang of the Saviour's redeeming love.

We have given this brief description of the devoted service of the young people of Berkeley St. church, not only because it is worthy of all honour, but also that our readers may know something of what the young people of one of our Toronto churches are doing, and in the hope that it may stimulate others to like heroic endeavors in behalf of those for whom Christ died, but who, in the midst of a city of churches, are living in almost heathen ignorance of this salvation.—Guardian.

## Obey Your Mother.

ONE among the most distinguished men that our country has produced, Hon. Thomas H. Benton, who for the long period of thirty years held a seat in the United States Senate, was addressing a public meeting, when he turned to the ladies present, and spoke of his mother as follows: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I have never touched it from that day to this. She asked me never to gamble, and I never learned to gamble. When I was seven years old she asked me not to drink. I made a resolution of total abstinence. That resolution I have never broken. And now, whatever honor I may have gained, I owe it to my mother." Here is a noble example for all my readers to imitate. The good counsels of parents heeded are wisdom, health, purity, and honour.

## Applying the Test.

HAVE you ever been in a manufactory where bells are made? The preparations for casting some of the great church-bells are made upon an immense scale. But not all the bells that are cast are perfect when they come out of the mould. Sometimes, though the best care has been taken, there will be some serious flaw that will entirely unfit the bell for further service. It may be a crack that the eye will not detect, or a defect of some other kind. To discover whether all is right, the workmen now make a vigorous application of heavy hammers. They repeat their hard blows until they are satisfied all is right.

After the bell has been sent to the finishers, and before it is sent out to be placed in the church-tower, it is again tested by repeated heavy blows, until the workmen are convinced it is perfect. After this the bell may be put in its position in the lofty spire, to send out from Sabbath to Sabbath its rich musical tones to invite the people to the house of God.

In some such way as this God tries His children. He applies to them tests—sometimes very severe ones. If they stand the trial He appoints. He may then successfully use them for His service and glory.

## Well Frightened.

YEARS ago, in the State of New York, there was an evening party, to which a fashionable young man was invited. He was dressed in a swallow-tailed coat, lavender pantaloons and gloves, with a white vest and button-hole bouquet.

It was fashionable to drink wine. The young man drank to excess, became very hilarious, and left on account of it rather early in the evening. On his way home he stumbled into several saloons, and by drinking became quite intoxicated; and not finding his way home, he crawled into a barn and slept on the thrashing-fl or.

About four o'clock the next morning a gentleman passing that way heard a terrible moan. He stopped and listened, and then distinctly heard:

"Oh, don't kill me! For heaven's sake, let me live! Oh—ah! oh—ah!" The gentleman listening certainly thought some one was being murdered. He proceeded cautiously to the barn, lighted a match, held it over his head, and saw, lying in a corner, the young man with the white vest and lavender gloves, almost exhausted; for close to him, down on their knees, were two calves, sucking his ears.—Youth's Companion.

## Root up the Weeds.

Two boys, John and Willie were employed by a gentleman to keep the paths of his garden weed-d. John contented himself with taking off the tops of the weeds. He soon cried, "I have cleared my path," and having swept away the leaves, he went off to play.

Will was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all the weeds up by the roots; and he was well tired when he went home.

But the rain came down in the night and all the next day; and when the gentleman went a few days afterward to look at the two paths, John's wanted weeding as much as at first, while Willie's was clear and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it quite neat. So John was sent back to do his work properly; and very tired he would have been had not Will good-natured helped him to finish his task.

Only thorough work is worth doing. Faults only half uprooted will appear again and again, and we shall almost despair of outting them. Will you remember this!

WHEN you attempt anything that is right, go through with it. Be not easily discouraged. Form habits of perseverance. Yield not to sloth and sleep and fickleness. To resist all these will not be easy; but you will feel that you have done right when your undertaking is finished.



## In the Sky all Day.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE stars are in the sky all day,  
Each linked coil of the Milky Way,  
And every planet that we know,  
Behind the sun are circling slow;  
They sweep, they climb with stately tread,  
Venus the fair and Mars the red;  
Saturn engirdled with clear light,  
Or Jupiter with moons of white,  
Each knows his path and keeps due track,  
Not even the smallest star is missed  
From those wide fields of deeper sky  
Which gleam and flash mysteriously,  
As if God's outstretched finger must  
Have sown them thick with diamond dust;  
There are they all day long, but we,  
Sour-blinded, have no eyes to see.

The stars are in the sky all day,  
But when the sun has gone away,  
And hovering shadows cool the west,  
And call the sleepy bird to rest,  
And heaven grows softly dim and dun—  
Into its darkness one by one  
Steal forth those starry shapes all fair—  
We say steal forth, but they were there!  
There all day long, unseen, unguessed,  
Climbing the sky from east to west.  
The angels saw them where they hid,  
And so, perhaps, the eagles did,  
For they can face the sharp sun-ray,  
Nor wink, nor need to look away,  
But we, blind mortals gazed from far,  
And did not see a single star.

I wonder if the world is full  
Of other secrets beautiful,  
As little guessed, as hard to see  
As this sweet starry mystery?  
Do angels veil themselves, in space,  
And make the sun their hiding place?  
Do white wings flash as spirits go,  
On heavenly errands to and fro,  
While we, down-looking, never guess  
How near our lives they crowd and press?  
If so, at life's set we may see  
Into the dark steal noiselessly  
Sweet faces that we used to know,  
Dear eyes like stars they softly glow,  
Dear hands stretched out to point the way—  
And deem the night more fair than day.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 96.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 12.

## THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

Rev. 7. 9-17.

Commit vs. 13-15.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple.—Rev. 7. 15.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

The saints in heaven are countless in number, pure in character, saved by the blood of Jesus, serving God night and day, boundless in joy and blessing.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Rev. 7. 1-17. Tu. Rev. 8. 1-13. W. Rev. 9. 1-21. Th. Rev. 13. 1-18. F. Rev. 14. 1-20. Sa. 2 Cor. 4. 1-18. Su. Psalm 23. 1-6.

TIME.—See Lesson 9.

INTRODUCTION.—Six of the seals of the book referred to in our last lesson were opened. But the tumult and conflict was so great, and the tribulations so great, that God's people might be discouraged. Therefore, before the description continues, the heavens are opened again, and it is seen that in reality great numbers are saved, and their rewards far out-balance their earthly sufferings.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—And lo, a great multitude.—The number of the saved will not be few, but countless. *Stood before the throne*—In the very centre of heaven's blessings. *Clothed with white robes*—Emblems of purity, of festivity, and joy. *Palms in their hands*—Marks of joy, and of victory. 11. *Elders,—four beasts*—See last lesson. *Fell before the throne*—In the attitude of reverence and worship. Many Sunday-school scholars can learn a lesson from these angels. 13. *And one of the elders answered*—The questioning look of John. 15. *Serve him day and night in his temple*—All they do is in his service, and is sacred because done for him. *Shall dwell among them*—"Shall spread his tabernacle over them," for protection, and abiding with them. 16. *Neither shall the*

sun light on them.—The fierce Eastern sun withered the plants, and caused sun-strokes. In this view it was the type of strong temptation that would wither their pious feelings.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The reason for this vision.—The number of the saved.—Worship.—White robes.—The way to purity, to heaven.—The blessings of the heavenly life.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of our last lesson? What took place between that lesson and this? Why does this revelation of heaven come in among the terrible troubles pictured in this book?

SUBJECT: THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

I. THE NUMBER OF THE SAINTS (v. 9).—How many people did John see in heaven? Does this show that a great many will be saved? From what nations, etc., did they come? How can we help this to come soon to pass? How were the remainder clothed? What do their white robes symbolize? What is represented by the palms in their hands?

II. THE CHORUS OF SAINTS AND ANGELS (vs. 10-12).—What were these saints doing? What reasons had they for praising God? Who joined in their song? What attitude did they take? Why? What does this teach us about posture in worship? What was the song they all sang together?

III. HOW THEY CAME TO HEAVEN (vs. 13-14).—What did one of the elders say to John? His answer? What did the elder then say? How were the robes of the saints made white? How could this be? What part did their tribulation have in making them what they were? (Deut. 8. 2; James 1. 2-4; 1 Pet. 1. 7; Heb. 12. 11.)

IV. THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE SAINTS (15-17).—What seven blessings do you find in these verses? Which of these do you most desire? Can you have them in any other way than they were obtained by these saints?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Heaven is shown to us (1) that we may see how we ought to live here; (2) that we may take courage amid the trials of life; (3) that men may be attracted to its principles.
2. Great multitudes will be saved.
3. Those who are saved are pure in heart.
4. All our lives, in every part, should be a hymn of praise to God.
5. The only way to purity and heaven is through the atoning love of Jesus.
6. The blessings of heaven are great, and many, and glorious.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

8. Whom did John see in heaven? **ANS.** An innumerable multitude of people who had lived in this world. 9. What were they doing? **ANS.** In white robes, and with palms in their hands, they praised and served the Lord. 10. How did they come there? **ANS.** (Repeat the last part of v. 14.) 11. What is said of their blessedness and joy? **ANS.** (Repeat vs. 15-17.)

A.D. 96.] LESSON XII. [Dec. 19.

## THE GREAT INVITATION.

Rev. 22. 3-21

Commit vs. 16, 17.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.—Rev. 22. 21.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

The whole are invited to enter the heavenly city.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Rev. 16. 1-21. Tu. Rev. 17. 1-18. W. Rev. 18. 1-24. Th. Rev. 19. 1-21. F. Rev. 20 1-15. Sa. Rev. 21 1-27. Su. Rev. 22. 1-21.

TIME, etc., of Book of Revelation.—See Lesson 9.

INTRODUCTION.—The great part of the Book of Revelation is passed over in these lessons for want of space. The history of the Church, in its state of conflict and trial, at last draws to a close; all enemies are conquered; the new day dawns; the gospel has triumphed, and heaven is won. It remains for us in this lesson, in the presence of this vision, to consider the great invitation to the whole world.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—8. *Fell down to worship*—Perhaps thinking that the angel was Christ himself. He was full of reverence, and awe, and praise. 10. *Seal not*—Let all see what is written for their comfort and help. *The time is at hand*—When these prophecies shall begin to be fulfilled. 11. *He that is unjust, etc.*—(1) Implying that those who change must do it very quickly, or it would soon be too late. (2) This refers also to the fact that our characters, and with them our destiny, are becoming more fixed, and after a time there never will be a change. 12. *I come quickly*—There will be no delay. He will quickly begin to do in fact what is here shown in vision. To each of us individually he comes quickly in various providences, and at death. 13. *Alpha and Omega*—A and O, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. 14. *The city*—Described in chaps. 21, 22. 15. *Without are dogs*—Fierce, cruel, sensual, undisciplined men, like oriental dogs. 16. *Root*—Root, shoot, or sprout. 17. *The bride*—The Church, God's people.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The description of the city of God.—V. 11.—The blessings of those who obey.—The ultimate character and companions of those who refuse.—Dogs.—The bright and morning star.—The Gospel invitation.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much of the Book of Revelation do we pass over? Why? To what stage in the world's history does it bring us?

SUBJECT: THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

I. THE REASONS FOR ACCEPTING THE INVITATION (vs. 8-19).—What did John do when he saw the city of God? (v. 8.) Why did he desire to worship the angel? Why did the angel forbid him? Why should he not seal up this book?

FIRST REASON.—What is meant by "the time is at hand"? How is this a reason for accepting the invitation?

SECOND REASON.—What is the meaning of v. 11? In what way do our characters and destiny become fixed? What warning and what comfort in this fact?

THIRD REASON.—Does Jesus always reward his disciples? According to what principle? What are the works here spoken of? (John 6. 29; Matt. 25. 31-46.)

FOURTH REASON.—Who sends the invitation? (v. 13.) Why is he described in this way? What is he called in v. 16? Meaning of "Root of David?" How is he like the bright morning star? How is his character a reason for accepting the invitation?

FIFTH REASON.—What are the blessings bestowed upon the obedient? (v. 14.) How must they enter the city? How many gates to it? Why so many? What will they find in the city?

SIXTH REASON.—Who are without the city? Who are meant by "dogs?" Why cannot these people enter the city? What would they have to do to enter?

II. THE INVITATION (vs. 17-21).—To what is the invitation? Who give the invitation? In what ways does the Spirit give us this invitation? Who is the bride? (ch. 19. 7, 8; 21. 9.) In what ways should the Church give this invitation? Can people come even if Christians do not invite them? Who can come? Are any excluded? Do all accept? Why not? If you have not accepted, can you give the reasons why?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The time is short; we should do quickly and earnestly what we have to do.
2. We are continually becoming fixed in our characters and destiny, and a time will come when it will be too late to change.
3. God rewards every person according to his works, including his thoughts, feelings, faith, love, words, as well as outward deeds.
4. The joys of the obedient are beyond imagination to conceive.
5. If any do not have them, it is because they will not be such that God can give these joys to them. Only their own characters and deeds can shut any out of heaven.
6. God's invitations are as large and free as his love. He desires every one to come and be saved.

## REVIEW EXERCISE.

12. What is the Gospel invitation? **ANS.** (Repeat v. 17.) 13. What are the reasons why we should accept this invitation? **ANS.** (1) The time is short; (2) character is becoming fixed; (3) the glory and power of him who sends the invitation; (4) God rewards us according to our works; (5) he invites to infinite blessings; (6) he would draw us away from sin and misery.

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